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THE CHARACTER OF EVIDENCE.

It would be interesting just now for people generally to read up on the nature of evidence. The Journal suggests that everyone procure a copy of "Greenleaf On Evidence," and peruse it carefully.

Howver, laymen may arrive at some conclusions regarding the character of testimony in courts of law that are not necessarily based upon technical knowledge of the subject, but that are referable to common sense.

There is a lot of nonsense that finds place in the proceedings of some courts, in fact, most courts appear to strain a point to bring to pass such absurdities as they may in the manner of viewing evidence.

This week men were before a court to testify regarding what they saw at certain places that were under the charge of breaking the closing laws. Here is a sample bit of evidence:

* * *

"Were you in such and such a saloon after 1 o'clock on such a night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you sge anyone drinking beer or other liquors there at that time?"

"I saw men sitting around a table at 1:50 o'clock in the morning with steins before them, but do not know whether or not they were drinking beer."

Let this hypothetical conversation be added:

"Do you ordinarily see men sit around tables at 1:50 o'clock in the morning with steins before them in which there has been no beer?"

"Yes, sir. I know lots of men who gather in saloons at all sorts of hours of night and call for empty steins and sit there just for the sake of having empty steins before them. This practice of sitting around tables with empty steins before one is gaining prevalency here in Portland. It is a serious habit. I often see men who have sat around tables with empty steins before them go home staggering and evidently drunk."

* * *

"If you saw a man point a pistol at another man, saw a puff of smoke, heard a report, saw the other man fall dead with a bullet hole in his head, would you know the first man was guilty of killing the second man?"

"No. I often see men fire shots at people and see the people fall, and don't know that the second man is killed by the first, because I do not see the bullet pass from the gun to the victim. Perhaps he died from heart failure."

Again:

"Did you, in such and such a gambling place, on such and such a night, see men gambling?"

"Well, I saw men sitting around a 'faro layout,' with checks before them, piled up on certain cards on the 'layout,' a dealer sitting in his place, the 'lookout' in his high seat overlooking the apparent—mind, I say the apparent—game; I saw $125 in cash in the drawer of the layout. But these men probably were not gambling. Probably they were just sitting there. I have noticed often that men here in Portland rent expensive rooms and purchase expensive furnishments with which other men could, if they would, gamble, and yet these men do not gamble. They just like to sit around tables with all of the paraphernalia pertinent to gambling, and look at each other and talk. It is common here and everywhere."

* * *

Again:

"Do you really believe that there are any men gambling in Portland? Do you believe that there are any men, official or otherwise, receiving money for 'protection' here in Portland?"

"I know there are; that is, I know it when I am out on the street, or talking with other men; but, when I come here to a court of law, I know nothing. I am an Agnostic. I am a follower of Bob Ingersoll. I don't know anything, when I am in a law court. I am presumed not to know anything. I am presumed here to be a proper sort of a fool, who cannot draw logical conclusions from what I see, and the court is the same sort, and the lawyers are of the same sort, and the community is composed of the same sort. In fact, I know a thing this minute, and the next minute I don't, and the next minute I do, and so on, according to where I am. Sometimes I get mixed and forget whether it is time not to know or time to know. It requires care and caution and instruction from lawyers to be able to tell exactly when it is time to know the plain meaning of ordinary things; for, of course you know, a court is for the purpose of covering up obvious truths and concealing patent facts."

A GROWING INDUSTRY.

No industry in the State hass developed so much during the past year as that of mining, and this is particularly true of Eastern Oregon. The mines in the Southern part of the state have done well, and made good showings, but in Eastern Oregon the phenomenal richness of the ore and the number of rich finds have attracted the attention of mining men, not only in the United States, but of the civilized world.

France, Germany, England, Canada, all have money invested in that section, and there is more of it looking for investment all the time. There is hardly a day that some property around Sumpter or the Green horn does not change hands, and that, too, at good prices. The prospect holes of last year are the mines of this, and many of them are already provided with machinery for working their ores, and are in the producing class.

Many others will reach this stage ere another year has passed, and as they turn out the yellow bullion the capital still holding back will be falling over itself in its desire to get hold of some of these properties. Heretofore, Oregon has been low down on the list o. gold-producers, but inside of ten years, and probably within half that time, she will give California a run for second place, and make Colorado hustle to maintain her lead.

Eastern Oregon is too close to Portland to interest people here, but with her arid lands under cultivation, and her gold mines surprising the world, our people may wake up in time to realize what they missed. Gold mining, ere many years, will be the leading industry of the State, as far as the value of its products are concerned, and the Sumpter-Greenhorn belt will lead all others.

ENTERPRISE OF MORRIS & WHITEHEAD.

Quietly, with little publicity, but with ability and comprehensive knowledge of the possibilities, the banking house of Morris & Whitehead has formulated plans for improvement that mark a red-letter date for Portland and Oregon.

A total of something like two millions of dollars is to be expended in extending the lines of the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company, of which system Morris & Whitehead are the financial sponsors.

Their enterprise will add to Portland's commercial importance, and be a boon to people living along their lines. It will enable the better marketing of products in a region heretofore isolated, excepting for connection by ordinary country roads. It will place in circulation immense sums of money. It will employ large numbers of men. It will in every particular benefit Portland and this part of the Northwest.

The firm, bringing out from Philadelphia and New York a company of distinguished capitalists, has drawn their attention to this section. They will learn of opportunities of investment, and this means something. They represent a total approximating $250,000,000.

The Journal congratulates Messrs. Morris & Whitehead, and their local manager, Mr. W. H. Hurlburt, on this excursion of Eastern men of affairs and importance in the financial and business world. It will have significant bearing upon the future of this city and state.

TWO PHASES OF HENDERSON INCIDENT.

Somewhere was printed in a Washington letter the following unlovable comment on Henderson's refusal to be a candidate for Congress:

"Colonel Henderson's friends say he should have had courage and manhood enough to face such things, if any such things there were. The day has gone by, they declare, in which a man's private life can be successfully used against him in politics; and they repeat that in Colonel Henderson's private life there has been nothing whatever whose exposure he need fear."

Since when have the American people decided that it makes no difference whether or not their servants bear good characters? Since when has the nation determined that what a man be in private makes no difference so long as he chance to represent a section of political thought?

What abominable philosophy! What wretched standard to set up for the American youth!

Let the mind revert to the hours when the country sorrowed over the grave of the dead McKinley. Why was that sorrow so profound? Why did every good man and woman in the country grieve as though it were one of his own family that had fallen in death at the assassin's hand?

Was it not for the mere reason that William McKinley had been a good man? No one claimed for him that he was a great statesman. No one held him as profound philosopher. He was of good average brain, representative mentally of the sort of statesman that these United States have produced in number.

Yet none were mourned as was he, and he was mourned because he was the perfect exemplification of the good man in politics who had kept his life clean and who had been faithful to the best traditions of home and family living.

If Henderson had private skeletons in his closet, he deserves censure just as though he were not the strong man mentally that he undoubtedly is. Nay, he deserves more severe excoriation, for his superior mentality should have enabled him to rise above personal corruption.

* * *

That same Washington letter also said:

"Mr. Hepburn had sent Mr. Henderson a telegram urging him to recall his withdrawal. The Speaker replies that it is impossible for him to do so, and adds: 'You have no idea of the situation here. Why, in Waterloo—in Waterloo, for which I got a $150,000 public building—two Republican papers are opposing me, and preparing a campaign of personal abuse and mud-slinging, going so far as to show personal hatred.'"

Think of Henderson getting a public building costing $150,000 and having the town throw down its benefactor! If Henderson secured a public building for Waterloo, then did he not prove conclusively that he was the greatest statesman in the country?

Certainly, getting public buildings is the acme of statesmanship. The man who gets public buildings should not be relegated to obscurity, even though he be out of joint with tariff sentiment in his state.

General Henderson has stated one of the views he holds of lofty statecraft. He regards public buildings as the prime desiderata of national existence.

HOTELS ARE NEEDED.

Portland has some good hotels, but she has not enough of them. They are crowded now to their utmost capacity, and there is scarcely a day but that many are turned away with the information that there are no vacant rooms.

If it were not for the innumerable private boarding houses, the traveling public could not find accommodation. As it is, conditions are unsatisfactory and the means of taking care of the strangers within our gates are beginning to be inadequate.

This is the condition now, when no extra demands are made upon us. What will be the result in 1905, if even one-half the crowd of visitors anticipated materialize? It is already time to take this matter into consideration, and to perfect plants for properly taking care of our guests. There are several reasons why this should be commenced at once.

It is necessary because it will take considerable time to erect the buildings, and it may take much more before some of our capitalists can be made to realize the absolute necessity of more hotels, and that some of them will have to see that it is done.

There is another phase to the situation, and that is, that while we are asking the State to spend $500,000 in carrying out the celebration, the question is already being asked, "How will you take care of the crowds?" It is asked, too, by people interested in and friends of the Fair, but who are not residents of Portland. Four of the State Senators who will act upon this measure at the next session of the Legislature, are among those who ask this very pertinent question.

It promises to cut a large figure when the appropriation matter comes before the Legislature, and upon its answer much will depend. If an appropriation is made, it is proposed to have it met by a special tax levied for the years 1903 and 1904. Now, to get any benefit from an appropriation, it must be made at the coming session of the Legislature, or at a special session called for this purpose. So that the question of hotels lies at the very foundation of the whole matter, and these must be arranged for before the meeting of the Legislature. Of course, there are those who will say, give us the appropriation and the hotels will be provided by parties who think they can make money by building them. This may be true, but even now St. Louis is frightened at the possibility of not being able to take care of her visitors, for the reason that hotels are not being built. On them depends the success of the Fair. Let the first visitors get a bad opinion of the hotels; let them write home that lodgings cannot be had, and there will be a sudden collapse of the passenger traffic headed this way. It is a matter well worthy of consideration by the Board of Fair Directors, and one which should receive immediate attention.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Bishop Potter has $25,000,000 and has just married a woman nearly as rich as himself. Having, as it were, this double lump on his back, it will make his passage through the needle's eye a tight squeeze.

A lawyer named Bonner was killed in the Catskills about a week ago by falling from a tree he had climbed to gather chestnuts. He should have consulted Chauncey, and learned how he got his.

The Treasurer of Hawaiian territory is a far-seeing man. In the event of a volcanic eruption on the islands, the Government funds will be out of danger. He has taken them to a safe distance.

And now the dispute is whether the manoeuvers at Fort Riley should be credited to the army or navy. The amount of water and mud gives the latter the best of the debate.

When your friend tells you a man with any cents wouldn't do certain things, kindly inquire how he knows what a man with any sense would do.

If Bacon wrote the Declaration of Independence, Tom Payne got even by writing Shakesqeare.

It sounds rather "fishy" to speak of that train load of Columbia River salmon which recently started East from Oregon, but the Grande Ronde Mormons can "beet" that story by several hundred tons.

The Crown Prince of Siam has arrived, and it is now time to read up on all you ever knew about Siam. He is no relation to Chang and Eng, his famous "double" who preceded him.

An Arctic explorer is a man who endeavors to see how far north he can get in three years, without getting so far that some fishing smack can't go and get him in three months.

Royalty, in the matrimonial market, is on the decline. The Queen of Spain has married her hostler and no American heiress has purchased a title for six weeks.

An Indiana doctor claims he can restore the dead to life. When Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, goes out of office, this M. D. ought to have a contract in sight.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Well, probably, but not when the music teacher has her pupils practicing next door.

St. Louis having downed a football of boodlers, now has a board of lady managers on its hands, and this on top of her exposition troubles.

It is said that trousers are to be made without pockets. Most of us carry our matches in our vests, anyway, so what's the difference?

The Chicago Journal very aptly says: "Union men will not need to learn to shoot, if they will learn to vote."

Elijah Dowie says he is worth $15,000,000, but he advises others to lay up their treasures in heaven.

The President jokes with the surgeons, but he can't get a smile out of J. Pierp.

"A scalper's ticket"—the men who worked for the Coyote Bounty law.

As the mercury goes down, Baer is liable to go up.

The coal operators' motto is, "Baer and for Baer."

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

Mother Goose's Coal.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was Baer,
And coal $40 a ton.

* * *

There was an old woman and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the whole of her diet,
But she cooked without coal—sha'd no money to buy it.

* * *

High diddle, diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle,
And coal jumped over the moon,
The little Baer laughed to see the price
For it cannot get down before June.

* * *

Tom he was a piper's son
He stole a pig and away he run,
And no one knows just why he took it;
He hadn't any coal to cook it.

* * *

Bye a' baby bunting
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To find a piece of anthracite,
To warm the baby with tonight.

* * *

Old woman! Old woman! Old woman! quoth I,
Oh whither! Oh whither! Oh whither so high?
To look at the coal prices up in the sky,
If my broomsticks holds out, was not coaled reply.

J. H. CRADLEBAUGH.

"The Sin Is in The Killin'."

"It's downright wicked, Sue, my dear,
To wear upon your head
The wings and beak and feathers
Of the little bird that's dead.

"You women have no hearts," he said,
His forehead marred by creases,
But he went out this week and shot
The limit all to pieces.

A pheasant toque will soon adorn
The brow of his fair Susan.
For she declares "the sin is in
The killin,' not the usin."

LISCHEN M. MILLER.

The Way She Sang It.

Oh! if I had but a lum-ti-tum-too,
In the land of the olive and fig,
I'd sing of the lum-ti-ti-tum to you
And play on the thing-a-ma-jig.

And if I in the lum-ti-tum battle should fall,
A lum-ti-tum's all that I crave,
You may bury me deep in the whats-you-may-call
And plant thing-um-bob's on my grave.

J. H. C.

Boomerangs.

The natives of Australia have a weapon all their own,
Which has the trick of striking that at which it isn't thrown.
And the further and the faster it is sent upon its track,
The quicker and the harder you will see it coming back.
It's nothing but a crooked stick, but shaped in such a way,
It's always fighting from the rear, no matter what the fray.

There's a boomerang in pleasure, when the champagne's glow is fled.
There's a boomerang in business, when the little town is dead.
There's a Senatorial boomerang, and other crooked sticks,
In that field of boomerangdom known as modern politics,
And it may be when you figure it according to this rule,
That the natural way to Washington is via Liverpool.

J. H. CRADELBAUGH.

Has Hit Us Hard.

The moral wave has struck the town,
And hit it everywhere.
It found a gladsome welcome in
The office of the Mayor,
And all the wicked, naughty things
Are now across a barrel,
And Councilmen look sidewise while
They pass it up to Merrill.

The mighty flat has gone forth,
Saloons must close at one,
The faro box go out of biz.,
Roulette no more be spun,
The deadly nicotine no more
Disturb the Sabbath Day,
The moral wave has reached the town,
And it has come to stay.

No more upon the checkered walls
Tobacco juice may light,
And sinful wood upon the streets
No longer stay all night.
The cop no longer winks his eye
For him who has the pull,
Nor street cars take another when
Already pretty full.

And he who Saturday takes home
A friendly little jag,
The hand-car of repentance on
The Sabbath may not flag,
No cocktail and no creme-de-mint,
No fizzes and no ice.
He'll have to wear it out as though
He didn't have the price.

The umpire at the baseball grounds
Will not talk through his hat,
And not a man of any nine,
On Sunday have his "bat."
No bud of naghtiness shall bloom,
And vice no longer strut,
The town's been told "to shut up,"
And, by ginger, she will shut.

J. H. CRADLEBAUGH.

The March of Empire.

Over in the Philippines,
With an island full of queens,
Lived a muchly-married man—
Sultan de Cabugolan.
On his patch of rice, he swore
By his pagan gods galore—
"All the Yankee boys, be dam,
I can lick my Uncle Sam!"

Never was so great mistake
Made by any human "fake."
Bamboo spears and bull-hide shields
Marched his naked troops a-field!
Little thought this chief to die—
Bade but half his wives good bye.

Just a curling whiff of smoke
Through the bamboo forest broke—
Just a dozen Yankees whirled
Through this Sultan's little world—
Vale to this haughty man,
King of all Cobugulan!

BERT HUFFMAN.

OUR MAXIM MAKERS.

If our maxim makers would go back to that "Panyrus Prisse," written on Nile reeds about 5000 years ago, they might find mental pabulum and suggestion for a column a day of brilliant aphorisms. This MS., I believe, was willed to the National library in Paris by M. Prisse d'Avenues, who acquired it at Thebes in 1847. Though published centuries before Abraham and thousands of years before Homer, its maxims are as pungent and sententious as any penned later by the myriad of paragraphists throughout the universe. For example: "Treat your dependents well," "Love for your work transports men to gods," "Man is only the steward of the good things of God," "Speak without heat," "Respect knowledge and calmness of judgment," "Keep yourself from the fatal malady of grumbling," "Keep a cheerful countenance," etc.—New York Press.

NOT TOO MUCH.

At $ a Visit—Yes, the doctor has put me on the strictest kind of diet. "Indeed. What is it?" "Well, he says I mustn't eat anything I don't like, and not any more than I want of what I do."—Baltimore News.

BY THE WAY.

"Fast!" exclaimed the youth whom a Portland policeman mildly rebuked for scorching down Sixth street yesterday, "do you call that ridin' fast?"

"I certainly do," replied the dignified guardian of the street. "You were scorching and no mistake."

"Ah, go on! You mossbacks are so slow you'd be scared to death of bein' run over by a snail."

And then the policeman threatened to run him in for using profane language in a public place.

"Sweasin'!" repeated the youth. "Do you call that swearin'? Why, if I'd turn loose and cuss I could make you smell brimstone in less'n a minute."

While the horrified policeman was trying to make up his mind whether to arrest the young man for scorching, or to take him up for swearing, the bold offender mounted his wheel and disappeared around the corner.

"I am sure the shade of Shakespeare must shudder at the audacity of the combination which turns the immortal 'Tempest' into a very ordinary comic opera," said the old man from the foothills, who reads his Shakespeare as he reads his Bible, reverently and with devotion. "I came into town to see Warde and James because I have long regarded them as Shakespearean actors of the highest order, but I devoutly wish I had stayed at home and dug potatoes. It was a sacrilege, sacrilege and nothing less. I am going back to the hills and try to forget that nightmare. Good night." And he wandered out of the Marquam and turned down Morrison street.

I understand exactly how that old man felt, and I wanted to tell him so, but lacked the moral courage, and an introduction. I, too, love my Shakespeare well enough to resent the sacrilege. And I wonder that Mr. Warde, one of the few good actors of the old school left on the stage today, could so far forget, or at least forego the traditions of his art as to present "The Tempest," that most exquisite of all dramatic creations, in the guise of a farce comedy. Prospero is not a great part, yet once, and once only, did Mr. Warde rise to the point of greatness in it. That was in the delivery of the lines:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The young genius who conducted the orchestra and played the piano at one and the same time at the Marquam Wednesday night succeeded in holding the attention of an admiring audience even when the twin stars were both lighting the stage with their effulgence. When his hands were engaged with the keyboard, he conducted with his head, and the effect was unique, to say the least, and quite atoned for the Midway type of music that assailed poor tortured mortal ears throughout the evening.

"I wouldn't marry you," declared the Clackamas County girl to her persistent suitor. "No, not if you had a million dollars."

"An' I don't 'low if I had that much I'd be a askin' you," he replied. And she was so surprised that she accepted him then and there.

Jack is only four years old, and already oppressed by the mystery of life. "Mamma," he said the other day, "if the man in the moon ever stops holding on tight he'll fall off, won't he?" His mother tried to explain that the man in the moon was only a fiction, but Jack, after listening attentively, turned away with a weary little sigh.

"Seems to me, Mamma, I'm unlearning so many things that by the time I grow up I won't know anything at all."

"No," said the mother of two very energetic youngsters, "You must not refer to the children as kids."

"Why not?" demanded her brother, who is a distinguished member of the Multnomah Club, and given to graphic expression.

"Simply because I object to being called names by inference."

"But, I don't understand—called names?"

"Yes, just that. Isn't the mother of a kid a nannygoat?"

The brother admitted that he had never thought of it in that way before, and promised not to offend again.

COMPOSITE.

BLAINE'S FEAR OF HORSES.

"Had James G. Blaine been alive and a member of President Roosevelt's party at Pittsfield last week," remarked Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Taylor today, "the disaster by which Craig lost his life would not have occurred. I don't think I ever met anyone who was in such mortal fear of being in a runaway as was the brilliant Maine statesman. He would take absolutely no risks with horses, and required the most extreme precautions to be observed before he would submit himself to a carriage ride. I remember many years ago that Mr. Blaine was to visit our city of Milwaukee, and I was in charge of the arrangements for his reception and entertainment. One of the prominent liverymen of the town came to me and offered free of charge the service of a magnificent team of six white horses to draw the carriage of Mr. Blaine. I acepted the offer, and when the statesman arrived at the depot I escorted him to the street, where the team and carriage were waiting. I was about to hand Mr. Blaine into the vehicle, when he suddenly drew back. 'There is no one at the head of those horses,' he said, 'and I would prefer that you get some men to guard them before we proceed.' I told the driver what he said, and the latter insisted that he had absolute control over his animals; that they were used to bands and other noises, and that there was not the slightest danger. I repeated this to Mr. Blaine and told him that I thought he could safely take a seat. But he wouldn't do it. 'I shall not put my foot into the carriage,' he said firmly, 'until a man is put at the head of each horse and is made to stay there.' That ended it, and we hurried around and got half a dozen men together and had each hook on to a bridle. Then Mr. Blaine got into the carriage and we proceeded uptown."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOME SPENT BULLETS.

Some spent bullets have been removed from Lord Methuen's wounded leg, and it is now expected that he will make a rapid recovery. The leg will be a little contracted.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor: I want to assure you that the well-disposed people of Portland are greatly pleased with the stand you have taken in favor of the enforcement of law, and the restraint of immorality. They are not only pleased, but encouraged to press forward in the good work they have under contemplation. It is a great gain to have the power of the press on the side of law-abiding people, instead of against them, and against the lawless instead of more or less openly in their defense. The cry has been for many years that vice and crime cannot be dealt with except by recognizing them, and regulating them. That they are here to stay. That they are as much a part, or a force, in the social structure as are legitimate business, as the church itself.

And so the public has been taught to believe that any attempt to enforce law against these destructive elements is foredoomed to failure, and that it is foolish to try it. Nobody but a crank or a weak sentimentalist would attempt it, and all that sort of rot. Hundreds and thousands of well-intentioned people have adopted that view, simply because they had not the time or the ability to discover what a fraud it was. To take that ground is to surrender to the enemy before a gun has been fired. To say that vice is stronger than virtue, and that the former cannot be ruled by the later, is to abdicate the idea of moral government in the world. It is to put out the light of hope for mankind and to turn him over to a perpetual riot of his baser nature. Such an argument is a fraud and a menace to the public welfare.

It may and does become demoralizing in the extreme. It is put forward by men who are moral cowards, as by those who feel at home in the atmosphere of the saloon and the gambling room, and who like to flirt with scarlet women. No such argument ever came from the higher and better elements of human nature.

The truth is that vice and crime are now and always have been cowards, that flee at the approach of an honest purpose, and there is no serious difficulty in enforcing any righteous law. The difficulty in enforcing laws in restraint of vice and crime is in the minds of men who are in sympathetic touch with them, or who at least see no great harm in the ways that lead to them. The difficulty is in the imagination of the apologist and defender—the man who likes a nip himself, and who is determined to "have a good time while he lives for he expects to be a long time dead."

But, says the apologist and defender—the men with the sympathetic touch of kindliness for vice in his composition—you cannot eradicate vice. It is here now and always will be here, and all that is "practical (with a capital P) is to license and regulate it." A beautiful game of fraud and deceit!

In the moral world, there can be no half-way ground. If an act is right, it is right, and if it is wrong, it is wrong; and what is right today always was and always will be right, and what is wrong today, always was and always will be wrong, and you cannot mix them. But, says the apologist, again, as you cannot prevent vice, you must license and regulate it. This is either brazen impudence, or dense stupidity, or the thimble-rig of the gambler.

Conscience had nothing to do in framing that argument. It came directly from the stomach and other beastly impulses. I suppose, then, as crime cannot be prevented, those who want to run riot in that direction ought to be licensed, too. If not, why not? Must the whole community be dragged into partnership with vice and crime, through the license system and the division of "swag?" I say, no! Let the law say what is lawful, and what is unlawful, and then let the law be enforced without fear or favor. If one officer will not enforce the law, put him out, and put a man in his place who will. A homely old saying was: "Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun." The present head of the city government seems inclined to "shoot," and when the head gets right there is hope.

But how about "regulations?" That is too simple to talk about. Regulate a thief, or a gambler, or a scarlet woman, will you? Regulate any dishonest practice. Regulate the adulteration of food, and the issuance of counterfeit money, and the false measures some tradesmen give their customers. Besides, regulation being wholly rotten as a policy, is a total failure in practice. Regulation never regulates anything. Regulation is a tub to the whale. It is a machine to throw dust in the eyes of honest people. It is a fraud, pure and simple. It may do for a plaything among people of child-like mind, but it cannot gain a footing among people who think.

And so let The Journal continue its good work so well begun.

LEVI W. MYERS.

AN ENTERPRISING HOST.

"I know that we drummers have the reputation of not always adhering strictly to the truth," said one of the traveling fraternity, "but I'll take my oath when I tell you about the tooth brushes I encountered in a little hotel in Jersey on my last trip I am not even exaggerating, much less lying. The hotel was one of those primitive little taverns still to be found in the small towns of South Jersey, presided over by a landlord who had never been 25 miles from home in his life. Still, he had attempted to introduce some modern innovations, and one of them—would you believe it—was a tooth brush in each room! The one in the room to which I was assigned was chained to the washstand. I called the proprietor's attention to this. 'Yes, be gosh,' he drawled, 'I had to do that to protect my property. Some o' those gol derned smarties started to walk away with 'em, an' I found the only way I could keep 'em up whar they belonged was to chain 'em up, be gosh! You can't fool your Uncle Dudley.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A GLORY JOB.

The lieutenancy of the Tower of London is about to become vacant by the retirement of Sir William Stirling, who has held it since January, 1900, when he succeeded Sir Godfrey Clark. The duties of the position are not onerous, and the emoluments are small; but the post is much sought after, for it is regarded as an honor to hold it, since it is usually given to an officer of distinction. It is tenable for three years only.