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THE OREGON IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION.

Oregon is now in position to receive her share of the national irrigation fund, which will be divided among the arid states for the purpose of promoting irrigation as a national and state question.

The experiments are too extensive for individuals or private companies to undertake. It is properly a national question. It is a portion of the work of government to prepare the land it offers for sale, to support the purchaser. There is need for vast enterprises on the coast and in the interior mountain states. The only source from which these undertakings can come is the national government. The question of ceding arid lands to states for the purpose of irrigation experiment, will not meet the demands of the situation. There is always the chance for the "middle man" to pocket the proceeds. President Roosevelt has shown a worthy willingness to promote this question by some actual work. Let every state get in line for the job. Let us second the government in all sincerity in this matter. Let us do some thinking and experimenting along original lines, to aid the work of the national government. There are places in Oregon where reservoirs and canals can be built which will reclaim thousands of acres. Artesian water can be found in many localities, by the expenditure of a little money. These are not fanciful theories. They are actual facts, which will blossom into added laurels for the arid states.

PUBLICITY A GOOD THING.

In the treatment of public questions, publicity appears to be quite effective in correcting abuses and directing matters in the right course. It is especially valuable just now in Oregon, with a senatorial election coming on and many schemes in formative state. Without desire to be pessimistic, it is pertinent to observe that the politician is not willing to let his plans be known to the people. He is handling the interests of the people, utilizing their laws and their money, contributed to support legislatures and government in general, to forward his schemes. Yet he lays his plans in secret and carries them out in stealth.

It is impossible for political reporters always to ascertain the complete truth regarding the plans that involve the current movements of these politicians. Yet, expending conscientious effort and doing his work with a desire to tell so much of the facts as he may obtain, he performs a valuable function for the people. They have a right to know of the activities of those who assume to control the politics of the country.

WON HONOR FOR OREGON.

Lawrence Selling, son of Ben Selling, has won a junior philosophical scholarship at Yale University, competing against several hundred classmates and being one of 12 young men who received scholarships.

It is not only exceptional honor for the young man, but it reflects credit upon the state of his birth and entitles him therefore to some enthusiastic congratulations.

It is no small thing to win such distinction in the face of competition against the best brain of the young men of the country, such as assemble in so great an institution as Yale. The man who earns a scholarship of that place must prove his mental worth and possess character, since those honors are given not only for scholarship, but as well for other desirable qualities in men.

Young Mr. Selling deserves and receives congratulations for his victory.

GRAND JURY'S CHALLENGE.

The grand jury has filed a report that says grafting proceeds in Portland; that probably \$1,000 a month is being collected from law-breakers; and then, almost naming the very men suspected of dealing in this mass of corruption, confesses impotency to find evidence against them.

It is a distinct challenge to the people of Portland. It is in effect a question asked in this manner: "Do you who care for better things consent to stand idly by while the potentiality of the law is used as a club with which to cow poor, degraded creatures into submission to the will of men who hesitate not to wring from abandoned men and women part of the price of their sin?"

This grand jury report is certainly complimentary to our system of legal espionage over crime and misdemeanor! Conceded crime stalks the streets wearing the uniform of the city and the star of the county, and yet we may not stop it as it proceeds along the highways of vice and collects blood money!

It is time for plain speaking, not for prudery or false modesty. It is time that attention were called to the fact that the recognized officers of the law are daily going into the lower portions of the city and collecting money from fallen women, going to those women with uniforms and stars as guarantee of authority, and compelling the payment of cash to protect them from persecution.

And the word persecution is used with full intent to convey the exact meaning in this connection. It is purely persecution. The payment of the blood money by those poor creatures to the despised grafters does the municipality no good, prevents no breaking of the law, nor accomplishes any other thing desirable. It merely enriches a few men who are willing to fatten upon the sin of other miserable people.

And what about the grafter? What about the fellow who climbs down the ladder of respectability until he reaches the slime of the gutter? Nay, the language is halting—until he reaches subterranean depths of corruption that would offend the moral nature of any man who is above the level of an ordinary jailbird!

Follow that man or those men, as the case may be, as they pass down certain streets of Portland. Observe their movements. Apply commonest sense to the interpretation of their real intention and what they really are doing, and then, if you fail to know, write yourself down as the stupidest man whom God permits to cumber the earth.

Having satisfied yourself that there is grafting, then determine that you will secure some substantial evidence that will convict the low-natured man or men, as the case may be, who are indulging in this grafting. And, having machinery of the law at your command, then if you fail, leave to others the task of defining what you are, for you will probably be incompetent to do justice to the subject.

The situation challenges the people of Portland. It offers open and boastful law-breakers as about taunting the better element and saying: "What are you going to do about it?" It is New York's old time boss, Tweed, and his defiant reply when charged with things of a kind with this Portland matter.

Our grand jury says there is grafting. It was a thing we all knew before the grand jury met.

The grand jury says that it is probably in the sheriff's and chief of police's offices the trouble lies. That is another thing we all knew.

The grand jury says probably \$1,000 a month is being collected. That is still another thing we all knew, only that most of us believe that the sum is much greater.

The grand jury says that it cannot procure evidence against anyone sufficient to convict. That is a thing we don't believe.

Is the law impotent? Is there no help for the 126,000 people of this municipality? Must they submit to the rule of a gang of worse than cut-throats? Must we rest content with a virtual indictment against both the sheriff and the chief of the police?

The logic of the situation is that, if the grand jury be true, then both the sheriff and the chief of police are hand in glove with the two men who are commonly reported to be controlling the city in a degree of power greater than that of the distinguished gentleman himself who occupies the mayor's chair.

The direct manner of stating it is: Two men are said to control the sheriff and the chief of police, and to dictate their acts. The grand jury's report merely puts color of truth to the claim, and compels one to believe it.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Baer got a keen slap on the jaw at the first meeting of the arbitration board. In the hope of placing the board under obligation to his side of the controversy, he offered to place a train at their disposal. Every American will feel a flush of triumph in their refusal to accept his unwelcome "courtesy." If the traditions of our mother's religion have lost none of their charm nor meaning, Providence is on the side of the poor.

The Ninth Congressional District Democrats of Illinois are very hard to please. Certainly, the fair-haired, aristocratic, bedraggled, glimmering Jim Ham Lewis would make the best appearance possible, as a Congressional power for artistic cartoons and front-page cuts. The Ninth has missed an opportunity to be advertised.

This is the shadow of the substance of things hoped for, but never seen. For further particulars, see grand jury report, minutes of the meetings



of the Law Enforcement League, Chief McLaughlin's fund of information, not necessarily on tap, and any other little thing of that kind as it suggests itself to you.

One hundred years has told an interesting story in the West. The poet who said the Columbia "heard no sound, save his own dashing" would be considered a "knocker" against the country, if it were not for the descriptive circulars going East, denying that fact.

It is reported by the dispatches that bandits held up a train in Spain and carried off over one half million dollars in coin and currency. One of the former Captain-Generals of Cuba or the Philippines must have been on the train with a little loose pocket change.

Walking Shield, the Sioux Indian who was hanged at Sioux Falls, died with an unfinished joke on his lips. It will be rather awkward to tell only the last portion of it across in the happy hunting ground. He will probably have to repeat the entire story.

Walla Walla has spent \$22,000 on improvement of some springs, as a city water supply. To the consternation of the city council, it is now found that the spring is an underground continu-

ation of an irrigation ditch. Did Walla Walla forget to call upon the old timer, whose well-known virtue as a "water-witch" has never yet been questioned? Still, it is not every city that can boast a \$22,000 hole in the ground. That's something.

The spectacle of those august Senators on the Islands Commission, dressed in palm leaf suits, seated flat upon the ground, eating dog meat at a native Hawaiian barbecue, relieves the fear that the intense mental strain connected with their arduous duties had undermined their health.

At a theatre in Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., a man who volunteered to play an apple on his head to be shot off, as a part of the play, was shot in the forehead and killed by the actor. It doesn't say whether the actor was the regular fool-killer, or just a deputy.

A dispatch from an Arkansas town says: "A negro may be lynched here tonight." No doubt the negro will be lynched if a rope and a negro can be found. The tree and the disposition are always at hand.

A New Orleans husband has had his wife examined as to her sanity, because she has been wandering the streets at night. He shouldn't object to this. She is probably following in his own footsteps.

Can it be possible that the corporation of Massachusetts formed to manufacture railroad ties from leather was back of the recent grave robberies? Old hides will be in demand, henceforth.

Prof. Welch, of John Hopkins University, is said to have discovered a virus that will prevent a person inoculated with it from catching anything. It must be the "microbe of Messenger Boy."

Twenty-eight languages are spoken in India. This does not bar the average American from understanding and answering all her appeals for food. Charity has a universal tongue.

If Lord Roberts happens to visit this country during the stay of the Boer generals, he will decide the Boer war is not yet over. Especially if American enthusiasm finds its voice.

De Wet can claim us all as cousins if he wants to, and use it as a reference, in looking for a job—but we don't want Lilluukiani to be telling that she is an American subject.

Neely, the postoffice thief from Cuba, has abandoned his intention of returning to the island. "The Cubans know enough bad habits now," moralizes the gentleman.

The finding of a human arm lying beside a lonely trail in Idaho, is a hint of the fierce talking that is being done in the present campaign.

The denial by Senator Hanna that the tariff is mother of the trusts, is a specimen of Mark's side-splitting campaign jokes.

ANKENY-McBRIDE-TURNER.

WALLA WALLA, Oct. 30.—The recent gathering of the political clans in this city has caused discussion and counter-discussion of the Senatorial situation in the State of Washington. On Monday afternoon, Governor McBride, Senator Ankeny and Senator Turner, Democrat, Walla Walla is the home of Levi Ankeny. Here at one and the same time were to be found all three of the contesting factions in the political arena of the state. Turner is the Democratic candidate for return to the United States Senate in his present capacity and will be urged by his party followers before the Legislature at next session. McBride is the railroad Republican candidate for the same state, is against the railroads, against Ankeny and may become a Senatorial candidate at later date if things look good to him.

Turner stands with McBride against the railroads although he is a Democrat while the Governor is a Republican. Ankeny is against the railroads, against Ankeny and against the Democrats. Ankeny is against McBride, Governor of the railroad policy, against the Democrats on party principles and against Turner because he wants the office now held by the latter. It is a three-cornered fight.

John L. Wilson, who was once Republican Senator from this state, and has been mentioned as a possibility again for the same place, is now considered to be out of the running except in the event of a dark horse—and there are not likely to be many nightmares running loose before the Washington Legislature meets. It will be a fight to a finish. Nevertheless Wilson will be a factor in the fight for he will carry with him enough support to make some candidate richer and the man against whom these men and much poorer in the contest for supremacy.

Ankeny feels that he will win because he has the railroad support and the railroads are popularly supposed to control an immense number of votes in this state. His campaign has been carefully organized and it is claimed it has worked out thus far just as intended. It is true Ankeny went to the recent Republican State Convention at the head of a delegation that advocated no railroad commission plank in the state platform, and was turned down. However, that turned down made Ankeny all the more popular with the railroad forces, as he stood unwaveringly in the face of certain defeat and voted his delegation solid every time.

McBride feels that he has the support of the Republican party of the state because his railroad commission policy went through the recent convention triumphant, and he believes the Democrats to endorse his administration because the commission plank in the state platform, was turned down. However, that turned down made Ankeny all the more popular with the railroad forces, as he stood unwaveringly in the face of certain defeat and voted his delegation solid every time.

The similarity between his railroad stand and that taken by the Democrats furnishes ground for this belief.

But the foundation for the Democratic feeling that Turner will carry off the Senatorial prize is greater than that of either of the others. The Democrats stand solid. There is no factional strife nor petty war within their ranks. On the other hand, the railroads are divided and ready to knif the railroad Republicans and there is no possibility of their getting together. In some of the counties this feeling is so bitter that the faction in the minority has already begun the policy of siding the Democrats and the railroads. In the event of a deadlock and inability to elect Turner.

With the anti-railroad Republicans ready to turn in and elect anyone rather than Ankeny, and with the certainty that Ankeny will never give aid to either McBride or Wilson, things look good for Turner.

While the Republicans wrangle and try to catch each other, the Democrats are happy. The deeper the factional feeling in the Republican party, the more certain are the Democrats to win.

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL MONK.

The Oregon Daily Journal Monk is always at the front. Not only is he in the swim of the current, but he is also a leader. Last night he attended the Masque concert in New York City, and had as guests some of the 400, among whom is it perhaps unnecessary to add Harry Lehr was not one. He says the ladies of the 400 are really de-

lightful when in company with sensible gentlemen, and that the criticisms to which they have been subjected, is four times out of five caused by asinine proclivities of some brainless dude, whose father was so busy with his other stock that he didn't have time to raise his heirs. He adds that the American women are lovely, and sensible, if following their own inclinations.

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS.

When a man gets to be 40 he gives small credit to the saying, "I feel like I wouldn't take when he was one himself." People who are on the seamy side of life ought to get along about sew-sew.

THE BEAUTY THAT GROWS.

A woman who years ago was exploited as "The \$10,000 Beauty," now sees a citizen for \$100,000 damages. Most extraordinary. Value enhances as the years go by. Must be, as Mr. Gilbert sang, "There's a Beauty in Extreme Old Age."

THE STATE PRESS.

Oregon's Coal Mines.

Oregon is perfectly willing to let the capital of the East look this way for a possible new coal supply. Oregon is big in extent of territory, and there is no telling how much coal may be found under the surface. The conditions under the surface in the ages past for the making of coal is well established, and there is already a good deal of coal mined in widely separated sections of the state, and coal croppings are found in other parts where there is as yet no mining in it.—Salem Statesman.

Will Be Worth the Money.

The cost of the coal strike in the East is estimated at \$200,000,000. If the arbitration commission succeeds in settling the differences of the miners and operators this newly discovered method of ending labor struggles will be worth quite the sum said to have been lost.—Astorian.

A Lesson of Life.

It is strange to what extremities a man's love for a woman will sometimes carry him. The reckless spirit of a one-time desperado is broken at the shrine of woman's love and he sinks cowering into the grave of a suicide. This story has its pitiful side. Who knows what struggles Younger went through in his ambition to become a man amongst men and to make amends to the world for his past misdeeds in which the wish that if he had been pardoned so that he might marry he would have settled down and become a model citizen. But there is the other side. Sin and evil has its recompense of woe. Younger's ambition to become a criminal possessing all the viciousness of the father in his days of outlawry. So we halt between the two extremes—sympathy for the criminal who was ambitious to atone for his misdeeds, and protection of society from the consequences of palliating a life of crime and running the risk of extending the vicious instincts to the second and third generation.—Eugene Register.

Will Not Go in Oregon.

The insinuation that the next Legislature may prolong the canvass of the vote for governor in order to keep Mr. Chamberlain out is a loush. It is one of those cases in which the wish of some cheap politician was father of the thought. Those kind of tactics have played out in the politics of this country. It might work down South, where it is necessary to keep down negro domination, but it will not go here where white men rule, in any event.—East Oregonian.

One View of It.

The letters left by Jim Younger and the speeches of his fiancée do not tend to attract sympathy to either person. A woman 30 years old who believes that innocent blood flows in the veins of a Younger is scarcely deserving of respect.—Pendleton Tribune.

Will Be Worth the Expense.

The news that the Government has decided to operate a dredge on the Columbia River bar is certainly most encouraging, as it means that within the coming few months something will be done to relieve the great obstructions to navigation. While the use of a dredge will probably not result in any permanent improvement of the bar, if it can dig a temporary channel that can be utilized until the jetty is completed, the benefit derived will be well worth the expense incurred. To complete the extension of the jetty will require several years and in the meantime shipping interests will suffer greatly unless the dredging process proves a success.—Astoria Budget.

Why the Difference.

For the past three or four months the bollermakers' strike on the Union Pacific has delayed the arrival of mails coming from the West for two or three hours every day. Isn't it about time the Government were stepping in and making a complaint? Were some little stage contractor thus delinquent in delivering mails he would be fined to the amount of his contract. Why should not a railroad that contracts to carry the mails be dealt with the same?—Dallas Times-Mountaineer.

Still a Hero.

Although the department sought to beamish Schley and rob him of his justly earned honors, he is still a hero in the eyes of the people. Saturday he visited Dallas, Tex., and the streets thronged with his carriage were strewn with flowers. A real hero will always find his way among the people.—Times-Mountaineer.

Government Ownership.

The idea of Government ownership of public necessities is gaining a fast hold in the minds of the people. At a meeting of the Anaconda, Mont., Trades and Labor Assembly it was decided to circulate a monster petition asking the Government to lease and operate all the coal fields for the good of the Nation. Government ownership must come sooner or later, as the public will not always suffer to be inconvenienced because a lot of rich corporations wish to hold down their employees and force them to work at wages only sufficient to keep them alive, and take the other horn of the dilemma and starve outright. Public peace, comfort and happiness demand that the welfare of a large number of citizens be not dependent upon the whims of a few individuals, nor at the mercy of greedy corporations.—Bandon Recorder.

Reform Official Needs Reforming.

A rather peculiar condition of affairs exists at the present time in our neighborhood of Little Grand. The gambling question has agitated the people of that community for several years and has been an issue in various municipal elections. At the last city election the anti-gambling ticket was successful for a majority of the precincts, and among them being that of city marshal. Notwithstanding the fact that the present incumbent of that position was elected by the anti-gambling forces he was nevertheless until the present day under wholesome restrictions. The present incumbent of that position was elected by the anti-gambling forces he was nevertheless until the present day under wholesome restrictions. The present incumbent of that position was elected by the anti-gambling forces he was nevertheless until the present day under wholesome restrictions.

GOAT DIED HAPPY.

A pet goat of Charles M. Gungung, of Littlefield, Conn., candidate for Secretary of State on the Prohibition ticket, died a drunkard's death yesterday. Mr. Gungung gave the goat a large supply of refuse, beer apples, and soon the animal was reeling drunk. Nobody tried to get it, and finally the goat fell to the ground, too intoxicated to rise. Restoratives were applied but the animal died a few hours later, surrounded by a curious crowd of people. Mr. Gungung's friends are chaffing him.—Newark News.

LESSON IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Did you ever stop to think," said the village shopkeeper, recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?"

"No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard father say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sell."

The subject of natural philosophy was dropped.—New York News.

TRAVELS WITH HIS DRINKING WATER.

Theodore C. Bates, the promoter, besides being a master of finance and some other things, has particular notions about living which differentiate him from other men. He always has the best rooms in the hotel in whatever city he may be. He always has his meals served in his room, and he always knows what he wants in the way of wines and cigars. And, furthermore, he is exceedingly particular about the water he drinks; so much so, in fact, that he brings all he uses with him from Massachusetts, where he lives.

Mr. Bates owns the famous farm in Massachusetts on which one of the worst liquor massacres in history took place. This was in the King Philip war in the early history of Massachusetts. On this farm is a very fine, clear spring known as King Philip spring, the water of which is remarkable all over the country for its excellence. Tradition says that the cause of the massacre was that the whites had taken up their camp at this spring, and Philip felt that its waters were polluted by their contamination. The water of this spring is Mr. Bates' only drink, and he has it shipped all over the country to whatever points his business may take him. While traveling he carries bottles of it with him. He has it sent here in cases and it is kept on tap for him in the Coates house wine cellar all the time.—Kansas City Journal.

HE FILLED THE BILL.

"Why," he asked, when they had seated themselves alone at one end of the porch, "do you suppose it is that educated woman who has been married?"

"But educated women do marry," he replied. "I know of three or four educated women who have been married within the past month or two."

"Perhaps it is because the educated woman's horizon is broader than that of the uneducated; because she demands more."

"Then it is not because she looks upon marriage itself as a bad thing?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"And you have declined proposals because you have demanded much?"

She tied and untied her dainty handkerchief and looked down and blushed and faintly answered:

"Yes. One of them was five feet and three inches and the other could not have weighed more than ninety pounds."

Being six feet four in his socks, he then spoke out and got her.—Philadelphia Times.

A HOUSE OF DEATH.

A great commotion has been caused in the neighborhood of Auburn, near Paris, by the discovery in the Rue Boileau of a house where people are taken to die. The house is kept by a rich elderly lady who looks after the time in looking out for people in the last stages of consumption. As soon as she learns from the doctors, her agents, that a patient is about to die, she approaches their relatives and asks them to allow her to receive the dying person to her home, which she calls "The House of the Pious Death."

Here she persuades the patient to die a Christian death by receiving the sacraments from the church. The result is a procession of cabs, conveying dying and consumptive people to the villa, and another procession of funerals taking the dead from the house. The woman's motives are wholly religious, and are not mercenary, but since the people of the neighborhood learned of her practices they have been moving away.—San Francisco Bulletin.

FROM THE PARAGRAPHERS.

Detroit News.—The coal strike was probably the toughest broncho the President ever broke.

Boston Herald.—Now that coal is to be cheaper, perhaps Secretary Wilson's best prediction was that the coal strike would be the longest.

Atlanta Journal.—Maybe the mine operators would demand next time that the miners be arrested and put back to work.

Atlanta Journal.—Carrie, 2 to 3 and broke her leg in the second race. She must have thought we're our money on her.

Washington Post.—Perhaps we should be thankful that we will not have to soak our Thanksgiving turkey in oil in order to roast it.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.—Hon. Tom L. Johnson has this advantage over the regular circus combination—he is his own ringmaster, clown and acrobat.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.—General Bragg: "Don't say pigmies, General, when you reach Hongkong. If you must say something, say 'rats!'"

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN.

The most dangerous man in organized society is not the extremist, who is clamoring for government ownership of coal mines or railroads. It is the ultra-conservative, who refuses to recognize the rapid changes that the years have brought and who fights every attempt to bring the great capitalistic machine of the present day under wholesome restrictions. It is men of this latter class who are doing most to bring about the "State Socialism" which they so much desire. They would dam up the rising tide until the barriers break in a devastating flood, instead of drawing off the waters into safe channels.—Engineering News.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

Elizabeth Bishop, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bishop, who was badly burned about three weeks ago, by the upsetting of an oil stove, is having the scarred flesh grafted, and the physicians in attendance believe they can heal the child's face so that the scar will not show. The little one's father is supplying the skin grafts, eight pieces of skin having been taken from his left arm for that purpose, and of which two have permanently set.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A WISE RULING.

The German customs authorities have ruled that, should any German citizen, covering such importations. Everybody approves of the ruling, but there appears to be no way of preventing smuggling. Please fear the nimble finger more than the meaning of the tariff regulations.

WHAT HE WROTE.

When a cowboy poet with seven notches on his gun passed away a stranger sought to learn the name of the deceased's most noted poem, and the undertaker, who was a respectable citizen, answered, "I think it was 'The Killard.'"

WANTED THEM ALL.

At the funeral of a western bandit, which was held the other day, so many tough characters were present that the undertaker, who was a respectable citizen, wanted to bury the whole crowd.—San Francisco Bulletin.

SOME ROYAL VISITS.

It is understood that a visit to England will be paid by the Emperor and Empress of Russia next year. Kaiser Wilhelm will visit the Emperor of Germany and pay a birthday visit to King Edward at Sandringham not later than November 1th.

SEVEN LEFT.

Tom Cat—Yes, my boy, but you were at your grandmother's funeral last night, and this is only her second life, sir.—Princeton Tiger.



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.
The Marquand Grand—"Florodora."
The Baker—"The Wife."
Cordray—"Barbara Frietchie."