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NOW FOR PROGRESS.

In the hurly-burly of state politics, in the rush for news of Senatorial contests and talk of appropriations for the Fair, let us not forget that we have a great task ahead of us that will link itself to the progressive movement that must come with the decision to hold the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Portland must take herself a little more seriously in the matter of general improvement and its citizenship must lend their helping hands to the enterprising people in our midst who are trying to make of it a great city. The charter offers many opportunities for betterment of conditions and these opportunities must not be neglected.

We stand today on the brink of a forward movement that means the expansion of not only Portland, but a tremendous advance in the commercial affairs of Oregon. Portland must brighten up her appearance and place herself in a position to receive her visitors. We are lacking of good streets and many other necessary improvements and these cannot be secured without concerted action, although the law will later provide a necessary pro rata of taxation to meet all requirements.

What do we need? Almost everything that a progressive city requires. Let us not take criticism of conditions as the sayings of carping and disgruntled critics, but as words intended to put life and vigor into the city's forward steps. Let us be brave enough to acknowledge our deficiencies and loyal and determined enough to correct them. No place on God's green earth ever lost anything by being criticized. It is the silent man, who endures without protest, who is a danger to the well-being of a community. And who would say that Portland is not fully capable, financially and otherwise, to meet an issue face to face?

Whatever the progressive element of the city, the manufacturers, the real estate men, the bankers, brokers and merchants of Portland elect to do toward inaugurating a new method of building up and improving the place The Journal will assist them by every means in its power.

APPARENT DEFECT IN EDDY BILL.

Although a copy of the bill is not at hand, yet from the rather carefully prepared reports by correspondents that have been published, it is apparent that the E. L. Eddy bill for a license tax contains a serious defect, a defect that suffices to condemn it. Representative Eddy has offered a bill that contains in brief these provisions:

An organization tax of one-tenth of one per centum on the first \$100,000 of capital, and one-half that rate on capital above \$100,000, religious, charitable or educational or other corporations not formed for gain to pay an organization tax on only \$5.

The license tax is graded according to the amount of the capital stock. If the capital stock does not exceed \$50,000, the tax is \$20 per annum; exceeding \$50,000 and not exceeding \$100,000, \$30 per annum; exceeding \$100,000 and not exceeding \$500,000, \$40 per annum; exceeding \$500,000 and not exceeding \$1,000,000, \$50 per annum; exceeding \$1,000,000, \$100 per annum.

Corporations must file annual reports by July 1 of each year, giving prescribed information concerning its stock and officers. The capital stock of every corporation that pays the annual license tax shall be exempt from taxation.

The last provision seems to be grossly wrong, else some important omission has been made clerically. According to the terms of the bill as understood at present, a corporation in Oregon could have \$500,000 capital stock, actual working capital, too, pay a license tax of \$40 per annum, and escape the payment of any more taxation upon its capital.

If this be the intent of the Eddy law, of course it should not become statute without elimination of the section that makes such a provision. It would be absurd.

OUR CENTRAL OREGON FIELD.

A hopeful sign is to be seen in the comment of newspapers and commercial bodies on the subject of the right of Portland to command the trade of Central Oregon. But there must be more than comment. There must be subscription of money, cash, dollars that will pay for surveys and proper equipment. This money must come from the pockets of Portland capitalists.

Shall we merely talk to set forth the needs of the city's commerce? Shall we not study the map and learn what bright possibilities await the building of a Central Oregon road? Shall we in future years view a territory cut into pieces by our commercial enemies, and divided among them as they will? Or, shall we allow our commercial rivals to wrest the Central Oregon country from us and divert its trade to San Francisco to our irreparable loss and its permanent gain?

There remains an alternative—Portland money can be secured to organize and build a road into Central Oregon and insure that for all time Portland shall command her rightful field of commercial operations.

Every bit of work done in perfecting the road would be part of the chain that would bind the Central Oregon region to this city for all time to come. Every delay, renders the work more difficult and the danger of failure greater.

WORTHY UNDERTAKING.

A new department is soon to be added to the Portland Young Men's Christian Association, the object of which will be to properly advise and counsel young men regarding their life work. This will be in the nature of an experiment, and the result will be awaited with great interest. There is urgent need for such an agency, and if the Young Men's Christian Association accomplishes good results it will add a mighty influence to the already splendid work of that organization.

A boy is a peculiar piece of humanity. From 10 to 20 years of age he must be handled with care if one desires to make a success of him. Ordinarily a boy ought to be in school at this period of life, but through a faulty economic system and "man's inhumanity to man," thousands are forced to lay aside their books and shoulder the burdens of active life at an early age.

Right at this critical period is the time to determine what the boy is best fitted to follow. Not a boy in all the wide world but who possesses some rare talent and genius. Determine at once what his talent is. If he must work at tender years, start him right. Too many graybeards of today have tolled away their years of usefulness in some obscure region, barely eking out an existence, who might have applied their efforts to other lines of activity. Too many men are failures simply because they got a wrong start. Too many are failures as farmers who would make brilliant successes as mechanics, and the poor mechanic would often succeed at agriculture.

Centralization of forces and facilities is the crying demand of the day. The young man who would succeed must specialize. The day of the "Jack-of-all-trades" is past, and the day of the specialist is upon us. No line of business is overrun, except the "odd-job" class. There is not a merchant or business man in Portland, but who has need of better men in all departments of their stores, and the young man who fits himself for advancement will be sure to some day receive reward. On the other hand, the man who is not adept at a given avocation may never hope to climb to the top round of the ladder of success. As water cannot of itself rise above its level, neither can a man rise above his ability.

So let the Portland Young Men's Christian Association lend its junior members this contemplated aid, and great will be the influence on their lives. A jury trial in a justice court at Sumpter in this state resulted in an unexpected manner. The jury consisted of six men and after a long deliberation they decided to bring in two verdicts. Three of the Jurymen signed a verdict for the plaintiff and the other three returned a verdict for the defendant. The court accepted the verdicts and discharged the jurors. One of the parties to the action did not have an attorney.

This is the law that Mays wrote. This is the Legislature that passed the law that Mays wrote. This is the Governor (Geer) who signed the law that Mays wrote. This is the Speaker of the House (Reeder) who also signed the law that Mays wrote. And this is the President of the Senate (Fulton) who affixed his signature to the law that Mays wrote, and who pleaded

with other members of the Legislature not to obstruct its passage through the Assembly, and who now wears a vacant stare and an absent look when he hears mention of the law that Mays wrote and Geer signed and that Reeder signed and that Fulton himself signed. That was in 1901. This is in 1903, and Tempus has fugited considerably in the interim.

The contest in the State of Washington appears to have narrowed to one proposition—will the King County Legislative delegation abide by their anti-election pledges and support Harold Preston for the United States Senate? Even the unmentionable John L. Wilson sees the obvious duty of the King County members and tells them that they must "go down the line" with Preston, exhausting all possibilities for his election.

A Portland citizen writes from a Kansas town to say that in that state last year religious revivals were numerous and protracted. Now, says he, there are no revivals in progress, and he draws the grim and bloodcurdling conclusion that the scarcity of fuel has operated to kill the usual dread of going where theologians claim it is exceedingly hot.

School directors who fear that the Pierce per capita tax bill in place of the fixed mill tax will work to lessen the amount raised for school support, will be pleased to learn that it contains a provision that no district shall realize less than it realized during 1902, and that in some instances it will raise more revenue for that purpose.

"The retail grocers are approaching nearer and nearer to the cash basis, the great desideratum," remarks the Portland Tradesman and Commercial Record, and thereby cites the proof that business is conducted more rationally nowadays than when long time credits were the rule throughout Oregon.

Colorado has two Senators, each claiming to be the right one. The situation there reminds Oregonians of the quondam Republican County convention held in Portland once in which two chairmen presided simultaneously and two sets of delegates clamored for recognition. Colorado is to be pitied.

It is said that Lieutenant-Governor Tillman expressed no regret at the death of Marsico Gener Gonzales, whom he shot in cold blood. His must be a savage nature, indeed, who can thus be transferred from the list of assassins to that of murderers without so much as a shudder.

Baker County apparently must suffer loss of \$17,000 because of laxness in keeping the bonds of the former Sheriff, A. H. Huntington, who is alleged to be short in his accounts. The fact carries its own lesson to other counties, and especially to Baker County's officials.

United States Senator Thomas C. Platt has been nominated to succeed himself, the Republican caucus voting 108 to 1 for the aged boss. Platt is the only remaining member of the political firm of Platt & Croker who is doing business at the old stand.

The name of the postoffice at the head of the Deschutes River has been changed from Bend to Deschutes. In early days it only marked a bend in the river, and now the growing town draws its support from the rich country all along the Upper Deschutes.

The good will manifested towards the Lewis and Clark bill for an appropriation by the Legislative members augurs well for the great Exposition. Mr. Fenton's prognostications appear to have been founded upon knowledge of the actual situation.

The Tradesman and Commercial Record presents an improved appearance since adopting the quarto form. It is now a well edited weekly trade journal, and is successful under the editor and manager, Mr. P. W. Custer.

Another move towards the completion of the Salem federal building—\$4,000 provided for work on the ancient structure. It is apparent that it may be finished in time to occupy it before the end of the century.

The Illinois Supreme Court has handed down an opinion declaring the inheritance tax law of that state valid. Illinois' Supreme Court decisions upon such questions will weigh with courts of other states.

In fixing that salaries for state officers, observe one rule—well paid servants work better than do underpaid servants. It is false economy to keep them upon too small compensation.

Long Life of Clover Seed. (New York News.) I will bear witness to this: A farmer in order to grade the yard in front of his house, removed a mound that was known to have existed over 100 years, digging down some seven or eight feet from the top. The earth was a reddish clay, slightly moist. Within 24 hours clover was sprouting on the bed spot and in a week the leaves covered the ground. The seeds had lain dormant there more than a century. Why can not science explain this phenomenon, familiar to every countryman in this city? Cut down a pine forest and scrub oak will grow on the land; cut down an oak forest and scrub pine will grow? The original forest may have been there since the flood. I wonder, if you were to cut down all the forests of men, what sort of stock would grow?

President Nord has taken possession of the Italian palace and moved his belongings. They are now ready for the next revolution.—The Washington Post.

AN OREGON PEKIN.

By Paul De Laury.

Oregon has a little Pekin of her own. It is not a "Chinatown," in the outskirts or in the deserted portion of a city or town, but it is at a remote point from railroads and transportation facilities, and Chinese constitute the majority of the population. There are white there and they have their churches, schools, and business houses, but in point of population the Chinese outnumber the whites.

The Chinamen have their Joss house, they control the exclusive sale of liquor, their games run night and day, and the opening of these regularly announced throughout the day and evenings by a Chinese crier. Old Doc, the Chinese whiskey dealer, is the most popular man in town, and possibly deservedly so, for his uniform liberality. The women all speak well of Doc, and the children consider him a perpetual Santa Claus.

These conditions may have changed in the past few months, but they had not changed a few months ago for the past 20 years, and it is more than probable that old Doc still is king and that Chinamen are in the majority at Malheur City, and that the stranger is led to believe he is in a real, old Chinese village, when he reaches the place.

Malheur City is one of the oldest towns in Oregon; it is situated in the foothills of a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and is reached by a ride of 20 or 40 miles in a stage coach over the roughest roads, that cross the mountains and penetrate the canyons of Oregon. It is in Malheur County, and is east from Huntington and northwest from Vale, the county seat, though its distance from the courthouse limits travel between the town and the county "capitol" to cases of absolute necessity.

The fact of Malheur City's isolation, and the further fact that it was one of the first places discovered in that entire section of country, is another illustration of the saying that you cannot hide a golden-bearing rock from the prospector. Forty years ago Malheur City was the most prosperous mining camp in the Pacific Northwest. Thousands of dollars were taken from the sluice boxes and pans daily. Men made fortunes in a day. There were murders, robberies, gambling, stealing, drunkenness and everything that went to make up a prosperous placer mining district.

How this little gold-bearing spot was ever discovered is not known, although it is claimed that it came through the California discoveries. While the great excitement was prevailing there men who were not satisfactorily successful drifted away and sought other fields. It is presumed that some one or more of these drifted into this isolated spot and found gold, and that the news spread, as it usually does in such cases, although there was no railroad, telegraph or other means of rapid communication in the entire country. The Chinamen found their way there. The field was not so large as was expected, and the army of miners soon washed out the best pay dirt and moved on. But the Chinamen remained. They still wash and re-wash the old tailings, and the white man, though a few of the old timers still remain. But the Chinamen are largely in the majority. They have their stores and gambling houses, and pursue life according to the customs of their own country with all of the American freedom, and they may be said to be the happiest Chinamen in the country. With pick and shovel and pan they go to the gulches and canyons in the morning and return at night with their day's earnings in gold dust. This the merchant, gambler or old Doc weighs and pays for in cash. Then it takes its place on the table and is hazarded along with the other stacks of coin that pass over the table daily.

The white population is composed of an intelligent citizenship. The postmaster, merchants and hotel men, as well as the town justice of the peace, are all old-timers and they are of the same mind living in the same place. The Chinese are in the majority. They have a good school, the citizens are liberal, and in the valleys farther away there are prosperous white farmers. Besides, the prospects are bright for a great future for the town, and the country surrounding it. Rich quartz mines have been discovered, white capital is developing, and the line is brought to the surface at many points, as is expected, railroads will be built, the country will settle up and the Mongolians will occupy only a small spot in the future City of Malheur.

Old Doc is a politician and philosopher. It is probable that a white man would not be permitted to sell liquor at Malheur City. Doc only sells it by the gallon at least, that class of trade is only permitted in his license, but he sells liquor.

It is the wonder of the people of the town how Doc makes a living. They know he makes large sales, but his liberality is such that he is believed to give away more than he takes in. The white children stand about his door and are kept supplied every day with oranges and candies and nuts, and everything that they want. Old Doc is a very generous man. He gets silks from China and he gives them silks. They make "crazy" quilts from old Doc's silks, and the young women wear silk waists made from the Chinaman's gifts.

Old Doc is anything but a prepossessing looking Chinaman. He is aged, a heavy set man, but he is just enough bent to make the him look hideous, but in spite of all this old Doc always wears a smile and treats his friends well, and they all like him.

He is practically the king at old Malheur City, but he rules with a charitable hand.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

CONDON, Ore., Jan. 18, 1903. Editor Journal: I see it intimated in some of the Oregon papers that the Democratic members of the Legislature will, when the proper time comes, combine and assist in electing Mr. Geer to the United States Senate. Now, I do not know whether or not this report has any truth in it, but for fear that it may have, and in view of the fact that such political combinations are not unknown in the State of Oregon, I think it my duty as every Democrat who loves the principles of his party to protest against any such possibility, in terms so plain that they may not be misunderstood.

Mr. Geer is doubtless, personally speaking, a very fine man, but what Democrat, with "The trusts are undeniably bad things, but the Democrats are worse," ringing in his ears, afford to vote for Mr. Geer. This language is as true as the sun, and it is as true as the fact that Mr. Geer has never denied it.

Mr. Geer has a perfect right to think of the Democratic party as follows, and he pleases, but he has no right to expect, and no member elected to the present Oregon Legislature as a Democrat has any right, to vote for him as a United States Senator.

Should our Democratic friends in Ohio think of us if we should through our representatives in the Legislature, assist in sending Mr. Geer, who has insulted the intelligence of every Democrat in the United States, to the Senate? There were hundreds of Democrats who voted for Mr. Geer for Governor, and while he was yet serving in the office to which their votes helped to elect him, he stoops beneath his dignity to write letters to them by using the language above quoted.

Mr. Geer may be a good enough man for the Republicans to elect to the Senate, but I doubt if a majority of even that party can be induced to think so, but I would hate to think that the Democrats of Oregon could think that such a man was in any manner good enough to be sent to the United States Senate with their help.

For my part, I think it is plainly the duty of every Democrat in the Legislature to vote for his candidate first, last and all the time, and not assist the Republicans in electing a Republican to the Senate, and then to use his whole influence while there, and after his return to Oregon, to destroy the organization of the party, a part of whose members assisted in his election. DEMOCRAT.

New York's 60,000 Negroes. There are 60,000 colored inhabitants of the City of New York, of whom 36,000, more than half, are residents of Manhattan borough, 18,000 are residents of Brooklyn, 2,000 of Queens, 2,000 of The Bronx and 1,000 of Staten Island.

The political division which includes the largest number of colored residents in New York City is the Nineteenth Assembly district of Manhattan. The total colored population of the district is 5,000 out of a total population of 85,000.

The two Assembly districts which included the Tenderloin, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, north of Twenty-fourth and south of Thirty-sixth street, the Twenty-fifth and the Twenty-seventh, have respectively 3,000 and 3,300 colored inhabitants.

In the Eighth Assembly district, the chief political landmark of which is the Essex Market Police Court, there were at the time of the last enumeration only nine colored residents out of a total population of 12,000.

In the Twelfth Assembly district, which includes most of the Grand street Hook, there were only four colored inhabitants and in the Sixteenth Assembly district, including the Drydock portion of the Eleventh Ward on the East River water front, south of Fourteenth street, there were only two colored inhabitants in a total population of 75,000.

NO ILL WILL HERE.

SELLWOOD, Or., Jan. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The following paragraphs are taken from the editorial columns of The Journal of recent date: "Germany and the United States were scowling at each other, but not enough to warrant sending back the scarfpins Prince Henry gave us."

"Germany is said to seek our friendship. Her new minister says so. She has abandoned that warlike program and is now making love to the United States."

You appear to be what I call a "Dutchman" rather, but I know that Johnnie Bull was the biggest enemy this country had for the last 200 hundred years and is today yet. The British would treat today the Americans as they did the Boers, if they only could.

A GERMAN. [The Journal desires to inform its friend "A German," that it is not a "Dutchman" either, as he puts it, or a "Dutchman" later, as he probably intended, but is an admirer of the Dutch people and proud of their accomplishments in the struggle for a better civilization and a greater Fatherland. There was no intention of displaying ill will in the paragraphs quoted from The Journal.—Editors.]

BABY SINGETH HER SONG.

Chicago Chronicle. A flutter of hands in the lace-sheltered crib. A flashing of eyes of cerulean blue. A gurgle cry from the downy white depths. And the baby beginneth: "Agoo, agoo."

And she singeth a wonderful song of her own. As sweet and as pure as the lilt of a lark. And the baby lean over from sky-courts above. At the soft, cooing cadence to listen and hark.

A flutter of hands in the white-bowered crib. Like rose petals scattering over the snow. A faint little whimper, a soft little sigh. And baby awaketh to coo and to crow.

But never a whisper of where she hath been, And never a word of the dreamland of her own. As she gazes and crows in her mother's embrace. And telleth her story: "Agoo, agoo."

For she is returning from regions of bliss. On her cheeks is a kiss from the rose-tinted skies. And a hint of the glories no grown-up hath seen. Is lingering still in the glint of her eyes.

A Merry Old Custom. In a romantic and picturesque old mansion in Derbyshire, England, is one of those curious relics of bygone times which carry the mind back to the habits and customs of one's great-grand-fathers. A handuff is fixed to the screen of the banqueting hall. When the banquet had advanced toward its zenith, if any gentleman among the guests refused to drink the full quantity that was deemed the proper thing at that time he was merrily carried to the oak screen and placed with his arm upraised and secured and locked in that position by the iron ring. He was allowed, then open wide, offered a tempting receptacle for the wine which he had refused to drink and the contents of the goblet, with as much more as the roisterers thought fit, were poured down the unlucky victim's arm.

WHAT THE FAIR WILL DO FOR OREGON.

By Frederick V. Holman.

I believe the Lewis and Clark Exposition will be of the greatest benefit to Oregon. Some of my reasons for believing this are as follows: Oregon has been content for many years to rely on its resources and thinking it was not necessary to make any showing to the world. As a consequence the State of Washington has developed its resources and received an increase in population greater than Oregon. We will be a Pacific Coast exhibition, and without hurrying any other state it will be of the greatest benefit to Oregon itself. It will stimulate the growth and development of Oregon by making others believe in us, and what is of more importance, will make us believe in ourselves. It will start industries and the development of Oregon's resources which have hitherto been put off until some more convenient season. It will make Oregonians acquainted with each other, and remove local jealousies for the grand object of a great state growth. It will increase the state pride of all Oregonians.

The Fair must necessarily be held at Portland for convenience, for in this is the best place, and where strangers will naturally expect it to be held, and where it must and can only be successful. The Exposition will show in a compact form not only what Oregon has and is doing, but what she can have and may accomplish. So far as the people of the Eastern States are concerned, it would be a great damage to Oregon if the Exposition should not now take place. A failure now would amount to a state disaster. The State of Oregon is in a fallure, but Oregon must make it a grand success. We have gone too far to turn back.

OPINIONS OF OTHER EDITORS.

Anything for a Change. Boise News: Smallpox has broken out in Salt Lake City. It would detract attention from that overlying Senatorial muddle, the public will welcome the diversion with a sigh of relief.

Property Said. Boise News: Nevada furnishes a practical illustration of the need of a state reformatory school by sending to the penitentiary a 18-year-old girl.

Improving Telephone Service. La Grande Observer: Mr. Newcomb will have been in the city for several days soliciting new business, in meeting with great success. There will soon be 250 phones in La Grande, and in a short time, possibly within 60 days, there will be 500 in the city. In the present rates, party line residence service is a very individual residence \$2, and individual business lines \$2.50.

WORK OF MAKING TRAINS. It Is Important to Railroads, as It Serves an Advertisement. An announcement that the general passenger agent of a Western railroad had ordered a substantial price for the best name for a new fast train, attracted attention to the value of such a name to a railroad for advertising purposes and the trouble to which its officials go to securing a catchy designation of their fastest and most luxurious expresses.

These efforts result in some very queer names and some very good ones. Every one has heard of the Lake Shore Limited, the Empire State Express and of the Twentieth Century Limited, the latest addition to the New York Central's fast trains. The Pennsylvania Railroad gives simple names to its fastest trains. The Pennsylvania Limited and the Pennsylvania Special are the titles by which the two finest trains on that road are known, while all the other trains are simply named after the city to which they run.

One of the most picturesque names is that of the Sunset Limited, which dashes daily toward the land of the setting sun, California, by way of Southern Pacific line. The Overland Limited is a name which represents well the ideas of the men at the head of the Union Pacific Road, while the North Coast Limited is a gorgeous title for the Northern Pacific's fast train for the North Pacific Coast cities. The Rock Island has chosen a high-sounding title for its new train to California, after which it is called, the Golden State Limited. The other Western railroads generally called their trains after their own names, as, for instance, the Alton Limited of the Chicago and Alton and the Northwestern Limited, of the Chicago & Northwestern, while others again are called after the names of cities or states, the Colorado Special, of Denver Express, etc. The Twin City Limited is named after the popular appellation of the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, from which it runs to St. Louis.

With the anthracite coal strike settled, the Black Diamond, the fastest train in the Lewis Valley road, will no longer arouse resentment in the traveler. That road, by the way, has another oddly named fast express called simply the Buffalo train.

Over the Baltimore & Ohio and the Reading runs the Royal Blue of Washington, called after the color of the flag in which all these trains are painted, though this name for an express to the capital city of the republic is not as well chosen, perhaps, as is that of the Congressional Limited, running to the same city over the Pennsylvania line. Between the capital and Boston runs the Colonial Express, and between New York and Boston runs, among others, the Bay State Limited. There are several Continental Limited trains, one of them going over the West Shore to Chicago. The Lockwood Limited is a sample of the Lockwood's style of calling things by their names.

Among the queerest names given to trains are, perhaps, that of the Ghost Express, which formerly ran between New York and Boston, leaving at midnight, its car being painted absolutely white and the P. V. Van Wazer letters the Chesapeake and Ohio explained as meaning the Fast Flying Virgin.

Another picturesque name with a tinge of romance is the Rip Van Winkle Flyer, running over the West Shore in the Catskill region. There is an exposition anywhere there are sure to be several exposition fairs. The latest of these is on the Big Four, running from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

There is, perhaps, no railroad man in whose composition sentiment enters as little as into that of J. H. Hill. Paid more for that reason he has never paid much attention to names for his trains. His rivals, however, nicknamed his first through train from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast the "High Grass Limited," because it ran through some of the best wheat and alfalfa lands in the world. Today that train is a magnificent palace on wheels, and a total length of nearly one-fifth of a mile.

Of foreign trains, probably the most famous are the Flying Scotchman and the Orient Express, the latter from Paris to Constantinople, having even been made the subject of a play produced by the late Augustin Daly.

The Other Side. A great many authorities are contributing articles to current magazines telling how Congress might control the "trusts" equally pertinent subject, "How Trusts Control Congress," is being ignored, although it could be told in half the space.—Omaha Bee.

Needed Oiling. A little three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was. "A cricket, dear," replied her mother. "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."—People's Paper.

World's Statistics. There are 3,941 languages in the world and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average length of life is about 33 years; of 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100 six reach the age of 85, and not more than one in 60 lives 90 years.—London Globe.



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS. The Baker—"For Fair Virginia," Neill Stock Company.

Cordray's—"The Gambler's Daughter," Fredericksburg—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. The Marquis Grand—Ossip Gaborfl-witsh, famous Russian pianist, in recital, Thursday evening, under management of Miss Lola Steers; Friday and Saturday nights and matinee, "The Everlasting Devil's Auction," Charles H. Yale's production.

The Baker—"Fair Virginia," this week. "Charley's Aunt," coming week. Cordray's—"The Gambler's Daughter," this week. "Whose Baby are You?" and "My Friend from India," next week.

The Arion Concert. Besides the singing of the members of the Arion Society, last evening at the Arion Concert, the playing of Portland's most brilliant and charming pianist, Beatrice Barlow-Dierka, was the one chief attraction. Mrs. Barlow-Dierka, who has never played better, with only a very few years of musical fame behind her, she has nevertheless won the place of Portland's first piano performer, and has given many marvelous renditions in the past, but none that were more excellent than those of Tuesday night.

Mr. Paul Westinghouse, baritone soloist, was in good voice and sang as he always does, with several encores asked by the listeners. Mr. Louis Dammasch led with his usual facility.

The program was: "Erschalle Measchiger Jubelklang" (E. Erkel), Maennlicher, "Himmelsleiter" (Max von Weinzierl), Maennlicher, a "Waldesrauschen," b "Gnomengreien," c "Campanella" (Liszt), comert studies (Liszt), Beatrice Barlow-Dierka, "My Folk at Home" (Vander Stucken), Paul Westinghouse and chorus, "Friedrich Rothen" (Theo. Podbertsky), Maennlicher, a "Ueberlebende Staudchen" (J. Brahms), "Die Grolle Nicht" (R. Schuman), Paul Westinghouse, "Schwarz" (Chopin), "Nachtstueck" (Schuman), "Caprice Espanole" (Moszkowski), Beatrice Barlow-Dierka, "Water Rhein (H. Moer), Maennlicher.

MANAGER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Catchy Title. "Whose Baby are You?" is the catchy title of Mark E. Swan's three-act farce that makes its appearance at Cordray's Theatre for four nights, beginning with a matinee Sunday, January 26. The piece was constructed for fun-making purposes only, and its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is said to be the funniest farce on the road this season. It deals with the tribulations of a young artist, his sweetheart, a model and a baby. The plot is full of amazing complications and the dialogue is brilliant and snappy. "My Friend from India," another fun-producer, follows "Whose Baby are You?"

"Everlasting Devil's Auction." M'lie Irene and Zaza, one of the many attractive features with Charles H. Yale's "Everlasting Devil's Auction" Company, which comes to the Marquam Grand Theatre next Friday and Saturday nights and a popular matinee Saturday, had recently an odd experience in Bangor, Me., where they were playing.

Returning to Portland, M'lie Irene and Zaza had gone directly to their room in the hotel, and on entering it M'lie's dog began barking vociferously at a large cupboard standing in the corner of the room.

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed M'lie, "a man must be in there!" She cautiously approached the cupboard, and sure enough she could detect the heavy breathing of some one inside. She turned the key in the lock, and left her dog barking at the cupboard while she ran to the head of the stairs, screaming for the landlord.

The landlord came up the stairs five steps at a time, followed by all the male help and members of the "Everlasting Devil's Auction" Company, who entered M'lie Irene and Zaza's room, guided by the screams of M'lie Irene and the barking of the dog. M'lie Irene pointed to the cupboard and managed to gasp out: "He is there." The landlord broke open the door, while the gentleman in the company and their relatives ready. In rushed the dog, bringing out a bone that had been placed there for safekeeping. As the truth dawned upon the landlord and the people assembled, like the Arab, they silently folded their tents and stole away.

New Socialist Move. The Socialist Sunday School is the latest method of inculcating into minds of the rising generation a hatred of clericalism. Schools have been started in Glasgow, Scotland, and in London, Liverpool, Bradford and other English cities. The Sunday schools are conducted very much like the church school. A book has been gotten up containing simple questions, and answers explaining the Socialist belief, and the children are taught in