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INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

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The cry of the century is "Westward, Westward!" The New York farmer turns his face to the sunset, and thinks he has attained the great ideal by settling in Illinois! The farmer from Illinois hears the Pacific calling, and scales the snow ranges in response to the universal cry. Westward is the creed of the coming generation. It means the completion of the Pacific Coast Empire.—A. L. Craik.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

A worthy Republican contemporary of this city gravely discusses the propriety of making Theodore Roosevelt president of Harvard University upon his retirement from the Presidency of the United States. The originator of the idea deserves a brass medal. He has hit upon the very best and simplest way of settling the Republican squabbles over the Presidential nomination in 1904. Everyone knows the chief problem has been to get Roosevelt out of the running without creating too much of a row, and now the way has opened.

Roosevelt must be sidetracked and the best plan is to shunt him off onto the siding at Cambridge, where he will be out of sight and sound, and presumably so much absorbed in recalling his old college days that he will forget all about the political rumpus and his intention to occupy the White House for four years more.

THE COUNTY SCANDAL.

The Journal has given to the public additional details of the extraordinary mismanagement of the county's affairs as shown by the report of the expert who has recently investigated the County Clerk's office for the six years ending last July. It is not hearsay evidence which is thus submitted, nor a mere repetition of the rumors of corruption and jobbery which have been current for years, and which have made Multnomah's county government an object of suspicion to honest men. The statements of the expert whose report has furnished the basis of these articles are founded upon the official records of the county. His report is a cold-blooded presentation of facts and figures which, until impeached, must be assumed to be absolutely correct. The Journal has preferred to merely call the attention of the public to these findings, leaving each reader to draw his own conclusions therefrom.

It is too plain to be denied that something has been seriously wrong in the conduct of the county's affairs. Unbusinesslike methods have marked the County Clerk's office, shortages have been discovered amounting to several thousand dollars, and in the collection of delinquent taxes there has been a reckless and astonishing waste of the assets of the county, resulting in a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

No business house could live for a year under such criminal mismanagement and it is not strange that the County of Multnomah has been plunged deeper and deeper into debt, until now its obligations exceed half a million dollars.

Some one is responsible for this state of affairs. Who is it? It is the duty of the authorities to set in motion the machinery which shall bring forth the answer to this question. If there has been boodling among the officials or employees of the county, as is most plainly intimated by the expert's report, then let the guilty be brought to justice. This is no time for suppressing or ignoring the truth. The people are entitled to know the whole truth, and to exact a rigid ac-

counting from their servants who are proved to have been unfaithful. In its efforts to unravel this tangled snarl of crookedness and incompetence the Journal has thus far proceeded alone. It is a noteworthy fact that other daily papers of Portland have utterly ignored the expert's grave disclosures, beyond a perfunctory and utterly inadequate notice at the time when his report was filed. The explanation may not be hard to seek. One at least of these contemporaries made large profits out of the county business during the period covered by this investigation and charged most extortionate rates. It has been closely affiliated in times past with some of those former county officials whose acts are now called in question. From such a paper naught but silence could be expected at a time like this, when the people are demanding the truth and the whole truth as to the conduct of their business.

The Journal comes with clean hands and with an earnest determination to do all in its power to expose the abuses that have existed and to unmask those responsible for them. It is not fettered by any past alliances nor has it been under obligations to the men whose acts are now under scrutiny.

To the taxpayers of Multnomah County the Journal gives this warning: The investigation of the County Clerk's office was but the beginning, and the other departments of the county government will give disclosures fully as sensational. There is but one course for the authorities to take and that is to hold to rigid accounting every man responsible for the rottenness which has been uncovered.

DECREASING BIRTH RATE.

The decreasing birth rate among the educated classes both in this country and in Europe is the theme of frequent comment and sometimes arouses the apprehensions of the political economists. President Roosevelt made it the text for some widely quoted remarks and has warned the people of the United States against the threatened "race suicide." The avalanche of letters he has received from proud fathers and mothers, advising him of their efforts to stay the impending extinction of mankind, may have led him to regret that he spoke.

Various explanations of the diminishing birth rate have been advanced and it is frequently attributed to the lessening demand for labor, the theory being that in former times children were in economic demand, the boys for work and the girls for domestic help and for wives, when they should become grown. In this country, it is argued, the great immigration of cheap labor has changed the conditions and the need for large families no longer exists.

The fallacy of this argument was well shown in a recent editorial in the Morning Herald of Albany, Oregon. We quote from it in part as follows: "If political history is to be believed wages were lower the first quarter of the nineteenth century than in the last quarter of the same century. We are told that both skilled and unskilled labor never better paid than in the years from 1885 to 1892, and reaching the highest limit in 1892. We are also told that wages in the third year of the twentieth century reached the high scale of 1892, and yet during all this time the birth rate has been decreasing and decreasing faster among the wealthy people. Take it as a rule, with rare exceptions, the people best able to support a large family have the smallest ones. So the economic theory could hardly hold good.

There is a theory which will hold, and that of the social cause. The people of wealth and people of education have such heavy social demands that they do not care to be burdened with the care of children. This is especially true of women. Those who entertain the fear that the human race will retrograde as a consequence have failed to read correctly the progress of the human family, and especially the history of the American people, who have in this century, but the past centuries, shown the fact that the brain and muscle of a nation come from the humble. That the men who make and break nations are within the poor and the farm, rather than from the aristocracy of those reared in luxury and wealth. These conditions will continue and the sons of poor men will be leaders and prosper, while the rich and the idle will rise up to take their places in ruin."

It would be a most unwise and unfortunate thing if the workmen of Portland should allow their dissatisfaction with existing conditions of employment to lead them into any movement against the Lewis and Clark Fair. The homely old saw, "Don't bite off your nose to spite your face," is very much in point in this instance.

When the County Auditor declined to accede to the Journal's request for a detailed statement of the county's finances, he doubtless "had his reasons."

AN ELABORATE REASONER.

"You are base enough to confess that you love her for her wealth."

"My dear sir, beauty, intellect and refinement are mere accidents of birth, but money is an evidence of ancestry and possibly hereditary foresight and force of character."—Washington Star.

TWO YETTS.

I dreamed of you and led a Me to a splendid room, and there Two paintings hung high over my head; She bade me study them with care.

One was the portrait of a man whose mien was splendid, filled with I gazed awhile, then turned to scan The picture opposite, and saw My likeness in a poor wretch's face— A foolish egotist, low-browed, Such as the millions who go on, Day after day, down in the crowd.

The hand speaking kindly, then Said: "Both are portraits fair and true; The one you try to seem to men, The other is as 'twould seem to 'em."—S. J. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

QUAINT TALES.

The Rev. W. W. Waddell declares that in Brazil the elections are a farce. The ballots are hardly ever counted, for the government nominates its ticket and then, after an election announces all its candidates elected. "A year or so ago," he says, "an American who had settled in Bahia, the second largest city in Brazil, was made an election clerk and was told to bring the returns from the various towns into Bahia. After election had closed the clerk took the returns and fastened away, paralleling them with the greatest care. He took the returns to the chief clerk and the chief clerk said to him: 'What are these?' 'These are the returns from Bahia until the returns were received. What was his concern therefore, to hand his packages over to the chief clerk?' 'The chief clerk said to him: 'What are these?' 'These are the returns from Bahia until the returns were received. What was his concern therefore, to hand his packages over to the chief clerk?' 'The chief clerk said to him: 'What are these?' 'These are the returns from Bahia until the returns were received. What was his concern therefore, to hand his packages over to the chief clerk?'

Francis F. Leitch says that probably the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress was made by Ben H. Hitt of Massachusetts. On this morning he stood at the foot of his chair and poured upon him a torrent of abuse, which would have excited general indignation but for an unaccountable ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence. This gesture, it is said, consisted in his arms bent as high above his head as possible and then waving his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes fixed on Hitt, and when he had finished his assistant first asked him to get up and move a chair. After perhaps a minute of silence he began "Mr. Speaker." Another impressive pause, and exhortation reached nearly the bursting point. Suddenly the speaker turned to the right and made the awful gesture of the Ohio Congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides and for another minute he stood silent. "That is all Mr. Speaker," he said finally and sat down. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

When Lord Beaconsfield was at the height of his fame one of his most ardent supporters in the House of Commons asked as a signal favor that he might bring his son to Downing street and that "the greatest man of the age" would give the boy some wise maxim or word of counsel which might in after years be the treasure and guide of his life. Lord Beaconsfield said and conveyed the message to the young man, who daily produced young hopefuls, whom the veteran statesman thus addressed: "My dear young friend whatever you do in your life mind that you never ask who wrote the 'Letters of Junius' or on which side of Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded. If you are asked about these things you will be considered a bore, and that is something too dreadful for you at your tender age to conceive."

AMERICAN CONTRACTOR ABOARD.

What James C. Stewart's Quick Work Brought To Him.

Mr. James C. Stewart, the American contractor who was engaged a little while ago to build the Westinghouse Works at Manchester, and who completed them in one-fifth of the time that English contractors offered to do it, has been offered since this work was done contracts amounting to nearly \$5,000,000. The work on the extension of the Midland Railroad (the extension of the Savoy Hotel (the contract for which he has accepted) and also a large Coliseum that is to cost over \$2,000,000. Persons just returning from London state that the offer to undertake the entire rebuild in the next 20 years. These same persons further state that several prominent banking houses in London have offered Mr. Stewart all the money he will require for a large extension of his company to undertake new buildings offered, and it is understood that he will accept one of the propositions offered him to organize a \$25,000,000 company—\$2,000,000 preferred stock and \$23,000,000 common stock. Mr. Stewart is not getting into the market for the work on the extension of the Savoy Hotel and it is understood that he has made over \$100,000 in just this kind of work in the past 15 months. Taking on risks himself, whatsoever, James C. Stewart is the head of the James Stewart Construction Company of St. Louis, and they have landed a great many deals in this country, one of them being the building of the Singer Sewing Machine Works at South Bend, Ind.—New York Commercial.

MIRROR FOR MOTORMAN.

If an analysis of the causes of street railway accidents were made it would be found that a large proportion of them are due to the fact that the motorman has not the slightest knowledge of the clear. By means of a mirror attachment which has recently been designed it is possible for the motorman to see distinctly, at least during the daytime, all that transpires on one side of the car. This has the advantage of preventing the liability of accidents caused by passengers being thrown when getting on or off cars. As a matter of fact the motorman is able to see without effort beyond the rear of the car so that if the conductor does not look back danger from this direction is safe-guarded. The mirror, as shown, extends but a few inches beyond the side of the car, and as it is swung on a pivot it strikes in a passing wagon or possible obstruction, no damage is done. The frame is made of bronze, and both the back and front edges are cushioned with a cork composition to avoid the possibility of glass being broken or the flying of splinters of glass—Philadelphia Record.

ONLY A NAMEBAKE.

The statement made in the papers that Herr Kulebicki, Rance, Marianne Casaky-Szell is the niece of the Hungarian Prime Minister, is a mistake. The young lady is merely the namesake of Minister Szell's niece, who, when only 17 years old, married a Hungarian hussar officer. But the marriage was dissolved soon afterward. The two ladies live in the same town.

THE BIGGEST LITTLE FELLOW.

The victor in this little contest of fraud. You advertise on your bills. "The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World," and he turns out to be 5 feet 5 inches high. Blind Showman—Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He's the tallest dwarf on record.—Tit-Bits.

TO HAVE WIRELESS SYSTEM.

For Armour between Kansas City and Omaha.

Lee De Forest, inventor of the De Forest wireless telegraph, visited yesterday in Kansas City as the guest of the Armour Packing Company, which is preparing to install the wireless system of transmitting messages in its plant in this city. The plan outlined by Mr. De Forest and approved by the Armour interests is a bold venture, though based on practical tests in Chicago and other cities. The system has been used for some time by the United States War Department, which is now preparing to install it in many places. The department has already connected Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island, Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook, Fort Mifflin, in Connecticut, and Fort Wetherill in Rhode Island. It is also installed on steamers plying between Buffalo and Cleveland.

Mr. De Forest will supervise the construction of the system and the installing of the instruments in the Armour packing houses here and in Omaha. The test made for the Armour Packing Company in Chicago on March 15 was so successful that the company was glad to make a gift of money in a thorough experiment. The distance from this city and Omaha is 200 miles and when the instruments are installed and messages are sent between the two cities it will be a record. The extent of the present land tests, but messages have already been transmitted a distance of 200 miles over water.

If the system between Kansas City and Omaha proves successful it will be installed at Fort Wadsworth, Fort Smith, St. Louis and finally at St. Paul and Kansas City, Mo.

The Armour Packing Company now pays more than \$100,000 a year for leased wires between its packing houses, and by an investment of this amount of money will have a full system of its own, which can be operated at very small expense. As Mr. De Forest expresses it, there will be no wires, rights of way, poles and other equipment to keep in repair.

In installing the system here two of the large smoke stacks of the Armour plant will be used. They are each 175 feet high and a tripod will be erected on top of each stack to hold the system of wires. A height of 225 feet. A large insulated wire will then be extended from top to top of these tripods. A two-horse power transformer will be placed on top of one of the stacks and a line of 175 feet long will be attached to the horizontal insulated wire and extended down to the building housing the transformer, so as to connect with it. This is a wireless system of the great utility of wireless telegraph instruments, which are similar to telegraph instruments, will be placed in the room with the transformer. In Omaha the same thing will be constructed and two towers 100 feet high will have to be erected for the purpose.—Kansas City Times.

BIG FAMILY ORCHESTRA.

It Has Twelve Members and All Are Skillful Musicians.

The pretty little town of Huntington, in Putnam County, 28 miles west of Palestine, has a family of twelve all of whom are musicians. They are organized under the name of "Farland's Orchestra." The name was selected because the family came to Florida from Manitoba—that far land which has recently attracted such world-wide attention. The father of the great family of new settlers there, on account of the cheapness of fertile farm lands. But, on account of the cold, after several years' stay, this family moved to Florida, the land of the great future. The father of this interesting family, Dr. Walker, is a born musician. During the long winter evenings in Manitoba, with the mercury showing from 50 to 60 degrees below zero, the family band, with snow, so that children could come, Dr. Walker taught the children music, and thus was laid the foundation of the Farland's Orchestra, whose exquisite music has delighted the good people of Huntington.

JOHN G. CARLISLE'S HOME.

Many a woman who has had celebrity may live in New York without their presence being known generally. For instance, one of the oldest houses in Washington Square lives John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Johnson. He, Mrs. Carlisle and their son live quietly and go into society only on rare occasions. The Carlises formerly lived in 5 Waverly Place, Mrs. Carlisle being devoted to the old district in their Waverly Place house, their son Logan and the family decided to leave. They bought a house at 4 Washington Square, and have lived there for five years. But the house has been remodeled. It is more like a mansion of the sixties than a modern house. In the hall are the stiff birds and flowers that were in vogue two decades ago. In spots the paint is blistered and chipped. An unbuttoned bed pull announces the visitor and he passes a threshold that says from age. "The drawing room preserves the old-fashioned atmosphere perfectly. The windows have light curtains, hung with lambrequins of blue satin, with a border of hand-painted fruits. The curtains in the doorways are brown silk, with edgings of lace, and the bed is covered with pairs of vases, plates framed after the fashion of Louis and so on. With the possible exception of silver vases and cut-glass bowls the interior is distinctly antique.

Mrs. Carlisle is charming, with the gentle manner characteristic of the well-bred Kentucky woman. She is extremely tall, but not awkward, and as soon as she speaks to her one can see why she ruled Washington for years ago, though not very stylish, according to latter-day standards, in her retirement she is as interesting and brilliant as when the wife of a public man.—New York Press.

RAIN BARREL ACQUISITIOS.

An eight-pound boy made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harrison last night. Frank was seen this morning with his head down in a rain barrel following pigs, just to see if he could sound.—Webb City (Mo.) Register.

DON'T STARVE

Lillian Russell said one time, when some one asked her how she preserved her beauty: "I eat. I simply stuff until I can't hold any more."

The right of a half-starved animal is not pleasing one to anybody. Who ever cared for a scrawny kitten? A horse with his ribs showing is not a handsome object. A thin baby is a source of anxiety. The bones don't show in Greek statues. Never was a famous beauty famished looking. Never a wholesome man who had not enough to eat.

Good temper and good feeding are Biamese twins, writes Edna K. Wooley in the Chicago Journal.

Some folks would have us believe that the art of eating enough is one of those material jobs to which the devil has an all-right claim. Certainly. But the best grade of spirituality comes from the most normal of physical bodies—and a healthy body has a healthy appetite.

The world's greatest artists have enjoyed generous allowances of wine and beer. Material? Certainly. But the best grade of spirituality comes from the most normal of physical bodies—and a healthy body has a healthy appetite.

A clear conscience, a cheerful mind, a comfortable stomach—what more could you wish for?

In my very youthful days, a facetious uncle once asked me that ancient question: "Do you eat to live or do you live to eat?"

My best recollection is that, after pondering thoughtfully a moment, the answer was that "I lived to eat." Now, while that sentiment may have been modified since in some respects, let me confess that there is still a considerable pleasure to be found in satisfying "the inner man" at regular intervals.

It is next to impossible to work well without furnishing mind and body with the proper fuel. It is next to impossible to find a proper rest in the day's grind without the aid of good food. It is next to impossible to wear a pleasant face, to carry a light heart, if the prime necessity of feeding is not painstakingly attended to.

A great many people seem to think that eating is the least necessary of all human functions. When expenses must be cut down, the first economy is exercised on nature's coal bin. Quantity is made less, and the quality purchased is poorer.

Many a girl will save her "lunch money"—go without her nighttime necessity in order to buy a pair of new neck-ties. Many a man economizes on his meals in order to have more money for cigars.

Every day you may see pinch-faced women in the finest of toggery. You'll find their children to be skinny little beggars, and their husbands and fathers of downtown restaurants—because, indeed, the lady would save on the larder in order to make an outside show.

In no country but America will you find so little attention paid to wholesome eating as in the first necessities of life. In Germany, England, France, it is almost a religion to eat well. But in this country we care more for a dab of chick in salad served in a handsome china bowl or a priceless damask napkin and an extravagantly expensive tablecloth, than we do for the food that is really sustaining and accompanying potatoes.

It's all "show." I generally like to "fill up" at home beforehand (or surely so) later when we go out to dinner in an American restaurant. Everything served, of course. Everything spoke and spun. Hostess generally chatty and pleasant. Host a trifle tired, but amiable. But the bread is in transparent wafers. The meat is cut so slenderly that a slice is scarcely enough to satisfy a child. Potatoes are really an ornamentation in the ensemble—and about as useful as far as their original purpose goes. Salads, fruits, cakes, teas—everything making the best of appearances, but never "enough."

One is fed on an excess of style and a deficient quantity of food. The same situation holds sway in our restaurants. Go into any typical American restaurant. You get style at a stiff price, but you don't get enough to eat.

No wonder the American is thin, nervous and despondent. No wonder he is always other people's "fat" in the street. It is a marvel that he has survived in as good form as he is today.

A girl told me the other day—she would have been a very pretty girl but for the want of her face—that she had just bought a handsome suit of "albatross" cloth "for nice." Now, any woman and some men know the cost of "albatross" cloth.

"How could you afford it?" I asked, knowing her salary to be small and that she was entirely dependent upon it. "Oh, I've gone without breakfast for a long time, and I never eat any lunch, and I've been walking to and from the office."

Now what do you think of that? Is the suit of "albatross" cloth worth it? She'll not look half as sweet in that elegant gown as she might have appeared in a less dapper purchased one. Is any kind of gown preferable to rounded cheeks, a happy eye, full soft lips—may be a dimple or so—and heaven-given curves?

your eating. It's not aesthetic to keep the fire low in the furnace, no matter what the weather. Be shabby, but wear your own clothes, cut your expensive fur friend. Don't be ashamed of the parlor furniture, walk and save street car fare if you must; but don't starve the body God has given you, for the sake of others (it's not yourself, who may be affected by your wholesomeness, your temper, your strength, your personality. Eat well and be well.

SHOPPING IN HAVANA

A Washington woman who has been visiting in Cuba, speaking of that occupation dear to the feminine heart shopping, declares that she never really enjoyed it until she went to Havana.

"Shopping has always been my bete noir," she said to a friend of the other day, "but in Havana it is a pleasure. I always feel a humiliating sense of my insignificance as one among a crowd of hundreds of determined women who are elbowing and pushing me out of the way. Now in Havana it is quite another thing. Imagine yourself in a huge bazaar, the sky overhead, except in the heat of the day, when awnings are frequently stretched across from one store to the store opposite, the narrow streets with their gay little shops stretching in every direction. The shops themselves are for the most part one-story affairs, the size of an average room, and lighted only by the sun shining down from the top. These are always open during the daytime and early evening, at night heavy doors and iron shutters bar them.

The clerks have plenty of time to be attentive to the customer, and the customers, in fact, more often than not a shopper has the place all to herself. Nothing is very cheap, to be sure. In fact, I paid 20 cents one day for a pair of shoes, but then I had the goods of a store no distracting crowd of surrounding shoppers, and was in the quaintest little shop bearing the romantic name of La Fe—the fairy.

Nearly all the shops and cafes bear the name of a saint, and the clerks are in the front. Just think how delightful instead of going to Smith, Jones & Brown for your shoes, to buy them at Las Ninfas—the nymphs. Then you go to La Reina de las Flores or La Gran Senora for dry goods, to El Angel or La Perla to buy your flour and potatoes. At La Esperanza (hope), or La Luna (the moon), you may find bacon and similar products."

BURROUGHS A SPHINX.

Naturalist Who Accompanies Roosevelt West Noted for Taciturnity.

John Burroughs, the poet-naturalist, who is accompanying the President on his Western trip, holds the American championship for taciturnity. He never talks merely to be saying something or to be agreeable. When the conversational muse is with him, he is the best company imaginable, but when his inspiration has taken its flight, there is about as much computation as John Burroughs has there in a deaf and dumb person. He pays no more attention to remarks addressed to him than if he did not hear them. Those who know of his quietude of development in the President's traveling companion fear that Mr. Roosevelt, who is prone to judge men by their conversational powers, will experience some homesome times with the bird and butterfly collector.

One of the President's intimates, who also knows Burroughs well, says there is a wide difference in the ways these two notable ornithologists conduct their journey. The President is the same in the mountain fastness as he is in the White House. He likes to give voice, and a loud voice at that—to his delight and admiration. Burroughs, on the other hand, is a man of few words, and it is said that he greatly dislikes any effort to change his mode of expression.

As an instance of his remarkable ability to keep his mouth shut, it is related that on a recent day he was invited to visit Burroughs at his hermit retreat in the Adirondacks a few months ago. He was well acquainted with the naturalist, having had a number of business transactions with him. Burroughs met the President at the door of his hut and offered him a warm welcome. Then he took him on a little tramp up and down the hills. When they returned to the cottage he shook hands cordially with the President, but said goodbye and declared that he was the most entertaining guest he had had for a long time. Not a word had been spoken during the 10-mile walk, and the President was absolutely dumbfounded by the reticence of the visitor, but he did not possess the ability to break through the cloak of silence with which Burroughs had enveloped himself.

Burroughs lived in Washington 40 years, and he was a very nice man. At that time Walt Whitman was employed in the Treasury Department, and these two made the acquaintance of a street conductor, whose first name was "Mike." Burroughs was in a very humble place, where the rent matched the endurance of their pocket-books. "Mike," judged by the world's standard, was the best off, for each month he needed \$200 of the devaluated paper money of the time for his services to the tramway company. He still occupies this enviable position, for he is now the head baggage-master at one of the important stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

According to the gossip which followed the announcement that Burroughs was to accompany the President West, at the end of one month the streetcar conductor intrusted his money to Burroughs in a very humble place, where the rent matched the endurance of their pocket-books. "Mike," judged by the world's standard, was the best off, for each month he needed \$200 of the devaluated paper money of the time for his services to the tramway company. He still occupies this enviable position, for he is now the head baggage-master at one of the important stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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WRATH OF INDIAN GOD

The coyote was the Indian god in ancient times. According to the legends of that race he wrought more destruction as a god than he has as a pest to the white race. Whenever the Indian sinned this omnipotent god meted out such punishment as the case required according to the nature of the crime and the whim of the god.

He appeared and disappeared in those days as suddenly as he does in these days. Nowdays when the coyote appears, it is to attack a band of sheep and strew the plains with their carcasses, which he may return and feast at his will. When he appeared in those days it was the Indian's god, and it was either to spy them out in their sins or mete out such punishment to them as the case required.

Now he hides in the rocks and sagebrush and sends a band of sheep, and is only seen by the Indian, some of whom he sneaks from boulder to boulder or from bush to bush. Then he appeared to the Indian for a moment, as if he were a man, from the ground, and then disappeared as suddenly as the earth had swallowed him up. The Indian would ever on the lookout for him, and his appearance was a signal for a worshipful prayer to the Indian's idea of religion. When the Indian committed a sin, that his conscience told him was wrong, his eyes were continually turned in every direction on the lookout for the terrible coyote god.

On a plateau above the Balles, on the Columbia River, a high rock rises overlooking that majestic stream. It is shaped like an Indian woman, except that its face is ugly and distorted. It looks like an old hag or witch. It is a very queer looking thing, and the Indians gazed on this old in olden times, and that today when they pass it, they turn their faces toward the witch's head. It is said many of them would lose their eyes.

Once there was a beautiful Indian maiden. She was the daughter of a renowned chief. She was the pride of all the tribe. The warriors worshipped her. When the Indians committed a sin, they would not do to gain her favor. At her command they went forth upon the hunter's trail and the war path with an undaunted spirit. No undertaking was too dangerous and she was always with them. She had told no to "30."

If she asked for the scalp of the most noted enemy of her tribe it was brought to her. A dozen chiefs and a hundred warriors would go to get their scalps in her hand. When she desired a man, she performed it was performed, even though it cost a dozen of them.

The chiefs were equally her slaves. Her beauty was so great that even chiefs of the other tribes came to her for worship. The women envied her because of her beauty and power. When she spoke all ears were open to her voice, when she appeared all eyes were turned toward her.

Finally a war arose between the people of her tribe and those of a great tribe to the far-away South. For