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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist, or, rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses homoeopathically. Happiness is made up of halts. In the rough road stage of life, so long and yet so short, there are fortunate moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the march, march of the trumpet rings out and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on, quick; we must mark forward; life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. March! March!—Jules Claretie.

PORTLAND AND THE WAR-BOATS.

EITHER the cruiser Marblehead or the gunboat Concord now at Astoria, or both, should come to Portland. The sight of them would be worth while and form a fitting climax to the round of social and other pleasures now in progress in Astoria. The water way, in the judgment of the best informed, is perfectly feasible. There is nothing in the way but to secure permission from the Secretary of the Navy. That is not difficult. The government is anxious to largely increase its naval force. That is possible only if the policy is upheld by public opinion. Nothing so stimulates national pride in the navy as the sight of a war vessel. That constitutes a tangible demonstration such as no amount of description, supplemented even by pictures, can begin to approach.

Every citizen who actually sees one of these great fighting machines is likely to become an advocate of a great navy. It expands his views and widens his horizon. It brings within his apprehension the real meaning of the term "world power" and the obligations which it implies. Therefore the government is ready to encourage every movement of this sort, looking for effects in the present in the expectation of reaping results in the future.

Every effort should, therefore, be made and that without a moment's loss of time to have the gunboat and cruiser ordered here. Then Portland may be relied upon to do the rest.

A TRUE BRITISH SPORTSMAN.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is a fine type of the true sportsman. He has been tried, and that severely, too, at times, and not found wanting. Whatever was reasonable in the way of regulations suited him. He has never put himself in the attitude of questioning the good faith of his opponents and he has accepted the result without criticism or cavil. He has therefore won for himself the profound respect of the yachtsmen of the country as well as all true lovers of sports.

He has been undismayed by defeat which, indeed, has only made him all the more determined to achieve success, no matter what the cost in time, money and skill. The moment one race was decided he was ready to undertake another, to enlist the highest skill the empire afforded in the development of a new boat and to fight it out on the same line no matter how many summers it might take. It is apparent, too, that he is making steady progress toward the goal of his ambition. He may not realize it this year, but the end is more perceptibly in sight than it ever was and Americans must begin to reckon with the possibility of defeat, sooner or later achieved.

Should the Shamrock in a fair test prove the superior boat, the American people will gracefully accept defeat at the hands of such a worthy champion. They admire pluck and perseverance and they respect sportsmanlike qualities. These they have found in their fullness in Sir Thomas Lipton.

THE NEBRASKA PLATFORM.

THE NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS give forth no uncertain sound. They have adopted a platform which lists the supposed attributes of the Republican President, as one who is "courageous; knows no fear, courts no favor, loves peace crowned with honor, etc., etc." But to avoid misapprehension as to what Republican President meant the Nebraskans pointedly refer to the "chief magistrate of the greatest and grandest nation on earth." Still that is not explicit enough for the Nebraskan mind, and the glowing description ends in a final climax that leaves nothing to conjecture—the person meant is Theodore Roosevelt.

The object of its adulation being thus unerringly designated, another received its homage in words no less accurately phrased. It was the "American protective policy of the Republican party." It was determined not to get this policy entangled with any other American policy of protection, so it was further differentiated as that "which has increased revenues and not decreased trade." No other kind need apply to the Nebraskans. It is the kind, which has opened the doors of mills and factories to millions of mechanics, etc." It has been operating for 40 years. It is the same old doors, the same old mills, and the same old millions. The figure of speech has done service long enough to be retired on a pension.

The Nebraskans have been simply going through the rites and ceremonies of an ancient worship. Whatever was rational in the doctrine of protection under earlier conditions has long since passed out of the Republican view. It is now simply a fetish.

and the homage it commands has no relation to present conditions.

The Nebraska convention, if it had been informed with the spirit of wisdom and progress, might have adorned its platform with some better if less perverted phrases without going outside its party to frame them. Mr. McKinley made a memorable utterance on this subject so near to his untimely death, as to be almost a dying declaration. His Buffalo speech was full of thought and light. He declared for a wider policy in unmistakable terms. The speech was deliberate, finished and full of epigrams, which could with advantage have been substituted in the platform for the bombastic grandiloquence used to express the Nebraska "idea." Mr. McKinley is dead, and the policy he meant to inaugurate has been reversed. His party reveres his memory and discards the legacy of wisdom and patriotism that he bequeathed it almost with his dying breath. The party has slipped back to the ancient doctrine, that it is sacrilege to change protection except to give more protection, and a schedule once fixed by its friends, its beneficiaries, is sacred from the touch of alien hands.

The Nebraska convention has signaled its courage by a very bold announcement. It puts itself on record as unqualifiedly in favor of "legitimate business fairly capitalized and honestly conducted." It throws down the gauntlet to every party which ventures to declare in favor of illegitimate business, unfairly capitalized and dishonestly conducted. But again its determination to be understood leads it further to denounce combinations of capital "under whatever name," that "stifle competition." "Under whatever name," let it be noticed. No combinations can escape under an alias.

The Nebraska Republican platform is a model as platforms go. It leaves nothing to be said, except it might be that the Republican policy of protection, as presently understood, fosters trusts and ought to be revised; that there are combinations that stifle competition, deriving their power to do so solely from laws permitted to exist by the Republican party; that it pledges Nebraska to honorably endeavor, within the party and through the party councils, to remedy these evils. That sort of platform would have been courageous, and above all true. But it would not have been a platform. Platforms are devices designed to say nothing at all in as many words as possible.

ABOUT QUEENS.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are so much in love with republican forms of government that they are never so delighted as when crowning queens. On Independence Day, perhaps from inherited revolutionary prejudices, we satisfy ourselves with a mere divine goddess, but at carnivals and regattas, nothing less than a royal coronation contents our republican simplicity. There are occasional instances of masculine majesty, as Rex and Comus of the Mardi Gras, to say nothing of King Clarno, of the Woodmen, but our royalty usually runs to the feminine gender. Grace and beauty rather than majesty and power captivate our democratic hearts. Fifty thousand patriots rendered homage to Queen Frances I at Astoria, without suspecting any abatement of their republican sentiments, and bowed for an hour to her royal scepter without foregoing allegiance to Uncle Sam. From the Umpqua to the Klatskanie, from Tillamook to Shaneko, from Clackamas to Clatsop, poured the provinces to the royal city, pro tem, to see the queen queening it, and incidentally the sails sailing.

Who shall explain the anomaly? Why do we so love the counterfeited semblance of royalty, who affect to despise the real thing? It is because our queens represent the reign of romance. Love is a kingdom and not a republic, and the Queen of the Regatta was only the type and symbol of the 20,000 blushing sovereigns, (only estimated) of the 20,000 gallant fellows, (severally) who were merely performing 20,000 separate and distinct coronations in bowers remote, while the diadem of Frances glittered before their eyes! Frances I was in reality Frances the Twenty Thousandth, nomine mutando, and in all her royal splendor she reigned by proxy. The proxy queen of an army of uncrowned queens. Happy Frances, to be enthroned as the embodiment of congregated sweetness!

THE MONUMENT AWAKE.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to everybody concerned, the award of contract to a California firm for the building of the Oregon soldiers' monument bears too close a resemblance to snap judgment. This may be said, too, totally without reference to whether or not the award was made upon its merits. It should not have been forgotten that the money at the disposal of the committee had been contributed by the public and that it was not the private contribution of members of the committee, whether the whole committee or the select and self-constituted inner circle committee which so summarily made the award.

The matter should have been done in such a way that the authority of the act at least was beyond question. Leaving aside all other questions, that of Oregon bidders and Oregon granite, there is still left the fundamentally important question of authority to arouse private indignation if not public suspicion and the gentlemen who made the award and no one else are wholly responsible for that.

Bragged Too Soon.

From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
We bragged too early about our prosperity. The Populists have engaged Adeline Pattil to make another farewell tour of the country.

His Present Ambition.

From the Kansas City Journal.
What the negro is chiefly concerned about these days is not so much the right to vote as the right to die a natural death.

Nothing Worth Taking.

From the Atlanta Journal.
Carrie Nation says she has got enough of Pennsylvania. Did Quay, then, leave any of it lying around loose?

BIG BUILDING ON SAND.

Some of the World's Heaviest Structures Stand on Shifting Soils.
From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Do you know," said a famous architect the other day, "that the heaviest and tallest buildings are really houses built upon the sand—or the mud?"

"Take the Park Row Building in New York. It is the tallest commercial structure in the world, and probably the heaviest also. It weighs over 55,000 tons, which means a pressure of nearly 9,000 pounds on each square foot of the site. This enormous load rests upon a bed of fine, wet sand scarcely different from quicksand and about a hundred feet deep."

"It is perfectly safe. Nearly 4,000 piles were driven in it by a 2,500-pound hammer falling 20 feet, which compacted it until even these tremendous blows could force them no further, and they could well carry their loads of 32,000 pounds each. Groups of these piles were capped with concrete and pyramidal brick piers were built on that. Steel beams were laid on the surface to distribute the loads over the surface of the masonry. Some of the columns carry as much as 3,000,000 pounds each."

"Many of our heaviest buildings are really supported on stilts—that is to say, on foundation piles driven through sand or mud to the solid rock."

"In other cases heavy buildings are supported on piles which neither reach to hard bottom nor are driven in firm soil. Long piles are driven into very soft mud and silt, into which they sink many feet by their own weight and by light blows of a steam hammer. If they are driven there 30 or 50 feet and left undisturbed a few hours, it is found that the adhesion of the tenacious mud is so great that they can hardly be started again, and may safely be trusted to carry heavy permanent loads, which are really supported by the stickiness of the mud."

"The St. Paul Building in New York is supported on a very deep bed of fine wet sand, which was only excavated to a depth of about 32 feet. A one-foot layer of concrete was spread over the bottom of the pit, and on this was set the real foundations, consisting of crossed layers of steel beams and girders."

"The Spreckels Building in San Francisco, which weighs over 24,000,000 pounds, rests on dense wet sand, on which a solid platform of steel and artificial stone was laid as a foundation. This building has passed unharmed through the test of a severe earthquake shock."

"Few, if any, tall buildings are on worse soil than those in Chicago. Here, only 10 or 15 feet below the surface, is a crust of clay not more than 10 feet thick, which floats on wet plastic mud from 60 to 100 feet deep. Piles more than 100 feet long would be required to reach the hard pan or bed rock, and most of the tall buildings there really stand on great rafts built on the surface of the clay. It has been found that a load of 3,000 pounds per square foot on clay surface will settle slowly for several months. After settling perhaps two inches it will become stationary, and may be considerably increased with safety. No attempt is made to prevent this settlement."

SCHWAB AS A WARNING.

His Brief Career Due to a Lack of Mental Training.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.
Two years ago, on his election to the presidency of the monster United States Steel Corporation, Charles M. Schwab was one of the most widely envied men in this country. The newspapers were filled with stories of his rise from a poor boy in a steel mill to eminence, the million-dollar salary myth was invented for his glory, and for a time he replaced Carnegie or Morgan as a model in the dreams of ambitious young men all over the country. And now, after two short and troubled years of glory, Mr. Schwab retires, the victim of a nervous breakdown.

Mr. Schwab has been widely lauded as a graduate from the ranks, but it is highly probable that the very lack of long and systematic mental training helped to bring about his present deplorable situation. Breadth of outlook and intellectual background are needed to control a great business. If Mr. Schwab had possessed a mind trained outside as well as inside the steel business it is not unlikely that the work he undertook would have set more easily on his shoulders. A few rare men acquire these qualities while engaged in manual toil, but they are the men able to work by day and to study at night, and as boys they are intent upon something more than merely getting on at the business upon which they were employed. The genius is no model for the man of ordinary talents.

The safest way to get up in the world is to make all the possible preparation on the lower rounds of the ladder. The moral of the Schwab retirement is to prepare with all possible care for the work you have to do and then not to imagine, because your ambition is boundless, that your physical powers are also. Every man has his limit and the man who oversteps it by work is not less foolish, though less wicked than he who ruins himself by dissipation.

The Exile's Arithmetic.

From the Manila Sunday Sun.
10 Mills make one Cent.
10 Cents make one Glass (San Miguel).
10 Glasses make one Broke.
1 Broke makes one Pause.
1 Pause makes one Wink.
1 Wink makes one Refusal or Turn-down.
3 Refusals or Turn-downs make one Hot-air-urn.
1 Hot-air-urn makes one Jawbone.
1 Jawbone makes one Chit.
1 Chit makes one "Set-em-up-again."
10 "Set-em-up-again" makes one Jag or Drunk.
1 Jag or Drunk makes one Big-head.
1 Big-head makes one Eye-opener.
10 Eye-openers make one Skate.
3 Skates make one Spree or Whizz.
3 Sprees or Whizzes make one Discharge.
1 Discharge makes one Busted or Broke.
1 Busted or Broke makes one Hunger.
1 Hunger makes one Transportation (Q. M. D.).

1 Transportation (Q. M. D.) makes one America.
1 America makes one God's country.

Profitable Literature.

From the Washington Post.
Speaking of profitable literature, former Lieut.-Gov. Lee of Missouri wrote one letter for \$10,000 and got it. Then the lobby agent squealed on him.

Who Can Say Why?

From the Hartford Post.
If the leader of a lynching party is well known and is a popular citizen it is always impossible for the authorities to identify him.

ELEGANCE IN MALE ATTIRE.

It Comes High, But Some of Them Must Have It.
From the New York Sun.

The specialists in haberdashery who receive high prices for their goods never prepared more elaborate articles for men's wear than they are offering this year.

One shop in an uptown street is selling exquisite silk-ribbed shirts for men. They are cut out under the arms like a swimming jersey, have no buttons of any kind and are made in the most delicate shades of pink, mauve and pale blue.

In the boxes—covered with paper in the same shade as the undershirts—are silk socks. The outfit varies in price in accordance with the socks. For a set of the undershirt and socks the cost is \$12. Men are accustomed to pay expensive prices for underclothes nowadays, as one showed the other day when he carelessly ordered two dozen suits of underclothing that cost \$20 a piece.

Negligé shirts are made this year with soft cuffs that fold back over the wrist and are fastened with pearl buttons. It has been decreed this year that pearl buttons are to be made with soft shirts and cuff buttons are in disfavor.

Tucks in soft shirts are not seen so much as they were and the latest summer styles show a single tuck down the center of the shirt. The soft cuffs are of madras or fine chevot.

Some men who wear these elaborate shirts do not have them laundered, but send them to French cleaners, where they are put into a condition of freshness by the dry process. By this means these expensive garments are kept in color and in good condition in every particular.

Another feature in men's dress noted this year is the new use of pumps. When these slippers were used here first they were thin-soled things, intended only for dancing. Englishmen walk about the streets of London in pumps and the same style came to be imitated here, with more or less disastrous results.

Men could never so thoroughly accustom themselves to the style as to not take cold. And the shoes with the soles so thin could not be made to hold their shape.

Now the pump is quite a solid affair. The soles are as thick as those of a patent leather walking boot would have and the whole workmanship of the shoe is of a character to make it more substantial in every way.

HARD ON BUTTE.

A Visitor Describes It as a Skeleton Endowed with Life.

Thomas F. Woodcock in Wall Street Journal.
On entering Butte I had letters to a man who had lived there some years. I met him in his office as he returned from lunch. Almost the first thing he said to me was: "I heard a good thing on this town today—a man called it a feeble imitation of hell!" The simile seemed a little strained to me—but I had not yet been an hour in Butte. When I left Butte that evening I found myself murmuring at intervals, "Now, why did he say 'feeble'?"

Butte stands in a bare wilderness of hill and plain—a hideous group of modern office buildings, wooden shanties, smelters, mine shafts, dump heaps—all mixed together inextricably on the side of the hill. In all directions rise tall chimneys of power-houses, smelters, mine hoists, belching forth clouds of poisonous smoke, which long ago destroyed any vestige of vegetation as far as the eye can see, save on the very tops of the surrounding hills. Long before the train winds into the depot at the foot of the hill the appearance of the land is like the "blasted heath" where Macbeth met the witches and great smoking heaps of many-colored refuse and slag mark the outskirts of the town. The plain at the town's foot is a sweltering expanse of dry dust, which every few moments rises in whirling "dust devils," as Kipling calls them, very beautifully illustrating the formation of tornadoes on the great Western prairies. Imagine a skeleton endowed with life and you have Butte—a more hideous city surely never existed on this earth. But its appearance is the least of its claims to disreputable distinction. There are three things which mark it out.

First—it is a "24-hour town" and "wide open" every moment of the 24 hours in every sense of the word.

Secondly—it must surely be the most "unionized" town on earth, and, Thirdly—if there be a "rotten" politics anywhere in the world than in Butte, I have yet to learn the name of the place.

Butte is well served by railroads. There are three ways of leaving the town.

A SENATOR'S 100-MILE DRIVE.

Endurance of Virginia's Statesman on Visit to Old Battle-Fields.

From the Washington Times.
Senator Daniel of Virginia is at present on a trip which, when it is ended, will reflect considerable credit upon the physical strength of a man who is over 60 years of age, and who has been compelled to use crutches since his leg was shattered by a shell at the second battle of Bull Run.

On Tuesday morning Senator Daniel left Washington in a buggy with a negro servant and drove to Manassas, a distance of 40 miles. Near Manassas he met Col. Moses M. Greene of Warrenton, a member of the Virginia Legislature and an old Confederate soldier, whom Senator Daniel first met at the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Together these two drove all over the field of the second battle, where his comrade received the wound that made him a cripple for life. Returning to Manassas, the Senator went to the house of Mr. J. B. T. Thornton, whose guest he was during the horse show.

Tuesday he left Manassas and drove to Herndon, a distance of 20 miles from Manassas, where he will visit the battle-field at Drainesville, in Fairfax County. After making a few other short trips into the surrounding country, which he has not visited since the Civil War, he will drive back to Washington. Before his journeyings are completed he will have driven more than a hundred miles.

Farewell to Gambling.

From the Spokane Chronicle.
Take it all in all, Spokane can well afford to say a long farewell to the gambling dens. There's plenty of honest use for the laborer's wages, the farm hand's savings and the clerk's salary—plenty of good things for sale in the stores, plenty of lots waiting for little homes to be built upon them, plenty of room in the banks for more deposits, plenty of chances for safe investments that will help to lift the fellow at the foot of the ladder up to the level of the successful business man.

Floods.

(Boston Globe).
Unless the drainage is particularly good Wall street must look more or less like a canal this summer.

PARIS UNDERGROUND.

Region Where the Terrible Disaster Occurred.
From the New York Tribune.

The Metropolitan Railway of Paris, the first underground electric road in that city, was opened for traffic in July, 1900, the year of the last World's Fair. It was completed several months after the Central London or "tuppenny tube" had gone into operation at the British capital.

The main line, as then constructed, was about seven miles in length, and reached in an east and west direction, north of the Seine. The Eastern terminus was the Porte de Vincennes, or the gate in the city wall opening out to the suburb of Vincennes. The other end was at the Bois de Boulogne. The route was indicated to those familiar with the topography of Paris by the fact that stations were constructed at the Bastille, Hotel de Ville, Louvre, Palais Royal, Tuileries and Trocadero.

Supplementary lines were then in contemplation, and some of these have been opened since that time. The district in which Monday's disaster occurred, Charonne, is in the extreme eastern part of the city, north of the original main line, and Belleville lies still farther to the north. Through this region, which is populated by the poorer classes, a branch runs northward which intersects the main line near the Place de la Nation.

The general plan of construction was to have two tracks in the same tunnel. Although the bore was not exactly circular, it had curved sides, the width at the level of the rails being 21 feet 8 inches and 23 feet 3 1/2 inches at the springing of the arch, 8 feet higher up. The height of the arch is 6 feet 9 1/2 inches. A concavity, 27 1/2 inches deep, was formed by the bottom, or invert, of the tunnel, to promote drainage. Recesses for workmen were established at intervals of 82 feet. For the inner surfaces there was a half-inch coating of the best cement. The walls to which this was applied were composed of masonry ranging in thickness from 21 inches in the overhead arch to 29 inches in the side walls.

At the stations an arched roof was constructed where the nature of the soil would permit, but sometimes flat ceilings were necessary. The stations are about 45 feet wide, which allows 12 feet more on each side of the track than the subway proper. Tiling and powerful arc lights give the stations a cheerful appearance. Stations 246 feet long were provided at first. These would accommodate six-car trains. Subsequently, during rush hours, two more were added. The cars are 39 feet in length.

For the operation of the road the third-rail system is in service. All cars in a train, or, at least, most of them, have their own motors underneath. The practice is substantially the same as on the elevated roads in this city, and in this respect differs from that on the Central London, where the trains are hauled by different locomotives.

As in the case of the subway in this city, the Paris tunnel was constructed by the municipality, and leased to a corporation. The actual operation of the road was conducted by the latter.

Remarkable Diamond Crown.

From the New York Press.
Everyone in English society is talking of Mrs. George Keppel's diamond crown, just received from a London silversmith. The ornament was not worn when the London season was at its height, but Americans may have a glimpse of it when Mrs. Keppel visits America for the cup races. The striking feature is a large diamond that swings in front. The design of the crown suggests a band of ribbons. It goes only half around the head and terminates in long strings of diamonds that hang over the ears. The ornament is set in platinum, and shows the most advanced art of the jeweler. Mrs. Keppel loves to tell the history of the central diamond. It was a gift from William C. Whitney, who played host to Mrs. Keppel two years ago. There was a large house party in Aiken. One day Mrs. Keppel was agitated to find she had lost a valuable corsage ornament of diamonds. Mr. Whitney was grieved, and, after a vain search of the grounds, he insisted upon duplicating the jewel. Mrs. Keppel refused. Mr. Whitney said he disliked to have such a loss spoil Mrs. Keppel's visit. "Well, I shan't accept an ornament," said the Englishwoman, "but if you insist, I'll take a single diamond, and that will efface all memory of my loss." After Mrs. Keppel returned to England she received a velvet box that contained an unmounted diamond. It was a huge white stone, too large for a ring or anything less than a crown. With rare tact Mrs. Keppel did not tell the histories of the 387 other diamonds.

"Treating" Forbidden by Law.

From the New York Sun.
The custom of barroom "treating" has often been made responsible for habits of intemperance. It has been contended, with a good show of reason, that "treating" may lead to a man's drinking at a bar very much more than he would have consumed otherwise, very much more than is good for him and for everybody who comes in contact with him.

Accordingly, many years ago rather unsuccessful attempts were made in certain of our clubs to put a ban on the practice; yet in the natural progress of our civilization it has come about that there is now very much less "treating" than there used to be in the days when if a man went into a saloon to get a drink and encountered there acquaintances or was accompanied by friends he was compelled by a sort of courtesy to multiply his drinks until every one of the party had "stood treat." It was a silly practice and offensive to the laws of proper civility. It ought to break down of itself, and, indeed, among sensible men it has actually fallen into disuse very largely. In Vermont, however, under new license law of that state, it is prohibited legally in a clause reading:

"No intoxicating liquor shall be sold or furnished to a person, or any number of persons, to drink in the licensed premises in the way commonly known as 'treating.'"

We learn from the Omaha World-Herald that in another state, Nebraska, "treating" has been long forbidden by an even more rigid law.

Moments of History.

From Life.
Stepping into the private box over the arena, Nero was about to press the button that gave the signal to the wild beasts, when the keeper of the menagerie approached deferentially.

"Emperor," he observed, "sorry to disappoint you, but these Christians will have to wait. At present we are all out of lions." "As it is," said Nero, "that made any difference. Fill the arena with victims, as usual, the more the merrier, while I will lend you my new automobile."

SHORT STORIES

The Stork and the Shamrock.
Sir Thomas Lipton in New York Sun.
When I reached here I received a letter from an Irishman at Tompkinsville wishing me every success with Shamrock III. This Irishman said that when Shamrock I arrived here in 1899 his wife presented him a son. Two years later when Shamrock II came into port she celebrated the occasion by bringing a daughter into the world, and this year as soon as Shamrock III anchored she gave birth to another son. The Irishman said that he would never have to come again after the cup, because, he said, if I did he would be broke. I sent him a few Shamrock pins for the members of his family, and when he wrote to thank me for them he said, "if by any ill fortune you should not win the cup this year, and have to come again after it, for Heaven's sake don't bring a schooner, or it might be twins."

Not in His Line.

New York Times.
When Will McConnell was the manager for Amelia Bingham some few months ago he acquired the habit of leaving the theatre immediately after the house was "counted up." He found the Lambs Club or some billiard room a more pleasant loafing place than the theatre. Miss Bingham noticed his absence once or twice, and then spoke to him, suggesting that he stay at the theatre until the curtain was rung down on the last act.

"But why should I stay around the theatre?" asked Mr. McConnell. "There is nothing I can do here."

"Something might happen," suggested Miss Bingham. The theatre might catch fire.

"What if it did?" asked her manager. "I'm not a fireman."

Sharp Chinese Editor.

From the San Francisco Wasp.
The editor of the Chinese Daily World, published in this city, is a graduate of Yale, and while retaining all the characteristic reticence of his race, he is, nevertheless, rather clever at repartee, as was recently instanced when a rather dapper young fellow called at the World office to sell a certain grade of paper. The editor affects the American style of dress, and the paper house drummer thought he would be smart and opened the conversation by impudently asking, "What kind of a 'nese are you—a Japanese or a Chinese?" The editor smiled blandly and with a courteous bow retorted: "Before I answer your inquiry will you kindly inform me the kind of a key you are, and tell me if you are a monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?" The drummer fled in dismay.

Not So Bad.

From the New York Times.
W. H. Bagley of Raleigh, N. C., a brother of Ensign Wrentham Bagley, who was killed in the Spanish-American war, tells of a Tarheel farmer who was inclined to look on the bright side of things.

"The man was at work on land so poor that you couldn't raise your hat on it when a stranger passed," said Mr. Bagley. "And asked him about the crop prospects. The farmer seemed to be depressed, and finally the stranger expressed sympathy with him and his condition."

"This nettled the farmer and he said: 'See here, stranger, I ain't so blamed bad off as you think. I don't own this here farm.'"

Could Not Keep the Peace.

From the Glasgow Times.
A correspondent sends me the following, apologizing in advance if it is a "chestnut." A woman, in a domestic brawl, bit off a piece of her husband's ear. The magistrate characterized the assault as a degrading and disgusting case; but, as the woman had no previous conviction, added that he would merely bind her over to keep the peace, to which she replied that she was sorry she could not do that, as she had given it to the cat.

Draga's Sister on Lecturing Tour.
Paris Correspondence London Mail.
The Paris papers announce that Mlle. Gjena Lunjevics, the youngest sister of the late Queen Draga, is about to make a tour of the principal music halls of Europe, commencing at Zurich in September, in order to earn her livelihood by reciting the story of the machinations which led to the tragic assassination of her sister and her brother-in-law, the late King of Serbia.

The lectures will consist of the disclosure of many new incidents in connection with the crime, and, above all, the part alleged to have been played in the tragedy by the present King. A Serbian landowner, a friend of the family, has advanced the preliminary funds.

In the course of her tour Mlle. Lunjevics, who is 25 years of age, will visit Vienna, Budapest, Frankfurt-on-Main, Berlin and Brussels. No arrangements have yet been made for her appearance in Paris, but it is considered probable that the sister of the unhappy Queen will be seen in one of the principal music halls in this city.

Mlle. Lunjevics speaks excellent French, and her manager is said to have booked some very profitable engagements for her in those capitals where French is largely spoken.

Such Things They Did.

From the New York Mail and Express.
In Council January 28, 1702, it was ordered that John Tallman, one of the justices of peace of Queens County, be removed from office, and further prosecuted for saying the Scriptures were not the rule, they being wrote by simple men of the like passions as we are, and also saying that the Holy Scriptures was a rule, but not the rule we should walk by. On February 3, 1702-3, John Smith, a justice of the peace of Queens County, and Joseph Baylys, formerly of Huntington, made a deposition against Justice Jonathan Whitehead, for saying that religion was only an invention of cunning men to get their living by, and further when charged with a breach of the Sabbath by setting on a journey upon a Sabbath day, he replied he broke not the Sabbath, for he was at church in the forenoon and rode to Newton in the afternoon, and that if Thursday, or any other day of the week, was appointed a Sabbath and strictly commanded to observe it, people would observe it as much as this be, etc.

Real Danger.

From the Chicago News.
It is safer to twist a lion's tail than to call a woman's attention to her first gray hair.

Appreciative.

From the Detroit News.
Here is a long white mark for that Albany judge who refuses to naturalize persons unable to speak English.