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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

Love of change is fast becoming an American characteristic. The reposeful man or woman bids fair to be in time the most unusual of our types. We strive and strain and direct all our energies to the obtaining of something which, when mastered we never pause to enjoy.

By repose is not meant idleness or indifference. These terms are too often confounded. The reposeful nature can be energetic, forceful, conscientious and laborious; but it is free from that indefinable spirit of unrest, the danger menacing our national life just now.

It lies with the mothers of growing America to make it a land of repose, strong, energetic, dominant, but with a deep flowing current of rest below the mighty tide of its life.

The quality is not merely desirable. It is actually essential. The truly successful career will be at the bottom a restful one.

CRUISERS COMING TO PORTLAND.

WELL, two United States cruisers are to visit Portland for five days during the carnival. The people of Portland will learn the news with quite as much satisfaction as the officers and crews of the cruisers. It will be an event in the history of the city and an object lesson which will bear fruit.

For starting the ball in motion the people have The Journal to thank. The idea originated in this office and the initiative was taken here. But the work was at once taken in hand by the representative commercial bodies and with the aid of Mayor Williams it speedily bore fruit. The Secretary of the Navy was found in a receptive mood, as it was predicted he would be, and Admiral Glass, to whom the matter was officially referred, promptly responded in the affirmative.

It now remains for Portland to do its part in the events incident to the coming of the cruisers. They should be royally received and entertained and their visit made a memorable one. And this, we predict, is precisely what will happen.

A FEW FAIR SUGGESTIONS.

THE MISTAKE MADE in most expositions—indeed in all the smaller ones that have been attempted in this country—is that they have tried to cover entirely too large a field in an altogether too ambitious way. Fundamentally the Lewis and Clark Fair should be a complete exposition in a compact way, of the salient products and manufactures of "the Oregon country." It should historically bear out the significance of its title and adequately present to the world the souvenirs, relics and reproductions of the most famous exploration party ever organized in the United States. It should exploit Alaska, in its picturesque aspects as well as its resources and to the degree that it is possible, the exposition should be individualized and differentiated from all other expositions.

It should strongly emphasize the Pacific Ocean countries with which we have commercial relations and make their exhibit both characteristic and instructive. It should then take the Louisiana Purchase Exposition as a basis for its other exhibits. It would be unwise and at the same time unnecessary to attempt an exhibit on the same scale that will prevail in St. Louis. Starting with the government exhibit that could to the satisfaction and profit of our visitors be made much more compact and none but the most striking features and those which bear relation to Lewis and Clark need be retained. The same general rule will apply to all the other exhibits that may be obtainable. It will not be wise to draw too largely upon what is to be shown in St. Louis, but rather discriminate so that visitors here while feeling entirely satisfied with the range of exhibits, may within comparatively small compass see the high-water mark of achievement in every direction without the bewildering variety which leaves only a confused impression on the mind.

The great danger is in biting off more than we can chew. The starting point is an agreement on the broad general lines of the fair, followed by a close adhesion to them and an industrious effort to fully realize the plan within the scope contemplated.

CRYING NEED OF STREET SIGNS

EVERY STRANGER who comes to Portland is infatuated with its beauty. There is a charm about it which none can resist. This they freely acknowledge while enjoying it to the full. But with it all there are a few drawbacks which could readily be remedied. The most apparent and annoying is the absence of street names and the poor system of house numbering in vogue. Following is a sample letter on the subject:

To the Editor of The Journal: Your streets are very much in need of a proper naming system of signs at each street corner, something strong, permanent and visible day or night.

At present it is nearly impossible for a stranger to find any particular street, and I find you all very much behind other cities in that respect and it should be remedied before your Fair. Respectfully,

"SAN FRANCISCAN."

Our correspondent is entirely just in his frank criticism which is based on entire friendliness. But the placing of street names at the street intersections should not be delayed until the Fair, when a great influx of visitors is expected. It is a present annoyance and nuisance. It should be taken up at once for consideration. Incidentally the decimal system of numbering should be introduced. True, our blocks are short as compared with other cities, but that should not be permitted to interfere with the reform. The decimal system of numbering blocks is the only proper one. Each block adds a hundred to the score no matter how low the actual score. In this way the location of a particular house number demonstrates itself—if it is 1000 it is 10 blocks from the point at which the numbering begins and so on to the end of the chapter.

The whole system needs renovation, and it should be taken up as a whole, and remedied on approved lines. Meantime the matter of permanent street signs naming the streets cannot be too soon taken up or too speedily remedied.

THEY ENVY US THE INDIAN.

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY the New York Sun, takes much vicarious comfort out of Portland's frank enthusiasm over that great and unimpressioned baseball pitcher, Sam Morris, the Indian. Through it all there runs a touch of envy. New York is the proud possessor of many things, population, wealth, prestige, in short preeminence in the haughty world of finance. It has had Indian ball players, too, some of them noted in their ways, but confessedly it has never had Sam Morris, and glory as it may in its other possessions, it still lacks that to cap the climax of its joys.

But listen to its tale fresh from the gushing fountain-head of inspiration:

"We dare any old-fashioned cynic of the frontier to go out to Oregon and assert there the ancient saying that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. The state will greet him with derision. In Portland he is likely to have his scalp taken, to be presented to Sam Morris as a sacrificial offering.

"To understand the adoration of Sam Morris by Portland we must, first of all, clear ourselves of the sad Eastern opinion that the game of baseball has degenerated into one of the many minor amusements of the American people. Baseball in Portland is vital. When the nine loses, the newsboys of Portland muffle their shouts; old friends pass one another on the streets with faces averted; salesgirls make faces at the customers in the dry goods stores. But when the nine wins, even that continuous dull pain which must pervade a city which has the Hon. John Barrett in its midst is forgotten. All is joy and light and civic merriment.

"Lately Portland has had more cause to mourn than to swell its chest. The Portland baseball players have played with little fortune and only moderate skill. They have kept themselves far down the list of their league. The mutterings of the outraged city put desperation into the hearts of the managers. They went out after a new thing. They found Sam Morris, a full-blooded Indian of the Nez Perces tribe, at Salem. His renown was mighty; they were skeptical. But as they were in sore straits, they took him on trial. At least, his failure, should he fail, would divert the city's hostility for a time from themselves to him. They went home and announced what they had done; in the coming game with the Sacramento nine, Sam Morris was to pitch.

"The City of Portland was skeptical, even as the managers had been, but with fine public restraint held its peace until the redskin had his chance.

"It is pleasant to know that the popular adoration, born of early distrust and ridicule, was not the Indian's only reward. In passing "into Washington County," that homerun hit traveled over the sign of a Portland Clothing store which bore an inscription promising "a new silk hat" to any man who knocked a ball beyond it. We see Sam in our mind's eye now, making decorous progress down Third street, crowned with his shining stovepipe, followed by a volunteer honorary committee of Portland youth who have sacrificed their newspaper-selling private interests to their municipal pride; waved at from a hundred windows by fair maidens who have laid aside the pencil and the typewriter to do honor to a hero; saluted everywhere with paleface imitations of the horrific ululations of his fathers. We see his inky black hair swaying austerely as he shakes his head in declining the invitations which well-meaning but demoralizing appreciators direct at him from over swinging barroom doors.

"Never was a red hero more fairly or deservingly enthroned in the heart of the populace. With all the odds against him, he did great deeds. He won the game. He did not sass the umpire. The only source of regret is his name. It ought to have been Chief-Makes-the-Ball-Fly-Like-a-Swallow."

Much of this, of course, is long range and mythical, but we will not seek to conceal the transcendent fact that Sam Morris made a hit and the biggest audience ever gathered at the ball grounds spent many happy howling minutes in giving vent to their enthusiasm.

The Late English Cardinal.

From the London Truth.

The late Cardinal Vaughan was probably the handsomest and most distinguished looking of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Just as Cardinal Manning looked the learned ascetic, so he looked a true prince of the church. But he was most simple in his tastes and habits. Several times Catholic ladies presented him with a carriage. But they found that he soon sold their gifts and spent the money in charity. They, therefore, at last "lent" him robes and a carriage, in order to oblige him to retain them. He once told me that he was very desirous to hear Patti, but that he did not like to go to one of her public concerts. When I told Mme. Patti this she said that she should be delighted to sing to him; so I asked them both to dinner, with a few other friends, and after dinner she sang several times, to the great delight of the cardinal.

We Wonder.

From the Chicago News.

Would we be as healthy without a health department or would we be as healthy as the health department if we had the same fine chance?

MRS. LEASE, THE RABBLE ROUSER.

Consented to Have a Sore Throat at a Critical Moment.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The ability of Mary Ellen Lease as a rabble rouser was under a reminiscent discussion by the politicians of Copeland County the other evening. All agreed that she could do more damage to the opposition than any other dozen Pop spellbinders combined.

"I have always had a high regard for Mrs. Lease ever since the 1896 campaign," said James M. Simpson, who, as chairman of the state committee, managed the Republican campaign in Kansas that year. "The old lady was a 'man of her word.' When she agreed to do a thing she did it. That year the coal miners of the southern part of the state were causing the Republican managers much uneasiness. They were off the reservation. We were trying to get some of them back and things were getting in fairly good shape when the Pop committee billed Mrs. Lease for a speech at Pittsburg. When we saw that announcement our hopes of getting even a portion of the miners' vote dropped to way below zero. We knew that if Mrs. Lease made that speech the jig would be up. Talking to miners was her long suit. She could fairly set them afire by drawing a picture contrasting the miner and his half-starved and naked family with the coal baron who revelled in luxury in his palace and consumed nothing but champagne and terrapin—and miners' souls.

"A council of war was held at Republican headquarters. Something had to be done to prevent Mrs. Lease from making that speech at Pittsburg. All sorts of strategy moves were discussed. It was finally decided that I should beard the lioness in her den. I made an appointment with her. The conference was successful.

"'What excuse can I give?' she asked.

"'Can't your throat get sore?' I asked.

"'Indeed it can,' said she. 'Don't you notice me getting hoarse already?'

"I confessed that I could. Mrs. Lease went to Pittsburg on the date fixed for her to speak. The miners all quit work to attend her meeting. Her throat got worse rapidly. An hour before the meeting she could scarcely whisper. She went to a Pop doctor there and he pronounced it a serious case. He was afraid she would lose her voice entirely and forebade her even attempting to address the meeting. The local committee hustled up a welterweight, wild-eyed orator as a substitute. His speech was not satisfactory. The miners had come there to hear Mrs. Lease and wouldn't be satisfied with any substitute. They kept yelling for 'Mrs. Lease! Lease! Lease! Mary Ellen Lease!' She sat on the platform. In response to the calls she got up and in a whisper told them that it was a physical impossibility for her to talk, on account of her sore throat. She then sat down. The meeting was a great disappointment to the Pops. After it was over the miners got in line, marched up to the platform, shook hands with her, extended their sympathy and expressed the hope that her throat would soon get well.

"I'll tell you it took nerve for the old lady to play out the string, but she did it and did it well. Since then I have had great admiration for her integrity. But somehow it always makes me laugh when I think of how she fooled that Pop doctor, too!"

RICHARD CROKER, FARMER.

He's a Reformed Character, Delighting in Agriculture.

From the New York Sun.

Abe H. Hummel, who has been having a time abroad, got back last night in the American liner St. Paul, with a big, jolly and good-looking company of player folk. Mr. Hummel reeled off a column or so of his impressions of life, art, the drama and literature in Europe. Then he told these things about the Hon. Richard Croker: Mr. Croker came down to London to give me good-by just before I left the town for the St. Paul. He brought me two pounds of butter, four dozen eggs and 12 chickens, which we ate on the ship. He delights in farming. He told me that he was out of politics for good. He has burned his political bridges behind him, and I believe we will never hear of him in the political arena again. He told me emphatically that he had no candidate for Mayor of New York, and had never suggested any one for the Democratic nomination.

"Today Mr. Croker leaves England to attend the fair in Dublin, as the guest of a distinguished Irishman. He will spend the rest of the summer in Ireland.

"Mr. Croker's man of affairs, Usher, is sick and Mr. Croker has been personally superintending the work on his place at Wantage. He told me that neither the pursuit of politics, nor pleasure could tempt him to leave his country life. His beard and hair have become very white, but he looks almost boyish in the face and steps with the suppleness of a young man. He has erected stables on a new piece of land he has acquired at Wantage, and is going in for breeding draught horses. He has the finest stallion in England. The profits from horse breeding, he said, eventually would be enormous."

Mr. Hummel remarked that a Yankee couldn't get homesick in any of the capitals of Europe, as everything—including ragtime music and vaudeville—is American there. The word abroad was synonymous with success.

Should Learn to Sew.

From the New York Tribune.

"I can't so much as put a new braid on the bottom of my skirts," said a young woman—a young woman who earns $50 a week with her pen.

"But you can afford to hire all such work done for you," added the elder woman with her, "and isn't that a good deal better than fussing around with it yourself?"

"No, I don't think so," put in a girl friend. "I earn almost as much as Alice here, but I do all my mending and millinery, and not a little of my dressmaking. I shouldn't dream of going out and buying myself a fancy stock, for instance. I see something I like, then I make one like it. My mother brought me up to be handy with my needle, and, saving your presence, Alice, I think I'm all the richer for it now."

"A woman doesn't seem like a woman to me unless she can handle her needle," commented Alice's grandmother. "One doesn't have to do a thing all the time just because one knows how to do it. But read your Goethe's, young women, and you'll find that the great German said it was useful to know everything. When Lent comes around again, Alice, I would recommend you to try rebraiding your gowns and darning your stockings as a penance."

Quite Old Enough.

From the Chicago News.

This is the one hundredth anniversary of Chicago's birth. It is old enough now to stop smoking.

FAMOUS SERMON FROM THE BIBLE

Christ Comforteth His Disciples—Professeth Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life—Prayers in His Name Effectual—He Promiseth the Holy Ghost and Leaveth His Peace with Them.

St. John 14:1-31.

Let not your heart be troubled:
Ye believe in God,
Believe also in me.
In my father's house are many mansions:
If it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you.
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again,
And receive you unto myself; that
Where I am,
There ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know,
And the way ye know.
Thomas saith unto him,
Lord, we know not whither thou goest;
And how can we know the way?
Jesus saith unto him,
I am the way, the truth, and the life;
No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.
If ye had known me,
Ye should have known my Father also:
And from henceforth ye know Him,
And have seen Him.
Philip saith unto him,
Lord, show us the Father,
And it sufficeth us.
Jesus saith unto him,
Have I been so long time with you,
And yet hast Thou not known me, Philip?
He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;
And how sayest thou then,
Show us the Father?
Believest thou not that I
Am in the Father,
And the Father in me?
The words that I speak unto you
I speak not of myself:
But the Father that dwelleth in me,
He doeth the works.
Believe me that I am in the Father,
And the Father in me:
Or else believe me
For the very works' sake.
Verily, verily, I say unto you,
He that believeth on me, the works
That I do shall he do also;
And greater works than these shall he do;
Because I go unto my Father.
And whatsoever ye shall ask
In my name,
That will I do,
That the Father may be glorified
In the Son.
If ye shall ask anything in my name,
I will do it. If ye love me,
Keep my commandments.
And I will pray the Father,
And he shall give you another Comforter,
That he may abide with you forever:
Even the Spirit of truth;
Whom the world cannot receive,
Because it seeth him not, neither
Knoweth him, but ye know him,
For he dwelleth with you,
And shall be in you.
I will not leave you comfortless:
I will come to you.
Yet a little while,
And the world seeth me no more;
But ye see me:
Because I live, ye shall live also.
At that day ye shall know
That I am in my Father,
And ye in me, and I in you.
He that hath my commandments,
And keepeth them,
He it is that loveth me:
And he that loveth me shall be loved
Of my Father,
And I will love him, and will manifest
Myself to him.
Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot,
Lord, how is it that thou wilt
Manifest thyself unto us,
And not unto the world?
Jesus answered and said unto him,
If a man love me, he will keep my words:
And my Father will love him,
And we will come unto him,
And make our abode with him.
He that loveth me not keepeth not
My sayings:
And the word which ye hear is not mine,
But the Father which sent me.
These things have I spoken unto you,
Being yet present with you.
But the comforter,
Which is the Holy Ghost,
Whom the Father will send in my
Name, he shall teach you all things,
And bring all things to your
Remembrance,
Whatsoever I have said unto you.
Peace I leave with you,
My peace I give unto you:
Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.
Ye have heard how I said unto you,
I go away, and come again unto you.
If ye loved me, ye would rejoice,
Because I said, I go unto the Father:
For my Father is greater than I.
And now I have told you before
It come to pass, that
When it is come to pass,
Ye might believe.
Hereafter I will not talk much with you:
For the prince of this world cometh,
And hath nothing in me.
But that the world may know
That I love the Father;
And as the Father gave me
Commandment,
Even so I do.
Arise, let us go hence.

A Down-to-Date Girl.

She had read the works of sages
From before the midde ages,
And had studied all the writings
Left from prehistoric times.

She would range from ancient Horace
To the verse of William Morris,
While she pointed out the difference
'Twixt the old and modern rhymes.

She discussed the mortal hurt in
Those unhappy thoughts of Burton,
And for relaxation reveled in
The sketches of Mark Twain.

And she held that Aristotle
Was addicted to the bottle,
Or he never could have thought the things
That filled his mighty brain.

Chaucer, Dante and old Gower
She would pour over by the hour,
But in spite of all her learning
I would not have her for a wife.

For, desiring once to serve her,
This young, later-day Minerva,
I took her out to dinner and—
She ate it with a knife.

—Philadelphia North American.

CASSATT LOSES A GREAT COOK.

Joe Green, with Whom Li Hung Chang Joked, Is Dead.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Joe" Green, in charge of A. J. Cassatt's private car, fell dead yesterday afternoon in the Pennsylvania station at Thirty-second and Market streets. He had gone there to look over Mr. Cassett's car, which is undergoing repairs preparatory to being sent to Bar Harbor for Mr. Cassatt's use on his return to this city.

The body was taken to 1159 South Nineteenth street, where he lived. He leaves a widow and two children.

Green, who was a negro, had been with the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1859, starting as a mule driver. During the Civil War he served five years with the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment. In 1874 he took charge of the car of Frank Thomson, who was then general manager. He went through the Pittsburg riots in 1877 with Mr. Thomson and saw the car burned by a mob. The successor to car 30, Mr. Thomson's car, was car 60, now used by President Cassatt. This was built by the Pullman Company and presented to Mr. Thomson, who had become president, only a few months before his death. Green was sent to Chicago by President Thomson to supervise the building of the kitchen compartments. His last trip with car 60 was made on July 6, when he accompanied Mr. Cassatt to Bar Harbor.

Green's reputation as a cook was widespread. His claim to distinction in this capacity lay in the fact that he could prepare good old-fashioned Southern dishes. When Li Hung Chang visited this country he was carried back and forth in car 60. He wanted a special American dish one day, and Mr. Thomson told Green to "give the Chinaman some old-fashioned corncakes, cooked on the griddle." Li managed to get away with a whole plate of the cakes and ignored the rest of the meal. It will be remembered that the old Viceroy was of a very inquiring turn of mind. When he finished dinner he turned to Green and asked:

"What do you get a year for cooking meals like this?"

"Joe," who had been warned to look out for Li's questions, promptly answered:

"Mr. Thomson pays me $5,000 a year, sir."

Li was for a moment staggered by the figures, but soon recovered and said:

"These cakes are fine, but $5,000 is too much to pay for a cook. I think I shall tell Mr. Thomson to cut it down to $4,000 if you've no objections."

THE FAT GIRL'S DISCOVERY.

It Hurt Her Feelings—Doesn't Go Sailing Any More.

From the Chicago News.

"Why aren't you out sailing on the Shrew?" asked a member of the rocking chair fleet at the yacht club.

The brown-eyed girl shrugged her shoulders. "The captatin of that boat hurt my feelings," she said.

"Why," exclaimed the man. "I thought you were such old friends—you have always sailed together——"

"Yes, and made mud pies before the sailing age began, but that is no reason why he should be disagreeable. It isn't as if he were a relative. Dozens of times we girls have asked him to take us on a race, but he always said we would be in the way and he didn't want to bother with us. Last Saturday, however, both he and the first mate telephoned me to be on hand at 2 o'clock instead of 5, to go with them in the race and hold the jib sheet, as they were a man short. I was there promptly and kept thinking how nice it was to be so popular and I couldn't help feeling sorry for the girls who were not invited.

"The wind was blowing hard when the starting gun was fired and the Shrew under full canvas went dashing across the line. I was perfectly happy. The lee rail was under water most of the time and the crew kept 'hiking out' trying to sit on the centre-board. Hardly a word was spoken—only an occasional sharp command from the captain, which was obeyed without comment. The race was won, the mooring made and the sails dropped. Mr. Hadenwall jumped into the dingy and rowed for the clubhouse and in a few minutes returned with a boatload of pretty girls in snowy yachting costumes.

"My white waist was covered with black soot and my black skirt had dots of white paint, had been torn on a cleat and was altogether wet and draggly.

The devotion of the crew to the new girls gave me some doubts about my popularity and during the evening sail the married man stood alone by the tiller and I sat alone by the mast. I was fairly well contented, though, until just as we were going home I heard the captain tell Mr. Hadenwall to be sure to order a couple of hundred pounds of old iron. Then I understood why they had invited me. It made me dreadfully angry, especially as I weigh only 127 pounds, and I don't look that fat, do I?

"Of course I'll never sail on that old tub again. I don't like to be used for ballast."

DOUBLED HIS STAKES AND WON.

Nerve of a Railroad Superintendent Fighting a Flood.

From the Louisville Herald.

Did you ever see a man in a poker game bet every cent he had on three aces? Well, that is what W. S. Carson, superintendent of the Missouri Pacific terminals at Kansas City, did. But the stakes were bigger, probably, than were ever played in a poker game. He bet seven locomotives and his job that the Missouri Pacific bridge wouldn't go out—this in the face of the fact that 17 bridges across the Kaw had already gone. And he won. Now the Missouri Pacific has the only bridge across the Kaw at that place. When Mr. Carson saw that his company's bridge was likely to go the way the others went he took a desperate chance. He decided to weigh the bridge down with Mogul locomotives. Seven of them, representing a value of $125,000, were run out on the trembling structure. He knew, as did everybody else, that if the bridge went the engines would go with it, but he took the chance and took it alone, for the city was cut off from communication with the other heads of departments, and there was no one to consult with. Had the bridge and engines gone, his job would have gone, and with it a large share of his reputation as a man of sound judgment. But the plan was a winner, and now his stock is away above par.

Efficiency of the Third Degree.

From the Chicago Tribune.

One of the detectives came hurrying in.

"Chief," he said, "we are on the wrong scent. The man we supposed was murdered has turned up alive."

"It can't be possible," sternly answered the chief. "The fellow we've had in the sweatbox for the last two or three days has just confessed that he murdered him."

SHORT STORIES

Flies on Furlough.

Billings was spending his holidays in rest and quiet at a little Irish town boarding-house not very far from the scene of the Gordon-Bennett cup race. He was peaceful and happy, but much tormented by flies when he sought repose out of doors.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?"

"Oi'm sorry!" answered Michael, who was the man-of-all-work. "But ye ought to use the hammock durin' the hammock hours, and you'd have no throuble from the floies."

"What are hammock hours?"

"From noon till 2 be the clock."

"Why are there no flies around the hammock between 12 and 2?"

"Och!" rejoined Mike. "Sure, at the toime, they're all busy in the doinin'-room!"

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Their Problem.

It was at a small school in Kilkenny, and the village pedagogue was doing his best to elicit the meaning of the word "conscience" from his attentive, but somewhat dull-headed pupils.

"Now, boys," said the genial old master, "suppose one of you stole a piece of sugar from the basin and popped it in your mouth, and mother came in, what would happen?"

Small boy: "Get a lickin,' sorr."

"Yes, I suppose so. But your face would become red, wouldn't it?"

Chorus: "Yis, sorr."

"And what is it that makes your face turn red?" queried the master, thinking he had gained his point. But the small boy answered with a solemn look:

"Troyin' to shwallow the sugar quick, sorr."

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Youthful Altruist.

From the Chicago Journal.

As the end of the dinner is approaching Rose, aged 5, and her elder brother, Bobby, aged 7, perceive that in the dish of fruit provided for dessert there is but one orange, and Rose suddenly bursts into a fit of sobbing.

"What is the matter, my darling? Why do you cry?" asks mamma, anxiously.

"Because there will be no orange left for Bobby."

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A Patriotic Printer.

Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford Press in the sixties, was one day confronted by a compositer, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." The editor was pleased, and replied that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and was hastening to serve his country in its troublous times. "Oh, it ain't that," remarked the printer, "but I'd rather be shot that try to set any more of your d——d copy."

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Diplomatic Newsboy.

From the New York Press.

"An American friend has told me that I could trust no one in New York," said the tourist from Sweden. "He advised me to take great care of my money unless I was willing to pay for experience. So I have been extremely careful—with one exception.

"I sat down on a bench in Madison Square the other day when a bright-eyed, ragged boy came running up with a bundle of newspapers. I bought one, handing him a quarter in payment.

"'I ain't got no change,' he said.

"'Then go and get change,' I told him.

"He hurried away and soon was lost in the crowd. A man sitting near me on the bench smiled and remarked: 'Well you are easy.'

"Interested in my paper the minutes slipped away until I had forgotten all about the boy and the coin. As I was folding up the paper to go he came running up to me again, hot and breathless.

"'Here's your quarter,' he said. 'Pay me tomorrow. I can't get no change.'

"The incident impressed me. I turned to the man on the bench and remarked with some satisfaction: 'And yet you said I was easy! You see, the boy is honest.'

"'I did not say that the boy was dishonest,' he replied, 'but did say that you were easy, and the proof of that is that you have made him a present of the quarter, which is just what he intended that you should do.'

"Really you New Yorkers are all diplomats or cyrics."

"Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachtani?"

From Dr. Isidore Singer's "Russia Before the Bar of the American People."

From the Kishineff crater, in volcanic Russia,
A blast of hell-fire leaped to the earth,
That scorched the land of the Czar,
And razed the image of God from the face of the Slav,
And unveiled the Tartar savage of yore,
A brother to the beast.
But out-bruting the beast that hides in the jungles,
The man-beast crouched on the highway of life,
And plunged his iron-like claws in the heart of his victim,
And laid him bleeding in the glare of the mid-day sun.
And out-willing the savage herds, that thronged the forests,
That knew not God, nor heeded creed or law,
The Tartar savage drank the blood of his kin,
And ate the heart of his fellow, and then,
With hands uplifted heavenward called on Christ.
And down from the cross the meek-hearted Jew,
Who offered his life on the altar of love,
Looked with infinite agony upon the crowd,
That worshipped His name, but defied His word;
The sorrows of centuries sat on His brow,
The torture of ages furrowed His face,
And from his heart the blood, so long congealed,
Began to ooze once more, and drop by drop,
It fell in the sea of Israel's blood,
Until its waves began to swell,
And mighty billows rose,
And the earth was flooded with blood.
But out of the depth, behold,
The bleeding ever-wandering Jew,
Christ-like on a flaming cross appeared.
O'er His head a halo of suffering,
On His brow a crown of torture hung.
And deep from His heart the cry
That once the death of Heathendom sounded,
Now in deep sonorous, solemn foreboding,
Through the world of Christ resounded,
"Eli, Eli, Lama sabachtani."

—Israel Davidson.