PORTLAND OREGON

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

JOURNAL PUBLISHING C						co	CO.,		Proprietors
C. S. JACK	SON,	÷	•	3 8 3	14		ж	×	Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

The Soul's Captain.

Out of the night that covers me, Black as a pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul, In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud: Under the cloudiness of fate My head is bloody but unbowed. Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms up the horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds and shall find me unafraid. It matters not how straight the gate, How charged with punishment the scroll. I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.

-Emerson.

IS THEIR SILENCE GOLDEN? THERE ROLLS the erstwhile thunderous Oregonian and its trailing Evening Shadow? Whence their deathlike silence, their clammy indifference to the public weal and their haughty disregard of official investigations which disclose reeking corruption in public office? Whence the palsied hand, the tied tongue, the silent voice-active, voluble and clamorous in so many less holy causes? Whence and once again whence?

For over a year The Journal has contained disclosures of criminal misdoings in Multnomah county that have stirred the people to the depths and might have galvanized into a semblance of vitality even more hidebound and indurated publications, if such there be. Unlike many such enterprises the investigations were made first and the publications afterward. These investigations were not casually made; neither was their animating impulse to be found in the gratification of private grudge or political malice. They were made by men than whom there are no better in Portland, men of intelligence, substance and character who undertook an unpleasant task from a high sense of public duty.

What these disclosures embraced was information had slowly filtered through the town, startling many and arousing even the here? most indifferent. But never a word of them found its way into the yawning columns of but there remain still more serious. How the Oregonian or its ghastly Evening Annex, and no one, no matter how influential or respectable, could get a hint or suggestion of a | to the Lewis and Clark fair? Do we expect hearing. They then ruled and dominated the little newspaper world of Portland; it was them a chance to dwell here in comparative they who decided what it was good for the peace and comfort? That is a question ople to know and what it was not good for them to know. But times have changed since the advent of The Journal and the publie thieves-al of them-will get their dues. despite the suspicious silence of the Oregonian and its flabby Evening Echo. An expert was finally put to work to overhaul books and accounts of delinquent public officials. His reports not alone sustained but further developed the frightful system of graft that has so long prevailed in county affairs and made plain to the public why taxes are so high with such distressingly few compensatory results in the matter of public improvements. But all of this altered not at all the status of the Oregonian or its Evening Inconsequence. While their columns might reek with stories of investigations in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburg or New York, buttressed with thunderous editorial denunciations, they were totally indifferent to a precisely similar condition in our local affairs that enriched the office-holding ring while it robbed the taxpayer of his substance. If they did not actually justify they palliated crime and to that degree became particeps criminis to the most disgraceful and outrageous system of official turpitude that has ever disgraced this morning. Put a dime in the pasteboard a coast city.... Whence this total indifference to the public welfare? Do they approve of the robberies that have been going on? Do they imagine that such criminal official conduct is another feather in the cap of our metropolitan pretensions or do they feel that the investigations are approaching dangerously close to their own preserves and that to protect others in this case is but another way of saying that they protect themselves, Fifty thousand dollars is a very decent sum of money. Placed in a public improvement fund or subtracted from the amount which the taxpayers are called upon to pay, it is not entirely insignificant. Even the arbiters of fate in the Tail Tower could not have so regarded it, otherwise \$50,000 would not have been added to their bank accounts in a single year for official advertising charged for at rates which would dazzle the eyes of a latter day promoter and help to bring to the | \$1.50 to the sum on hand, making 3.25 in all. verge of bankruptcy even so rich a county as Multnomah

islands we were confronted for the first time with the duty of governing a colony thousunds of miles from the mainland, peopled by a racial conglomoration which knew even less about us than we knew about it. In this emergency it was peculiarly our good fortune to have had Admiral Dewey there, not alone for what he accomplished in war, but for his hard-headed common sense and firmness when the war was over and when his most delicate and difficult duties really began. We were fortunate, too, in the selection of Judge Taft of Cincinnati for governor-general. He is a large man physically and mentally, but best of all, perhaps he was

temperamentally well adapted to his task. By herculean effort he worked order out of chaos. He has won the respect and confidence of the natives by his uprightness and firmness and has brought into vivid contrast with the Spanish regime the clean, honest, intelligent and uplifting methods of American administration. In doing this he has accomplished a great national undertaking. He has made the name of America not only respected but trusted and he has demonstrated to the natives the serious intention on the part of the government to improve their condition, to develop the resources of the country and to bring about an era of widely diffused prosperity to which the islands have been strangers for 400 years of Spanish misrule and exploitation.

He has therefore deserved well of his countrymen and they will welcome him back with heartiness and sincerity to the new duties which he is called upon to perform. They have no fear that he will failer strengthen his reputation in the office of secretary of war. Of one thing he may be assured and that is the hearty good will of his fellow countrymen in whatever work he may undertake.

MORE HOTELS FOR PORTLAND THE MATTER of more hotels for Port-

land should not be permitted to sleep. There is no criticisms to be

passed on the hotels as they stand. To the limit of their capacities they fully meet expectations. They care for their guests at

reasonable rates and send them away with good impressions of the town. But the summer business is growing in Portland. Railroad advertising and the advertising which comes from our loving friends who have been here have largely increased our tourist traffic. That traffic is destined to still more largely increase. If the hotels are now crowded to their capacity it is manifest that with the increased trayel of next year they will be swamped. A commendable effort is being made to attract national conventions here. Those who attend them must largely depend on the hotels for accommodations. If these have no accommodations what are they going to do known to many people in Portland, for the about it and what of the responsibility of the people of Portland who invited conventions

> These in themselves are serious matters, are we to accommodate the great influx of visitors we may reasonably expect to come them to camp out or do we propose to give which will be asked by every prospective visitor. We do not want one to go away with a feeling of ill will against the city and there is only one danger of it and that is lack of hotel accommodations. Portland must therefore face this question and settle it in a way that will promote the comfort of its expected guests and therefore redound to its

CERTAINLY A SWIFT GIRL.

A Young Woman Beats a Machine Counting Money.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. The expert coin counters of the treasury department have beaten the Yankee inventor who thought he could build a machine that would count faster than human eyes and fingers. One day last week the agent of an automatic coin counter secured permission to try his machine in the treas-When it became noised among the ury. women counters that there was to be a test of speed and accuracy between one of their number and a labor-saving device, much excitement prevailed. It was feared that if the machine won out in the contest it would mean the ultimate dismissal of the women and the installation of the automatic counters: The women picked out their champion in the person of a pretty young girl who held the record for counting. The chief of the division selected a number of bags of pennies-\$100 worth, or 10,000 in all These he handed over to the agent, stipulating that the rules governing everyday work must prevail in the contest. Thus the agent was required to skim over the pennies in a search for counterfeits. He spread a thousand out over the counter, ran hurriedly over them in a hupt for counterfeits. After satisfying himself that the remaining pennles were all right, he hurriedly swept them into a receptacle attached to the machine. Then he grabbed a crank and began turning it, while at the same time the coppers began flying into little stacks at a tremendous rate. The operation was repeated 19 times, and when the 10,000 had been counted, the ofcial time was announced as 58 minutes.

Then the young woman seated herself at the table. At the word "go" her fingers began to fly over the mass of pennies at a rate which filled the hearts of her associates with joy. Not once did she make a false movement, and when, with a smile, she threw the last of her 10,000 pennies upon its stack, the time was announced as 48 minutes. The defeated agent sent his cart to the treasury yesterday and took his automatic counter away.

THE MEN CONTRASTED.

W. E. Corey Is Very Unlike Schwab When He Succeeds in the Steel Trust.

One's first impression of William Ellis Corey, the newly chosen head of the largest corporation in the world, the United States Steel corporation, is that he would be the wrong man from whom to borrow an umbuella on a rainy day and forget to return it. In repose his face is stern, and as he swings along, he presents an aggressive appearance and a forceful personality, says the New York World. But there is a complete metamorphosis when he smiles. A perfectly formed set of large, white teeth gleam through a small mustache, the corners of the eyes contract into fan-like wrinkles and the blue eyes look at you as though you were a good joke.

He has a square, round face. The chin is square and the cheekbones and jaw form in the little bulge of muscle that dog fanciers call the "double look,", and which they always look for in thoroughbred English bullterriers. The mouth is large, the lips full. the nose is straight and well-formed and seems built to hold the nose glasses he invariably wears.

As a whole he looks more like a medical student or a man engaged in some scientific pursuit than one who has his extraordinary business executive ability.

There is one thing that impresses everybody who knows Corey and Schwab, and that is that one is the direct antithesis of the

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T.

Servants' Independence Is Simply Appalling in Prim New England.

From Everybody's Magazine. To the housekeeper the news from Holyoke is somewhat like the firing on Sumpter The growing trouble between mistress and maid has come to a climax in the formation of the first Household Employes' Union, and the fight is now on in good earnest. Holyoke, Mass., took the initial step toward organization, and New Haven has followed it up. while the newly enrolled members are proselytizing eagerly in every direction. If all the original stipulations of the union are adhered to, there will indeed be no place like home, and we shall have cause to be thankful for that. The following schedule is to be posted in every kitchen where union labor is employed-other kitchens being deprived of all labor as far as possible under the boycott system:

Wages and Hours Schedule of the Household Employes' Union.

Sixty hours shall constitute a week's work for cooks, general housework girls and second girls. The hours of work shall be as follows: 6 a. m. to 1 p. m., 5 to 7 p. m. dally; 8 a. m.

to 2 p. m. Sunday. Overtime shall be paid for all work in excess of these hours at the rate of 15 cents an hour. For overtime at night, Sundays and holidays, double rate, or 30 cents an

hour All laundry work done at home must be paid for at regular laundry rates, or 20 cents per hour for washing and 15 cents per hour second girl.

General housework girls and second girls required to attend babies and otherwise care for children shall be allowed 15 cents an hour in addition to their regular weekly salarv.

Cooks, general housework and second girls required to tend to furnaces shall be paid \$1 per week in addition to regular weekly salarv.

Cooks shall not be required to perform any services whatever outside of the kitchen. The minimum weekly wages for cooks or general housework girls shall be \$5 per week.

The minimum weekly wages for second girls shall be \$4 per week.

All overtime, as above enumerated, shall be in addition to these weekly salaries. Wages and overtime charges must be paid every Saturday evening.

The nurse girls' hours shall be as follows: 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. daily; 8 a. m. till 1 p. m. Sunday.

The minimum wages for nurse girls shall be \$3.50 per week. When required in case of sickness of children, nurse girls shall be paid overtime at the rate of 20 cents per hour in addition to regular weekly wages. All household workers who have been in any one employer's household for nine

months or more shall be given a vacation of two weeks, with full salary.

It will be noticed that the work hours of the cook and table maid seem to suggest a return to the old-time 6 o'clock supper of dismal memory. And no pleasant lingering over the table will be possible now; the householder must eat with anxious eyes on the clock, knowing that if the meal is not over and cleared away by 7 there will be a bill for "overtime" at the end of the week. At the suggestion that the tired man of business, who cannot come home to a noon dinner, might not find this a very satisfying regime, one of the leading spirits is quoted

is worse, to be so degraded by the doing of it that she is not fit to be introduced to even the ignorant factory girl who calls on her mistress probably on church business. She is not respectable enough for any one of her

employer's family to recognize on the street (no matter how perfect her reputation and references may be), and she 'is "Mary" or 'Bridget" to every Tom, Dick and Harry, while the factory girl is exclusive and has the right of the prefix "Miss" to her name, God pity the servant girls! They are not recognized socially, and any old thing is good enough for them. No matter who they are or what they know, or what they formerly were, when once they take to this business they are doomed. The coachman's daughter-who, by the way, goes to collegecan snub them to a nicety.

The little soul that so degrades her work and cheapens her own importance by clamoring lest others should not recognize it is worthy of the snub'she bewails. But we would have been hot champions for the dignity of Margaret and Katy, who never dreamed of asserting it, and had no need to-

DREAMY-THAT'S DUSE.

A Little Contrast Between the Italian' and Bernhardt's Methods.

From the Reader for August.

I found Mme. Duse in one of the corridors leading from the stage, talking with a small group of people. I was surprised to see that she seemed wholly unlike the sad-eyed, listless woman I had imagined her to be when not acting. She looked very handsome, and spoke with great animation, her face luminous with her wonderful smile revealing her large white teeth. One of her visitors I recognized as a well-known American actress with methods as far from Duse's as those of any barn-stormer's could be, but a very amiable and pretty woman. The poor American was having a hard time with her French, and Mme. Duse was trying to help her out by sustaining most of the conversation. They were speaking of one of Mme. Duse's roles, which role I could not make out, and the actress remarked pleasantly; "You could play that, too," and inquired politely about the work her visitor was doing. No one could have been more easy and delightful. When I was presented Mme. Duse was about to go to her dressing room; but she gave me a moment during which I re-

ceived a definite impression of the extraordinary charm of her manner. Nothing that I can say can express the exquisite impression she made.

I felt that I was in the presence of a rare nature. Some one has said that Sarah marked than was the same characteristic Bernhardt is a greater actress than Duse, because she is more successful in impersonating the grande dame, while Duse just misses realizing that character. It seems to me that no statement could be more absurd. Sarah Bernhardt, with her exaggerated ways, may easily be the grande dame of the theatre, but she is never grande dame of the drawing room. Duse, on the other hand, is never the woman of the theatre; she is always human and simple, a creature of ex-

quisite fibre. For this reason, until I had seen Duse play Magda for the second time. that day at the Metropolitan opera house I was inclined to rate Bernhardt's Magda higher than Duse's. At the very moment when Bernhardt steps into the domestic German interior, you feel that she is Sudermann's opera singer, the woman of the stage. Duse on the other hand, seems almost too fine, too exquisite a creature to experience what Magda has endured and to be a woman that Magda has become. Off the stage I noticed that she seemed much heavier and more matronly than she had appeared on the stage. She talked, her eyes were luminous and her fine generous mouth revealed large beautiful teeth, utterly unlike the sharp, small teeth of Mme. Bernhardt. She spoke in French with great fluency and with a surprisingly good accent, for the Italians rarely speak good French well.

SHORT STORIES

WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 26

An Anecdote of Whistler. The London Chronicle, explaining that some artists talk to sitting models to keep their expression animated, says that one painter pursuing this plan asked a girl model to whom she had been sitting of late, and received this answer:

"Mr. Whistler."

"And did he talk to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me who I'd been sitting to, same s you do, and I told him I'd been sitting to Mr. ----, sir."

"Well, what else?"

"He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said Mr. ----.' "And what next?"

"He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said I'd been sitting to you sir.'

"What did he say then?" "He said, 'What a d-d crew!'"

He Patted the Goat.

Major-General Isaac Catlin tells a story of one of his political campaigns. "I voted for you," said a workingman the day after an election in Brooklyn where the general figured as a candidate for a county office. "I didn't intend to at first, but one afternoon you were going by my house and you patted my goat, Billy, and guv him an apple, and, 'says I. 'If the general's so sociable as all that, he must have my vote.'

He Won the Bet.

Like other men of prominence, Admiral Dewey often comes across the irrepressible party who always affects to be on terms of intimacy with notable personages. Course ous and genial to a degree, the admiral h profound dislike for this sort of nuisance an does not hesitate to show the feeling. Not long ago, while out walking in Washington, he was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said: "George, I'll bet you don't know me." The admiral looked his displeasure as he answered, grimly, "You win," and walked on.

. .

"Who Gwine to Keep Him Out?"

The funeral of General Cassius M. Clay calls to mind a story relating to "Old Hickory" Jackson, whose brave, daring, pigheaded determination to have his own way in everything at any cost was no more in General Clay. In one of his recent stories contributed to the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, Opie Read, who is a past master at recounting Southern stories, says:

"Shortly after Jackson's death two of his slaves were working in the field. One of them remarked: 'Well, Abe, ol' marster's gone.

"'Yep, done lef us."

"'Abe, you reckon he went to heaben?' "'Well, if he wanted ter go, I doan know who gwine ter keep him ouf."

An Intensely Human Pope.

Rome Correspondence New York Tribune. It is an intensely human figure which by the grace of the Sacred College, and indirectly with the adventitious aid of the aged Austrian Emperor, now reigns in the Vatican. As archbishop and cardinal he has retained the homely manners of the parish priest, and now that he is Pope he wears a nickel watch at the end of a cheap slik guard and speaks with the unaffected sim-

for ironing, in addition to the regular weekly salary of cook, general flousework girl or

Is this another case of "addition, division and silence?" The people are asking of one "Is this the price which the another: thieves paid the Oregonian and the Evening Repeater to maintain their attitude of deadly Indifference?"

The burden of proof is on them.

OUR FOREIGN COLONIES.

TNTIL the Spanish-American war colonization was something entirely new to our system of government. Even Hawaii did not alter the force of the proposition, for although not contiguous to our territory like Texas it came into the union propelled by a local American public opinion and was therefore American in feeling, sentiment and racial preference.

But when this country captured and perhaps unwisely decided to buy the Philippine DAIRY OF A REFORMER.

own credit.

G. Washington Throggins Plays Solitaire with His Smoking Habit. From the Chicago Tribune.

Extracts from the dairy of George Washington Throggins:

Aug. 1.-Have become convinced that I am smoking too much, and have decided to quit it at once and for good. As a sort of object lesson to keep before my mind the extravagance of the foolish habit, I have adopted this rule:

Whenever I have an inclination to smoke box the sum of money it would take to buy the cigar. I shall deposit this money in bank from time to time and watch it grow. Aug. 2 .- Pretty tough, but I'm sticking to it. Wanted a 10-cent cigar the first thing box. Felt the same inclination twice during

the forenoon. Two more dimes. Wanted to smoke three times in the afternoon. Sixty cents in the box.

Aug. 3 .- Decided it would be a good thing to taper off on my inclinations a little. Wanted to smoke three times this morning. the afternoon. Another quarter. Got \$1.10 saved now.

Aug. 4.-Thought I might as well come down to nickel cigars. Getting rich too fast. All my hankerings today were resolutely scaled down to 5-centers. Saved 40 cents. Got \$1.50 now. When it gets to be \$10 I London, and then why not herself? The shall deposit it in bank.

Aug. 5 .- Smoked a still cheaper grade to- f favorably upon the aspiring Mrs. Goodwin day-in my mind. Eight for a quarter. Put cents in the box.

Aug. 6 .- Had a strong inclination this morning for a 25-cent cigar. Decided to humor it to the extent of adding 25 cents to the collection. Cheap smokes are demoralizing. Humored it some more. Added the American actress wore a frock of white This is too reckless. Must economize.

Aug. 7.-Smoked-constructively-nothing but stogies today. Three for a nickel. Too put away today was 10 cents. Aug. 8 .- Went back to the three-for-a

quarter kind. Added half a dollar to the treasury. Aug. 9 .- Had a strong desire for a 50-

center today. Gratified it-in the same way. Felt that I could have smoked a coffn nail. Funished myself by going out and contributing a quarter to the fresh-air fund.

Aug. 10 .- Got reckless again today and indulged in wild imaginations of unlimited stogles. Dropped \$5 cents in the box. Have \$5 now.

Aug. 11 .- Took the \$5 and went out and bought a box of perfectos.

Uncertain King Peter.

From the Washington Star. The King of Servia has a new cabinet and is now wondering what it is going to do with | Gawd, the black man is gittin' his jus' deshim

other. Schwab is very much like what is known to telegraph operators as a "nerve sender." This is a man who in manipulating the transmitting key makes his Morse characters with his nerve and with the slightest possible use of the muscles of the arm. Corey is like the "muscle sender," who saws away at the keg as though he were going to wrench it from the table. In the long run the man who uses his muscles will tire out the nerves of the more rapid sender. Schwab is dashing and seemed to do things by intuition. Corey is methodical and painstaking, and when the demands are greatest it is then he is the quietest.

MAXINE, THE STARTLING.

Mrs. Nat Goodwin Breaking Her Way Into London Society.

From the New York Press

In the most fashionable of London restaurants Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, known to the stage as Miss Maxine Elliott, is often seen. cigar I shall drop into a small pasteboard | At present the pretty actress is playing the social game, and, judging from the prominence of her present-day friends, she is making good progress. She is often seen with Mrs. Samuel Newhouse, in turn a protege of Mrs. Orme Wilson. Baroness de Meyer, a social power in London, has received Mrs. Goodwin. Meanwhile, it is said

openly that the Goodwins are no longer friends and that some sort of legal action may be expected any day. It seems that the fair Maxine has neglected her stage career. According to folk who have seen her, she is handsomer than ever and her gowns are Dropped a quarter in the box. Same thing splendid. She always did have the knack of choosing pretty clothes, and her refinement was her chief asset on the stage. She is quite devoted to London and says she hopes

she will never see America again. Mrs. Goodwin says Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Campbell have attained a lofty position in Americans in London do not seem to look

and have done nothing to assist her. Maxine's frocks are startling and she seems

to enjoy the surprise of the public when she appears in gowns of extreme fashion. She has been accused of "dressing stagey," and this is doubtless true. At Brighton recently linen batiste. There was an elaborate trimming of face and the elbow sleeves had lace ruffles that barely escaped the ground. With a monstrous black hat atop her head, it may cheap. Left a bad taste in my mind. All I be imagined how Mrs. Goodwin stirred the conservative British. She has been showing a love for black gowns that are most becoming to her olive type.

1908 a Long Way Off.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Newspaper correspondents are wasting time in speculating as to the man whom Theodore Roosevelt favors for president in 1908. Every movement, word, thought and action of Theodore Roosevelt are taken up with landing in the White House the man he favors for president in 1904.

> An Expert Opinion. From the Emporia Gazette,

The report from Florida that a negro has been legally hanged there caused an old colored man in Emporia to exclaim: "Thank erts at last!

as explaining: "If the boss can't get home by noon he ought to go to a hotel, and not expect a poor, tired girl to slave in a hot kitchen at night." This is a cheerful prospect for a boss

earning, say, \$25 a week with which to maintain a home. Wages fixed at \$4 and \$5 would easily slip to \$6 and \$7 on this basis of charges, and board would raise the cost of a servant to some \$10 a week-more than most householders can pay, and decidedly more than the much-quoted factory girl gets. The factory girl's hours are the criterion for the new domestic scale, without regard to the fact that the latter works ceaslessly for hours at a time in cramped quarters and bad air, often in one position of body, while cook and housemaid have varied labors. wherein baking gives place to shelling peas and sweeping to cleaning silver, under far better hygienic conditions.

With afternoons and evenings off, a club for domestic workers will be the natural sequence, and there is already talk of a country house where the two weeks' vacation on full pay may be enjoyed. The intelligence office promises to become the road to what is popularly known as a "snap." Will the result be to turn the stream of young women from the factory to the kitchen? One must doubt. And, even if that did happen, it might not altogether solve the servant prob-

Of course, the householders of Holyoke are not facing the new order of things with placid resignation. They threaten charges on their own account for broken china and, scorched linen, and between-meal cups of tea, or the "bite of something" ordered to the casual cousin who drops in of an evening. "Scab" cooks and waltresses are to be imported, and the baker or butcher who refuses to serve a house for lack of a union card in the kitchen window will be sued under the law relating to the necessaries of life. No woman who sees 5 o'clock tea banished because there is no one to make and serve it, and Sunday afternoon marked off as a period of unrelieved baby-tending, is going to give up the old regime without a struggle, and a bitter one, and there is no prophesying the outcome.

Whoever wins, there will be one inevitable and sad result-the last remnants of the pleasant old-time relation between server and served will be swept away. Fancy the sweet old Margaret of one's childhood stipulating that she should have the dining-room for her young men visitors (a clause advocated by the president of the union), or the kindly Katy charging 25 cents an hour because there was a case of measles! Perhaps the willing workers of the past were sometimes imposed on, but in thousands of cases the kindliness was mutual; the sick servant was tended like one of the family, the maid who' married was given a wedding and an outfit and a hearty handful of rice, and those who had outlived their usefulness were still kept on as having a right to the shelter and

care of the household. One told Margaret and Katy all the family events as a matter of course, and heard their joys and troubles. and-if she could only realize it-they held a far higher position in public esteem than can the young woman of today.

What self-respecting girl who knows anything would like to step into somebody's dirty, greasy kitchen and fight the pots and kettles from, say, 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., then be on hand if wanted till 10 p. m.? And, what He Esteems His Pipe.

From the New York Evening Post. Pipes seem to be able to arouse in their wners almost as deep an affection as do dogs. From the dainty fancies centering about Romulus and Remus in "My Lady Nicotine" to the blatant emotion of "Oh, who Will Smoke My Meerchaum Pipe," story and song have celebrated the pipe as one of man's closest friends. Every man therefore should offer sympathy and encouragement to Mr. H. M. Olson of Portland, Or.,

in his hunt for the pipe which left his hands in Milwaukee just 36 years ago. He was then a newly arrived immigrant on the way to the new opportunities of the developing West, and parted with the pipe only because of urgent needs. Now, in his prosperous old age, he wants again to get possession of the memto. His own letter, which he sends to the Sentinel of Milwaukee, tells the story in outline. Here it is:

"On July 1, 1867, I landed in Milwaukee with a large family, on my way from Christiania, Norway, to Northfield, Minn. I had only enough money to pay the freight on my effects, and could speak no English. I needed food for my five children. I owned a meerschaum pipe which was presented to me by my home government for 22 years faithful service as a printer. Engraved around the bowl of the pipe was an inscription in the Norweigian language setting forth the fact.

"I offered the pipe for sale to buy bread. While waiting in the immigration rooms of the depot a man whom I understand to be the head of the railroad came to me and bought the pipe for \$24. I write to say I would gladly give \$50 now for its return. I am 82 years of age, a man of means, a pioneer of pioneers in the printing business, and I esteem the pipe."

The tale contains so many elements of human interest that the present holder of the pipe, whoever he may be, will certainly be applauded if he comes forward with it at this time.

A Chicago Beauty.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. Mrs. A. S. Trude, a Chicago beauty, is one of the most famous hunters in the country. She'd rather handle a gun than be the belle of the ball. With her wonderful mass of golden hair, her brown eyes and peachy skin, she makes a striking picture, whether she be horseback, golfing or in airy evening array. At present she is enjoying a good hunt at her summer home (a big ranch) in Arangee, Idaho.

The Impression Newport Makes. From the New York. Times.

The late George E. Waring, a Newporter of the old and modest day of small things in Newport, said to an acquaintance who remarked that the "smart set of Newport" devoted themselves to pleasure, regardless of expense: "You are quite wrong; they devote themselves to expense, regardless of pleasure." He was quite right, and he expressed the impression that the newer Newport makes, must make, upon the discerning visitor.

plicity of a peasant's son. He shrinks instinctively from the traditional homage of the Vatican retinue, and wishes to have ceremonial and etiquette dispensed with so far as may be possible. He embraces cardinals who attempt to kiss his hands and feet, and seeks to set an example of humility in relaxing the rigorous etiquette which has been established during recent reigns. He talks familiarly, yet without sacrificing his dignity, when ever he is approached by cardinals and officials and he dislikes to dine alone in solemn state or to be reverenced and well-nigh worshipped as a superior being whose common clay has been transmuted to gold by his translation from Venice to the Vatican. The present Pope at the opening of his reign is eager to establish a new order of democratic simplicity at the Vatican, based upon the sovereignty of the fisherman's ring. Probably his ardor will be chilled when he discovers how ready every one is to fall down and kiss his feet; but he can hardly fail to be a very human Pope.

> Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press.

The seashore always agrees with girls who have curly hair.

The only thing that can be changed that one hasn't got is a woman's mind.

Yachting is a fine thing to make a ma contented with his home when he gets ba to it.

Some people are so naturally tricky they take pleasure in cheating themselves playing solitaire.

After a man has tried for three quarters of an hour to light a fire with dry kindling wood, it is hard for him to see how a fire insurance company can ever lose a cent.

Wheat in Kansas.

From the Kansas City Journal. Barton county is the manner wheat county of Kansas. It has wrested that honor from Sumner. Barton produced 5,004,305 bushels of wheat this year. Sumner raised 3,486,780 bushels: Rush county even Sumner, growing 3,879,040 bushels. Four teen Kansas' countles raised more than 2 .-000,000 bushels each, and 35 countles produced more than 1,000,000 each.

The Modern American Girl. When I met her on the steamer, Coming back from foreign climes, A bright maiden did I deem her. And we had some pleasant times. She was bright in conversations, And such learning she displayed When we spoke of other nations, That I was in truth dismayed.

She'd a foreign education, Knew the language of each land; I was dumb with admiration Though I could not understand. But her English was affected. And for this naught could atone. Learning others, she'd neglected To study up her own.

She could read me quite a sermon On the history of France. When she spoke of legends German I displayed gross ignorance. And the bit I'd learned at college Seemed ridiculous, until I discovered she'd no knowledge Of the fight at Bunker Hill. -Brooklyn Eagle.