

# THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

## The Journal as an Advertising Medium.

Portland, Or., Aug. 26, 1903.—Editor Oregon Daily Journal—Our entire business is systematized. This applies to advertising as well, and we keep an accurate account of results obtained from the different local advertising mediums.

Our "free lens" ad in The Journal brought more than 20 times the results secured from all other sources combined.

Considering these results, we feel more than well satisfied with the value of your excellent paper as an advertising medium. Yours truly,

PHILLIPS BROS.,  
Scientific Opticians,  
141 Sixth Street, corner of Alder.

## A MEANS OF AVERTING STRIKES

STRIKES LIGHTLY UNDERTAKEN, constantly resorted to and unwisely persisted in are always harmful to the cause of labor, demoralizing to the engaged in them and more or less disastrous to public progress. The wisest of labor leaders and the best friends of the cause are not those who always urge precipitate action but rather those who counsel moderation at all times and who favor a resort to strikes only as the last resort in the settlement of labor grievances.

Portland has had more than its share of strikes this year and without discussing the merit of any of them it is safe to say that in the aggregate they have brought about a feeling of uncertainty that has made men less inclined to begin building operations, and to that extent retarded the growth and affected the prosperity of the whole city.

Good and bad times come and go in cycles in this country. We do not make steady progress but progress comes through action followed by reaction. During one period we strain ourselves beyond our capacities; during the other we pay the inevitable penalty of overexertion. This being true the thrifty man makes hay while the sun shines and will rashly do nothing to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

In the matter of the building trades it would be well for authorized representatives of the men and the contractors to meet together about the beginning of the year and after a fair discussion and a proper recognition of the equities to enter into an agreement covering the scale of prices which will prevail for the succeeding 12 months. In this way the men know precisely what they may expect, while the contractors with the wage scale settled for a definite period and the certainty that there will be no strikes may confidently figure months ahead on a building operation. This confidence will extend to the men who contemplate building. They know that under such circumstances they may make their investments with the absolute assurance that no delay will come from strike obstructions. All of this will be gratifying to everybody concerned. The men, who after all are the most largely interested, will have the certainty of steady employment at remunerative wages which will give them, too, the opportunity to look ahead, contract obligations with the certainty of being able to meet them and make provisions to secure little homes for themselves.

Next year promises to be the best in the whole history of Portland. There are many buildings in contemplation and it is certain a great many men will be employed. Why not then eliminate the possibility of strikes? Let the wages agreed on January 1 be sufficiently high to make the men perfectly content with their lot, yet at the same time sufficiently reasonable to warrant investors in risking their money in such enterprises. The Journal in the kindest spirit wishes to submit this suggestion to all concerned. It has the approval of some of the ablest labor leaders in the country and it has the still higher approval of practical experience wherever it has been tested. Let us try it here in Portland and we venture to predict that the benefits realized from the system in other places will be more than realized here.

## AN UNDEVELOPED EMPIRE.

WHAT IS KNOWN as Central and Southeastern Oregon is an empire in itself. It comprises more than half the area of the state and contains within its scope more territory than many of the most populous Eastern states one of whose manufacturing towns alone contains more population. With the exception of Malheur county, which itself is barely skirted, it is literally without railroads. What has been done has been accomplished in the face of many obstacles. Infinitely more yet remains to be done, but attention is now being so directed to that region that the outlook for it is more hopeful than it ever has been.

The Journal today, following the line of its policy to aid in the general movement for the development of this whole section of the country, is largely devoted to the exploitation of the resources, the needs and the possibilities of Central and Southeastern Oregon. It is a region that is practically unknown through actual personal observation to a great many Oregonians. With its development the entire state will be largely benefited and brought into closer relations. The need of railroads is perhaps of all needs the most self evident. It is a matter in which the people of Portland and its commercial bodies could well afford to take an interest, for whatever benefits any part of the state directly or indirectly benefits the

metropolis which is Portland. It would be well for us to view some of these questions in their broader aspects and to bring ourselves in closer accord with the theory that in helping others we are really benefitting ourselves.

We feel assured that this edition will be read with peculiar interest by all the people of Oregon and we are hopeful that it will be productive of good results to the whole region which it is definitely intended to benefit.

## THE MAYOR AS A FINANCIER.

THE PRESENT PARTNERSHIP between the city and the gaming houses exists by mutual consent and will doubtless continue as long as the business is profitable to both parties. The mayor has pointed with pride to its results. He is satisfied that the public treasury shall participate in the profits of games prohibited by law, but protected by his police. Gaming has always been under the ban of the law, but here is a scheme of public finance that fosters it as an industry productive of revenue. It is thus the interest of the city that crime shall be remunerative to criminals, since the treasury is to share in the dividends.

The mayor has quadrupled the number of arrests. But these do not evidence crime suppressed or criminals punished. They constitute the formal ceremony by which is assured a division of the profits of the gaming tables. The "fines" have increased to a handsome monthly return of some \$3,000, which the mayor exhibits as evidence of the superior financial management of his administration. There is room to expect that with proper encouragement the new industry can be made to yield still larger returns.

It is not possible that the legislature will ever make gaming a lawful vocation, subject to a legal occupation tax. Deference to a certain modicum of moral sense still extant among the people restrains the city from asking such a charter. The same result, however, can be obtained, and as the mayor shows, has been obtained by the simple device of suspending the law, the oaths of office, and the rules of conscience. The municipal court enters heartily into the plan. The bail money, which represents the city's share of the criminal business, is collected, and the accused is told to go and sin some more. The police are instructed to open their eyes only once each calendar month, and then not for any legal purpose, but only to obtain for the city the illegitimate fruits of the arrangement.

It is difficult to see where the principle thus applied is going to stop. It is one thing and a bad enough thing in itself for a city government instituted for the purpose of enforcing the law, to neglect its duties in that regard. It is another and different thing to make a coalition with violators of law for a share of the proceeds of illegal practices, for the benefit of the public treasury.

There are some governments that license gambling. It is made a legitimate business. But in such case there is no pretense. The officers do not violate their legal duty in collecting the tax. The corruption is open and avowed. The plan of the city administration lacks that merit. It does not call things by their right names. It covers its processes in a legal nomenclature by pretended "arrests" and "fines," when the real transaction is an agreement that the law shall be disregarded for an express consideration. The fact that this consideration goes into the treasury is perhaps relied on as a justification. That assumes a corruptible public conscience. The mayor may have a defense, but it is over-due.

## The Dakota Divorce.

In a case now pending before Sir Francis Jeune, in London, a South Dakota divorce, secured after six months' temporary residence, has been characterized by counsel as not only invalid, but as a "fraud on civilized jurisprudence." It will probably be news to the majority of Americans, says the Chicago Record-Herald, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that this position tallies almost exactly with that of our own federal supreme court as expressed in two recent decisions.

The cases at issue in Washington were Dakota divorces that had been declared invalid, the one by a Massachusetts, the other by an Oklahoma court. The supreme justices decided five to three that a temporary "legal residence" in South Dakota was not a bona-fide residence in such sense as to strip the applicant for divorce of his citizenship in some other state and make him properly a citizen of South Dakota, and that consequently the South Dakota decree of divorce had no more binding authority in other states than if it had been rendered on the application of persons who had not even a pretense to citizenship.

The theory on which the validity of these divorces has heretofore been upheld in this country is based on the provision of the federal constitution that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other state." From this would follow the principle that a divorce valid where granted is valid everywhere.

The division between the justices indicates that three of them accepted this conclusion literally, while the other five, the majority, looked upon the fraudulent element in the temporary citizenship as the determining element.

In the future, therefore, the Dakota divorce must be respected by the courts of other states only where the applicant had become a permanent, bona-fide Dakotan.

This assures to each state the right to protect the marriage tie of its own citizens. It applies as completely, of course, to the relations between Illinois and other states as to the relations between Dakota and other states.

## Apple and Popcorn Times.

From the Boston Herald.  
The New England apple crop is going to be the first ripe this year and the popcorn crop fully up to the average. This indicates that there are to be some pleasant times spent before the open fire during the long evenings of the coming winter.

## The Latest.

From the Buffalo Courier.  
"Since the wager between Sir Thomas and the Reliance men the proper slang is 'bet your binnacle,'" says the Evening News. To be strictly British as well as nautical, the phrase, however, should be 'bet your boom-binnacle.'

## ENGLISHMEN'S AMUSEMENTS.

What Prominent Men Themselves Set Down as Their Recreation.

Spectator in the Outlook.  
The Spectator had an hour's amusement in learning what amuses other folks, as described by themselves in the pages of "Who's Who." In the first place he notices an international difference. The English book of that name, which is the one here referred to, apparently regards a man's or woman's recreations as a matter of special significance. The American "Who's Who" does not report them. Probably most Americans are still somewhat reluctant to admit in print that they have any amusements; it would seem that they did not take life seriously enough. An occasional American, however, finds his way into the pages of the transatlantic "Who's Who," and who is not unwilling, to let his English cousins know that he, too, can unbend. One notices that many Americans find it difficult to "sink the shop" even in their recreations. That dean of American printers, for instance, Mr. Theodore De Vinne, has for his recreations "Books and Prints!" Another American, Edgar Saltus, gives as his only recreation "Work." How much pleasanter it is to read of the habits of athletic Englishmen, such as for instance, C. J. Longman, of the well-known publishing firm, who is put down as the champion of England at archery and as a devotee of football. Arthur J. Balfour, "Captain Royal and Ancient Golf Club, president Cyclists' union, motorist," John Burns, the labor member of parliament, whose recreations are "cricket, skating, rowing, boxing." But as a boxer John Burns might not be in the same class with our own Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia publisher, whose only recreation is given as "boxing—boxed exhibition bouts with many of the leading professional pugilists; encountered Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-champion heavyweight pugilist of the world, for three rounds at the Pen and Pencil Club, Philadelphia, 1894.

Some of the more amusing or characteristic of these entries under the head of "Recreations" the Spectator notes at random as follows: Israel Zangwill, all forms of locomotion except ballooning; Lord Roberts, hunting, bicycling; Herbert Spencer was given to salmon and sea trout fishing, until prevented by ill health; Sir Robert Giffen, whist and chess; Julia Ward Howe, reasonable society, music, club meetings; George Meredith, a great reader, especially of French literature, has in his time been a great walker; George Bernard Shaw, anything except sport (this should perhaps be accompanied by the preceding sentence as an explanation, "Diet, vegetarian"); Tommaso Salvini, very fond of billiards, Poulton Bigelow, on the other hand, no indoor sports; Sir Henry Irving, acting (another illustration of a man's inability to get away from his work); Thomas Hardy, cycling, architecture; Father Ignatius, eight services a day in Lanthony Abbey church; Miss Jeanette Gilder, loafing in Europe; John Burroughs, walking, fishing; Sir Charles Dilke, rapier fencing, light-pair rowing, best boat sculling, riding; Lady Dilke, riding, book collecting. Mrs. Humphrey Ward seems to have no recreations, but her husband is addicted to "shooting, formerly cricket." The Countess of Warwick has the encouragement of gardening as a hobby, is an expert horsewoman, hunts with Warwickshire and Essex hounds; both at Warwick castle and Easton lodge has established a complete organization for welfare of poor and nursing of sick; is a great reader; reads every important new book; Maj.-Gen. Eardley-Wilmot, polo, cricket, fishing, shooting, pig sticking, tent pegging, lime getting. The two last named amusements seem to have the flavor of novelty to an American.

One of the strangest revelations of character here given is that of Gen. Weyler, formerly of Cuba, now of Madrid. His gentle spirit finds refreshment in "country life, and most favorite" riding; he does not smoke nor drink spirits; he is not fond of bull-fighting, very little of music, theatre and all public recreations. A Spaniard and not a smoker or drinker! A Weyler and not fond of the bull-fight! Perhaps it is true, however, that soldiers like to get away from suggestions of gore in their recreations; it seems to be so in the case of another soldier of better reputation, namely, Gen. Baden-Powell, who amuses himself with "ballooning, yachting and cycling," as well as with shooting. The Spectator will close his quotations with one about a war correspondent of some note, Mr. Charles Williams, who recreates himself with "fishing, photography, ritual, reading naval trips." Pray what precisely may "ritual" mean in that connection? The Spectator would include this among the unsolved problems suggested by his search for the elusive amusement.

## Southern Speech.

From the Columbia, S. C., State.  
English pronunciation is constantly changing at home, and the speech of the United States is drawing away from that of the old country—especially in the matter of giving more distinctness to the sounds of different syllables and letters. To what extent any section shall change old and accepted usage for innovations is entirely a matter of taste. In the past the South was noted for its adherence to the best English custom and for its correctness in grammar and pronunciation. Sounds that are now ridiculed or considered provincial were accurately correct then. Why should they not be correct today?

The people of the South have softer manners and softer dispositions than their Northern neighbors. These are chief attractions, and should not be lost. As language has much to do with conduct, the loss of musical speech hardens the disposition. Not only are teachers in the South teaching their pupils to drop their distinctive Southern utterances, but they proceed to extremes and teach an exaggerated species of the New England standard. There is a fashion of speech for our section and a fashion for the other. Both can be made to approximate to a norm, but each should retain its own individuality. Each section also has its own defects and impurities of speech, but these may be remedied without the necessity of going over entirely to another standard.

## The Journal Is All Right.

From the Aurora Borealis.  
The Portland Journal, on next Friday, August 28, in an effort to secure 10,000 new subscribers, offers to give the Daily Journal one year for only \$2.50. The offer is good for one day only. The Journal is a comparatively young paper, but is fully equal to any daily newspaper in the state and is unequalled for market and hop news.

## Gay Wall Street.

From the Philadelphia Record.  
Wall street is a cheerful place. It is no sort of a place for a man who refuses to be gay. It cheers up one day because a couple of dozen brokers have failed and the worst is over, and the next day it cheers up because no one failed and everything looks so bright and prosperous.

## FINANCIAL PRINCES.

The Young Who Will Rule Things in the Coming Generation.

From the Denver Post.  
Americans have been wont to look with scorn on the law of inheritance which rules the disposition of estates and family wealth among the nobility of European countries.

Let them look to the state of affairs in their own country.  
Here in the United States, among the rulers of the financial and commercial world, is a growing observation of the law of primogeniture which corresponds almost exactly with that of foreign countries and which promises to become even more conservative, for not only will the estates, but the management of the entire family fortune, pass into the hands of the eldest son.

Two thirds of the country's wealth will thus be tied up in the hands of a few, for these American multi-millionaires whose names are well known and respected throughout the business world own among them over one half the great riches contained in this big nation.

This enormous private possession has not come all at once, but has been growing steadily for four or five generations, gradually strengthening the unwritten law of primogeniture.

The Vanderbilts were the first to observe this system of entail, and from the old "Commodore" to Alfred G., the present guardian of the Vanderbilt millions, the family wealth has passed straight from the head of one generation to that of the next.

Although Alfred is the second son of Cornelius pere, he has been acknowledged the head of the family ever since his father—estranged from young Cornelius on account of the young man's marriage—left the bulk of his huge fortune as well as his business instincts to Alfred.

The "Commodore" left his son, William H., a goodly sum when he departed this world and its business worries, and William H. fell heir to not only the money, but the money-making brains of the "first" of the Vanderbilts.  
It rested on Alfred G.'s father, Cornelius, Sr., to break the law of succession and thus make the exception that proved the rule.

Since the Vanderbilt millions and the New York Central railroad have been in the care of Cornelius Vanderbilt's second son they have showed a marked rising, thus justifying the father's choice of his heir. By the time the next heir to the Vanderbilt throne, Alfred G.'s small son—who now shows an unmistakable preference for gold and silver baubles—takes possession, he will have to have his sire's and grandfathers' business capabilities developed to their fullest extent to enable him to take care of the Vanderbilt wealth.

Though the millionaire history of John Pierpont Morgan has not been established as long as that of the Vanderbilts, it is placed on quite as firm a basis, and the old gentleman is taking steps to fix the law of primogeniture quite as strongly in his own family as it has been for many generations back in the oldest noble families in England.

On J. P. Morgan, Jr., will descend the cloak of shrewdness and far-sightedness in financial matters that enabled his father to build up one of the biggest fortunes on the face of the globe, and put himself at the head of a banking firm whose name is synonymous with financial power the world over.

The \$72,000,000 that descended to Alfred G. Vanderbilt is a small amount compared with the fabulous wealth that will come into the power of J. P. Morgan, Jr., on the death of his father.

The great magnate has rigidly trained his only son and heir for the enormous responsibility which he will one day hold alone, and is well satisfied with the financial instincts that the young man has exhibited for some time past.

It is impossible to give an estimate of the wealth to which the son is heir presumptive, for it is not piled up, but kept moving.  
Young Morgan is showing that he is perfectly capable of controlling other people's money and estates, amounting to over \$4,000,000,000, and his father has no fear that his trust will not be left in able hands.

Young "Charlie" Gates is carrying out the traditions of his family and delighting his father's heart by his remarkable and continual successes in the performance of his duties as a member of the great firm of Harris, Gates & Co., which is dreaded and followed on Wall street, and of which John W. Gates, the father, is a special partner.

The son is undoubtedly one of the coming financiers of the country, and, having the advantage of parental tutelage, has already made a name for himself that is a close rival to the reputations gained by men who have been in the financial world for many years.

The American money-makers must all bow to one woman as their equal, if not their superior, and that woman is Hetty Green.

Like J. P. Morgan, she begins the line of multi-millionaires in her family, and like him, she has but one son to whom all her wealth will go.

Edward H. R. Green's name has already become one of the leading powers in the financial world, but it is strengthened by his mother's wide reputation.  
When she dies he will have to depend on his own resources, and then will be determined whether the Green millions will descend from eldest son to eldest son in ever increasing numbers, as it has been increasing for a long time past under the shrewd eye of New York's mistress of finance, or whether it will be distributed by a lavish hand to the four winds of heaven.

General opinion decrees that Edward Green is amply fitted to follow out the methods of his industrious mother to good advantage.

The greatest name among all the multi-millionaires in the financial and commercial world is that of Rockefeller.

In the race for ten figures the Rockefellers have a long lead, and if John D. Rockefeller Jr. lives and carries out the plans of his father he will probably win the race.

The Rockefeller wealth is now estimated at \$400,000,000. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is being trained by his father to rule the Standard Oil Trust so that there may be no break in the management at the time of the parent's death.

While the Rockefeller girls will not be forgotten, they will receive only a few millions apiece. They have married well, are proud of their father and acquiesce in his plan to make his namesake his chief heir.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has never been pampered by his father. In college he spent more than the son of one of his father's clerks, and he became a clerk himself. Until he showed that he was his father's own boy

in the way of finance he was kept on a small monthly allowance, and if he overran the amount he could borrow from his father at 6 per cent, the principal and the interest of the debt to be subtracted from the next month.

But John D. Rockefeller, Jr., never overran his account, and in that he gave promise of the careful business man who was to succeed to the guardianship of his father's wealth.

The Standard Oil Trust has had no more competent and energetic head in Rockefeller Sr., than it will have in the son.

These young men, the sons of America's money kings, are the ones to whom the country looks for its future prosperity. By lifting a hand anyone of them could turn the tide of prosperity or ruin whither he pleased, but, knowing the power of accrued millions, each one will keep what he has and will add more and pass it along.

When Jay Gould made out his will he had one central idea, and that was to keep the money in the family and make his eldest son, George J. Gould, the manager of the estate. This has been done, and could the shade of the founder of the Gould family revisit the earth it would see that the plan has worked admirably.

The Gould fortune is now about \$150,000,000, having increased more than \$50,000,000 since the death of Jay Gould in 1892. George Gould's share in the estate and what he has made outside for himself is estimated at \$70,000,000. As the head of the family he will brook no speculation by any of its members, and he is the court of last resort in all financial questions, if not in other disputed points.

Those who know Mr. Gould well believe that he will hand down the family fortune to the reigning Gould of the next generation largely increased and surrounded by further safeguards.

## A WHITE MAN'S LOVE FOR A NEGRO.

How Owen Snuffer Risked the Union Fire to Comfort George McDonald.

From the Kansas City Journal.  
The Osceola Democrat has started a movement for the purpose of raising money to send "Uncle George" McDonald of St. Clair county, one of the few colored Confederate veterans in the state, and perhaps the only one, to the Confederate reunion at Columbia next month. "Uncle George" went with the Confederates that enlisted from St. Clair county, and fought in several engagements. At Wilson's Creek, where a minie ball ploughed through his hip and a buckshot struck him in the face, he was made the object of one of the finest displays of heroism witnessed anywhere in the war.

George lay groaning upon the ground when he was found by Owen Snuffer, Lieutenant of his company. For Snuffer, the Osceola Democrat says, "George had all the affection which a pet negro slave lavished upon his master," and Snuffer knew it. The white man stooped down, examined the black man's wounds and staunch the flow of blood from them. "For God's sake," cried the suffering negro, "give me a drink of water." Snuffer's canteen was empty, but midway between the firing lines was a well. "To reach it," the Democrat continues, "was to become the target of sharpshooters, and it meant almost certain death. But the groans of his black friend were more powerful than the love of life, and with bullets falling around him like hailstones he pushed forward until the well was reached. And then he discovered that the bucket had been taken away and the windlass removed. The water was 30 feet down and the depth unknown.

"The well was an old-fashioned stone walled one and Owen determined to get water or know the reason why. He pulled off his long cavalry boots and taking one in his teeth he let himself down slowly, laboriously, hand over hand until the water was reached and the boot filled, and then he began climbing up the same way he went down, straddling the well and clutching with hands and feet at the rocky walls. Reaching the surface again he picked up the other boot and safely made his way back to the Confederate lines. George drank copiously and then the cooling water was poured upon his burning wound. Although he lives at Monegaw, he still insists that the only water fit to drink was that which he drained out of that boot.

"Returning from the war, he settled near Monegaw Springs and has raised a most intelligent, honest, industrious family. One of his children educated himself, graduated at the Smith university, in Sedalia, and is now in charge of a church in Kansas. Another is waiter at the Commercial hotel in Osceola and is known for his strict integrity.  
"The satisfaction of seeing an honest negro giving the old rebel yell will be sufficient recompense," the Democrat thinks, "for the small amount of money required to give him perhaps the last opportunity to march again in the rapidly thinning ranks of those who wore the gray."

## Anecdotes of the New Pope.

In the flood of ink that has followed the election of Pius X, some queer things turn up among the jetsam, and after examining them all one is forced to the conclusion that the present Pope is the most democratic man that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. To the architects and decorators of the Vatican charged with the duty of fixing up his apartments he gave strict orders to put everything in line with strict simplicity, "and above all," said he, "no mirrors!"  
After the reception of the diplomatic corps he took the elevator to reach his quarters. The two guards accompanying him ran up the stairs, two and three steps to the bound, in order to be ready to salute him as he came out of the box. They succeeded, and stood almost breathless before him. "Boys" ("ragazzi"), said his Holiness, "never do that again. In such warm weather it might be injurious."

In the numerous audiences which he gave to the visitors he showed untiring patience. He blessed all the objects of piety that were presented to him and distributed innumerable autographs. Repeatedly, in contempt of the old usage, he vigorously lifted up the ladies who knelt before him. When Baron d'Antas, the dean of the diplomatic corps at the Holy See, was taking his departure the Pope, again breaking loose from old forms, waved every one aside and personally conducted the old baron to the door of the throne room.

His captivity in the Vatican may come hard upon Pius X. He was a grand tramp and loved to roam through the country. He was fond of bowling, and in the evenings loved a game of tressette, a sort of Italian whist. All that is now over, and it is said that he already complains of sleeping poorly in the Vatican.

Something Doing in Italy.  
From the Galveston News.  
There is always something doing in Italy. When the chamber of deputies is not railing, smoke Vesuvius is in eruption.

## SHORT STORIES

### Statesmen and Passes.

From the New York Evening Post.  
"Speaking of Congressman Baker's refusal of a pass offered him by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad," said a Westerner, "have you ever heard the story of the Kansas legislator who started an agitation for purity in politics?"

"Fellow legislators," said he on the opening day of the legislature, standing up for a speech and putting on a look of righteous determination, "let us make this session long to be remembered by having it wholly free from any taint of dishonesty."

"He made a long speech in this strain and ended by stepping up to the stenographer's table and laying down a railroad pass."

"In order to back my words with deeds," he concluded, "I will lay down my pass on this table; and I urge every other member of this legislature who stands for clean government to step up and do likewise."

"Not a soul stirred."  
The speaker watched them for a few moments with a triumphant gleam in his eyes. Presently, when everybody had had a chance to lay down his pass and nobody had improved it, he burst out:

"Not an honest man in the chamber! Very well. You thought you had me, didn't you? Well, you haven't. That's last year's pass."

### He Jumped to Conclusions.

From the New York Press.  
She was a good mother and wife, and it was a shame that no agent would rent her a flat on account of her babies. Finally the maternal instinct prevailed. She found a device. Agent No. 6—"We have just what you want; seven rooms and bath. How many children have you?" She replied, with a silent prayer for forgiveness: "I have five and they are all in the cemetery." The agent was affected. The lease was signed, a month's rent was paid, and the family moved in. When the agent came for the second month's rent he was amazed to find five little chaps playing around. "Why, madame, you said your five children were all dead! How is this?" She smilingly corrected him: "No; I said they were in the cemetery. They were taking a walk."

### The Best Laid Plans.

From Harper's Weekly.  
"A story is being told in London about a man prominent in public life, whose name may not be mentioned, which illustrates the insecurity of human preparations. He was planning an entertainment in an elaborate scale, to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country seat. Unfortunately, his nearest neighbor, a close relative, is highly uncongenial to himself and his intimates, and he racked his brain to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of inviting the undesirable cousin to be among his guests."

"I have it," he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play tonight in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theatre."

The tickets were accordingly sent, and the host, with an easy conscience, proceeded to enjoy life company of his friends. But his satisfaction was of short duration. At the height of the festivities in walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made," he announced as he approached his cousin: "as soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night, so I got them changed for tomorrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."

### In Its Natural State.

From the New York Times.  
James H. McDonald is the highway commissioner of Connecticut, and in the course of his travels through the 168 towns in the state sometimes finds himself at luncheon time without means of satisfying his hunger, unless he will accept the hospitality of the first selectman of the town, which he generally does.

"I've eaten so much codfish as to make for the prosperity of the Massachusetts fishing industry," he said recently. "I expect before I die to turn into a pillar of salt like Lot's wife."

Mr. McDonald tells a story of his visit to a small town, where he was thus entertained, and where he listened to the same old apology for codfish.

"How do you like your codfish," the housewife asked of the assistant superintendent of highway construction, R. G. Pike, "I like mine," he answered, "picked up fine, with milk and potato."

"How do like yours?" she asked of a visiting town official, and he "loved he like a little more potato and made into cake as thin as to brown eye."

"How do you like yours, commissioner?" she finally inquired of Mr. McDonald.

"If it is all the same to you, my good woman," said he, "I like mine swimming."

### Some Good in Sight.

From the London Globe.  
His majesty's successful visit reminds us of an Irish story which has not been told in print. In the year 1885 an English gentleman and his wife were being driven about Ireland by a rather melancholy Jarvey, who could see no silver lining to the cloud overshadowing his country and his own particular trade. "Never mind, Pat," said the Englishman, "you'll have a grand time when they give you home rule." "Bedad, yer hanner, and we will—for a week." "Why for a week?" "Drivin' all the ginty to the boat," answered Pat.

### Prayed Too Much.

Forbes Robertson, the English actor, who will visit the United States this fall, told a Hamlet story at the dinner that was recently given in London to Conan Doyle