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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAYOR.

Hon. George H. Williams, Mayor of Portland:

THE JOURNAL has from time to time drawn public attention to that policy of your administration which consists in suspending for revenue certain laws of the city and state. You have, at intervals, made it sufficiently clear that you mean to pursue that policy, but your defense has been fragmentary and inconclusive. It lacks the merit of that clear exposition for which your style is remarkable. If it be not presuming too much, The Journal requests, on behalf of your constituents, a brief statement of the grounds on which you assume the right and power, as mayor of this city, to collect money from gaming houses upon your undertaking that you will see that the gaming laws shall not be faithfully, or in any particular executed against those and those only who pay the money. That is a question that you have not touched in any public utterance. So far you have limited yourself to maintaining that it will be of public benefit to suspend rather than to enforce the laws; that your policy prevents the private corruption of your officers; that the encouragement of publicity in the conduct of the illegal business by the security and immunity your policy affords it, ameliorates its evils; and finally that it is a profitable financial measure. The Journal takes leave to say to you, that in its opinion, none of the propositions you maintain are pertinent until you shall have first established your legal and moral right, upon any consideration whatever, or for any reason whatever, to annul any law, and especially to annul it for a pecuniary consideration. That is the question that lies at your threshold. You must solve it in the affirmative before you can properly urge the wisdom of your policy.

It is a doctrine that has never been promulgated in any free country. Laws have indeed, ere this, been violated with impunity; bribes have been taken; corruption has flourished; the legal machinery has been prostituted. But no statesman of probity and learning, not even the guilty perpetrators have ever pretended that such things were legally or morally right. Whenever and wherever such conduct has come to light, there have been at most, pleas for mercy, palliation, extenuation. No one in this country has ever ventured to claim a legal right to violate the law. History records but one defense like that. Warren Hastings made a plea hardly distinguishable from it, for he justified the legal necessity of the corruption of his Indian government. Neither his example nor his fate is alluring.

Your legal learning and ability will forgo you from pretending that your policy is legal. You will admit that it is illegal; that every simulated arrest without any purpose of prosecution is void; that every forfeiture of bail deposited not for the purpose of procuring attendance, but to collect it as revenue is a fraud on the law; that every dollar so collected is tainted with what the law, not over nice in expression, calls a corrupt compact. You will admit these things because they involve indisputable legal propositions with which your learning makes you acquainted. Admitting them, then, on what legal ground does your policy rest?

Or are you ready to announce in explicit terms that you intend to recognize the binding force of only such laws as please you? Have the people in electing you, adopted without knowing it, a new revenue law, a new criminal code and a new code of morals?

When you have given your attention to these fundamental questions, it will be time enough to discuss with you whether you are justified in forestalling the corruption of your officers by having corruption enure to the public treasury; whether public gaming under official sanction is better than secret gaming under official ban; whether the money so derived really compensates for those evils which you admit and deplore; whether, in short, your policy were it legalized, is good or bad.

The Journal addresses you with that respect your years and character command. It uses no indelicate illustrations to divert your attention from public to private considerations. It has rescued, it ventures to believe, from some confusion the real question for you to determine. For itself it believes, that the law, and not the mayor, ought to govern, but it is open to conviction on proper proof that its position is false or ill-founded.

THE OFFICIAL PROBE READY FOR WORK.

THE OFFICIAL investigation by the district attorney into the boodling that formerly prevailed at the county courthouse is the culmination of the disclosures made in the columns of The Journal. For many weeks The Journal has been engaged in a searching inquiry into the acts of the corrupt ring that was systematically robbing the county and the taxpayers, for a series of years. The results of this inquiry are well known to the public. Conclusive evidence was discovered that frauds of the most glaring character had been perpetrated. Public records had been falsified, taxes had been cancelled upon forged petitions, thousands of dollars had been stolen outright by the thieves employed as deputies in the county clerk's office. The proofs of these crimes have been published from time to time in the columns of The Journal. As the result of The Journal's efforts, the

district attorney now has a mass of information which should be of the utmost value in bringing to justice all who were concerned in these frauds. The articles published in this paper furnish him with the evidence gathered through weeks of examination of the public records and the interrogation of numberless witnesses.

The discoveries made by the expert employed by the county will be of great value to the district attorney, as they have been to The Journal, but the field of the expert's inquiries has necessarily been circumscribed. It was not his business to go outside of the courthouse in his investigation, as The Journal has done, and it was therefore impossible for him to follow up all the clues which he found. He is now engaged in examining the books of ex-Sheriff Frazier, and in all probability his report, when presented, will open up new lines of inquiry for the district attorney.

In all this investigation, not the slightest assistance has been given by the Oregonian or its evening understudy. They have belittled the efforts of those engaged in unearthing the frauds and have ignored the results obtained. Their attitude has plainly betrayed the hope that the investigation would prove futile, and their only anxiety has seemed to be to shield the boodlers, rather than to expose them. To all intents and purposes they have become accessories after the fact in the crimes committed against the county and the taxpayers.

But the policy pursued by these papers will have no influence upon the final outcome. The exposure of official wrongdoing will continue. And the district attorney's investigation will soon give official confirmation to all of the disclosures made by The Journal.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON A THREE BARRELED VIEW.

THE esteemed Oregonian has a grievance; indeed it has an assortment of them, but only one for the moment concerns The Journal. In a three-barreled editorial article telling the world in flowing language that President Roosevelt is all right (while on another page of the same issue it accuses him of accepting thousands of dollars in the way of gratuities from the railroads of the country) it argues with much cogency that President Roosevelt being all right, it naturally follows that Mayor Williams must be all right for precisely the same reason (that is, the Oregonian says it's so) from which it follows logically and naturally that it must be a mistake for anybody to urge speed in jetty construction, for the engineers having begun the work with that calm deliberation and haughty disregard of time (which was made for slaves) cannot now be expected to alter their way even though the commerce of the great round world depended upon it. All of which, whether segregated into heads or viewed consecutively in logical procession, is so dazzlingly clear, so manifest and self-evident, the only occasion for possible surprise is that it has been left for the thought factory of the Oregonian to discover and promulgate it.

"Somebody has just found out," it goes on to say in its familiar, self-sufficient way, "that rock is being quarried and machinery shipped from the East for the Grant, and the deuce is to pay. Somebody is getting busy about something which should have enlisted attention, if at all, long ago."

The "somebody" thus alluded to by indirection is The Journal. We beg leave to say that the real point at issue was not that rock was being quarried but that it was not being quarried either in quantities or in qualities called for by the specifications of the contract. If, under the provisions of the contract, an average of 2,000 tons of rock of the three specified classes was to be delivered daily at the jetty and if instead an average of 800 tons was being received this manifestly meant that it was going to take three times as long as was contemplated to finish the first and smaller contract. If the time were lengthened out in the same proportion for the second contract which was three times as large (if indeed it could then be completed, which The Journal has good reason to doubt) all of this might be perfectly satisfactory to the calm philosophers of the Oregonian but the red-blooded people of Portland, who are looking for results and who are vitally interested in improving the Columbia bar at the earliest possible moment, might be expected to rise in their wrath and emit a few prolonged and hearty howls, which is precisely what they have done.

A few days since the erratic Oregonian denounced Portland's lack of foresight in failing to push the preliminaries a year ago. It charged that all the blame of delay in this year's jetty construction might be traced back to our inactivity then. This was a most admirable display of hindsight and as such it was not unworthy of appreciation. But taking heed of the lesson in the hindsight The Journal is disposed to exercise a little foresight so that the hindsight put in operation by the Oregonian a year hence may not show so many distressing examples of what might have been. If anything can now be done in expediting the work by a year or two the progressive people of this city are disposed to do it not rather than to growl about it afterward or draw lessons from its failure, which, like the Oregonian, they are unwilling to apply.

Where the public interests are involved The Journal is no respecter of persons neither has it any profound reverence for the red tape that would strangle enterprise or the dignified governmental methods which would do in five years what might just as well be done in two.

As for the dredge Grant if the Oregonian possessed any information about the progress of its conversion it acted very indiscreetly indeed in withholding it from its famished readers. It did worse, for it misled them by clamorously demanding information through its own columns instead of going after it as The Journal did and getting it piping hot from Capt. Sanford, the engineer in charge at Mare Island, who was precisely the man to tell what was the cause of the delay and when the Grant would be ready for action.

KAISER WILHELM.

As Others See Him and as He Sees Himself.

From Harper's Weekly. Count Lyef Tolstol's new pastoral epistle is chiefly interesting for a vivid characterization of the German emperor, which has led to a prosecution of the publisher, and the burning of the document by the common hangman. What, asks Count Tolstol, must be going on in the head of some William of Germany, a man of limited understanding, little education, and with a great deal of ambition, whose ideals are those of a German junker, when any silly or horrid thing he may say is always met with an enthusiastic "Hoch!" and commented on as if it were something very important, by the press of the whole world?

He says that the soldiers should be prepared to kill their own fathers in obedience to his command. The answer is: "Hurrah!" He says the gospels must be introduced with a malediction: "Hurrah!" He says that the army must take no prisoners in China, but kill all, and he is not placed in a lunatic asylum, but they cry, "Hurrah!" and set sail for China to execute his orders.

All who surround him, men and women, clerics or laymen, vie with each in flattering him continually, making it impossible for him to show life as it is.

So far Tolstol. Compare with what he says the following passage from a private letter, received a few days ago, the writer of which belongs to the most aristocratic and imperialist section of German society, in which the doctrine of divine right is heartily believed. Contrasting American conditions with those of Europe, the writer says: "How hard it would be for you to accept the conditions we have here in Germany; everywhere you would meet the irksome limitations of outworn prejudices; social conditions out of all harmony with things as they are; a political school that seeks to change everything, but has no conscious goal. So it is on all hands; just now the elections for the reichstag, at which the social democrats have won such brilliant victories, are opening the eyes of even the narrowest optimists to the great dangers toward which the German empire is hastening. But our brilliantly gifted emperor surrounds himself with mere flatterers and eye-servers, who hide from him the truth and reality of today. But I forget that you probably care little for our German problems, and take small interest in their solution."

Not so caustic in expression as Tolstol, and, it goes without saying, totally out of sympathy with his millennial ideals, this highly placed German writer nevertheless gives us a view of the position and character of the kaiser, which is substantially identical with Tolstol's. It is only fair, as a set off, to give the kaiser's opinion of himself, as delivered at the Cassel banquet.

The kaiser tells us that he owes very much to his tutors, who made him capable of putting on his shoulders that burden of toil which grows heavier day by day. Although these good tutors were aware of the immense responsibility they had undertaken, utilizing every moment to prepare the future kaiser for his high calling, none of them had a clear prevision of the immense burden of labor, the terribly depressing weight which must be borne by him who is responsible for 58,000,000 of Germans. Not for a moment does the kaiser regret the studies he once thought severe, and he now declares that work and the life of work have become to him a second nature.

ROMANCE OF THE PAPACY.

Secrets of Vatican That Have Reached Public Knowledge.

From the London Tattler. As a rule the secrets of the Vatican are well kept and most of the stories that are told apropos of the new pope must be taken with a grain of salt. Now and again, however, something of the romance of the papacy really leaks out, though not through the channels, for example, of the strange case of Pope Pius IX, pretty well known a generation ago, but now almost forgotten. In his younger days, when he was Count Mastal Ferrati and a layman he met and fell in love with Miss Foster, daughter of the Irish Protestant bishop of Kilmore, who was living in Italy with her sister, Mme. De Salis. Miss Foster favored the young count, but Mme. De Salis drove the lover away. Afterward she relented, the count returned and the wedding day was fixed. On the appointed day the bride and her friends were at the church, but no bridegroom appeared and Count Mastal Ferrati was never seen again. Years afterward Miss Foster went to see Pope Pius IX and was astonished to recognize in the pontiff her old flame the count.

The most sensational novelist could not have invented a plot more fascinating than the real story of Pope Leo's predecessor, Mme. De Salis had made an unhappy marriage with an Italian, and her parents, fearing a similar fate for the younger daughter, made her promise to guard Miss Foster against a union with a foreigner, hence her interference to separate the lovers; it was only when her sister pined away that Mme. De Salis relented. The disappearance of the count has quite a flavor of Dumas about it. Unknown to his fiancee he was bound to the Jesuits, and his superiors in the order temporarily sent him away on a mission to prevent his marriage with an Englishman and a Protestant. Letters were intercepted and he was led to believe that she had married another, so he took orders and rapidly rose to be bishop, then cardinal and eventually pope. Then in the height of his grandeur he was brought face to face with the woman he had loved and lost. Nothing more dramatic has ever been staged.

Come High in Russia.

Cable in the New York World. Kisses are actionable in southern Russia, but the many cases before the local magistrates prove that the little god of love defies law as well as locks.

A kiss in the street costs the indiscreet osculator a fine of \$3.

To embrace one's fiancee in public is a privilege valued at \$2.40.

A declaration of a "great passion" by postcard is subject to a fine of \$2.40.

The public must be protected and the disturbing influence of such sights is assessed at a figure calculated to discourage impetuosity.

Heavy Snow in the Northwest.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin. With snow three feet deep in Manitoba, the stockmen well-nigh crazy over the exposure of their herds, the Canadian Northwest does not seem as enticing to settlers as it did in the good old summer time. The trouble is that the good old summer time does not last long in the Canadian Northwest, and winter is apt to poke in before the middle of September.

A YANKEE IN RUSSIA.

Pittsburg Man Reforming Street Railways in Czar's Realm.

W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald. Murray Verner of Pittsburg is building an extensive system of street railways in St. Petersburg for the Russian government, and when he has completed it he will go to Moscow and modernize the transportation facilities of that ancient city. One great advantage of doing business in Russia is that you have to deal with an autocrat who can do exactly as he pleases and whose word is final. It is sometimes difficult to reach him, because he is surrounded by an army of bureaucrats, all of whom have more or less authority and influence, but Mr. Verner seems to have got to the middle of things, and, by his indomitable determination, now controls the street-car system of the Russian capital.

Verner is a typical American. He was born on a farm in Western Pennsylvania, and went to Pittsburg when he was about 17 years old and a big, strapping country boy, looking for a job. He secured employment as a street-car driver, and soon attracted attention, because his car was always on schedule time and his horses were always in good condition. The superintendent noticed his superior knowledge of horse flesh and made him boss of the stables. He then became purchasing agent of the company and bought all the horses for several years, and, finally, when his friend, the old superintendent, died, he stepped into his shoes, so that when 25 years old he was drawing a good salary and occupying a responsible position. His natural energy and ability made him felt in business circles, and when the consolidation of the Pittsburg street railways took place he came out at the top. Finally, at the age of 50, he found himself with a fortune, and for the first time in his life was able to take a little rest and pleasure. When he went to Europe he naturally investigated the street-car systems, and in St. Petersburg and Moscow found the most primitive, old-fashioned service in the world. He determined to reform it if he could, and, after studying the situation for a while and finding the right men to approach, succeeded in getting a concession to replace all the old mule cars with modern underground electric trolleys. The plan was extended from time to time, until now the concession covers the entire capital, which will be gridironed with Verner's tracks.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

George Ade Tells the Simple Story of His Rise to Fame.

George Ade gives the following account of his rise into fame. "In 1890, having risen to a weekly income of \$15, I lit out for Chicago, where I got a job on the Morning News, later the Record as a reporter. The following year I had pretty good assignments, and in 1893 I did special World's Fair stories. When the fair closed up I became the father of a department in the paper called 'Stories of the Street.' I had to fill two columns every day, which, with a cut or two, meant from 1,200 to 2,000 words. My stuff was next to Eugene Field's 'Sharps and Flats.' When Field died I got his desk. I used to get desperate for ideas sometimes.

"One lucky day I wrote a story on a church entertainment in which Artie was the spokesman. That was in 1895. I heard from that story so much that Artie was given a show once a week. In 1898 I ran up against the fable of the old serio-comic form. I had learned from writing my department that all people, and especially women, are more or less fond of parlor slang. In cold blood I began writing the fables to make my department go, but I had no idea that those fantastic things would catch on as they have. My first one was entitled: 'The Blonde Girl Who Married a Bucket-Shop Man.' Soon other papers asked permission to copy the fables, and then to share them with the 'Record,' and by and by a publisher collected them and made up a copyrighted book. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

West Point Permits Tobacco.

From the Philadelphia Press. The relaxation in the rules at West Point against the use of tobacco marks a very considerable alteration in the community as regards the attitude toward the use of tobacco by boys over 17 years of age, as are all the boys at the United States military academy at entrance.

With every aid which military discipline could give, it has proved practically impossible to prevent the use of tobacco at West Point. Concealment, bred by prohibition, turned the boys toward cigarettes. Pipes and tobacco are to be permitted as a compromise.

A century ago the colleges penalized the use of tobacco in public and discouraged its use in private. Even half a century ago some rules lingered on this subject. They have all disappeared. In college tobacco is freely used, and even the fitting schools are less severe in their rules against its use than they once were.

The per capita consumption of tobacco in this country does not increase and the aggregate amount imported and used is very far from keeping pace with the growth of population. Vastly more is used in cigarettes and vastly less in chewing tobacco, but the pounds consumed do not much increase. Our crop has changed little in 20 years and exports have increased. Imports grow because more costly cigars are used, but the total imported is in a small proportion to the aggregate consumption.

But people are easier over the use of tobacco than they once were. More clerical smoke. The open trolley cars permit it. The railroads provide more comfortable quarters for smokers. It is even whispered that the college girl sometimes smokes and that the traveled young woman uses an occasional cigarette. More smoking is seen on the street than was once. Yet the number of smokers is probably less, and the number of young men whom athletics and training keep from smoking is larger than ever.

Carnegie Drives a Bargain.

From the Kansas City Journal. Carnegie is as precise in his benefactions as an old lady buying calico. He gave \$15,000 for a library at Hutchinson, Kan., on condition that the town collect a revenue of \$1,500 annually for its support. As the building neared completion it was found that \$1,000 or more would be needed to finish it off in good shape. The trustees asked Carnegie for this additional sum. He writes from Skibo Castle that he will put up the additional \$1,000 if the town will agree to contribute \$100 more each year in the way of support.

It is Enough.

From the New York Press. A man doesn't have to be bad to be interesting to women; it is sufficient for them to think he is.

EASY TO PICK THE WINNERS.

Yet a Loser May Occasionally and Quite Unexpectedly Be a Winner.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "It is no trouble for a man who has played much poker to step into a room where six or seven men are sitting around a table rattling chips and picking the losers," said the Angel of Commerce, as he lit a fresh cigar and cocked his feet at an angle of 45 degrees—indicating that a new poker story was to be sprung.

"Not long ago when I was down in Texas I got into a game with six other fellows. Two of them, a 'retired capitalist' and a lawyer, I fixed on as winners, and of the five losers luck seemed to run particularly against a little 'cowman,' and at last he was about broke. He seemed to take it badly.

"It was the little loser's deal, and the 'capitalist,' whom I had found to be a sharper, opened for \$250. I stayed, although I had only one ace in my hand, and when I drew four cards I could have dropped off my chair, for I found I had three other aces. The little loser dropped out and after dealing left the room.

"The betting on that hand was furious and there was \$2,000 in the pot when it came to a showdown. There were three flushes out and the 'capitalist' was about to rake in the pot with four kings when I laid down my four aces.

"That took all the spirit out of the game and a few minutes later I left to go to my room. The elevator had stopped running and most of the lights were out. I went down a flight of stairs and turned the corner in the dark corridor, when I stumbled into some one.

"Hello," came a soft voice out of the semi-darkness of the corridor. "Game broke up?"

"Yes," and as I answered I recognized the little loser.

"Queer that there should be so many big hands out and yours the best, wasn't it?"

"That's what it was—just one of those freaks of a poker game."

"It wasn't any freak," said the little man.

"What was it, if it wasn't a freak?"

"A cold deck."

"He told me how he had done it and said he threw the big hand my way, knowing that I would divide up with him, as he was broke."

"But I'm not going to divide the money with you," I cried, exasperated.

"With that the little man pulled a six-shooter from his hip that looked as big as a cannon. He threw it down in my face, and in the calmest, coolest tones I ever heard he remarked: 'You were lucky in that game, and, although you were lucky, you were robbed, and would have been fleeced right if I hadn't saved your bacon as I did. That 'retired capitalist' is nothing more than a professional gambler who makes his money cheating poor devils like you and me. He knows more about cards in a minute than you will know in a lifetime. I figured out that you would clean up a good \$3,000 on that play. Now count out \$1,500 to me, and you may go on."

"But I won't do it."

"You have fooled long enough about this. Half that money is mine. Give it to me. There are six bullets in this gun. I will put three through your heart and take the rest if you refuse."

"I counted out the money."

To the Woman That's Good.

Harold R. Vynne, novelist, poet, former editor of Town Topics, and a prominent figure in the Bohemian life of Chicago, was committed to the lunatic asylum Thursday. The most pretentious literary effort of Mr. Vynne was a novel called "The Woman That's Good." It was chiefly a narrative of his first two matrimonial experiences. The first wife was "the woman that's good." Although she secured a divorce from him, Vynne always entertained the highest respect for her, and made her his heroine. The novel, however, was a fierce attack on his second wife and her father, Col. Mann. It was a sort of apology for himself. Although he did not make himself out blameless, he posed as being much misunderstood.

The following extract from the poetical dedication of the novel, "The Woman That's Good," reflects the character of the author:

O, Youth is a madcap, and Time is a churl! Pleasure palls, and Remorse follows after; The world hattles on in its pitiless whirl, With its kisses, its tears, and its laughter; But there's one gentle heart, in its bosom of white—

Dear love with the tender eyes gleaming, Who has all the wealth of my homage to-night.

Where she lies in her innocent dreaming— And a watch o'er her ever my spirit shall keep.

While the angels lean down to caress her; And I'll pledge her again, in her beautiful sleep—

The Woman that's Good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey was sweet to the slip,

And the song and the dance were alluring— (The mischievous maid with the moustachious lip

Had a charm that was very enduring)— But out from the music and smoke-wreaths and lace

Of that world of the tawdrily clever, There floats the rare spell of the pure little face

That has chased away folly forever! And I pledge my last toast, ere I go to my rest—

O fortunate earth to possess her!— To the dear tender heart in the little white breast

The Woman that's Good—God bless her!

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

Chorus girls' money goes a very short way when it comes to clothes.

It takes a maid to make a widower think of his loss and a widow to make him forget it.

A woman always has an idea that if she had \$100 more of income she could save \$200 more.

It is the man who pushes the baby carriage at home that bullies his woman typewriter in his office.

A woman can get as much fun out of writing a letter of condolence as a man can out of an old pipe with a cracked stem.

Retiring Bank Notes.

From the New York World.

The banks are taking advantage of Secretary Shaw's kind offer of war-tax money on deposit by retiring circulation in order to sell bonds. So far as increasing money supply goes, this is saving at the spigot to waste at the bung.

Their Ready Conclusion.

From the Atchison Globe.

When a married woman is very happy, other women, after seeing her husband, decide that it is because she wants to make the best of it.

SHORT STORIES

Proved Definition.

From the Chicago Journal. The word "furlough" occurred in a reading lesson of an elementary class in one of our large schools. The teacher asked: "Does any little boy or girl know the meaning of the word 'furlough'?" Whereupon one small hand was raised and shaken vigorously in the eagerness of the little urchin to display his knowledge, and, when permitted by the teacher to do so, he arose and with the greatest assurance said: "Furlough means a mule." Not a whit disturbed at the teacher's "Oh, no, it doesn't," the small boy confidently answered: "I have the book at home that says so." Then the teacher told him he might bring the book to school and show it to her.

The next day he came armed with the book and triumphantly showed her the picture of a soldier astride a mule, under which was printed: "Going home on his furlough."

Good Enough to Be True.

From the Springfield Republican. The late Wendell Phillips was once in a hotel at Charleston, had breakfast in his room and was served by a slave. Mr. Phillips spoke to him as an abolitionist, but the other seemed to be more concerned about the breakfast than about himself. Finally Mr. Phillips told him to go away, saying he could not bear to be waited upon by a slave. The other remonstrated: "Scuse me, massa, but I've bliged to stay yere, 'cause I've 'sponsible fo' de silverware."

Was Looking for a Man.

Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland that illustrates well the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament.

The American, a bicyclist, came to the shore of a lone lake, and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and to converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend-who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper and now tossing pebbles into the stream.

The American got off his bicycle to rest, and in an interval of silence he said to the man seated on the bank:

"What is your friend looking for? Oysters?"

"No, my brother-in-law," was the reply.

He Had the Proof.

An English parer tells this story: An uncutivated Boer, who had heard of banks, determined to take some of his savings to one of these places. With this object in view he traveled to Cape Town, found a bank and handed in his cash to the clerk, who in return gave him a bank book. "How much do you charge for taking care of my money?" asked the Boer. The clerk smiled and said: "We don't charge, but will give you money for taking care of it." "Let me have it back at once," said the Boer. "I always thought you British rascals were dishonest; now I am sure of it."

The Song of the Pavement.

From the Philadelphia Press. They took a little gravel, And took a little tar, With various ingredients Imported from afar. They hammered it and rolled it, And when they went away They said they had a pavement That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it To lay a water main; And then they called the workmen To put it back again. To run a railway cable They took it some more; And then they put it back again Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits To run a telephone, And then they put it back again As hard as any stone. They took it up for wires To feed the electric light, And then they put it back again, Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrow— There are patches everywhere; You'd like to ride upon it, But it's seldom that you dare. It's a very handsome pavement, A credit to the town; They're always diggin' of it up Or puttin' of it down.



Gown of blue cloth trimmed with ribbons, forming a lattice. Skirt made with box pleats fastened by crossed pipings. Revers and cuffs of blue silk and white embroidery.