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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

ESTABLISHING A GOOD RECORD

THE SHOWING made by the county court in the management of county affairs for the first six months of this year deserves something more than passing notice. The taxpayers have been so accustomed to hear of increase of indebtedness, supplemented by increase of expense, that it is most refreshing to find a report showing both a reduction in indebtedness and a decrease in expense.

On December 31, 1899, the outstanding county warrants were $286,968.93; on December 31, 1902, they had grown to $522,463.71. In addition to this the levy grew larger, offices which formerly were revenue-producing showed large deficits, thousands of dollars in taxes were canceled, and, as developed by the expert employed by the court, the grossest frauds were perpetrated, if not with the connivance, at least under the very eyes, of those who had sworn to safeguard the county's interests. During all these years the only public protest came from the Taxpayers' league, which steadily pointed out these abuses and succeeded in having many laws passed which were aimed to correct these evils.

At the last election a county board was elected which evidently thought the county affairs should be conducted in a careful and economical manner. The result of its efforts and the law under which it operates is now apparent in the report just published.

The county warrants outstanding on June 30 of this year were $243,397.22. The actual decrease of the indebtedness, however, is not so great as would appear from these figures, for the reason that the great bulk of the taxes are paid in the spring, yet allowing the same ratio of expenses for the first as was incurred in the last six months of the year, a very material reduction will be made, and at the present rate of progress, in all human probability, the debt will be wiped out in three years.

A comparison with the same period of last year will show the actual reduction. On June 30, 1902, the excess of liabilities over resources were $327,602.59; on June 30, 1903, the excess of liabilities over resources were $226,383.86, showing a decrease of $101,218.73.

Nor has this indebtedness been met by excessive taxation. It has been paid by saving and by an intelligent and honest management of affairs by those who hold the purse-strings of the county. The cost of conducting the county business for the first six months of this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, was $45,546.06 less, and it further appears that the cost will average for the same period $43,000 less for like periods since and including the year 1896, which tells a story that should be very plain to every taxpayer.

It will be remembered that the county clerk's office was consolidated with that of recorder and circuit court clerk. When they were run separately a deficit always appeared; now the consolidated office shows a profit to the county. In 1901 the three offices cost $36,362.39; the receipts were $22,876.27, showing a deficit of $13,486.13. For the first six months of this year the cost of running the county clerk's office was $11,842.52; the receipts were $16,640.15, showing a profit for the first six months of $4,797.63. The coroner's office also shows a decided saving under the operations of the new law.

The cost of conducting the departments of the circuit court is still kept at a minimum. For a number of years past the judges of this court have shown a consistently economical and satisfactory record; this being now supplemented by the record of the county judge, the gratifying record to which attention is here called follows as a matter of course. The county judge and commissioners are given great power and responsibility under the new law, and on them largely rests the solution of the question of economy or extravagance in the administration of county affairs. Not only has the county board made a record for economy, but it has taken steps to remedy and correct abuses which The Journal has made sufficiently familiar to the people of the county. Suits have been instituted to recover money on settlements of taxes which were made on a basis that could not be justified.

Altogether, a new era appears to have been inaugurated in county affairs, and The Journal hastens to hail its advent. It is so easy and natural to criticise where there were so many things with which fault could honestly be found that it is a distinct pleasure to find a case like this which so thoroughly merits commendation and which so distinctly leads in the direction of a purification of our county affairs.

A QUESTION FOR MOTHERS.

A CONSCIENTIOUS MOTHER, whose name we withhold, but whose address we give, writes to The Journal on a subject which we believe will warmly interest many other mothers throughout Oregon. She approves The Journal as a whole, but strenuously objects to the children's page which is printed every Saturday. That page contains an illustrated fairy story from the pen of Walt McDougall, the noted illustrator, who has achieved, and in the judgment of many supposedly qualified critics earned, a dual reputation which is likely to last. The lady does not believe in fairy tales, and does not propose to read anything to her son which is not truthful. But here is her letter just as it was received, and as it opens up a question in which many others must be interested, it is well worth reproducing:

Barlow, Or., Oct. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—I write you in regard to the untruthful stories published in The Journal.

As you seem to be perfectly honorable in your publishing, I cannot but say a few words about the children's page.

Now, my little boy, 5 years old, sees the pictures of the fairy stories written, and always asks me to read the story to him. This I cannot do, for I never read anything untruthful to him, and of all stories that are abominable, in my mind, to read to children, are fairy stories. They are worse, for they are a lie from beginning to end. Some people say they are such awful lies that a child knows they are lies.

I ask, what does a child from 3 to 8 years old know about anything being a lie, unless they are taught differently? And I say that children's minds should not be impressed with anything untruthful, especially by mother reading, talking or making promises that are not fulfilled.

It is hard enough to teach a child right from wrong without reading false pieces to them. There are so many good and natural things that can be written about that I do hope you will consider this and print some good, truthful stories for our little ones in The Journal, as you are so honorable and upright in all of your other publishing.

I am sorry to have to refuse my little boy this request, for he is very fond of reading. Therefore I write you these few lines. A SUBSCRIBER.

It might be difficult for the Barlow lady, if she were called upon to do so, to rigidly confine all her teachings within the rigid line of what everybody would agree is strict truth. History as it is written is a good deal of a fairy tale, and investigation has frequently shown that the things which really cling to the memory as fact are the demonstrated fairy tales of history, like Washington and his hatchet and many other instances that will readily be recalled. But, on the other hand, the proposition is easier when she says that she will not read to him things which she knows are untrue. This negative presentation of the case makes the matter much easier.

Now, is it desirable that children should be prevented from reading everything which their parents know is untrue? Is a boy harmed through reading the "Arabian Nights"? Is he harmed by reading Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson" or Kipling's "Jungle Books"? On the contrary, is not his imagination thereby stimulated, and does he not unconsciously absorb a mass of information which will be of advantage to him throughout his after life?

This opens up a large subject for discussion, and doubtless there will be a wide difference of views. But The Journal would like to hear from the mothers of Oregon on the subject, and will gladly publish what they have to say, no matter how widely at variance with what The Journal happens to think. We therefore invite a free discussion of this interesting question.

Three Western Governors.

From the Washington Post.

Three governors of as many western states are keeping very much in the eye of their own constituencies, and likewise in the eye of each other's constituencies. These are Governor Cummins of Iowa, agitation for the Iowa idea deferred; Governor La Follette of Wisconsin, who is going up and down the state in a preliminary step for a gubernatorial campaign denouncing the railroads, and Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, by reason of his wrestle with the merger octopus. Two of these strenuous governors want third terms or are supposed to have inclinations that way. La Follette's Wisconsin capers are thought to indicate his gubernatorial ambitions, and the trend of events in Minnesota is very favorable to give Van Sant, in a similar direction. The politicians do not like the Minnesota executive, but he has a certain strength with the people which is encouraging. The traditions in Minnesota are against a third term, but the governor may ride such a high wave of popular approval that politicians cannot resist him. It was he who not long ago made a pilgrimage to Chicago, where he appeared before the Press club of the windy city and won extensive applause that attracted considerable attention throughout adjoining states.

Epigrams of a Woman.

Kate Thyron Marr in Milwaukee Sentinel.

A lovesick woman thinks she is both a mystery and a martyr, when she's only a plain, every-day fool.

Matrimony is either a special dispensation of Providence or the machination of the devil.

The world looks at a man's crimes through smoked glass, but uses a powerful microscope to detect trifling flaws in a woman.

When a man thinks that his reputation will stand the test of a few lunches with his typewriter, he should shave his shoulder-blades to keep the angel outfit from sprouting.

How to Cure Yourself.

From Success.

If you are morose, moody or despondent; if you have a habit of worrying or fretting about things, or any other fault which hinders your growth or progress, think persistently of the opposite virtue and practice it until it is yours by force of habit.

Heavy Loads.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The government still pays a pension or a subsidy to the sultan of Sulu, who has moved to Singapore with his six wives. Polygamy and Addicksism are heavy loads for an administration to carry at one time.

They'll Have to Hurry.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

If those eminent Chicago professors and scientists don't smoke up, Dr. Wiley of the agricultural department will out-advertise them.

Carnegie's Clear Distinction.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is a canny gleam of humor in Mr. Carnegie's statement that he preferred making steel to securities.

Breaks Its Way In.

From the Atlanta Journal.

Every once in a while another Turkish town with a sneezeful name we never heard of before gets massacred into print.

Deserves It.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

If England loves a brave man, it ought to make a hero of Chamberlain

TOO MUCH UNDERWRITING.

Rich Men Took an Overdose and Have Been Hard Up.

From the New York Commercial.

Hardly a week has passed during the last three months in which the story has not been heard in Wall street of some prominent capitalist who has been forced to dump on the market or transfer at private sales large blocks of standard stocks. Only a few days ago 70,000 shares, principally Steel preferred, which had been carried for a year by a prominent capitalist, were thrown on the market. A year ago this capitalist was worth $6,000,000, but last week he was unable to put up an additional $700,000 as a margin to protect his holdings. A few days ago mention was made of a well-known Philadelphia capitalist who was forced to transfer at private sale 10,000 shares of Metropolitan and a block of Standard Oil stock. On the same day another capitalist was forced to sell 10,000 shares of an investment stock, at first reported to be Delaware & Hudson, but now understood to be General Electric, at 25 points below the market price. These are only a few instances of capitalists who a year or two ago were worth from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000, but who have been forced to sell out their holdings to meet their obligations during the last two or three months. To many people these stories sound strange. They cannot understand how men worth many millions are forced to dump on the market investment holdings at a tremendous sacrifice. The case of the embarrassed millionaire however, is very simple and can easily be explained.

The cause of the embarrassment of most of these millionaires is that they have allowed their resources to become tangled up in underwriting syndicates and unsalable securities. To explain this entanglement of capital it is necessary to go back to the formation of the first United States Steel underwriting syndicate. This was formed for $200,000,000. Only $25,000,000, however, was ever called, and this amount was soon returned to the members. In addition, they received $50,000,000 in profits. The Steel underwriting syndicate was the most successful and profitable syndicate ever organized. The members received back the $25,000,000 which they put up, and a profit of 200 per cent besides. As a result, capitalists were eager to become members of any underwriting syndicate which was organized. As stated above, only $25,000,000, or only one-eighth of the $200,000,000 pledged by the members of the Steel underwriting syndicate, was ever called for. In other words, a capitalist who subscribed for $1,000,000 was called upon to put up only $125,000, which he got back in a few months. The result was that this capitalist, when he became a member of another underwriting syndicate, would subscribe for $4,000,000 instead of $1,000,000, believing that not over $500,000, or at most $1,000,000, would ever be called. In this way, he calculated, he would make four times as much profit.

This calculation would have worked out all right if the other underwriting syndicates had been as successful as the first. But none of them has; most of them have been failures. The underwriting syndicate of the international mercantile marine, as an illustration, was formed for $50,000,000. Most of its members were also members of the Steel underwriting syndicate. Many capitalists, instead of subscribing for $1,000,000, as they could have afforded, subscribed for $4,000,000, believing that only 25 per cent of the subscription would ever be called. This syndicate, however, did not prove to be the success which the Steel syndicate was. Instead of only 12½ per cent being called, as was the case in the Steel syndicate, the international mercantile marine was forced to call the entire 100 per cent. In other words, a capitalist had to raise $3,000,000 more than he had expected. In the majority of instances the only way this money could be raised was to sell a part, and in some instances virtually all, of the investment holdings. To raise the money at once, high-class securities, like the Pennsylvania, New York Central and General Electric, had to be dumped on the market. This helps to explain the heavy and urgent liquidation in the stock market last spring and summer. The international mercantile marine, however, is only one of the syndicates which have worked in a similar way. The United States realty syndicate was a lamentable failure. Its members suffered a loss of $5,500,000 after having put up $11,000,000. The United States Steel bond-conversion syndicate has already called for $5,000,000, and the members are likely to be called upon for an additional $15,000,000 at any moment. In addition, capitalists have been embarrassed by a large part of their resources being tied up in unsalable securities.

THAT FISH-GOELET FEUD.

Gossip Says That Latter Spoiled a Dinner Given by the Former.

From the New York American.

In seeking the animus of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's attack upon Mrs. Goelet and Newport society, those who know the ways of the two camps of social leaders have unveiled the manner in which Mrs. Fish's arrangements for a dinner were spoiled by the interference of Mrs. Goelet.

As the tale has been told by those cognizant of the details of the affair, a dinner and musical had been planned by a southern hostess and Mrs. Fish had lent her active assistance. Mrs. Fish was to have been the star guest, and the evening was to have been marked by much of massive impressiveness.

At the last moment the hostess learned that Mrs. Mills could not be present. This was unpleasant news, as the affair was to have been the most important of the season for the southern hostess.

It was afterward learned that Mrs. Mills had been asked by Mrs. Goelet to give a dinner to the Duke of Roxburghe, who had just arrived at Newport. The fact that his engagement to Miss Goelet had not been announced, making it out of the question for Mrs. Goelet to give the dinner.

Mrs. Mills, in granting this favor to Mrs. Goelet, sent her regrets to the southern hostess and invited 25 guests for the evening.

Out of this incident developed much bitter feeling between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Goelet, and was responsible for the series of incidents which finally led to the granting of an interview by Mrs. Fish to a western newspaper man, in which she assailed Newport society bitterly and said unpleasant things about the purchase of the Duke of Roxburghe for $2,000,000.

May Feel Interested.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Some of the victims of the stock market may feel an interest in the proposed laws for the protection of lobsters.

The Pessimist.

From the Chicago News.

A pessimist doesn't enjoy life unless he doesn't.

RECLAIMING LAND FROM THE SEA.

The Tremendous Task Upon Which Holland Is Now Engaged.

Holland and its wonderful system of dikes has been for centuries a source of interest to the world. At the present time the Dutch are preparing to embark on the greatest landmaking enterprise ever known, and McClure's Magazine for October has an article by Walter Wellman on this undertaking. The writer says:

Look at the map of Holland and see how the Zuyder Zee occupies the center of the country, cuts the realm in halves. It was not always there. It is an interloper. As late as the eleventh century old charts show that the present fringe of islands along the North sea formed a contiguous part of the continent. When the Romans overran Western Europe the greater part of what is now the Zuyder Zee was covered with forests infested by bears and wolves. In the center of this great forest, royal hunting-grounds of long ago, was a lake called by Tacitus the "Flevo." In 1170 came the great inundation, known in the history of the Netherlands as the "All Saints' day flood."

What the Dutch now propose to do is to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee from the grasp of the ocean. It is a vast, daring project, the most picturesque engineering enterprise known to the world today. They propose to reclaim from the waters an area equal to one-fourteenth of all the present Holland. They propose to add nearly one-tenth to the area of cultivable land in their country. They propose to find new homes where now the sea rages for a population equal to 4 per cent of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands.

When the Dutch go at a thing they do not lack in thoroughness. They overlook nothing, they carefully weigh all things. For more than half a century they have been talking of draining the Zuyder Zee. But it is only within the last few years that they have taken up the subject in a serious manner. The first thing they did was characteristic—they appointed a commission to inquire carefully into every phase of the problem, engineering, economic, agricultural, governmental, hygienic, hydraulic, financial. They reckoned with every foot of material every gallon of water, every hectare of land, every gulden of outlay and probable income. They prepared a great bill which Queen Wilhelmina introduced in the staats-general—a bill which comprised a statement of the whole case with an elaborateness almost unknown in American or English legislative procedure. This measure has not passed yet, but no one doubts that sooner or later it will become law, and the great work of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee will be practically begun.

The backbone of this tremendous engineering project is the great sea dike which is to perform the all-important function of shutting out the North sea—keeping the ancient enemy at a safe distance. This once accomplished, all that remains is simple. Probably the Dutch are the only hydraulic engineers in the world who would calmly propose to wall off a stormy, angry sea swept by great tides and lofty tidal waves from an inner body of water measuring 25 miles across. The Dutch not only propose it, but they know just how they are going to do it; they have counted every cubic foot of timber, every pound of stone, every willow twig, every day's labor that will be required. They know what they are about. They even have estimated exactly how long the work will take.

How is this mighty bulwark to be constructed? At the shore they will fashion mats of interwoven willow twigs, about one meter in thickness and of convenient length and breadth. These will be towed out, loaded with stones, earth, sand and mud, and when sunk will form the foundation of the whole structure. This "linkstuk" rampart, reinforced by solid foundations of timber, will rise almost to the low-water level and will be faced with stones brought from Scotland and Norway. It will have a breadth of about 100 feet, and it is designed to serve as the mainstay of the larger structure which is to be superimposed upon it. This latter, composed chiefly of sand, will start from the center of the other wall and rise at a gentle slope, stone-faced, to a height about 16 feet above the high-water level and 8½ feet above storm level. The total base width of this great bank of sand will be 200 feet, and the bottom width of the entire embankment, bulwark and backing together will be 86 meters, or about 280 feet.

The total length of the "afsluit dijk" will be 24.8 miles.

The Matter of Charities.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is now approaching the season when the charities of the people are appealed to on every hand by those who need and deserve help, by those who need but do not deserve it, and by many who neither need nor deserve. In the old days, which few of us now remember or know about save by tradition the dispensation of alms was not very apt to go astray and waste, because the drift of humanity degraded and vagrant was so small, and the calculated industry of the tramp who does not intend to work, but begs and pilfers, and even at times robs and murders, has not been developed. That was a time of simpler civilization, a time of honorable poverty, so to call it, when the response of human fellowship was justly given to those who asked it, and the wayfarer who accepted help and the householder who gave it felt a cordial touch of common interest. But now things have changed; and while still the farmer's meal is ready for the wayfarer, the genus tramp crowds the cities, and the ne'er-do-wells gravitate thither and expect to be lifted out of their own constituted slough by the charities of those who by constant industry have reached the power to manage their own lives and help others. These degenerates count on the thoughtless generosity of the people at whose doors they call for food, or for 10 cents toward helping them to get their fare at another place where they are going to get a job, or for dollars which will enable them to do many things which they cannot do without dollars. It is the season when all these leeches abound.

There are exceptions, but in all cases, wherever there is a bureau of information, an organized society which is engaged in true and honest service both to the public and to the unfortunate individual—such as the Union Relief association in this city—the right thing to do is to send such applicants to that society, whose business it is both to help and to investigate.

An Explanation Offered.

From the Atchison Globe.

Grief doesn't affect a man as seriously as it affects a woman, for the reason that he gets back to his meals quicker.

Youth in Old Age.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hens live to be 12 years old, and then they are served up as chickens.

DR. POTTER'S NEW COADJUTOR.

Chosen on First Ballot to Aid and Succeed Potter.

From the New York Sun.

Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's, who was elected bishop coadjutor of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York Thursday, is now about 60, only eight years younger than Bishop Potter. He came to New York in 1888, and almost at once took a leading position among clergy and laity. He describes himself as a "broad churchman." He was elected bishop coadjutor of Rhode Island and bishop of Western Massachusetts, but declined both, saying he had work to do at St. Bartholomew's. He would have been elected bishop coadjutor of Pennsylvania had he permitted the use of his name.

His fame is that of an administrator. Through him the Vanderbilts and others contributed large sums, and the St. Bartholomew's parish-house, clinic and vast social work in East Forty-second street came into existence. He rarely wears clerical garb, and his opponents in the diocese, of whom he has a few, accuse him of being more of a business man than a spiritual leader.

Dr. Greer has been the rector of St. Bartholomew's church since 1888. He was born in West Virginia in 1844, and was educated at Washington university, Pennsylvania, and at Gambier, O. He was ordained in 1868.

Dr. Greer was rector of Grace church, Providence, R. I., from 1871 to 1888. In 1888 he was called to St. Bartholomew's church, where he has since remained. In 1897 Dr. Greer was elected coadjutor bishop of Rhode Island, but declined. In 1901 he was elected bishop of Western Massachusetts. This call he also refused. Pennsylvania also asked Dr. Greer about a year ago to become coadjutor to Bishop Whittaker, but again he declined.

Dr. Greer is president and director of the St. Bartholomew's Loan association, a trustee of the Provident Loan society and a member of the Metropolitan, Riding, University Glee, City and Patria clubs, and of the Brown University Alumni and Century associations. He is an author on religious subjects, his works including "The Historic Christ," "From Things to God," "The Preacher and His Place" and "Visions." He is married.

"GOLDEN-RULE" JONES, POET.

The Mayor of Toledo Bursts Into Song When Inspired.

Samuel L. Jones, the "Golden-Rule" mayor of Toledo, butted into Chicago loaded to the gunwale with epigrams and poetry of his own manufacture. His poetry will never entitle him to the wreath of poet laureate, but there is a spirit of independence about it. Here is a specimen which he sang at the pitch of his voice as he approached the home of his friend, Daniel L. Cruice, to let the latter know that he was coming:

"I am a man without a party, a free, untrammeled soul,
An undivided atom within a mighty whole;
I believe in all the people; in them we shall be blest;
It is through the common people we shall find the promised rest."

He confided to Mr. Cruice that this was a little thing of his own, and that he often "dropped into poetry," like Mr. Wegg. It required little coaxing to get him to recite some verses of his own on the labor question. Here they are:

"God pity the idlers, the rich or the poor,
No souls on the earth that need pity more;
The dull, sluggish brain and the ice-chilly heart
In the world's stock of joy feel never a part;
For joy comes of labor, of doing one's share
To lighten the burdens of all the world's care.

Coworkers with God! What a mission for men!
What a promise! What a glory awaits us then,
When once we awake and our destiny see!
The angels, I am sure, might envious be;
All hail to the workers, for the race they will save
From the foul name of "master," or "idler," or "slave!"

Then hail to the workers—true kings of the earth,
The builders of worlds, creators of worth!
Though they dig in the mine or delve in the soil,
Their sleep is more sweet—'tis the fruit of their toil.
God pity the idlers, the rich or the poor;
No souls on earth need pity more."

To a reporter of the Inter Ocean who waylaid him for his opinions on a variety of topics he gave gave vent to the following epigrams:

"Borrowers of money are life's real derelicts.

"Political organizations are relics of a savage state.

"The most pitiable object in the world today is an idle man.

"So long as the capital crime of capital punishment exists there will be murder.

"The golden rule is the law of action and reaction in physics translated into morals."

The Real "Gay Paris."

From the New York Evening Post.

Nor do we believe that with the passing of the legend embodied in the opera balls and in a dozen other institutions of organized profligacy Paris loses any real gaiety. The verve Parisienne was never prominent among these syndicated pleasures, nor was it offered at a price to the moneyed rabble of immigrant amateurs of "la vie en rouge." The gaiety of Paris is at every family dinner table, in the studios and small shops—everywhere that two or three Parisians meet. And that unique sprightliness of the mind which is the just pride of all Frenchmen is still to be found in Paris from the quays where clothes are washed to the salons where academicians are still agreeable to pretty women. That is the real "gay Paris." It will live on as long as Frenchmen are Frenchmen, although it be unknown to the cosmopolitan herd whose growing parsimony or prudence is forcing the other "gay Paris" into liquidation.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

A fool and his automobile are soon arrested.

A woman wants to be told you love her as regularly as the milkman comes or she won't believe it.

Nothing makes a girl so indignant when she kisses a man as to forget to do it against her will.

To hear a woman describe the menus of a dinner party a man could suppose they ate nothing but clothes.

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancee, the heiress)—But, my treasure——"

The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.

SHORT STORIES

Even Disraeli Smiled.

From the London Telegraph.

Sir William Harcourt, though a political opponent, was a faithful admirer of Disraeli's, and once paid Lady Beaconsfield a singular compliment.

He was dining with the Disraelis and sat beside his hostess, who observed that he was looking at the picture of a lightly robed lady on the wall opposite, and said:

"It oughtn't to be allowed in here, but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has up in his bedroom."

"That I can well believe," replied he, with a gallant bow.

This was one of the rare occasions on which Disraeli is known to have smiled.

* * * *

His Lone Sample of Wit.

From the Chicago News.

One witty remark may serve to set up an English nobleman as a humorist. Thus the Duke of Leeds, when the Marquis of Carmarthen some years ago was a candidate for the house of commons. He was 25 and very boyish-looking. A rude elector yelled at his last meeting, on the eve of polling day:

"Does your mother know you're out?"

The prompt reply, "Yes, and tomorrow she will know I am in," is said to have turned votes in his favor. That flash of humor has lasted him ever since.

* * * *

How to Save Gas Bills.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A North Broad-street man who has a passion for reading the out-of-town newspapers, and also for answering many of the advertisements he finds in them, tells this on himself:

The other day he answered an advertisement in one of the New York papers, stating that for $1 a method for saving gas bills would be sent.

In two days he received a printed slip by mail, which read: "Paste them in a scrapbook."

* * * *

Almost Believed Her Eyes.

From the New York Tribune.

S. P. Langley, the aeronautical pioneer, will never discuss flying-machines with newspaper men, but on other topics he is not so reticent. He talked the other day about his boyhood.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," he said, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning as I walked toward the Boston high school between two women.

"The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health, etc.

"'Why, when I was a week old,' said the first woman, 'I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me.'

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked.

"'They say I did,' her friend answered.

"'Well well, well!' exclaimed the second woman, and she glanced at the other almost doubtfully.

* * * *

Didn't Appeal to Him.

A Cockney driver of a London omnibus, who was in somewhat of a hurry, was greatly annoyed at the slowness of a fat woman in her efforts to get upon the deck of the vehicle, the corpulent female being much concerned with holding her skirts tightly about her lower extremities.

Finally, losing all patience, the driver convulsed the other passengers with the tart command: "You'll 'ave to 'urry, ma'am—legs is no treat for me."

Mr. Balfour and Gladstone.

Mr. Chamberlain's new pamphlet on the tariff, following that of Mr. Balfour on the same subject, curiously marks a return of the pamphleteering days in England. The London Chronicle says: "It is interesting to notice how Mr. Balfour continues to fashion himself on the model of Mr. Gladstone. His parliamentary manner has always been reminiscent of the late Liberal leader in its charming courtesy, unfailing good humor and readiness to oblige the humblest of members in any quarter of the house. Whatever may be thought of his capacity for leadership, his habitual display of those old-fashioned, gentlemanly Gladstonian qualities has made Mr. Balfour the most popular figure at Westminster. And now he is following in Mr. Gladstone's footsteps as a political pamphleteer. His two recent efforts of that character cannot, of course, compare with Mr. Gladstone's 'Bulgarian Atrocities' and 'Vatican Decrees' in volcanic energy and rousing appeal, but they are notable as evidence of the writer's exemplar. The political pamphlet is perhaps the most difficult of all forms of composition. Besides Defoe, Swift, 'Junius,' Burke and Gladstone there have not been many successful political pamphleteers."

Trading Stamps for Brides.

Wilkesbarre Correspondence New York Sun.

'Squire Burnett of Nanticoke has offered trading stamps to the amount of every marriage fee contracted before him. He has found to his sorrow that lately many young people have been going to New York state on the numerous railroad excursions run there and getting married there because no marriage license is required. He believes it will be an incentive to thrifty brides to have the ceremony in their own town if he offers trading stamps with which they may get house furnishings.

Cannot Hope for It.

From the Chicago News.

However, the sultan will hardly be able to borrow money on President Harper's certificate of good character.

Cupid.

Robt. L. Pemberton in October Housekeeper.

With ruby lips and laughing eye
The little god of love drew nigh—
And what shall I compare him to?
In simile there's nothing new;
A golden beam, shot from the sun,
With joy for all he lights upon?
A beauteous butterfly, whose flight
Fills nodding flowers with delight?
A winged marksman, blithe and bold,
With dimpled limbs and locks of gold,
His arrows, dipped in charmed water,
Held ever ready for the slaughter?
Perhaps of all the last is best—
Time-honored from a Grecian's quest.

They say he shoots with heedless aim,
And soldier gruff and gentle dame,
The bloom of spring and wintry snow,
The sour and sweet, the high and low,
Forget their breeding and their craft
When wounded by that mystic shaft.

However oft he shoots amiss,
I am most certain, dear, of this:
His aim was true, his sight was fine,
When he transfixed thy heart and mine.