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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

"Not what I have," continues he, "but what I do is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of those two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first: To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is."—Thomas Carlyle.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

THE GREATEST OBJECT LESSON which the city has to show for the past season's work undoubtedly is the improvement in the streets and sidewalks. This has been a revelation to many people of Portland who have so long contented themselves with makeshifts of one sort or another that were simply an abomination during the rainy periods. A great deal of progress has been made in this direction and the result is most gratifying, though it has only made the more apparent the need of further work in the same direction.

Now that this sort of public improvement has been well started and its value is apparent to the eye of everyone, is a good time to resolve that much more in the same line is to be done next year. Every well-wisher of the city will regret to see factious opposition to improvements of this character crop out among the owners of adjacent property. There is no direction in which there is greater need to push the good work than in this. Every year there is an increasing number of strangers coming to the city, many of them on pleasure bent, but many others with investments or homes in view, but all of them walking advertisements for the country and city if what they see pleases them.

There never will be a time when it behooves us to make a better impression than in the two succeeding years. Industrious efforts have been made to attract here a number of national conventions. It is naturally hoped that the influential men who will come here under those circumstances will go away with good impressions of the city and incidentally having something good to say about the Lewis and Clark Fair. These men must judge things by what they see and hear and in no way can a better impression be created than with good streets and sidewalks. Whatever, therefore, should be done in ordinary years, there should be no let up either this year or the next in the matter of street and sidewalk improvement. With the solitary exception of the Lewis and Clark work, that is the most essential thing we will have to do so far as it relates to the outside world. Indeed from this time on Portland should put its best foot forward and overlook nothing that will render it attractive for the event which is coming off in 1905.

NO FIGHTING FROM THE REAR.

THE JOURNAL is neither part nor parcel of any faction, political or otherwise, and at times has very little patience with the self-seeking spirit upon which they are based. It believes in and tries to live up to the idea of an independent newspaper which attempts to get the public point of view and to do things for the general good no matter what private graft may be endangered or destroyed in consequence.

But even in the cases of politicians about whom there may be a wide difference of opinion and who are inordinately praised and unjustly blamed according to the point of view of the man who speaks or writes and oftentimes without regard to the facts, there may come a time when a fight in the rear is calculated to actually imperil the interests of the whole state. We are reminded of this by some headlines in the Oregonian over dispatches relating to the land frauds which are now being investigated by the federal grand jury, on the initiative of the secretary of the interior. In one telegram from New York which recounts the fact that Secretary Hitchcock denies that he ever made any reflection upon the Oregon senators, the three chief headlines are couched in these words: "Named in Fraud. New York Sun Accuses Fulton and Mitchell. Williamson Not Spared." Another Washington dispatch carries this line: "Hitchcock Clears Them" just as though up to that point it had been an established fact that all of them had been guilty of the grossest frauds. Still another misleading line over a Washington telegram is this: "Mitchell Will Tell All," as though he were ready to make a clean breast of the whole scandal.

So far as Oregon is concerned no session of Congress could be of more importance than that which the country is now nearing. There will be heavy demands made upon congress for appropriations not only for public improvements now in progress, but for the Lewis and Clark fair. Nearly all the conditions are favorable, but the brunt of the work in securing the money naturally must fall upon the state's representatives at the national capital. If a fight is maintained in their rear, it cannot strengthen them in Washington and to the degree that they lose prestige through unwarranted attacks upon them, to that degree is the state likely to suffer at a time when it most needs help.

If Mitchell, Fulton and the rest of them are guilty of any frauds against the government let them answer for them like other citizens. The Journal is doing no special

pleading in their behalf, but it does wish to enter its protest against unwarrantedly doing anything at this end of the line which may weaken their influence at Washington and which certainly cannot fail to more or less endanger the appropriations which the state will so much need at the hands of this congress.

TEMPORARY PROVISIONS FOR OPEN AIR RECESSES.

WHY SHOULD THERE BE such excessive fear in Portland in turning loose for out-door recess a body of several hundred children? Why should it be attended with greater evils here than elsewhere or why should it be attended with any evils at all? Whatever difficulties or responsibilities there may be in connection with it are met and assumed elsewhere and we hear of no disasters reported in consequence. Indeed open air recesses are accepted as a matter of course on the ground that they are quite as essential to the well-being of the children as the educational system of which they form part.

Even the Portland system recognizes the efficacy of brief recesses though it does not permit them to be carried to their logical length or upon lines which would be the most advantageous to the pupils themselves. The state board of health puts its finger on the raw spot when in considering the indoor recess it goes on to say: "Whatever this child does in union with his fellows and under the eye of the teacher is pretty safe not to be spontaneous, no matter what other qualities it may possess."

Therein is the vital principle involved and it is the very principle which is scrupulously overlooked in the Portland public schools. For the sake of their health, their education and their future they should be given open air recesses. There should be nothing but loose general restraint. They should not be marshaled under the eyes of teachers or monitors but literally given their freedom to disport themselves during this brief period of respite, their conduct being governed only by such general rules as would naturally be prescribed. In such weather as has been prevailing since the schools opened it is little less than criminal that the children should be kept cooped up in stuffy, unwholesome if not actually poisonous basements under rigid rules which permit them to do nothing but solemnly march up and down and to speak in ordinary conversational tones. Why should the authorities consider it a crime for a child to follow its natural bent and romp and play during the brief time of recreation? This question should be faced at once; it is one that brooks no delay. Adequate recreation grounds for the schools must be provided but all of this is not only going to cost money, but it is going to take time to negotiate for and secure the facilities and to prepare judicious plans to meet the exigency.

But what is to be done in the meantime is now the real question. Are the children to be cooped up day after day in the poisonous basements or are temporary provisions to be made to give them the boon of outdoor recesses? It is a question whose solution entails grave responsibility and on no one will it fall so heavily as upon the school authorities who must find a way to grant relief to the abused children of the public schools.

IDEA OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

Washington Correspondence New York Times.

Members of the Moseley Educational Commission of England, who have been investigating the educational system of the District of Columbia, say they have "a better idea of the meaning of American democracy," since they learned that Quentin Roosevelt, son of the President of the United States, is a public school boy and imbibes wisdom in the same class with the sons of the butchers, the bakers and the candle-stick makers of Washington. Superintendent Stuart of the public schools, who has the distinguished visitors in tow, happened to mention in his talk on the educational system of the district that the president's son was a pupil at the Force public school. The educational experts looked puzzled for a while, and then one of them asked: "But, Mr. Stuart, how is it possible under the American plan to keep the Force public school select and to keep that only children of approved character and exceptional social standing are brought into contact with the son of the president of the United States?" When the visitors were assured by Mr. Stuart that there was no attempt at exclusiveness at the school attended by Quentin Roosevelt, the visitors all looked surprised, and it took some time for them to adjust their conservative point of view to the remarkable condition of affairs. It was after they had thoroughly digested Mr. Stuart's information that one of them made the remark about his better understanding of the meaning of American democracy.

ST. LOUIS ON TIME.

From Collier's Weekly.

We are going to exploit our colonial possessions for all they are worth for exposition purposes at St. Louis. The Philippines are to have a space of 40 acres, inhabited by some 2,000 natives. Fifty Filipino workmen are already on the ground, and carloads of bamboo, rattan and nipa, specially brought from Manila to be used in reproducing palaces and phases of life in the archipelago, are on the way.

Six months before the opening of the exposition is estimated to be 80 per cent complete. The main exhibit buildings are entirely free from scaffolding. They are painted their first coat of ivory-white, and the garden spaces around them are already soded with bluegrass and shaded with maple trees. But the ornamental bridges that connect the main entrances of the buildings are still incomplete, and there are other ragged places, of course. The big lagoons have been finished so long that weeds have sprung up in the bottoms.

The exposition palaces, which do not form a portion of the so-called "main picture," are not as far advanced. The average state and foreign building is little more than half done. Of the states, Wisconsin stands lowest, with 1 per cent of completion, and Iowa and Arizona highest, with 91 and 90 per cent. New York is only 10 and Indiana 5, Kentucky 49, Louisiana 55, Missouri 65, Ohio 60, Connecticut 60, Oklahoma 60. Mexico's building is finished. England's reproduction of the orangery of Kensington Palace, London, is 35 per cent complete; France's reproduction of the Grand Trianon, Versailles, is 50 per cent.

ESTIMATE OF DOWIE.

His Demonstration Regarded as "Wonderful and Sad."

From the New York Sun.
We are receiving letters in which Dowie and his movement on New York are treated jocosely or in a spirit of bitter ridicule. Now, obviously enough, there is a ridiculous side to the man, and his pretensions as a prophet have in them an element of absurdity, if not charlatanism; but it is a very serious matter that he was able to bring with him to New York 4,000 of his followers, and that they are people manifestly deserving of respect because of their exemplary behavior, their moral excellence, their sincerity and their earnestness.

Is Dowie merely a charlatan? That is a hard question to answer, if it is taken as implying that he is a conscious humbug influenced only by self-seeking motives. It might be asked, perhaps more pertinently, if he is not tainted with lunacy. He is only one in a long list of religious pretenders or enthusiasts in ancient and modern times, and in his self-exaltation or self-delusion he typifies the class.

But whatever Dowie is, he is not a proper subject for ridicule merely. He has come to New York with 4,000 of his followers, transported hither from the neighborhood of Chicago at a great cost in money. Much of the expense of the campaign, he declares, is paid by himself, and we have no reason to deny his asseveration. These people, men, women and children, have come here also at the cost of great self-denial on their part. It is inconceivable that they should have taken the long journey if they are not honest in their conviction that they are obeying a Divine command to spread their belief in New York as a community especially in need of it. They at least are not humbugs. They are good people, decent, moral, God-fearing people. It is only necessary to look at them to see that they are in earnest and are trying to do only their duty, as they regard it.

A movement behind which there is that impulse is never ridiculous. Dowie himself is not an impressive personage, except so far as concerns the influence he has been able to exercise over these people, but his movement on New York at this time is profoundly impressive. When 4,000 of his followers, inspired by an absolute religious faith, leave peaceful and prosperous homes on the shores of Lake Michigan and endure all the trials of a journey of a thousand miles and all the buffeting of a strange city in which they are regarded as ludicrous beings engaged in a silly enterprise, it is a demonstration on which to reflect with all seriousness.

It is not probable that Dowie would have hazarded the experiment of putting his propaganda to such a crucial test if he had not had genuine faith in it, for complete failure such as he is sure to encounter here must react on his scheme when he gets back. He went forth to conquer; he will return discomfited. His New York campaign may be the beginning of the end of him as a religious leader.

No, it is not ridiculous; it is wonderful and it is sad.

ALL MUST WEAR UNIFORMS.

White House Messengers to Have Blue Coats and Waistcoats.

Washington Correspondence New York Sun.
Each of the messengers at the White House who are employed in carrying messages between the executive offices and the several departments and in delivering local invitations to White House social functions has been provided with a uniform. Heretofore they have worn ordinary street clothes. The uniform is of dark blue cloth and the coat and waistcoat are adorned with shining silver buttons with a plain flat surface.

Heretofore none of the messengers or other civilian employees of the government in Washington have worn uniforms, except Simmons, the negro doorman of the secretary to the president. The late John Addison Porter, when he was secretary to President McKinley, required Simmons to wear a uniform of blue cloth, with white trimmings on coat and trousers, but the innovation was ridiculed as savoring of aristocratic institutions, and the uniform was soon discarded. It is now likely that Simmons will don a new uniform like those of the White House messengers.

Capt. Loeffler, the president's door-keeper, was appointed by President McKinley to a commission in the regular army, but he does not wear his military uniform except on special occasions.

A CHARACTERIZATION OF MAYOR LOW.

Lincoln Steffens, whose studies of political corruption have made him famous, had this to say in the November McClure's of Low, the present reform mayor of Great New York:

"His good abilities are self-sufficient, his dignity is smug; his courtesy seems not kind, his self-reliance is called obstinacy because, though he listens, he seems not to care; though he understands he shows no sympathy, and when he decides, his reasoning is private. His most useful virtues—probity, intelligence, and consciousness—in action are often an irritation; they are so contented. Mr. Low is the bourgeois reformer type. Even when he compromises, he gets no credit; his concessions make the impression of surrenders. A politician can say 'no' and make a friend, where Mr. Low will lose one by saying 'yes.' Cold and impersonal, he cools even his heads of departments. Loyal public service they give, because his taste is for men who would do their duty for their own sake, not for his, and that excellent service the city has had. But members of Mr. Low's administration helped me to characterize him; they could not help it. Mr. Low is not a lovable character."

Choate, Jr., for Reform.
New York Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the prominent young men working for the fusion cause is Joseph H. Choate, Jr., son of the United States ambassador to Great Britain. Young Choate, who is a Harvard (97) man, possesses no small amount of the ability which has made his father famous. He will commence to take an active part in the "whirlwind" campaign next week. A number of other young university men have presented themselves at Citizens' Union headquarters and have signified their intention of taking part in the campaign work.

No Town House for George Gould.

It will surprise a great many persons to hear Mrs. George Gould will not open her town house, at Fifth avenue and Sixty-seventh street. This Gothic pile never has been to her liking. She loves Georgian Court, in Lakewood, and says it is near enough to town to suit her. Some think the Gould town house will be rented furnished. It affords fine opportunities for entertaining. Mrs. Gould comes to town every other day, usually in an auto. It is said she will make arrangements for a suite in the Holland House. Mrs. Gould will be a fixture at the opera.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

A Practical Idealist—His View of Masculine Morality.

"Lector," in the Booklovers Magazine.
There is, I suppose, no living American novelist whose career is watched with such interest in England as well as at home as Mr. Allen's. He is still in a sense a young writer, for his first novel "The Choir Invisible," appeared as recently as 1897. And he has what, in the large majority of cases, young writers, whether in this country or England, lack—the gift of "high seriousness," which Aristotle and Matthew Arnold have taught us to consider one of the necessary elements of high poetic work. And of the poetic quality of Mr. Allen's work there can be no question whatever. It is not alone his love of nature and his sympathetic conception of the bond between nature and man, it is not alone the slow but penetrating harm and beauty of his style, that reveal him to the thoughtful reader as the truest poet of all our novelists. It is even more the idealistic trend of his mind, his manner of looking below the surface of things, of seeing in the men and women of his dreams new types of eternal humanity, in the problems which confront him and with which he grapples in his work new forms of the old questions that have vexed humanity from the beginning. And yet he is no mere dreamer nor closet philosopher. His knowledge of the life which he describes is so sure, his sympathy with its varied forms so tender and unflinching that his characters are no mere types, embodied presentations of his own ideal, but living and individual men and women set in an environment of visible and recognizable American life and nature. And in this union of idealistic conception with realistic execution he stands, so far as I can see, alone.

The vigorous and noisy controversy that has been waged since the appearance of "The Mettle of the Pasture" over the moral problem which forms its central theme is a curious testimony to the widespread American interest in ethics and the profound American ignorance of aesthetics. For the most part the problem, as was no doubt to be expected, has been simply misunderstood. There was, I fancy, no question in Mr. Allen's mind as to whether Rowan was right or wrong in imparting his guilty secret to Isabel. The whole tone of the book—and in particular the comments of persons who may be supposed to play the part of chorus and express the author's own views—go to show that Mr. Allen regards this confession as a virtuous act, a proof of the hero's true breeding—the mettle of his pasture.

CAPTAIN CARTER'S RELEASE.

Noted Prisoner Soon to Be Free—His Case Recalled.

From Collier's Weekly.
The doors of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth will shortly open for Ex-Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, who has almost completed his five-year sentence for robbing the government. In spite of the desperate legal fight Carter made, his case has faded largely from public memory, but there is a feature of his punishment which will be terribly enduring. Grant sent him to West Point from Ohio in 1876. He was graduated, at 24, at the head of his class, and went to the engineer corps by right of his standing.

He served in the East, where he married a millionaire's daughter, who died before his downfall. In Savannah, where from 1888 to 1897 he was engineer in charge of river and harbor works, he conspired with contractors to defraud the government, realizing, with his accomplices, hundreds of thousands of dollars. His crime was discovered by his successor and he was summoned to meet a court-martial, presided over by Gen. Elwell S. Otis. The court labored four months, and Carter was convicted. After long and patient examination of the record by distinguished jurists, President McKinley approved the sentence.

On September 29, 1899, Carter was dismissed from the army, and the government advertised in the newspapers that he had ceased to be "an officer and a gentleman." The next day he was arrested and his imprisonment began. Soon he will be again a free man, but the rigorous military law will follow him to his grave. If there remain in his curious make-up one spark of the old pride of service, his punishment will be lifelong. The civilian public will soon forget that he is no longer a "gentleman," but not an officer in the military service will fail to remember. Wherever he may go, into whatever social gatherings he may find his way, no man bearing a United States commission will speak to or recognize him. In the Articles of War, to which they all have subscribed, this rule is laid down:

"The man who violates his oath and is false to his commission is no longer fit to associate with those who still wear the blue and honor the flag. Carter knows it, and feels the sting. He has been a 'trusty' while in prison, and at times might have breathed the outside air, but never has he used his privilege. Out there he might meet face to face some comrade of his days of honorable service who would pass him by with averted gaze."

A CHOICE VOCABULARY.

From the New York Evening Post.
Here are some of the epithets Dowie has publicly bestowed on ministers, his audiences and reporters. They show very fairly the mental calibre and attainments of the man. Some of his remarks have been unprintable:

Stink pot,
Whisky pot,
Beer pot,
Dirty birds,
Curs,
Hounds,
Dogs,
Dirty yellow dogs,
Swine,
Razor-back swine,
Yellow curs,
Liar,
Cowardly,
Dirty, hungry dogs,
Miserable swine,
Dirty curs,
Blowflies,
Unclean curs,
Wallowers in muck.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.
The way to get a new wife is to be rich or a good football player.
Nobody needs an alarm clock to wake up in winter; the furnace does it.
A man's idea of heaven is a place where there is no house-cleaning, and a boy's where there are no bath tubs.
The man who writes 16-page love-letters before he is married thinks a 10-word telegram is very long afterward.
It's funny how a man will blow up his wife because the telephone won't work, when he doesn't dare ask the cook for hot water to shave.

PADEREWSKI AT HOME.

The Great Pianist in the Midst of His Household Gods.

From the New York World.
The train from Geneva to Lausanne stopped at the little village of Morges and a tall, slender man in a black silk duster that reached down to his heels, and with a mass of silky golden hair standing out all over his head, boarded the train and found a seat for the lady whom he was seeing off. She was a handsome, vivacious brunette, and the man hung upon her words as if the two were about to put the ocean between them.

The man was Paderewski, and he was saying goodbye to his wife for a few hours, as she was going into Lausanne to do some shopping.

There was something about him that was an appeal for solitude just then, so I followed behind as he left the village and took a quiet path skirting the hills that led to his estate "Riond de Bosson."

The villa stands in 60 acres of land, with a vineyard and farm adjoining, built in the modern French style on a fine elevation. From the garden terraces you can look across Lake Lemane, three miles wide, and see the snow-capped top of Mont Blanc, the whole making a picture of surpassing beauty on a moonlight night. All the trees near the house were planted by Paderewski and his wife when they bought the estate several years ago, and the whole place has been transformed since then.

Paderewski never forgets a person he has met, and when he has not an approaching concert to fill him with nervous tortures—which he suffers at each public appearance and expects to as long as he lives—he is the most charming of companions. He reads a great deal, especially when he is traveling, but generally his old favorites, Shakespeare, Goethe and Dante, and the great Polish poet, Mickiewicz, each in the original of course.

"This is my wife's kingdom," he said with a smile when I asked to see the house and grounds. "You must wait for that until tomorrow afternoon, when she is back from Lausanne."

So we talked about books, and then I steered the conversation around to the world of different countries, because Paderewski, the idolized of half the women of the world, had interesting ideas on the subject, I felt sure.
Feminine devotion he receives in quite a different spirit from the average idol, and he is sometimes annoyed at the silly stories published about him. "It is natural that the greater part of my audiences should be made up of women, especially in America, where the men do not have so much time to devote to music as the women have. But the stories about the numerous ladies who have asked for locks of hair and photographs are mere invention," he protested.
"Where do I find the most musical women?" In Germany, of course. That is because a love for music is traditional in Germany and has become now a habit. As far as instinct for music is concerned, the German women are no better off than the American, French or English.

"I found Italian women very musical, but American women perhaps the most appreciative."
Mrs. Paderewski I had never seen, and somehow I had gathered the idea that she was an imposing, immensely dignified grande dame. The next afternoon, as I waited in the salon for her, I quaked a bit inwardly. She came in unexpectedly and found me racing against time with my pencil to take notes before she appeared. Bang on the floor went book and pencil, while my face turned the colors of the rainbow. But she only laughed in a girlish way that did not show up a single wrinkle on her smooth face, and we were friends at once. It seemed impossible to believe that she has a son of 25, his education finished, who is preparing to settle down in America.

She speaks English almost perfectly, and began playing me at once with questions about America. "I want to go to America to see it alone," she said. "Mr. Paderewski sees nothing of the country when he is playing, and in America he is never well—the air is so exhilarating that he cannot sleep. So I never leave him."

"But once I started out on an independent excursion," and she looked a bit sheepish. "My husband was playing in Brooklyn, and I begged to go back alone on the elevated. I felt sure I could do it all right. But what did I do but take the wrong train and wander up and down and around until in the morning, by which time Mr. Paderewski was distracted. And I never dared to ask to go alone again."

"Am I jealous because all the ladies adore my husband? What a question! Of course not. I think it's beautiful; no, more than beautiful—wonderful. For I am sure it is homage given to his art. When we were in Boston last time we arrived only an hour or two before the concert, and drove to a hotel near the hall. And there I saw already a long line of young girls and women waiting for the doors to open. Most of them had worked hard all day, too. I said then to my husband, 'Well, I am afraid I could never show you such devotion.'"

"One of our most interesting experiences in America the last time was our dinner with President and Mrs. Roosevelt," she continued. "He is a wonderful man, President Roosevelt! We had a long talk together. He loves our Polish author, Sienkiewicz, and Mrs. Roosevelt showed me later the horse she has named for one of his characters."

"The one man I want to meet next time in America is Booker T. Washington. Ah! it is a man like him that we need today for our poor Polish peasants."

Paderewski's studio and his wife's boudoir both open out from a gallery, the one as dainty and pretty and feminine as Mrs. Paderewski herself, the other as severe as a great artist would choose for his workshop. Paderewski met us at the door and pointed out his treasures, a large drawing of Liszt, with his autograph, a photograph of Brahms, an excellent likeness of Mrs. Paderewski over the piano, where he can see it constantly; bronze and silver wreaths and other things which are mementoes of enthusiastic friends in many lands. "It is a simple workshop," he apologized. And it is a workshop, in fact, for he works as hard today as when he was struggling for recognition. "I can't help it," he said. "Everybody must work who possesses a conscience. For how else can one do one's best?"

From the Same Town.

From the Chicago News.
The young Duchess of Manchester, who is the daughter of Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati, was standing in the hall of an Irish hotel waiting for the Duke when an excited American tourist rushed up and inquired if she were Miss—, a lady for whom he was waiting. The Duchess drew herself up and replied, stiffly enough, "I am the Duchess of Manchester." "Oh-h," replied her companion, "I'm from Cincinnati, too!"

SHORT STORIES

Change for the Better.

From the Philadelphia Post.
Although Secretary Shaw is a man of diplomacy, he enjoys looking an occasional shaft of satire. An official who takes great pride in his dress but who, in spite of elaborate toilets, is not conspicuous for his beauty, recently attempted to grow whiskers. Evidently his effort stirred up domestic objection, for a few days ago, after three months of assiduous cultivation of a black but somewhat reluctant growth of beard, he appeared clean-shaven again, explaining to his colleagues that it was his wife's birthday and that in her honor he had removed what she had bewailed as an unnecessary disfigurement.

Forthwith he showed himself to Secretary Shaw, craving commendation.
"Yes, I congratulate you," said the secretary. "Your case reminds of the good wife who, venturing on a change in wearing her hair, timidly asked her husband if he thought it unbecoming."

"Bless you, no!" he exclaimed, trying his best to be complimentary; "any change would be an improvement in you!"

Easily Found.

From the Washington Times.
The fact that America is a very big country never strikes one so forcibly as when he has traveled a couple of thousand miles out west, and still finds the prairie stretching out before him. A youthful member of the British nobility was over here recently, accompanied by his inevitable valet, James.

They saw numerous seaboard cities, tarried for a time in Pittsburgh, in Chicago, in St. Louis and in Kansas City, and then struck out into the great West. Somewhere near the edge of Colorado the train was delayed at a small station, and the passengers got out to stretch their legs, among them his lordship and James, who seemed in a brown study.

"What's the matter?" asked his master. "I was just thinking, my lord," said James, "that Columbus didn't do such a bloomin' big thing when 'e discovered this 'ere country, hafter hall's said and done. 'Ow could 'e 'elp it?"

The Tactless Man.

From the Golden Penny.
It is not unusual in life to see an awkward fellow making a false step. He attempts to recover himself and makes another; the second is followed by a third, and down he comes. Here is an illustration of what we mean: A gentleman once said to Lord North, "Pray, my lord, who is that extremely ugly woman sitting over there?" "That's my youngest sister," said his lordship. "Good gracious!" said the gentleman, "I don't mean her, I mean the next." "That is my eldest sister," replied the nobleman. "I protest," cried the unhappy gentleman, "I don't mean her, but the third." "That is my wife," said Lord North. "The devil!" ejaculated the poor fellow. "You may well say that," said Lord North, "for she is as ugly as one. But, console yourself, my dear sir, we are the ugliest family in England."

He Was Indeed.

From the New York Times.
This story was told of the great preacher Spurgeon, at the Lotus club last week, when a group of members were discussing queer slips of the tongue.

The late London pulpit orator was in Liverpool and was asked to visit a mission house and reading room for sailors. An audience of more than a thousand salty sons of the sea were there to greet him. With a silence that showed their keen interest they listened as Mr. Spurgeon, with the dramatic eloquence of which he was a master, told them the story of Jonah and the whale. He told how Jonah was cast into the sea, how the whale came along, and with great impressiveness said:

"And Jonah swallowed the whale!"
"Good 'eavens," exclaimed a bass-voiced listener. "Wasn't 'e fond of fish!"

Flagman Makes Report.

From the New York Times.
Edgar Van Etten, vice-president of the Boston & Albany railroad, says that some time ago he introduced a new system for getting information as to the destruction of the farmers' property along the line of the railroad. A blank was prepared to give the name of the animal killed, the kind of animal and other information. A space was reserved for an answer to the following question:

"Disposition of carcass?"
A flagman whose duty it was to make a report on this blank wrote opposite the line last named:

"Kind and gentle."

A Scientific Proposal.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.
When Lord Kelvin was on his schooner yacht Lalla Rookh in West Indian waters he got up a system of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He asked Miss Crum, whom he greatly admired, and who was the daughter of his host, if she understood his code. She said she did. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht," he said, "do you think you could read it and could answer?"

"Well, I would try," she responded. The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and transmitting the reply. The question was, "Will you marry me?" and the answer was, "Yes."

A Cablegram of Condolence.

From the New York Post.
When the news of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga reached the state department at Washington there was some discussion about the propriety of sending a cablegram of condolence.
"No, no," said Third Assistant Secretary Adee, "nothing is to be done in a case of this kind. Besides, there's nobody to send it to. The king and queen are dead and the government has no head."

"Why not send it addressed 'To Whom It May Concern?'" asked a demure young stenographer.

Circumstantial if Not Confirmatory.

From the Toledo, Or. Leader.
We see by the Portland Journal that the good citizens of that city are agitated somewhat over the question of meat inspection. There seems to be good cause for it, for on the same page we learn that the dog-catcher had captured Sheriff Storey's big St. Bernard dog, which a skillful and unscrupulous butcher might easily convert into choice steaks, roasts, etc.

Compensation.

From the Atlanta Journal.
The drop-stitch stocking and the open-work shirtwaist are gone for a season, but the peek-a-boo cranberry pie will soon be "in our midst."