

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

THE JOURNAL'S PLATFORM

A Trinty of Events Which Would Make of Portland the Mightiest City of the Pacific Coast.

- First—Deepen the Columbia river bar. Second—Open the Columbia river to unimpeded navigation at and above The Dalles. Third—Dig an Isthmian canal.

ANOTHER BIG HOTEL NEEDED.

WE ARE NOW in the midst of what should be the dull season in the hotel business, yet with the prospect of 3,000 visitors to attend the national meeting of the stock growers the question of how to comfortably accommodate them is really a serious problem.

Portland's tendency is not to overdo things, which is well enough in its way, but unfortunately it sometimes carries the theory too far. This is undoubtedly true in the matter of hotels to accommodate the ordinary transient travel while it will be entirely out of the question to adequately accommodate the national conventions, not to mention the throngs which will attend such an undertaking as the fair.

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL ON A MODEST SCALE.

THE FITTING UP of a room in the upper part of the city jail for temporary quarters for a city emergency hospital is a long move in the right direction and City Physician Zan is to be congratulated. At the best, of course, it will be a long way from what is desired and demanded, but it is a start in that direction which will ultimately lead to the desired end.

NONE SO POOR.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine what Colombia will do in the now absolutely certain event that Secretary Hay's final note will prove unsatisfactory. Diplomatic relations will be severed, but how much further can it go and how much more can it do? It is literally cut out of Panama by the concessions made to this government and the new republic of Panama is beyond its reach.

RED CLOUD.

The Famous Old Indian Warrior Is Rapidly Nearing Death.

Red Cloud, once famous as the "terror of the plains," is dying in a little tepee near Pine Ridge agency. Eighty years old, blind, broken in health and spirit, he is but the shadow of his former self.

Red Cloud first came into prominence as the leader of the red men in the Fetterman massacre in Wyoming. That tragedy, terrible alike in its conception and execution, occurred December 22, 1866, near Fort Phil Kearny.

A detail of soldiers was sent to gather wood on the Little Piney, when suddenly they were attacked by the Indians. Reinforcements went to their rescue and they were safely brought into the fort.

General Carrington resolved to chastise the offending savages. He sent out 100 men in command of Captain Fetterman. After a quick two-mile march the soldiers came into view of the Redskins, who had wheeled around to the north side of Red Cloud with an equal number. The command was taken completely by surprise. Not a man escaped.

Realizing that death in cruel form awaited them, Captain Fetterman and Lieutenant Brown, after fighting valorously until their ammunition was exhausted, knifed themselves.

The massacre at once brought Red Cloud into great prominence, making him by common consent the leader of the warrior Sioux. In a short time he had established a military dictatorship, attracting to himself all the elements disposed to war and opposed to the government and the army, and becoming a terror to the whites throughout the region over which he ruled.

After many months of atrocities, and following a coup in 1874, the Indians abandoned the North Platte country and went to the Red Cloud agency, on the White Earth river, whence they continued under Red Cloud to make frequent raids. He continued a disturbing factor on the frontier until about a quarter of a century ago, when he signed a peace treaty.

He then buried his tomahawk, and he has never broken his compact with the government. When he fought the whites

around the eastern viceroy. This leaves the ground plan of the commercial city an open and well ventilated space, and the broad harbor road that one follows toward the administrative city is bordered for miles by a stretch with low, one-story mud, log or Chinese houses, whose small windows give only the least indication of the goods for sale within—buildings intended to defend the inmates from the arctic-edged winds and weather of the winter rather than from the scorching, dry heat of summer. All signs are in Russian, but the gray, red and white Japanese flag marks where a colony of photographers, barbers and dealers in Japanese oddities abide. Despite racial hostility and increasing war prospects, Manchuria swarms with small Japanese traders, and certain trades are wholly in their hands. Every railroad camp has its Japanese barbers and photographer, and the Russians seldomly show their faces, every traveler is but a spy or surveyor in disguise.

terms proposed to it were extravagantly out of proportion to Colombia's just claims. Nevertheless it rejected them with insolence, on the theory that whatever terms it might propose this government could not deny. The sudden flank movement in Panama changed the whole course of events and left Colombia a suppliant rather than a dictator. There was the further unpleasant realization that the sympathy of the world was against it and whatever face it might attempt to put upon the matter there could only be one construction placed upon its past conduct.

WHERE THE ANNUAL AGREEMENT WORKS WELL.

A MEMBER of the Master Builders' association, in the course of an interview yesterday, assumed that an annual agreement between the builders and employers would not work for the reason that there is too great a difference in capacity to produce good work among the men. While some of them can earn in the carpenter trade as high as \$4 a day, many others are not worth over \$2.50 to \$3 a day. The men, he thinks, would demand a minimum scale of \$3.50 a day, but how he knows before the contractors and employes come together is not quite apparent.

A plan of this sort if successfully tried in one trade or series of trades is apt to work well in another trade, although there are local conditions as well as trade conditions which must be taken into consideration. The plan has long been in operation in the printing and allied trades. It is rarely limited to periods of a year, but usually covers three years. In the case of St. Louis, the last agreement entered into covers five years. As a result of this arrangement, with all disputes referred to arbitration, strikes never occur during those periods when agreements are in force and seldom at any time. Indeed strikes are rapidly becoming a thing of the past in the printing business. As to one objection that has been raised, these agreements are always kept by the men. They want precisely what the agreements call for, but, on the other hand, so do the employers. But the terms are plain and there are very seldom causes for dispute. When there are the matter is settled amicably by arbitration.

The system, too, is one under which the best men get better pay than the poor ones. To reach the minimum wage scale every man employed must show a certain capacity; if he does not reach that standard the employer is under no necessity of retaining him in his service. On the other hand the superior man is not only in line of promotion, but is better paid, the quality and quantity of his production governing the amount. In this way is met the objection raised by the master builder and the same principle applied to the trades which come under that category might solve the labor problem as it has been solved in the case of the printers.

It is not an easy thing to apply new conditions to any trade or combination of trades. On the other hand nobody knows what he can do until he tries. The Journal has had only one motive in suggesting an annual agreement, the good that would result to the city through the elimination of strikes. It believed it was its duty to do everything it could to maintain pleasant relations between employer and employe; the better the relations the better for both as well as for the general public. The experience with the printing trades seemed to prove that the annual agreement was a happy solution of a very awkward problem, for it has practically removed the danger of strikes and tended to introduce better relations all around. If the principle could be extended to embrace the building trades then, it seemed to us, it was another long step forward. Acting on this principle we have suggested and urged the adoption of the plan, with no other motive than the public good. We still believe it is worthy of more consideration than it has yet received at the hands of the master builders. It seems to us that it is worth while discussing with the representatives of the men when a basis of agreement, now perhaps not apparent to the master builders themselves, may be evolved. Each side should meet the other half way. It is oftentimes surprising how much can be done in a spirit of mutual forbearance.

3,000 WORDS A MINUTE.

Transmitting and Receiving Apparatus Lightning Speed.

From the New York World. Telegraph messages can be sent and received at a rate of from 1,000 to 3,000 words a minute. A world reporter saw and heard recently a message transmitted and delivered at the former speed. Some idea of this tremendous speed is got from the fact that the present rate of commercial communications is 1 1/2 words a minute.

The inventor of the new process expects to change the whole system of business communication.

Today, in the transmission of messages, heavy "press" wires can, by the use of the shortest code, with the most expert operators, carry only an average rate of 2,500 words an hour. The record is 3,300. Here is an hour's work done in a minute.

The inventor, P. H. Delany, who devised the multiplex system, has been working on his last device for 10 years in South Orange. His most serious obstacle was the interruption of a static current, as the accumulation of static charges while a message is being sent is called. Mr. Delany simply made that static current work for a living, overcoming a difficulty by the most direct method.

The main purpose of the system is not for use in business dealing with "Jones' Crossroads" or "Wayback Junction," but along the heavy trunk lines between large cities that are now loaded with business, despite the quadruplex and multiplex improvements. To these big centers of communication it would mean something to have messages rushing in at a continuous rate of even 1,000 words a minute, and adapted to the doubling possibilities of the multiplex. These wires are now being taxed to their utmost, as are those of the big railroads which handle a tremendous accumulation of reports and train business every day that clogs the wires. Mr. Delany recently demonstrated the utility of his system on the wire of the Pennsylvania railroad in the Altoona division.

Confidence. From the Ohio State Journal. When the Pittsburg bank which suspended business two months ago opened its doors the other day a static current at the window deposited \$20,000. This surely looks like a restoration of confidence.

Striking Pen Picture of the Youngest Man Ever Appointed Papal Secretary of State

W. E. CURTIS' Rome Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

The appointment of Monsignore Rafael Merry del Val to the post of secretary of state, the most important in all the organizations of the holy see, created a profound sensation, for several reasons. It was characteristic of the new pope, for it demonstrated his indifference to precedents, his independence of the sacred college, and his determination to be the actual as well as the nominal head of the church. There can be no question as to the ability and other qualifications of the appointee. He lacks only age and experience, and these can be acquired. Some people are bold enough to say that the pope's age may be included in the number, that these defects are more to the advantage of the church than otherwise, because neither the pope nor his chief executive officer is embarrassed by previous utterances or opinions or acts. Neither has a record of great success in the past, from a practical point of view. The position has never been occupied by a man of higher accomplishments, refinement or culture, and Monsignore Merry is as learned as any man in Rome of his age. It is not learning, however, so much as the common sense and executive ability that is needed in the official who is to administer the business affairs of the holy see. The secretary of state has nothing to do with spiritual matters except indirectly, but stands between the pope and the rest of the world to see that his will is carried out in all departments and subordinate organizations of which the church is composed are directly responsible to him. He is the vicar of the pope in all relations with the outside public, with nations as well as with men, and is the general manager of the greatest institution in the entire world, whose affairs reach the uttermost parts of the earth and concern directly or indirectly every human being.

Merry del Val is a very young man to carry such a responsibility. He is only 38 years of age, and was born October 2, 1865, when most of his fellow cardinals were already bishops; hence it is not strange that those venerable men should object to having him placed in authority over them. The only other cardinal under 40 years of age is Skrbensky, a Bohemian, who was born in 1864, and Tuto, a Spaniard, who is 50 years old, and the only man in the sacred college who wears whiskers. Ferrari is 53, all the rest of them are over 60, more than half of them are 70 years old. Rampolla was considered a very young man when he was appointed secretary of state, but he was six years older than Merry del Val, having just passed his 44th birthday. There was no objection to him because he is an Italian.

The youth and inexperience of the new secretary was the chief objection raised in Rome to his appointment. Germany and Austria objected on other grounds. The aged cardinals considered it a reflection upon the sacred college that the pope went outside of their number to select the chief officer of the church, as most of them were fitted for the duties of a capable being trusted. But that is a mere pretext; the real objection is that he is not an Italian. Nobody but an Italian has held the office for several centuries, and as 37 of the 64 cardinals were born in Italy, and every other important official in the Vatican is and always has been of Italian birth, this departure from precedent should be commended by other countries.

To remove another objection, the pope promptly created his appointee a cardinal. It was not necessary for him to do so. There is nothing in the canon of the church that requires the secretary of state to be even a priest. His holiness might lawfully have selected a lawyer or a banker or a merchant or any layman. Precedent, however, has been followed without exception for several centuries.

Rafael Merry del Val was born in England, where his father was the ambassador of Spain. His mother is not of English birth, as I have seen frequently stated in the papers. His grandmother was. The family is one of the oldest of the Spanish aristocracy and trace back their ancestry for several hundred years. For generations they have furnished able diplomatists, statesmen and generals, but more priests. His uncle, protuberant nose, the tutors and aids of the King of Spain. The Merrys have been celebrated for their piety, their devotion to the church and their loyalty to the King of Spain, but more than all for their conservatism and high sense of duty. Merry del Val, Sr., who is now living at San Sebastian, is described as the typical old-fashioned Spanish aristocrat; he is called a "retrograde," which means that he looks backward instead of forward, and the cause of his name. The father has been in the diplomatic service of Spain all his life, and his latest post was that of ambassador to the holy see, where he was so strict that he would not recognize his cousin, Count Benavente, who was ambassador to Rome. Merry del Val has thus been born and reared in the atmosphere of diplomacy; he was educated at the Jesuit college at Stonehurst, England, and at what is known as the College of Nobles in Rome, where he was surrounded by papal aristocracy, and nobility sent their sons to be educated for a diplomatic career.

The young man became acquainted with Cardinal Rampolla when the latter was papal nuncio at Madrid and became his protegee. Their relations have been executive and confidential, and he has taken as much interest in his welfare and advancement as if he were his own son. Although the new cardinal took priestly orders he has never performed parish duties. He has frequently preached in the churches of Rome, particularly for Father Wilhelm at the English-Sylvester, which is attended by the English-speaking Catholics, and the service is conducted in that language. He has quite a reputation for pulpit eloquence, and might easily have been secured as a preacher and lecturer in this country had he not been kept within the walls of the Vatican performing confidential duties assigned him by his patron and the late pope. He speaks five languages fluently—English, French, German, Italian and his native Spanish, besides Latin, the tongue of the church. He reads and writes all of them with great facility, and has thus been able to acquire a familiar knowledge of political as well as ecclesiastical affairs in all the European countries.

His social position has been of great advantage to him, as well as his accomplishments and personal attractions, and he has been very useful to the Vatican for confidential missions to the different capitals. Handsome of person, of polished manners, genial disposition and charming conversational powers, able, intelligent and keen of perception, he was one of the most useful and most favored of all the clergy under the last administration, and was perhaps more constantly at the side of the holy father than any other man during the last 10 years.

In 1896 he was sent to Canada as a special legate to settle a dispute over what was known as the Manitoba school question. He remained for six or seven months, visited the principal cities of the United States and accomplished his mission to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. He then returned to Rome, and succeeded in 1898 by Mgr. Folco, now apostolic legate at Washington. In 1897 he was sent to London as a special legate to represent the holy see at the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria, and in 1901 was honored with a similar mission to the coronation of Edward VII. In 1898 he was elevated to the rank of titular archbishop of Nicorcia, and Leo XIII continued to heap honors upon him, making him president of the College of Nobles in Rome, at which he was educated. The official title of that institution is Academic Pontifical of St. Ecclesiastical. Mgr. Merry was actively engaged in the performance of his duties until about a month before the death of the late pope, when he was appointed nuncio at Vienna, but the Austrian government refused to receive him because he had considered the papal representation of Cardinal Rampolla, who is hated by the Austrian emperor and governed by the Austrian emperor and his cabinet. You will remember that Rampolla might have been elected pope but for the protests of Austria.

The objection to Mgr. Merry's appointment as nuncio was communicated to the Vatican by Count Szeszen, the Austrian ambassador to the Vatican, who is now laboring under the painful embarrassment of finding the gentleman to whom he objected at the head of the foreign department of the holy see. His position is a most delicate one. Neither the pope nor Merry del Val has made any motion in that direction but the Austrian government will be compelled to recall Count Szeszen, if it has not already done so. That gentleman has not been in Rome for several weeks. He stated in a confidential manner, although I have an official denial, that Count Szeszen also protested against the appointment of Mgr. Merry as secretary of state, which, of course, makes a bad matter very much worse.

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Mgr. Tallani, the papal ambassador to Vienna, was also used as a medium for communicating to the Vatican the protests of Austria against Cardinal Rampolla's election as pope and Merry del Val's appointment as nuncio. And it is also declared that when the suggestion of the latter's appointment to the office of secretary of state was first intimated he notified the pope that it would be considered a affront to the Austrian government. This report is also denied, but there is some foundation for it, and when Mgr. Tallani was recalled from Vienna 10 days ago everybody assumed that the ambassador of Austria had begun to resign. Tallani has been a powerful and popular figure at the Austrian court for nine years, and has enjoyed intimate personal as well as official relations with the emperor and the imperial household. He expected to remain there indefinitely, and had made every preparation to go to Rome to pay his respects to the new pope, and was received with great cordiality. His recall, therefore, created a decided sensation, but, instead of rebuking him, he was honored by elevation to a cardinalate, which demonstrates that the emperor and his court entirely wrong in their theories. Nevertheless the new pope has created a very remarkable situation. He has begun his administration by a defiance of Austria, the most important of the Catholic powers, and also Germany, which was even more positive in its objection to the selection of the new secretary of state.

It was confidently expected that Merry del Val would be appointed to succeed Cardinal Vaughan as archbishop of Westminster, London, and he undoubtedly would have been but for the death of Leo XIII. His selection as secretary of the conclave was entirely accidental. You will remember Mgr. Volpini, the old secretary, died very suddenly from apoplexy while Leo XIII was on his deathbed. The cardinal who succeeded him was Cardinal Agostini, who was selected for the vacancy by Cardinal Rampolla without consultation or reflection, because he was the most competent as well as the most available person for the emergency. At the close of the conclave the new pope asked him to select a permanent incumbent. Then no one dreamed that the young man would be elevated to such honors and responsibility. The position was first offered to Cardinal Agostini, who declined it on account of his age, being 73 years old. It was then offered to Father Carvagnis, an ordinary priest, who is now professor of law in the seminary of Bergamo, a little city in Northern Italy, and who had no experience in diplomatic affairs, and is merely a scholar, a bookworm and perfectly contented in his cloister. He is said to have told the pope that he could not render him a greater service than by declining the honor.

Cardinal Sestini and Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli were urged for the office. They are among the most active and prominent men in the sacred college, and are supposed to hold views similar to those of the new pope upon the question of church policy. They are responsible for his election. They managed his campaign in the conclave, and brought him out as a candidate, as we say in American politics. Vannutelli was himself the candidate of the liberals against the papal policy. He was elected because he could not be elected, he used all his influence and energies in Sarto's behalf. Hence it was supposed that Sarto would reciprocate by making him next in honor and bestowing upon him the highest honor of the gift of the keys. But evidently this was not the conclusion that Vannutelli is too big a man to fill a subordinate position, and preferred to select for his chief adviser and executive one who is less positive in his convictions, less eminent and less conspicuous in the eyes of the world, and who would be less likely to be jealous and intrigues, and who can be trusted to carry out the ideas and wishes of the pope rather than his own. But he has not taken the trouble to give his reasons for refusing to make Vannutelli his chief adviser, and he has considered it necessary to apologize for or explain the appointment of Merry del Val.

Worries Some Men.

From the Boston Advertiser. Connecticut takes up the crusade against married women as teachers in the public schools. Many a man who has idled while his wife worked is denouncing the school committee for its narrowness.

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From the Philadelphia Record. Col. A. K. McClure, the veteran editor, who is now the prothonotary of the supreme court, loves dearly to tell a joke he once overheard concerning his old friends, the late George W. Childs. The two men were at work with a man who just across from them was a loquacious individual, who constantly sung questions to Mr. Childs concerning journalism. Mr. Childs answered with such good grace that the bold interviewer was led to say: "I suppose you editors get nervous for this work with your own side sources?" "Certainly," smiled Mr. Childs. "Then why don't you print them?" was the next question that convulsed the entire table with laughter.

Dalny, Manchuria's Machine Made Town, Loses Boom, But is Being Strongly Fortified

Eliza R. Selmore in Chicago Tribune.

Eliza R. Selmore in Chicago Tribune. Dalny, Manchuria, Nov. 15.—The Manchurian landscape differs in no respect from the Korean, and we might as well confess we are in any other port on this north shore of the Yellow sea as at Dalny, the far away.

The same bare brown hills, with outcroppings of brown rock, the same yellow brown soil and sparse vegetation, already thinned and dated by autumn, met us on the land side.

Within the arms of the Tallenwan bay, where the Japanese fleet anchored in the winter of 1894-5, when all this peninsula was won by Japanese arms, there lay anchored the fleet of eight Russian cruisers devoted to the defense of Port Dalny. At the head of the bay, near Port Arthur dockyards, where war paint of the darkest shade of olive green had converted them into evil, sinister looking things, grim contrasts to an airy, white cruiser that came in during the day and anchored with them.

Where the Japanese camps were in 1894 permanent Russian barracks have been built, and on all the heights are evidences of the recent construction of batteries and land defenses—M. de Witte's successful commercial port now absorbing as many millions of rubles for fortifications as Port Arthur.

As we warped in beside the sea wall only Chinese were in sight—hundreds and thousands of coolies, in blue cotton clothes, many engaged in every public works and harbor improvements. It looked for the moment as if the Russians had already evacuated Manchuria and the Chinese had come into their own again. Top boots and belted blouses flat topped caps, construction trousers and gravel trains ran here and there across the sere and yellow flats, and coolies shoved and toiled under a brilliantly blue sky in an air as sparkling and exhilarating as the first approach of winter makes that of our own Western autumn. The fast passenger steamer from Nagasaki and Shanghai, that bring travelers from the bi-weekly trains de luxe for Moscow, were at the quay beside us—the most modern and up-to-date vessels the Chinese Eastern railway could have built in Europe—and freight carriers were discharging thousands of chests of Hankow tea that slid from the cranes into the waiting cars. Our own little Japanese steamer was fast covering the ground between Dalny and Vladivostok, and boxes of glass, tin, iron, and construction materials; every ship carried its hold and sailed away without taking on a single parcel. All was in coming on the harbor side, only thin bank notes going out.

Thousands and thousands of coolies have come over from Shantung to work until frost time, and as many thousands are gathered in from Manchuria districts, and for public works and improvements on a great scale there was such a showing as here at Dalny. Every kind of cart and horse-drawn vehicle, the two peoples could be seen moving in long lines over the dried clay levels, where roads and streets are to be, and drawn by horses, mules and men. A Jirikisha went one way, a victoria, a horse-drawn carriage, a Siberian, went other ways, and one momentarily waited for an automobile to pass. One realizes himself in Russia the most, however, when he sees a waiting dromochy with a sleeping ivoschick inside—every kind of horse-drawn carriage, from Moscow or St. Petersburg, in the same absurd crushed-down hat, the same red shirt sleeves, and velvet sleeveless jacket. Horses with arching collars go by, and through open doorways one sees brass samovars steaming, and booted men drinking tea from glass tumblers. The smell of leather is in the air, and the bootblack's is an undeveloped industry. Only Russian coins pass current, or the well engraved notes of the Russo-Chinese bank. Since the adoption of the gold standard in Russia the silver ruble has a value about equaling that of the Japanese yen or the Mexican dollar. Exchange is always against one, however, whether he sells or buys rubles at the banks.

A muddy road, dried in ruts, bordered on either side with double rows of acacia slips, led for a mile to the first houses of the city. Already a change of grade is contemplated, as the work of macadamizing the highway has progressed, and the infant acacias are growing on mounds and terraces. The commercial city adjoining the harbor is admirably laid out—on paper. The lines of the streets are indicated, the rows of acacias are planted, the Russian public garden are growing beautifully, but the villas of the merchants of the great eastern metropolis, the terminal market for all Asia and Siberia, have not risen. The great merchants are no amassing fortunes in Dalny. Only the necessities and simple commodities are salable in Dalny, and, wanted or not wanted, the merchants have betaken themselves and their costly goods, their luxuries and non-essentials, down to Port Arthur, where money flies, contracts are let, and officialdom gathers at the banks.

BEVERIDGE'S IDEA OF WORK.

From a Harper's Bulletin.

When Senator Albert J. Beveridge was gathering material in Russia for his book, "The Russian Advance," just published by the Harpers, he had an amusing experience with a native interpreter. Mr. Beveridge has the prime quality of the successful man, a capacity for hard work, a work with a man who wanted to do a year's work in a day. Subsequent frequent relays of fresh interpreters enabled Mr. Beveridge to accomplish his own work in his own way.

MOURNER'S STORY OF CHILDS.

From the Philadelphia Record. Col. A. K. McClure, the veteran editor, who is now the prothonotary of the supreme court, loves dearly to tell a joke he once overheard concerning his old friends, the late George W. Childs. The two men were at work with a man who just across from them was a loquacious individual, who constantly sung questions to Mr. Childs concerning journalism. Mr. Childs answered with such good grace that the bold interviewer was led to say: "I suppose you editors get nervous for this work with your own side sources?" "Certainly," smiled Mr. Childs. "Then why don't you print them?" was the next question that convulsed the entire table with laughter.

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around the eastern viceroy. This leaves the ground plan of the commercial city an open and well ventilated space, and the broad harbor road that one follows toward the administrative city is bordered for miles by a stretch with low, one-story mud, log or Chinese houses, whose small windows give only the least indication of the goods for sale within—buildings intended to defend the inmates from the arctic-edged winds and weather of the winter rather than from the scorching, dry heat of summer. All signs are in Russian, but the gray, red and white Japanese flag marks where a colony of photographers, barbers and dealers in Japanese oddities abide. Despite racial hostility and increasing war prospects, Manchuria swarms with small Japanese traders, and certain trades are wholly in their hands. Every railroad camp has its Japanese barbers and photographer, and the Russians seldomly show their faces, every traveler is but a spy or surveyor in disguise.

A bridge across the railway track connects the commercial with the administrative town, the latter a well laid out, compactly built little section of public buildings and official residences. Everything is built of the one blue gray brick of China, or half timbered in German and early English style, filled with cement or rubble. These villas of continental cities and suburbs, with their half timbered walls of Dutch gables, are public works and harbor improvements. It gives one a queer sensation to see these reversed and tilted roof forms, as often ending with tilted dragons or other grotesque forms, and the windows, towers and balconies of Europe. There are even roofs-worked in with blue and yellow tiles—spoke of Pekin or some nearer imperial construction. Dashing equipages, with bearded and booted officers, roll over these macadamized streets, and a few ladies, in hats and gowns of long gone provincial fashions, ride, but more often the few women one sees have shawls or handkerchiefs tied down over their heads.

The travelers arriving by the Transiberian trains are chiefly for Port Arthur, but they immediately transfer to the waiting steamers that convey them to Shanghai and Nagasaki. None linger in Dalny, and the promises of the place are dwindling with its so-called trade, which was chiefly the importation of railway and building materials and foodstuffs for the war.

Every station of the Russian advance has a value about equaling that of the Japanese yen or the Mexican dollar. Exchange is always against one, however, whether he sells or buys rubles at the banks.

This is truly Russia. See! The cigaret ends! All Russia is littered in just this way. Every station of the Russian advance has a value about equaling that of the Japanese yen or the Mexican dollar. Exchange is always against one, however, whether he sells or buys rubles at the banks.

Three years ago, when the Russian relief forces were so ostentatiously withdrawing from Pekin and the imperial palaces which they were then occupying, there was a great packing up and boxing of the art objects and ornaments in the palace apartments. The superb vases, screens and bibelots were packed as long as boxes, and the Russian officers and men, who were then occupying, there was a great packing up and boxing of the art objects and ornaments in the palace apartments. The superb vases, screens and bibelots were packed as long as boxes, and the Russian officers and men, who were then occupying, there was a great packing up and boxing of the art objects and ornaments in the palace apartments.

visitors who exclaimed enviously upon such splendid loot. The Russian officers fully explained that these were not personal spoils or loot they were boxing up and numbering. They were not as the officers of other nations: love of country, high principles, and the benefit of future generations were all they sought in their work. They were not numbering the treasures of the absent emperor. "We are sending all these things to the International museum at Dalny," said one such to me. "Travelers of all nations can have a chance to see and admire them," and I promised myself then to go to Dalny some day if only to see that International museum. When questioned as to the museum, the bearded landlord of Dalny hotel denied any such institution. When the antecedent incidents were related the long beard threw back his head and laughed. The idea equally tickled the fancy of many of the officials at the railroad and telegraph offices. A customs officer laughed still more at the suggestion, and a German merchant was most astounded that any one should for a moment have believed the Russians. The fact remains that there is no such museum at Dalny crammed with the choicest Chinese art objects and the immediate household treasures of the emperor and empress dowager, and those splendidly unselfish Russian officials in Pekin simply lied about their loot.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

My Dear Miss Fairfax—Does a man tire of his wife in time, even though she's all he expects her to be? Am keeping company with a gentleman for the past three years and have seen each other three times a week during all this time. We are as fond of each other as when we first met. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think marriage will alter matters? Am I wrong in thinking we will not tire of each other after marriage, because we have not done so in four years' constant courtship? Do you think a young man of 25 and a young lady of 32 know their minds? MAGDALYN.

MAGDALYN.

When a man and woman aged 25 and 22 years, respectively, have been friends for four years, they most certainly should not be thinking of marriage. I think men invariably tire of their wives, would be to acknowledge marriage a failure and that is not my opinion. I think marriage the best thing in the world and know from personal observation that there are thousands of marriages where love lasts until death parts the lovers.

MAGNIFICENT AFFAIR.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. Even Greenland's icy mountains have their plutocrats. One Kor-ko-ya of East Greenland is literally stuffing his fellow-travelers with luxuries. He lives in a wooden house, owns a table and a paraffin lamp, and recently, to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of his business, he stood cod liver oil all round to his employes.

TOFF'S BARGAIN.

From the Atlanta Journal. Toff has just closed a land bargain with the Filipino friars. Eight million dollars go out of the Irpingian into the Ir-