THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

THE JOURNAL'S PLATFORM

A Trinity 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.

"ONE W. J. BRYAN" AND HIS LONG EARED CRITIC.

"THE personification and apostle of these base appeals to the lowest motives which demagogy can play upon was one W. J. Bryan, unsuccessful actor, unsuccessful lawyer, unsuccessful editor, unsuccessful candidate."

The nameless ass on the Oregonian who penned the foregoing doubtless has been successful in all these things in which "one W. J. Bryan" has so signally failed. Having been successful it is entirely within the province of a delicately attuned mind to rub it in with pharasaical unction on those who have not been equally fortunate with himself.

W. J. Bryan is not a perfect man; being human he has made mistakes, some of them grievous ones. But personally he is an honest man, he is a clean, self-respecting American citizen and a type of husband and father who may well stand as a model. It is the fashion of the partisan press to hound him; it is the fashion of the partisan scribblers who by no stretch of the imagination could be credited with having accomplished anything themselves, to malign and belittle him. What he stood for in politics has been threshed over and over again. There at least was no quibbling in his course; everybody knew precisely where he stood and what was to be expected of him in the event of his election. No one had any doubt that he would carry out that contract to the letter. The decision of the American people was against him, in the last election overwhelmingly so. But both defeats he accepted with good grace. At the present time he is not a presidential possibility, but the whirligig of time works wonders and the execrated sinner of today sometimes becomes the consecrated saint of tomorrow.

Bryan has just returned from a trip abroad. During his absence he was put to an extraordinary test. His environment was new, strange and peculiarly exacting. His every movement was watched with keen, critical and unfriendly eyes; his every expression was weighed and balanced to a hair. Yet out of it all he confessedly emerged with dignity, distinction and added prestige as a man of breadth, balance and matured powers. This is the freely written verdict not of his friends, not of his partisans, but of all his political enemies except those in the dark corners of the Oregonian building where new ideas slowly find their way and induration and fossilization have long since done their deadliest work.

All of this is said in the spirit of fair play and common decency, with no desire to underestimate Mr. Bryan in the past or to overestimate him in the present. The problem of his political salvation is his alone and he must work it out. But whatever he may have done in the past and whatever he may have stood for, as a square-toed, upstanding American man of the present moment he could doubtless hold his own with the pale gray ass of the Oregonian who so flippantly criticised him this morning.

THE IMPOSSIBLE ACHIEVED.

FEW MEN who have lived on the ranges and noted the irrepressible conflict between the cattle and sheep men ever expected to live to see the day when the representative men of both these great industries would be gathered together in national convention and working side by side in the effort to solve the knotty common problems which confront them.

And yet this is precisely what has occurred in Portland. Self interest and mutually blending interests have done the business. Both need open ranges; to secure and maintain them they must unite the combined pressure of their forces upon congress. The open range secured, the problem then arises of the best way to convert it to profit. Manifestly the poorest way is by quarreling with shotguns. This has been tried in the past and found wanting. Just as manifestly both industries are here to stay. On federal ground they have equal rights. Then why not make the best of the situation, each accepting what it cannot remedy and making the most out of the situation as it finds it?

The sheep business has been enormously profitable in recent years. In few legitimate lines of human endeavor have fortunes been piled up more rapidly. In some sections the cattlemen have been forced to bow to the inevitable and confess defeat by moving away. But now they are all beginning to strike the sensible middle course. Both industries must be maintained. To maintain them it is necessary to come to some understanding that is mutually satisfactory. When a question reaches this point it is within sight of settlement, for the first lesson which an American learns is to accommodate himself to circumstances and to make the best of them.

But it is all an encouraging sign of the times and we cannot help feeling when the apparently impossible has been achieved in this direction that the dreams of the millenium are not entirely beyond the bounds of human realization.

THE COWMEN'S PRESIDENT.

JOHN W. SPRINGER, president since its organization of the National Livestock association, is one of those irrepressible men who is always doing unexpected things in unexpected ways and at unexpected times. He is the very embodiment of restless activity, and carries out literally the motto, "We never sleep," which the association has stolen and adopted for convention use, and during the sessions mixes business and play in such a way that one scarcely knows where the play begins and the business ends.

Springer is a college graduate who won oratorical honors in his class. He is never quite so much at home as when, in the midst of a political campaign, he can mount the head of a handy barrel and, arrayed in a long-tailed ulster and a white plug hat, soar on the pinions of his unfettered eloquence and arouse the enthusiastic plaudits of the electorate. He is a ready off-hand speaker, somewhat florid in his style, but always unmistakably It wherever the gentle cowmen foregather. Mr. Springer got his cattle experience in Texas. His firm owns a good-sized state there. His love of fine horses needed no cultivation, for it was there from the start. To see Springer expertly tooling a four-in-hand is not merely a revelation of manly grace and beauty, but a liberal education to those who would learn from a past master of the art. In the last two years he has been devoting much of his time and talent to the banking and trust business. He has a big bank and trust company in Denver, but his heart is always with the cattle business, his first and only love. Perhaps to him more than any other one man is due the great importance of the association and very much of the good it has accomplished for the protection of the industry. They will call him Governor Springer one of these days.

THE REAL FIGHTING SPIRIT IN JAPAN.

CLARENCE BROWNELL, author of the "Heart of Japan," has much to say in favor of the Japanese army in an article in the Buffalo Express, entitled "Hachiman is Getting Ready."

He does not believe that Russia will by any means have a walkover in her fight with Japan.

Japan held for a long time the belief that her progress in the peaceful arts would win her consideration among nations. In their hearts the Japanese despise trade. The exigencies of the times compelled them to turn their attention to commerce, and many of them still believe she must be great commercially if she is to endure. But none of them doubt now that she must also win battles if she is to escape annihilation.

The fact that her victorious war with China won her more respect and consideration from the West in half a year than all her peaceful industry in half a century was not lost upon the Japanese.

When her military and naval forces so speedily beat China to her knees she proceeded at once to double her forces. No one is allowed to escape military training in Japan unless physically unfit; more than this all are willing and anxious to undergo it. The government drill is imposed on all public schools and adopted by all private ones. Little mites of boys delight to carry the flag and stoutly march for miles through the blazing sun to prove their ability to serve as soldiers.

Hachiman, the great war god from whom the present mikado is directly descended, is the one god whom the whole Japanese people unite in honoring. They may be Budhists, or followers of Confucius, but they all pay due respect to their war god.

It is both a military and religious ceremony and appeals to the whole people who are thoroughly in sympathy with the sentiment that those who die in battle die nobly and are worthy of undying love and honor.

W. H. Galvani's able and timely article in The Journal recently gives a fair idea of Russia's moral condition, and no one is better informed on the subject. His statement that it needs something new to stir the fighting spirit, "what there is of it," in the Russian soldiery is worthy of attention. They may have the finest armament and the best officers in the world but ages of brutal oppression have not cultivated the "fighting spirit in the common soldiers."

On the other hand the Japanese soldier is possessed of the spirit of the feudal retainer whose sword was his soul and his emporer his god. It is this army spirit which is Japan's chief asset.

His love for and pride in his country and his cheerful willingness to fight and die for it makes the Japanese soldier a formidable enemy.

The Commercial club covered itself with glory in the reception which it last evening tendered the visiting stockmen. The entertainment was well conceived and carried out with a brilliancy of effect that was beyond criticism.

Germans Shouldering England Out of World's Commerce

W. E. Curtis' Cairo Leter in the Chicago Record-Herald.

We came down from Rome to Naples, and there took the splendid, great steamer Kiachaou of the Hamburg-American line, which was crowded with passengers for India, China and other countries of the far east, where the Germans have commenced an active commercial crusade. No nation is working so hard or so systematically to increase its exports. The emperor and his government and the parliament have joined with the commercial and industrial organizations and are sending subsidized steamships to every port, carrying the products of the German manufactories. In every town of any importance from one end of the earth to the other you can find a German merchant; upon every steamer and every railway train a German commercial traveler, and the government has provided the means for its manufacturers to reach their customers and deliver the goods.

This is particularly true in the far east, where the Germans are pushing the English out of the trade. Twenty years ago Englishmen controlled everything. They had 10 establishments to one of any other nationality. Now the Germans surpass them in numbers, in capital and in enterprise, wherever you go; in South America, in China or in Africa. The German steamships to the east are winning patronage away from the old conservative English lines by sending frequent steamers with the best of accommodations and by their efforts to please. The English lines have been running on their reputations for years, but the Germans have compelled them to build new ships and modernize the service. Half the passengers on the German ships are Englishmen, who give good reasons why they prefer them to their own.

A few years ago a German steamer was seldom seen in the Suez canal. Last year they were second in number among all the nations. The report of the company shows that 3,708 steamers passed through the canal in 1902, having a total tonnage of 11,248,413 tons. Of these 2,165 were English steamers of 6,772,911 tons, while 480 were German steamers of 1,707,322 tons. You will notice that the German steamers must have averaged very much larger than the English, because the tonnage is out of proportion to the number, and that illustrates the condition of the trade.

The Kiachaou is named after what we may call the German province in China, a city in Shantung, which the kaiser seized because of the murder of two Jesuit missionaries who had been expelled from Germany only a few months before. They are working slowly but surely to Germanize the provinces, so surely that in a few years you will hear of a repetition of the recent experiences with Manchuria, except that Germany instead of Russia will be filling the title role. That is the reason why Germany has not taken part in the dispute. She is strictly neutral, but her silence is very significant, and her sympathies are on the Russian side because the occupation of a Chinese province by a European power is an important precedent for her. But I will tell you more about that when I get to China.

Fashionable families are gradually turning ocean voyages into social festivities and millinery shows. People used to wear their old clothes when they went to sea and took as few with them as possible. Now they dress as much on shipboard as they do at a house party and show off all their new clothes on the deck regardless of the damage from dampness. They come to dinner in full dress also, with low necks and bare arms and diamonds and bracelets until the dining room on a big steamer nowadays is as gay as a banquet hall. The English are responsible for this ridiculous custom, which was originally intended to relieve the monotony of long voyages, but has gradually spread until every steamship line is infected with the vanity. But the idea of wearing jewelry on shipboard is even worse. That is English, too, for it is the Duchess So-and-So and the Countess What's-Her-Name and Lady Lighthead who lie around in their deck chairs wearing all their gold and silver and precious stones like the women of a savage race. At first I thought they were the wives and daughters of Chicago pork packers, because they are the only people who do such vulgar things in the novels of English society, and it is quite a shock to an American to discover that the British nobility are robbing us of a notoriety we never deserved.

And the same women sit around on deck after dinner and smoke cigarettes. It is considered smart for them to do so. I have seen a good many wives and daughters of Chicago pork packers in different parts of the world, but I have never known them to make such vulgar displays or be guilty of such rudeness as is frequnetly shown by English women with long titles.

Port Said is a strictly modern town at the mouth of the Suez canal, of mushroom growth, very wicked, and peopled with the representatives of every race on earth. Like Colon and Panama, Singapore, Honkgong and other ports where the ships of all nations trade, it catches human driftwood. Down at Puenta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, I was once rowed to shore in a boat with eight oarsmen, and each of them belonged to a different race. In Port Said Arabs predominate, but the business signs upon the business streets are a good index of the inhabitants. Everything is well managed. The town is under English control, and notwithstanding the desperate character of the inhabitants, it is very orderly. The police are native Arabs wearing uniforms similar to those of the "Bobbies" of London, and they conduct themselves with great dignity and airs of importance. When the steamer drops its anchor off the center of the town it is immediately surrounded by a large fleet of rowboats, but none of them attempts to approach the gangway until a signal is given by the policeman in charge. Then the boatmen climb up the stairs over each other's shoulders like so many monkeys, clamoring for patronage, which seems to be an unnecessary waste of energy, because all the boats belong to the same company, which pays for the privilege of landing passengers and is allowed to charge only a very small fee. Strangers are well taken care of. All they have to do is to turn their luggage over to the runner from the hotel they intend to stop at in Cairo, and he will put them aboard a train on the baby railroad that runs across the desert and see them safely started upon their journey. There is a custom-house, of course, but it gives travelers very little trouble. The inspectors take your name and nationality and some other information for the statistical reports; they ask if you have any cigars or spirits, and accept your word for it, unless your behavior is suspicious, then they trouble you to open your trunk.

A NEW MR. BRYAN.

His Trip Has Developed New Traits of Dignity.

From the Kansas City Star.

The Mr. Bryan who sailed from England for New York is a decidedly different person in the estimation of many people from the man who left the United States on November 11. There have been no spectacular incidents connected with his trip abroad. He has made no startling declarations. But his journey has revealed qualities of character which the public had not supposed him to possess.

Perhaps the most strikingly manifested of these traits was his adaptability, his good sense and dignity to new conditions. It had been a general impression in the United States that Mr. Bryan was distinguished by a certain rigid narrowness which would hinder, if it did not permit, his mental growth. It was assumed that he could hardly associate on friendly terms with men of opposing views, and that he was largely cut off from progress by his belief in the depravity of the leaders who combated him. His partisanship had always been so aggressive that it had been supposed, too, that he could never realize the primary claims of his Americanism.

It is on these points that his stay in Europe has caused a revision of opinion. He sat at table with some of the most eminent men of England and the continent. He showed no aversion to expanding his own horizon by meeting them. When he observed that his style of dress made him conspicuous he altered it to conform to the requirements of the European standard. He made a handsome public acknowledgement of the fine qualities and sturdy Americanism of the Republican diplomats whom he met, and his speech before the American chamber of commerce in Berlin showed perfect taste and a statesmanlike attitude of mind. The strong impression which his address made upon the critical German press was a deserved recognition of a striking personality.

WHY HE DID NOT GET ON.

O. S. Marden in Success.

He had low ideals.
He did not dare to take chances.
He had too many irons in the fire.
He tried to give his relatives a chance.
He was never a whole man at anything.
He thought a good business should run itself.
He was afraid to burn the bridges behind him.
His rude manners drove customers from his store.
He loved his pipe and a story better than his work.
He could not concentrate all his powers on his task.
He let gruff, indifferent clerks drive away his business.
He trusted incompetent friends with responsible positions.
He would not change fairly good methods for better ones.
He thought he knew all there was to know about his business.
He tried to economize by cutting down his advertising appropriation.
He was a good, honest man, but did not do business in a business way.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

The only people who don't break good resolutions are those who never make them.

Wonder how much a man has to allow his wife to dress in the South Sea islands, where they don't.

It is perfectly useless for a girl to take a muff when she goes riding, for she can't use it when she drives, and if he needed it it would be too ridiculous to put a muff around her waist.

A ROOSEVELT WAR STORY.

Jacob A. Riis in his "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," now running serially in The Outlook, tells this anecdote of Colonel Roosevelt's war experience:

He had a man in his regiment, a child of the frontier, in whom dwelt the soul of a soldier—in war, not in peace. By no process of reasoning or discipline could he be persuaded to obey the camp regulations, while the regiment lay at San Antonio, and at last he was court-martialed, sentenced to six months' imprisonment—a technical sentence, for there was no jail to put him in. The prison was another rough rider following him around with a rifle to keep him in bounds. Then came the call to Cuba, and the colonel planned to leave him behind as useless baggage. When the man heard of it, his soul was stirred to its depths. He came and pleaded as a child to be taken along. He would always be good; never again could he show up in Kansas if the regiment went to the war without him. At sight of his real agony Mr. Roosevelt's heart relented.

"All right," he said. "You deserve to be shot as much as anybody. You shall go." And he went, flowing over with gratitude, to prove himself in the field as good a man as his prison of yore who fought beside him.

Then came the mustering out. When the last man was checked off and accounted for, the war department official, quartermaster or general or something, fumbled with his papers.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asked.

"The prisoner?" echoed Colonel Roosevelt; "what prisoner?"

"Why, the man who got six months at a court-martial."

"Oh, he! He is all right. I remitted his sentence."

The official looked the colonel over curiously.

"You remitted his sentence," he said. "Sentenced by a court-martial, approved by the commanding general, you remitted his sentence. Well, you've got nerve."

TAFT IN PERFECT HEALTH.

Manila Correspondence in Collier's Weekly.

The idea seems to prevail in the United States that Governor Taft is going home because of ill health. This is far from the truth. At one time he was the victim of diseases to which all are subject in the tropics, but today he enjoys one might almost say perfect health, due, largely, to his careful habits and regular exercise. He is deeply interested in the Philippines and the Filipinos, and would have liked to remain until bertain problems were nearer a solution. There is a more personal reason, too. Here the government provides him with a palace. In Washington he will receive less than a third of the salary which was his here, and will have to pay house rent. He has saved nothing during his stay, and being a man of only moderate means, he is largely dependent upon his salary for the support of himself and family.

Didn't Have Either.

From the New York Times.

Mayor McClellan is invariably courteous to office-seekers, but frequently his patience is tried to an extent that makes life a burden. When one particularly persistent fellow approached him for the twentieth time, Colonel McClellan said:

"Whenever I see you I think of the old adage, 'To whom Providence gives an office he gives an understanding.'"

"But I have no office," gasped the applicant.

"Well, the proverb is apropos, anyway."

How Some Precious Manuscripts Were Saved to the World

From the London Mail.

A country which has supported for a generation a costly commission to secure for the state printed copies of thousands of historic manuscripts is not likely to let go the original copy of "Paradise Lost," and we may be sure that long before the sale announced for next spring the Milton manuscript will rest in the national treasure house, side by side with the seared and yellow copy of Magna Charta.

That shriveled parchment, the charter of English freedom, was saved, it is said, by the veriest chance from the scissors of a merciless tailor. Struck by the great seals attached to a piece of paper the tailor was cutting up, Sir Robert Cotton stopped the man and gave him four pence for the document he would have destroyed. It is now in the British museum, lined and mounted and in a glass case, the seal a shapeless mass of wax, and the characters quite illegible.

Four pence will not buy "Paradise Lost," and the passing of this interesting document into the possession of the state will be a much more formal and unromantic transaction. Is it too much to suppose that the secretary of the historic manuscripts commission will quietly send a check one morning to Messrs. Sotheby and hand the manuscript to Sir Edward Thompson at night?

The commission, if we are to believe an earl, has done much more daring things. The fourth Earl of Ashburnham had no great love for it. "You are here, sir, under false pretenses," he shouted to sir George Dasent when the knight, at the earl's invitation, arrived at Ashburnham. "I have discovered that you are a member, sir, of that most disreputable society called the historic manuscripts commission; they are a society of ruffians, sir."

"Surely," exclaimed Sir George, "a great many eminent persons belong to the commission—Lord Salisbury, for instance, is not a ruffian."

"Yes, sir, he is a ruffian, when acting for that society," the angry earl burst out, "and you, sir, are a ruffian, too—you tamper with title deeds, sir!"

The old lady who received letters from Carlyle would have agreed with the fourth earl. When Froude's "Carlyle" appeared she opened her chest, filled with letters from the great men of her day, and took out a bundle. "They were written to me," she burst out, as she flung them into the fire, "not to the public," and when the children ran in to say that the chimney was on fire all that she would say was, "Never mind," and the papers went on burning.

There was a burning of manuscripts much less deliberate and much more serious in which the old lady's correspondent was concerned. Can we ever forget, once we have read it, that page in Carlyle's journal in which the great man tells us how, on march 6, 1835, John Stuart Mill rapped at the door at tea time?

"He entered pale," Carlyle wrote down the next day, "unable to speak, gasped out to my wife to go down and speak with Mrs. Taylor, and came forward (led by my hand and astonished looks), the very picture of desperation.

"After various inarticulate and articulate utterances to merely the same effect, he informes me that my first volume (left out by him in too careless a manner, after or while reading it), was, except four or five bits of leaves, irrevocably annihilated!" "It is gone!" Carlyle wrote again: "The whole world and myself backed by it could not bring that back, nay, the old spirit, too, is fled. I find it took five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive and always sickly and painful toil." Mill, he added, "very injudiciously stayed with us till late," and left in a relapsed and pitiable state.

Though it is not generally known, another manuscript as famous as Carlyle's was at one time in peril of a similar fate. Lady Simeon since Tennyson's death has generously presented to his son the original manuscript of "In Memoriam," of which she had possession during the poet's life. Fifty years ago the manuscript was nearly lost in a London lodging, and there is somewhere an interesting letter from Tennyson, in which, writing to Coventry Patmore, he said: "I went up to my room yesterday to get my book of elegies; you know what I mean, a long, butcher-ledger-like book. I was going to read one or two to an artist here; I could not find it. I have some obscure remembrance of having lent it to you. If so, all is well; if not, will you go to my old chambers and institute a vigorous inquiry?"

Two or three weeks had passed since Tennyson changed his lodgings in Hampstead road, and the landlady said no such book had been left. But Patmore, insisting on looking himself, found the manuscript in a cupboard where Tennyson had kept his provisions.

Once before Tennyson had lost a manuscript, which he never recovered. He lost the first manuscript of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," out of his great coat pocket one night while returning home from a neighboring town, and sat down with a courage worthy of Carlyle and rewrote the poems from beginning to end.

Milton's "Commonplace Book" was lost for 200 years, and was only found and published in 1874. But for an accident his "Comus" might have been lost to the world, as it narrowly escaped being bricked up with the "Bridgewater Papers," which had all perished when found.

The "Creevey Papers," which all the world has been reading of late, lay for 60 years undiscovered, and we have had in the last few years a remarkable example of how, even in these days, momentuous manuscripts may lie hidden and unsuspected beyond the gaze of man. The oldest code of laws in the world, promulgated by a king of Babylon 42 centuries ago, was found, thanks to the enterprise of the French government, only last year, and though this ancient manuscript is written in stone, it is an amazing thing that we now can read, in King Hammurabi's own words, 4,314 lines of the statutes he enacted for his people more than 2,000 years before Christ.

There is now in St. Petersburg the oldest known manuscript of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by the merest chance 60 years ago. Crossing the hall of a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Constantine Tischendorf saw a basket full of parchment leaves on their way to be burned. Two baskets had already gone, he was told, and all that he could secure for himself was a small bundle of odd leaves. But the monks, now interested in the "waste paper," saved the rest from the fire, and nine years after, on a return visit to the convent, Tischendorf found that the steward had, wrapped in a red cloth, "a bulky kind of volume," which proved to be the whole of the New Testament, with parts hitherto unknown, and parts of the old, which had long been sought. He begged the volume for the czar, and today it lies, well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, among the treasures of the Russian capital.

The "Stuart Papers," one of the most precious possessions of King Edward, were found lying in a garret by an outlaw, upon whose head the British government had set a price, who bought them for a paltry sum as a heap of tradesmen's bills, and afterward ended a miserable life by strangling himself.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet, on his wife's death, placed the manuscript of "The Blessed Damosel" in her coffin and buried it with her. It was his only copy, and the poem was then unprinted. And unprinted it would have remained had not his friends induced the poet to regain possession of the poem and give it to the world.

GAVE $5,000,000 AWAY.

Captain Pabst Distributed That Sum to His Family on Christmas.

Milwaukee Correspondence N. Y. Sun.

Capt. Frederick Pabst, whose funeral was held recently, made on Christmas some special gifts to every member of his family, the aggregate of which is said by close friends to represent some $5,000,000. At that time Captain Pabst fully realized that his illness was of a fatal character and that the end was not far off. To his wife and each of his four children he handed stock certificates and deeds representing something over $1,000,000 in each case.

Notwithstanding this distribution of wealth, the will of Captain Pabst will dispose of large additional amounts. It is estimated by friends that his entire wealth will amount to about $10,000,000.

When, back in the fifties, Captain Pabst was working as a deckhand on a lake steamer, he gained notice in this way: E. B. Ward was one of the passengers. He was the owner of the line, and when the boat reached Milwaukee he started down the stairs for the purpose of going ashore. He was stopped at the foot of the stairs by Pabst, who demanded his ticket.

"Say, my boy, I will give you a quarter to let me off."

"Nein; I vant der ticket."

"Here is 50 cents."

"Nein; der ticket."

"I will give you $1, all the money I have."

"Nein; you shust give me der ticket, and den you go der shore oudt."

Mr. Ward turned back, met the clerk in the cabin and inquired:

"Who is that Dutch boy you have on board?"

"That Dutch boy? Why, that's 'Unser Fritz.'"

"Just raise his wages $10 a month," was Mr. Ward's reply.

DIGNIFIED TO THE LAST.

From the New York World.

"Talk with a Democrat up my way," said Hugo A. Gilmartin, the story-teller from Detroit, at one of the Washington hotels, "and he will constantly come harping back on one thing—the tariff.

"Reminds me of the time I was in a hotel up in Saginaw. A theatrical company had gone on the rocks, and the leading man had been living a precarious life at this hotel, waiting for remittances. One morning he rang the bell in his room for half an hour. Nobody answered. Then he went out in the hall, leaned over the railing and called:

"'Boy! Oh, boy!'

"'What is it?' snarled a bell boy from the lobby beneath.

"'Have you seen anything of my laundry?'

"'Aw, g'wan!' said the boy. 'You ain't had but one shirt since you've been here.'

"'That,' said the actor, with great dignity, 'is the one to which I refer.'"

Everything on Blue Monday.

From the New York Telegram.

Christmas day on Friday and New Year's day on Friday, too. Never mind, next year Washington's birthday, Decoration day, the Fourth of July and Labor day all fall on Monday, and we'll finish out the week for each.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: About three years ago I arrived in New York, leaving England, and while in this city I became acquainted with a young Scotchman. He has been calling on me for over a year and a half, so now he has asked me to marry him. I am a little undecided for this reason: I am 33 years old and he is only 30. Do you think there is too much difference in age? And if a woman is too old to marry at this age—33?

LIVERPOOL, ENG.

Plenty of women marry at 33, and there is not very much difference in your ages. If you are wise you will make a nice home for yourself if you care for him. Every woman is better married.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl 19 years old and very much in love with a young man whose mother objects to him going with me.

Do you think it is right for me to go with him, as it causes much trouble for him in his home? Kindly advise me what to do. L. B.

I think the young man is the one to decide that question. It seems too bad that you are placed in that position. What reason has his mother for not liking you? You should find out if it is a good one.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A gentleman called to see me regularly three times a week for about a year. One evening he said he couldn't call the next Wednesday. He gave no reason, but said he would call Friday. However, he did not call, and when we met he was as friendly as ever, but never mentioned why he did not call. As he made the engagement I thought it was his place to tell me. Kindly tell me if it was. Since I have met him at a dance. He asked me to dance with him, and I refused. If he should ask to call again would you advise me to let him?

L. R. F.

It certainly was his place to apologise, and you did right to refuse to dance with him. If he asks to call you had better tell him just why you do not want him to and have an explanation.

HOW MANY APPLES?

London Cor. New York Times.

If puzzles are getting scare in New York, possibly some of the expert guessers would like to try at the following:

Three boys go gathering apples. They arrive home late at night with a bagful, and, after agreeing to divide it equally, go to bed. During the night one of them wakes up, and, feeling hungry, goes to the bag, divides the apples into three equal portions, and finds there is one over, which he throws away. He eats his own and goes back to bed. Later on the second boy also wakes up, and goes through a similar procedure, as also does the third afterward, both of them, like the first, throwing away an odd apple. In the morning the three boys divide the remainder of the apples equally, and again find one over, which they throw away. How many apples were there originally?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Mud and Darkness.

Portland, Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal: I beg to encroach on a little space in your paper in respect to the following grievance:

At the foot of Seventeenth street, just at the railway crossing, is a big arc light, which is supposed to be burning at night, but for about nine days it seems to be out of order and has not been lighted. Further, the smaller light at Martin's wharf has not been lighted for about three weeks, because the bulb is broken.

Who, I ask, is responsible for such neglect? The mud at the foot of Seventeenth street is of such depth that it is easy enough to be drowned, or rather, choked to death in it, and when we are deprived of the lights to guide our steps, some accident is sure to happen. Ships have to pay heavy tonnage dues to lie at any of the wharfs, and we at least expect that the approaches to the wharfs have lights in working order to prevent accidents. A DISGUSTED SAILOR.

MORTUARY CHAPEL A BARROOM.

Chicago Correspondence New York World.

Among the double funerals was one from a small saloon in Center street. The dead were Mrs. Louise Frederichs, wife of the keeper, and her sister, Miss Wernisch. Worn and haggard from long days and night of searching for the bodies of his wife and her sister, Louis Frederichs spent the morning assisting his aged mother and his three little children in arranging for the reception of the bodies.

"We will bury them from the saloon," said Mr. Frederichs, "because it was here they used every day to come. We will put the caskets on the bar, and I do not know whether I ever will resume business. Nothing seems worth while now."

Loving hands converted the barroom into a mortuary chapel. Long curtains and draperies of black were hung from the walls and knots of lavender ribbon were festooned from the ceiling and corners of the room to the bar. When the task was finished no incongruity was apparent.

SPENCER AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.

London Letter in Washington Post.

So little has been written about the late Herbert Spencer as a man of business that it is not generally known how he called in his philosophy to aid him in making money out of his books. All his works were published on the commission system, Mr. Spencer's publisher taking 10 per cent only of the proceeds, the balance going to the author. Furthermore, the writer stereotyped his books at the outset, so as time passed he had to print new editions only as they were needed, and so profited to an unusual extent on his comparatively small sales.

Unlucky Foreigner.

From the New York World.

A Greek immigrant sent a shirt to a St. Louis laundry the other day and on examination a thousand-dollar bill was found sewed into the garment. Mr. Folk is now after the immigrant, although the latter indignantly denies belonging to the legislature.

AN ESSENTIAL QUALITY.

From the New York Times.

All of the qualities essential to competence in the messenger of a cabinet officer are not set down in the school books nor recorded with the civil service commission.

The ante-room of the secretary of commerce and labor was filled with anxious waiters, all seeking an audience. The impressive colored dignitary who presides emerged from Secretary Cortelyou's office. With the air of a Chesterfield he said a few strictly confidential words of welcome and consolation to each of the weary callers, finally coming to the man whose card had gone in last. The dusky messenger escorted him into the corridor, led him through devious passages and finally brought him to the secretary's office by another entrance. As he went he exclaimed:

"You see, sah, all those people in there would feel bad if I was to take you in first. Now they feels relieved. They think there's one less waiting to see the secretary. Now, I brings you in this way, you see the secretary just as well and gets away. My official position calls for lots of schemination—that's the word, sah, schemination."

Work for Two Sciences.

From the New York Mail and Express.

A Yale professor of chemistry is living at the Waldorf-Astoria on $1 a day. It would probably take a professor of mathematics to figure out how much less than nothing he eats.

Statesmanly Rewards.

From the Detroit News.

Year by year the rewards of American statesmanship increase; in 1904 the railroad passes will cover 5,000 more miles of trackage than in 1903.