

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

JNO. P. CARROLL

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

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

A CHANCE FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

LET US joyfully hail the glad tidings that nothing is now impossible in Portland. Here we have had for years a bunch of laws on the gambling question. The timid non-professional who prayerfully scanned them came to the conclusion that they were simply ironclad in their provisions; the professionals, when they could be brought to deliver an opinion, unanimously coincided with this view. As near as anybody could figure the thing out all that was needed was some duly authorized official to set them in motion. The district attorney on his part reneged on the plea that he did not want to interfere with the action of the city government, a rather weak and flabby excuse, it is true, but as there was no better forthcoming it was perforce accepted. The city administration upon its part undertook to combine in its own proper person all the attributes of the government, executive, legislative and judicial. Therefore it simply set aside such laws as didn't suit it and calmly asked what the public was going to do about it. For justification, whenever it condescended to justify, it pointed its triumphant finger to the treasury vaults and exclaimed, "If we are debauching the youths of the city it cannot at least be said that the municipality is not getting its percentage of the rake-off." That was business, to which, of course, morality was purely incidental.

But suddenly there falls a bolt from the blue. In a moment's space of time one of the gambling houses is out of commission. Some one loses an odd hundred or two of real money. It belongs, it appears, to his wife who is said to have saved it at much self-sacrifice. The tender heart of the district attorney is touched and he calls up the gay gambler by telephone. Then he lays down this dictum, "Cough up or shut up." The gay gambler is not used to this sort of language from any official. He has paid his semi-monthly fine, under the guise of forfeiting his ball bonds, for the privilege of running his game. He has paid his political assessment to every party that had a hope of winning. He has been liberal, not to say lavish, to other people who were alleged to have pulls or who were in a position to influence public opinion. Therefore he believed he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him.

When, therefore, he was suddenly called up by telephone and told by an official who had never before interfered with him, that he must immediately make good from his winnings the losses sustained by one devotee of the game, his gorge rose and he promptly and picturesquely told the district attorney to go to, with a clear specification of the locality to which he fervently consigned him.

While he hung up the telephone the district attorney got busy and Erickson's gambling establishment was closed up tighter than wax. And this is still the condition of things. The district attorney swears by all that is holy he will not give in and the head gambler is in the hospital recuperating.

But considering all the trouble which this gambling question has caused, the many so-called insurmountable difficulties in the way of bringing the establishments within the law, isn't it worthy of note that the whole thing is so easy when it is tackled in the proper spirit and backed by the proper amount of enthusiasm? Now that the district attorney has his hand in and his dander up why not show that there are no strings on him and proceed to make a good job of it by closing up every gambling house in the city? It is now quite apparent that this could easily be done and the district attorney having shown his strength, now has the opportunity of his life to demonstrate that while there may be strings or others, there are none on him. Besides if he wants to make a grand stand political play where could he find a better opportunity, when the rest of the officials are manifestly permitting the daily and nightly infractions of the law?

WHERE THE BLAME LARGELY RESTS.

MRS. GORDEN GOELET'S disgust with the ill-manners of American eight-seers as exhibited at her daughter's wedding, is very amusing, considering the fact that Mrs. Goelet sees the example of what might be dignified by a far worse name than ill-manners.

If Mrs. Goelet did not wish the general public to look upon her daughter's wedding as a show enacted for their especial benefit she should have advertised it so largely. Her daughter's photograph, that of her fiancée, the lists of wedding presents, trousseau, and accounts of the relatives on either side so freely given to the newspapers were as much calculated to stimulate curiosity, of a sort, as the same advertising features used for a prominent actor or a circus.

The fashionable wedding is not a thing calculated to inspire respect for the participants therein among thinking people. It should have taken its place long since along with other happily obsolete heathen customs.

The love of a man for a maid is doubtless a beautiful thing in some of its manifestations, but that it should be

made the occasion of a great public show is surely a degradation. Men and women of fine sensibilities do not advertise their divine passion to the world and call attention to it by columns of newspaper twaddle. It is not only indelicate, it is indecent that two people about to enter the most sacred of relationships should invite several hundred people to gaze upon them inside the church and thousands to comment and stare both before and after the ceremony, on the outside.

A wedding is purely a family matter, or should be, and the time may come when the few intimate friends whose real interest and affection entitle them to be notified of the event will be all that are apprised of the matter beforehand, or expected to take any interest in it afterward.

THE EVOLUTION IN EDUCATION.

THERE was an idea in the olden time, and it still obtains to a large extent, that whoever was educated ought not to work. Educated men were ashamed to be found doing manual labor. To plow the fields, to work in the shop or on the farm was regarded as beneath the dignity of the educated man. There are a few who still hold to that belief but it is fast becoming obsolete.

Every man, unless he is idiotic or imbecile, is educated to a certain extent. Useful knowledge of any sort is education. The boy who attends college adds to his education somewhat if he learns anything that will be of use to himself or his fellows. If he goes out into the world at the end of his college course he gets more education of a useful sort in a shorter time than he got in college, provided he goes to work at something.

The education received from books and lectures is a very small part of the game. Dr. Edward E. Hale, a graduate of Harvard, has said that you might take 12 "prize medals from Harvard and put them on a sinking ship and they would all drown through inability to construct a raft." It is quite as true that if you take 12 boys whose education has been received solely from books and lectures and put them into the world to make a living for themselves, they would all starve to death, no matter how much learning they had acquired or what profession they studied.

It is manual training—the cultivation of the hand that it may express the ideas of the mind, that is the salvation of the boy or girl of today. To know about things is not enough; we must know how to use things for our own benefit and the benefit of others.

There are two things necessary in education—impression and expression. You cannot make an impression unless you interest your subject and the way to gain interest is to teach expression. The only method of expression hitherto thought necessary was in a little writing and drawing. Why should it stop there? All children will not make a business of writing and drawing. It is as necessary for boys and girls to handle and work with metals and wood, to be taught to understand the use and construction of machinery, in short to know something of the objects of the world about them and how they can be utilized.

This is being done all over the United States. The best public schools everywhere are conceded to be the ones where kindergarten and manual training school begin and carry on the necessary work of education. The use of pictures to excite self-activity is seen, even in Portland. Children are being taught to observe nature; encouraged to bring to school the curious things they find in the woods or fields. These things are discussed with animation and interest.

Disgrace, humiliation through corporal punishment, nagging and prohibitions are going out of date. When we get things in their right relations we will not have to suppress bad and restless boys; there will be no need for reform schools. We will begin the forming at the age of three. The overflowing energy of the "bad boy" will be diverted and allowed to express itself in the proper way instead of an improper one. The worst boy of your neighborhood, the leader of the "gang," is the strongest power for good in it if he is taught to use his energy in the right way. "Crime is the result of misdirected energy."

There is at least this consolation that though the snow falls impetuously in Portland, the thermometer joyfully clings about as many degrees above zero as it falls below in Central New York. We are not, therefore, needing any sympathy, while we have much to bestow on our less fortunate neighbors and countrymen.

There may perhaps be no connection between the two ideas, but Los Angeles was suffering from a drouth which extended over a period of seven months and there was no sign of a break in it until Hearst started one of his lively saffron-tinted papers there.

Is this coming together of the district attorney and the "Terrible Swede" another example of the meeting of the irresistible force and the immovable body?

Egyptian Railroads Well Managed by the English

William E. Curtis' Cairo Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

Cairo, Dec. 28.—We came down from Port Said to Cairo by railroad, a journey of six hours. The first half was over the canal and the rest over the narrow gauge built by the canal company as an aid to construction. Its original purpose was to haul away the dirt that was taken out of the ditch and dump it on the desert; then it was used to transport supplies from one point on the canal to another, and finally when Port Said became a great port of entry for passengers, the rails were relaid, the track was ballasted and diminutive trains were put on hauled by locomotives that look like toys, but do their business pretty well. This line runs the entire length of the canal, which is 87 miles, parallel with the bank, and belongs to the canal company. Recently the Egyptian government has made an arrangement so that the track will be widened to a standard gauge and hereafter the trains can be run from one end of Egypt to the other. Nowadays passengers between Cairo and points along the canal have to change at Ismailia, the half-way station on Lake Timsah and the chief port of the canal. Rails and iron ties are stacked upon both sides of the track the entire distance between Port Said and Ismailia and thousands of men are at work on construction.

It is comparatively easy to build a railway in this section of Egypt, because there are no rocks, no hills, no curves, no grades, no obstructions but hillocks of sand. At the same time the drifting of the sand is continuous and compels the railway managers to keep gangs of men constantly at work shoveling off the right of way. It is even worse than the snow in the northern latitudes of the United States. The Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and other railroads in the southwestern territories of our country have similar difficulties. In fact, there is as much trouble in deserting as there is between peach orchards, and a gentleman from the Death valley of southern California would feel at home on the Libyan sands.

The only permanent reward the Khedive is receiving for the hundreds of millions of dollars he spent on the canal and for the loss of his throne is the honor of having the little town of Ismailia named after him. The present generation remembers his splendor and his extravagance, and there are many people still living who attended the festivities he arranged at the opening of the canal at a cost of \$21,000,000. They remember his folly and his sins also, and he will pass into the traditions of the country as the most luxurious and the most extravagant man of the East since but, as I tell you, the name of this little town is all the recognition he gets, and De Lesseps does not even get that much. All he has is a monument at the end of the long breakwater which extends into the Mediterranean at the mouth of the canal. The British government is to make the current scour its own channel, and the company has utilized it as a pedestal for a bronze statue of the genius who converted Africa into an island and planned and carried out the most important public improvement ever effected in the world. De Lesseps expected a dukedom. Perhaps he would have been gratified if the empire had survived, but that figure of bronze and a little strip of ribbon indicating the very common distinction of belonging to the British Empire, are all that he has ever received. His family enjoys an annuity of \$24,000 from the company in exchange for certain rights and stock which they surrendered.

There is a striking moral lesson in the career of the late De Lesseps. He was great, but he wasn't square. He was crooked. His whole career was disgraced by the use of bribes and blackmail. He corrupted everybody he wanted to reach, from the emperor of France and the sultan of Turkey, to the king of the Netherlands, the khedive and the clerks in the chamber of deputies at Paris. The slush fund of the Suez canal was as great as that of Panama, and it is the common opinion that at least one-half of the \$400,000,000 that has been expended on the canal was wasted or otherwise diverted from an honest purpose. The extravagance and wastefulness of the managers of the company were beyond all precedent.

At Ismailia we change into a new train of excellent and comfortable cars. They are built on the English pattern and came from England. They are well kept and are tangible evidence of the good management of the Egyptian railways. They gave us a good dinner for \$1.50 in the dining car, well cooked and well served, and the train made 30 miles an hour over a smooth track, which is a great improvement upon what we have recently experienced in Spain, Italy and Southern Europe. The sleeping car system for long journeys is quite as good, the service the best in Europe, although of course Americans prefer the open Pullmans to the narrow little compartments they are compelled to occupy over here. And in Egypt the closets into which the sleeping cars are divided are not so well ventilated. The sand stirred up by the rush of the train would suffocate the passengers if they were permitted to enter the car; but everything is closed up tight, and there are double windows. It is impossible to see anything outside an American lady to whom I was complaining of this replied that if we should open the window of our sleeping compartment when we went to bed they wouldn't be able to find us in the morning, because we would be buried under a thick coating in a very few moments and the porter has to go about with a brush keeping the seats and the window sills clear. Every time the train stops a man with a broom sweeps the floor of the first and second class carriages before the new passengers are admitted.

Crude petroleum, which has been used so successfully on the roads between Philadelphia and Atlantic City to keep the wheels from freezing, is used on our country where there has been similar trouble, has never been tried in Egypt, and I suppose that it would be useless. There is too much. You can't get it. For the whole desert in that way, and there is nothing but sand as far as you can see, and as deep as you can dig down into the earth.

INVESTMENT THAT PAID.

A Bit of Panama Speculation Which Was Richly Rewarded. The New York World prints a page article under the caption, "Panama Revolution Stock Gambling Plan to Make Millions." The article says: "The World gathered these facts from a man who took an active part in the events described. The greatest care was taken to substantiate all of the statements here given. Facts gathered from one source were submitted to others, usually those with interests antagonistic to the original informants, and a complete check was made by the World, as far as it could possibly be done, to verify all of its information." "These facts show that the Panama revolution was fostered and promoted in many ways by syndicates of New York and Paris brokers, who had formed an immense pool for speculating in the shares and other securities of the Pan-

ama Canal company. This syndicate furnished \$100,000, which was used by the revolutionary party in Panama to perfect the revolution. Of this money \$4,000 was used to bribe the Colombian troops and get them to leave the isthmus.

The Egyptian railways mostly belong to the state and the rest to private companies. Most of the private roads are narrow-gauge spurs and feeders which connect the sugar mills and other manufacturing with the public roads. Two-thirds of the railway tracks are in lower Egypt. With Cairo as a focus, they spread out like a fan through the country drained by the delta of the Nile. Ismailia, the greatest port of Egypt, is the extreme terminus to the westward, and Port Said, the mouth of the Suez canal, marks the western edge of the fan. From Cairo a track runs southward along the bank of the Nile for several hundred miles, and is gradually being extended toward the interior of Africa. Before the end of another year it will be possible to reach Khartoum without changing cars. Indeed, there is now but a small gap between Assouan at the first cataract and Wady-Halfa at the second cataract of the Nile. This gap is covered by boats, but will soon be filled by rail. There are several short branches and feeders along the trunk line, which are gradually being extended and increased in number. For military purposes, as well as for civilization and trade, is the intention of the government to push the railway up into the Sudan country as fast as possible, and before many years tourists can go from the Mediterranean to the heart of the dark continent upon a train of luxury, with sleeping and dining cars.

The Egyptian railways are economically managed by English officials, although most of the subordinate employees are natives. It has been frequently proposed to lease the railways to a corporation, and a proposition of this kind is now pending before the government. But no change is likely to be made because Lord Cromer, the British agent, who is really the king of Egypt, in his latest report takes very strong ground against the leasing, and declares his opinion to be "decidedly averse to the transfer of the Egyptian railways to a private company." This would seem to settle it, because whatever Lord Cromer says is final. Hanna has been in treaty with the creditor nations of Egypt only 48 per cent of the gross receipts of the railways can be applied to operating expenses. This has been recently increased to 50 per cent, and has enabled the managers to make improvements that are much appreciated by the public and to reduce the rate of fare, which are now lower than those of any railway in Europe. The result has been natural. The passenger traffic and receipts have rapidly increased. A similar reduction is promised in freight rates, which the managers expect to be followed by similar results. Last year 13,939,573 passengers were carried, an increase of more than 3,000,000 during the previous five years, and the net receipts were \$1,222,261, a slight increase from the previous year.

There is a fine railway station at Cairo, and when we rolled into it at midnight the train was surrounded by what one would suppose was a mob of lunatics, while in reality they were only porters, coolies, railway officials who were there to assist us to the hotel omnibuses that were waiting on the outside. I never was able to understand why it is, but the common people among the oriental races are always yelling at the top of their voices, and in India and Turkey. If one man wishes to communicate an idea to another he shouts at the top of his voice, and when he has nothing in particular to say he screams as loud as he can on general principle, and usually for no reason at all to the hubbub. Hence public places, like railway stations, in Egypt and the oriental countries, will give you an idea of what Babal must have been, particularly when the natives attempt to address strangers in foreign languages.

The population of Cairo is so cosmopolitan that most of the railway porters, hotel servants, hack drivers, donkey boys and people about the streets who come in contact with the public are familiar with a few words of a dozen different languages, and are able to understand and pick the people to whom these languages belong from a crowd of any size. Every language and dialect of Europe, Asia and Africa is spoken upon the streets and in the bazaars of Cairo, and no matter where he comes from a stranger can stroll along the busy squares upon which the principal hotels are located without being addressed in his own tongue. This phenomenon is manifested not elsewhere, and is more notably likely to be started by having a "harked Arab rush up to them and yell in their ear, 'I spit Anglia; give me your bag,' and similar greetings; but it is only necessary to wait for a man with a semi-military uniform who has the name of your hotel embroidered in gilt letters on his cap and coat collar. He will come, sooner or later. It's his business. Point out your luggage to him, do as he tells you, and you will come through all right.

There are no better hotels than those you find in Cairo, and there are several grades of them, with charges to suit purposes of all sizes. If you want to see everything that is going on you must stay at the Shehera Hotel, a strange collection of all the excitement and the scene of everything that happens; or at the Continental, which stands in the next block. If you would like to be considered a howling swell you can go to the Savoy, the favorite stopping place of princes and lords and other titled people who come to Egypt for the winter; or if you prefer quiet elegance and retirement the country residences of the late Khedive Ismail, in the center of a beautiful park on the other side of the Nile, is the best place. There you will meet the most formal and exclusive set and your bills will be made out accordingly. People of modest means can find several grades of hotels at moderate prices and innumerable boardinghouses whose rates range from \$8 a week upward.

From the Washington Post. Japan is diverting her educational funds to her progress. The original design of the fund was to teach the young Japanese idea how to shoot.

And Still They Say Hanna's Warm Heart Throbs for Roosevelt

Walter Wellman's Washington Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

Persistent efforts are being made by certain people who do not like President Roosevelt to induce Senator Hanna to come out openly as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Some of these efforts have their origin in that part generally spoken of as Wall Street—it is now generally known that not all by any means of the influential leaders in the financial district are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt—and others spring from the yearnings of politicians who think they could get on better with Mr. Hanna as the leader of the party than they are able to get on with Mr. Roosevelt. During the last week evidence has multiplied to the extent that they feel it is imperative to permit his name to be used. At the same time there is an abundance of evidence that Mr. Hanna has no intention of doing anything of the sort. The movement in favor of Hanna is against the president is not a tenth part as formidable as some people think it is. But even if it were all they believe it to be, it would not be formidable enough to upset the calm and well-balanced judgment of the Ohio senator or to induce him to launch his little bark on the stormy sea of presidential ambition. Information of the most trustworthy character received here indicates that Mr. Hanna is not tempted; he is, in fact, much annoyed at these persistent and unprovoked attacks, and he is well into trouble; to his intimates he speaks of one's old friends as being the greatest enemies a public man can have.

But as long as newspapers can be found to seize on every little rumor and magnify it into a development of prime importance, a long and humiliating campaign of suspiciousness, it probably will be necessary for those who sincerely try to give the public correct information concerning public activities to deny about once a fortnight, from now till the meeting of the national Republican convention, that any such thing as a Hanna boom worthy the name has actual life and being. In this connection I feel that I am doing Senator Hanna and the cause of truth a service by revealing a conversation which took place in this city during the meeting of the national Republican committee last month. At that time, it will be remembered, the newspapers were filled with stories of the coming of Senator Hanna, and all sorts of efforts were making to stir up trouble between President Roosevelt and the Ohio senator. When the talk reached its height a number of Republican senators took occasion one night, during a lull in the recent game of cards they were playing together, to speak to Mr. Hanna on the subject. I know who these senators were, but am not at liberty to give their names. One after another of them briefly reviewed the conditions—the popularity of President Roosevelt, with the vast majority of the people throughout the country, the general feeling that he had taken upon a most difficult task on the death of McKinley, and that he had done well with it; the predominant sentiment that he was fairly entitled to a chance to go before the people and to receive their approval of his work. These opinions were expressed by the senators, not in

MARSHALL FIELD.

Something About the Great Merchant as a Possible Woman.

From the Detroit Journal. In Marshall Field, the great Chicago merchant, a section of the Democracy hopes to secure a vice-presidential, if not a presidential candidate, who will secure for them the support of the business men of the country. Field is a man of a simply heroic courage and a man who has persistently kept out of politics in the past. As the greatest importer in the United States he would naturally like to see the tariff modified considerably. In Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, China, Japan, and India, he has probably \$10,000,000 invested in the Baltimore and Ohio system, and he is one of the leading stockholders in the United States Steel corporation. He owns millions of dollars' worth of real estate in all parts of Chicago; he holds many strips of rich mining land in our own upper peninsula, and he is financially interested in many of the largest banks of the country. And what, he is one of the least known men in the country.

Temping as the offer of a nomination might be, his friends say it is not very likely that he would accept it, for it would mean giving into other hands the great business he has personally built up. He delights in hard work, and to that and his economical nature is due in great part the enormous success he has attained. He was 21 years of age when he came to Chicago, and in 10 years he became a member of the firm and gradually rose to be the head. His fortune is estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, and he has made it all himself.

Marshall Field has been liberal in his support of public enterprises and the University of Chicago alone has received from him \$400,000 in land and cash. The only time he is known to have departed from his rule of making his donations quietly was when he gave \$100,000 to the Field Columbian museum, with a gift of \$1,000,000 to the endowment fund. He is now 70 years of age, but his step is as light and his brain as active as at 50. What Does a Paper Owe its Readers? From the Outlook. A. What does a journal like The Outlook owe in the way of justice and fairness to those who differ with it in matters of public importance? It owes it to itself to present fairly and with reasonable fullness the views which it controverts; it owes it undoubtedly to its opponents to correct any accidental misrepresentation of fact concerning them; it owes it to the readers to give a judicial presentation of both sides of a controverted point under discussion. But all this does not mean that it is to devote equal space to both sides of a question that it is to open its columns without restriction to every denunciator that it is to satisfy to the full the argumentative propensities of everybody. To do this would be to abandon once and for all the reins of editorial direction, to hand over to others the control of the paper, and to sink in absurdity an imagination, it would not only imply a complete surrender of all the available space to dissenting friends, but it would make necessary a council of conciliation among those friends for a proportionate division among them of the space to be given to each. It would suit the disintegrator; we know it would drive away the readers.

criticism of Mr. Hanna, and in a purely conversational rather than in a preaching way. Finally, Mr. Hanna himself spoke. "I know all that to be true just as well as you do," he said, "and I will go further than any politician would be formed to take the nomination away from President Roosevelt and the people thought he had not been fairly treated, the Republican party would be defeated at the polls as sure as fate."

Since hearing Mr. Hanna make that statement the senators present here had no further anxiety as to Mr. Hanna's attitude. They read of the alleged efforts of Hanna boomers, and of suspicious circumstances in Wall Street and in the financial district, and a tremor of alarm. They place implicit faith in Mr. Hanna himself. They know that as long as public sentiment, and more particularly Republican sentiment, remains as it is today, Mr. Hanna will make no effort to go to the nomination and he knows he could not get it if he tried. Above and beyond this, the men who are close to Mr. Hanna, and who know his mind and his character, feel perfectly sure that what is generally called the presidential boom never started buzzing in his honnet. Ambition never has taken possession of him and clouded his judgment. He distinctly is not crazy to be president. In fact, his intimate friends know that he feels if by any chance he were to be elected president, the story is without possibility of the office would kill him within a year; and Mr. Hanna is not eager to commit suicide for ambition's sake. Moreover, he is earnest in his desire for Republican success, and he feels kindly enough toward President Roosevelt.

There is only one emergency in which there is the slightest possibility that Mr. Hanna would become a candidate for the nomination, and even that might not move him. This is that through some accident or misfortune or sudden and complete change in public sentiment, should become imperative that the president retire and resign all claims to a chance to go before the people. Such a change is barely possible, but it is such a remote probability that neither Senator Hanna nor politicians at all would spend any time in serious consideration of it. Of one thing the country may feel sure: Mr. Hanna will not seek or scramble for a presidential nomination, and it is a serious question with him whether or not he would accept it if it were to come unasked.

If one could believe all he reads in the newspapers—which, unfortunately, he cannot—he would expect to see bitter war break out between President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna at almost any moment. It has been widely published that President Roosevelt recently said: "When Senator Hanna comes back from Ohio I am going to smoke him out; I am going to make him either fish or cut bait." Of course, this story is without the slightest foundation. I was told authoritatively at the White House today that the president not only never uttered these words, but never said anything resembling them or warranting any such construction. It may be true that some months ago President Roosevelt was a bit worried about what Hanna was going to do, but he is not so worried any more.

THE JUDGE'S "POME."

From the Cincinnati Times-Star. All the members of the bar who attended the banquet to Judge Dan Wright accuse Judge Outcall of springing without notice upon the dignified assemblage a composition which justifies the belief on their part that he sometimes stirs his wit and his wit, every guest at the meeting has asked for a copy of the same. It follows: You take a cat by the tail And whirl him round and round, And land him out into the air, Out into space profound; He through the yielding atmosphere Will many whirrs complete, But when he strikes upon the ground He'll land upon his feet.

Fate takes a man, just like a cat, And, with more force than grace, It whirls him wriggling round and round, And huris him into space; And those that fall upon the back, Fate lets them lie there where they fall— They're just as good as dead.

But some there be that, like the cat, Whirl round and round and round, And so gyrating off through space Until they strike the ground; But when at last the ground they reach, Do really come to meet, You'll always find them right side up— They land upon their feet.

And such a man walks off erect, Triumphant and elate, And with courage in his heart He shakes his fist at fate; Then Fate with a benign smile Upon his face outspread, Puts forth a soft, caressing hand And pats him on the head.

And, he's Fate's darling from that day, His triumph is complete; Fate loves the man who whirls and whirrs, And lands upon his feet. That man, whatever his ups and downs, Is never wholly spurned Whose perpendicularity Is never overturned.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. Any woman can look passably young to a man she is not married to. Moliere catches more flies than vinegar, and flattery more women than truth. It makes a boy sick, who is worrying over whether he is going to make his mother, or to hear his mother brag how he is trying to be number one in his class.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

"A Despicable Graft."

Newberg, Or., Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Under the above heading an editorial appears in the Telegram of January 16, 1904, in which it is stated in regard to men who collected for 90 days during the Civil war that "it is not a violent presumption that a considerable percentage of these 'one-night stands' soldiers stayed out of the trouble as long as they conveniently could, or were induced to enlist mainly from pecuniary considerations in which possibly the matter of a bounty was involved," and that "now it is proposed to confer a further substantial reward of merit upon the three-months veterans, not because they suffered in defense of the flag, but because they were fairly dragged into their country's service by the heels." There were two lots of 90-days men during the Civil war; one called in April, 1861, of 75,000, and the other in April, 1864, of 83,000. They were state militia re-quisitioned by the general government, and received no bounty. The first lot were the first volunteers of the war, so could not be said to have been dragged in by the heels, and the second lot was voluntarily sent by a few of the Northwestern states in excess of their quota under all calls made by the United States government. Instead of being dragged in by the heels it was supposed that the high tide of patriotism had been reached when one state (Ohio) offered and furnished for 30 days during the summer of 1862, 50 more men than had been called for, and it was supposed at that time that the war would end before the time for which these men were enlisted would expire. A former speaker of the house of representatives (Mr. Henderson of Iowa) was colonel of one of the Iowa 100-day regiments and I think at least it would be policy to disallow so much of the Tele-

gram's statements as are at variance with the facts as shown by any history of the war. H. J. MINTHORN.

VERBAL HORRORS OF WAR.

From the New York Sun. O, thou cruel god of battles, Russo-Japanese battles. Stay thy dreadful hand this minute, Ere the scrapping of the nations. Take great spaces in the papers, Filling column after column. With the stories of the marching, Battles on the land and ocean. Horses and foot and sailors fighting; Serried hosts of Romanoff's; Meeting those of Mutsuhito, Full of vodka and of sake, On the plains of Shidzuoka, By the Mount of Fusiyama, On the Tchernokolinski. Vyshevolotek and Kosmogradska, Tcharevokshalski, Hiuga, Iga, Sctsu and Shikoku, Kouropatkin and his Cossacks On the jump for Horohum; Samurais of Minamoto Chusing Aleksandrovitch, Shikihimi, ship of shooting, Punching Petropavlovsk's sides in— But enough: Oh, god of battles, You can see the deadly terror Of a war between two nations Named as Russia and Japan are. Let them rip each other open If they want to—that's their business; But by thunder, we are peaceable People reading of their battles. And our jaws should not be broken Merely seeking information, Stop the fighting, have some pity On the innocent and harmless; Now you blamed old Pullerovski, Stop the row, or pay the damage. See?

Incomparable Feat.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of Detroit's hoodling aldermen was recently robbed by a burglar. The penalty for an offense of this kind should be something that the burglar can hand down to posterity with pride.

WOMEN'S UNION LABEL MOVEMENT.

Miss Scudder, Professor at Wellesley, Chosen President of League. Boston Correspondence New York Sun. Miss Viola Scudder, who last evening was chosen president of the first Women's Union Label league to be organized in Boston, is a professor of English literature at Wellesley college and a well-known writer on sociological matters. She was graduated from Smith college in 1884. She is the founder of the College Settlements association, which maintains three settlements—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, and the Denison house in this city. In addition to her college duties, Miss Scudder finds time to hold classes at the Denison house, and usually spends her summer vacations at some of the settlements. Miss Helena Dudley, who was chosen vice-president of the league, was practically from the beginning the head worker at the Denison house, and is a graduate of Bryn Mawr of the class of '89. She has taken an active part in all philanthropic Boston movements. The league voted to send delegates to the Central Labor union and to take an active part in all matters pertaining to the advancement of the union label. It will work somewhat along the lines of the Consumers' league, but its scope will be much wider. It will aim to get women, when buying, to ask for such goods as have union labels. The league starts with a membership of 35.

Unsettles One's View.

From the Atchison Globe. Occasionally you see a single man who has so much trouble every one wonders if he escaped anything by not getting married.

It Would Be Hard on Them. From the Philadelphia Record. If it wasn't for the fact that a fool and his money are soon parted, a lot of promoters would have to go to work.