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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

MAKE THE LICENSE $1,000

SALOON LICENSES in Portland are altogether too low. Hence we have entirely too many saloons in proportion to the population, decidedly too many of the lowest grade and too few that are able to confine themselves to the legitimate branches of the business. The natural outcome is an extent and variety of brazen vice that is simply appalling in a community which in so many respects has reached such high moral levels. The larger the number of saloons and the more disreputable their character the greater their charge upon the community, for it is through them that police occupation chiefly comes.

All-night saloons furnish resorts, or hang-outs as they are called, for the disreputable elements who operate after the hours of darkness. They should not therefore be lightly encouraged. But the police say they cannot hold the saloons as they exist to the closing hour and they are about ready to give up the job as a hopeless task. This is a sorry confession to make and it is a reflection upon the whole police department that it is made. But it is taken by the council as a good excuse for the licensing of the all-night saloon on the theory that what cannot be helped must be borne, and as the only feasible way out of the difficulty is to license and regulate, the municipality is entitled to some additional revenue.

A bill has been introduced into the city council to raise the license fees of all-night saloons from $400 a year to $800 and this ordinance has been referred to an appropriate committee. The Journal wishes again to enter its solemn protest against placing the license so low. The license fee in this city, without reference to whether it was intended to cover all-night saloons, should not have been less than $1,000. It should have been thus fixed in order to raise the existing standards of the saloons and to aid in weeding out some of the most disreputable which now cause the police so much annoyance and which are breeding spots for crime. But that not having been done the next best thing should be done and the license fees for all-night saloons should be fixed at $1,000 a year. If the city is to assume the additional responsibility, then those who profit by it should be forced to pay for the privilege. Anything less than this should arouse a storm of indignant protest and lead to such an agitation as will bring about the strict enforcement of the law providing for the closing of all saloons at 1 a. m.

MAKING THE THEATRES SAFE.

AFTER READING the report of the commission to investigate the safety of the theatres and other big buildings of the city, one is tempted to ask why these conditions have so long been permitted to exist unchallenged. It would appear that the laws now on the statute books have never been enforced, which is precisely the fatal fault now laid at the doors of the Chicago authorities. The Iroquois theatre fire precipitated the deadliest holocaust known to the theatre history of the world, first, because those charged with the enforcement of the law failed to do their duty, and second, because the responsible managers failed to do theirs. These latter were dedelict because they failed to have responsible men front and back of the house during the performances and because the men under them were not trained for such emergencies and therefore were not competent to handle the materials placed at their disposal.

But in any event it is only right to ask that the theatre managers do everything in their power to place the theatres in a reasonable condition of safety. This demand should be enforced with the authority of the city. What is obviously impossible should not be demanded; neither should there be any unreasonable demands made. The theatre managers owe it to themselves to make conditions reasonably safe within their walls and to exercise such personal supervision as will mimimize the danger from accidents. Nothing less than this, on the other hand, should be tolerated. Then the matter should not be allowed to drop. A reasonable and permanent general supervision should be exercised to prevent any relapse into slipshod or careless methods.

In this way, with reason on both sides and a proper appreciation of the difficulties confronting the managers, much good will be done and the effect of it will be permanent instead of spasmodic and therefore of lasting consequence.

SHALL THE FAIR BE CLOSED ON SUNDAYS?

WITH PERFECT RESPECT for the opinions of the Ministerial association, is it not barely possible that there are two sides to this question of Sunday closing at the Lewis and Clark fair? So far as the simple morality of the question is concerned, The Journal yields to none in the definiteness of its views. It will go even further and say that it is not in the least affected by the business feature of Sunday closing and the possibility that that might lead to a deficit at the end of the season. In all of this The Journal is not in the least concerned, but it is profoundly interested in the fair as an uplifting educative influence.

We have looked to the fair to raise the artistic standards, to expand the minds and to broaden the understanding and knowledge of all the people who attend it. To thousands who are pursuing some specialty, who are interested in some branch of science, art, literature, history or mechanics, here will be afforded an opportunity at slight cost and under the most favorable auspices to acquire first hand information from the very cream of the world's product. It is an opportunity which many will be disposed to seize with avidity. One visit or two or a dozen visits will not satisfy such as these. Many of them are people who cannot afford to indulge in many luxuries. Those who can afford them are little concerned directly, for they may follow them up anywhere at any time or even buy those things which their tastes crave.

But if the fair is closed on Sundays people such as those The Journal is chiefly concerned in will be obliged to lose a day's work every day they attend. To many people the loss of a single day's pay definitely contracts a month's income. In addition to that loss will be the attendant expenses, for it will cost something to go to the fair in addition to the admission price. Besides this men of family will wish to take their wives and children. Add all of these expenses to the loss of wages and the sum total is quite respectable in amount and cannot be spent many times during the progress of the fair. It is for these people that The Journal appeals.

Many of them are sustaining members of the churches. They will regard the fair as a great opportunity for the extension of the education of themselves and their families. Suppose they had a chance to visit the fair during Sundays—will they be benefited or harmed by it? Will the cause of morality or religion be strengthened or lowered by it?

We permit in this town open saloons during all hours of Sunday. The veriest dives are running in full blast at all hours. We do not desire to justify one wrong by another, but surely where this is permissible and even authorized by law we should be slow in closing legitimate avenues of pleasure, education and character building such as the fair will prove to be. Rather should we strive to offset one with the other and by making what is moral attractive and placing it easily within the reach of those who have few pleasures, gradually uproot the evil and thus add strength, tone and assertiveness to the moral fibre of the whole community.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OPPORTUNITY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN MANNING is rather too modest and retiring in his disposition. He seems to shrink from publicity or the doing of those things which lead to self advertisement. Since he has held the office of district attorney he has done few of those things which would attract public attention to himself and nothing that would entitle him to the centre of the stage and the limelight which goes with it.

He has now one of those rare opportunities which ambitious and forehanded public officials never fail to seize and make the most of. He starts in by closing up a gambling house because its proprietor fails to turn over money lost by a poor woman through the high rolling instincts of her husband. He swears that he will stand by his guns until his terms are complied with. These are that the money be turned over to the woman. Whether in addition he will demand the withdrawal of the opprobious epithet so enthusiastically hurled at him by the boss gambler does not yet appear.

But suppose that the terms are complied with and the gambling house reopens, what is to prevent the very same thing happening again any day or night, as it has so frequently happened before without exciting the hot indignation of the district attorney or any other public official? Will he in this one battle exhaust all his energy or has he enlisted for the campaign?

The district attorney has made a good start. The eyes of the world are upon him and his fellow citizens are throbbing with feverish interest. At this crucial moment will he get cold feet or will he, now that he is master of the situation, exercise his high prerogatives and play the game to the limit, as he intimated yesterday he would do? The initiative is with him, as he confesses. If it is, what more does he want?

Go to it, Mr. Manning, and let the world see the fur fly! Hit only the high places and give us an object lesson of what a real live public official, with a proper appreciation of his obligations, can do when his dander is really up and the issue is whether the law breakers or the law shall rule this town.

LOWER THE INSURANCE RATES.

THE AGITATION for lower insurance rates is here to stay until relief has been granted. It is all well enough for the insurance men to point to the heavy fire losses here, both relatively as compared with our neighbors and absolutely as compared with ourselves. Much of what they say will be admitted without argument, but with a great sum of money being spent for a fireboat and to place a full paid fire department on a footing of efficiency it is only reasonable to demand that decent concessions be made to these increased facilities.

Even under the existing conditions, the residence rate is too high. There should be an immediate and decided drop there without further discussion. Then the other rates should be taken up on their merits and that to which the city is justly entitled should be promptly conceded without waste of words or loss of time.

BRYAN'S NUMEROUS FAILURES.

From the Oregonian.

"Portland, Jan. 18.—To the Editor.—In the Oregonian of Wednesday, the 18th inst., you refer to W. J. Bryan as "the unsuccessful lawyer." When he was running in 1900 you informed the public that he was a corporation attorney. In these days corporations know better than to hire incompetent lawyers. Then why hire W. J. Bryan? I also read in the same issue of your paper that he is an unsuccessful farmer. How can that be when in 1900 your paper represented the crop harvested off his little farm in Nebraska as so enormous that we ignoramuses out in the West imagined he would at once form a grain trust, beside which all other trusts would sink into insignificance? Perhaps the soil of Nebraska has ceased to yield. An explanation of these seemingly inharmonious statements would greatly oblige A SUBSCRIBER."

"The Oregonian did not include Mr. Bryan's farming among his failures, but the truth is that he bought his farm and built his fine house and barn with money made in politics—money he could not make in any productive industry. He has never been taken seriously as a lawyer, farmer or editor. His occupation is politics.

And while these questions and so-called answers are in order what, it may be asked, is the occupation of Bryan's Oregonian critic? Is it any better or any higher than politics? If allusion be made to the chief editor of the Oregonian, has he been a glittering success in the field of politics or a profound and monumental failure?

It is well enough to be critical but it is quite another thing to be envious, captious and abusive and at the same time so bigoted that no good can be seen in anything that doesn't wear the freely exposed Oregonian brand.

SPENCER'S TEMPERAMENT.

George W. Smalley, in London Times.

Even among his chosen associates, on his own ground, discussing matters he really cared for, he was subject to moods of irritability, due to an impaired nervous system. Argue he would. Controversy was inevitable, since he was incapable of suppressing his opinions when high matters were talked of; incapable of compromise on any matter concerning which he had a conviction (and there were few, indeed, on which he had none), and incapable of silence in presence of error. Intellectually, he was the most implacable of men. It was as difficult for him to conform in small things as in great; nothing was small to him if it involved, no matter how remotely, a principle. He would not attend Darwin's funeral in Westminster abbey because he felt himself unable to appear to acquiesce in the acts of reverence or even of civility which the occasion demanded. Huxley, a much broader type of man, had no scruple in going and in adjusting his behavior to the ecclesiastical circumstances amid which he found himself. Spencer rebuked him as a backslider from the true faith of the agnostic—a contradiction in terms, but a convenient one—and Huxley endured the rebuke smilingly, as he did many others from the same source. He loved Spencer, whose philosophy he nevertheless totally rejected, and he knew that a discussion would cost his friend a night's sleep which the semblance of a triumph might assure to him. Tyndall, in a similar plight, had less control over himself than Huxley; the Irish blood in him ran too hot and strong in his veins; the shillelah lay ever ready Astor Chanler, who was sent to congress by Richard Croker. He has engaged a whole floor at an Albany hotel for use during the legislative session.

TALK ABOUT A CHILL!

From the Washington Post.

Col. "Jim Ham" Lewis, now of Chicago, where the soot has turned the pink of his whiskers to a near Titian, met Perry Heath in the lobby of the Willard hotel on Tuesday evening. With that grateful and airy persiflage for which the colonel is famous he stretched out both hands and said, "Hello, you rascal!"

Not content with looking daggers at "Jim Ham," Heath looked cutlasses, cleavers, broadswords, buzz-saws and battle-axes, and the temperature fell so rapidly that the onyx pillars cracked.

GOOD MEDICINE FOR PESSIMISM.

What This Country Is Doing—Courage the Keynote.

From the Wall Street Journal.

Good medicine for a severe attack of pessimism was the address delivered last evening at Rochester by O. P. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics at Washington. His statement that the entire international commerce of all the countries of the world aggregated in 1903 $22,000,000,000, and that the inland trade of the United States alone in the same year amounted to $22,000,000,000, is exceedingly suggestive and wonderfully cheering. Moreover, nearly one-eighth of the entire international commerce of the world is carried on by the United States.

Mr. Austin shows that since 1870 the exports of France have increased 50 per cent, those of England 45 per cent, those of Germany 110 per cent, and those of the United States stood at the bottom of the list. Today she stands at the head. We produce more wheat than any other nation, and three-fourths of the corn of the world. We furnish 40 per cent of the meat which enters into international commerce. We produce three-fourths of the cotton of the world. Our coal area equals that of all Europe, and our production exceeds that of any other nation. We produce more petroleum for use in lighting than any other country, and have sold during the past decade $500,000,000 of it to the rest of the world. Even in manufactures the United States is the world's largest producer.

It is true that these statistics relate to the past and the present, but they are a guarantee for the future. No one, we feel sure, will claim that this country is in a decadent condition, and, having reached its zenith, is now to begin on the downward path. On the contrary, there is every evidence of growth. Our capacity for expansion is still enormous. We have not yet developed our resources to the fullest extent, and there is every reason to believe that both in inland trade and foreign commerce we shall go on from one conquest to another.

This being the case, there seems to be every reason for courage on the part of our industrial leaders. Every great corporation whose managers are impressed with the belief that this country is to continue to increase in population, in trade and in wealth, is justified in building largely for the future, just as the Pennsylvania railroad has done in preparing to expend millions of dollars in new terminals and facilities. The keynote of the situation, therefore, is courage. Unless the heart of our so-called captains of industry fail them, there is no reason to regard the future with apprehension. And it may be said that if they faint by the wayside, there are others bold enough to spring into their places and take the leadership.

A HERITAGE OF HATRED.

Japan's Long Wait for Its Revenge on China.

From the Kansas City Star.

The Chinese-Japanese war in 1894 was the culmination of 300 years of suppressed indignation in Japan. It was an outcome of a heritage of hatred which had its tap roots in the remote past. Since 1572 Japan has held a certain suzerainty in Korea, although China has at times claimed the king of Korea as a vassal when it was to China's interest to be interested in the affairs of the hermit nation. In 1592 a Japanese expedition landed in Korea to punish that country for a failure to recognize the Japanese suzerainty. China supported Korea and the Japanese devastated the Korean peninsula. Since that time Japan has waited with oriental patience for a chance to be revenged on China. Korea has worked to be free from both Japan and China. Russia, as an active factor in the Korean question, did not appear in the matter until about 30 years ago.

The immediate cause of the Japanese-Chinese struggle in 1894 was a disagreement between China and Japan about sending troops to Korea to suppress disorders. Both China and Japan sent troops to Seoul. The Korean difficulty was settled immediately, but neither China nor Japan removed its troops. Japan accused Korea at this juncture of aiding the Chinese. China started more troops toward Korea. Japan notified China that the sending of more Chinese troops to Korea would be considered an act of war. Li Hung Chang dispatched soldiers in a British vessel and Japan sent a warship to intercept them. The two vessels met in the open sea and the Japanese commander ordered the Chinese soldiers to return. The Chinese vessel continued on its way and was fired upon. The war was a Japanese procession in four relays—Asan, Ping Yan, Yalu and Port Arthur. Japan was victorious on land and sea.

At the close of the war Japan secured Port Arthur and a large part of the coast line of northern China. The revenge that had been waiting 300 years seemed complete. Territory for the expansion of Japan had been secured, and the power of China was at the disposal of the energy of Japan. Then came a diplomatic cataclysm that left Japan high and dry and raging against Russia. After the mikado's forces had occupied Manchuria two days Russia, France and Germany forced the abandonment of all the territory on the mainland, and Japan saw the fruits of its successful war and years of preparation lost through the cupidity of the czar. Since that time the hatred of Japan has been turned from Korea and China to Russia. From the lowest coolie to the members of the mikado's cabinet every one in Japan is waiting for the moment to strike.

NOT INTENDED FOR HIM.

From the Washington Post.

On the nicest stationery the speaker of the house has at his command, Mr. Cannon yesterday indited a note to Senator Frye, presiding officer of the senate. Hardly less interesting than the note itself was its inclosure.

Out in Missouri in the town of Newark resides one J. C. Speer. He has a penchant for drawing in vivid colors and every few months fashions some ludicrous cartoons, which are mailed to prominent men in congress. Speaker Cannon received one of these, depicting a frisky Republican elephant, running on a big book, labeled "Code, Vol. I., U. S. Expansion," and resting on a canoe, sailing in troubled waters.

"O, God," read the superscription, "let not the code fall overboard."

There was a letter from the peculiar cartoonist. "'Spiritious Noah,'" said the letter, "would like for you old governmental prophets up in W. D. C. to inform me who is going to be vice-president in 1904 of the United States of America."

Speaker Cannon hesitated not a minute on such an inquiry. He took down the most ornate stationery allowed to his high office. "This evidently belongs to your end of the capitol," he wrote diplomatically. "Opened here by mistake."

Weak Man.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He who complains that the woman of his choice misunderstands him would better be content. In the long run he gains by her lack of comprehension. Few men can bear being continuously understood.

WILL BE AN ELECTRIC MARVEL.

New York Times' New Home—Steam Will Be Unknown Quantity.

New York Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger.

The Times building, when finished, will be an electrical marvel. It will be a show place for electricians. It will combine a greater number and a greater variety of uses for electricity than any other structure.

Steam will be an unknown quantity in the building for the greater part of the year, as it will be used only for heating purposes, and at a pressure of less than five pounds. The dust brush and the traditional broom of the office sweeper will be banished. New ideas—new methods will prevail.

The Times has contracted with the New York Edison company for a six-year service, upon the stipulation that there would be independent connections with three supply stations of the Edison company.

The outside electrical supply will furnish power for 109 motors, rated at 900 horse-power, light for 4,000 incandescent lamps, 15 arc lights, one searchlight, signs, bulletins, Cooper-Hewitt lamps and for many novelties, aggregating the use of current amounting to more than 400,000 kilowatt hours per annum.

The uses to which electricity will be put for newspaper purposes and for the needs of tenants may be enumerated as follows:

111 motors—Four Hoe octuple presses; 1 press, job; 1 press, electric proof; 8 Kohler safety devices for controlling press movements; 2 auto-plates, turning out 8 stereo plates a minute; 38 linotypes; 3 pumps, house; 3 pumps, sewage; 1 pump, air compression, for pneumatic tubes; 1 pump, air vacuum, for cleaning carpets and offices; 1 pump, ink; 1 paper conveyor, for carrying printed papers from presses to delivery room; 7 elevators, passenger and lift; 4 Leonard system of control for elevators; 1 galley lift; 8 trolley hoists for paper rolls; 8 fans for metal pots and ventilating press room; 6 gymnasium; 1 machine shop lathe; 1 machine shop planer; 1 stereo molding machine; 1 stereo tail cutter, round; 1 stereo shaver, round; 1 stereo router; 1 stereo shaver, flat; 1 stereo trimmer, flat; 1 stereo saw; 1 stereo jig and drill machine; 3 refrigeration.

Light—4,000 incandescent, 15 arc, Cooper-Hewitt lamps, search, signs, bulletin service, elevator flash, cigar lighters, carriage call.

Heat—Stereo matrix; restaurant, including plate warmers, coffee urns, tea kettles, egg broilers, griddles, self-dumping oyster cooker for stews, toasters; stereo pastepot; soldering irons, hair curler for ladies' toilet, heating pads, heating tailors' irons.

Dental—Mallet, gold annealer, sterilizer, dental engine, mouth lamp, porcelain baking furnace, reflector for working on dark days, X-ray apparatus, cautery.

Miscellaneous — Time - clock connection, fire-alarm connection, telegraph connection, telephone connection, messenger-call connection, office-call connection.

Electric novelties will be found in unlooked-for places. The presses will be equipped with Kohler system of control, which permits of a movement delicate enough to turn the printing cylinder one eighth of an inch a second, or at a speed of four revolutions a second. The automatic control and stoppage of machinery extends through the presses, auto-plates, house pumps, sewage pumps, air vacuum pumps and the air compression pumps, in order that current may not be wasted.

The plaza north of the Times building extends for a distance of 1,000 feet to Forty-sixth street. The suggestion has been made for the erection of an immense sign above the sixteenth floor, which shall give carraige calls for the 17 theatres in that vicinity to carriages waiting in this large area. For instance, the number 6 2 3 M would be a call from the Metropolitan Opera house; 5 4 2 E would summon a carriage to the Empire; 4 2 7 B would mean the Belasco theatre, and 8 1 8 N would give notice from the New Amsterdam. In this way carriages for all theatres would have an ample space, the plaza would become the real center of midnight activity and would reduce the inconvenience now caused by blocks and delays such as occur on opera nights.

SERMONS IN SONG.

W. N. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vii: 34.

Some of us never seem to learn
To take our troubles as they come,
To meet each worry in its turn—
We look ahead and borrow some.
Just when the rose is ruddiest
We grieve because it will not stay—
Our hands upon the thorns are pressed;
We make tomorrow of today.

Some people—that is, you and I—
Hush half the laughter on their lips,
Send it a-scurry with a sigh;
Or stale the wine another sips,
By brooding of some fancied grief
That may await us on the way.
To his own gladness each plays thief—
He makes tomorrow of today.

We trade the gold of one day's joy
For dross of doubt and discontent—
The fine gold we dull with alloy
Of baser metals, meanly blent.
And yet tomorrow never shows
A dawn so dark or noon so gray
As drawn by one whose borrowed woes
Have made tomorrow of today.

'Tis best to think each day is made
With all the goodness it shall hold,
With all the sunshine and the shade,
And some small sorrow to enfold,
Then wafted from the Master's hand,
Where all of the tomorrows stay—
But still we cannot understand;
We make tomorrow of today.

GORDON'S TRIBUTE TO VALOR.

From address of General Gordon, delivered at New Orleans reunion of United Confederate Veterans Last May.

We have long since drawn the curtain of oblivion over the regrettable and unseemly things of the past; and we cherish, as Americans, the valor and nobler deeds of both armies, and of all sections. We of the South are satisfied with our own record, and the power that would attempt to make us blush for it would be both stupid and blind. We are heirs, joint heirs with the Republic's children, in the inheritance of freedom left by our sires. We are proud of all the past; and, although we are now facing a future pregnant with tremendous possibilities, yet we face it with a strength of hope and assurance born of an unswerving purpose to discharge our every duty to all races and to the whole country. We are growing old, but we still stand firmly on a narrow strip of land which separates us from a boundless ocean of eternity. And as we go hence we will calmly drop our mantles on the shoulders of our boys, who will worthily wear them, and in no crisis of the Republic, whether in forum or field, will they be found wanting.

Worse on the Man.

From the Atchison Globe.

When a woman has been told that she is a brilliant conversationalist, a man has to work twice as hard to get a word in.

Pekin's Undreamed Of Splendors Revealed by the Boxer Revolt

Eliza R. Scidmore's Pekin Letter in Chicago Tribune.

The greatest sightseeing of 10 centuries was to be enjoyed in 1900 when, with the relief of the besieged legations, the foreign troops battered in the palace gates, threw every portal wide open, used the broken doors for bivouac fires, and let light in upon undreamed of splendors. It was the open door in China with a vengeance. Pekin wide open most literally. A whole new school of architecture and decorative art was revealed for practically the first time and in all its purity. But the fact was little exploited; one could find little in the correspondence about the actual structures, their scheme of decoration and ornament.

All that came out of Pekin were tales of loot and horrors, and even the survivors of the siege were indefinite about the actual palace interior. To be made a target for Chinese shot and shell for two months would deaden one's admiration for anything Chinese, and the refugees chiefly remembered that grass grew in the courtyards. A dozen people told me of that grass, some of them added weeds and brambles, but none hinted at the imperial yellow carpets and the glorious ceilings of the audience halls, nor of the dragon thrones—arm chairs writhing all over with dragons of the finest carving!

One actual sightseer had gone up with the relief force and passed back through Japan toward America, but a court house full of lawyers could have elicited little from him by cross-questioning, save that same grass in the courtyards, before he, too, would hark back to loot and horrors. With the menacing shadow of the San Francisco custom house before him, he offered his loot for sale. Sable coats he had many, ermine cloaks as well, and rolls of silk, also the fan, the shoes, and the pipe of the empress dowager, and the gold hook confining her yellow bed curtains. So many of these personal articles were offered for sale in Yokohama by Americans about to face the customs officials in San Francisco, that one lost faith in them. So many gold hooks—"pure gold, so soft you can bend it, see!"—were bandied about, that it seemed a dormitory had been despoiled instead of one apartment.

When Fergusson and Paleologue had to be brief and vague concerning Chinese architecture beyond temple constructions, and Owen Jones' grammar of ornament lacks the pages and pages it might contain of Chinese designs, the opening of all the palace gates might have been expected to reveal something noteworthy.

Chinese paintings, porcelains, and bronzes have long declared to the world the preeminence of the artists in those lines, and leadership in other things might have been argued from them. One would have expected an army of artists of interior decorations to have hastened here to study the Pekin palaces and revel in a whole new school, a whole world of novel art ideas. But those folk stayed away, to go on designing Louis XVI bed chambers, copying Trianon boudors, Fontainebleau salons and staircases like that of Blois.

In Pekin the Germans put draftsmen at work and made mechanical drawings, ground plans and front elevations of the palace inclosures and structures, and hundreds of photographs were sent with the official reports to Berlin. A water-color artist from Munich worked industriously in imperial demesnes for some months, and returned to hold exhibitions in different cities and reap great profits from his sales.

The French engineers made maps and plans and some drawings for official record, and Colonel Marchand and Colonel de Grandprey of that corps, for their own pleasure, gave all their spare time to close and critical study of Chinese constructions and decorative motives. They were easily the first connoisseurs and authorities among the allies in Pekin, appealing always for aid and decisions to Mgr. Favier and Chinese scholars and artists. Colonel de Grandprey could tell at a glance whether pavilion or incense burner, carved doorway, or traceried panel were of Ming or Mongol times, of the period of Kankshi or the manner of Kienlung, and his months of serious study, of investigation and comparison made a great art museum in which his confreres in the other corps and armies walked blindfolded.

To the Japanese, of course, these palaces and temples were as the temples and ruins of Rome and Athens; to Europeans these great temples were but prototypes of their own shrines, first models, which, having borrowed, they improved upon, altered, and modified to their own customs, taste and fancy. The Japanese had photographs made under the direction of an imperial architect, and studies in water color completed the record of the architecture, ornamental constructions, and decorative art of China from the time of Khublai Khan to date.

America made nothing of this great opportunity. No one in our contingent seemed to be awake or alive to the opportunity. A young officer, a civil appointee, but fresh from one of our large universities, who had been on duty in Pekin for months, went part way through the palace with our party one day. We ourselves grew embarrassed and quit questioning as it became apparent that the young man knew no more of, had no more appreciation of or interest in the great museum of oriental art over which his men were standing guard than if it were a Kansas haystack.

The chief of the American forces scoffed at one visitor's enthusiasm.

"Bah! all plaster and gimcrack," said General Chaffee. "Why, those columns are nothing but three or four logs bound together and plastered over. General Wilson and I ran our penknives in three inches. Nothing but plaster and gimcrack, some paint, and a little gilding!"

These were the lofty columns supporting the roof of the great audience halls, columns whose girth three men could not spant with their extended arms, dark red columns, over which writhed colossal dragons picked out in gold.

"But the ceilings! the ceilings! those gold paneled ceilings; they are worth marching on foot from Tein Tsin to see," exclaimed the enthusiast.

"Ceilings!" roared General Chaffee. "I did not look at them."

But there are ceilings in those audience halls of the forbidden city and in the temples around the lotus lake as splendid and on greater scale than those of Nikko temples, far surpassing all that Giulio Romano and the early Romans did in Italy. With the plafonds in the smaller palaces, the pavilions and minor constructions in the western garden and the summer palace, a book of ceilings might be made that would cause some artists of interior decorations to wake up and throw away their time-worn European models, to foresee the future fancy, the coming school of decorative art.

Out of the East comes light. Asia as the mother of all religions is as much the mother of arts, but our art instructors will not go direct to original sources, preferring it in European dilution, modification, or translation. When the French have again shown us the way and made us sure of it, another branch of oriental art will have vogue in America.

No throne rooms in Europe that I can recall equal in impressive splendor the great audience halls in the old palace, the forbidden city of Pekin, which remain today practically as they were when Yungio, the magnificent, the luxury loving genius of a Ming emperor, bequeathed them to his successors. These lofty halls with their richly paneled ceilings, their painted beams, and intricate bracketings are lighted entirely from the south, the whole front being composed of latticed and traceried doors that hinge open on occasion and admit light to the last cosuel panel of the dragon ceilings.

The floors and the high dais are covered with thick carpets, large squares of imperial yellow ground on which writhe five clawed dragons in blue, with a wave and rock border. Steep stairways lead to the dais, where incense burners breathe clouds of perfume during a state ceremony, and the great arm chairs of state of ebony, or gold lacquer are nests of interlacing dragons of wonderfully intricate carving.

Yellow satin cushions ease the chair of state and tall screens behind ward off the evil north wind and any draft, beside displaying moral apothegms and noble mottoes in classic seal characters.

There are three such splendid audience halls in succession after the three entrance courts, with their marble terraces, their bridged canals, Assyrian like columns, guardian lions, and massive incense burners.

Adjoining the third great audience hall there is a hall of books, rows of them mounting shelf over shelf, each row of books protected by a yellow gauze drop curtain weighted at the bottom by a strip of wood that keeps it taut. Each set of volumes is folded in a yellow cloth case fastened with red ivory pins. Precious volumes, editions de luxe, are rolled in squares of yellow brocade that fold over and fasten with a heavy silk cord and ivory pin.

A tall inlaid screen in this hall of books conceals an immense jade fish bowl, a huge block of dark green nephrite whose carved surface we could only see bit by bit, as we scratched matches and lighted a few inches of it at a time. It is even larger than the great jade bowl of Kanghsi, which stands like a sacred image on a marble pedestral under a pavilion of its own at the sea palace.

At the other side of the audience hall there is a little study that is only as large as the shelf of the Kang or Tartar stove, a nest of yellow cushions, a low table for books—all that it contains. This was the favorite study room of the boy emperor for many years, and the single panel of the screen closing its entrance had a modern French landscape, with its gold frame and glass shadow box complete mounted on its outer face.

Behind the screen of the dais there was a collection of imperial maps, an atlas of the empire in sections, and many volumes, folding puzzles that, fitted together, province by province, would have nearly covered the floor of the audience hall.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD DRESS.

Mme. Calve, the famous singer, has her own ideas about how women should dress. Says she in the Boston Post:

"My favorite dress is the red waistcoat and fawn-colored coat and trousers of the Parisian cab driver—not for myself, mind you, but for the driver. I think it is the most beautiful in the world. Many of the cabmen come from Cevennes, and so do I. That may account for it.

"To be well dressed—really well dressed—a woman should so dress that she herself, and not her clothing, attracts attention. A dress, with its complementary adjuncts of hat, gloves and umbrella, is the picture frame. The woman is the picture, and if the frame be too garish, or even, without excessive brightness in the coloring, too obtrusive, it must of necessity, in my opinion, be in bad taste. A woman should be dressed so that her clothes become a part of her, and she should choose them so that she forgets them when she has them on. Nothing is more objectionable both to the wearer and her friends than the self-consciousness of clothing many women make apparent.

"No; let them devote as much attention as they like to the choice, the cut and the making of their dresses, but when they are completed—when, to resume our simile, the picture has been framed and varnished—clothes and woman should be, as indivisible as were the Centaurs, of whom no one could say where the horse began and where the rider ended.

"I think, too, that three women out of four pay far too much attention to the fashions. Women who dress according to the fashion merely, and without the exercise of their own individuality, must necessarily achieve unsatisfactory results.

"Fashion should be used as you would use a lorgnette in a theatre—that is to say, when necessary only, and not all the time.

HEARST AND THE NOMINATION.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The members of the Democratic committee who moved the convention to St. Louis because they were afraid Mr. Hearst did more in 24 hours to advance his boom than he could have done himself in 24 years. They have put him before the country as a serious candidate for the presidency, and one whose prospects seem to them to be so good that they are alarmed and frightened six months before the convention meets.

With Roosevelt on one side and Hearst on the other as principal candidates a most interesting choice will be presented to the eastern Democrats who have been opposed to the present occupant of the White House as not sufficiently subservient to the moneyed interests of New York and New Jersey. We congratulate them upon the adroitness with which they have presented the issue to the country, an issue which, in the judgment of most men, was never likely to arise until they called it into being.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

The way to a man's heart is through his pocket.

You can't have too much of a good thing unless it's a wife.

Sinners don't have to worry about their sins; the saints do it for them.

The only one who doesn't get bored at a family reunion is the mother of them all.

Nothing gets on a person's nerve so much as to have some one else around who has that kind of nerves too.

Stock Market History.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Of course, when Mr. Rockefeller and some allied interests wanted to get hold of "steel common" they made it so common that nobody wanted it. And, of course, when they get all that they want of it, outsiders will never be able to get all they want of it. That is usually stock market history.