

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

WHEN YOU'RE BEATEN YELL "FAKE."

THE PRIZEFIGHTER who is beaten raises the cry of foul; the baseball team which loses jumps upon the umpire for what it calls his rotten decisions; the slow-coach newspaper which is left at the wire in the pursuit of news hysterically screams fake. Every cool and sane man knows precisely what is coming in every given case; every fellow who is beaten yells "foul," or "robbery," or "fake." Everybody waits for it, for it is always sure to come, and everybody receives it with a sarcastic burst of merry laughter.

There is a good old French proverb which is so searchingly true that very few people dare honestly apply it to themselves. It is this: "He who excuses accuses." There is a keen bit of practical philosophy for you! When a man begins to make apologies for himself or a newspaper to its readers he or it simply brings a personal accusation against his or its own enterprise, ability or forthright.

When the slow-coach newspaper is confronted with some news event that carries it out of the rut, it is simply bewildered and unnerved. So long as the so-called news is brought into it with mushy falseness by some news association or through the agency of the freight department of some friendly railroad, it can worry along. But in the event of a Russian-Japanese war these methods are altogether too slow. It is no longer possible to daily in gossip. The news will not come in, but must be gone for, and that which comes through the formal press associations must be supplemented by the liver, more vivid and more picturesque material which is sent out by the ablest war correspondents. This is precisely what a live newspaper intended for a live people will do. It is precisely what The Journal did when it bought the Hearst war service and strengthened in every direction its special news supply. It is precisely what its thrifty dead-alive so-called competitors did not do. All that then remained for them was to yell fake when The Journal publishes news several days in advance of them.

To do these things costs real money, but The Journal has the price and is willing to pay it. Not a line has appeared in this paper that has not appeared in the Seattle Times, the San Francisco Examiner and a score of other enterprising and up-to-date American newspapers. The other news agencies ponderously labor in the rear, usually about a week behind, which is fortunate, for if the news came to their patron newspapers piping hot, as it comes to The Journal, many so-called editorial intellects would totter on their thrones and the taxpayers would go broke in increasing the accommodations at a big public institution in Salem which needs no further identification.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

THE CITIES of the Pacific Coast have had an object-lesson for some time past in the town of Bremerton—a lesson which goes to show that good morals even in a municipality are a necessity in the matter of securing and keeping business which is a source of profit.

The town of Bremerton had an excellent harbor, splendid natural facilities for a United States navy yard, but like Portland its municipal affairs were run for the benefit of the incumbents of office whose re-election and perquisites depended upon the saloon and gambling element. The thoroughfare leading to the navy yard was shown to be demoralizing; the saloons and gambling-houses flourished unchecked along Front street, and the navy department asked that the street be cleaned up.

The town officials treated the request with indifferent contempt and did nothing, and as a consequence the town lost business in six months to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars. The citizens awoke to the situation too late to remedy matters; mass meetings and protests should have been earlier.

The secretary of the navy made the point that he was only acting upon strict business principles; he was not enforcing a temperance measure, but protecting the sailors from influences detrimental to them, and through them to the navy.

The navy cannot afford to have its force weakened and demoralized, but the fathers and mothers of young men in Portland are not yet aroused to the wrong being done to the citizens of this community. Not only have the demoralizing conditions which prevailed at Bremerton, but the even greater demoralizing effect of laws broken by the officials put in office to uphold them, and the spectacle of newspapers with so low a standard of public principle as to strenuously uphold the malefactors.

A selfish policy is always a bad one. The better class of citizens in any town, who really would prefer to have a good city government, and yet would rather sit still and see bad men in power than to take the trouble to remedy matters, are largely to blame for conditions. They, like the citizens of Bremerton, must wait until their own business or their own homes are threatened, when they will hasten to close the stable door after the steed is stolen—to put down the evil-doer after the full measure of his influence has been permitted to work ineradicable harm.

Press dispatches from St. Petersburg announce that Nicholas II, emperor of all the Russias and great grandson of Nicholas I of Crimean war fame, "is deeply annoyed with the attitude recently adopted by the Russian press of commenting upon the political situation in a way calculated to raise enmity between Russia and England, and also, very specially, America." This is but in line with Russia's duplicity, which is so well known. It is a matter of fact that every item, including advertisements, must go through the censor's hands to make the publication of the same possible, and an ordinary hint from headquarters to the army of censors would like magic stop all such annoyances to his majesty. But to incite the people of Russia against others, especially in times of

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

McKinley and the Oregonian.

Portland, Feb. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—As a life-long Oregonian who has had some rather unusual opportunities to know I wish to enter an earnest protest against a statement made in this morning's issue of the Oregonian. It is an editorial on the death of Senator Hanna. It says: "Some inefficient men are wholly idealistic. McKinley and Hanna were wholly practical, utilitarian. Truth concerned them more than to the extent of its availability for results. Votes were more than principles; the full dinner pail more to be desired than facts."

I do not believe there has ever lived a more conscientious man than Major McKinley. He was close to the heart of the people because he had a warm heart himself and he was scrupulous in all his dealings. It is a sin and shame at this late day to charge him with being an opportunist who cared for nothing but success however achieved and no

matter at what sacrifice of morals and self respect.

AN OHIO REPUBLICAN.

Wants a Car Line.

Portland, Feb. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—The proposed improvement on Burnside street will not be complete unless the street cars run out that street. Burnside street needs a street car for it is one of the main streets, and if they don't put a street car there before the improvements it will never have one.

The people living on the east side cannot have accommodations for the fair because there will be only a few cars running across the river. If Burnside had a car line that would be the shortest way for the people on the east side to get to the fair. Hoping you will find this worthy to publish.

CITIZEN.

Hopefully Approved.

From the Atlanta Constitution. William Dean Howells wants the authors of the United States to form a Democratic public would be delighted if a general strike should be the result.

war, and against such as do not sympathize with the high-handed methods of the Russian oligarchy, is a part and parcel of Russia's methods.

A MAN WHO IS WORTH WHILE.

THERE is no man in the United States better qualified from practical experience, supplemented by gratifying success, to speak on the subject of a juvenile court and the treatment of delinquent children than Judge Ben E. Lindsey, who will address the people of Portland at the Unitarian church tonight.

The juvenile court over which he presides is now regarded as a model for all courts of like character. It found its starting-point in finding the man. When he became county judge there was but a hodge-podge of contradictory and effete laws to govern the relations of the state to its delinquent children. Intensely interested in the question, intensely in earnest and very much more concerned with achieving results than slavishly following precedents, he set to work to build this branch of his labors from the ground up. At the start he had no intelligent laws to back him. Indeed, he was forced to take many things for granted and to give wide play to his common sense and experience. But it was not long before the people discovered that there was a real man; one who regarded his office not for the emoluments and dignities which went with it, but simply and solely as a means to an end, and that end to help the helpless to higher and better things. The work and the man had found each other, and not many months passed before he had on the statute-books by unanimous legislative action every law that he required.

The law is no longer used in his court to make criminals of irresponsible children; it is administered to save them, to direct them along the right path, to extend the helping hand, to provide for them employment and to cover with the mantle of charity the backsliding that always comes in the earlier days of their reformation. This is part of the work upon which Judge Lindsey has been engaged, and the success which he has achieved is an inspiration to other workers in the same field who have striven vainly to better existing conditions. He is a man of heart and soul and feeling, a man who may dream his dreams, but who follows his plans upon intensely practical lines and achieves the most altruistic results from the most unpromising material and what to others might be the most discouraging succession of disappointments.

EDITORIAL WRITING MADE EASY.

WHILE the Oregonian industriously marked time for the past forty years it has let escape its notice the fact that the world do move and that the citizens of Oregon now have really good postal facilities. We no longer depend upon the infrequent newspaper or quarterly brought in by the pony express to compare the views and news of other parts of the world with our own. Many of us now have newspapers from various parts of the United States quite regularly, and even from foreign countries, while very few families find it possible to exist without an occasional magazine or two each month.

The Oregonian, however, has failed to realize this fact, and as a consequence sees no reason for changing its ancient and well-tried habit of cribbing editorials as the schoolboy crib his composition. The recipe is an easy one to follow, and has the additional merit of giving to the readers of the Oregonian some really scholarly editorials.

Take any number of newspapers and magazines; pick out from each from one to a dozen paragraphs upon a given subject; dovetail them neatly together, being careful to change a word here and there in order to make them a little less liable to detection; cover with a catchy title and serve cold upon the editorial page of the Morning Oregonian.

Here is a sample taken from a recent issue of the Oregonian: "Russia Not Disposed to Fight." Quotations from Mr. Osborn, deftly dovetailed with supposed opinions of the Oregonian, but really from the London Times; following these are extracts taken bodily from the Cosmopolitan for February and an article written by John Brisson Walker, who gets no credit, and probably the Oregonian argued that he wanted none.

The aspiring journalist need no longer despair of reaching a high position in his chosen profession simply because he has not sufficient brains and ability to write stuff worth reading. All he needs is a large supply of current literature and plenty of ink. The fact that he has no opinions worth mentioning need not trouble him; he can readily find plenty of strong, positive and well-considered opinions which can be made to fit the editorial page of any newspaper.

Unable to sink any of the Japanese fighting machines in the far eastern waters, Russia has turned for consolation to a lonely merchant vessel. Without warning or ceremony of any kind her great navy, or whatever there is left of it, sent the boat, cargo and men into the bottom of the sea. This may not be in accord with rules governing warfare, or even with ordinary decency, but it will give Russia a chance to report a great victory in her Official Messenger. The reader, however, will undoubtedly contrast this action of Russia with the humane behavior of Japan.

According to the St. Louis Republic, Bertillon, the French scientist, has just discovered a method of making the dead lifelike. He should be forced to withdraw his claim of discovery. His method was copyrighted over twenty years ago by the Evening Telegram of this city, which has since pursued the system to a demonstration. Honor to whom honor is due, say we.

DALNY.

Dalny, on the bay of Tallen-wan, which is reported to be seriously menaced by the Japanese fleet, is a new town that the Russian government has built up within a few years. It has cost about \$4,000,000 and is one of the termini of the Manchurian road, but expectations as to its commercial value have proved to be ill-founded. Dalny is about 25 miles north of Port Arthur, and should the Japanese be able to effect a landing there in force and cut the railway, Port Arthur would find itself in a grave predicament. It is the general belief that an attempt will be made to strike an especially severe blow at this point with the hope of crippling the Russian resources.

Iowa's Vote for Governor.

Spring View, Or., Feb. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal: Please inform me of the official vote for governor in Iowa cast November 3, 1903. C. H. GUTTRIDGE. Cummins, Republican, 238,793; Sullivan, Democrat, 152,708; Cummins' plurality, 79,085. Total vote, including scattering, 417,952.

Facts About the Poultry We Eat.

The Republic's Uncle Sam is no less entertaining when he turns his energies in an educational direction than when he performs through the ordinary channels of diplomacy and legislation. Documentary proof of this is constantly coming to hand. A fresh portion has been recently transmitted from the department of agriculture in a booklet, "Poultry as Food," by Helen W. Atwater.

There are some surprising statistics among the other facts garnered in this publication.

According to the returns of the census for 1900, the total number of chickens, including guinea-fowls, on farms in the United States was 235,598,085; the total number of turkeys 5,593,367; geese, 5,678,863, and ducks 4,807,358. From the statistics gathered it appeared that poultry was kept on 88.8 per cent of the farms of this country and that the total value of the poultry raised on farms in 1899 was \$136,891,877.

Although many chickens are kept for eggs, they will not be any more extravagant than surplus of beef or leg of lamb. It is a common belief that certain dishes such as fricassee chicken will serve a rather larger number of persons in proportion to the amount of chicken used, and are more economical in this respect than roast or fried chicken.

Turkeys were imported into Europe from North America, where very similar varieties are still found wild. Their English name is probably due to a misapprehension with regard to the country from which they came. The wild turkeys of the Americas of Africa. They have been carried to many parts of the world, but do not yield to domestication as easily as some other kinds of poultry.

Peafowls were in classic days considered very delicate eating, and during the investigations conducted by the department of agriculture, and garnished with his own gorgeous plumage, made the principal dish at many feasts. Like many other kinds of poultry, they were introduced into Europe from Asia.

Peasants originated in Asia, and the hens are bred almost exclusively for sport or ornament. Their flesh is tender, but has little taste until it has been kept for some time. The hens are preferred to cocks for table purposes.

Most of the domesticated breeds of ducks have been derived from the wild mallard. Duck-breeding has long been practiced in the Old World, where the birds are extensively used for the table, but until recently they have been raised in this country only incidentally by

GERMANY'S CROWN PRINCE.

A Dashing Young Fellow for Whom a Bride Is Being Selected.

Berlin Correspondence of Chicago News.—Emperor William's recent indisposition and the possibilities involved have concentrated public interest upon the personality of Crown Prince Frederick William, to whom people are paying more attention because of the hope and belief that his father was assured of a long reign. The crown prince, too, is still so much of a boy that Germans have not been enabled to judge of his talents for kingship. Emperor William has not yet 32, so it cannot fairly be expected that Frederick William, if he should be crowned king and emperor today would bring to the palace any of those matured gifts which immediately mark his father the foremost royal figure in the world.

It is remembered, however, that when Emperor William was the crown prince's age he showed frequent signs of the aggressive ability for which he is now famous. He is not only a soldier, but a publicist, known, has given no evidence of remarkable characteristics, due possibly to the fact that he has had neither chance nor occasion to manifest them. He is intelligent, modest and of refined and quiet tastes and these are believed to contain the promise of a great future. What Germans interpret as a fine burst of spirit occurred at Potsdam recently when his imperial highness, riding at the head of his company of infantry guards, mounted the steep terrace leading to Sanssouci palace, invited the men to luncheon, and showed them the relics of Frederick the Great, and, swinging again into the saddle, led them down the terrace steps. The company enjoyed the "jerk" immensely, and the crown prince, among the rank and file of the army.

He attended the dedication of the American church in Berlin on Thanksgiving day, where several hundred Americans were given their first opportunity to witness the emperor in public at close range. He gives an unmistakable impression of physical weakness, but this may be due to his shyness or to his tall, trim figure, for he is by no means a weakling. When stag hunting in the Harz mountains he is frequently very numerous and almost uniformly prosperous. With the beginning of the new order of things in the island kingdom there set in a tide of emigration to the United States which last year reached the large number of 320,000.

That is to say, more than half as many Japanese came as Irish and very nearly half as many as came from Germany. Scotland sent only one-third as many, France one-fourth and Spain one-third as many. They brought with them an intelligence, a patriotism, an ability to occupations ranging from the kitchen to the counting room and a spirit of good citizenship by which the nation has been largely the gainer. The "Yankees of the East" fit very quickly and well into the Yankeeedom of the west.

Who will be chosen as the crown prince's bride and with him ascend the imperial throne also becomes a matter of interest. The princess considered the most likely candidate, Princess Alice of Albany, is no longer in the line, since she has been engaged to the Prince of Teck. The names one hears most now are those of two daughters of the Duke of Brunswick and Hanover, the Princess Alexandra and Olga, who are both the crown prince's uncles. Their cousin, Princess Thyra, eldest daughter of Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, is also a possibility. She is 18 months older than the crown prince of Germany, but a union with her would possess certain political advantages that would outweigh any objection.

Princess Margaret of Connaught is another royal girl whose name has been linked with Frederick William's, but an alliance with the English house is almost excluded, for it would probably be more unpopular in Germany than Emperor Frederick's marriage, besides involving a close intermixture of blood relations. It is certain that the question of choosing a wife for the German crown prince is one of the pressing state matters engaging the Kaiser's attention and the world has probably not much longer to wait to hear the news.

If Frederick William should marry and die without issue Prince Eitel Frederick would become king of Prussia and emperor of Germany. Known affectionately as "Eitel Fritzi," Emperor Frederick was called "Unser Fritzi," the Kaiser's big handsome, jolly second son is without doubt the most popular of the seven imperial children. Six feet in height and built like a college football player, he cuts a dashing figure in his lieutenant of guards' uniform or Bonn student garb, and has won his

farmers who happened to have access to pond or stream. Of late years, however, the duck-raising industry has been greatly developed.

Geese have been used as table birds at least ever since the days of ancient Egypt. They are now common all over the world, but perhaps the most abundant in Germany, where their flesh is relished in every imaginable form, from the smoked Pomeranian goose breast to the popular "Poekelgans," pickled, stewed and preserved in fat. Goose fat is also preserved in Germany and often eaten on bread in place of butter.

Considering poultry from the standpoint of economy, Miss Atwater believes that low-priced chicken is practically the only kind which compares in nutrients furnished for a given sum with the other kinds of meat and pork, and then only because by using the broths parts otherwise wasted can be utilized. If the income is large enough to warrant paying a little extra for the sake of variety, chicken, turkey and goose in their season will make very nutritious fare, and will not be any more extravagant than surplus of beef or leg of lamb.

It is a common belief that certain dishes such as fricassee chicken will serve a rather larger number of persons in proportion to the amount of chicken used, and are more economical in this respect than roast or fried chicken.

Whether or not it is actually more easily digested, the meat of poultry, especially of the white-fleshed kinds, is so delicate and appetizing that it often has for convalescents and invalids whose appetites are capricious a value far beyond that of any other food. It is a common belief that certain dishes such as fricassee chicken will serve a rather larger number of persons in proportion to the amount of chicken used, and are more economical in this respect than roast or fried chicken.

Most American families of moderate means eat chicken and turkey more or less frequently, and geese and ducks much less often. If duck and goose were used more commonly and a taste for capon and guinea-fowl cultivated, there would be more variety in the diet, with practically no increase in cost, judging by present prices, and the housekeeper would not have to ring such frequent changes on the beef, mutton and pork.

Judged by the results of a large number of investigations carried on in different regions of the country, most of them under the auspices of this department, poultry of all kinds furnishes 1.1 per cent of the total food, 2.8 per cent of the total protein, and 1.3 per cent of the total fat in the diet of the average American family.

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way into the hearts of the German people almost without effort or special reason.

It is "Eitel Fritzi" whom gossip persistently associates with the throne of Hungary, upon the fatal day when the death of Emperor Francis Joseph results in the dissolution of the dual monarchy. There seems to be nothing to justify the assumption that Emperor William is training his second son to be king of Hungary except that "Eitel Fritzi" has been studying the Hungarian language for over a year. The Hungarian rumors are so common that Emperor William was prompted a few weeks ago to say that "I and my sons belong to the German people."

This is not an unequivocal denial. Some people would call it evasive, for political prophets have long forecasted the incorporation of Hungary in the German empire when Austria-Hungary ceased to be a political unit. Eitel Frederick's popularity, moreover, has spread to Hungary. Stories of his "lebenswandel" (amability) interest the country. Eitel will attain his full majority soon. His fine presence and charming manner have frequently induced Emperor William to delegate him to represent the imperial family at official functions, and he never fails to acquit himself with credit.

In Prince Adalbert, his third son, the Kaiser has another fine young man, whom he is training to be an admiral like Prince Henry of Prussia. Adalbert has just reached the far east on the German liner, and he will spend two years in the Pacific before returning to Germany. He is tall, broad-shouldered and serious, and is said to have taken to the sea from natural love of a sailor's life.

JAPANESE IN AMERICA.

From the New York World. The project of the Japanese of New York to raise \$5,000,000 to aid their home country in its war with Russia will perhaps excite surprise at the size of the gift contemplated. There is, however, no doubt of their ability to acquire the money. The Japanese are an extensive people. The importance of Japanese business interests in the city is not generally realized.

A quarter of a century ago the Japanese commercial houses of consequence in a country could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. They are now very numerous and almost uniformly prosperous. With the beginning of the new order of things in the island kingdom there set in a tide of emigration to the United States which last year reached the large number of 320,000.

That is to say, more than half as many Japanese came as Irish and very nearly half as many as came from Germany. Scotland sent only one-third as many, France one-fourth and Spain one-third as many. They brought with them an intelligence, a patriotism, an ability to occupations ranging from the kitchen to the counting room and a spirit of good citizenship by which the nation has been largely the gainer. The "Yankees of the East" fit very quickly and well into the Yankeeedom of the west.

WITTEDRAWAL FROM CUBA.

From the Washington Star. The ceremonies at Havana yesterday told a story unique in history. They likewise put to confusion a good many prophets. We heard from many sources five years ago that the United States would never withdraw from Cuba. The situation, we were told, would never make such a thing possible. It was too much to expect that the Cubans would ever be able to manage their own affairs, or that, in any circumstances, a strong power like the United States once in control of such valuable territory would ever let go. The Cubans are getting along excellently, and the United States has let go. In an age denounced by railers and pessimists as the most sodden and commercial the world has ever known there is performed an act without parallel among nations for sympathy and unselfishness. The greatest of republics, after heavy sacrifices in blood and treasure, frees a small neighbor from tyranny, and stands by until the people are in full command of their own interests. President Palma's acknowledgments for the Cuban people were very gratefully expressed.

Almost the Same.

From the Philadelphia North American. Little surprise should be excited by the announcement from Canada that J. P. Morgan is selling an acre of land in the city of Montreal. The price is \$11 an acre. Now listen to it warble against paying taxes on it more than \$1.25 per acre.

A Bit of Old Holland Set Down in the Tropics

From the Chicago Journal. Curacao is known to most Americans only as the name of an after-dinner cordial, but to the traveler man it has a different meaning. It bears a mind to a charming little bit of Holland cut out from the mother country and dumped down in the blue waters of the Caribbean, off the coast of Venezuela.

Nowhere else in the world is there a colony so much like a miniature of its mother country. When Edgeland, America and other white men go to the tropics they adapt their mode of living to the climate.

Not so the Dutchman who goes to live in his West Indian colony of Curacao. When he lands at Willemstad he is delighted to find himself in a small replica of old Amsterdam.

Blue ties, yellow dormer windows, old-fashioned gables, tiny flat-roofed shops, and massive, gloomy warehouses are to be seen on every hand, just as they would be in a Dutch city. The people wear blue streets wear blue smocks, wooden shoes and other characteristic garments of old Holland.

They drink gin, though it is very bad for them in a tropical climate, and they use long Dutch pipes, while everybody else in the West Indies smokes cigars. They are slow and conservative in their business affairs, conducting large commercial transactions according to the methods of the burghers of Leyden in the days of William the Silent.

They have used for such new-fangled things as the typewriter, the stenographer and the telephone. But they are scrupulously honest and upright, and so shrewd that the most up-to-date drummer falls to get to the weather side of them.

One of the industries of this tight little island is the hatching of revolutions. It is a convenient jumping-off place for the exiled sons of Colombia and Venezuela who yearn to liberate their respective countries.

Nearly every Venezuelan revolution during the past century has been hatched either in Curacao or in the neighboring British island of Trinidad. Those islands were the favorite resorts of Bolivar, Miranda and other South American patriots before Colombia and Venezuela "broke the bar of Spain."

Today Willemstad is full of exiles who are out of favor with the ruling powers of Bogota, and with the supporters of Andrade and Matos, who failed in their rebellion to overthrow President Castro of Venezuela.

"When a Venezuelan statesman is out of a job," said W. L. Scruggs, lately United States minister to Colombia and Venezuela, "he goes to Willemstad to mature his plans before deciding whether his country needs his personal services, so that the hotels and boarding-houses of that place are usually more or less crowded with generals out of commission and doctors without patients, all anxious to serve their country."

The shrewd Dutch merchants will often do a good stroke of business with these revolutionists, selling them arms, ammunition, schooners and boats, and sometimes even going to the length of arranging a little filibuster expedition on their behalf. But the Dutchman always insists on payment in advance.

Some of them have made considerable fortunes in this unorthodox line of business. The Dutch officials wink at it; they are more concerned about bringing money into the colony than in strictly enforcing the neutrality laws.

When Guzman Blanco ruled Venezuela he set the fashion of establishing spies in Willemstad to watch the revolutionists

WASHINGTON BY DAY.

Rural Legislator Tries to Be Honest, But Lobbyist Will Not Let Him.

From the New York World. There was a lobbyist out in Ohio once. He was a representative of the "who was interested in passing a certain corporation bill. He had money to spend to bring about his ends, and he was willing to spend it. He approached an old man from one of the agricultural districts and asked him to aid him in his bill. The farmer said he didn't believe in the bill and wouldn't vote for it. Then the lobbyist offered him a sum of money. The farmer was indignant. He was about to explode until the lobbyist told him the other side was sending a good deal more money to beat the bill than he was to pass it, and asked the farmer to investigate.

"He did investigate, and came back next day to the lobbyist and confirmed the report."

"Well, said the lobbyist, 'you might stay away when the vote is taken. That will let you out.' "The farmer stayed away and the bill was passed. The afternoon the lobbyist met him and handed him \$500.

"What is that for?" asked the farmer. "Why, that's for you for staying away when that vote was taken." "Great heavens!" shouted the farmer, "is there no way a man can be honest?"

There was a party of estimable women who made a tour of the prisons in New Jersey," said Representative Hughes of Paterson. "They were investigating to see what they would do to relieve the hard lot of the convicts. They came to a particularly vicious looking man who was doing 20 years for burglary. He had a tame rat in the cell with him and apparently was very fond of it. "I love it better than anything in the world," said the convict. "There!" said another of the ladies. "I have always claimed there is a way in which these men no matter how hardened in crime, can be reached. Here is a man who loves a tame rat. Why, my good man, will you tell us why you love this rat?" "Because he bit the warden," said the convict."

COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

From the Dallas Times-Mountaineer. The Oregon Journal has displayed commendable enterprise in improving its news service. It makes this announcement: "The Journal has made preparations to cover the events of the war fully and adequately." In addition to its regular news service, which will be greatly expanded and supplemented by special service at various points of interest, it has arranged for the complete Hearst news service. As is well known, a great staff of noted correspondents are already on the scene. Wherever there is news it will be secured totally without regard to cost. A proportionate part of the cost The Journal will bear and in consideration of this will receive every line of war news that comes over the cables for the Hearst papers.

Value for Taxation.

From the Salem Journal. A dispatch says the California & Oregon Land company has been awarded title to 39,999 acres of land in Klamath county, valued at \$1,000,000, or about \$11 an acre. Now listen to it warble against paying taxes on it more than \$1.25 per acre.

and detect their plans. He had lived there himself as a refugee and hatched his plots, so he knew the ropes.

Ever since then every Venezuelan dictator has followed the example. When Guzman Blanco fell from power he went back to Willemstad to live, and he soon found that he was dogged by spies wherever he went.

One day he turned around and seized a sneaking, hang-dog fellow: "Why, you rascal," he exclaimed, "I know your face. Where have I seen you before? Why do you follow me about everywhere?"

"Your excellency saw me at the Yellow house in Caracas three years ago," the man replied. "You sent me here to watch Dr. Rojas Paul. When he Rojas Paul told me in your place, Dr. Rojas Paul told me to keep my eyes on you."

President Castro at present maintains several spies in Willemstad to watch the movement of the Matos and Andrade parties. Andrade was president of Venezuela, and wants to get back; Matos is a man who desires to be president, but still more desires to be president on Castro for having had him dragged from bed one night and paraded through the streets of Caracas dressed only in a blanket.

Curacao is known throughout the West Indies as the place where it never rains. In this respect it differs greatly from the other islands, in which torrential showers, that turn a dry gully into a mighty river, within five minutes, are of frequent occurrence.

Rain would be greatly valued in Curacao, if only it would come, for there is no place on earth where fresh water is scarcer. There is not a single running stream anywhere in the island, not even a stagnant brook.

There are wells, it is true, and plenty of water may be found by digging, but it is so salt that it is no more fit to drink than the sea water that surrounds the island.

"How, then do you manage to live?" an English merchant resident in Willemstad was asked.

"Well," he replied, "we can't get water to drink, but we can get any amount of whiskey and seltzer by importation, and the Dutchmen receive all the gin they want from Holland."

It is not really so bad as that, however. Most houses have a cistern or water tank which is filled periodically with water imported at considerable expense from the Venezuelan coast. It goes without saying that the precious fluid is used most economically.

Ice, which seems a necessary luxury in the tropics, is even rarer than water. It has to be brought all the way from Boston or New York, and the retail price is high. Often there is no ice to be had for love or money.

The starting of an ice-making plant has been often mooted, but the scarcity of water has rendered it impossible.

It might be supposed that this extraordinary lack of water would seriously affect the health of the people, but it does not. On the contrary, they assert that it makes them much healthier.

The atmosphere is so dry and the climate is so arid," said a Dutch official to the writer, "that we never suffer from neuritis, rheumatism, ague, consumption, and other diseases common in the damp countries of the north." "Some of the Dutch women struggle heroically to make gardens and grow tulips. They used to do in Holland, but they never succeed in having any luck. Even four-pot cultivation is usually a failure. What can be expected when the soil, as well as the water, has to be imported from Venezuela?"