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PEN SKETCH OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE MOST CLOSELY WATCHED MAN in the world today and the one most depended upon to use the power of his position for the benefit of the people, is probably Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States. He has not as much arbitrary, absolute power as the czar of Russia, or perhaps as the emperor of Germany, but his power is great and sufficient to bring about very large and important results.

Just now the president is being especially observed and talked and written about because of his attitude on what may be briefly called the railroad freight question, and on the tariff revision question. On the former he has plainly declared himself, and we may be sure that he will take no backward step. The more he is opposed the more sure he will be that he is right, and that being so he cannot recede. On the other question he has not yet publicly and officially spoken, and appears to be less certain and more phiant, but it is probable that within the next year he will effectively urge some measure of tariff reform.

Already there are signs of weakening among the stand-patters and corporation tools in congress. They are beginning to come around ostensibly to the president's view, but with owlish gravity say that any such reforms are so extremely important and complicated that it will take a great deal of investigation, much consideration and a long time to bring them about. What they mean is that though they will not put themselves in the attitude of opposing the president, after his election by such a great and phenomenal majority, they will delay these needed reforms as long as possible and consent to as little of them as possible.

As against the Republican leaders in congress who are either outspokenly or secretly opposed to these and other reforms the people turn more and more for food and faith to the president, whose heart, they believe, is in the right place, who, moreover, has great courage and who is constantly improving his opportunities to become wiser. So all eyes are especially observant of him, and greater hopes are entertained of his administration by studious, unprejudiced people than have been entertained of any administration in a generation.

Following are some excerpts from an extended analysis of the president by Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's:

The president is complex but not mysterious. He is a democrat in every way except inherited party affiliation, while Mr. Parker was a democrat mainly in appellation. The people know a democrat when they see one. The masses have more political sense than anybody else. The people like a megaphone. They can hear it. Roosevelt's personal assertiveness begets confidence. He doesn't imbibe principles with his ear to the ground, as McKinley did. His own internal rumblings almost drown other sounds. Roosevelt is as instinctive as a woman. Gladstone could prove consistency in any contradiction. Roosevelt emits contradictions and lets them lie, knowing that next year they will be of no importance. McKinley's popularity was negative, that of the frock-coat school, with trappings that spell dignity; Roosevelt has none of the postures of an institution. His egotism is free from pride. His mood, tone and manner are those of the great central west. No American president except Lincoln has so accurately caught the zest of informality. He is a master of the democratic bearing. He gives any side of himself to anybody. He is a great hand to talk, and is impulsively inspired. Psychologically McKinley had no private life. He was a statue in a park. Roosevelt has no public life. He parades around in pajamas, but the people like them. They are an evidence of good faith. His instincts guide him, shape his ends. He can be swung into a certain path by a welcome phrase, but in his larger tendencies he goes by instinct, as a homing pigeon or a woman does. There are no two Roosevelts any more than there are two women in the lady who overrules today what she declared with passion yesterday. Logic is a small part of his intelligence. He has no logic and he needs none. He is headed hard and fast for certain ends, and he will reach them. In reaffirming the Decalogue, celebrating a commonplace volume, attacking race suicide, snobbishness and wife beating, in preaching at a hemisphere, in talking about his blood or ancestry; in all this cauldron of aggressive living and expression he satisfies the popular mood not by intention but by miscellaneous vigor, as he satisfies the general conscience by being the most constant, daring, successful purifier of public life who has arisen since the war. Roosevelt is a pioneer. The people are with him. His fight is the people's fight. Mr. Roosevelt is as busy as Buster Brown. He thinks that doing everything is doing good. In his case, on the whole, it is. He seeks the right and backs nimbly away from wrong. Despite his prancing he is sure-footed and is heedful with all his clangor.

The president has more than four years yet to serve, and the people will watch very closely the course of the potential character thus graphically portrayed. How far against their natural and acquired inclinations and interests he will attempt to carry the Republican leaders who "work" the people instead of serving them, and how far he will succeed, will be very interesting phenomena in the political world during the next two or three years.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

THERE ARE some very worthy and commendable United States senators, of both parties, men who got their office on real merit and who labor earnestly and unselfishly for the public weal. But these appear to be in a small and a steadily decreasing minority. The majority represent in the senate some special corporate or other business interests, and in many cases were elected merely because, apparently, they were men of much wealth. The acquisition of wealth may be evidence of superior ability, though such evidence is often to be distrusted, but the ability that acquires riches may fall far short of that required in an ideal senator.

What principally stands in the way now of reformatory measures that are becoming more and more urgently demanded by the people? The senate. There are instances in which the senate does better work than the house, but on the whole it stands now not as a fairly conservative and critical body but rather as a positively obstructive body in the way of required and progressive legislation. Nothing of this kind can be done at this session, say the majority of the senators, because there is not time. "We must study into these matters very thoroughly and deliberately, and there isn't time this winter even to begin to do this. Even to hint at tariff revision makes us tired. We must have a year or two to prepare to begin to consider the matter. Anything in the nature of railroad regulation must be the subject of prolonged investigation, and it would be a waste of effort to begin any such investigation during the brief time, only six or seven weeks, of this session."

This is the tone many of them take, and even in the matter of the Panama railroad, the contract in regard to which with the Pacific Mail expires next summer, these senators are very shy. Evidently many of them—and many members of the house, too—are casting about for some way in which to do the will of the transcontinental railroads, and so take advantage of the people whom they think they can keep on fooling most of the time.

We wish to be neither pessimistic nor unduly censorious, but really, when we look at the senators from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, most of them from New England, from Michigan and West Virginia, and from some other states, and some of those just elected and the men who probably will be elected, we cannot reasonably expect any really good, reformatory, progressive legislation. When a senate wants most of all things to pass a ship subsidy bill and so create another great trust, and at the same time refuses to pass a pure food bill, we cannot expect any initial good from it, and cannot hope that many good and needed laws will run its gauntlet.

POLITICS IN LEGISLATION.

THERE IS entirely too much politics in congress and in state legislatures for the public good. Partisan wrangles and contests in legislative bodies are detrimental to the public interests. National and state legislatots are elected to enact certain needed laws, to amend or repeal others, and to provide revenue for carrying on government, and instead of attending solely to this business they are too prone to make it all subservient to politics.

Take the case of the territories seeking admission into the union for instance. They have been kept out year after year by congress solely because they were not surely Republican in politics, and now that they probably are so the Democrats in the senate will try to keep them out for that reason. This is only a small sample of what is going on constantly in congress and in state legislatures, especially if they are politically close. If a party has a great majority in a legislature it gets into a factional wrangle, and everything is done not with sole reference to the people's benefit, as it should be, but with reference to the advantage of this or that faction, or this or that present or prospective candidate for United States senator.

We venture, however, to hope that the present Oregon legislature, having fought out its factional scrap as to organization, and there being no great advantage on either side, will now drop politics, especially as there is no senator to elect this winter, and attend strictly to the people's business. There is some important business to attend to, enough, if well considered, to engage the earnest and careful attention of the legislature for the next five weeks, and politics has properly no place whatever in it.

Every bill should be considered solely on its merits and without any reference to whether it is advantageous or agreeable, or the opposite, to any party, faction, machine, would-be boss, senatorial candidate or self-seeking or hired lobbyist.

The last Oregon legislature, considering that it had a senatorial fight on its hands, did some very good work. This legislature has a chance and it is its duty to better that example.

HOOD RIVER APPLES IN EUROPE.

From the Hood River Glacier.

Truman Butler, of Butler & Co., bankers, tells a good story that is significant of the world-wide fame Hood River apples have attained. The tale was told to Mr. Butler by Frederick Fisher, of the Fisher-Thorsen Paint company. Mr. Fisher is just home from Europe, where he studied under some of the best portrait artists of the land.

One day last winted Fisher was walking the streets of Hamburg, and, desiring some fruit, stepped into a stand and asked the dealer to give him some good apples—the best he had in stock.

"Here are some of the best apples in the world," replied the fruit dealer, as he handed out a sample of the big red Spitzenbergs so familiar to an Oregonian. "These apples were raised in America," went on the fruit man. "They call them Hood River apples, and I can truthfully say that they are the best apples to be found in Europe."

GOOD IDLE LAND IN TILLAMOOK.

From the Tillamook Independent.

There are hundreds of acres of land in Tillamook county lying idle that is just as good as any of that now in cultivation—not even bringing in a fair rate of taxes. This land, however, is held at such a high valuation that men cannot pay the price, transform it into homes and come out of the investment with anything to show for the years of time and toil necessary in the making. The time will come when this land will change hands, when it will be cleared and cultivated, and instead of the assessment roll showing about 6,000 cows it will show twice and perhaps thrice that many.

THINGS TO ELIMINATE.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

That candy-eating habit, girls—does it do you any good?

That tobacco habit, boys, or occasional "treating" or "being treated"—is it of real use or benefit?

That way of spending money on every little trifle that we fancy—is it of real use or benefit?

Those people whom we go to see and also entertain, yet really care nothing for—is this society of any real use or benefit?

Better one good friend of nature, stimulating, congenial and sympathetic, saith the prophet, than a host of society friends of the wreathed smile, the nod and beck which conceal the sneer.

These fads of music, or art, or short fits of study—are they of any real use or benefit?

One branch of knowledge concentrated upon amounts to more in the long run.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

The pessimist never has to be morose over disappointments.

When a girl has a good figure it is a sign she knows it without being told so.

If you fight and don't run away you are not so liable to have to fight another day.

There are not many other propositions that a man can have on his hands as big as a little bit of a wife.

It makes a woman very indignant with a man in a streetcar to think how insulting he would be if he stared at her.

None at All.

From the Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't take any grit to grumble.

CRUEL WASTE OF WAR.

From the Boston Herald.

If the pitiful human heart will but unite in one tenderly pleading, thunderously reverberating demand, kept up year in, year out, this hideously cruel waste and drain of war will stop. Noble souls are already rousing to resolute action and in this the American government has, thank God, taken the lead. Reason and love shall dominate brute, tiger passion. There shall be tribunals, supreme courts of the nations, which shall interdict private vengeance and bloodshed between nations, as our law courts have already interdicted it between private citizens. But these tribunals will have no weight of authority until backed up by my heart, your heart, and the universal heart.

How Swiftwater Bill Got There.

From the Washington Post.

Governor Brady of Alaska tells a story about Swiftwater Bill Gates, a noted Klondike character. After Gates got to Dawson he was smitten by the charms of a woman who sang in one of the concert halls there.

She favored his suit at first, but later rivals with more money than Gates had came into the field. Swiftwater Bill became alarmed. He saw his prize slipping from his grasp.

He learned that the woman he desired to wed detested the canned goods and pork and beans that formed the principal diet of the community, and lived principally on eggs, of which there were a few cases in Dawson. Thereupon he went out and bought every egg in Dawson. "Now, then, my honey," he said that night, "you must marry me or go without eggs."

She married him.

Small Change

Now real business begins at Salem.

Also let it be w....y known that Portland is about the healthiest city in the country.

There should never again be a 40 mill tax, or anywhere near that rate, in Multnomah county.

What would the world have ever done for a wedding march if it had not been for old Longgreen?

"Watchman, what of the night?" asks Mr. Bryan. "A long time till daylight for yez," says the cop.

Tom Lawson conceals his facts in a feather bed of words.—Washington Post. Of porcupine quills, more like.

Woodburn Independent: "Honey is said not to be an angel himself, but that does not give wings to the other fellows.

Consul Miller could not stand the cold weather in Niuchwang. But there are plenty of patriots who would regard it as a warm berth.

Russia is alarmed at the possible aggressions of China. But it would take China a good while to even up with Russia on this score.

When a South American president takes a notion to become a dictator, all he has to do is to say so, and there he is, until a revolution succeeds.

But perhaps that Arab steed that Stoessel gave Nogi is a bad bucker. Wasn't Stoessel thrown from a horse and injured not long before he surrendered?

Fairbanks, Taft, Root, Shaw, Foraker and perhaps others, are already grooming themselves for the race in 1908. As to the Democratic candidate—well, he won't be Parker.

If Carnegie would exclude Marie Corelli's nerve-straining books from his libraries he would confer a favor on the library-haunting public, even if he did not get a little revenge on Marie.

Already there are over 30,000 applicants for a portion of the Carnegie hero fund, and not a dollar has gone to a professed hero. Perhaps Carnegie has about concluded he is the only real hero himself.

The St. Helens Mist says the legislature should pass a bill compelling every rancher to cut his slashings into small pieces and burn them in the kitchen stove. In this manner they would thoroughly protect the big timber owners.

Members of the Idaho legislature object to former Governor and Senator McConnell's intimation before the Smoot committee that they were chiefly interested in the great American game of poker, and the "gentiles" among them also disliked his statement that the Mormons of Idaho were the most moral people—and McConnell is nominally a Presbyterian. Neither Mr. McConnell is well informed on the latter subject or not, it cannot be doubted that on the question of the poker playing proclivities of former, if not present, Idaho legislators he speaks by the card, or from the knowledge of cards.

Oregon Sidelights

A Washington county man 83 years old is actively at work clearing land, and does more than some men half his age could.

Brownsville's assessment increased 30 per cent in a year, it is out of debt and has money in the treasury, and levied only a 4½ mill tax.

On land that some people predicted would not raise white beans, a Hood River man dug 30 sacks of potatoes from one eighth of an acre.

An up-country butcher advertises: "We want people to come and see our meat prices." Curious, does he want to paralyze them so they can't buy?

Umatilla county school children, at the suggestion of the school superintendent, are sending hundreds of letters to eastern people about the Lewis and Clark fair.

The Tillamook Herald complains of a man who owns hundreds of acres of land and turns his cows out in the hills to rustle their own feed when they are almost too weak to travel.

The Salem Statesman asserts that the range of profitable crops that can be successfully grown in the Willamette valley is greater than anywhere in the United States, or elsewhere.

A Lebanon mother by mistake gave her 4-year-old daughter 15 drops of aconite, but fortunately discovering her mistake immediately sent for a doctor and the child's life was saved.

The Happy Home neighborhood will soon have a telephone line, and can be put in communication with the Sweet Home community, and both will say hello to the Harmony district.

The Tillamook toll road supervisor strapped an ax on his back and started out with a lantern in broad daylight to see if the road needed repairing, but not being able to travel it, concluded it didn't.

A Lebanon woman who discovered two tramps in her kitchen one night slapped their faces and drove them out, and her husband threw his shoes at them, and later held them up with a pistol, but not knowing what to do with them let them go.

About a week ago three Brownsville boys, about 15 years of age, left home to see the world, determined on a three years' trip. They camped but the first night; it was cold; the world looked gloomy next morning; and they held a council and trudged back home.

At Bingen (not on the Rhine, but across the Columbia from Hood River) are a cherry tree that measures seven feet two inches in circumference, a pear tree five feet six inches, and an apple tree six feet around. They were planted over 50 years ago, and have stood in sod for 30 years, bearing fruit every year.

The Myrtle Point correspondent of the Marshfield Mail writes: "Mr. Curren, the proprietor of the Myrtle Point hotel, will move to North Bend to run a hotel there. In his place Miss Kitty Thom will attend to affairs here. We do not like to see Mr. and Mrs. Curren leave us. Now Miss Kitty Thom, if she is like a good many other women, may consider this a round-about left-handed compliment.

Short Stories From Washington

Washington, Jan. 9. — Congressman Cushman of Washington, who today was busy on the floor with his Alaskan bill, is a tall, awkward and homely son of the hillowy west; but he is brainy and popular. Moreover, he is a wit, and in some ways reminds one who knew "Bill" Nye of the famous humorist, physically and mentally.

Mr. Cushman's constituents delight to call him "Abe Lincoln No. 2." Once when he had met an old westerner who had immigrated from Illinois to Washington state, the old gentleman said:

"They say that you look like Abe Lincoln. It ain't true, suh. You're a heap homelier than Lincoln was; still, Lincoln was a monstrous homely man. Fact is, I dunno how he could have been any homelier 'thout bein' homelier than you air. Still, suh, I don't hold that agin you—not at all, suh, not at all—an' I shall vote for you, suh, on the principle of stretching my record, for I voted for ole Abe. I seed Bill Nye once, and I think you look like him. Howsomever, if Nye wasn't dead I'd be afeard to say it, for Nye went about a heap in his day, and was liable to come out here any time."

Senator Depew came briskly from the White House this afternoon. The January wind had given red color to his cheeks and the exercise a dancing gleam to his eyes. As he got to Fifteenth street he was halted by an aged gentleman who grabbed and shook his hand cordially.

"I am a stranger to you now," the man said softly. "But once I met you under very happy circumstances. How time flies! It was a very, very long time ago"—

"Yes, yes," the senator answered, nervously. "Where was the place and when?" moving slightly off, for he suddenly got in a hurrying mood.

"Oh, I can't remember the place—but I do recall vividly the delightful conversation we had. Yes, sir, a very long time ago that was"—

The senator would listen to no more.

"Why, what do you think of him?" he said to an American reporter, who was with him as the two moved away—"A very, very long time ago. Why, he talks like it might have been in the 17th century when he met me."

"But you shouldn't poke fun at his age," suggested the reporter. "You are showing a little gray yourself, you know."

"Oh, of course, I am old and growing older," was the answer. "But I shouldn't be placed in his class. Why, man, that fellow is an antique."

Judge Thomas G. Jones, the president's referee for Alabama and Georgia, appointed district judge by Mr. Roosevelt soon after he assumed the presidency, now is a guest at the White House. Judge Jones formerly was governor of Alabama. He is a young man and clings beautifully to all the traditions of his southern romantic country.

He did not know when he arrived in Washington that he was to go to the White House to eat and sleep. By the time, however, that he had registered at a hotel there was a special messenger from the White House to hand him an invitation. Now an invitation to the president's home is tantamount to a command, and Judge Jones obeyed.

But in doing so he was forced to buy a new leather trunk; not forced, you know, but persuaded by the comities that belong to visitors of importance. Judge Jones had come with a small handbag only. In it were a couple of shirts, a tooth brush, a hot-water bag and a fountain pen. But he reasoned and well, he should make a better showing so far as personal belongings were concerned, at the ultima thule of American society. He bought a trunk.

Then he figured out that it wouldn't do to have it so light that a puff of wind might blow it out of the window, and so he proceeded to fill it. Therefore, when he returns to Montgomery his good wife will find among his belongings a shoe tree, a bootjack, one roll of plain domestic stuff, new collars, shirts, a Tuxedo suit, three pairs of speckled pajamas, socks, neckties, handkerchiefs, cuffs and other stuff she never saw before.

There was the unusual scene on the senate floor today of Senator Morgan seated in his chair, his flaming red bandanna handkerchief ever and anon going from his desk drawer to his mouth, his legs crossed, easily reading a long speech. It was on the statehood bill. For a while he stood on his feet, but he grew weary toward the middle of his masterly document, and, seating himself, proceeded with his delivery. His address had been carefully typewritten and revised, and for once the official stenographers did not have to take down his words.

The senator's voice was firm, resonant and reaching for half an hour. But toward the end his words became almost unintelligible. At one period of his address Senators Knox, Alger, Elkins, Proctor and Teller were in a group talking softly to one another. Probably it was the first time in history when five ex-cabinet officers got together as senators.

A curious feature, its like never before known in history, has been embodied in a proposed legislative measure. It appears in a bill introduced by Senator Teller of Colorado, which provides for appointment of commissioners of transportation of mails and to aid in the regulation of interstate commerce. Section 4 reads:

"That no person shall be appointed to the said board of managers who is, or within five years previous to his appointment has been, addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors or narcotics, or to any game of chance or skill."

FOOD AND AIR, NOT ALCOHOL.

From the New York World.

In a letter to the Times Dr. S. A. Knopf, who has a world-wide reputation as an authority on the subject, condemns the theory that alcohol is beneficial to the consumptive.

Alcohol, according to Dr. Knopf, does not cure consumption. In excess it retards recovery. It exposes the patient to the peril of drunkenness. It predisposes to disease not only the person who consumes it but even the children who may be born to him. In the case of the poor it wastes money that might better be spent for milk, eggs and other nourishing food.

There is no longer any mystery about consumption. Its definite, positive, permanent cure is accomplished, save in advanced cases, not by drugs and doses, but by rest, by abundant and wholesome food, and above all by pure open air. And the consumptive has more reasons than most men to let liquor alone.

Annoyance Justifiable.

From the Kansas City Times.

Senators are reported to be "chagrined" over the indictment of three members of the upper house within two years. They would be justified if they even went so far as to be "annoyed."

The Play

At the time David Belasco and Henry C. DeMille wrote "The Wife" neither had attained great prominence in the field of dramatic literature, but they treated the familiar picture of social-political conditions in Washington, D. C., deftly enough to make it a true and lasting success.

If further than historical knowledge were required to back up the assertion that the authors were new, it is found in the "dramatic license" of the play, which they used with a vengeance. The jealous, scorned woman—than whom the philosopher says hell hath no greater fury—has unburdened her woes, real and imaginary, to the heroine, bearing false witness against her erstwhile lover. To the latter the heroine appeals:

"Then what she told me is true?"

And he, without so much as asking what the untruthful, jealous woman has told her, answers, "It is."

This separates the lovers. It is a tiny thread upon which to hang a sword heavy enough to pierce two hearts. Still, it passes muster under the name of dramatic license.

"The Wife" has been done repeatedly in Portland, but since Georgia Cayvan, Odette Tyler, William Morris and such lights appeared in the same cast under Frohman there has been no prettier production of the play here than that of yesterday. The opening assumed the form of an ovation to Edgar Baume, who is playing his final week with the organization. At the end of each act this sterling young actor was called time and again, and at both performances was compelled to acknowledge his appreciation in a speech.

Mr. Baume appeared as Senator Rutherford, and, happily, it proved one of the very best things he has done in Portland. The dignified, cool-headed, manly husband fits him to a nicety, the role gives full sway to his talents and allows the leading man to leave with us a drawing-room picture of his handsome self.

Miss Countiss, in the name part, acts more effectively and reads her lines more naturally than in any other society drama I have ever seen her play. William Bernard as Culver, the despicable journalistic politician, who stops at nothing to gain his ends, was clever, even though his interpretation at times smacked of parliament rather than of the legislative halls of America. Mr. Bernard exemplifies the full force of repression in this characterization.

Mr. Dills as Major Putnam, who struggled for 20 years to get up enough courage to propose; Mr. Berrell as Truman, the kindly old father, who divides life into two chapters—business and pleasure; Mr. Bowles as Gray, the disappointed suitor; Mr. Bloomquest as the young collegian and Laurette Allen as Mrs. Ives were equally pleasing.

Miss Douglas was a trifle self-conscious as Lucille, the victim of Gray's infatuation. Miss Brandt played the ingenue part with refreshing gaiety.

"The Holy City" will be performed until Wednesday night, and the engagement of "The Wife" will be resumed Thursday.

MIGHT BE JOLLIER.

The Empire was filled twice by good-natured throngs to view once more the comedy drama of much mellowness "A Jolly American Tramp."

It is said that this play came from the same pen which furnished Sol Smith Russell "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation." If this is true, somebody has cause for injunction against the frightful liberties taken with it. Much of the comedy is unadulterated stand-up and knock-down, and many of the songs introduced under the most impossible conditions are coarsely suggestive.

The tramp, "Happy Jack," the defiant soubrette, the flashily dressed adventuress, the crabbed step-father and the Irish cook are all recognized in "A Jolly American Tramp." The juvenile was not. He looks to be 40 years, if a day, and his making love to the girl whose skirts stop short of her knees heightened the absurdity.

Joseph Kearney plays the tramp and is at times very amusing. Madge Wood is the Irish cook. Her performance is notable for the reason that she does not wear a red wig. The others are uniformly below the standard of popular-priced melodrama. RACE WHITNEY.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

Warwick James Price in the Criterion.

That Disraeli wit was too much for Gladstone. The great Liberal had but one adjective for his Tory opponent and that was "devilish." Never during the years of their opposing leadership had the two any social relations; each made light of the other's literary efforts. Some one asked Lord Beaconfield to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, and unhesitatingly it came: "If Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames it would be a misfortune. If any one should pull him out it would be a calamity."

The best of all the Gladstone-Disraeli stories tells how once at a London dinner party the ladies at the table were asked which they would marry if they had to marry one or the other—the great Liberal or the great Tory. All declared promptly in favor of Beaconsfield save one, who hastened to explain that she had rather wed Gladstone that she might elope with Disraeli and so break her husband's heart. This happening was of course retold to Disraeli, and so pleased was he over it that he suspended a cabinet debate on the chances of a continental war in order to relate it.

THE MACHINE AND BROWNELL.

(From the Salem Journal.)

No man has served the political machine, or the powers that be, more faithfully at this session than Senator Brownell.

He delivered the votes from his county in both house and senate that made things go, and he has taken a back seat.

Senator Brownell had it in his power to mar the program at the most critical point of the performance but he refrained.

If there is a political machine in Oregon it owes Brownell a debt of gratitude, a debt not to be paid by passing resolutions.

Will Brownell be made governor or be sent to congress or the United States senate? What will the machine do for Brownell?

In the meantime, watch what Brownell will do with the machine. He can be trusted to do things with the common people at all times.

London's Greatest Paper.

The English press and the standing which the leading London papers have in England and among Englishmen is the subject of an interesting paper by Sydney Brooks in Harper's Weekly. The London Times, he says, heads the list, and is easily the most authoritative journal not only in England, but in the world. The Times and the Morning Post are the two papers most generally read by the men who are "doing things" in politics, administration, and especially in the army and navy. But to an American who desires a trustworthy guide to English affairs, Mr. Brooks recommends not the daily press, but the old-time weekly review, the Spectator.

The Stenographer Explains

(By Belle Blitz.)

"What do you understand by the simple life that the wise ones are touting so fiercely now?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"It's the kind of life that we all think our neighbors ought to lead, but that we pass up ourselves," replied the Stenographer.

"But what are its points?" insisted the Bookkeeper.

"Well," returned the Stenographer, "as near as I have been able to figure it out, it consists in doing without the things you want in order that you may have the things you don't want. You out out the Welsh rabbit at midnight so that you can get up and eat oatmeal in the cold, gray dawn."

"Sort of a hiking back to the dear, sweet, simple days of our grandparents, eh?" asked the bookkeeper.

"Just so," answered the Stenographer. "The idea is that we go the pace that kills; that we have too many clothes, and too much fashion; too fine houses, too much bric-a-brac, and that we eat too much and too highly seasoned food, and so on, and that if we would just scratch the luxuries we could also scratch most of our cares and work and worry."

"We do spend our lives saving for coin to hurl at the birdies," observed the Bookkeeper.

"We do," agreed the Stenographer, "and it certainly does look foolish—for other people. On the face of it the wise guy's system of breaking the bank of happiness by living the simple life is a dead sure thing just as long as you apply it to your neighbors.

"Now, there's my friend, Susan Jones, for instance, who is middle-aged and stout, and has got a complexion like a saleratus biscuit, but who spends her time trying to be beautiful, though ugly, and to make a feather bed figure give the illusion of willowy grace and youthfulness.

"It isn't any trick at all to see that the simple life is just the thing for Susan. How much better off she would be if she would just be as ugly as nature made her, and adopt some sort of a cheap, simple, loose, comfortable dress that wouldn't cost any time or money.

"But when I come to applying the simple life hunch to myself, I am ready to throw fits. Not for mine. I realize that I need all that the best dressmaker can do for me, and so I spend my time chasing down the nimble simoleon so I can hand it over to the lady who understands the art of applying cotton batting to the inside of a frock in the place where it will do the most good.

"And then there's Maria Smith. I can see she's batty to surround herself with bric-a-brac and silver and cut glass that she has to slave to keep clean. How much better for her it would be if she would only live the simple life in plain, bare rooms, with just the chairs and bed and table that she needs.

"But that kind of a room doesn't look good to me. I like draperies and pictures and little frilly things, and I am willing to toil to support 'em. I'd as soon be in a prison cell as in a room that wasn't beautified.

"And as for eating—well, it's a sin and a shame the way we spend our lives working to indulge our stomachs; but it's worth the price. There's no doubt we'd save ourselves a lot of work and worry if we would eat plain, simple food, but anybody may have the mush and milk and wants it as long as you give me the terrapin and boiled lobster."

"I think the simple life proposition is a good thing," said the Bookkeeper, "and I see that the president indorses it."

"But I notice he doesn't follow it," observed the Stenographer.

Lewis and Clark

In winter quarters near Mandan, North Dakota, January 16. — About 30 Mandans, among whom six were chiefs, came to see us, the Minnetarees reproached them with their falsehoods, declaring that they were bad men and ought to hide themselves. They had told the Minnetarees that we would kill them if they came to the fort, yet on the contrary they had spent a night there and had been treated with kindness by the whites, who had smoked with them and danced for their amusement. Kagohami visited us and brought us a little corn, and soon after one of the first war chiefs of the Minnetarees came, accompanied by his squaw, a handsome woman, whom he was desirous we should use during the night. He favored us with a more acceptable present: a draft of the Missouri, in his manner, and informed us of his intention to go to war in the spring against the Snake Indians. We advised him to reflect seriously before he committed the peace of his nation to the hazards of war; to look back upon the numerous nations whom war had destroyed; that if he wished his nation to be happy he should cultivate peace and intercourse with all his neighbors, by which means they could procure more horses, increase in numbers, and that if he went to war he would displease his great father, the president, and forfeit his protection. We added that we had spoken thus to all the tribes whom we had met, that they had all opened their ears, and that the president would compel those who did not voluntarily listen to his advice. Although a young man of only 26 years of age, this discourse seemed to strike him. He observed that if it would be displeasing to us he would not go to war, since he had horses enough, and that he would advise all the nation to remain at home until we had seen the Snake Indians and discovered whether their intentions were pacific. The party who went down with the horses for the man who was frostbitten returned, and we were glad to find that his complaint as not serious.

THE "CARNEGIE LIBRARY."

From the New York World.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie himself did not know how many libraries he had founded or pledged himself to found until his secretary compiled the very interesting statistics which were given by Mr. Horace White of this city on the occasion of the dedication of the Beloit (Wis.) college library.

The date—January 5—should be noted. The figures may since have changed. Mr. Carnegie had then founded or projected 1,296 libraries, at a total cost of $39,094,030, three fourths of that sum being apportioned to this country. Six millions in England, two millions in Scotland and a million and a half in Canada were also provided.

Since 1891, according to Mr. White, "more work has been done for free libraries in this country than had been done in all its previous history, and one man has done more of it than all others put together." Much more than one quarter of all American library foundings since Columbus landed must have been Mr. Carnegie's work.