THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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AND LO, FORTH COMES THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

DENNIS KEARNEY, the sand-lot orator of San Francisco, to the "General" Coxey, bankrupt through his own plutocratic methods, lost the last shred of the ragged prestige which once attached to his name. But thank God, and to him the praise, there is still on earth one man, one supremely eminent Friend of the People, one exemplar of broad humanitarian principles, ready to shed the last drop of his blood in behalf of oppressed and down-trodden mankind. With his sansculottic banner flung to the murmuring breezes, his broad brow bared to the gentle zephyrs of heaven, his head and voice defiantly raised, he bids the powers of darkness and of evil to advance and do their worst and deadliest! Does anyone suffer from oppression? Then here is a broad throbbing bosom upon which he may rest in confidence and security. Is there any who feels that whatever is is wrong? If such there be let their faces take on the new and stimulating glow of life and hope; let them look aloft along the shining battlements to that radiant aerie in the Tall Tower wherein sits the modern Jove, humanly known as Harvey Whitefield Scott, forging his thunderbolts and hurling them forth to the dismay and discomfiture of his former friends, associates and bedfellows.

It was not always or ever thus. There was a time when no guard-rail, when no concatenation of calamitous guard-rails upon the bridges which span the beautiful Willamette and bring the municipal twins into closer union, would have disturbed his siesta or called forth his ribald comment. Those were the good old days when he shrieked to maintain these arteries of commerce and convenience as toll bridges, levying their petty tribute alike upon the just and unjust. Afterwards came the later days when the spirit of modern progress having forced its way and the bridges were free he shrieked and wailed thereat and thereupon, making the very welkin ring with his caterwaulings. Those were the days when Mount Scott as a public park looked alluring to him and the mere bagatelle of $100,000 to him in hand paid by the public seemed the height of sanity and patriotism, though otherwise viewed by the unmanageable multitude that raised a roar against its acquirement. They were the days when Mr. Sullivan stood at the second story window shotgun in hand to discourage the electorate from exercising its proud privilege of suffrage; when the ballot-box stuffers plied their trade unrebuked, when citizens were forcibly driven away from the polls and public officials never condescended to make an accounting to the public, their master, in reality become their servant and slave. They were the days when in the height of hard times such as the country has seldom known delinquent tax lists involving a printing bill of $63,000 were rushed through despite legislative majorities, to the satisfaction and profit of this truly great and good Friend of the People. There were days and days, full ten thousand of them, when there were Mock bottoms, when the bared back of labor was lashed, when unionism was denounced and batteries loaded with scrap iron and ten-penny nails were turned upon the defenseless forces of socialism. There were the days when the gambler and dive-keeper were exalted and the forces of decency and righteousness were scoffed upon and reviled. And these days were but of yesterday.

But all is now changed. The Friend of the People now stands forth, the denunciator of the sale of franchises which he himself talked for and helped to vote into the city charter and against which his voice has never before been raised. But all of that was of yesterday; today it is otherwise and therefore different. Tomorrow it may again be otherwise and therefore different. But let us be thankful for today, for today he appears in the guise of Friend of the People, Succorer of the Downtrodden, Rescuer of the Helpless and Sheet Anchor of All Our Hopes, and what more in reason could we ask?

MERRILL'S ALL-NIGHT SALOON ORDINANCE IS READY.

THE FACT still remains that it is Mayor Williams' administration which is upon trial. The issue is, as it has been from the beginning, whether the city is to be governed in the interest of all classes of the people or for the special benefit of one particular class. The matter has never been better stated than by Councilman Merrill, late candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor, in a circular intended for his saloon supporters which he issued under date of last Thursday: "I was defeated, and I believe it was all for the best, and do not blame the saloon people for stampeding during the last two days to the support of Williams, for had they not done so and had the people that promised to stand by me kept their word, both Williams and myself would have been defeated, and the reform candidate would have received the nomination and without doubt been elected mayor June 5. * * * I am out for George H. Williams, not because he has been any special friend of mine, but because I believe it to be to the best interests of the city. If he does not give us an 'open town,' he will at least be fair to the liquor traffic people, who pay a large share of the running expenses of the city of Portland, and also from the fact that he stands ready at a moment's notice to sign MY all-night ordinance as soon as it passes the council."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. "Our" council will pass "MY" all-night ordinance (among other similar things) and "Our" mayor will sign it if he gets a chance. It isn't a question of a square deal for all but it is a question of special privileges to a few that Merrill, Chief Hunt and the rest of them are after. It is this that has aroused the people who have suffered under this regime in the past and who have determined to suffer under it no longer.

WHY ROJESTVENSKY FAILED.

THE EXPECTED has happened. In the minds of most people, in America at least, it was considered almost a foregone conclusion that whenever Togo and Rojestvensky met the Russian would be practically annihilated. There was no good reason for this confident expectation except the fact that the Japanese have won in every important engagement, on sea or land, during the war. That indeed was a strong reason, and yet why might not the tide have turned? Why this long lane with no turning? Rojestvensky had the larger fleet and more guns, though not so heavy guns. He had been preparing for this encounter many months. Why then is his fleet destroyed while Togo's is almost uninjured? It is not intimated that the Russian admiral lacks in ability or his seamen in skill or courage, and yet they are helpless victims of the terrible Jap.

The causes are several and various, and run into one another. The Japanese were better drilled, better prepared, more in earnest, more intelligent, less superstitious, more patriotic, sober. They were confident, too; they had to win, or stood a large chance to lose all. Hence there was no mistake, no hesitation, no faltering, no thought of anything but victory or death. The Russians had been on a long, tedious voyage. All the news from their country was bad. It was not a government to be proud of that they served anyway. The admiral was in doubt which course to take. He wanted to get to Vladivostok without encountering Togo if he could. He did not really want to fight. He had a foreboding of his fate. And very likely the Russians' scant faith was kept up by liberal imbibements of vodka. Between two such opponents there could be but one outcome of the encounter.

THE ASPHALT TRUST AND VENEZUELA.

THERE WAS A HINT in Secretary Taft's speech in the Ohio convention last week of future enforcement of the claims of "American citizens" against the Venezuelan government, alluding, it is supposed, to the claims of the asphalt trust, lately decided against that corporation by a Venezuelan court. Contrary to first reports, the decision was not by the highest court of that country, and will be appealed, but if the highest court should affirm the recent decision, what is President Roosevelt going to do? Nothing is to be done until then, and then it is not clear how our government could take any action in contravention of such a decision.

The contract between the Venezuelan government and the American concessionaires provides that disputes shall be referred to the courts of that country, and that their decisions shall be final. By going into court and appealing to a higher court the asphalt company seems to have bound itself to accept the court's decision. How can it appeal to the court, under the contract, and if beaten there appeal to the Big Stick? It seems indeed to be attempting to repudiate in advance any adverse decision of the court. The efforts of the company to secure intervention before the courts have finally decided the case appear to be a confession that the company has a bad case.

Secretary Taft knows more about the exact situation in its details than we or the public do, but so far as the facts have appeared to view it would seem to be a case in which scrupulous noninterference was the only proper course, one which, too, would be a deserved lesson to unscrupulous speculators who rely upon this country to rescue them from any consequences of their crooked dealings with Latin-American republics.

THE CZAR WEEPS.

WHEN THE CZAR heard the news of Rojestvensky's defeat he wept. A great monarch weeping is not a pleasant sight. Really great monarchs do not weep. Yet the world may well pity rather than despise this czar, whose weakness is not his own fault. He is what heredity and environment and customs from which he could not break away have made him—a pitiable weakling set in a great place.

The czar weeps—and as a mere weak mortal and not a demi-god as he would have his subjects believe him to be; he well may weep—for what he and his ministers have done, and have not done. He weeps because of Russia's sad discomfiture and the dire disasters to its arms, but what he should weep for, if at all, is the causes that brought these about and for the condition of the Russian people under his incapable government. Russia needed either a Bismarck or a Lincoln, a ruler of iron or a ruler of love; instead it has had a government of a clique of grand dukes whose business was to rob the people and control the czar.

Well may Nicholas weep—for unwarranted aggressions in China, for broken promises, for tens of thousands of soldiers dead and their widows and orphans; for the blood of thousands of peasants shot down in the streets of his cities, for millions of his subjects who in that great land can scarcely work hard enough and long enough to keep bodies alive as tenements for their souls.

The czar weeps for consequences which appear direful, it is true, but there are worse things than defeats in battle to weep over. Indeed, these defeats may ultimately prove blessings in disguise for Russia.

MAYOR WEAVER OF PHILADELPHIA.

THERE WAS DOUBT about how Mayor Weaver would act in the matter of the big gas steal. He was the nominee of the party boss who is allied with the gas and other boodlers, but was not a man of their kidney. They expected to control him because they put him in office; the people hoped he would rebel because in private and professional life he is an honorable man and a good citizen. Apparently he hesitated awhile, but his native honesty triumphed, he plucked up his reserve courage, and routed the gang, greatly to his own credit and to the joy of the people of Philadelphia.

Mayor Weaver is a religious man, an officer in a Baptist church. He is a lawyer, and is ambitious to attain a place on the Pennsylvania bench, a position the dignity, long term and high salary of which render it very attractive. The Philadelphia machine controls these positions or some of them as well as city offices, and could gratify Weaver's ambition. He knew this and disliked to break with the machine. The boss and the boodlers knew it, and knew that he knew it, and so depended on him to stand by them. Fortunately, his better nature prevailed, though only after a long period of subservience to the boss and strong pressure brought to bear upon him by the better classes of citizens. Accused of being and showing evidences of being a tool and a craven, he at last found his manhood again and used it to good purpose. Better late than never. The time may come when Mayor Weaver can get a seat on the bench without asking Boss Durham for it and doing his bidding.

Since The Journal's comment on developments in reclamation work at Klamath Falls, it is noted that the actual outlay of the government officials for prior rights, including the Jesse D. Carr tract, is $485,000, and that the charge made to settlers will be but slightly under $19 an acre. It has also been stated on behalf of the government engineers that their early estimate of outlay and material assets of the Klamath Canal company was about half what has finally been paid.

PROSPERITY IN ECUADOR.

From the Washington Post.

"Ecuador," said Senor Serafin Wither, the newly appointed charge d'affaires of that government, "has every reason to accept congratulations on its present good conditions and its outlook for future growth and prosperity.

"In point of fertility, the lands of our county are unexcelled and when brought under systematic agriculture Ecuador will produce every kind of crop in abundance. At present rubber, coffee and cocoa are our chief sources of revenue.

"Two things have brought about our present fortunate status—a stable government and a sound system of finance. It has been 15 years since the country underwent revolution, and it seems now as though we were as certain of permanent political peace as any nation."

The Journal Leads.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.

H. W. Brooks, traveling representative of The Oregon Daily Journal, arrived last night from Baker City, where he has been in the interest of his paper for several weeks. The Journal now outstrips other Portland papers in Baker City, La Grande, Union and several other eastern Oregon points.

SMALL CHANGE

Rojestvensky put it off as long as he could.

At last reports Chicago was ahead of Warsaw.

Rojestvensky turned up, after all. So did Togo.

Still Sunday is the favorite day for big battles.

J. P. O'Brien's appointment suits everybody in Oregon.

The absentee gamblers' sympathies are with the red ticket.

The Philadelphians woke up sufficiently at last to turn off the gas.

Everybody but the newspaper men will take a holiday Thursday.

The wages of sin is $1,800 or $2,000 a week in Nan Patterson's case.

Don't stand on the street corners in the way of people who want to pass.

The refrigerator car trust is modest; it takes a profit on ice of only 6,600 per cent.

Rojestvensky must find some consolation in the fact that his long sea wandering is over.

Encourage visitors to look about Oregon. The more they see of it the better they will like it.

Why, of course John Barrett is coming to the fair. It would not be complete without him.

The dates for Oregon cities and towns at the fair could not be arranged to suit everybody, of course.

The hard season for tramps is at hand; they will be importuned to work in the harvest fields.

Eddie Bok thinks tipping is the greatest evil in the country. This opinion was to be expected from Eddie.

Even people who have no faith in the weather bureau's predictions will look at them in tomorrow evening's Journal.

A white bear has been found in Colorado. Evidently one that turned white with fear when Roosevelt came in his vicinity.

Whether Tom Lawson always tells the truth or not, the country will pat him on the back as long as he can worry Wall street.

Now perhaps Governor Cummins wishes he had stood pat on his Iowa idea, instead of abandoning it in order to keep in the good graces of the high tariff stand-patters.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Glendale will soon have a bank.

Bend is to have a big new hotel.

People already camping at Seaside.

New paper at Carlton—the Observer.

Bend has bought a complete fire-fighting outfit.

Farmers' railroad in central Morrow county probable.

Alfalfa looks exceptionally well in Grand Ronde valley.

What about those electric lines of railway up the valley?

Telephone line between Wingville and Baker City being put up.

A Mormon colony has purchased 1,200 acres of land in Crook county for $1,300.

Morrow county wheat land is going up—in price, not in cyclone—but is still cheap.

A salmon trout caught away up little Birch creek, Umatilla county, weighed 24 pounds.

A Linn county farmer is building four miles of telephone line to connect with a main line.

A Dakota man and his son have bought a 400-acre farm in Burton county for $18,000.

Roland, Coos county, has a store, blacksmith shop, sawmill and seven or eight houses that have been built within a year.

A Springfield doctor, besides attending to his other patients, is treating at his own home his wife, Miss Smith, a horse and a dog, and has to prepare his own meals.

It is predicted that the Echo and Butter creek district will become one of the greatest feeding grounds of the west, great yields of alfalfa being obtained there on irrigated land.

Out of 9,660 ewes of a Morrow county sheep firm, of which fully 25 per cent are two-year-olds, there are 9,460 lambs. Two bands of 1,000 ewes each show an increase of 110 per cent, or 2,200 lambs.

J. M. Lawrence, editor of the Bend Bulletin, says in his paper: "How the name of J. M. Lawrence came to be proposed by Secretary Hitchcock for receiver of the Roseburg land office is quite unknown to Mr. Lawrence, who was not an applicant for that or any other office."

An agate stump, weighing about 800 pounds, besides two or three molars of some prehistoric mammoth, oyster and clam shells imbedded in solid rock and oil sandstones, and a number of specimens of very fine building stone were dug out at Kane's Springs, 20 miles from Vale, and will be on exhibition at the fair.

A Wheeler county man writes to the Mitchell Sentinel that "the very face of local option is not in accordance with Christianity, as the Bible in many places speaks about the use of strong drinks approvingly and we ofttimes hear the minister in his sermon say to his audience that it is wrong for one brother or sister to offer an offense to any one," and much of the same sort.

A Sweet Cure.

From the Kansas City Star.

Robert Clarke, the artist, tells this story: One day while out walking with a friend of his, this friend complained of a toothache, and asked Mr. Clarke what he could advise him to buy, as they were in front of a drug store. "Why," said Mr. Clarke, "the last time I had a toothache I went home and my wife kissed it away for me." After a moment's pause his friend said: "Is your wife home now?"

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A Card From Mr. Paget.

Portland, Or., May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Friends of the Municipal association and the Citizens' ticket are so industrious in circulating a report that I have either resigned or am not seriously considering my nomination for the office of mayor that I again request the privilege of your columns in order to assure the voters of this city that such is not the case. If any excuse were needed, it is abundantly furnished by the facts contained in the following letter which I addressed this morning to the secretary of the municipal association. Yours respectfully,

P. LEE PAGET.

Portland, Oregon, May 29, 1905.

John Hain, Esq., Secretary:

Dear Friend:—I very greatly appreciate the kind spirit running through your letter received this morning. I have never for one moment had the least doubt but that you always act from motives of the highest and most unselfish principle, although I cannot for the life of me understand how you and your associates can reconcile yourselves to such policies as are included in the support of our Citizens' ticket, when I observe that one of its nominees sat on the platform and supported Mayor Williams, whilst he denounced our pastors as "liars and scoundrels," another nominee begged the audience he was addressing to support the straight Republican ticket embracing George H. Williams and Larry Sullivan, whilst still another of your candidates sanctioned (as a member of the council license committee) on Friday last another fair entrance saloon, in face of the mighty protest that has been raised.

Dr. Harry Lane advises those with prohibition proclivities to vote for B. Lee Paget, and you must excuse me if I modestly take his advice.

Incidentally I might remark that it is difficult to find on the Citizens' ticket men who are unconditionally worthy of support, except they be the party Prohibitionists, or Dr. S. A. Brown, or H. W. Stone, who have been generally regarded as such. Yours faithfully,

B. LEE PAGET.

The Hop Crop.

Dayton, Or., May 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is amusing to notice reports printed in The Journal about the condition of the hop crop in Oregon. Some say the crop prospect is better than at this time last year, and reports about missing hills, etc., are greatly exaggerated, while others insist the crop outlook is bad; that missing hills are numerous and old yards in some localities are almost a failure. From reports gathered from many localities and by personal investigation for the purpose of reporting the condition of crops to the weather bureau office in Portland, weekly and monthly, I am absolutely convinced that the latter are very nearly correct, and would add that some of the old yards in this and adjoining localities are so bad that in some instances the crop will not pay working expenses, while some yards are looking well and with climatic conditions favorable from now on will bear a good crop. If there be any doubt in the minds of any one respecting the truth of the statement, all I ask of such is to visit this and adjoining localities and be convinced. I have no ulterior motive for making these statements aside from the fact that I desire the truth to be known, and am in a position to prove my statements.

J. H. MOORES.

That Saloon Near the Poor Farm.

Portland, May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—The gentleman whom I am told wrote the reply for Mr. Kelley to my article regarding his putting a saloon near the poor farm seems to have been a little misinformed, and thinks it a wise course in dealing with the matter to throw sand in the eyes of the people of this county about me, and thus blind them to the real subject. But this will do him no good, for I do not care to talk about myself at this time. If he or any one else wishes to know anything about me let them ask Rev. E. M. Bliss, pastor of the Knott Street Baptist church, of which I am a member. I have lived for over eight years in Portland.

I am very much concerned just at this time about the dear little children who attend school so near the saloon, and the unfortunate inmates of the poorhouse.

Mr. Kelley "defies me to prove" that "he is going to apply for a saloon license after the election in June." His own document or notice posted on his building says he will apply for his license on the seventh day of June, 1905.

The fact that he will apply then and not before our city election here, and the fact of his having put up his building and moved in some furniture for a saloon before getting his license, struck me and others as very significant in these strenuous political times.

The assurance with which he has proceeded in the whole matter, and the special favors that are being handed out to the liquor combine of this city and county by the party in power in the form of licenses to sell liquor about the fair grounds and outlying communities and towns, with no regard for the wellbeing of life and character and morals of the people affected, shows very conclusively that there is a political "nigger in the fence."

The course that Mr. Kelley has pursued has, to say the least, cast reflection upon the county judge and commissioners, who are empowered to grant him his license. And since the county judge has full jurisdiction over the welfare of the poorhouse and its inmates, it will be interesting to see if he will disregard them and grant licenses to the liquor interests as others have done elsewhere in consideration of the votes the liquor combine can command for the Republican party.

It is a fine condition of civic management to tax the people of the county for the maintenance of the poor, and to build a school and pay a teacher to instruct the children of the community, and then turn around and allow a grog shop to be run near them, with no police protection, and thus counteract the good work by demoralizing the young and sending the paupers on the swift road to hell.

F. L. PIERCE.

Indianapolis Parallel for Portland.

Portland, May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is amusing to note the parallel case between the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, my old home, and Portland, Oregon, my present home. Last fall a year ago before the close of the Republican mayor's administration of Indianapolis the management had become so corrupt that the citizens of the city organized a Good Citizens' league, with whom the entire ministry went to work and from the pulpit and through the Indianapolis News the voters were made acquainted with the true condition of affairs as they existed. And I want to say right here that both the mayor and his henchmen were too modest to call the preachers liars, but they singled some of them out and scored them pretty roughly for mixing in politics, but with the railroads and the brewers and liquor dealers and gamblers back of him, the Republican incumbent was renominated for mayor. So the independent party saw an easy mark. They nominated a nice, clean, able man, and of course the Good Citizens' league indorsed him for its candidate. It was an easy matter before election to get bets of 3 to 1 that the Republican nominee would be elected, and in the meantime a few days before election the chairman of the board of public works brought suit against the Indianapolis News for $50,000 damages for defamation of character and other charges. But the election came, and notwithstanding a strong Prohibition candidate received 5,000 of the clean votes of the city, the Republican mayor and his grafters were sent into oblivion, politically, and the damage suit died a-bornin' and the city is having a clean, honest administration, if it is Democratic. I look for it to measure out the same, inch by inch, to the end in Portland.

L. M. STEGNER.

315 Alberta St. Republican.

Peddlers Want a Show.

Portland, May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—We would like to know on Front street whether Monday, June 5, is to be a holiday or not.

Monday is usually a busy day on Front street, but we "banana peddlers" wish to show Mayor Williams that we consider our calling an honorable one, and to testify that we are as well satisfied with our careers as he is with his.

FRONT STREET.

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from Fort Mandan, near the site of Bismark, North Dakota. The party is now nearing the Rocky mountains.

May 30—The rain, which commenced last evening, continued with little intermission till 11 this morning, when the high wind which accompanied it having abated, we set out. More rain has now fallen than we had since the first of September last, and many circumstances indicate our approach to a climate differing considerably from that of the country through which we have been passing. The air of the open country is astonishingly dry and pure. Observing that the case of our sextant, though perfectly seasoned, shrank and the joints opened, we tried several experiments by which it appeared that a tablespoonful of water exposed in a saucer to the air would evaporate in 36 hours when the mercury did not stand higher than the temperate point at the greatest heat of the day.

The river, notwithstanding the rain, is much clearer than it was a few days past, but we advance with great labor and difficulty, the rapid current, the ripples and rocky points rendering navigation more embarrassing than even that of yesterday, in addition to which the banks are now so slippery after the rain that the men who draw the canoes can scarcely walk, and the earth and stone constantly falling down the high bluffs make it dangerous to pass under them; still, however, we are obliged to make use of the cord as the wind is strong ahead the current too rapid for our oars and too deep for the pole. In this way we passed at the distance of five and a half miles a small rivulet in a bend on the north; two miles farther an island on the same side, half a mile beyond which came to a grove of trees at the entrance of a run in a bend to the south and encamped for the night on the north shore.

The eight miles which we made today cost us much trouble. The air was cold and rendered more disagreeable by the rain, which fell in several slight showers in the course of the day; our cords, too, broke several times, but fortunately without injury to the boats. On ascending the hills near the river, one of the party found that there was snow mixed with the rain on the heights; a little back of these the country becomes perfectly level on both sides of the river. There is now no timber on the hills and only a few scattering cottonwood, ash, box-elder and willows along the shore. In the course of the day we passed several encampments of Indians, the most recent of which seemed to have been evacuated about five weeks since, and from the several apparent dates we supposed they were made by a band of about 100 lodges that were traveling slowly up the river. Although no part of the Missouri from the Minnetarees to this place exhibits signs of permanent settlements, yet none seem exempt from the transient visits of hunting parties. We know that the Minnetarees of the Missouri extend their excursions on the south side of the river as high as the Yellowstone, and the Assiniboins visit the northern side, most probably as high as Porcupine river. All the lodges between that place and the Rocky mountains we supposed to belong to the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie, who live on the south fork of the Saskatchewan.

TESLA'S PATENTS EXPIRE.

From the New York World.

A great stir has been created among electricians everywhere by the announcement that the famous patents of Nicola Tesla covering the alternating current dynamo have expired. They have been widely known for years as the "three fundamental patents." Their expiration is an event in the world of electricity, not second in importance to the dying out of the Bell telephone patents. The alternating motor has been a monopoly.

Tesla has been drawing princely royalties on these patents, much of which the picturesque inventor is said to have applied to his experiments in wireless telegraphy. His mysterious tower at Wardencliffe, Long Island, is said to have been built in part by money subscribed by J. Pierpont Morgan, and in part out of the royalties from the motor patents.

In 1885 Professor Galileo Ferraris of Turin, Italy, discovered the electromagnetic rotating field, and applied his invention, according to William Stanley, to a rotating field motor. In 1888 Tesla received United States patents covering the broad applications of the Ferraris discovery. George Westinghouse bought the Tesla patents and also the rights of Ferraris.

The fundamental Tesla patents have been for years in the possession of what is called the "patent pool trust." They have been attacked many times in the courts, but without success. It is now generally believed by electricians that the expiration of the patents releases to the world at large the immensely important principle of the rotary field. There will be a grand scramble everywhere to make the Tesla motor, now invariably used, without paying any more royalty to Tesla. The Westinghouses announce they have a number of subsidiary patents, and will fight.

Last Dying Editorial.

From the Heimin Shimbun, Tokio.

This is the last issue of the Heimin Shimbun! We have now preferred to stop intentionally the publication of our paper by this number rather than to wait to be suppressed by the government. Japan is making war against barbarous Russia for the sake of justice and humanity. Yet no freedom of opinion is here to be enjoyed.

LOVE LIGHTENS THE LOAD

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Coming home from the theatre the other evening I sat opposite a pair of lovers.

Neither could have been under 70.

He was a gallant old gentleman, with white hair, rosy cheeks and upright carriage.

She was the dearest old lady imaginable. Her hair was snow white and clustered softly about her sweet face, which was as delicately tinted as an apple blossom.

The old gentleman's care and protection of her were beautiful to see.

No young lover escorting his sweetheart could have displayed more gallantry and attention than did he, and no girl intent on holding her lover's interest could have been more charming than was this sweet little old coquette of 70 years. They talked gaily for some time, but presently her eyes closed and her head nodded.

She smiled at him sleepily, and then dropped her head on his shoulder, and slept comfortably the rest of the journey.

He sat stiffly erect, never moving a muscle, lest he disturb her.

I do not know what their lives have been—they probably have had their share of heartache and misfortune.

But one thing I do know, and that is that they have had love to sweeten all life's bitterness and intensify its joys.

Each has discovered the precious secret of how to hold the other's love.

Many a young wife has not been able to keep for one year what this woman has kept for 50.

And many a young husband has wantonly destroyed the trust that this man has guarded so preciously.

Respect for each other's rights and opinions must have done much to keep this love so fresh and lasting.

Tact has also borne a large part.

The woman has minded her own business, therefore the man has made her his confidant.

While perfect love and equality were maintained, the woman has been wise enough not to allow too much familiarity to creep in and breed contempt.

She has held a certain sweet aloofness that has kept her a fascinating study to her husband all these years.

There is no reason why she should be an exception to the general rule, for every woman who marries has a chance to hold love just as this woman has, if she goes the right way about it.

The fundamental trouble is that young people marry without a thought to the future.

They fall in love with each other's superficial virtues and don't take the precaution of thinking how such and such a quality will develop and how it will affect them when it does develop.

It is a very serious thing when a man makes up his mind to support and care for a woman for the rest of their natural lives, and he should be very sure that she is the kind of a woman who will be able to hold him willingly at his post of duty.

Forbearance on both sides must necessarily play a large part in married life.

Double harness is not always easy, even when love drives the chariot, and it must be unendurable when both chafe and rebel at their bonds.

Becoming engaged after the briefest acquaintance, and marrying after a short engagement have much to do with unhappy marriages.

Long engagements are hard on both sides, but there is a happy medium, and no girl should marry on less than a year's engagement.

It may seem hard to wait, but it gives the young people a chance to know each other and adapt themselves to each other's qualities.

Don't ruin your chance for happiness, girls.

See if you can't be just as happy and honored in your old age as the old lady I speak about.

MARK TWAIN TO INJURED GIRL.

From the New York Sun.

They have taken Miss Madeline Sinshelmer, last of the human wreckage of the Clifton avenue grade crossing trolley car disaster in Newark two years ago, to a private hospital in Philadelphia. Nine of her schoolmates were killed and many others hurt when the car full of high school pupils was struck by a Lackawanna train. All the rest of the injured recovered long ago. She alone has lingered on, bed-ridden. People have done everything they could do to make her happy, and, although she has been in constant pain, she has been a cheerful sufferer.

It was during the early days of her sickness that Miss Sinshiemer took to reading Mark Twain. About that time the humorist was in New York, and her brother called on him one day to ask him to write his name for her in one of his books. Mark Twain heard the story, and wrote both a "sentiment" and a letter. In the book he inscribed:

"One of the most remarkable differences between a lie and a cat is that the cat has only nine lives."

Here is the letter:

"Dear Miss Madeline: Your good and admiring and affectionate brother has told me your sorrowful share in the trolley disaster which brought unaccustomed tears to millions of eyes and fierce resentment against those whose criminal indifference to their responsibilities caused it, and the reminder has brought back to me a pang of that bygone time. I wish I could take you sound and whole out of your bed and break the legs of those officials and put them in it—to stay there. In my spirit I am merciful and would not break the necks and backs also, as some who have no feeling.

"It is your brother who permits me to write you this line, and so it is not an intrusion, you see.

"May you get well, and soon Sincerely yours.

S. L. CLEMENS."

OUR BIG RETIRED LIST.

From the Washington Post.

It would not be surprising if there was a revolt some time against the retired list of the army and navy. Through recent legislation and rapid promotions the retired list has become topheavy. There are now three lieutenant-generals, 20 major-generals and 250 brigadier-generals on the retired list of the army. In the navy, of the three highest grades there are 13 rear-admirals, 18 commodores and 54 captains. The act of congress two years ago raised many men on the retired list one rank if they had been in the service in the civil war and had not been advanced a grade on retirement. This swelled the list of brigadier-generals a great deal, but 250 brigadier-generals on the retired list is entirely out of proportion to the size of the army either now or what it has been during the past 40 years since the close of the civil war.