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LABOR'S ANNUAL HOLIDAY.

THIS IS THE DAY when the sons of toil, the many manual workers in a multitude of vocations and avenues of labor take their annual formal holiday, enjoy themselves variously in a few brief hours of vacation and consider to some extent and from various points of view their condition and prospects, actual and relative, as laborers, as wage-earners.

At times and places Labor day has been one of strife and passion and violence, but in most places in this country it is now, as here, merely a peaceful, pleasant holiday, devoted in part to a consideration of labor's rights, needs, position and prospects, but largely to recreation and innocent amusements common to all holidays. Labor in this country may not get quite its share of products and profits; some percentage that rightfully belongs to it is in many instances withheld or diverted, as in the case of protected trusts that are piling up millions; but all things considered labor in this land is tolerably well off—far better off than in any country in the world.

While it is well for workingmen to recognize and appreciate this fact, and to rejoice that they are as well off as they are, it is their privilege also, if not their duty, to strive in all lawful, reasonable ways to better their condition, to demand for themselves their fair and proper share, to uphold and maintain the dignity of their position and vocation in the world—for it is entitled to as much respect as any other.

The workingman should be, as he usually is, a family man. He should strive to obtain, and should under fairly favorable circumstances be able to obtain, a home of his own. He should be an intelligent, reading man and should have sufficient leisure to be so. He should be able to send his children to school, dressing and feeding them comfortably. And if provident during his years of toil he should be able to lay up something to keep himself, and perhaps some dependent upon him yet, from want in his old age. To do all this he needs higher wages than are paid in any other country. The faithful, efficient workingman ought to be able to earn enough to do all this, and in these "good times" he should have his full share. No sort of worker deserves it better.

The intelligent workingman ought to take a lively, conscientious interest in politics, and be ready at all times to throw his vote and influence on the side of honesty, competence and cleanliness in public office, for the grafters and rogues who get into office injure him more than they do the capitalist or the land owner. In brief, the average workingman should be, as he in fact usually is, a good, all around citizen, standing up for his rights and watchful of his interests, yet quiet, reasonable and observant of the laws.

We think that the war between capital and labor is gradually subsiding; that there will in future be more reason, more toleration, more liberality on both sides than in the past. This may be too optimistic a view, but surely, as the world becomes more enlightened it should become clearer to both sides that such contests are wholly harmful and in many instances fairly barbarous. We hope the time is rapidly approaching when capital will not dare, even if it had the power, to oppress labor, and when labor will hold no unreasonable grudge against capital actively employed.

Outside the realm of ethics—and yet closely linked therewith, too—the greatest thing in the land is industry, that operates by two mighty arms, labors and capital, and neither of these without the other can accomplish much. Capital without labor is helpless, an inert, almost despicable thing; but labor unemployed by capital, while not so helpless, is a weakling, crawling to its goal at a snail's pace.

A USEFUL, MODERN SERVICE.

WE BECOME so accustomed in a short time to the comparatively new conveniences of life that we forget that they are new, that people not many years ago went without many appliances and aids to comfortable and progressive living that we now consider indispensable. How did people in cities get along then without the telephone, without streetcars or bicycles, without electricity? And in the country the comparatively new implements and methods are scarcely less revolutionary of the old, and not the very old, system of living. It may have had its compensations, as the new way, with all its advantages, may have its temptations to too swift a pace or too much luxury, but if conditions of half or even a third of a century ago could be revised, even for a day, the world would, especially the urban world, be to a great extent paralyzed.

Tomorrow the Letter-Carriers Association of the United States meets in this city, and how many people have though that this is one of the comparatively new conveniences of life? Men not yet old can remember when there were no letter-carriers, even in the cities, and when every business man, however large or important his mail, had to go or send to the postoffice after it, and perhaps wait a good while before he got it. There are many Portland citizens who can remember when people stood in line from the east window of the postoffice building away down on the Fifth street sidewalk awaiting their turn to inquire for their letters. Some had boxes in those days, but there was no government delivery of mail, even in the larger cities.

The rural mail delivery came later, is in fact, a very recent addition to the government mail service, and a very important one. It is being gradually but generally extended, and before long all communities of considerable population will be served daily with their mail.

Less than 30 years ago there was no postoffice in Multnomah county between East Portland and Sandy and settlers along the main highway received their scant mail once a week in boxes nailed up to trees, if they paid the stage driver a stipend for delivering it, but now out around Fairview, Troutdale, Gresham and Pleasant Home—and these communities are samples of many—the people not only have local postoffices but daily mail delivery.

The mail carriers of the country, in cities and in rural districts, are among the government's most useful and faithful servants. They are obliged to be prompt, steady, careful, regular. They must work in all sorts of weather and serve with equal fidelity all sorts of people, and they well deserve liberal pay and an annual spell of rest. The association that meets here this week is a worthy organization, and its requests or suggestions will merit favorable consideration by the public and the government.

GOOD WORK OF FIREBOAT.

PORTLAND was a long time getting a fireboat, but it has been more than once demonstrated that it was a very good investment. It does not prevent fires from being purposely or accidentally started along the waterfront, nor can it prevent such fires from destroying much property before they can be subdued, but it can and on several occasions has helped very much to save endangered property and to check and extinguish the destroying flames. This was the case in the fires of last Saturday when, although much valuable property was destroyed, much was saved by the efficient service of the fireboat.

Considering the length of our waterfront, the rapid growth of the city, the fact that the river must be lined almost continuously for several miles with docks, wharves, warehouses and mills, constantly increasing in number, might it not be well to build another fireboat, so that one could be kept stationed toward one end of the harbor and the other near the other end, both to respond in case of a central or any extensive fire? The one fireboat has done good work; two would be a double protection of waterfront property, and the time is not distant, if it has not already arrived, when another fireboat would be a good investment.

THE WARRANT-SHAVER MUST GO.

THE MAYOR and his executive board took a very practical view of the matter when they decided upon grounds of public policy to eliminate the warrant shark from the conspicuous place he has so long occupied in the city's affairs. Warrant-shaving has long constituted one of the very worst grafts in the city. The warrant-shaver, through the representation of his powerful influence at headquarters, which in the past he has been able to show, has forced many classes of the city employes, including not a few who were not in need of funds, to go to him to discount their pay warrants at the rate of 10 per cent a month. When it was necessary the warrant-shaver could show that he had a pull strong enough to make itself effectively felt. Many of the employes have drawn their pay month by month before it was earned thus bringing about evil results that have become glaringly apparent.

To break up this nest of bloodsuckers and thus improve the public service, while incidentally conferring a distinct boon on the thrifty employes of the city, has been the work of this administration—a work which it is performing with courage and intelligence. It is quite apparent that the warrant-shaver must go, as he should.

ST. JOHNS SHOULD BRACE UP.

FOR ITS OWN SAKE the administration of the city of St. Johns should come together. A few months ago no section of the state seemed to have such an outlook immediately ahead of it. There was everything in prospect in the way of improvement, and it looked as though St. Johns would surely double its population in the course of a year. While every condition was favorable and while the eyes of many prospective investors were turned in that direction the city election was held. Since then everything has been topsy-turvy.

For their own sake the people of St. Johns should force the jarring factions of the city government to come together, adjust their differences and start the government out in a businesslike fashion. So long as these squabbles continue much harm is being done to the town and every property owner in it, and if the trouble continues very much longer it may be very hard to repair the damage which has been and will be done.

Hearn and the Japs.

From the Japan Herald (Yokohama).

On the death of the late Lafcadio Hearn many opinions were expressed as to the value of his observations on Japan. It would not perhaps be going too far to say that residents in Japan generally considered that what he saw was a creation of his own brain, not the real Japan. Many articles appeared to this effect at the time of his death, and the same attitude was taken by one of the foreign journals in a review of his posthumous book, "Japan: An Interpretation." A curious point is that Lafcadio Hearn's books never appealed to the Japanese, his death passing almost unnoticed. This fact is only explainable on the theory advanced above. The Japanese, unlike the gentleman in Moliere's comedy who expressed surprise when told he was talking prose, were not astonished to be told that they were living under a feudal system, but with the introduction of advanced ideas they objected to being told that, although the feudal system had been abolished, it yet remained, in practice, if not in name. Hearn saw this clearly, and as a result his books show a decided tendency to intensify the old feudal spirit and avoid modern ideas. In doing so he gave a clearer idea of Japan than many were aware of—especially those who were blinded by the smoke from factory chimneys or deafened by the roar of cannon. Certainly his books were fairer to Japan than, say, Professor Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," a work, however learned and well-written, showing little powers of sympathy or appreciation. To view Hearn in the light of a visionary—"a Spencerian who believed in ghosts," as has been said—is to take an entirely wrong view of his character. Those who find pleasure in watching Japan assume all the vices of western powers; who claim for her a place among the great powers on the strength of military prowess, no doubt despise the musings of Hearn over feudal Japan. What he describes as "the terrible friendship of England" has blinded their eyes to the fact that the real greatness of Japan no more lies in her battleships and soldiers than in her factories and warehouses. If Hearn, with clearer vision, higher powers of consciousness, was able to see what the Japanese themselves could not see, it is hardly surprising. An individual's own actions are less clearly discernible to him than those of others, and this applies to the race no less than to the individual.

One Item of the War's Cost.

From the Baltimore Herald.

Six hundred thousand men have been killed and wounded in the Russian-Japanese war. Here are a few figures to help us realize what this means. Six hundred thousand casualties equal:

Nine hundred Iroquois theatre disasters.

Seven hundred and fifty Slocum disasters.

Two hundred and forty Johnstown floods.

Ninety Galveston floods.

Twenty Martinique catastrophes.

The total population—men, women and children—of Baltimore.

Three times the population of the states of Idaho and Nevada combined.

Three times the population—men, women and children—of the Boer republics, which resisted the whole power of the British empire for over two years.

Persistent Tom.

From the Cornell Widow.

Jess—I'm afraid that I'll never learn to swim.

Sue—Why not?

Jess—Tom won't let go of me long enough.

Don'ts for Parents.

From the Chicago Journal.

Don't expect good manners in children if they are treated by their elders in an unmannerly manner.

Do not be surprised if children are snappish and quarrelsome if you set them the example by being so to them.

Don't frighten children into being obedient by threats which you have no intention of carrying out. Your future difficulties in managing your children are enormously increased by this unwise but not uncommon practice.

Don't take fidgety children with you when you go to pay calls. It is too great a tax on the forbearance of your friends, and it has led to the severing of acquaintanceships.

Don't—because it is easier to do things yourself than teach the children how to do them—let your boys and girls grow up with slovenly habits.

Don't forget that if you do not make companions of your children in their youth you can't expect them to be your friends when they grow up.

Must Have Good Character.

From the Toledo Reporter.

We have received a circular letter informing us that a certain Mr. Blank would like to represent this district in congress and asking us to give the candidacy of this man publicity, and further informing us that Mr. Blank is a consistent Republican. Now, as the people do not appear to be falling over each other in an effort to show their desire to have him nominated, and as we don't know what is implied by being "a consistent Republican," we must decline at the present time to throw up our hat and shout for Mr. Blank.

However, if he can show a certificate of good moral character he can have the use of our columns at the usual rates to advertise himself.

SMALL CHANGE

Keep sending in exhibits.

• •

Make the attendance this month even more than anybody anticipated.

• •

If Castro is going to try to bluff Roosevelt, it is a sure conclusion that the Spaniard has no sense of humor.

• •

The Cramps are rushing to completion a warship for Castro, with which he is going to fight Uncle Sam's navy, perhaps. Funny fellow, that Castro; he has the Cramps—to pay.

• •

"Ball Gowns Replace Bathing Suits," says a headline. We will now see the rest of her.

• •

But is "no booze in Benton" strictly true?

• •

There is talk of preparing to begin to think about designing plans for the Panama canal.

• •

Big fires run in series of three, but three in one day is cracking the record.

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Shouldn't the Giants be renamed the Pygmies?

• •

No doubt Teddy could be elected sheriff again out west after his term is out, if he wants to be.

• •

According to the new Methodist Episcopal dispensation the bride promises not to "obey," but to "keep" her husband. This would be better, if it amounted to anything, but she will do neither.

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Bought a complete history of the Russo-Japanese war yet?

• •

Congressional candidates already nosin' 'round.

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If Toose gets the nomination, a rhyme will be easy. News, for instance.

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Lots of railroads—in the air.

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Neither faction of the St. Johns council has yet charged the other with setting the fires.

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Portland envies the towns in which school opens today.

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Stop that boycott, says China. It would have played out anyway.

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Yet there will be a railroad to Tillamook—some day.

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Castro's navy—one (1) vessel (unfinished — is called the Restaurador. Whether he is going to use it to restore some of his debts or as a marine restaurant our limited knowledge of languages renders uncertain.

• •

The Tags both appear to be "it."

• •

There used to be professional jurors; have we now a professional administrator?

• •

That is a high-toned political fight down in Arkansaw, where the other day one candidate for United States senator spit in another's face, and where later the governor, one of the senatorial aspirants, was told by the attorney-general, whom he had threatened to kill: "Why, I can take a corncob pipe with a lightning-bug on its end and run you into the river." Yet "niggers" are not permitted to vote down there by this sort of "chivalry."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Springfield M. E. church out of debt.

• •

A very unusual thing happened recently in Pendleton. It was not that a shortage of some $12,000 was discovered in the sheriff's accounts. This often occurs. But the marvelous thing was that the present sheriff and his predecessor, under whose administration part of the shortage occurred, promptly paid over every dollar due the county. It is universally admitted that neither of the sheriffs had profited a dollar by the delinquency in the county funds, nor was in any wise to blame except possibly in not watching more closely a trusted deputy, who for many years had handled the tax receipts, but, as it seems, crookedly or loosely.

• •

Good fish catches in Tillamook bay.

• •

A Nehalem man set fire to an old stump near a barn, and although the stump was not entirely consumed, the barn was.

• •

Many new orders for rural telephones around Salem.

• •

Tillamook Herald: A young man picked up a handsomely beribboned garter which he saw fall beneath the skirts of a pretty young lady on the street the other day and hailed her and restored it. Restored it to the lady, understand; not to its place.

• •

Newberg handle factory will be rebuilt.

• •

Large schools of pilchards and sardines in Coos Bay, followed by numerous salmon and seabass. Let's go fishing.

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The Coos Bay Harbor asks: "Why is it that Gould had his cruisers in here, measuring up our timber, if he does not mean to extend his lines into this territory?" To which the Marshfield Sun responds: "Hope the report proved satisfactory; we would be willing to swap off the S. P. for the Gould line any time."

• •

A Hood River man will raise sweet potatoes.

• •

One Hood River acre of strawberries netted $170.

• •

Tillamook Herald: A couple of dude drummers from the east drove in over the Wilson river road last week, and gazing at the big timber and beautiful scenery drove off the Fall creek bridge, damaging their buggy and getting a good shaking up for their carelessness. Suit for damages has been brought against the road, which is not a toll road, but yet is kept as such; and it is not a county road, for is it not a toll road? So what kind of a road is it? If there is not enough room in the road for the above class of drummers, why let them take the boat.

• •

Ed Hadaway of Dayton, on a trip to the mountains, killed three deer and picked many huckleberries. He had a way of doing it.

VEGETABLE FLUIDS FOR CONSUMPTION

From the New York World.

With a request for professional secrecy, the management of the New York Post-Graduate hospital has sent to the physicians of this city a circular announcing the discovery of a vegetable fluid which is working marvels in the cure of consumption.

The cures it has effected are positive and complete, the patients in each case showing absolutely no signs of recurrence of the disease.

When it is considered that one person in every ten in this state dies of tuberculosis, and that a similar death percentage exists in many other states, the value of the new formula may be appreciated.

The credit for the discovery belongs to Dr. John F. Russell, who is at the head of the hospital staff of physicians in charge of the hospital annex.

Up to July 15 as many cures had been effected at the annex as during the entire year of 1904.

Eleven persons who were looked upon as "sure-death" patients recovered so completely that they now show absolutely no signs of the disease. Fifty others are on the rapid road to recovery.

The efficacy of the cure is all the more astonishing on account of its simplicity. The "medicine" consists of simply a compound of raw vegetable juices. Heretofore when the ravages of the disease have been checked by other means the lesions of the lungs continue.

This is not the case where the new formula is used. In almost every instance the patient increases in weight and his general health is restored.

That the vegetable-juice theory is not a wildcat or visionary one has been demonstrated to an entirely disinterested board of doctors.

If the cures of the annex of the Post-Graduate hospital continue in the ratio of the past few months, it is probable that the fluid will be eventually bottled and distributed over the country, with directions as to its use.

Dr. Russell began his experiments upon the basis that pulmonary tuberculosis is a disease of malnutrition, and that he could displace the old theory of drugs and specific medicines by substituting proper food, hygiene and exercise.

He began to study the value of food properties and their effect upon nutrition and upon the diseased processes. After months of close observation he hit upon the vegetable-juice idea, which he proceeded to put into practice.

He gathered equal parts by weight of raw vegetables, and, after thorough washing by scrubbing with a brush and rinsing in fresh water without removing the skins, mixed them together and chopped them in a bowl until the particles were small enough to go easily into the receiver of the grinding machine, where the mass was reduced to a pulp.

He collected the pulp as it fell from the machine and squeezed the juice out through coarse muslin cloth.

Dr. Russell began by using potatoes, onions, beets, turnips, cabbages and celery. Later on he added sweet potatoes, apples, pineapples, carrots and parsnips. Still later rhubarb (pie plant), summer squash, tomatoes, spinach, radishes, string beans and green peas in the pod.

The result of the administration of this juice to tuberculosis patients in the hospital was so satisfactory, not to say astonishing, that the hand machine was discarded and a power machine installed for grinding the vegetables, and a cider press was used for extracting the juice from the pulp. A large quantity of juice was prepared every day and kept on ice.

The entire course of experiments seemed to demonstrate that the cooking of vegetables destroys all enzymic action on the conversion of starch into sugar in the system.

The analysis of this mixed vegetable juice, which was conducted under the supervision of Dr. Russell, showed the following results:

	Per cent.
Water	92.53
Starch	1.02
Disaccharides (cane sugar, etc.)	0.81
Menosaccharides (glucose, etc.)	2.04
Pentoses and pentosans	Trace
Fat	0.40
Essential oils (volatile)	0.11
Essential oils (non-volatile)	0.04
Coloring matter	0.22
Alkaloidal salts	Trace
Tartaric acid	0.75
Cellulose	0.21
Malic, succinic and oxalic acids	Trace
Volatile acids (calculated as acetic)	0.24
Tannin	Trace
Proteid (nitrogen multiplied by 6.25)	0.987
Ash	0.47

Biggest Religious Wave.

From the New York American.

Rev. Charles M. Alexander, the world's greatest evangelist, who, with a single gospel song for his tower of strength, has sung and preached his way almost around the globe and won thousands of converts, yesterday announced that his three-year campaign in England and Wales, the greatest modern religious movement ever known there, will soon be brought to a close, and that Canada and the United States will then be his field for religious conquest.

The revival in the United States, with New York as its central point, is expected to continue three years or more, and to be greater in its effect and wider in scope than that just coming to a close across the sea. Mr. Alexander and his associate, Rev. R. A. Torrey, both disciples of the late Dwight L. Moody, will conduct the principal services, but it is expected that preachers of all denominations will take up the work, until a great tidal wave of religion shall have swept the country, bringing thousands to Christ.

Throughout England today the song "Glory," which, it is said, has affected 1,000,000 souls, is being sung, whistled, played by bands and orchestras and street pianos. Mr. Alexander expects to hear it in churches, homes and upon streets throughout the United States when the revival to be begun here is well under way.

"I came back to my native country from England to take part in the Moody summer conference at Northfield, Connecticut, arriving here on Friday," said Mr. Alexander yesterday. "After the conference is closed in September I shall return to England. In November the campaign in England will be closed, and then we shall come to Toronto, Canada, and, taking up our work there, push down to the United States.

"I shall be so glad at last to get here to work among my fellow-countrymen, for this is my country, and I love it."

Asked to describe his work and tell how he came to enter the evangelical field, Mr. Alexander said:

"I was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, 37 years ago. Until I was 24 years old I led a light and frivolous life. For a time I taught music in a small southern college, and was generally useless to the world.

"When I was 24 my father died. It was when I saw him pass into another life that I realized that it was better for a man to have something which he could take into the next world with him.

"I went to Chicago and started in the Moody Sunday school, of which Mr. Torrey was the head.

"Four years ago I started on a tour of the world as an evangelist with Rev. R. A. Torrey, and with me I took a hymn that I had always loved. It is by Charles H. Gabriel of Chicago, and it is called the "Glory" song. It had never been heard until I took it with me.

"We went first to Australia, where we stayed for some months, and then to Tasmania and New Zealand. We went from there to India, and thence to England. During the journey we won thousands of converts. We have been in London for three years, and in that time many thousands of persons have made an open confession of faith in our meetings."

Mrs. Alexander, her mother and sister, accompanied the evangelist to this country. Mrs. Alexander was Miss Helen Cadbury, an heiress of Birmingham, England. She met Mr. Alexander there while he was engaged in evangelical work.

THE PLAY

The Empire theatre opened its regular season of Stair & Havlin attractions yesterday afternoon with a presentation of one of Charles A. Taylor's hair-raisers called "Escaped From the Harem," or "The White Bride of India."

And of all the thrillers that ever occupied the popular-priced stage, this affair is about the most thrilling. The story of the play is told in the title. A party of American men and women land in some place where a wicked prince maintains plural marriage relations with a group of beauties. The Americans are there by virtue of the machinations of a villainous agent. One of the girls—Cassie Huntley—is an immediate hit with the prince and for four acts he struggles to keep her in the neighborhood. Men are butchered, heroes rise and fall like dandelions, women suffer all the agonies that flesh is heir to, and scream their disapproval; Nubian slaves brutalize the inmates of the castle with alarming realism, and finally elephants come to the rescue.

The girl is in the tower. There is no weapon handy but a file. An American hero climbs a grapevine and saws the bars.

"How can she escape?" he cries.

"Why," exclaims the native hero, "there is Empress, the fastest elephant in the kingdom!"

"Bring on the elephant!"

Empress arrives at the window beneath the tower. Cassie leaps to her back, and while the foiled villains are held at bay by the trusty revolvers of another group of heroes, Empress lumbers off r. u. e. with her precious charge.

But talk about action! There is a wider difference between "Escaped From the Harem" and Ezra Kendall than between the Van Dran case and the police. The house was filled yesterday afternoon and again last night, and the audiences literally "ate up" the show. A few slight changes for the better will probably be made by the author, who is here, before the week's run is over.

Burlesque at the Baker.

The new burlesque at the Baker—"The Brigadiers"—was voted a better show than that of last week by two mammoth audiences yesterday afternoon and evening. It is cleaner, gayer, funnier and cleverer. Of special merit are the vaudeville attractions.

This week's bill begins with a laughable sketch entitled "A Wise Guy," which introduces a beauty chorus and a large number of comedians, carrying some good comedy and plenty of tuneful music. Edmund Hayes played the titular role and got a laugh at nearly every line.

In the olio, the three Kuhns were easily the sensation. They do a turn of more than ordinary merit, introducing coon songs, accompanying themselves with string instruments. Another good feature is the acrobatic specialty of the Prentices. The songs introduced this week are new, as a rule, and very catchy. Moreover, they are well rendered. Each of the roles in the burlesque is acceptably done. There is no reason why the Baker should not prosper this week. The company will leave after the Saturday matinee for San Francisco. RACE WHITNEY.

The Way to Do Things.

From Success.

If there is that in your nature which demands the best and will take nothing less, and you do not demoralize the standard by the habit of deterioration in everything you do, you will achieve distinction in some line if you have the persistence and determination to follow your ideal.

But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the botched and slovenly, if you are not particular about quality in your work or in your environment, or in your personal habits, then you must expect to take second place, to fall back in the rear of the procession.

People who have accomplished work worth while have had a very high sense of the way to do things. They have not been content with mediocrity. They have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. They always pushed things that came to their hands a little higher up, a little farther on. It is this little higher up, this little farther on, that counts in the quality of life's work. It is the constant effort to be first-class in everything one attempts that conquers the heights of excellence.

Incomes of Grand Dukes.

From the Chicago Journal.

The Russian imperial family numbers at the present time something like 60 grand dukes and grand duchesses. It is a fact they would one and all be wholly dependent upon the reigning emperor, whose wealth is practically boundless, were it not that a former czar, Paul I, set aside a certain number of estates to which he gave the curious name of "the imperial appanages." The income of these vast stretches of fertile land is devoted to the maintenance of all those members of the imperial family who are not in the direct line of succession. At the present time this source of income produces $10,000,000 a year, and the imperial appanages stand in the proud position of being the largest landowner, the most important and prosperous farmer, and the wealthiest wine producer in the Russian empire. This is the reason why Russian grand dukes are so amazingly wealthy.

Special Terms.

From the Chicago News.

"And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel.

"Yes, indeed," responded the clerk, suavely.

"And what are they?"

"'Peaches' and 'dears.'"

IT IS CHEAPER TO [illegible] THAN TO SAVE

Collier's for September 2 [illegible] what extent the American railroad [illegible] eratore disregard human life [illegible] says:

"Horrible disasters are seldom [illegible] ing from our enterprising press [illegible] supply is kept up in generous dea[illegible] the railroads. The grade crossing [illegible] the distinction of being as perilous [illegible] is avoidable, but there are plenty of [illegible] vices almost as full of danger and [illegible] free from any excusing need. [illegible] the first three months of this year [illegible] were 1,787 collisions and 1,321 [illegible] ments. It is reckoned that in the [illegible] of New York, where there is a law [illegible] the gradual abolition of grade cro[illegible] an end will come, under this beneficent legislation, when 800 years have [illegible] and 100,000 more individuals have been slain. The block system of signals, which is in full force in Great Britain and several countries on the continent, is almost universally held to be safer than any merely human agency, and one of the principal causes of safety abroad. The quality and type of car used in America is also responsible for much below what it would be under efficient supervision by the state. There are a score of undisputed ways in which the excessive danger accompanying American railway travel could be diminished. The only obstacle is the expense to the roads, which find it cheaper to pay what they must for the lives destroyed, after fighting in the courts and compromising with relatives who have not time, money, or evidence enough for successful legal controversy. Great Britain and Ireland, transporting over a billion passengers, outside of suburban service, to our 750,000, killed 25 persons in 1904 to our 1,[illegible], and injured 769 to our 50,000. Railroads in Great Britain are not so free as they are with us to conduct their own business as they deem best.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Near the Columbia river,

September 4—We found everything frozen, and the ground covered with snow. We were obliged to wait some time in order to thaw out the contents of the baggage, after which we began our journey at 8 o'clock. We crossed a high mountain which forms a dividing ridge between the waters of the creek we had been ascending and those running to the north and west. We had not gone more than six miles over the snow when we reached the head of the stream from the right, which directed its course more to the westward. We descended the steep sides of the hills along its border, and at a distance of three miles found a small branch coming in from the eastward. We saw several of the argalis, but they were too shy to be killed, and we therefore made a dinner from the deer killed by the hunters. Then we pursued our course of the stream for three miles, when it emptied itself into a river from the east. In a wide valley at their junction we discovered a large encampment of Indians; when we had reached them we alighted from our horses, we were received with great cordiality. A council was immediately held, white robes were thrown over our shoulders, and the pipe of peace introduced. After this ceremony, as it was too late to go any further, we encamped, and continued smoking and conversing with the chiefs until a late hour the next morning.

Must Wake Up.

From the Hillsboro Argus.

Portland is a magnificent city and owes its commercial supremacy to a magnificent country and unequaled resources. But Portland today should be a bigger and a better town and it would be a bigger and better town had its capitalists emerged some years ago from an ultra-conservatism that his driven business to other Pacific coast points. Big bank deposits are all very well in their way—and they look nice when inviting foreign capital into the section—but these same deposits put into development would mean more business, more people, more developed resources and a foundation for a future commercial greatness that can not be undermined. If Portland's millionaires are afraid of using their money to exploit the possibilities of the northwest contiguous to Portland, how in the name of all that is reasonable can foreign capital expect to be other than timid when asked to unwind itself in behalf of our progress? For years the Nehalem and Tillamook timber-fields have been a huge interrogation-point, pleading for business, without railroad communication and without capital to get the products and resources into a market that is unlimited. Southern Oregon trade has been diverted to San Francisco. Tillamook trade has mostly gone to the Bay City, and there are hundreds of others in common with southeastern Oregon doing their trading elsewhere, because Portland, with her banks full of money, has waited for neighbors to come and develop the section that should be feeding and making that city the greatest of all coast cities. Portland must awaken from her Rip Van Winkle sleep if she wants the right sort of progress.

Clearing the System of Anger.

From the Kansas City Times.

"I write lots of letters that I never mail," said a woman to a friend. "What do I do with them? I tear them up. I write them simply to get things I want to say out of my system. For instance, if the butcher has sent me a mediocre steak and I am mad about it, I don't call him up and scold him. I simply send the steak back, and then sit down and write a letter giving him the very mischief for his carelessness.

"When I have written it I feel better. I have the rebuke out of my system, and I feel better. Next I tear the letter up. The butcher gets his steak back and knows he was careless, and sends another one, and is more careful next time. He didn't need the scolding, but I needed to get rid of it. Every once in a while I sit down and write notes to people, telling them exactly what I think of them.

"When I get the things I want to say out of my system the notes are destroyed and I am relieved. That is the way I keep people liking me. I say what I think of them, and have the satisfaction that comes from saying it, but it never reaches them or anybody else."

Boston's Name for Tips.

From the Boston Transcript.

Don't say "tips" hereafter. Say "joyful checks." It has a pleasant sound to the ear, while to the conscience and to the instinct of courtesy it is more gracious. There is no hint of "graft" in the gentle phrase and by no means could it be perverted to read "extortion." There is a blessed atmosphere of give and take, an appreciation of value received about it, whether it be written or spoken.