THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

PARALYZING RURAL DELIVERY.

A WRITER in Collier's Weekly produces a great deal of valuable data on a question to which The Journal has frequently called attention. He says: "On every week day over 30,000 post wagons traverse the rural post routes of the United States, carrying to the homes of the 125 American citizen kings on the average route (upward of 4,000,000 in all, and representing a population of 20,000,000) the letters, magazines and newspapers which, among other things, keep them informed as to the plans and movements of their public servants at the centers of public business and which also advertise to them that most important intelligence to the modern man—namely intelligence as to where best to satisfy his wants and dispose of his wares. Strangely enough while his public servants have provided him with a public vehicle for the transportation of intelligence they have excluded him from its use either for his own transportation or for that of his supplies or his produce. The unconscionable tax—16 cents a pound on merchandise limited to four-pound parcels—is practically prohibitive."

On the first establishment of the service, the writer goes on to say, many of the owners of the rural post-wagons believing themselves entitled, under the law, to the right of the old stage coach added to the transport of the mails the regular post coach traffic carrying at his own risk whatever was offered, making a fairly profitable business for himself and for his patrons. We believe it was elsewhere as it was here in this respect. No one of the rural carriers set out deliberately with the idea of establishing anything in the nature of the old stage coach route. Passing every day the farmers found it a great convenience to send into town by the carrier an order for such things as the carrier could bring with him in his vehicle. For this service he paid the carrier something and found the investment both convenient and profitable because it saved him the great loss of time in going into town himself. This was one of the great elements of popularity in the service and one of the most practical demonstrations of its value.

A year ago this feature of the service was eliminated and the service put upon precisely the same basis as that of the city carriers. A carrier is now limited strictly to carrying the mails. This averages about 20 pounds in weight and about a bushel in size each day while the income received from the less than two pounds of mail matter originating on the average daily route is not over 41 cents against an average cost of over $2 a day. The writer concludes his article with these words: "The restriction of the rural post wagon service deprives the people of its reasonable use, cuts down its earnings, retards the development of the country and causes a deficiency in the postal revenues, which for the year ending June 30, 1905, exceeded $14,000,000."

When the rural routes were first organized they moved along the line of least resistance which insured the best possible service in all directions to their patrons. As soon as congress discovered this it immediately proceeded to hamstring the business, to cripple its efficiency, to make it a burden to the whole people and it has most beautifully succeeded. In the coming session the rural free delivery matter should receive some intelligent attention even though it may thus invade the precincts made sacred to express companies.

GROWING PORTLAND.

SPEAKING about great growth have you very recently taken a trip over Portland and noted the way it is building up? It is well worth while. Suburbs are developing with mushroom-like rapidity but it is noticeable that the character of the buildings being erected is such as to give pleasure rather than pain to the observer. Every residential section of the city is growing but there are naturally more new homes being built on the east than the west side. A fine circumstance is that most of these new homes are being built for their owners. Portland is becoming strikingly noted as a city of homes. Some suburbs of which one scarcely hears and of which there is a dim impression that they are so far out they must be in the farm belt, are growing so rapidly as to amaze one who does not keep close track of this developing city. Other sections that are better known surprise one with the quality of the houses that are being built and the pride which the owners take in the surroundings. More people than ever before are now giving heed to the surroundings of their homes. They are more concerned in the quality of the sidewalks and curbing and in the appearance of their lawns. Many of them have found that attention to these details has a very appreciable effect upon the price of property, including vacant lots, in the neighborhood and this has done much to arouse interest in a matter that on the whole has received less attention than it deserves.

So far as business blocks are concerned, there never were so many of them in sight and in prospect. Most of them are being built not only to meet the exigencies which now exist but with an eye to the great growth which it is now evident to everybody is upon the city. Indeed the outlook is such as to arouse the enthusiasm of the most conservative.

THEY ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM.

SEVERAL eastern newspapers are indulging in much speculation with reference to the enormous activity now being displayed in railroad building in the Pacific Northwest. They seem to be surprised that conditions should warrant this activity, in which they display their complete ignorance of the development and potentialities of this great section. Indeed when a stranger comes here and looks over the field, when he notes what has been done and the bewilderingly varied products and resources of the country his chiefest surprise is that it has so long been neglected by the railroads and the settlers who are endeavoring to eke out a hard existence in less favored parts.

Elsewhere they talk glibly about states that are empires but here in Oregon they find a demonstration of it. Any condition of climate that is best for the temperate zone may here be found; here also may be found delightful climatic conditions nowhere else duplicated in the whole United States. No matter what he wants to raise he may here find sections where he can raise it to perfection. Some great states have preeminent reputations for raising one product; Oregon can match them with a dozen, in all of which it is entitled to preeminence. The severest criticism that can be directed against Oregon is that its own people have not been sufficiently aware of its enormous advantages. We are indeed just beginning to appreciate our advantages and blessings, being stimulated thereto by the enthusiasm of people coming from elsewhere and contrasting their own sections with this.

The immigration tendency toward the Pacific northwest is at last definitely defined. To many people the region has come with the force of an original discovery. Indeed so enthusiastic are the reports which these newcomers send back that strangers to our advantages have difficulty in believing them. But when they come they discover that the half has not been told and so we are advertised by our loving friends. No part of the whole United States will develop so rapidly in the next ten years as the Pacific northwest. It does not need to depend upon lurid advertising to attract people here; they are drawn by the sheer merits of the country itself. When they once come they never want to leave. On the contrary they communicate the enthusiasm which they feel to friends living elsewhere. As a result they are coming by scores and hundreds to this favored land and there is room for them all.

GOOD MEN NEEDED.

THERE has never been a time in the history of Oregon when it was more imperative that its people should choose wisely in selecting the men who are to represent the state in the halls of congress. Within the next half dozen years matters of the gravest importance to the future of the state must be determined. The completion of the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia, the construction of the Celilo canal, the deepening of the river from Portland to the sea, the irrigation of the state's arid lands—these are projects which are vital to Oregon's development and if they are to be carried to a successful consummation the state must be represented at Washington by men of brains, of influence and of energy.

Within the next four months the people must choose their nominees for congressmen and must express their preference for United States senator. Mistakes will be costly. The lessons of the recent past should not be forgotten. Oregon is now paying the penalty of carelessness and indifference in this matter, and if weak and inefficient men are placed on the delegation the results may be even more disastrous than they have been already. This is no time to send to Washington shallow demagogues, whose only claim to office is that they want it.

Far-Western Journalism.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

"It sounds like a yarn," said a Chicago antiquary, "but here is the proof. Look at it for yourself."

He opened his scrapbook to a clipping yellow with age. It was a clipping from a newspaper of Tombstone, and it said:

"Wx hopx that our rxadxrs will pardon thx appxarancx of this wxxk's Intxlligxncxr, and thx sxxmingly mystxrious shaxncx of a cxrtain lxtixr.

"Sam Bilbxr camx into our officx yxstxrday and statxd that as hx was going shooting and had no ammunition hx would likx to borrow somx of our typx for shot. sxforx wx could prxvxnt it hx had grabbxd all thx lxtixrs out of thx most important box and disappxarxd.

"Our rxadxrs can hxlp in rxplxnishing our stock if all thosx who wxrx shot by Sam will savx thx chargx when it is pickxd out of thxm and rxturn it to us."

Everybody Tickled.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

Mr. Hyde admits that he was "tickled with the idea" of going to Paris as the American ambassador. But it is safe to say that he was not half so tickled as was Mr. Frick when he made the suggestion, or as sly old Uncle Chauncey Depew when he seconded it. And, speaking of being tickled, what must have been the supreme joy of President Roosevelt when Mr. Hyde appeared at the White House and laid the matter solemnly before him? Mr. Roosevelt is not altogether a man with the keenest sense of humor, but if the idea of sending Mr. Hyde to Paris did not make him squirm with delight down in the short ribs he is even more solemn than we think.

Backing Castro.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The asphalt trust charges President Castro with blackmail. While opposed to blackmail, the entire world will hope that Castro threw it into the asphalt trust good and plenty. It needs it.

Surfeit of Pleasure.

Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson in Home Messenger.

The age is suffering from an embarrassment of riches in the way of amusements. There are so many enjoyable things that there is no time for enjoyment.

A Big Horse.

From the Ashland Tribune.

The Carter Bros. have brought their tall horse to Ashland. This morning the Tribune man visited Mitchell's stable to "have a look," and although he was prepared to see a tall horse, did not expect to see over a ton of horseflesh piled up on four legs to a height of 81½ inches.

"The owners of this unique skyscraper are E. A. and S. E. Carter, who purchased the animal from a Harney county rancher who raised him. The horse is of Hambletonian stock, but has never been broken, and is considerable of an outlaw, although he apparently has a wholesome respect for E. A. Carter, who exhibits him. An ordinary sized horse looks like a pony when led up beside the huge equine.

Imagine a dark horse so tall that it would require the use of a ladder to mount him and a parachute to dismount and you have a pretty fair idea of General Grant, the tallest horse in the world; weighs over 2,000 pounds, stands 81½ inches high with his socks off, but doesn't seem to mind the attention he receives from the gaping crowd.

Advertising Space for Uncle Sam.

Washington Dispatch.

Uncalled-for letters will not be advertised in the newspapers hereafter. First Assistant Postmaster-General Hitchcock has made an investigation which shows that 90 per cent of the uncalled-for letters which have to be advertised are addressed to persons who do not live in the town or city in which the advertisements are published. The average cost of delivery of the few remaining is from 85 cents to $1 a letter. In future postmasters will simply post a typewritten list of the letters remaining uncalled for.

Unless congress increases considerably the $26,000 appropriation for advertising the time of closing for foreign mails the postoffice department intends to cut that off also. The postoffice officials have decided that space in daily newspapers has become too valuable to warrant its use by the department.

A Man of Patience.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One thing to admire in Count Witte is his unflagging patience. With flames and cannon constantly roaring about him, his waiting eye still can see peace ahead for Russia.

Ivins' Boss Takes Him Home.

From the New York World.

William M. Ivins, who is probably the most cheerful loser that added to the gaiety of politics, had ten hours' sleep on Tuesday night. He was just about getting up at his headquarters in the Breslin hotel yesterday when a well-gowned woman walked up to the clerk's desk and said:

"You have a gentleman named Ivins stopping temporarily in your hotel. He has been running for an office of some sort recently, and, if I remember correctly, he says he has no boss. Will you kindly send up my card?"

The clerk was about to call one of the porters, "because," as he explained afterward, "I though the lady was a trifle eccentric."

She did not give him time, however.

"Just say to him that Mrs. Ivins is here. I'll show him whether he has a boss or not. He's forgotten to come home for four days in the excitement of his office running."

The cheerful candidate did not wait for the elevator to obey the summons. He was at home last night.

Refused to Accept Message.

Richmond, Virginia, Dispatch in New York World.

John Biggs, night clerk for the Western Union Telegraph company at Norfolk, has been dismissed because he refused to accept an unpaid message from President Roosevelt to his wife at Washington.

The message was received by wireless at the Norfolk navy yard from the cruiser West Virginia while the president was at sea after his southern tour. It was transmitted from the naval station to the Western Union office by telephone, but the clerk refused to accept it, saying that it was against the rules of the company to accept unpaid messages. The officers of the company decided that he should have used more discretion.

Just Alike.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Health culture is the same as swearing off. You can keep it up about a week.

Real Difficulties.

From the New York American.

No wonder there is some conflict of testimony in the insurance investigation. It's so difficult to remember the details of every little million-dollar loan.

SMALL CHANGE

Vancouver needn't get excited; it is just outside the four-mile limit. At least the barracks are, so war between Portland and Uncle Sam will be averted.

• •

A home for high financiers of defective memory seems to be needed. It should have strong locks on the doors and barred windows. Men who can remember little or nothing about transactions involving hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars are not fit to be at large, let alone handling other people's money.

• •

Next to the turkey raisers the cranberry growers are feeling most jolly just now.

• •

When the frost is on the burdocks and the spuds are in the sack. (Copyright applied for.)

• •

If the turkey knew what was coming his gobbling would not be in terms of thanksgiving. But how about the rest of us?

• •

Is ex-Governor Geer a "miscellaneous candidate" at last?

• •

Really, we'd rather his name wasn't Toozo. It's too tempting to us pert paragraphers.

• •

But think how you can taste the silver—only $3 a fowl. Luxurious!

• •

Many inquirers about Oregon now.

• •

But we refuse to thank the Dingley tariff.

• •

Raise your umbrella and look pleasant.

• •

Don't buy any more turkeys than can be eaten.

• •

Well, a good, big, fine duck or two will do.

• •

Think of something in advance to be thankful for.

• •

If you want to fish, fish; the law amounts to nothing.

• •

Our grandchildren will eat no salmon.

• •

Make somebody happier; that's the best way to be thankful.

• •

Remember the poor.

• •

"United Oregon" is the slogan.

• •

When the frost is on the bridges and the tear is in your eye.

• •

Why, say, half the people you meet don't know what party they belong to. "Organizations" have gone to thunder.

• •

Work somehow for good roads six days in the week.

• •

Why, of course, there will be a railroad to Tillamook—with two connections—sure.

• •

The mist is on the mountains, and the elves are filling fountains, and the rivulets and rills are throbbing with the autumn thrills.

• •

A New York paper says that more people were entertained week before last in that city than in any previous week in its history. This, if true, is proof of lots of money in the country.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

New newspapers at Laidlaw, Crook county, and Whitelake, Klamath county.

• •

Laidlaw Chronicle: The men who have hung so tenaciously to their range horses through all the years that these animals have been practically worthless are about to have their innings. The horse that is now commonly known here as the "fuzzy tail" is rapidly taking the place of the larger breeds in railroad and canal work, where size is not so requisite as toughness. The converting of the desert here into farms destroys the range that thousands of horses have heretofore roamed over and the time for them to raise in price could not have been more opportune.

• •

A Hood River man who has been on a trip back east says he heard of 40 families who were coming there next spring.

• •

If there is any finer timber on earth than that of the Siletz, the fact is not on record, says the Albany Herald. With Yaquina harbor the scene again of active shipping, a suitable logging road into the Siletz, some disposition of government to arrange for title to land there, no part of the valley would show quicker growth than Lincoln county.

• •

Two Umatilla county neighbor ranchers have finished seeding 2,000 acres to wheat, and will seed several hundred acres more in the spring.

• •

One Baldwin apple raised at Underwood measured one way 14¼ inches and the other way 13½; another, 14x13¼; some Bellflowers, 13½x12½. The Baldwins weighed between 17 and 18 ounces each, Bellflowers about 15 ounces.

• •

Eastern men who have large timber holdings at the head of Mill creek in Polk county have recently been at Dallas investigating the feasibility of running a railroad from their timber to that town and building another large sawmill there. They say the more mills located close together the better it is for all concerned, as large lumber buyers always go first to such places, because they are more apt to get their orders filled.

• •

Gervais Star: Hog killing time is here again. Every one can now eat backbone and spareribs, later will come the smoked sausage and sauer kraut. It pays to be a diversified farmer.

• •

Several new poultry yards around Newberg. Good.

• •

Dundee man delivering many walnut trees.

• •

This is the sample of a lot of comment throughout the state. It is from the Ontario Gazette: "The $1,046 expended by the Malheur exhibit committee at the Lewis and Clark fair in advertising the resources of this county was money well spent, and the bread thus cast upon the water will soon return more than tenfold, as its effect is already being felt."

• •

The Newberg Graphic thinks the Portland business men should not overlook that town. Nor should they.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Meriwether-Branch Affair.

Portland, Nov. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—You kindly some time since invited expressions from the public about the Meriwether-Branch fight at Annapolis. As that affair still occupies a measure of public attention, and as it has developed into a most excellent text on the most vexing frailty of human government, I bespeak your forbearance for a few remarks. The generic fault I allude to is the constant and persistent rebellion on the part of human authority generally against principles fully established; not formally, conventionally, expressly or even acknowledgedly, but independent of all acklowledgment, phrasing or assistance, existing by the same authority that creates man and maintaining its supremacy because directly involved with the evolution of man. Such a principle is the equality of man before the law. The army regulations, to secure the necessary discipline and obedience, have, where practice demanded modified the civil code, but these boys at Annapolis have established a code of their own, it would appear, in the folly of boyish malice, as a burlesque upon obnoxious rules, and finally degenerating into one of those firmly established tyrannies that appear to exist only by the power of sheer composite folly.

"To make all turns at right angles."

"To never touch the table when eating."

"To pass an upper classman without looking at him.

"To never look at or speak to a girl."

These are some of the delightful artifices with which the juvenile autocrat sought to embellish his dignity. It is, as is often the case, a better illustration of the same fault as it appears elsewhere than can be obtained elsewhere. The exuberance of youth disregards those complex relations that must be respected by the lawmaker, the moralist and the preacher in real life, and his act appears to the world as a splendid demonstration of a great law by the method "reductio ad absurdum." If the facts are correctly reported Meriwether comes out of the affair better than the casual observer would gather from a first prejudiced glance. He appears as an iconoclast destroying a most disgusting academic idol, all the more repulsive because a coarse caricature of the most hateful one enshrined in this idolatrous world, i. e., mighty custom, a Juggernaut utterly unintelligible and insensible.

These cadets personally are of slight importance. When they appear, Branch as defender of the code, and Meriwether as its assailant, they become important and interesting. A cadet more or less, as a man more or less, always, separate from that for which he stands, amounts to nothing. It was Meriwether whom the "code" incensed. It was he who by the might of his own personality bearded the lion in his den, forced him into a "field of honor" which, however unsatisfactory as a field of justice, answered the purpose of its defeat. Another Meriwether or two and this particular "code" will cease to exist.

J. B. ZIEGLER.

The Hazing Question.

Portland, Or., Nov. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the Oregonian of November 25 appeared an article headed "Hazers Killed Oregon Boy," in which the inability of the naval authorities to learn the truth as to the death of the victim was attributed to "class or cadet honor" (!). This article deals with a murder of the past, as 20 years have elapsed since the death of the midshipman in question. However, even in this day of atrocities, every individual must be horrified and dumfounded at the revelations of the past few weeks in reflecting on the murder of young Pierson, and, last but not least, Midshipman Branch. It seems an opportune moment for humanity, men and women alike, to rise en masse and demand a different code of "class honor" and a different attitude on the part of the presidents of our universities and colleges toward this growing brutality called hazing. When the heads of our educational institutions are held personally accountable for the conduct of the boys under their dominion there will be a chance, at least, for the arents to choose between educational institutions and schools of criminology. Let these men who uphold this so-called "class honor" and foster and abet it, and thereby teach and encourage the boys to intimidate and murder, sanguine and fearless that no boy so trained will divulge the truth, let them feel that at least their weakness and perfidy to their trust has reached the limit of toleration, and they will improve or be supplanted by men who neither teach murder nor whitewash it. Public sympathy is with the boys and should be. They are the outgrowth of their college training and, under conditions as they exist today, it is not a question of the boys not wanting to lie, maim and murder; it is a question of being practically forced to. If the duty nearest at hand is the most important one to deal with, it would seem that concerted action should be taken and that, too, at once, or is the public conscience so dead that because these heinous murderers are not of our own flesh and blood that they do not concern us?

SUBSCRIBER.

Asks Uncle Sam to Get Her Boys.

Washington Cor. New York American.

Madame Schumann-Heink, the famous opera singer, has appealed to the state department to help her fight the German government for the possession of her five sons and a release of all her property, which the German government refuses to give up, denying her the rights of American citizenship.

Before the singer left for America she was compelled to promise that the three younger children she took would return to serve in the kaiser's army. The five other children were detained. She became a citizen of the United States, taking out naturalization papers, and the German government has refused to let her administer her estate. Now she has advised the state department that she will never permit her three boys to go back. She asks that this government demand that she be put in possession of her children and estate. Secretary Root has the matter under advisement.

The German government takes the stand that the children are Germans and that under the law of the fatherland "once a German always a German." The kaiser is said to have ruled in the matter personally.

Improved Astoria.

From the Astorian.

There is the widest possible margin between license and licentiousness. It is the margin that exists between Astoria of old, the wild, ribald, rotten, sea coast town that was quoted to the uttermost ends of the earth by decent shipmasters and indecent crew "scrubs," and the Astoria of today, the habitable, handsome, cheery resort of tens of thousands of inland visitors; the safe and wholesome port to which mariners of all conditions and grades can come without fear of robbery or shanghaiing, of enforced debauchery and "knockout" policies of doing business. That is one of the differences. Rich and poor, high and low, the worker, the idler, the merchant, sailor and the commercial traveler, all are safe now from the onus of the old fear of the crimp, the beachcomber, the drugging siren and her henchman, the murderous thief. And if the sway of honest decency can keep her from a new invasion of crime and licentiousness it will prevail. The inherent pride of her citizens will see to it.

THE PLAY

Jules Verne, in all of his tales of adventure, was cleverly irrational. He created more interest in impossibilities than any other writer. Go back to your school days and you will recall that set of books in which he looked far into the future and covered everything from submarine navigation to airships, solving all. There was but one volume that seemed reasonable, and that was "Michael Strogoff, Courier of the Czar." It was the thrilling story of a young Russian officer's attempt to deliver a message on which the fate of the empire depended—and he must pass hell-fire and Tartars to succeed. Of course, he was successful—they always are in story books—and in after years somebody saw the possibilities of the yarn in dramatic form.

"Michael Strogoff" was presented by the Belasco stock company before two enormous audiences yesterday and its reception was extremely cordial. As a play it is liable to criticism, for its maker was not a master of his craft, and the crudities which it contains are sometimes appalling. We cannot quite believe in the sudden appearance of the American war correspondent, flourishing a revolver, with which he cuts down six or eight Tartars at one sitting. Nor is it possible to imagine a Tartar telling the czar's messenger that he came there to find out "what was going on." That belongs to the Nick Carter library. But as an evening's entertainment—and especially for those who love a thrill better than a frolic—"Michael Strogoff" will please mightily.

Mr. Walling plays the courier with force and freedom. The scenes with his mother (a character well done with Miss Adams) were actually touching, and he filled the audience with sufficient horror during the torture to which the courier is subjected. Miss Lawrence is a sympathetic sweetheart, as always, and the comedy supplied by Fred Sumner and Clarence Montaine as the two war correspondents was good enough to relieve the tension at various critical junctures. Kind words are also due William Harris for his soldierly impersonation of the general, and Louis Frohoff, who plays the traitor.

The production of the play is the best given here, perhaps, since the old days when Grismer and Davies used it in their repertoire. The same bill runs all week.

RACE WHITNEY.

"Camille" at the Empire.

"Camille" was produced at the Empire theatre yesterday afternoon and last night, Lansing Rowan, with a support commensurate with her talent, appearing in the title role.

From the standpoint of Empire patrons the performance was particularly good, and enthusiasm was manifested throughout. The author of the play did not suffer at the hands of the performers.

In the third act, where Camille promises the father of Armand Duval to leave him for the sake of parental honor, Miss Rowan does some clever work. Nor does she show a tendency to overdo the part in this act, as is frequently noticed in the case of actresses of the highest ability in emotional roles.

Harry Fahrney proves an acceptable Duval. He has little to do but look handsome, except at the fete, where he spurns the coquette because of the treatment he has been led to believe she has accorded him, and afterward is conquered by the intensity of his love.

Special praise is due Jack Coanelly, in the heavy role of Count de Varville. In the intonation of his voice at every utterance is a suggestion of a thorn. Of the others in the cast it should be said that they came up to every expectation.

"Camille" will occupy the boards at the Empire during the week.

At the Baker.

Pat White, Irish comedian, dominated the performance at the Baker yesterday, which, according to the bills, was to have been given for the most part by the London Gaiety Girls. The girls didn't count. Most of them were called girls merely through courtesy. About half reminded one of the pictures labeled "before using" in the anti-fat advertisements; the rest, of the pictures of famine sufferers.

Pat White was the show. His jokes and his antics kept the audience in a continuous state of straining hilarity. It was not quiet, delicate fun that Pat White produced, but the good old slapstick sort. Charles B. Watson helped him in the Indian killing scene, which was the hit of the entertainment, and on several other occasions. Dave Ferguson also was expected to help, but he didn't. A majority of the audience restrained with difficulty an inclination to throw rocks at him.

If there had been no chorus, the audience apparently would have liked the show just as well. Once in a while the fat and slim combination trouped onto the stage with hopeful smiles, did their little do, and trouped off again. The people were impatient for White to come on again. Miss Annie Weisner succeeded in arousing a recall with a melancholy song called "Georgia," and her vivacity was a decided relief. Afterwards she appeared in the olio and sang pleasingly. It is held against her that she could not refrain from using "My Irish Molly," which most Baker patrons by this time can sing backwards standing on their heads.

In the olio, Miss Clara Adams and Miss Eva Swinburne stirred up considerable dust, the Veamers did an acrobatic act which contained some new features, Ferguson and Watson told some stories that were new, and Bisset and Scott, billed as the world's greatest dancers, introduced some new and clever steps.

The costumes were for the most part what women call "tacky." The bill plays the week. Pat White is decidedly worth making a trip to the Baker to see.

Unfair Golf Hazards.

From the Penang Gazette.

Cobras have begun to exhibit a strong interest in the game of golf on the Ridgeway links in Ceylon. Several of them have been killed on the links, and recently a fine specimen entwined itself around the leg of Dr. J. B. Fairlie while he was playing. Fortunately, the doctor was able to kill it before it bit him.

MRS. CRAIGIE TALKS ABOUT CLUBS

From the New York World.

"Emancipate woman—give her one breath of the real freedom—and man takes her place in the world as the more domesticated animal."

Mrs. Pearl Theresa Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbs" in the Literary World), charming in a gown of sable, made this interesting statement last night in her apartments at the Hotel Netherland.

"It is quite true," she reiterated; "I believe absolutely in the club for women, not alone for the working girls, but for the women of all classes. It lessens temptation, affords an association unattainable elsewhere perhaps, and gives one good material for mental recreation. But I am at last thoroughly convinced that when you give a woman liberty she becomes rapidly the less domestic of the two sexes.

"I am acquainted with the working girl in every corner of this world, and it is surprising how similar their characters are. I think I am not an extremist on this question; only much experience and much education on this subject have convinced me. Women in their dealings with their own sex and the world are more unafraid than men. They are better fighters, they are less susceptible to the world's criticism; they are more independent.

"You ask me why. I do not know; but I am quite sure that the women's clubs of today that have taken the braver spirits among them from the drudgery and the narrowness of oft-times ordinary home life are responsible for the present conditions. Years ago I did not think this. I believed that nothing could change the woman nature—her gentleness, her sympathy, her longing for marriage, wifehood and motherhood.

"The woman's club idea in England is growing prodigiously. It is very gratifying. The only thing lacking, I should say, now is the fact that too much attention is paid to the working girl and not enough to the woman of the middle classes and even the daughters of wealthy parents. The need of a world's education and of modern thought to build up one's character is perhaps greater among wealthy young women than it is among those who have to work for a living.

"A working girl's life is filled up with her own work. It is not so with those of the middle class, or those who lead what we may call a social existence. There has always been doubt in my mind whether greater temptations surround poor girls or those who have riches. There has always been doubt in my mind as to whether a club for women was better for the wealthy or for the young girl who left a hovel for the cleaner and more elevating association of the bachelor club. I believe now that life holds more temptations for the girl in society than it does even for the girl who has been brought up without refinement, culture or the elevating surroundings of the decent home.

"It is my intention to speak before some of the working girls' clubs of this city. I do not know what the subject will be. I have always found it better to leave it to the girls themselves. They know what they want better than any one else. What they really need is education along the lines of their chosen subjects.

"In England the Jewish working girl and club woman are making the greatest intellectual strides. They are marvelously apt, and are great workers. I am in favor of almost any sort of work for women, with the single exception of factory work. The laws of every country should regulate this. They do in England, where the drudgery of the factory is practically unknown. In Spain in the great cigarette factories I have seen a hundred young women rolling cigarettes while they rocked a cradle with their babies in it with their feet. Such a thing is barbarous, and the children, of course, grow up with their little systems thoroughly poisoned. Such a thing, I hope, is impossible here."

At Tongue point.

November 27.—At daylight 11 more Indians came down with provisions, skins and mats for sale, but the prices were too high for our reduced finances and we bought nothing. As we were preparing to set out we missed an ax, which we found under the robe of one of the Indians; they were all prohibited, in consequence, from following us. We went on in the rain, which had continued through the night, and passing between a number of islands came to a small river, called by the Indians Kekemahke (now John Day). We afterward came to a very remarkable knob of land projecting about a mile and a half toward Shallow bay, and about four miles around, while the neck of land which connects it to the main shore is not more than 50 yards wide. We went around this projection, which we named Point William, but the waves became so high that we could not venture any further. We therefore landed on a beautiful shore of pebbles of various colors and camped near an old Indian hut on the isthmus. In drawing our canoes ashore we had the misfortune to make a split two feet long in one of them. This isthmus opposes a formidable barrier to the sea, for we now found that the water below is salt, while that above is fresh and well tasted. It rained hard during the whole day; it continued all night.

Prince Receives His Godson.

From the New York Times.

When asked if it was true that he had written to Louis Leonhardt, a barber, who sells canaries and trims whiskers at 349 East Eighty-sixth street, Manhattan, the prince replied:

"It is quite true. Leonhardt's father was valet in our family for 45 years. He named his son after me and I was the boy's godfather and present at the christening. I knew that he was in New York and asked him to come and see me. I was very pleased to see him."

The letter written in German by Prince Louis to Leonhardt read:

"Dear Godson—I shall be very glad to see you at 9 in the morning, Tuesday, on board the Drake, which lies at the Cunard wharf. Your godfather,

"LOUIS BATTENBERG."

Acting upon his invitation the east side barber, Leonhardt, put on his Sunday clothes and called to see his distinguished godfather on the Drake, with whom he spent some time in talking over the old days at Darmstadt. When the barber left the ship Prince Louis walked with him to the gangway and bade him an affectionate good-bye. At 349 East Eighty-sixth street trade increased so much yesterday evening that Leonhardt was hard pressed to attend to all his patrons.

Wall Street Unchanged.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The boy who tried to reform Wall street methods by demonstrating the ease of stealing will serve 14 months in an institution devoted to reforming his style of reformers. Meanwhile Wall street is about the same as ever.