THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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A TAX LEVY THAT IS RIGHT.

IT WAS A HARD TUSSLE but the council has finally fixed the tax levy at 5.2 mills. This, we understand, wil insure a tax levy for all purposes of 15 mills. It is a radical and gratifying decrease from the 40-mill levy of last year, though the increase of the assessment roll from fifty million dollars to over one hundred and thirty million dollars fully warranted it.

The outcome is particularly gratifying for it insures the permanence of the high assessment plan, the lack of which has proven so embarrassing in the past in the financial transactions of the city. It is in accordance with the new spirit which would place Portland where it properly belongs among the wealthy centers of population in the country. It insures to the city all the revenues reasonably required, producing, together with the balance in the treasury, over $100,000 more than was spent this year. While all this is true and while in the face of violent opposition the people—and the county assessor, too, for he deserves a great deal of credit for the fortunate outcome—have won the contested point, it makes more apparent than ever before the need of having men of high class in the council who, while they keep fully abreast of the times, give grave consideration to the ability of the taxpayers to meet whatever unreasonable demands are made upon them.

Portland altogether starts out with the right foot forward, doing all that is necessary for it to do, but at the same time not straining itself in any direction. The investor who comes here will now find an assessment roll that is right because it is legitimate and he will also find a levy kept within such bounds as will justify an investment without fear of confiscation through onerous taxation.

J. W. Wadsworth, Governor Higgins' and President Roosevelt's choice for speaker of the New York assembly, is only 28 years old, and is a son-in-law of the late Secretary of State John Hay.

MOSTLY A MATTER OF SALARIES.

IT MAY BE that some of the criticism of the Panama canal enterprise is prompted by malevolent or sinister motives, and therefore should be carefully weighed and examined before being allowed to influence our opinions. It is also to be remembered that the canal is a very big project, which necessarily takes much time and great expense to get well under way. Yet when all this is said it appears that the affair has been on the whole badly managed, and has cost an unreasonable amount of money in proportion to the achievements in sight.

A bad and indefensible start was made in shifting the site of the canal from Nicaragua to Panama and in paying the French company $40,000,000 for a right of way that had legally lapsed and therefore was worth little or nothing. Of this, $3,639,667, an added 10 per cent, was placed to the credit of the plant, locomotives, cars, machinery, tools, etc., which the New York Sun charges, and nobody has ever disputed, were of no value to the United States, being out of date if not totally dilapidated.

But this original bad bargain has been followed up by a long period of nothing much in the way of canal construction except the payment of a great number of exorbitant salaries to men to whom the president and Secretary Taft took a fancy, though sometimes only a temporary one. Chief Engineer Wallace was sharply reproved for resigning, and now Mr. Shonts, his successor, is back, it appears, in the United States attending to his private business as a railroad president, drawing salaries for both jobs. He seems to care very little about the canal, except the salary involved, and it seems rather incongruous to select a railroad president for chief engineer of the canal, when everybody knows that the railroads are banded together in opposition to the canal.

Then it turns out that a young man named Bishop has been drawing a salary of $10,000 a year as "press agent" of the canal, and when congress concluded that there was no need of such an employe, he was appointed secretary of the commission and nominated a commissioner, it being explained that the president and he are "very friendly," and so he will continue to draw a larger salary than the secretary of war himself.

So far, the appropriation made in the last session of congress has been exhausted, some $11,000,000 more—$16,500,000 was wanted—is needed to pay expenses up to March; and as yet nobody has heard of any "dirt flying," nor even of any immediate prospect thereof. Up to date, with unlimited resources, we have done less than De Lesseps did in his last two years, with inevitable bankruptcy immediately before him.

Lawson begins his latest bulletin of instructions with an "if," which looks discouraging.

PORTLAND AND PHILIPPINE SUPPLIES.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL HUMPHREY explains that the principal reason why Portland lumber manufacturers were not given a chance to furnish lumber for the Philippines is that the law requires all supplies for the islands sent from this country to be carried in American vessels, few of which come to this port, while the transport Dix was due at Puget sound and could carry the lumber. The explanation seems satisfactory so far as this case is concerned, but it emphasizes the objections to the law, which was passed at the instance of a few American ship owners who thus sought to secure a monopoly of this business. It works, as is seen in this case, a great injustice to some American shippers, and is an iniquitous imposition upon the Filipinos, who are thus taxed to build up a great fortune for a shippers' trust, while their exports to this country are subjected to the Dingley tariff rates. Thus our benevolent government robs them "both a-goin' and a-comin.'" It is of no advantage either to them or to the American people for supplies for the islands to be carried in American ships, after the government goes out of the transport business. The ocean is as free to American as to foreign shipowners, and the combined few who would control the business are entitled to no monopoly. The quartermaster-general says he will see that Portland gets a square deal after this, and it is high time that it should, for it has been snubbed and slighted, and its commerce injured, in the interest of San Francisco and Seattle, ever since the United States became possessed of its oriental elephant.

Apparently the lawyers are going to get a considerable share of that exposition surplus.

GROWTH OF ALASKA TRADE.

A MONTHLY SUMMARY OF COMMERCE, published by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, gives some figures of interest showing the amount of Alaskan trade during the first ten months of the present calendar year to have been $12,935,172, as against $10,447,060 for the corresponding period of 1904, an increase of $2,488,112. The foreign merchandise shipped to Alaska from United States ports was $335,054 in 1904 as against $298,807 in 1905.

Of this trade the greater portion is credited to Puget Sound ports, the figures being $10,825,468 for ten months of 1905 as against $7,378,971 for the corresponding period last year, a gain of $3,446,497, while San Francisco's trade with Alaska dropped off from $2,932,050 last year to $1,964,909 this year, a loss of nearly a million dollars.

Oregon is credited with only $136,039 in the ten months of 1904 and $144,795 in 1905, though in these figures no account is taken of Oregon products and supplies sent to Puget Sound ports by rail and thence shipped to Alaskan ports.

Of course Puget sound people are pleased with these figures, as they well may be, as showing not only a large increase in their trade with Alaska, but a corresponding falling off in the San Francisco trade, about one third of which Seattle and Tacoma have apparently captured within a year.

Oregon, so far as the official figures show, is scarcely in it at all. But should it and may it not be in it?

Oregon's hop crop will reach about 115,000 pounds, instead of 60,000, as was estimated by the Oregonian statisticians. The wheat output of Washington, Idaho and Oregon is placed at 56,240,927 by the government figures. The Journal's estimate made on July 7 was 56,000,000, while the Oregonian's, made a little later, was 60,000,000. These facts are worth noting, possibly remembering.

ALICE ROOSEVELT DOWRY SCHEME.

THE MOVEMENT started in eastern Oregon to provide a large dowry for Alice Roosevelt on the occasion of her marriage by means of ten-cent contributions is an example of the lack of judgment, good taste, and, in brief, common sense, frequently exhibited by impulsive people of generous and good intentions. Only such a person would have failed to foresee that such a movement would be distasteful and annoying to the prospective bride and groom and their families, and, for reasons quite apparent but more easily apprehended than stated definitely, improper and foolish. For one thing, the bridegroom, a public man, could not consent to take such a dowry with his bride, and she would certainly agree with her father, though with charitable good will toward the contributors, in rejecting it. State Treasurer Moore did the sensible thing in promptly announcing that he would have nothing to do with it, and it is to be hoped that the Baker county enthusiast who originated the scheme will as gracefully as he may retire from public view, determined to consult some person of good judgment before he springs another sensational scheme upon the public.

A press dispatch reports Mrs. Longworth as saying, with reference to the proposed dowry for Alice Roosevelt, "The idea!" which was quite natural and proper, but that she suggested that a house and lot or some other present might not have been so bad. And this reference to a house and lot, after Admiral Dewey's experience! No, let Alice and Nicholas beware of a house and lot, of all things.

BAILEY ON THE SENATE.

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas said the other day that "the senate is as upright today as it ever was," which may well be doubted, but if true doesn't prove that the senate as a whole is as upright as it should be or that it has not some pretty crooked senatorial sticks in its membership, ten of whom, and they are not the worst of the lot, have been indicted during the past ten years. But Bailey seems to realize that the senate, taking some of its leading lights into close view, is not as "upright" as it ought to be, for he went on to say that "it is time the senate testified to the world that it is no place to come to make money dishonestly." And he might have added, "no place to get into by the dishonest use of money." Why "it is time now to show this" to the world, if the senate is "as upright as it has ever been," and sufficiently so, Senator Bailey did not explain.

"Judge" Hamilton admits, it is reported, that he may owe the New York Life $100,000 or so, and that he paid out money to various persons whom under no circumstances he will name. A spell in jail might induce him to change his mind.

Longworth Knows How to Blush.

From the New York Sun.

Representative Nicholas Longworth, the president's prospective son-in-law, was driven to the capitol yesterday by Miss Roosevelt in her private carriage. He left her at the entrance to the house as formally as if they had been an old married couple, and when he entered the Republican cloakroom he was greeted by a score of members, who hastened forward to offer their congratulations upon his engagement to the president's daughter. For fully an hour Mr. Longworth held an impromptu reception, while members from both sides of the house came up to shake his hand and extend best wishes. He wore a broad smile throughout the entire day and appeared to be intensely happy. To some of his interviewers Mr. Longworth was obliged to tell the story of his first meeting with his fiancee. It occurred at a dinner at the White House about three years ago, after he had first been elected to the house and before he took his seat, and some were even bold enough to ask if it was a case of love at first sight, which caused the bridegroom-elect to blush and smile some more.

Longevity and Liquor.

From the Philadelphia Press.

It has come to be generally recognized as a fact that the alcoholic habit is one of the main factors in determining length of life. Figures furnished by insurance companies in England show that the average life of the total abstainer is nine years longer than that of the drinker, and one of our own concerns in the same line of business, the Equitable, has published a statement to the effect that the death rate among "moderate" consumers of liquor is 23 per cent higher than among teetotalers. Some of the companies on both sides of the water, indeed, put abstainers in a separate class among the policy-holders, making them a special allowance of 5 per cent or more on premiums.

Speaker Cannon's Cunning Tongue.

From the Washington Post.

A good story is told of the speaker's reply to certain members of the house who called upon him to enter a mild protest against the selection of Mr. Tawney as chairman of the committee on appropriations. Mr. Tawney has been an "insurgent" on the tariff question for years, and for that reason it suggested itself to Messrs. Payne, Dalzell and Grosvenor that the Minnesota man should not be promoted from ways and means to such an important chairmanship. The trio named are said to have called upon the speaker to talk the matter over with him.

"You will recall, Mr. Speaker," said one of them, "that Tawney has been an insurgent, and that he has frequently fought the organization on the floor."

"Well," replied the speaker, dryly, "he always won, didn't he?" This reference to the way in which the insurgents never did win ended the conference.

SMALL CHANGE

The green Christmas matched a few Christmas celebrants—only a nameless few.

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Even in these shortest days, getting-up time comes too soon for a good many people.

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Will not the Portland Journal make the first district a Christmas present and make it unanimous for Walter L. Tooze?—Salem Journal. The Portland Journal has nothing whatever to do with the nomination of representative in the first district, and so has no spring present for either Mr. Tooze or Colonel Hofer.

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Let's see, is this turkey hash day?

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It won't be a happy New Year for many in Russia.

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But Rockefeller couldn't enjoy his Christmas dinner half as much as some poor people did.

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Won't the president please get his big stick in operation upon some of the correspondents who are overloading the dispatches with stuff about Alice and Nick?

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A man with a wooden leg has one advantage—he never can have two cold feet.

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A no-snow Christmas—or, in fact, any other day—is something to be thankful for in a town; one isn't in terror of snowballing kids.

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A seeress says 1906 is going to be "a wild year." Probably she is going to become crazier.

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It is not unreasonable to claim a Republican majority in Oregon of 40,000 to 50,000. It may be more.—Pilot Rock Record. Yes, and then, again, it may be less, or minus.

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The Tillamook Headlight wants a law providing that any city that does not enforce state laws should be deprived of its charter. Bet it would be unconstitutional.

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The Woodburn Independent (Rep.) says "the Republican that can beat Chamberlain for governor has not yet come into the arena."

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Bob Fitzsimmons laid his recent defeat on his wife, showing that he is a true descendant of Adam.

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Tom Lawson may go broke, but he will probably always be able to buy some paper and rent a typewriter.

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The most noted general just now in Russia seems to be General Revolt.

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It may be that "everybody works but father," but he is an exception if he isn't worked a good deal.

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It is only natural that those insurance company presidents should be unwell, considering all the exposure they have been subjected to lately.

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The longer the prospective session, the longer congress puts off doing anything.

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No member of congress presented Uncle Sam with a resignation Christmas present, nor is likely to make such a New Year's gift.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Cornelius expects a 25-barrel flour mill in the spring.

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E. Stewart of Dayville contributed $500 to the Forest Grove Carnegie library fund.

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Scio News: Strange as it may appear, some men who are generally regarded as being honest make it a practice to "beat" the newspaper man in every way they can. We could furnish quite a list of such deadbeats, some of whom we would take pleasure in writing an obituary for.

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Heppner Commercial club incorporated—$5,000. A $4,000 building will be erected.

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The Gales Creek cemetery is to be fenced around. Yet nobody in it can get out, and nobody out of it wants to get in permanently.

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Wood scarce and high in eastern Oregon towns.

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La Grande Chronicle: According to muskrat authority, this is to be a winter with whiskers on it. Close observers say that there hasn't been a year in ever so long when the muskrats in the valley took so much trouble as this year in laying in supplies and otherwise preparing for a hard winter.

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Snow deepening in the uplands.

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Ione Proclaimer: The coyote may kiyt and the farmer may sing his strain, for Ione wheat is on top, a result of the recent rain; the knocker may knock until he may tire, but if any one says there are such men here, just call him a horrible liar; Irrigon may boom and Heppner may howl, and Lexington may swell up and drop, but Ione is the place to get a good home—the place where you can raise a tremendous wheat crop.

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Under the head of "Amusements" a Eugene paper has "Divinity school recital."

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Myrtle Creek will be a big town yet, says the Mail.

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A Kansas man and his two sons are investigating Lincoln county farms.

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Kent is rapidly coming to the front, says the Recorder. The latest acquisition is a Chinese cook at the hotel.

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A Rickreall man sold a 1,400-pound beef cow.

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The Port Orford Tribune is the farthest west newspaper of any in the United States.

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A vein of what is said to be anthracite coal has been discovered in Malheur county.

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The area of deeded land in Wallowa county increased last year from 299,034 to 321,888, an increase of 32,854 acres.

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Grants Pass, including the immediate vicinity, has a population of 3,904.

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Carlton, says a correspondent, is becoming famous for its mud baths—in the streets.

HOMES OF THE OPERA SINGERS

From the New York Sun.

An imposing establishment has been set up by Signor Caruso in the heart of the millionaire district. There, surrounded by his comprehensive domestic staff, he is within a short distance of the Vanderbilts, Oelrichses, Whitneys and other New York families who seldom see a tenor at closer range than from a parterre box.

Signor Caruso has installed in this establishment his cook, his maidservants, his secretary and, above all, that important functionary, the private tailor, whom he brought with him from Florence to take exclusive charge of his clothes and costumes.

Thus do the tenors ever grow grander. Jean de Reszke, with the one valet who has now become attached to the suite of Signor Caruso, used to be content to share very modest apartments at the Gilsey House with his brother. During their first years in New York the brothers lived in even less expensive hotels.

Francesco Tamagno used to be content with a very modest Broadway hotel, and Ernst Van Dyck, when he did take a house, moved to the upper west side. Albert Saleza deposited his household in the same region and never attempted to get any nearer Fifth avenue.

The upper west side has satisfied the other tenors of the opera company. Heinrich Knote and his family are domiciled in the Dakota, while Andreas Dippel is once more at home in his accustomed apartments at the Majestic.

Pol Planchon once again has the most luxurious suite in the Hotel Astor, to which hotel Emma Eames is also returning for her brief stay in New York. Madame Eames is here for too brief a period to make housekeeping worth while.

Madame Nordica has a superb apartment on Madison avenue. Here she revels in the comforts of housekeeping, with all the hardships of such duties removed through the horde of maids, butlers, chauffeurs and secretaries that make her domestic establishment as large as that of a millionaire.

Madame Homer also indulges in the luxury of a modest apartment home on the upper west side, minus the chauffeurs. But she is not a soprano—only a contralto.

Olive Fremstad and Edyth Walker are alike in other respects besides aiming to pass from the contralto to the soprano repertoire. Both have selected apartment hotels as their homes. Miss Fremstad is at the Algonquin, where she lived last year, and Miss Walker is at the Spaulding.

Since Madame Schumann-Heink went into comic opera the Hotel Belvedere has housed none of the German singers. Madame Abarbanell lives in West Twenty-fifth street, and Bella Alten had made arrangements to have an apartment up town.

She changed all that plan, however, when she heard that Mme. Abarbanell had deserted the Belvedere. Distressed that the only German hotel in New York should not house one of the opera singers, Mlle. Alten has settled there for the winter under the chaperonage of her aunt.

Mme. Sembrich's Polish cook, whom she brought to this country six years ago, has become an American citizen, and is permanently attached to the staff of the Hotel Savoy. So the prima donna is there for another winter.

The first thing that the prima donna does on her arrival is to ask after the state of her Christmas tree ornaments; for she has become so accustomed to the hotel as an American home that she leaves the ornaments of her Christmas tree there from year to year.

Mme. Gadski returns so often to New York to sing that she keeps her apartments at the Hotel Cambridge, which has always been a sort of bulwark of German opera, largely because Walter Damrosch has made the hotel his home for long periods at a time. Anton von Rooy was a guest there, and so was Rosa Sucher during her not very fortunate sojourn in this country.

Antonio Scotti is still at the Hotel York, which acquired its Italian atmosphere through the residence of Signor Caruso there for two years.

All the singers have their own particular reasons for selecting certain hotels. Andreas Dippel goes to the Majestic because it is just the right distance from the metropolitan opera house. It is not too long to reach in the subway, but it is far enough away to prevent him from spending all his time in the theatre.

Mme. Nordica likes lower Madison avenue because it is quiet and exclusive. Heinrich Knote dotes on the Ansonia because the architecture of the building and the open street front of it remind him of Munich.

Antonio Scotti likes the York because the macaroni there helps him to enjoy much more than he otherwise would his dinner at Signor Caruso's.

Mme. Sembrich likes the Savoy because she can take her daily walk around the Central park reservoir without having to pass through the streets and because the chef makes good beet soup. Mme. Eames loves to have her own apartments so she can snatch a cigar out of the mouth of any man who dares to smoke within a block of her.

Mme. Abarbanell is devoted to her hotel in West Twenty-fifth street, because she can send out to several restaurants in the neighborhood and get excellent food.

Nahan Franko has a new house on the upper west side, but he would be willing to exchange it almost for the privilege of conducting some other operas than "Don Giovanni." Signor Vigna has taken a furnished flat far up on Broadway, as he found that his abode in Thirty-fourth street last winter was livelier than he cared for. He did not know beforehand that he was engaging the former abode of Miss May Yohe, one time Lady Hope.

Alfred Hertz lives at the Gilsey house whenever he is able to escape from the Metropolitan opera house long enough to live anywhere.

The Glory of Struggle.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

There is no game so thrillingly interesting as the game of life, and the man who has the chance to play it and refuses to do so deprives himself of the keenest pleasure conceivable.

It has been said a thousand times that "life is a battle."

Ay, it is!—and there is where the glory and joy of the business come in!

Life is a battle and to stand in the battle-line and fight, never despairing, never showing the white feather, with courage undaunted, holding the face toward the enemy until its lines are broken and victory sits upon our standard—that is where the true grandeur and blessedness of existence are found!

Some one once said: "Life is like a game of whist; I am not particularly fond of it, but since the cards have been placed in my hand I am going to play them for all they are worth."

That is the spirit to have in one's breast! That is the spirit that wins victories and keeps the world a-moving up grade.

No matter what your theories may happen to be concerning the existence in the midst of which you find yourselves, it is your privilege, if you will have it so, to get a whole lot of solid comfort out of the affair.

To struggle, and through the struggling to grow strong, and in the strength to win the prize for which you are striving, is there any intoxication to be compared with that, any pleasure or joy that is worthy of being compared with it?

What if there are troubles, what if there are difficulties in the way, what if the skies are dark? Bring your teeth together, knit your brows, screw your courage up, and pitch in!

The bigger the troubles, the more stubborn the difficulties, the darker the clouds that hang over your head, the more firmly you should resolve to press on.

You may be defeated, but you are not defeated yet, and still there's room for victory.

And in that thought of victory there is enthusiasm enough to hold one up in the darkest and most trying hour.

Readers will remember the words of Paul Jones to the English captain who called out to him to know if he had surrendered: "Surrendered, hell! I've just begun to fight!"

We ought to go into the business of living as Paul Jones went into his fight with the Serapis—to live, not to die; to win, not to lose.

There was not a moment during that terrible struggle when Paul Jones felt like giving up the fight.

Let the spirit of the "Father of the American Navy" be in the breast of every young man.

MEMORY'S RIVER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(Copyright, 1905, by W. R. Hearst.)

In nature's bright blossoms not always reposes
That strange, subtle essence more rare than their bloom
Which lies in the hearts of carnations and roses,
That unexplained something by men called perfume.
Though modest the flower, yet great is its power
And pregnant with meaning each pistil and leaf,
If only it hides there, if only abides there,
The fragrance suggestive of love, joy and grief.

Not always the air that a master composes
Can stir human heartstrings with pleasure or pain;
But strange, subtle chords like the scent of the roses
Breathe out of some measures, though simple the strain.
And lo! when you hear them, you love them and fear them;
You tremble with anguish, you thrill with delight,
For back of them slumber old dreams without number,
And faces long vanished peer out into sight.

Those dear, foolish days, when the earth seemd all beauty,
Before you had knowledge enough to be sad,
When youth held no higher ideal of duty
Than just to lilt on through the world and be glad.
On harmony's river they seemed to float hither
With all the sweet fancies that hung round that time;
Life's burdens and troubles turn into air bubbles,
And break on the music's swift current of rhyme.

Fair Folly comes back with her spell while you listen,
And points to the paths where she led you of old;
You gaze on past sunsets, you see dead stars glisten,
You bathe in life's glory, you swoon in death's cold.
All pains and all pleasures surge up through those measures,
Your heart is wrenched open with earthquakes of sound;
From ashes and embers rise Junes and Decembers—
Lost islands in fathoms of feeling refound.

Some airs are like outlets of memory's oceans,
They rise in the past and flow into the heart;
And down them float shipwrecks of mighty emotions,
All sea-soaked and storm-tossed and drifting apart.
Their fair timbers battered, their lordly sails tattered,
Their skeleton crew of dead days on their decks.
Then a crash of chords blending, a crisis, an ending—
The music is over, and vanished the wrecks.

PERSONAL MENTION

The richest Indian in the world is said to be Dr. John War Eagle, a half-breed Chickasaw. He was educated in Scotland, where his father, a Hudson Bay trader, was born.

A scheme has been started by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis to establish a colony of thousands of Catholics in the southwestern part of Missouri. The land will be purchased cheap and the plan is to have the families make their homes as pioneers did a century ago.

Mrs. Hetty Green is going to buy an automobile, and she means to run it herself.

Governor Folk of Missouri believes that public ownership sentiment is growing and will end in a general demand for city possession of utilities.

Lord Templemore, "the father of the house of lords," sat in that body for 28 years before he delivered his maiden speech, and his effort consisted of 21 words.

"L'Escarpolette" ("The Swing"), the play which has just been purchased by Sarah Bernhardt, was written by an American woman, G. Constant Lounsbery, a niece of J. Ben Ali Haggin of California. The play was inspired by a painting of Fragonard, and was written in French, although Miss Lounsbery has published considerable in English.

Miss Terry's Portrait.

From a London Dispatch.

There is great interest in the sale next Saturday of J. S. Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth at the auction of the effects of the late Sir Henry Irving. It is pointed out that Mr. Sargent is one of the few great living painters who has not yet passed through the auction-room ordeal. Considering the superb quality of this particular work, the interest attached to its associations and the scarcity of Mr. Sargent's works in the art market, the picture is expected to realize a large sum.

THE HAT AS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER

By Caroline.

That there is any character to be displayed in the choice and manner of wearing a hat will doubtless be a revelation to the masculine mind.

But a woman who is at all observing can tell from the hat another woman wears what manner of person it is with whom she is dealing.

For the guidance of these erring, though well-meaning, men I will lay down a few general principles.

These suggestions may help some poor man to know a woman and the kind of a woman (or, rather, the kind of a hat) to be avoided.

There is a little round hat with scarcely any attempt at trimming, except a flat black bow.

This hat is sure to be worn by a little old maid, one who is sweetened rather than soured by her single lot.

She is one who is absorbed in other people's children.

She has lost the bloom of youth and has learned to think that is all man cares for in a woman.

Any slight attention from a man pleases her tremendously, and any serious attention brings the blush of joy to her face and sets her heart palpitating.

The style of hat peculiar to this season, the one with much trimming on the back, none on the front and worn so that it looks more like a toboggan slide than anything else, is characteristic of an entirely different sort of woman.

She may be the fashionable woman with plenty of money, who cares not how much she pays for a hat nor how many she buys.

She will have one of this style, because it is the fashion, and if she tires of it she can pass it on to her maid.

The other woman who wears this extreme hat is a woman who wishes to be fashionable, no matter what the cost.

It makes no difference how unbecoming the hat is to her; she must wear it, if it be the style.

If you are a poor man, beware of her (unless she has an income all her own), for she is self-assertive and extravagant. She will be in the fashion, no matter how small your income.

She will scrimp on the table to have a new hat every season.

A simple little toque worn with a veil indicates the girl of great common sense. Nothing specially startling or original about her. Just a good sort, one who would be good company on a long walk or drive.

She takes life easily and comfortably and is usually very agreeable.

The woman who chooses a hat with abrupt angles, who always has wings or stiff, conventional trimming on her hats, and who never wears flowers, is another kind altogether.

You may always know her to be determined, independent, and if given half a chance she would be domineering.

She is always agreeable as long as she is having her own way, but cross her and you will find that you have encountered something strangely like stone.

There is a sort of soft, elusive, feathery kind of creation (no man would be crude enough to call it a hat) that is worn by some women.

And the woman who wears it is as hard to describe as the hat she wears.

A man would say she was distinctly feminine, womanly in all she did. But she is more than this—she is subtle, elusive and charming.

She is sweet and comforting.

She is, above all, bewitching and fascinating.

She is the kind all men think they would like to marry, but there are not enough of this sort to go around.

If you be a man in search of a wife before you "pop the question" study the headgear of the lady to whom you are devoted, and you will discover much that she would never tell you.

LEWIS AND CLARK

At Fort Clatsop.

December 27—The rain did not cease last night nor the greater part of today. In the evening we were visited by Comowool, the chief, and four men of the Clatsop nation, who brought a very timely supply of roots and berries. Among these was one called culhomo, resembling licorice in size and taste, and which they roast like a potato; there were also the shanataque, a root of which they are very fond. It is of a black color, sweet to the taste, and is prepared for eating in a kiln as the Indians up the Columbia dry the pasheco. These, as well as the salal berries, they value highly; but were perfectly satisfied with the return we made them, consisting of a small piece of sheepskin to wear around the chief's head, a pair of earbobs for his son, a small piece of brass and a little ribbon. In addition to our old enemies, the fleas, we observed two mosquitoes, or insects so completely resembling them that we can perceive no difference.

Does Not Like Blue Laws.

From the Washington Post.

There are few more noted women in the United States than Miss Phoebe Couzins of St. Louis, who is at the Riggs house, with her brother, J. E. Couzins. The former has had an exceptionally interesting career. She is the only woman who was ever appointed a United States marshal, filling out the unexpired term of her father upon his death, and managing the office with signal ability. She has also delivered lectures in many cities on current topics, handling her themes with a vigor and intellectual grasp that delighted her audiences.

"We are having an era in St. Louis," said Miss Couzins, "that is not so bad as the old regime of graft, but which is not satisfactory to people of liberal and rational views of life. In other words, 'the lid is on,' thanks to Governor Folk. This blue-law business in St. Louis reminds me of that other irrational and puritanical act, the abolition of the army canteen. The effect of this absurd law has not been in the interest of temperance, but just the reverse. When our soldier boys were able to obtain beer and other light drinks from the canteen they were contented and orderly and not at the mercy of the proprietors of low drinking-dives, as at present."

Remembered the Text.

From the Kansas City Journal.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted. "Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded. "Don't be afraid and I will get you a bedquilt," was the astonishing answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been "Fear not, and I will send you a comforter."