

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. 215 N. BROAD ST. PORTLAND, OREGON.

A TIME FOR THINKING.

THE PUBLIC is even more deeply interested in the coming of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern than is the Port of Portland, which is now passing upon the question of its railroad bridge across the Willamette.

At the same time this very excess of good will is apt to lead us too precipitately in a direction where we will be bound hand and foot and the control of the purely public rights may pass from us.

In our judgment all these matters should receive free and candid discussion. We may rely upon it that the railroads are usually able to look after their own interests.

This being true there is a serious duty before the people of Portland, first to give the new roads every consistent encouragement, and second, to see that the public interests are at the same time safeguarded.

GANGS OF YOUNG LAWBREAKERS.

THE JUVENILE COURT and those who are working in conjunction and accord with it are undoubtedly doing a very good work, one that merits the support and encouragement of all good citizens.

The young murderer of Mrs. Hollister of Chicago confessed that he was one of a gang of hoodlums who made a practice of robbing and assaulting women, and it is to such crimes that the lesser forms of lawlessness practiced by such gangs inevitably lead.

GROWTH OF JAPAN'S COMMERCE.

THE JAPANESE EMPIRE is boldly progressing along untrodden paths in commercial development. With an abundance of low-priced and efficient labor, convenient ports of entry, and farseeing statesmen and ambitious business men, the country's business dealings are growing rapidly in volume.

Japan appears to have suffered no commercial loss on account of the war, although about 70 per cent of the necessities for carrying on the war was produced at home, which is surely a wonderful record.

in all lines of commerce, the exports for that period amounting to \$71,098,440, and the imports to \$143,231,481. With peace prevailing, the foreign trade of Japan, Consul-General Miller says, will greatly increase, and the people will turn their energies from war to the development of the national resources.

During the first six months of the past year the increased exports to the United States were principally of silk tissues, habutage, raw silk, mats and matting, and porcelain, while the increased imports from this country were in raw cotton, machinery, engines and locomotives, iron bars, rods and rails, iron pipes and tubes, iron and steel and nails.

Japan's leading items of export (for 1904) were as follows: Raw silk, \$44,000,000, of which the United States took \$30,000,000; silk manufactures, \$22,000,000, 30 per cent of which came to this country; cotton yarns, \$14,500,000; copper, \$6,500,000; coal, \$7,500,000; cotton fabrics and matches, each \$5,000,000; tea, \$6,000,000; mats and matting, \$2,500,000; rice, \$2,300,000; camphor, \$1,500,000; cutlery, \$1,300,000; cigarettes, \$1,250,000; porcelain and earthenware, \$2,000,000, and sake, \$1,200,000.

POLITICAL SILURIANS—THAT'S ALL.

THE FUNDAMENTAL MISTAKE being made by the city council is that it is playing the sort of politics that have gone out of style. Five years ago such things would be tolerated. Then the people believed in partisanship very much more than they did in a good public service.

The members of the present city council, not even Mr. Maxwell who was elected by an independent vote, make little note of the signs of the times. They still look to the bosses or cliques of bosses for instructions as to what to do.

ALDRICH AND HEARST.

SENATOR ALDRICH of Rhode Island only exhibited his narrowness and littleness as a statesman, as well as disclosing his scornful opposition to all efforts for the control of corporations and trusts, when a few days ago he sneeringly said that he believed that William R. Hearst was the author of the proposal to give the interstate commerce commission power, subject to judicial revision, to fix railway rates.

But what difference does it make who originated or brought forward the proposition? Is it any worse or less meritorious or less worthy of consideration if coming from Representative Hearst than from Representative Townsend or Representative Each? A great many people who would not endorse everything that Mr. Hearst might propose are not on the other hand in accord with Mr. Aldrich in his unbecoming contempt for everything approved by progressive and reformatory public sentiment in connection with questions affecting the relations between great corporations and the people.

The contemptuous slur of Aldrich, intended to carry the assumption that anything emanating from Hearst was of necessity unworthy of respectful consideration, was really aimed at the president and all the host of people who agree with him that there is a necessity for rate regulation. Hearst would go much farther than Roosevelt and bring about public ownership of railroads, though this was not in his bill, and the vote he received in New York in November showed that a multitude of people are coming to his way of thinking; and it is to be hoped that the time is near when a mere tool of trusts and corporations like Aldrich cannot be elected, except in little rotten borough Rhode Island, and if elected will be powerless rather than all-powerful, as he is now, in the senate.

LEGISLATIVE CAMPAIGN BLACKMAIL.

OSCAR TERRY CROSBY, an African explorer, author, and a prominent electrical engineer, throws an interesting sidelight on the ethical ideas of Representative Babcock of Wisconsin, leader of the "insurgents." Crosby and others had been granted by congress a right to rebuild and operate a railroad in the District of Columbia, for which they had paid \$500,000, provided they electrified and otherwise rehabilitated and improved it, but by an oversight were not authorized to borrow money and issue bonds, which it was necessary to do to the extent of \$1,000,000, else they were likely to forfeit what they had paid.

There are many who will consider this not only a smart trick on Babcock's part but a legitimate means of raising a campaign fund, but there are others, and we hope, the very large majority, who will regard it as legislative blackmailing, not much if any better than any other kind.

SMALL CHANGE

Uncle Joe Cannon is still the big gun of the house. Arizona, if admitted as proposed, including New Mexico, may be somewhat of an "insurgent" state politically.

A "Walla Walla chinook" is long overdue. It is doubtful if Senator Tillman gets an invite to the wedding.

Three weeks more to read about Alice's gowns, jewelry and notions. Man wants a good deal these days here below, and sometimes he gets a good deal more of some things than he wants.

The Pendleton Tribune bears a "voice constantly growing louder," calling on W. D. Fenton, the railroad attorney, to become a candidate for senator.

The hard winter prophets are not without hope yet. The winter birds are discussing the question of migrating to a cooler climate.

Of course, it was an oculist who said that only one pair of eyes in 50 is perfect.

That was once that a lot of Republicans in congress wished more Democrats were there.

The woman who is in love doesn't care about the right to vote.

If we had as long a New Year as the Chinese "most everybody would swear off."

There is another good thing about the goat—he never butts into politics.

If it would be any comfort to Mrs. Chadwick, she might be informed that the newspapers of the country generally made pertinent paragraphs about her on the occasion of her removal to the penitentiary, but she must not expect any more until she dies or is liberated.

Riches have wings only when they are headed away from you.

What singers, zealous and delectable civil service reformers those councilmen are, to be sure.

It is supposed the open winter will cause a scarcity of artificial ice, so that the price will be high next summer.

The new president of France is the son of a peasant and the grandson of a blacksmith. France is a republic, sure enough.

Binger Hermann sells his pride and self-respect very cheap.—Baker City Herald. But he had but little to sell.

The proposed oil refinery in Portland may throw some light on several subjects.

The council seems determined to make Mayor Lane the most popular mayor Portland ever had.

Hard-working and faithful postoffice employees deserve better pay.

The Glendale Lumber company receives more orders than it is possible to fill.

Plenty of water for miners now in southern Oregon.

Junction City Times: We have received quite a lengthy article from a prominent candidate advocating his claims for election. He says he will greatly appreciate the courtesy if we will publish it. We are not running a paper for glory but for a livelihood, and if the gentleman, or any other candidate, wants a hearing in these columns he will have to pay the same rates charged our merchants.

Much Klamath county real estate is passing into the hands of newcomers.

As a special inducement a Klamath Falls restaurant advertises a rate of 15 cents for \$5.

Klamath Falls postoffice receipts showed a gain of 21 per cent last year over 1904.

All Coos river booms full of logs now.

At the suggestion and through the personal efforts of Mayor Wise of Astoria the West End Improvement club has been organized in Uniontown and later similar clubs will be organized in different parts of the city. Several hundred people were present at this meeting.

Eugene has the biggest bakery in the state outside of Portland.

Draw Correspondence of Roseburg Review: Socialism is getting quite strong in this vicinity, yet not strong enough to cause the water to rebate or stop it snowing. Yet the blue smoke of what will be done curls through the air frequently.

The Southern Oregon Development league will work for extensive irrigation.

Tillamook has a curfew ordinance.

An elderly man by night labor on an acre tract of land near Salem has been selling 24 dozen eggs a week at an average price of 25 cents a dozen. He started in last fall with about 100 pullets.

Big improvements are scheduled for the Corvallis creamery, including a big ice plant and cold storage apartments.

A Corvallis saw mill will be improved to the extent of \$5,000.

Several Athens farmers will build residences in Los Angeles county, Cal., for winter residences.

Some of the famous photographs of Major Lee Moorhouse of Pendleton will be sent to Milan, Italy, for exhibition.

Snow is deeper than for 20 years in some large spots in Eastern Oregon, but in other places the fall has been lighter than usual.

There are scarcely 100 Chinamen in Oregon, whereas years ago there were nearly 500.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Topic: "The Baptism of Jesus"—Mark III:11. Golden text—Direct your hearts unto Jehovah and serve him only.—1 Sam. viii:8.

Introduction. Jesus was not a "boy preacher." He came to his work physically developed and intellectually mature. He was about 30 years of age (Luke III:23). John, his relative (Luke I:36, 59-60), had been preaching for a short time, preaching with the spirit of the ancient prophets (Matt. III:5), but the two had spent his early life in Nazareth (Matt. II:23) while John had passed the period of his adolescence "in the desert" (Luke I:80), the places to which persons of this religious nature used to retire for study, prayer and spiritual communion.

Verse 1. No one preaches the message which Jesus preached to whom it is not a "gospel." His distinguishing characteristic is his joy. It is "good news." And it is distinctly "of Jesus Christ." He did not borrow it from somebody else. He did not by the change of a word here or the substitution of a phrase there, wear somebody else's message. It was his own "former." It was distinctively and distinctly his own. Other men have preached a message of salvation, but no one a salvation by the free forgiveness of God's undeserved love through the death of the Son of God. Nothing else resembling that exists in the religious books of the world. Jesus is often compared with other masters. The same thing is true of his life and other masters. Note that while we have not in Mark the story of the Saviour's miraculous birth, as is introduced to us in the very first sentence of "The Son of God," it is not the east, where roads can hardly be said to exist, to prepare for every advancing sovereign a special roadway. He came accompanied by vast marching hosts and by many armed cohorts. His army of laborers was thrown into the work to prepare a way for such approach. For that matter, the ascent of the capitol at Rome is today by means of a staircase which was prepared for Charles V. of Germany. It was because of his sovereignty the old-time prophets foretold a way should be prepared for the Messiah (Mal. III:1). Our Saviour's stay upon earth was brief. It was needful to draw the attention of men to him and to fit some to become his disciples before his labors should begin, for they would soon concentrate in the anonymity of men upon him and bring him to the grave.

Verse 2. The way of the Messiah lay through the "wilderness." He did not intend to keep to the centers of the cultured life and refined homes and cultured scholars. He would go through the worst places of the world. Into the wilderness God would send out a messenger making preparation for the coming of the king. That was the work of John the Baptist. He was a prophet of himself and most prophetic of one to come after him.

Verse 4. John was soon known as "the baptizer." Baptism was by no means a new thing. It had been used by many sects and in more than one form. It was a part of the Jewish ritual in "the washing of pots and tables" (Mark VII:4); and the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews speaks of "baptisms" as a distinguishing feature of the Jewish law (Heb. IX:10). Even our revised version renders these still as "washings," "bathings," and so forth. But in the original the same Greek word (diveo) is used, which is used. John and others baptized people, as under the law the vessels of the household were baptized, even such things as "tables," or more correctly, "conspicuous articles of furniture." It was a purely ritualistic and symbolic performance. He did not literally "wash" his converts, although the same word is used where it is said that the Jews "washed" on their coming home from business (Mark VII:4). When we lay a cornerstone we do not pay much attention to the amount of water used, but we do pay attention to the remission of sins. Any one who gets down to the heart of the Bible will hardly discuss "baptismal regeneration." A man can no more get into the kingdom of God by baptism than by bribery. Repentance indicates a change of the nature in the man. Remission of sin indicates a change of relation toward God. The gospel, even in its introduction under John, means forgiveness of sins and a new life being given.

Verse 5. Vital godliness will always attract attention. And there comes times in the history of religion when men's hearts are aching for something real, something vital, something satisfying. They crave the witness of the spirit. Such periods make a great contribution to the world's progress. Nothing attracts more than a religion which is dynamic. The greatest crowds that have ever gathered to listen to any speaker have gathered to hear men of religion and duty and heaven. Men must even today build tabernacles big enough to hold those who would attend, revival services. Political orators do not need them; exponents of fine speech do not need them. But religion does need them.

Verse 6. John was not a "Rev. Charles Honeyman." He did not live in a suburban city (Matt. XI:8). He was not a painter, he was a man of the people. He was a man of the people, although his father was a priest (Luke I:1-13).

Verse 7. The tendency in religion is always to posit the best in the past. We have in Russia the "Old Believers," in Germany the "Old Catholics," and in England the "Primitive Methodists," and even in Tibet and Arabia the reformer aims always to get back to some supposed period when things were real. But John, and Christ for that matter, looked to the days to come as revealing (or about to reveal) more of the grace of God.

Verse 8. John confessed that with all his desire to promote repentance he could not of his own motion beget new-born sinners. But he who was to come after him would be hampered by none of the disabilities which afflict God's servants. How plainly does John tell us that Jesus was not simply greater than he, but of a different order. He could bestow a spiritual power just as freely and as easily as John could pour water.

Verse 9. Jesus came to John to be baptized. John was surprised that man of sinful flesh should come to him and sometimes he repelled them (Matt. III:7-10). But in the case of Jesus he was overruled. He felt that here was one who differed in every respect from his disciples. He could not in his own mind associate Jesus with sin, or with thoughts of sin, or with rites which spoke of purification. He would have put Jesus away from the rest (Matt. III:14). But Jesus pressed his purpose. He did not say that he personally needed baptism or would be benefited by it. But if he were not baptized it would be thought he did not sympathize with John's mission. In a lesser way something of the same problem is always presented to the disciple. Paul did not want to refrain from meat, but he would refrain rather than be misconstrued (Rom. XIV:19-21). John's baptism was a baptism of repentance, but there was for others, and he placed his influence on that side. When like Christ we are eager to do right, we must be sure that our baptism is a baptism of life for our guidance than mere necessity.

Verse 10. John believed in the supernatural. He might be mistaken in his judgment of this young pilgrim from Nazareth. He might be deceived. He might be too sure. Was there ever a sinless man? Was it not possible that this Jesus came to him for baptism after all through some of those "dark" days when he was with such confidence as he wished to feel about him? Then came a sign from heaven, a real, visible and supernatural sign that relieved him of all anxieties and removed all doubt, and enabled him to bear witness without hesitation, uncertainty or fear.

Verse 11. To the visible sign was added the audible one. He was not mistaken. Before this Jesus opened his eyes to the world he had never known. He was not only a choice spirit, but a chosen one—the son of God. Henceforth John must decrease, but he rejoiced because "the bridegroom" had come.

The Blasphemous consisted of an 11-room dwelling on the corner of 1st and 3rd streets, a beautiful and slightly seamy tract. For a dozen years it has housed a happy and estimable family in peace and comfort. Loving hands have year by year adorned its rooms with the objects of art and beauty that the domestic refinement suggests; busy fingers have wrought that the home might be made more beautiful—that Jessie, and Ollie and Sadie and the rest might see their home as a place of joy to the common shrine, consecrated by their devotion. Precious trinkets were stored here and there, recalling tender memories of the past; book shelves and library, well graced by handsome volumes, were the pride of the literature of travel, of fiction—the accumulated book love of years—many of them the best of modern works, some of them old heirlooms whose bedimmed pages spoke the story of a departed generation. Upon the walls were beautiful pictures; in the pantry and kitchen were many of the shining treasures so dear to the housewife's heart; everywhere abounded a sense of order, of neatness, of the household jars and panes that were regarded with the reverence born of long association. Upon all this the red demon descended in a night and left a scene of utter desolation. The gas was wrung by bitter and despairing anguish; of hopeless sorrow. It was more than a mere fire; in all save death it was tragedy. And death is often swifter than fire in its destruction. The loss of this home to this family is irreparable.

William Blair was formerly Weston's leading merchant, and also established the present flouring mill. He served for two terms as mayor of Astoria. He was closely identified with the town's growth. Attempting too much, he met with business reverse, and he and his son Frank are each holding down a homestead in Oregon country. They live on a 12 by 12 shanty. But he had left a comfortable home for his family and no doubt felt hopeful of improving his own condition. Now the Blair home is gone. The Blasphemous has sprung eternal in the human breast.

What the Socialists Want. From the Kansas City Journal. The Oklahoma Socialists have filed up a list of things they want the constitution of the new state to contain. The provisions are extremely varied and include: "Initiative and referendum and power of recall to be vested in the people." "A compulsory school law, school age 7 to 14 years; state to bear expense where parents are unable to do so." "Free textbooks." "State to have same rights as individuals except as to being sued." "Railroad commission to regulate rates, fix responsibility for accidents, etc." "State to operate whiskey and beer business at lowest possible profit, thereby profit to be devoted to school and public road funds." "Women to have the right to vote at all elections." "No man to own more than 100 acres of land, and he must settle on that."

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF JAMAICA

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Copyright, 1906, by American Journal-Examiner) THE GREAT Creator, shaping sun and star, Heard an archangel speaking thus: "I dreamed I saw another Paradise afar, And all about it sapphire waters gleamed."

The Maker smiled. At His divine behest The angel's dream, like some lush rose, uncured To bloom forever on the sea's warm world.

The beautiful Jamaica of the world. Port Antonio, Jamaica.—Four years ago, on my first visit to Jamaica, I believed it was the most remarkable spot upon the earth; now I know it is. Surely never elsewhere found a spot so beautiful cannot be found upon this little earth's surface, nor greater variety of beauty in so many and so close.

Day after day the automatic thermometer on my veranda records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

One anemic and distinctive mosquito pest on my veranda, records its degree in the morning and evening and in the middle. Always the dry, cool wind from the mountains sends a refreshing breeze to temper the sun's golden fervor, and always the night falls like a cool hand upon a hot brow, and soothes one to delicious rest.

No mosquitoes disturb the comfort of outdoor life. Ladies in lace and muslin gowns sit on the veranda, and no insect plagues familiar flycatcher's mouth rises from the sea, which is the very steps of hotels and homes, and only three flies have I seen in a 10-day sojourn in Port Antonio.

BURNING OF A HOSPITABLE HOME

From the Weston Leader. Weston has suffered from several disastrous fires during its somewhat checkered career. Two of them destroyed the business center of town. Two others each clutched with fingers and flames a large portion of the town's commercial district. Still another and recent fire destroyed much to the town's welfare and is a decided loss. But in none of these fires has there been so much sorrow and domestic wreck entered so prominently as in this—the saddest, the direst, the most heart-rending fire of all.

The Blasphemous consisted of an 11-room dwelling on the corner of 1st and 3rd streets, a beautiful and slightly seamy tract. For a dozen years it has housed a happy and estimable family in peace and comfort. Loving hands have year by year adorned its rooms with the objects of art and beauty that the domestic refinement suggests; busy fingers have wrought that the home might be made more beautiful—that Jessie, and Ollie and Sadie and the rest might see their home as a place of joy to the common shrine, consecrated by their devotion. Precious trinkets were stored here and there, recalling tender memories of the past; book shelves and library, well graced by handsome volumes, were the pride of the literature of travel, of fiction—the accumulated book love of years—many of them the best of modern works, some of them old heirlooms whose bedimmed pages spoke the story of a departed generation. Upon the walls were beautiful pictures; in the pantry and kitchen were many of the shining treasures so dear to the housewife's heart; everywhere abounded a sense of order, of neatness, of the household jars and panes that were regarded with the reverence born of long association. Upon all this the red demon descended in a night and left a scene of utter desolation. The gas was wrung by bitter and despairing anguish; of hopeless sorrow. It was more than a mere fire; in all save death it was tragedy. And death is often swifter than fire in its destruction. The loss of this home to this family is irreparable.

William Blair was formerly Weston's leading merchant, and also established the present flouring mill. He served for two terms as mayor of Astoria. He was closely identified with the town's growth. Attempting too much, he met with business reverse, and he and his son Frank are each holding down a homestead in Oregon country. They live on a 12 by 12 shanty. But he had left a comfortable home for his family and no doubt felt hopeful of improving his own condition. Now the Blair home is gone. The Blasphemous has sprung eternal in the human breast.

What the Socialists Want. From the Kansas City Journal. The Oklahoma Socialists have filed up a list of things they want the constitution of the new state to contain. The provisions are extremely varied and include: "Initiative and referendum and power of recall to be vested in the people." "A compulsory school law, school age 7 to 14 years; state to bear expense where parents are unable to do so." "Free textbooks." "State to have same rights as individuals except as to being sued." "Railroad commission to regulate rates, fix responsibility for accidents, etc." "State to operate whiskey and beer business at lowest possible profit, thereby profit to be devoted to school and public road funds." "Women to have the right to vote at all elections." "No man to own more than 100 acres of land, and he must settle on that."

THE BRUISED BATTLE. By Joaquin Miller. The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot, With sword or noble pen; Nay, not with eloquent words or thought, From mouths of wonderful men! But deep in a walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield. But bravely, silently bore her part. Lo, there was the battlefield. No marshaling troops, no bivouac song. No banner to gleam and wave; But, oh! these battles, they last so long. From babyhood to the grave. Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars. She fights in her walled-up town. Fights on and in the endless wars. Then silent, unseen—gone down. Oh, ye with banners and battle shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought Were fought in these silent wars. Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame! With a splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came. The kindest warrior born! Entering a Demurrer. From the Chicago Tribune. "Obviously," said the lecturer, "what we need is a more elastic currency, for the reason"— "Not me," interrupted the shabby man in the front row. "What I need is a more adhesive currency." "Whereas," there was loud applause. It appears there were others

THE BRUISED BATTLE. By Joaquin Miller. The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'Twas fought by