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.

POOR PROGRESS IN PANAMA.

ENGINEER WALLACE may have some grievance against the administration which he desires to vent, because of the severe criticism to which he was subjected by the president and Secretary Taft, yet his representations, taken in connection with other testimony, are sufficient to induce the belief that the Panama canal affair is being wretchedly mismanaged. It is a big and complicated job, and that there should be a good deal of misdirected effort and even grafting was to be anticipated and perhaps was unavoidable, but there seems to have been an enormous outlay already with scarcely anything to show for it. A great number of high salaried commissioners and engineers, some supposedly active and others consulting, and overseers and clerks and other functionaries are being paid, and the appropriation is fast dwindling, and yet it has not even been decided positively what sort of a canal will be built. Approximately half of those who have the matter in hand are for a lock canal and the other half for a sea-level canal. The president and Secretary Taft are secretly if not openly opposed and harassed by the interoceanic canal committee in the senate and by Republican leaders, some of whom desire to make a farce of the whole business, as it seems it is becoming.

The general criticism of Mr. Wallace and others is that the whole business is ruinously burdened and interminably tied up with endless red tape, and that the job will never be accomplished unless it be put absolutely in charge of one man and be given complete authority and control, or that it be let in one contract to some responsible firm or company, under strict conditions as to performance.

Railroad corporations can get as big jobs as this done, but the government cannot, because too many people are pulling in different directions, there is too much politics in it, and the army of grafters is irresistible.

HITTING THE BACKWARD TRAIL.

EZRA MEEKER, an eminent pioneer of the Pacific northwest, who for half a century or more has lived in the vicinity of Puyallup, Washington, is making what to others besides himself will be an interesting trip. With team and wagon, perhaps an oxteam and a prairie schooner, he is taking the back track over the old trail from his home across the mountains and plains and rivers and valleys to Missouri, the starting point of the emigrant trains of 50 or 60 years ago. He will find a very different country most of the way from that which he traversed then, yet some of it will not have greatly altered. He will lecture and exhibit scenes on the route and so perhaps turn the trip to a little profit, but the novelty of it is no doubt the main inducement.

Old men of means and vigor have different ways of enjoying their declining years. Some continue at work, being better contented thus, others take their ease in a period of leisure, but this sturdy old pioneer believes he can best enjoy himself for a few months in hitting the trail back to old Missouri, and many people not only of his own state, but of Oregon, will wish him a pleasant journey and a safe return.

LEGISLATORS AND PLEDGES.

THE Oregonian quotes and typographically emphasizes this remark of the Roseburg Review: "The average legislator has enough of frailties and shortcomings to answer for without forcing him to make a pledge that his bosses will compel him to disregard."

So it is taken for granted that there still are or will be "bosses," who will "compel" members of the legislature to do the bosses' bidding, even to the extent of violating the legislators' pledges made to the people to secure their votes. This has undoubtedly been too much the case in the past, but we think it will be less so in the future. We have a better opinion of the average legislator of the future than this, and believe most men elected to the legislature on either ticket next June will keep any specific pledges they may make. At least we would not assume in advance that they are lying to the people in making such pledges and will be "compelled" by the bosses to disregard them. Indeed, we don't believe there will be any bosses, this year or next, to the extent or in the full sense that there have been in the past. The remark quoted shows, however, that the Oregonian neither expects nor desires any improvement in this regard, or that good faith be observed with respect to the primary law or legislators' pledges.

SALOON LICENSES IN DIFFERENT CITIES.

CHICAGO PAPERS are vigorously discussing the question of higher saloon licenses, some of them advocating the raising of the license to $1,000 a year, at least. Granting that licenses to sell liquors should be granted at all the question of the license charge or tax is a debatable one. If on the one hand the license is placed low, as in San Francisco and Sacramento, the liquor selling places multiply until the city gets a bad name in consequence, though perhaps no more liquor is sold than would be the case if the license were high.

In Los Angeles, a city somewhat larger than Portland, the license is $1,250 a year, and there are not to exceed 200 saloons, while in Portland there are now about 450 and probably will be 500 before the year is out. We get $180,000 a year revenue from the saloons, while Los Angeles, with only two-fifths as many, gets $250,000. Wouldn't it be better, if we must have saloons, to have only half as many, and charge them twice as much for licenses? In New York City the saloons are numerous enough, in all conscience, and yet the license there is $1,200 a year, while in Chicago it is the same as in Portland, but there is a strong and insistent demand that the license be put up to $1,000 a year, and this probably will be done before long.

The tendency toward higher licenses is a good one, and will prevail more and more in our cities. It probably would be a good thing to raise the saloon licenses here. We would get about the same revenue from the traffic, and shut out some of the worst of the establishments, or at least reduce their number, which is a desirable thing to do.

BOSSES AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY!

From the very beginning The Journal has been strongly in favor of the direct primary law. It regarded it as a movement in the direction of the elimination of bosses.—Portland Journal.

Also of the Republican party and the instatement of the Democratic party!—Salem Statesman.

DOES the "elimination of bosses" mean the elimination "also of the Republican party"? The Journal has never intimated nor supposed any such result, but this seems to be the view taken of it by some of the leading Republican papers of the state. We have a better opinion of the Republican party than the Statesman has, for we believe it would be better off in Oregon and in Portland today if it had never had "bosses," but rather only broad-minded, truly and unselfishly patriotic leaders. The Journal has not "striven for the instatement of the Democratic party" so much as for a large degree of intelligent, conscientious political independence. The man who is absolutely and always committed to and tied up with a party, right or wrong, good or bad, and who votes for "a yellow dog" if "on the ticket," isn't the best type of citizenship. Such partisanship is the curse of American politics and if it isn't reformed our system of government will continue to degenerate.

Dog Waited Three Weeks for Master

From the Denver Republican.

For weeks Shep, a blooded Scotch collie dog, waited at a lonely station in Augusta county, Virginia, for the return of his absent master. The master, C. F. Dorian of West Eighth avenue, Denver, when he heard that his devoted pet was homeless, took a railroad trip to Virginia to get possession of the dog and bring him to Colorado. The two have never been separated since.

Dorian was at the union depot last night, waiting for a train to take him to South Platte, Nebraska, where he is to do some contract work for the Union Pacific railroad. With him was the dog Shep.

Mr. Dorian patted the dog as he told the following story:

"I left Augusta county, Virginia, where I had a farm, several months ago. I gave Shep to a neighbor, believing that he would be better off than with me. Shortly after I left he broke his chain and returned to my farm, which was in the hands of strangers. He took up the scent at the farm and followed my footsteps to the railroad station. There he waited for me for three weeks, taking but little nourishment.

"The station agent, knowing the dog and knowing me, wrote to me, describing the dog's actions, about the end of the second week. I immediately left Denver for Virginia and did not rest easy until I arrived at the station, where the dog awaited me.

"There never was a dog more glad. He jumped and frolicked, despite the fact that he was lean for the want of nourishment. Seizing my trouser legs, he dragged me in the direction of the old farm. He would run a short distance toward the farm and then return to me. He could not understand why I would not go home. He is contented here, I believe, and his devotion has made such an impression on me that I have never been away from him since."

Philosophy of Clothes.

Little men are generally vain and fastidious in the matter of their dress, while tall men care more for comfort than style.

This interesting conclusion has been reached by the London Tailor and Cutter after a careful inquiry, with a view to describing the idiosyncrasies of various types of customers.

"Our experience in connection with big and little men," says this journal, "leads us to the conclusion that little men are generally vain, and decidedly fastidious in the matter of dress. They are fully conscious of their own deficiency in the matter of height and bulk, but will not tolerate its being mentioned by others. They want the tailor to make the most he possibly can of them, and to give them the smartest style and the best of fits.

"With big men—and by these we do not mean corpulent figures, but tall and well-developed men—our experience is that they are often clumsy and indifferent in matters of dress, and as they prefer comfort to style the cutter seldom has the chance of doing that justice to them which he desires till, consequently, very few big men appear to the best advantage.

"The customers who give the least trouble are those who are best described as average-built men; they recognize that they are not Apollos, and so see the need for a proper attention to their dress."

The working classes have their own ideas on the matter of dress but are not so exacting as those who have not to toil for their living.

"In certain districts their taste for bell-bottom trousers is very pronounced, and woe betide the tailor who does not impart a proper bell-like form to the bottoms."

An aristocrat is the most exacting of all customers.

"He will order one thing and require it transformed to another when he has tried it on, only to go back to the original order before it is finished.

"He will keep his garments waiting for months to be tried on, and he is not always so considerate of his tailor's need for cash as he might be. Of course there are some splendid exceptions but, taking them as a class, they are exacting and in many cases fastidious."

Business men vary considerably in their peculiarities. Many of them dress in harmony with their business, which often means strength and ease rather than style and smartness.

"The business man generally knows what he wants and tries to get it with as little waste of time as possible and will often overlook deficiencies rather than send the garments back to be altered."

Knights and King.

William Watson, author of the official "Coronation Ode" to Edward VII. thus describes the situation between the czar and the Russian subjects in the Daily Chronicle in London:

The knights rode up with gifts for the king.
And one was a jeweled sword,
And one was a suit of golden mail,
And one was a golden word.

He buckled the shining armor on,
And he girt the sword on his side:
But he flung at his feet the golden word,
And trampled it in his pride.

The armor is pierced with many spears,
And the sword is breaking in twain;
But the word hath risen in storm and fire,
To vanquish and to reign.

Electricity for Seasickness.

The ship physician of the Hamburg-American liner Patricia publishes his account of a new method for treating seasickness by means of an electro-vibration chair, writes Consul Osmun from Stuttgart. Six of these chairs were placed aboard the Patricia and connected with the electric light conduit. The sedative effect on the patient when vibrated in the chair was noticeable, reducing the pulse and nervous excitement. The use of these electric chairs will be extended to other steamers this winter.

Lumber Mining in Michigan.

From the Detroit News.

During nearly two generations the Manistee river and its tributaries have borne on their troubled waters countless millions of feet or logs from the forests to the mills to build houses and fortunes and lumber barons. The realm of the pine king held out bravely against the wantons of civilization, and the old monarch yielded only when "put to his stumps."

But there are few more pines to conquer, hence the Manistee and Little Manistee rivers are to be mined for logs lost in past years in driving and now resting in muddy graves, where, preserved alike from worms and the market, they hold a value many times increased by waiting. Since pine, like walnut and many other woods, will endure in good condition from age to age if submerged, a company has been formed to prospect the streams and raise the pine sunken in the run from Sherman to Manistee.

Ostensibly the company is organized to "improve" the Big and Little Manistees, but it is an open secret that the submerged pine is the underlying object. During high water the bed of the streams slopped over, pouring into the delta its overflow of logs to sink in the mud. Contracts with former owners of logs or their heirs will be made, and as soon as may be the "day of resurrection" will arrive in the path of the old log runs.

Found Gold Nugget.

From the Grant County News.

While workmen were excavating for the annex of the Elkhorn hotel in Canyon City they picked up a large chunk of quartz that was completely studded with free gold. The specimen was unearthed Friday not far below the surface. It is as large as a small fist and probably represents a good many dollars in value to its present owner, Landlord Bauer. Had the ore been found in place one of the mightiest mining excitements that ever shook the once famous camp would have resulted. But the beautiful specimen had been either washed or carried from some hidden ledge in the mountains. As such it serves not only to recall the departed glory, but to remind prospectors of the fabulous, untouched wealth still lurking in its treasure-house on the rugged hills and stimulate them to renewed activity in prospecting.

Safe.

From Harper's Weekly.

An official in the land office at Washington relates how Dr. Whipple, for a long time bishop of Minnesota, once undertook to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the western states.

It appears that the bishop's effects were scattered about the "lodge," and, when about to go out, he asked the chief if it were safe to leave them there while he went to the village for the service.

"Plenty safe," grunted the Indian; "no white man in a hundred miles of here."

SMALL CHANGE

Lilacs blooming.

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Some people are wondering why Judge Ellis, if he is running for representative in congress, is still holding onto that circuit judgeship.

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That Front street franchise is a very important piece of business.

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One can get into trouble without much trouble.

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The birds knew, after all.

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What is nicer than a February Sunday in Oregon?

• •

By the time Hon. E. L. Smith decides, the election may be over.

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F. W. Mulkey thinks a month or six weeks of senatorial life couldn't spoil him.

• •

It is a wonder that anybody who hates Portland as Hofer pretends to would ever come down here.

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Lost—An enacting clause; cost $1,250; no reward.

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Get pure water, and use lots of it.

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Help Portland grow.

• •

A party that does wrong isn't right.

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Well, if John D. was found, what of it? Nobody axed him nothin'.

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The new general of the army for a few months or a few minutes, John C. Bates, is an old bachelor. What can he know about real war?

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M. Witte seems to be trying to break into the news columns again.

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New arrivals in Oregon rather like it.

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Feels like spring, looks like spring, acts like spring—well, maybe 'tis spring.

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There are workingmen, and men who work the workingmen.

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Party spirit should be kept in a good deal of subjection.

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There ought in the near future to be no soldiers in this country.

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A county judgeship in the hand is worth more than United States senatorship in the bush.

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The candidates are all for big improvements and no expense, of course.

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Even men who won't vote for Senator Gearin acknowledge that he is a good man for the place.

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Some people wonder why good men want offices.

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But if women could vote would the homely man stand any show?

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Good time to clean up.

• •

One man thinks the requisite number of votes is to be obtained Withycombe.*

*No explanation of this pun supplied.

• •

Pay your taxes and save the rebate.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Mayor Fee of Pendleton has prohibited the delivery of messages and packages by messenger boys in the tenderloin district.

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Many people still investing in Hood River valley land.

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Now is the time to spray some more.

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Tygh valley wants a harnessmaker and a shoemender.

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Farmers around Sheridan may organize a berry association.

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Several new residences will be built in Heppner.

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Probably a cheese factory at Dallas.

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Trout biting fine in the Yaquina river.

• •

Many Indians' horses on the Grande Ronde reservation have the mange and need treatment, says a writer to the Sheridan Sun.

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Ontario's population is 1,500.

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A Malheur county man milks four cows and his profits derived from the sale of milk and butter amount to $31.40 per month, which is an average of $7.85 per month per cow.

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Several new houses are being erected in Ontario.

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"Astoria's all right," says the Astorian, which ought to know.

• •

Silver Falls correspondence of Silverton Appeal: The farmers of these snug little hills are busy plowing and planting. Fall grain looks well and a bountiful harvest is the prospect.

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Linn county has at least two men who held office there over 50 years ago, Jason Wheeler, who was sheriff, and Luther White, representative and surveyor. R. P. Boise was district attorney for several years previous to 1856.

• •

Molalla may have a church building this year.

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Molalla correspondence of Oregon City Courier: Some youngsters tried to hold up our school last week, but did not last long enough to finish their task, when the principal introduced the strapping course. * * * Some wild animal took all of a goat from D. Engle's fold a few days ago, excepting the hide, seemingly having no use for "more hair" this warm weather.

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Grain never looking better in Sherman county.

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Considerable interest is being taken in the culture of English walnuts and filberts around Monmouth.

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A man living near Independence has set out an orchard of 50 trees each of English walnuts and peaches.

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One Benton county road district will spend $910 this spring.

• •

"Try telling the truth for one day," says the Albany Democrat. This is the first intimation we ever had that anybody in Albany ever lied.

OREGON INCIDENTS AND OPINIONS

Any Old Thing Will Do.

Canby Tribune: The Tribune will take any kind of country produce on subscription. If you would like to take your local paper, but lack the necessary dollar, bring in chickens, eggs, pork, butter, wood, or any old thing.

The List Is Ample.

Editor W. J. Clarke of the Gervais Star, who is a candidate for state printer, says: "Politics is everywhere! In the workshop, the home and on the street. The list of eligibles to state and county positions is ample and of splendid quality. Much interest is manifested and it now looks quite favorable for a large primary vote."

A Word to the Wise.

Dallas Itemizer: Not very much is being said about candidates in papers over the state because brethren of the press are waiting to be authorized what to say.

A Worthy Candidate.

Polk County Itemizer (Ind.): Senator Gearin is to be a candidate for reelection to his present position. He is probably the ablest and in all respects the best man in his party for the place. Not only all Democrats but many Republicans would vote for him. He would never disgrace his state as some others in congress have done.

A Disappointed Editor.

More Observer: The Old Man has cancelled his order for an Auto, as so many horsemen in the county are determined that The Go Devil shall be forever ruled off the roads here. Our Auto coat $175, was guaranteed to run 100 miles on 5 gal of oil, at an average speed of 8 miles per hour. Now we must again take up the Buckboard and Old Doc.

Probably the People's Choice.

Houlton Register: The people's choice for United States senator if taken today would be Gearin, without a doubt. He will probably receive the majority vote at the June election, as the people of the great state of Oregon are anxious to be relieved from the Mitchell barnacles that are clinging to the body politic of the government.

Judge Frazer's Parents.

Polk County Itemiser: John Fraser lived and taught school at an early day on Salt creek, where he first married a daughter of Uncle Jimmy Riggs, who died, and then he married a Miss Nicklin, who lived at the present home of Henry Clanfield. He and his wife died, and his son, Arthur, was raised by William Buffum, at Amity. He is the present Judge Frazer, of whom we see so many commendable things in the Portland papers.

Pleased Him Immensely.

Roseburg News: Ye editor is human like other mortals, and enjoys an occasional "square meal." This time, E. A. Kruse, the poultry raiser, is to receive credit for some good, old-fashioned sausage, "just like mother used to make." It was fine, and Mr. Kruse has placed the writer under obligations to him for the wholesome treat.

The Blessed Rain.

Tillamook Headlight: The rain of the last few days has caused a freshet in all the rivers flowing into Tillamook bay. It is a good thing for the community that the welcome rain has come, for it has refreshed the atmosphere and cleaned the streams of decaying salmon and the prevailing sickness has been struck a blow by this copious fall of moisture.

Old Ocean Isn't "Dry."

McMinnville Telephone-Register: "Old Ocean" does not seem to realize the fact that Tillamook is a prohibition town. A barrel of whiskey, a cask of wine and two barrels of linseed oil floated in on the surf, along with wreckage, last week. Further south, along the coast, a man noticed a barrel playing about in the surf, and after many weeks landed it. The barrel was covered to a depth of from two to three inches with barnacles, indicating that it had long been afloat. It was found to contain 52 gallons of whiskey.

Same Everywhere.

Ashland Tribune: Mothers of Ashland should ask themselves two questions many times a day, and see to it that they know the answer each time. These are the pertinent queries: Where is my daughter? and, Who is she with? We don't like to say it, but some one should, whether they displease the mothers or not, so here goes: Many mothers in Ashland are criminally careless in allowing their young daughters to run around at all hours with certain young fellows whose reputations are far from savory.

Grant County Prosperous.

John Day News: Steady streams of freight pouring into the valley are testimonials to the prosperity of business conditions in the towns. If there is any merchant not getting his share of this trade he may know that either his methods are not up to the standard or that he is failing to properly place his business before the people by proper advertising.

Good Times Up the Country.

Arlington Record: What we call winter is one of the most favorable for the farmer and stockraiser ever known. There has not been much snow or rain at any one time, but all the moisture has gone into the ground that fell, as the ground has not been frozen deep enough at any time to prevent it. The early-sown fall grain has grown all winter and the late sown is coming up. The grass is green like springtime. Sheep are doing well on the grass without any other feed. The farmers have been plowing and seeding off and on all winter. A larger acreage is in grain than usual. In fact everything points to a season of unusual prosperity.

An Estimate of Johns.

Albany Democrat: Charley Johns, who wants to be governor, is one of the men who fought Sheriff Brown of Baker City in his efforts to enforce the gambling laws. Bush Livermore, a live Baker City newspaper man, says Johns is trying to carry water on both shoulders. He says it makes him sick to hear Johns talk on higher citizenship.

Bunch Grass Joy.

Nyssa News: The Misses Psyche and Errag Torrey entertained a few of their gentlemen friends with a sumptuous six-course dinner last Sunday, which in point of excellence could not be excelled and which was thoroughly enjoyed. At the conclusion of the feast it was announced that a four-in-hand was in waiting for the merry party, which conveyed them to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ennis, where a delightful musical program was enjoyed, after which all placed their feet beneath the hospitable board of the host and hostess and partook of the choicest viands of the season, returning to the city in splendor, all having had a royal good time.

Why Not Prosecute Uncle Sam?

Arlington Record: While Uncle Sam is going after land frauds he should look around him and see if he is not as guilty as those he is prosecuting. Years ago many men took up land under the preemption act. The writer was one of them. This land being in the limits of the Northern Pacific land grant the settlers paid Uncle Sam $2.50 an acre for it. The Northern Pacific did not build the road and after a time the land was forfeited to the government, but before this time hundreds of men had paid $2.50 an acre for the land, while those not making proof until after the forfeiture paid $1.25. Uncle Sam has had the settlers' extra $1.25 per acre for 20 years, or more in many instances, and so far the settlers have been unable to get it back. As President Roosevelt is righting all the wrongs of all the people we call his special attention to this matter.

THE PLAY

Three German comedians in one show at the Baker. Think of it! Three in one show, and two of them, so we are told, genuine brothers of Lew Fields, formerly of Weber and Fields!

The Fields brothers, Nat and Sol, and James Hazelton made most of the fun at yesterday's burlesque, contributed by the High School Girls company. There was the usual tangled talk, but it went better than usual, and after the trio had occupied the stage a few minutes the audience got so enthused that there was a scream of laughter at every word. The comedians introduced most of the old features, including the always present card game, which is funny as ever, but there were some new ones, and in general the comedians were quite satisfactory. They almost monpolized the situation during the two acts of the farce, the chorus merely swinging in and then off again to show their clothes, which were rather becoming.

The vaudeville turns are, most of them, first rate. Rose Gilman and Francis Thomas contribute songs and animated dancing that went well. The specialty act of Billy Hart and Emma Weston pleased the people, the best feature being the mental telepathy burlesque. James Hughes, a legitimate actor of some ability, contributed, with James Hazelton as the joker, a travesty on "Damon and Pythias" which was a scream. The flying Banvards may have made Ringling famous, but they did little that was up to the Baker standard, and their act dragged discouragingly. With six on the stage and five waiting for the sixth to do his little feat, the audience was restrained with difficulty. Marie Jansen (where did she get the name?) contributed a pair of illustrated songs, the first one being Charles K. Harris' worst since he inflicted "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven." In this one the orphans communicate with mamma through the agency of a robin. "Fly Away, Birdie," is the title. When Miss Jansen sang "Dear Old Pal" there was an impromptu accompaniment, contributed by 500 men and boys with hard shoes, and for a time it looked as if the accompaniment would lose the singer.

While the musical numbers last night were subordinated, several were worthy, especially "Silver Heels" and "The Land I Love Is Bohemia." "A Picnic for Two" was billed on the program, but some one gave warning. Billy Hart suffered the fate of topical song men in Portland when he tried the "Rag Bag Man" from the "Isle of Spice," with half the chorus to help. He got through two verses.

The chorus numbers 14, most of them good looking, and all well dressed. Emma Weston leads it, and sings pleasingly, though she has not a remarkable voice.

"Human Hearts" at the Empire.

In "Human Hearts," which is playing at the Empire this week, Miss Gretchen Sherman, who plays the heroine, is a clever actress. She has long since mastered the art of turning to good effect upon the stage her natural graces. The piece is pastoral, along the lines of "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres." There is enough bloodshed to appease the appetite of the gallery god, and sufficient pathos, intermingled with comedy, to satisfy the parquet.

Lincoln J. Plumer, as Tom Logan, is the star. Next in the hearts of the audience comes Baby Katherine, a little tot who prays for her mother.

As a whole, the company is probably the best in melodramatic work seen at the Empire this season. It is well balanced and remarkable for the fact that it contains no specialty performers. Nobody sings a parody on "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

Many people were turned away.

PERSONAL FANCIES

Mrs. Alec Tweedie will shortly issue a life of President Diaz from material supplied her by the Mexican ruler.

Maine's spokesman in the United States senate, Eugene Hale, with the general consent of his party, is now the leader of the Republican majority.

The late Associate Gray of the supreme court was very eccentric. Among his prejudices was a deep and lasting aversion for a typewriter.

The new naval aid to the president, Lieutenant Commander Albert L. Key, seems to have been made to pose in a brilliant uniform. He is more than six feet tall, broad in proportion and straight as an arrow.

Miss Henrietta S. Leavitt, working in the Harvard observatory, has discovered 25 new variable stars.

Dr. G. A. Nunnally, a distinguished Baptist minister of Newman, Georgia, has announced his candidacy for the governorship of his state.

Frederick P. Olcott of New York has given $50,000 to the Dudley observatory and the Albank (New York) female academy.

It is said that Mr. Morosini, the rich New York banker, designs most of his daughter's hats, and they are a delight to the eye.

Steven Baird of Chittenden, Vermont, after working ceaselessly for 40 years, declares he has discovered a method of welding copper, something metallurgists say has never been done before.

The centenary of the birth of Mrs. Browning (March 6) will be celebrated by the Pioneer club in London.

The late Henry Harland is said to have received $70,000 from one of his novels, but his manner of working killed him.

Wassily Safonoff, the Russian conductor, who is now in New York, has astonished his friends by his capacity to be entertained. He can enjoy more lunches, dinners and suppers in a day than any foreign celebrity that ever came here.

Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, in conversation with a friend the other day, laughingly observed that if he had any idea as to the amount of work he would have to perform he would never have taken a job as a member of the United States senate. He is compelled to answer on an average 125 letters per day.

HIS CAMPAIGN HAS MILWAUKEE DIZZY

From the New York World.

"Sherbie" Becker, Milwaukee's boy alderman, wants to be mayor and has been campaigning in a most unique way.

"Sherbie" is the heir of a millionaire. That helps. He has ideas. Those also help. With an eye to the value of advertising he has secured the backing of men who know how to carry out ideas and there is his campaign in tabloid form.

He has been in politics four years and was hardly past the voting age when he was nominated for supervisor from a blue stocking ward. The people laughed at his candidacy. Every person who voted for him expected that his would be about the only vote cast, but there were enough polled for the young aristocrat to elect him by a big margin.

"Sherbie's" first act was to direct the finger of suspicion at the county printing. When he was through the county was saved $35,000 a year on this item of expense alone. This elected him alderman. It came time to vote for a municipal lighting plant. "Sherbie's" rich friends were allied with the interests which had the private lighting contract. "Sherbie" sent out return postal cards to all the voters in his ward asking how they wished him to vote on the city ownership question. When it came time for him to cast his vote, he gave the postal-card poll of his ward and voted—against the desires of his swell friends, and his own family—as his constituents had asked.

With the time drawing near for the opening of the mayoralty campaign, Becker had another idea. He had a quick-hitch apparatus attached to his automobile, and a rope ladder was stretched from his window to the stable. A fire alarm was installed in his room, and whenever there was a second alarm of fire he responded. To the back of his auto he attached a sort of wash-boiler arrangement with a gasoline flame underneath. When the outfit arrived at the fire there would be hot coffee ready to serve the firemen. When possible, sandwiches were served with the coffee. His coachman was killed in one of these runs.

At the opening of the campaign "Sherbie" started a daily newspaper, which contains campaign matter. It is known as "Becker's Bulletin."

Becker has been around the world and, with his camera has taken a lot of pictures, which he is using in a series of free lectures in the schools.

These lectures have crowded the schoolrooms in the early evening hours, and Becker is the idol of the children.

Another way in which Becker recently attracted attention to his campaign was his cordial treatment of 17 Indians from a reservation up the state who had been arrested for cutting pine. All were discharged in court and were to return to their reservation homes when "Sherbie" appeared. One of the Indians he found was a former guide on a fall hunting trip, in which Becker had killed his first deer.

The Indians were paraded around town, Becker giving them a rare dinner at one swell cafe, then beefsteak in plenty at a place where they would feel more at home.

Becker is publishing pictures of himself in his daily paper. Some show him in the garb of cowboy, and others as he has appeared in his travels, dining with potentates and other dignitaries.

LEWIS AND CLARK

At Fort Clatsop:

February 26.—We dispatched Drewyer and two men in the canoe up the Columbia to take sturgeon and anchovy, or should they be unsuccessful in fishing, to purchase fish from the natives. For this purpose we furnished them with a few articles such as please the Indians. We sent J. Fields, Shields and Shannon up the Netul to hunt elk, R. Shields and some others to the prairies of Point Adams. We hope thus to replenish our stock of provisions, now reduced to a minimum. We have only sufficient for three days in store, and that consists only of inferior dried elk, somewhat tainted—no very pleasant prospect for the commissary department.

Fortunes From Seaweed.

From the London Express.

The debts of Norwegian farmers whose holdings lie along the seashore have been paid in recent years by the income arising from the sale of seaweed ashes.

It appears from a report by Consul Rasmussen of Stavanger that the gathering of seaweed in the southwest of Norway has assumed the proportions of a large industry that has surpassed fishing and agriculture in fortune-building.

Farmers collect the apparently worthless growth, burn it, and sell the ashes to agents of British manufacturers. The ashes contain valuable chemical properties, including iodine, but the use to which they are put is not known in Norway.

"Old debts," says the report, "have been paid, and small farms that were isolated and surrounded by unproductive land have had their boundaries extended by the draining of marshes and clearing of rocky wastes that have not been utilized or productive since the stone age.

"Twenty years ago there was not a mowing machine in the entire district, while now there are mowers, hay rakes, harrows and other modern machinery on nearly every farm. Modern dwellings and barns for grain and stock have replaced the ancient hut.

"The transformation has been so great that farming in this particular locality may be said to have acquired an almost American character, but on a smaller scale."

An Artist's Paradise.

Capri, beautiful in itself as a winter resort, offers an irresistible invitation to artists, since it has an inn where any one, by painting a picture on the wall, can get free board.

To the lonely island of Capri, with its perennial summer, its blue grotto, and its lemon groves, came, some 50 years ago, a ruined artist. He opened an inn, and died rich. In his will, leaving the inn to his heirs, he made these conditions:

"The charge per day, two bottles of red Capri wine included, is never to be more than 6 francs.

"If any artist is too poor to pay, he shall paint a picture upon some wall space, receiving all the accommodations accorded to those paying the highest price.

"If any German artist shall come to the inn he shall be accommodated, and shall receive the amount of his fare to Germany upon his promise never to return to Italy."

The inn is conducted today on these conditions. Its walls are covered with paintings. Now and then a German gets his fare home