

THE JOURNAL

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The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

FRANCHISES AND MALEVOLENCE.

EVERY ONE who has lived long in Oregon understands perfectly well the animus of the morning paper in its persistent attacks upon certain citizens who would not on all occasions bow down to its dictation and demands, and knows that its frequent lacerations about franchises granted many years ago are only a manifestation of its characteristic malignancy.

It is true that the councils and other persons in authority who granted and approved those franchises should have looked farther ahead and studied the future with more precision. It is true that even then, as now, no perpetual franchises should have been granted. But if anybody was to blame in the matter it was the men in office who could not or did not see far enough into the future, rather than the men who received the franchises. They only asked what everybody in those days was willing to give them, and glad to see them take at any price or for no price, so as to encourage and aid the development of the small, scrubby city.

The city wanted street railways built, for instance, but where was the money coming from to build them? The town was small, as compared with the present Portland, and while everybody knew it would grow, few if any foresaw to what extent it would grow. The desired railroads would cost a great deal of money, and probably would be operated for a considerable time at a loss. Profits had to be waited for, nobody knew exactly how long. And so, as we say, the franchises were granted, we presume without much if any protest. Perhaps the roads would not have been built for several years, and the development of the city would have been greatly delayed, if other terms had been exacted.

We say again that the granting of perpetual franchises, as we can all see now, although few if anybody saw it then, was a great mistake. The franchises should have contained a provision that after the receipts reached a certain amount the company should pay a certain percentage of its income as a tax. But it is to be remembered that in those days this was not generally required. Free and perpetual franchises were the rule. People had not yet awakened to the policy, not to say the necessity, of limiting franchises in point of time and taxing the companies to which they were granted. Nobody demanded it. What was done here was done everywhere, and as a matter of course. It was not a wise thing to do, any more than it was a wise thing for doctors 100 years ago to bleed all their patients, with whatever ailments they were afflicted, but what was being done elsewhere was done in Portland, and nobody in particular is to blame for it, unless it be the politicians whom the Oregonian always supported. The doctors quit bleeding patients, and the people have quit granting free and perpetual franchises.

So that all these tirades of the morning paper, directed against certain citizens on account of former franchises, are pointless, insincere and inane. The franchises have nothing to do with the attacks, the reason for which we stated at the outset.

MASSACRE OF JEWS.

HOW LONG is the civilized world going to endure this continual massacre of Jews in Russia? No other nation can interfere, it is said; neither England, nor Germany, nor the United States—all must keep mum, inert, phlegmatic, must officially look the other way, while these horrible wholesale assassinations are going on.

It is because international law cannot sanction interference in such a case? Then international law should be driven out of its deep rut. It is because the murderers are nominal "Christians"? Then sch Christianity needs conversion more than heathendom.

WELCOME TO THE NEW STATE OF OREGON.

Old King Leopold says he will govern the Congo state exactly as he pleases and will brook no interference from any government. He holds the lives of millions of foreign human beings in his hands by "divine right," we suppose. Welcome to the new state of Oklahoma, making the 46th star. Next year we may have the 47th and 48th, as Arizona and New Mexico are on the waiting list.

worth saving, is horrified at these demonic atrocities and hellish massacres. There will be revolution in Russia. There ought to be. A government that cannot prevent or permits, that probably encourages and authorizes these awful crimes, deserves to be consumed "with fire and sword."

Russia has apologized and professed and pretended and lied long enough. Its government is a cruel thing, that in its present form ought to be wiped off the face of the blood-weeping earth. Kishenev is repeated at Bialystock, and elsewhere, everywhere, in that widespread land of multiplied horrors.

A PARTY'S PREDICAMENT.

THE question that the Republican party have done in the Packers' inspection business, the Anthracite oil affair, the Standard Oil, the Beef trust, the Rebate railroads—If it had not been for President Roosevelt?

Everybody knows that not a thing would have been done against or about them. Now if the anti-Roosevelt Republicans control the next national Republican convention—in fact, if anybody in sight but Roosevelt or La Follette is nominated for president, what, or what not, will the Republican party do?

We all know. Experience, an old maxim says, is an expensive but a valuable teacher. The Republican party leaders, most of them anti-Roosevelts—are in the hardest row of political stumps they ever encountered—and a good many of them know it.

Roosevelt could doubtless be re-elected in 1908, if he would say the word, in spite of the Republican party; for he is really not of it; but if he adheres to his determination not to run, who? What?

It is a curious predicament for the Republican party; the only man it can elect is not really a Republican and is a man its leaders hate. The explanation is easy and can be told in a word: The People are waking up!

The Britisher is slow to see, take, or make a joke, but when he does indulge in humor it is of the Titanic sort. The movement to abolish the house of lords is the best joke we have heard of since Bill Nye circulated his petition for the removal of the chief of the weather bureau on the ground of unjust discrimination against Wyoming in the matter of snow.

At the very moment that the statement is made that Kansas was never so prosperous, that there are no unemployed in the state, and that as an inducement to get men to aid in building up the commonwealth fried chicken is promised for dinner every day, the news comes that the Populists cannot get enough men together to hold a conference.

Whatever style of canal is constructed, the statesmen of the future, whose grandfather is not born yet, will "point the finger of scorn" at the engineers, will turn "the eye of contempt" on the builders, and will "denounce in the strongest language at my command" the shameful waste of money. This, of course, in the event that the canal is ever built.

An Arkansas negro was sentenced to 999 years in the penitentiary for seizing a white girl by the foot. It was a bad trick and deserved reasonable punishment, but if a white man had seized a negro girl by the foot, the same judge would doubtless have laughed at it as a good joke.

A professor has declared that the Nehalem stuff about which hundreds of columns have been written is sure-enough beeswax. Now will come somebody of equal authority who will declare it isn't beeswax, and the whole subject will be flailed over again.

It is fitting to state that Margaret Neville does the firefly in true vampire and fox-woman fashion. Though her presence on the stage is transitory, she left the feeling that the character about which the fates of the principals revolved had been portrayed correctly in the mind's mirror.

Beloved Billy Mills made a home-like and comfortable Waddies and brought about a deal of the laughter. Harry Byers did better work than last week. Fred Emelton gave a Colonel Graham that was artistically correct. Mrs. Byers can be congratulated on a life-like piece of work.

Letters From the People on Topics of Current Interest

The Initiative and Referendum.—Portland, June 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see in your valuable paper an interview on the initiative and referendum law, a law which I consider a wholesome shield for the protection of the masses from those who get rich as spoils taken from others rather than as the product of their own honest efforts and skill.

I wish to remind Mr. Forbes that the masses—the people—are not practically ignorant; that they do not need a "course of education to treat these questions rightly"; that history, as you know it, is almost wholly a record of the inspirations of the so-called "crank" who invariably comes from those same masses who have the distinction of deciding all important questions for the betterment of mankind.

The history of the past 100 years shows a broader education in these same people than the "newspapers of the state" can furnish; that the masses have risen in that time in face of difficulties caused by poverty and toil, and have developed fiber, resolution and resources for their own defense and taken as a new incentive to action.

I shall leave it to any thinking man to say whether this law is not needed to remind the man of millions that his millions are not his, and that there is danger in the development of his baser elements of nature at the expense of his better and nobler faculties, for neither high office nor great wealth creates a virtue.

No thinking man doubts the decision of Mr. Forbes "intelligent man," when success is measured by the gathering of much gold, of stocks, of bonds, etc. But the masses who have been and always shall be men of character and of means to invest without fear where nothing more than justice is demanded. MRS. A. BONHAM (A Laborer's Wife).

Repeal the Year of Jubilee.—Portland, June 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—I noticed the article in Wednesday's Journal in which it is stated that the American Biscuit company had discharged many of its employees for refusing to work on Sunday. It hardly seems possible in this enlightened and Christianized nation that such a thing could be. Surely greed and avarice have at last found their limit.

With the small pittance which the company pays its employees it seeks to buy both body and soul. And aside from the question of religious sentiment, what a man work and slave himself into an early grave merely for the purpose of putting a few extra dollars into the coffers of the octopus? Ordinary justice and common sense would see against such a treatment. A company guilty of such an act should be boycotted by every honest and right-minded man in Portland. If that is the only remedy, and it seems to be, the writer of this article is of the opinion that the days of slavery have passed. Who will start the crusade? S. N. E.

And no scene ever seen at a local theatre was more beautiful than that shown in the first, third and fourth acts of this great play. Just a minute! Last week we said that Jewel Power did not know how to make love. This week she tries to flirt and falls miserably. No man would be so foolish as to fall for her. This week she is flirts as Jewel Power does it.

This week's bill at the Baker can be recommended to young boys who are sowing wild oats and to old boys who have harvested the crop. Last night at the Hellig theatre, on the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Washington streets, just a block from engine company No. 3, and not so very far from a brewery, a large audience laughed.

Laughter began when Ben Lodge sprang a joke to the effect that he didn't care where he went when he died because he had friends in both places, a gag used with great force and effect by another actor. The first boat theatre, Laughter continued when there was a solo entitled "She Has No Papa Now," a highly original little thing whistled by Hannibal while he was crossing the Alps.

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Lottie Kendall is sweet in "Said Pasha" as she is always, but there is little life to her work. Bessie Tannehill sings remarkably well of course, and Ned Lynch works hard and deserves the thanks of the audience for a pretty solo, "Only in Dreams." Millar Bacon makes the most of a thankless role, and Laurel Atkins really does good work in "Yano" by Bacon and the male chorus was tuneful and made somewhat of a hit.

Speaking of the chorus reminds us. Their costumes this week are pretty and well adapted in any way, and should be for that. But the pretty Oregon rollers cannot keep step and get mixed up now and then. The male members of the aforesaid chorus will, we fear, never be quoted as correspondents in a divorce suit.

Now, the prime object of a comic opera, of course, is to make people laugh. It doesn't make so very much difference what it is in the production that causes the laugh. And considering this, we might say that this week's production by the Kendall company of "Said Pasha" at the Helligs fulfills its purpose. You'll laugh, all right, all right! Oh, yes! You'll laugh.

Do You Know?—Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way. Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor. Whitebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

A Little Nonsense

What is your favorite story—joke, anecdote, or pun? Everybody has one that he or she thinks is the best "you ever heard." The Journal asks you to send in your best, and that appeals most strongly to its readers, and will give two cash prizes a week for the best short stories sent to the Home Editor. The stories need not be original, but they must not be over 200 words and must contain at least one "wit." For \$2.00 will be paid; \$1 will be given for the best. You can send in as many stories as you like. Every journal reader has a chance to win the prize.

Small Farms.—Portland, June 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your very apt leader in the "Small Farms" column, "Divide Up the Large Farms," heads in the right—soon to be popular—direction. When this becomes a nation of small farmers, as the great French humanitarians of the 18th century had, and his unmatchable military genius, made France, instead of a land as it is now, of beef, cattle and land trust barons, it will shroud with "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The four first acts already past. A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's latest offering is the last. "This denouncement is drawing fast and furious now, from meat packers and associate disclosures. The hold of the cattle and cognate octopus is now broken never to be regained. In "self-defense" the land barons, deprived of their peace in the packing robbery of the world, will be compelled to find other markets for their four-footed product.

It goes without saying they can never obtain past exorbitant prices, hence they will be unable to sustain their former nefarious relations to the God-forsaken domestic twofifths of their former-present illegal, oppressive holdings must dissipate. Then, thank God, the honest yeoman, one nucleus of a nation's pride, will be guaranteed opportunity, under the protection of law, to obtain a fair and honest market for the opportunity tempts acceptance, of the small farms comprehended in the division mooted. BOBEY.

Days of Slavery Have Passed.—Portland, June 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—I noticed the article in Wednesday's Journal in which it is stated that the American Biscuit company had discharged many of its employees for refusing to work on Sunday. It hardly seems possible in this enlightened and Christianized nation that such a thing could be. Surely greed and avarice have at last found their limit.

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BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.—Three times and in.—W. J. B. Told you it would clear up; didn't say when. Now, who was the original Bryan man? A cabbage patch beats the Cabbage Patch Show. Young men, do something useful during vacation. The legal voters of Sellwood precinct must decide. Men least qualified to give advice are slowest in giving it. Did it ever do anybody any good to kick about the weather? Praise the things your wife cooks, even if it be hard to eat them. It is no thanks to them when some men become "done with politics." It was scarcely expected that J. Ogden Armour would praise the president. Doubtless we shall soon hear it now about 400 times a day: "Is it hot—eh? fr y-u?" It is feared that Dewey can never be strengthened up to the point of resigning. The main difference between some men and sponges is that sponges will take water. Some people run three blocks to catch a car rather than walk four to get to their destination. No. Ethylsnoe, the muck-rake is not used in gardens any more, only in magazines and newspapers. One of the unaccountable things about the president is why he has kept that fellow Shaw about him so long. Jacobson will run against Johnson for governor of Minnesota. There ought to be more Johns than Jacobs there. A Kansas City woman fainted upon learning that her taxes were so high. She would have called in a doctor and given him her property for his fees. Probably Albany, McMinnville and other prohibition towns will find that they can get along just as well without saloons. "Hermann was once a good man, but he is not running for office now," remarks the Silverton Appeal. The last statement is undoubtedly true. The Tacoma Ledger takes nearly a column to show the inconsistency of the Oregonian. But what's the use of proving something that everybody who reads the Oregonian knows? Congress adjourned the other day to go out and see an airship sailing or swimming around over the capitol. If they had been at Portland last summer, as they should have been, they could have seen the same sight on several occasions.

ARMY OF DISTANT.—Charles E. Hughes, speaking of professional agitators before the Manufacturers' association in New York, told this one: "The howl about discontent and unrest in this country," he said, "reminds me of an evening in the presidential campaign of 1888 when a party of gentlemen stood before the Hoffman house. A man who is very well known in New York said: 'Gentlemen, if William McKinley is elected president you will see the army of discontent and unrest gathered from all parts of the country, encamped on the Jersey heights and threatening your capitalistic city. Mark my words!'" "This," said he, "is the bullet they took out of my leg at Gettysburg." He cried, "The bullet they took out," he said, "but not the limp." BOBEY.

THE VETERAN'S CHARM.—Three veterans, hale and hearty despite their thin hair and their white beards, were lunching together. "Do you see this?" said the first, and he held up his watch chain—a ball of dull metal set in a square of gold. "Do you know what this is? This is the bullet that they took out of my left arm at Bull Run." The second veteran displayed his charm—a metal ball set in a gold cross. "This," said he, "is the bullet they took out of my leg at Gettysburg." He cried, "The bullet they took out," he said, "but not the limp." BOBEY.

HOW HE KNEW THE TIME.—A negro amateur telegrapher was repairing a copula of a local hotel and he found his footing fell three stories to the ground. He brought suit against the management, alleging that the guttering was defective and allowed him to slip. "What time did this accident happen?" asked the lawyer for the hotel. "You seem to remember everything else about it." "It was 5 o'clock," the witness said. "How do you know it was just 5 o'clock?" "Because I saw the people eating dinner as I passed the windows," the witness answered.

NEW USE FOR A YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—A friend of a visit to Yorkshire caught a chill and was confined to his bed. His hostess thought to give her sick visitor a treat during his confinement, so she baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs. "Put it on the fire," she said. "It'll shift yer cowl." "Going up some time later, she inquired: "Well, 'ave ya etten it up?" "Etten it?" the witness gasped. Her visitor said: "No, I'm wearing it on my chest!"

HOSPITALS FOR SNAKES AND FISH.—There are hospitals galore in New York for the doctoring of ill of human beings. There are also numerous hospitals for various kinds of animals. A dog or cat may go to a hospital, so may many kinds of wild fish. Down in Grand street there is a fish and snake hospital, and here a good deal of delicate work is done under trying circumstances. Give a snake a thorough check-up, and you may make a bell or pocketbook of his skin the next minute if you choose, for a snake is so cold-blooded and its temperature when normal so low that an artificial stalling of his pulse will kill him. There was a python in the hospital that had a cancer in its mouth, and it was not at all pleased with the attention the men paid it. It was a very strong snake and it took four men to hold it and one to remove the three little spots, which if they remained would in time be the undoing of the snake. There was a great deal of scraping, lancing and cauterizing to do.

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HAT ON A LONG JOURNEY.—An old derby hat passed through here yesterday for a trip over the Fargo express lines. The hat was started from St. Joseph and afterward to Topeka. It was sent west from here. "It was marked and supposed to be the property of Judge Rooney of Omaha, and here a tag, with instructions to all agents to forward it on the long journey over the lines of the express company. At each station where the hat stops the agent puts the tag of his office on the hat and sends it on. After it has passed several thousand miles it will be covered with tags until it will be almost impossible to find the color, and tags will be pasted upon tags, on the inside and on the outside, and every tag will bear a different office stamp. This is one of the various ways the messengers have just to pass away the time, and often such articles travel around the world. These packages pass through often, and if one has traveled in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver. Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm oil. Heating was discovered in a particle of wax, but is composed of turpentine, shellac and cinnamon. The tuberoses is no rose, but a species of elyanth.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.—No more cattle at large in Beaverton. Nearly all Oregon towns will celebrate. Land around Freewater sells for \$300 an acre. Umatilla county expects its largest wheat crop. About 125 acres of hemp around Selk looking well. Business in The Dalles cheese factory rapidly increasing. Two large bears killed near Butler, Polk county, last week. If much talking will do it, Astoria will some day have a new hotel. Couville has a woman's development league and they are going to beautify that town. Despite the short cherry crop the Newberg cannery will be kept busy this summer. A 400-acre farm on Myrtle creek will be subdivided and sold in small tracts. Good scheme. There is every indication that Salem is going to take the Dallas and Falls City road; and this summer. Beaverton furnishes as much freight for the railroad as any correspondent, as Hillsboro or Forest Grove. A Clatskanie head of lettuce weighed over three pounds, the solid part measuring seven inches in diameter. During the last year the Arlington postoffice sold \$2,254 worth of postage stamps. Had the amount been \$2,000 he would have secured a raise of \$100 in his salary. Astoria has a \$2,000,000 fishing industry, and surrounding the city it has the largest body of merchantable timber in the world. In this advantage not worth advertising? A new hotel will form the missing link, says the Budget. It is unlawful for any person to capture or destroy more than 50 crabs in one day in Coos county. No crabs are allowed to be shipped out of the county. This act doesn't apply to the catching of crabs with a mixture of the exportation of the canned product. In 1884 Sam Anderson, living 15 miles west of Pendleton on the Umatilla river, went back to Missouri and on his return brought a bushel of walnuts which he planted in the county. A beautiful grove of walnut trees which are considered very valuable by the owner as well as a pleasing sight to the hundreds who pass the place daily upon the cars. Woodburn Independent: Woodburn enjoys a good trade. The city will comparatively soon have electric motor lines. More small industries will be established here. All have or should possess the greatest confidence in a brighter future for Woodburn, and if we had good roads leading to this city there would be no doubt of it. That is the one obstacle. Let's clear it away.

A VALUABLE DOG.—"Oh, never mind. The devil take you. No, don't go yet, let us have another brandy." "No, I must go." "Then I will go with you." The man walked the street some distance in silence. "Don't you know anybody who wants a dog?" asked Dubow at last. "You must surely know somebody who wants a dog," said the man. "I tell you I paid 200 roubles for her when she was a pup." "No, I don't know anybody." Again they walked along in silence until they reached Knaps's house. Then, as they were about to part the lieutenant said: "Do you know if the dogcatcher will call for a dog if you write?" "I believe so." "Then I will write today. He may ask the brute for all my care. I am disgusted with the mongrel. Yesterday she stole all the meat I had in the house. Yes, if any thing were a thoroughbred I would not say anything, but she looks like a mongrel, a mixture of a mongrel and a hog. Good afternoon." And Dubow walked on, followed by his dog.

KING JOHN'S LOVING CUP.—When King John crossed with his army the Wash of Lincolnshire in October, 1216, the chronicles state that his baggage and considerable amount of treasure were swallowed up by the rising tide. A relic of that catastrophe has just been unearthed by a man digging in the fringe of the Wash. This man, however, says that the other day, corroded, double-handled pitcher about eight inches in height and weighing nearly three pounds. A local builder, H. Tansley, who happened to be passing, paid a shilling for the soil-stained utensil and took it home. A few days later, on showing his purchase to W. St. John Hope, a Lincolnshire antiquarian, that gentleman became much interested and together they repaired to a local jeweler. After the cup had been cleaned, its metal was found to be silver, very richly chased and ornamented. The date, 1155, was also found. Thinly marked on the cup, which is deemed to have formed part of King John's treasure which he lost while retreating from the French.

CHINESE Valedictorian.—From the Denver Times. Unusual interest attaches to the graduating exercises of the Albuquerque high school this year, in that the valedictorian is Sam Ho Kee, a Chinese boy, whose exceptional ability has surprised his instructors at every stage of his high school course. Sam Ho is easily the leader of his class of 10 young men and women, and it has been known for some time that the valedictory honor would be given to him. It is the first time in the United States that a Chinese has had such an honor. Sam Ho Kee was born in China 18 years ago. He had his early education in the Chinese schools and subsequently came under the influence of mission teachers in Pekin. Later, when his father moved to San Francisco he entered the public schools there. The boy came to Albuquerque six years ago. He completed the high school course in three years. Sam says that he will now prepare for Yale. He proposes after finishing his college course to study medicine.