EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

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> Occasion may be the bugle call summoning an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers nor win victories.—Garfield.

THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

WHEN young Senator Beveridge and Senator Lodge make an appeal to Republicans, saying the Democratic party is a good party of opposition but should not be trusted with government itself, they are oblivious to logic in a way quite discreditable to senators. There can be no valuable opposition to a good thing, so if the Republican party is all right all opposition to it is bad. If it is not all right and the Democratic party points out its errors and the remedies, then the Democratic party is the one that should be trusted to correct these errors and apply the remedies.

The fact is the Republican party has been the party in power for nearly half a century. It is responsible for present conditions, so far as any political party is responsible. It is appealing to popular feeling today on the strength of President Roosevelt's achievements. And they may say what they please, these achievements have been along Democratic lines, with Democratic aid and against the real feeling and real creed of the Republican party.

Every man knows in his heart that the Republican leaders had to be whipped into line with Democratic help and by the big stick of the president. Everyone knows that the Republican party leaders in the senate and in the organization would knife Roosevelt to the heart if they dared.

If the Democratic party is valuable as an opposition, it is more valuable as a party to be entrusted with power to kill the evils it opposes. That is logic.

PROTECTION.

EX-GOVERNOR DOUGLAS of Massachusetts, who is visiting in Portland, though a manufacturer on a very large scale, is not a protectionist, and says that only the trusts receive the benefit of protection. Shoes, he says, and he knows what he is talking about, can be sold in large quantities abroad in competition with foreign manufacturers, and a far greater amount of them could be sold abroad except for the duty on hides and sole leather—a duty that does the farmer and cattle-raiser on a small scale no good whatever, but only benefits the beef trust. American manufacturers of shoes pay higher wages than are paid abroad, but they need no protection in order to do so. The reasons for this have been often stated, and need no repetition. That the duty on many articles of American manufacture is simply a means of enabling the manufacturers to extort unreasonable profits from American consumers is demonstrated in many instances. The case of steel is a luminous one. American steel is sold in many foreign countries at the American price less the duty, the manufacturers paying the freight abroad besides. The duty of $8 per ton or more is simply a legal holdup of American consumers in order that the trust may make profits amounting to tens of millions a year. This is only one example of many that might be mentioned, all of which show that high duties have for their sole object the enrichment of trusts or combinations of manufacturers, and monopolists of necessaries. The plea that the high duties protect the American laborer is wholly delusive and meretricious. Employers buy their labor as cheaply as they can and secure good efficient labor. Those who divide profits with their employes are very rare. The high duty enables them to amass millions, to take trips to Europe and play high stakes at Monte Carlo, to divorce their wives and squander fortunes on Floradora girls, to marry their daughters to foreign titles, to buy American congressmen, to corrupt elections and to consider the common consuming American people their oranges and oysters.

MILD CLIMATE.

THE Manufacturers' Record, published in Baltimore, speaking of the advantage of a mild climate for building operations, says: "There is no day in the year in which some crop cannot be grown in some one of the 14 southern states or in which stress of heat or cold may compel a suspension of manufacturing. In no part of the south are the winters so severe as to limit for many days at a time any kind of work upon buildings, and in most of it there need be, on account of weather, no interruption of work into which reenforced concrete enters."

Almost the same could be said of the Pacific coast states, whose winter climate is scarcely more severe than that of the central south. Rains, if somewhat continuous at times, are scarcely ever severe, frost in the lower altitudes makes but brief visits, and many kinds of work go on with but little interference or interruption.

The Record has building and manufacturing operations only in view, but to the agriculturalist, the dairyman and the stockman the mild winters of a great portion of the Pacific coast are of even greater value than to mechanics. As compared with northern states east of the big divide stock needs but little feeding and along the coast almost none; farm operations can often be carried on extensively in one or more of the winter months, and outdoor labor, with rain-proof apparel is not only possible without great discomfort, but there is always plenty of work to be done to advantage, as is not the case in a frozen-up region. Then the fact that this region is free from blizzards, cyclones, tornadoes and very destructive floods is another big item in its favor.

Take it year in and year out, one year with another, the Oregonian has no good reason to complain of the climate. If after living here a few years he goes back to Minnesota or New England or Kansas or even down south, he is likely to have the Oregon fever until he comes back or dies, hoping that heaven is as good a place as Oregon.

Smile at the rain. We need lots of it. It is beginning now to rain next year's gold.

The increased number of open streetcars continues to be the people's best weather guide. The forecast for the week is—Closed cars, windows hermetically sealed, and with doors hard to open: Fair, with soft and balmy breezes. Open cars, with soggy curtains flapping: Rain, eager and nipping air; followed by pneumonia.

If General Funston is not needed to prevent the Cubans from looking cross-eyed at each other, Mr. Roosevelt might have him visit those districts in the south which are busy elevating the negro with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

Any nation possessed of a love of humanity and heavy artillery and that is fond of intervening can find a splendid field for its operations in Russia. According to Napoleon's war maxims, however, the heavy artillery is absolutely necessary.

The straw vote has again been taken in the Empire state, and shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that Hughes or Hearst will be elected, according to the political sentiments of the people who made the canvas.

Seattle has not offered $200,000 for the deciding game of the world's baseball championship series, probably because she has used all her stage money in buying mythical ships for an imaginary steamship line.

It took nearly 40 years of Mr. Hughes' time and unremitting care to cultivate that luxuriant beard which has made him famous from one end of the country to the other as "Whiskers."

The weather is so cold in New York that the heat engendered by the hottest campaign ever held in the state does not serve to mitigate the sufferings of the poor.

General Funston on his way from Cuba may be regarded as testimony that the "big stick" is considered mightier than the sword.

Though the harvest is over, the call for labor is still loud, continuous and insistent. It will be a busy winter on the Pacific coast.

Pleasures of Rich.

A society writer for Vanity Fair (now one of Lord Northcliff's papers) maintains that Father Vaughan's strictures on smart society are perfectly merited.

"A man told me the other day, who was staying with some of the set whom Vaughan attacked, that both men and women played leapfrog in the hall in the evening after dinner. The hostess bore a great name. Many of the guests are well-known women in society.

"I have heard and seen so-called amusement in country houses beside which leapfrog is considered a game of great refinement. A girl well known in certain hunting circles told me that after dinner in the billiard-room a man came up and said: 'Do let me weigh you, Miss X. I will carry you across the room. There were weighing scales in the room, but when I quite good-naturedly refused, he then actually said: 'Well, look here, if you don't let me carry you I shall empty my whiskey and soda down the back of your frock.'

"She, never for a moment suspecting he was in earnest, said: 'All right, you can, but I shan't be weighed,' and he actually turned half of his whiskey and soda down the back of her neck, amid the roars of laughter of every one.

"A male relative of mine was visiting a well-known hostess. After dinner the woman next to him, during a slightly heated argument, lifted a finger-bowl and poured the water down his neck. His retaliation was to put a whole plate of his grape skins down the back of her dress."

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Good American Business.

Practically every industry in the country (except where strikes prevail or are threatened), led by iron and steel, is crowded to its utmost limit with orders, several of them having booked to their capacity for the first half of 1907.

Iceland has decided to buy American goods direct instead of through Denmark.

Arizona ranks third among the states and territories producing copper ore. Its manufacturing capital (census of 1905) is $14,395,000, an increase of $4,878,000 in five years, and its yearly manufacturing output is $28,083,000, an increase of $7,644,000. Its female school teachers are better paid than those of any other state or territory in the union; it has nearly $12,000,000 on deposit in its financial institutions; only 33 women and 18 children are included in its 4,793 wage earners, or 48.6 per cent less than in 1900; of its 130,000 population 98,000 are white; it is in good shape for separate statehood.

In five years, 1900-05, the larger American factories increased their invested capital to $12,635,000, a gain of 41.3 per cent; their yearly product to $14,800,000, a gain of 29.7 per cent, and their yearly wage-earners' payrolls to $2,611,000,000, a gain of 29.8 per cent. The number of wage-earners increased 15.9 per cent.

Good American business is now causing the output in our country of 1,000,000,000 pounds of copper yearly, worth probably $180,000,000, to sell, with a profit on the operation of $80,000,000 a year. After supplying home needs we exported in the past 12 months 450,000,000 pounds of copper and 15,000,000 pounds of brass. In this we got not only a profit on the metal but also a profit on its manufacture into bars, ingots, etc., from countries abroad.

Before the fires had cooled in Valparaiso a 1,200,000 foot cargo of American lumber left Puget Sound for that port.

Labor Question in China.

The almost universal use of fans in many parts of China gives rise to an important industry. In Nanking some 60,000 or 70,000 people are employed in the work of making paper fans. Hardly any machinery, except that of the simplest kind, is used at present, but enerprising foreigners are investigating the possibility of supplanting handwork by machinery. Doubtless machines could be devised which would reduce the demand for fanmakers to less hundreds than there are now thousands employed in Nanking, but what would happen to the displaced thousands?

Disappointing Hospitality.

A Philadelphia business man recently had as guest a friend from Toledo, an extremely busy individual, little familiar with the social graces.

For the first evening of his stay a dinner party had been arranged. The hostess had provided a most attractive young woman for the Toledo man; and it was thought that he would take a desperate fancy to her, which indeed he did.

When the guests had gathered and were ready to go out, the host, with his politest bow, said:

"Mr. Blank, will you please take Miss Dash out to dinner?"

"Certainly," responded the Toledo man, with alacrity, "but I understand that we were to have dinner here in the house."

Ici-Bas.

From the French of Sully-Prudhomme.

Here below the lilacs lie,
All the song-birds heavenward fly;
I dream of a summer for ever and aye.

Here below the lips that greet
Leave no imprint when they meet;
I dream of a kill that will ever be sweet.

Here below the lovers mourn
Friendships dead and hearts forlorn;
I dream of the ties that shall never be torn.

—Charles Houston Goudiss.

The Useful Walnut.

In some parts of France walnuts form a regular article of diet. The peasants eat them with bread that has oftentimes been rubbed with garlic. The hygienic effects are considered good, replacing meat to a large extent. These nuts are also used to make oil. It is much cheaper and similar in taste to that pressed from olives, and is employed to adulterate the latter. The prisoners in certain prisons are engaged in cracking walnuts and picking out the kernels, which are pressed into oil.

Telephones in Theatre Boxes.

From the London Opinion.

To enable young married women, if they become anxious, to telephone home and inquire as to the condition of their children, telephones are fitted in every private box of the Coliseum.

It is a common thing in the opera and many West End theatres to see a queue of ladies waiting their turn at the telephone between the acts, just "to have a word with nurse."

The "Interests" in Mexico

BUELL BUTTERFIELD, IN THE PUBLIC.

It may seem venturesome even to assume the possibility of war between the United States and Mexico. But forewarned is forearmed. Nothing will be lost and something for international peace and national independence may be gained, if the people on both sides of the line are watchful and thoughtful.

The plutocrats of the United States, in 1846, provoked an unjust war for the double purpose of despoiling Mexico of a great slave-holding territory, while diverting public atention from the slavery question then being agitated. So in 1898, did the newer interests of monopoly foment the Cuban revolution against Spain, providing the Cubans with money and weapons, while the plutocratic newspapers fairly breathed the spirit of intervention. We do not even know who it was that destroyed the battleship Maine at Havana, and thus brought on a war which all efforts until then had failed to precipitate, and which brought subject colonies into the control of the Interests, besides, most important, helping to tide over the election of 1900.

* * *

The habit of sacrificing nations to themselves is nearly universal among privileged classes threatened with equality. The war in South Africa was fought to acquire a rich subject territory, and save the Jingo power in England. The war in Asia had two objects: To conquer new subject territory, and to save the autocracy of Russia. These wars failed of their greatest objects—the killing of the discontented, and the diverting of public atention from the nation's real enemies. Yet such wars are repeated again and again, and even now the plutocrats of the United States intend that their nation shall go to war.

For years they have visibly been casting about for some suitable country with which to war. Germany offered, but such a nation cannot be despoiled, even if vanquished; Morrocco, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, China and Colombia have all been looked over with war in view within three years. But no nation answers the requirements so well as Mexico.

Mexico is contiguous territory. Its government is antiplutocratic. Above all, while not able to withstand the United States, it can put up a real fight, one that will keep the United States busy until after 1908. Meanwhile, the interests could run things as they please; could buy high per cent bonds and could sell embalmed beef to both sides. Afterward, two exhausted nations would be at their mercy—one to be despoiled of Sonora and the other of its public rights.

* * *

In a long contest Mr. Rockefeller has been fairly beaten by President Diaz. Rockefeller's efforts to dominate Mexico have always been met by maneuvers which left him where he began—with the same powers as others have. When Mr. Rockefeller's railroad (the Central) tried to buy the national system the government bought in ahead of him; when he spoke of acquiring the Mexican oil wells President Dais advocated, in a published interview, that they be nationalized. When Mr. Rockefeller contracted to buy the whole oil output the government proposed to buy his junk line, the Central. At different times, corners and trusts have been established, each time to collapse at the prompt removal of the tariff on the article cornered. And now Mr. Rockefeller is keeping very quiet in Mexico. His feelings, or rather those of his dummies, are very much hurt, and they will not again attempt to do business in such a country as Mexico. Capital will withdraw from the country, we are told, frightened away by the hostile attitude of the unappreciative people and the government.

* * *

Every natural human right is as well guaranteed in Mexico as in the United States, and the vast riches of Mexico are open to all the world. The man in New York has only to ask for what he wants that is Mexico's and it is his almost for the asking; he need never even see the country in all his life. The sons of the country are not preferred to the man or woman of any land. But the man who takes more than he needs was not even thought of in the simple calculation; and when he appeared on the scene it was to meet the disapproving watchfulness of an alert government. At every turn the great monopolist, elsewhere always victorious, was quietly checkmated by the man who has never made $1,000,000, but has made a nation prosperous and happy. But the interests never give up; they will not relinquish their intention of dominating Mexico. There also must they resort to war, if they are to accomplish their purpose.

They have stirred up rumors of revolution, a thing that for 30 years has been of the past. Probably the riots at the copper camp of Cananea last June were of their making; for the lives of their countrymen are nothing to them, and the copper trust is fully capable of having committed that double treason. Very likely the present insurrection in Cuba, like those fomented in Venezuela by the asphalt trust, comes about through their machinations. How quickly comes the talk of intervention! Did not just such a revolution once take place at Panama?

* * *

In spite of all of the rumors, there is no country so tranquil as Mexico. Not a single one of the great powers of Europe is in a state of internal peace so well contented as that of Mexico, unless we count Great Britain and Germany as exceptions. Yet Mexico has practically no standing army. There are only about 25,000 men. But present indications seem to point this way: that if at any time it should be possible to stir up some kind of a revolution in Mexico, or even a pretended revolution, the trusts of the United States may be depended upon to do it. If possible, the revolution will be "anti-foreign" and hireling ruffians, the riff-raff of the cities, will be hired with oily money to murder a few American citizens (no matter about them, of course), and stir up as big a disturbance as they can. Of course, this will be considered ground for an immediate invasion from the United States, and thus will follow a war that will not terminate until North America is depleted of brave men. But, no matter for the fallen independence of one nation, or the forgotten republic of the other; no matter for the lost men and broken homes; no matter—to the interests—for the thousands who die upon parching battlefields defending the lost flags.

Congress Looks Good.

Former Governor James E. Campbell, who was once regarded as a Democratic presidential possibility, has accepted the nomination for congress in the Third Ohio district.

Politicians by Heredity.

Philip B. Stewart, who declined to run as the Republican candidate for governor of Colorado, is a son of John W. Stewart, once governor of Vermont, and a grandson of Horatio Seymour.

Bishop McCabe's Birthday

Bishop C. C. McCabe, one of the most widely known bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, celebrated his 70th birthday yesterday. He was born at Athens, Ohio, October 31, 1836. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan university and entered the Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1860.

The most adventurous part of his career was his work as a federal chaplain during the Civil war. He was captured at Winchester and confined in Libby prison. After the war he became pastor at Portsmouth, Ohio, and financial agent

Bishop McCabe, Who Is Three Score Years and Ten.

of Ohio Wesleyan university. His work in obtaining money for the university attracted the attention of the newly formed Church Extension society, which enlisted him as assistant secretary.

In 1884, at a critical period in the existence of the Methodist Missionary society, he undertook the secretaryship of that important organization. During his long connection with these two societies Dr. McCabe's work has made him famous throughout the Christian world. Millions of dollars have been raised and expended under his auspices. His voice has been heard in more hamlets, villages, towns and cities than that of any other living Methodist.

The Play

By Johnston McCulley.

A mummy cannot talk and a maid can. At the Heilig last night when Richard Carle's "The Maid and the Mummy" was produced, several hundred people sat in their seats and wished devoutly that the mummy would talk and the maid wouldn't.

Because of some mistake in booking this season's attractions, "The Maid and the Mummy," it is alleged, could not be housed at the Heilig longer than one night. Therefore the first-nighters and the second and third-nighters joined together last night in comfortably filling the Washington street theatre. The curtain arose on almost schedule time and disclosed to view some grimy scenery and some grimy costumes upon some girls whose forms were shapely because the costumers knew their business. After half an hour of preliminary skirmishing, Florence Coolman tripped upon the stage and warbled a ditty entitled "Flo, Flo," which caused people to sit up and look at their programs. Miss Coolman, said the programs, was playing "The Maid," and the first song promised much. But much is sometimes promised.

Then there passed before the audience the usual comic opera characters, all of mediocre ability, and at last Fred Warren, as Bolivar the Mummy, dropped before the footlights. From that time until the last curtain fell Fred Warren worked his mightiest and what credit goes to the show goes to Fred Warren. He made the most of his role, he labored incessantly to provoke a laugh, and he won. He is a comedian, is Warren, worth the price of admission. But the crowd of chorus girls that attempted to back him up, though they worked hard enough, failed to evoke any great amount of enthusiasm. The audience kept its eye on the wings waiting for the entrance of Warren.

As a show "The Maid and the Mummy" is superior to "The Royal Chef." There are several strong hits in it, the most popular ones being "Bad Experiences," by Warren, Earle Dewey and Joe Edmonds; "Gee! It's Great to Be Crazy," by Edmonds; "I Fell in Love With Polly," by Dewey and chorus; "The Little Village Cut-Up," by Selma Harris, and "Peculiar Julia," by Dewey and chorus.

In this last number the chorus really made a hit. But it was the only place here the chorus did.

There was an abundance of characters in the show, and it was characterized, as are all of Carle's productions, by a dash and go that keeps an audience guessing. But "The Maid and the Mummy" fails to hold together consistently, and one is inclined to think the real good of the show is smothered in the number of characters and the effort of the producers to give each one a chance to make a hit. There wasn't an excellent voice in the entire aggregation. Earle Dewey comes the nearest satisfying in that line. None of the female members of the company could sing. Costumes were changed frequently, but they all bore stains of an eastern season and a trip across the continent. Fred Warren, with a droll mimicry, and Earle Dewey with his songs and his natural stage walk, constitute "The Maid and the Mummy." It is a case of a man and a mummy, because the maid wasn't there last night and isn't the play at all. The maid is entirely secondary; and it would have been more consistent to have called the show "The Mummy." But that would never have done, of course. There has to be a maid in a comic opera.

"The Maid and the Mummy" was here for a one-night stand. There will be no other chance for Portland playgoers to see it unless the company is able to work in a return date later in the season.

He Denies It.

D. J. Campau, the Michigan Democratic leader, denies the report that he favors Hearst for the presidency.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS of TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Fine place to go just now—Hood River.

* *

The supply of Havana cigars will not be affected.

* *

The harvest is past, but the summer declines to end.

* *

Some other people besides the Cubans should be relieved of firearms.

* *

Nobody seems to care whether David Bennett Hill is for or against Hearst.

* *

It is still confidently believed that there will be plenty of football mud.

* *

We will have a race problem on our hands down in Cuba, too, if we annex it.

* *

But if the cans were labeled truthfully how could one eat with a good appetite?

* *

Chicago will have the largest court house in the world; needs it for divorce cases.

* *

Pheasants never tasted better—it is said by the few who have had a chance to taste them.

* *

We haven't heard from Mr. Jerome on the stump yet, but perhaps he is taking a preparatory nap.

* *

If a person gets killed while attending an auto race he shouldn't complain—and he doesn't, either.

* *

The Panama canal will probably be noted as the greatest grafting enterprise ever known on earth.

* *

Between Cuba and Teddy Jr. the president hasn't time to write his message and watch the trusts, too.

* *

Hearst may deserve some of the abuse he is receiving, but he can't hit amiss or too hard a good many of those who are opposing him.

* *

Governor Cummins of Iowa will lose a great many Republican stand-pat votes, but some of the few Democrats in Iowa will vote for him.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

A load of grain hauled to Pilot Rock with one team weighed 8,000 pounds.

* *

A fine hopyard near Corvallis was not picked because there was no dryer to cure the hops in.

* *

Ione will hold an election to decide whether to bond the town for $4,000 to enlarge its electric light plant.

* *

Dell correspondence of Vale Oriano: We hear that Mr. Pope is fixing up a nice dinner for tomorrow. None but ladies invited.

* *

Pheasants are not numerous around Stayton because, says the Times, too many were shot before they were feathered out.

* *

Canby Tribune: We would rather be a "cross-roads" editor and have three meals a day than to work on a city daily and eat free lunch.

* *

An effort is being made to get coal from the Willow creek coal mines by a number of people in Heppner. Two men are mining the coal which will be hauled by wagon and team.

* *

Samples of hops contracted at 10 cents a pound show, says the Aurora Borealis, that not alone were the hops picked and put in the bale, but also the leaves and a good per cent of the vines.

* *

Harney correspondence of Vale Oriano: Hands are scarce so someone thought they would get them in good working order by filling them up on whisky, but some way it didn't do well and but little grain was pitched as a consequence. One was lying in a ditch two nights afterwards hollowing.

* *

A Suislaw man thus announces in the Florence West that he wants a wife: Prefer a woman from 35 to 40 years old. I admire either a blonde or a brunette. She must be sober and eminently superstitious. I am 50 years old, would be taken for man of 45. I am sound, have a good appetite—I love little children. I am working at Hurd's mill, am an old democrat and believe in that good old democratic principle, "The hair of the dog is good for the bite." I have a ranch on north Ten Mile.

The Latest News From Rabbitville

REPORTED BY A. BENNETT, OF THE DALLES OPTIMIST.

I went up to the fair at Pendleton and seen the whole show from a to izzard, and it was a hummer. There has been bigger shows and better shows, mebbe, but at Pendleton a feller could take it all in and have a bully good time, and not get robbed or tromped on by the mob. And I tell you they had a lot of fine things to show us, all raised in them two counties of Umatilla and Morrow. I seen some horses there that sure was daisies, and cows, too, and pigs and chickens, and lots of all kinds of grain, and fruit that would make a feller think he was in God's own country for sure. And I seen a watermillion that would break up the biggest nigger campmeeting that ever camped in this or any other country. It was bigger nor a barrel, and wayed over fifty 5 pound by the watch, and the feller what brung it from Irrigon said how it was took to the fair before it was near done growing. I gess mebbe it would way at least a hundred pound if it was left to get its full growth.

* * *

I went out to Tom Hailey's ranch to see his pigs and cows, and too Jeff Myers and Mike Wisdom and Fred Locksley along, me and Tom did. I say "Tom," and he is jest "Tom" up there in his old home, where people know him and love him. When he gets down to Salem he is "Judge Hailey," and when he sets on the bench in the soopreme court he is every inch a judge. As we drove along I heard lots of rich men holler out in joyous tones, "Hello Tom," and lots of poor folks in the same joyfull way say, "Hello Tom," and I though mebbe it was better to be so loved than to be a judge.

* * *

This has been a big weak in Rabbitville, and if annybody ever doubted about us getting to the front let him or her no longer doubt. Everything is on the move. Hank Stifel set a new polt for his gate early in the weak, and rite on the heels of that Old Man Bunco whitewashed his hen house, and then almost before the whitewash was dry Major Fairply cleaned his winders, and not to be outdone Simm Dipp put a new ridgepole into his tent. I tell you the coming of Jeff Myers into our midst to be one of us has put us all on our mettal, and there is nothing now that can keep us back, but a famine or a pestilence or mebbe a raise in the price of perscriptions.

* * *

Everybody is talking about the site for the new haul for the new order of Coagulated Rabbits, but Jeff and me is keeping mumm. We have a place picked out, but we got to keep it to ourselfs for a time until we git the plans reddy, and can get the lot befoar some syndicate gits in ahead of us. But we wont call it a haul, but a correll, and our meatings is to be called round-ups, and our trips for members is to be drives. Noble Surefoot Myers has it neerly all worked out and we expect to hold the first roundup down to Salem and take in Chamberlain and some more Big Guns, for Jeff says we got to begin at the top and work down.

* * *

There will be a preaching at early candlelight next Lord's Day evening. All are invited to attend and bring their friends. Arrangement has been made with the city drug store to shet up during the ceremonies, so come one and come all to the house of preaching at early candlelight, and be sure and come early so not to disturb the services. A duett will be sung by Liza Butterbottom during the lifting of the collection, the tune being a secret until the tune is sung by Liza.

* * *

The city drug store has just received a fine stock of hose and hoes, the former for lady's ware and the latter for sprinkling purposes. Also some eggs, which are offered cheap for cash as some of them are not evry fresh. And some butter that is warranted to please. And a few more of them number 3 mackerrel and a hamm. Also some gimblets and wire nales and a few seeder-fence posts. Also dry goods of every description, and a cupple of large sized coffins which will be cut down to fit any purchaser, and do not forget we serve perscriptions at any hour day or nite.

* * *

Hank Stifel is trying to induce the dominie to run a protracted meeting next weak as Hank says he would like to get some religion, not having been converted now for most a year. Mebbe the dominie will do it.

* * *

We dont think of anything more worth repeating except that Sim Dipp dropped quite a little wad in a game of poker the other nite. He run up aginst four aces with only 4 Kings. Sim says he has reformed and will never gambol again. But Sim is busted and has no credit at the city drug store and is sober. And he is liable to make any old promise when he is sober.

Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will often indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger.

To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship.

When a man has the umbrella, and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.

To punch your umbrella into a person, and then open it, means "I dislike you."

To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be injured by the man who follows you. This is generally a woman's way of carrying her umbrella.

To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull.

To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "exchange no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest."

To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool."

To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means; nobody ever does that.

To carry an umbrella in case signifies it a shabby one.

To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I would much rather you would than not," signifies lying.

To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet.

To carry it from home in the morning means, "It will very likely be a fine day."

Oldest Ship Afloat?

The De Tvende Brodre is her name, and if she is not she ought to be the oldest ship at present in commission on the four oceans. Only a few weeks ago this old sailing ship, whose keel was laid at Marstal, Prussia, in 1786, arrived in Swedish waters, and in February of next year she will celebrate her 121st birthday.

Not only is the De Tvende Brodre in a class by herself in point of age, but she is just as interesting so far as the history of her skippers is concerned. During all the years she has been on the seas she has had but five captains, and every one of these skippers belonged to the same family. The first skipper navigated the vessel for 29 years, the second 22 years, the third 20 years, the fourth 32 years and the present skipper has been 17 years in command. At the present time the De Tvende Brodre is taking on cargo in the harbor of Nykoping, Sweden.

Will Make It Unanimous.

Owing to his business affairs at home, Hoke Smith, the new governor of Georgia, has found it necessary to decline the invitation to take the stump in Texas. Despite the fact that their success is assured the Democrats of the Lone Star state are pursuing a vigorous campaign with a view to rolling up an unprecedented majority.