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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Like alone acts upon like. Therefore, do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling, do not hope to excite love except by love. Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach. — Henri Frederic Amiel.

WHY NOT?

WHERE is civil service reform? Where is Theodore Roosevelt, civil service reformer? Is his civil service reform the kind that reforms all others, but not Mr. Roosevelt, its chief exemplar?

The limelight has often radiated over Mr. Roosevelt in a civil service reform role. His vote against Blaine and for Cleveland was because Blaine was lax on things like civil service reform. Ironclad rules warn our postmasters and federal office-holders not to be "offensive partisans." The penalty for violation is dismissal from office. A ukase from Theodore some months ago directed heads of departments to dismiss from office, forthwith, any and every employe that should dare participate in political activities. It is well remembered as the swift kick that sent the Cortelyou boomlet to rest under the drooping daisies.

But where, oh where, is civil service reform now, and where is the high priest of it? About 200 federal office-holders sat as delegates in the late Chicago convention, put there with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Roosevelt in the process of nominating Weighty William. William, who was otherwise an impossibility, was nominated, and only nominated by use of the power of federal patronage, wielded by the hand of Mr. Roosevelt. The leading and most zealous partisan, the man most invoking political subterfuges for promoting the fortunes of his proxy candidate for the presidency, is Theodore Roosevelt, chief apostle of civil service reform. Where is civil service reform? What a jolt was the spectacle for some of its dead exponents, could they but rise up in the grave and view it? Why not turn loose the postmasters, the federal marshals, the letter carriers and all the governmental hangers on, and get them into the game? Why not?

"LET THE PEOPLE RULE."

WHICH EVER of the two leading presidential candidates shall be able to capitalize the spirit of unrest that is rocking and rolling throughout the country, will be elected president. There is a breaking away from old lines and old forms such as the country has never seen. The party shibboleth is absolutely without magic power longer to call the voter to the ballot box. The incident of Governor Sheldon, for a time refusing the renomination as governor of Nebraska because the state Republican convention did not write in the platform a plank for guarantee of bank deposits is a striking illustration in point. The state Republican convention of Kansas declaring for such a law after Mr. Taft had denounced it, is another. Another is seen in the demand of the Republicans for Mr. Cannon to be recalled from a speaking tour through Kansas, because it was believed by leaders that his presence and speeches were injuring the cause of Taft. At one of Cannon's meetings, Governor Hoch is declared to have refused to preside. The hall was but partly filled and before Cannon had concluded most of the listeners had fled. These and countless other incidents of like character point to a spirit of independence this year that presages an unguessable verdict in November. The exposures of great insurance companies, exploiting stockholders' money for campaign purposes, exposures that startled and shocked the country as never before in its history, have left an indelible impress upon the mind of the electorate, with the result that it is mighty likely hereafter to think more as it votes and vote more as it thinks.

TAFT AND FORAKER.

AN Associated Press dispatch from Cincinnati of September 10 said:

"The call of Senator Foraker at the office of Mr. Taft, the half-hour conference which followed, and, the statements of cordiality which followed, constituted the new feature of the day at Taft headquarters. Mr. Taft said: 'We discussed the general aspects of the campaign. Senator Foraker said he wanted to do all he could to bring about Republican success, and that when I needed him I should call upon him. The senator is to take an active part in the campaign.' Mr. Taft expressed the desire that reports of the interview should contain no reference to a 'peace pact,' as he laughingly remarked that there had been no interruption of peace between him and Mr. Foraker."

This was only two weeks ago, just after the celebrated meeting of Mr. Taft and Mr. Foraker, evidently prearranged, to show their friendship and fraternalism, at Toledo—on which The Journal commented at the time.

Since then Mr. Hearst has shown that Foraker is a rank Standard Oil senator; Foraker has as good as acknowledged it; and Mr. Taft's managers have repudiated Foraker. Since then, too, President Roosevelt has given out a letter of Mr. Taft's, written July 20, 1907, in which he said, with direct reference to his attitude toward Foraker: "I don't care for the presidency if it has to come by compromise with Senator Foraker or any one else on a matter of principle."

The explanation of this expression made by Mr. Taft's supporters is that he knew then, in July, 1907, that Foraker was an "interest" senator, a Standard Oil senator, a people's enemy, and therefore would not be allied with him. This was certainly an honorable, a praiseworthy position for Mr. Taft to take, and he made a multitude of supporters by taking it. But what change has come over Mr. Taft between July 20, 1907, and September 10, 1908—that on the latter date he should strike hands of fellowship and fraternity and political unity of action and purpose with the man whom, on principle, he repudiated less than 14 months before?

Mr. Taft met Senator Foraker at a great public meeting and publicly made up, and two days later, after time to reflect, Mr. Taft deliberately said, and desired it to be published to the country, that Mr. Foraker would help him, that he would accept and desired Mr. Foraker's help, and that "there had been no interruption of peace between him and Mr. Foraker."

This is merely a recital of facts. This is the record. What, therefrom, are voters to think of Mr. Taft? Where, in September, 1908, was his privately expressed courage of July, 1907? Which Mr. Taft are we to vote for, the one who in a private letter repudiated the notorious Standard Oil senator 14 months ago, or the one who two weeks ago clasped the same senator's hand in perfect amity and declared that there had been no difference between them?

Since a great deal is being said by a very prominent supporter of Mr. Taft about political morality and virtue and courage and civic duty and official righteousness, an explanation by him of this record, of these admitted facts, would be very interesting.

The Journal said with regard to the Toledo episode that Mr. Taft then missed a great opportunity. To use a sort of Hibernicism, he added immensely to that miss by his subsequent statement at Cincinnati.

THE FAILURE OF INCUBATORS.

THAT the poultry business would be more profitable without incubators of the present perfection, is the sweeping announcement made by a bulletin just issued by Professor James Dryden of the Oregon Agricultural college and experiment station. The conclusions are arrived at after an extensive system of experiments, an account of which appears in this important bulletin. Thousands of dollars are invested annually in incubators by the farmers and poultrymen of Oregon, and the practical conclusion of Professor Dryden is that enormous waste, if not the actual loss of the money so spent is the consequence. That an aggregate of millions of dollars has been so lost to poultry husbandry throughout the country, is the deduction arrived at. The bulletin is almost certain to arouse a controversy with the manufacturers of incubators, but as its conclusions are the result of extended and careful scientific investigation by one of the most eminent authorities on poultry husbandry in the country, they are likely to stand.

The poultry industry is one of the chief sources of wealth in the nation, and it is important that any handicap to its progress, whether in inadequate incubators or otherwise should be removed. The bulletin is likely to open the way for a correction of defects, if such is possible. In fact, experiments by Professor Dryden are already under way, and one of the results arrived at is that, by an application of moisture, the number of chicks hatched is increased over 20 per cent, though the chicks still lack the vitality of those hatched by natural methods.

It is notorious that few large poultry farms have been successful. The press, a short time ago, reported that a large poultry farm of an incubator company in the east failed with liabilities of about $50,000. Two or three years ago an Ohio poultry enterprise with $100,000 capital failed, while hundreds of smaller concerns in every state in the union have shared the same fate. In all these concerns artificial hatching was in vogue, a fact confirmatory of the position taken by Professor Dryden's bulletin.

It may be a disappointment to poultrymen to be told that the incubators are inherently wrong. It doubtless will be, but since there will result a saving of energy and dollars, a possible correction of the system of artificial hatching, and since, above all, the important information of how to avoid loss in the business by relying more and more on nature and nature's ways, the benefits justify the bulletin and make its perusal by all farmers and poultrymen well worth while.

PUMPING UP EXHAUSTED ATHLETES.

WHEN the supply is exhausted, we pump new air into our auto or bicycle tires. There seems promise that in the present season, oxygenated air will be administered to football players on the same basis. Oxygenated air, as distinguished from the hot air so usual to football, is a stimulant and administered to a spent player gives new possibilities to his powers. Experiments with oxygenated air by Professor Leonard Hill of London and Dr. Vernon of Oxford were made on English athletes, and though not invoked in time for the late Olympic games, resulted in the breaking of many English records. The same experiments with similar results were repeated in this country recently with the swimmers at Huntington Bay. Dr. Stagg, director of athletics at Chicago university, was a witness of the English experiments, and it has become known that at stated intervals in their great gridiron battles this season, the football heroes of that institution will be pumped up to a suitable physical tension with proper doses of strength-giving oxygen. Of course, if Chicago does, others will; and a possible spectacle at great football contests hereafter will be to see the play stopped, while the gladiators recruit their wasted wind from convenient gas bags.

The Syracuse Journal, an independent Republican paper and a supporter of Governor Hughes, says that "it must be conceded that the Democrats have placed a very strong ticket in the field in this state. Mr. Chanler is a young man who has been in public life long enough to show considerable ability. He is wealthy and yet classed among the plain people. He is extremely popular in all parts of the state." Under such circumstances, there appears to be no occasion for a party organ to predict dire disaster and tremendous calamity if its choice should happen to lose.

Every Republican in the state of Oregon has a perfect legal and moral right to vote for Bryan this fall if he chooses to do so. Some will do so, perhaps many, perhaps few, and it will be neither crime nor sin, except at the judgment bar of the great Scott, to do so. Did not many Democrats vote for McKinley, and for Roosevelt? Some may vote for Taft, as they also have a right to do. A man is no more obliged to vote the same party ticket all his life than he is to wear the same cut and quality of clothes all his life. He has as much right to change his vote as his coat, if he does so honestly.

Again, it is asserted, many human lives have been shamefully sacrificed to an awful death by the contemptible cowardice of certain tug captains whose duty was to risk their own lives in the work of rescue, but who refused to act when apparently little risk was to be run. This was the terribly disgraceful aftermath of the tragedy of the Valencia, and it seems that such may be the last dark chapter of the story of the wreck of the Star of Bengal, and the needless loss, under cruel circumstances, of 110 human lives.

"And now Foraker slides down the oily toboggan. Go it, old man. You can't slide too fast to suit the people."—Pendleton Tribune. But a lot more eminent Republicans still stick. The people will evidently have to give them a push. By the way, if Mr. Foraker had been nominated for president, the Tribune would have been supporting him as a great, pure and much-abused patriot and statesman; now, wouldn't it?

The salary of a Denver letter carrier has been reduced $200 a year because he was "too active in politics." Evidently he wasn't one of the 200 or so federal office-holders who were delegates to the Chicago convention, with orders from the Big Stick department to nominate Mr. Taft. Possibly, being in Denver, he hurrahed for Bryan during the Denver convention.

Standard Oil and allied interests will not be driven out of politics by a little fractional, temporary housecleaning. It will take a new, stiff broom to do the job.

Small Change

Trust the people, Teddy.

• •

Best livestock in the land.

• •

Mr. Bell rings quite loudly.

• •

The umbrella season is near at hand.

• •

Poor Indiana; its legislature is in session.

• •

Not bad times now; better times next year, sure.

• •

The fall styles of politicians are now on exhibition.

• •

A good many people have gone to "The Devil" lately.

• •

O, Portland will attend the A. Y. P. exposition, of course.

• •

There's no law against sleeping on Sunday—out of sight.

• •

The sheath gown no longer raises an excitement. What next?

• •

But there's a lot of people who never have any bank deposits.

• •

The colored vote need not always necessarily be color blind.

• •

Some candidates act as if they were trying to run in an airship.

• •

Is a man a traitor for not always voting as his grandfather did?

• •

Every year people find out that it doesn't pay to run for office.

• •

Somehow Brother Taft's smile in his later pictures is not quite so serene.

• •

No doubt Attorney Cromwell is extremely anxious to save the country.

• •

It seems that there can be good races without old-time race track gambling.

• •

Might it not be well for somebody to suggest to Teddy to keep his shirt on?

• •

That old equinoctial spell is due, but the weather is always doubtful in Oregon.

• •

If you feel like helping elect Bryan by right means, send in your contributions.

• •

And so far those promised speeches of Candidate Sherman have not yet materialized.

• •

Yes, enforce the laws; if the laws are not right, change them. That is the only true policy.

• •

A New Jersey office boy is 63 years old. What a lot of grandmothers' funerals he must have attended.

• •

Secretary Root is not altogether wrong when he says the people rule. They never elected him to any office yet.

• •

A Spokane girl jilted a fellow after he had bought a lot of chewing gum for her. There is apparently no limit to the cruelty of womankind.

Oregon Sidelights

Children of one family come eight miles every day to Echo to school.

• •

A man near Dallas saved 500 bushels of peaches from a 4-acre orchard, but lost many because they could not be handled fast enough.

• •

A Willamina woman was feeding a cow when it suddenly threw its head and struck her in the eye with its horn, but her eye will be saved.

• •

The secretary of the Columbia Development league has within a short time received 58 letters of inquiry from people of many eastern states.

• •

You read in the Sunset magazine that Roseburg has a mile and a quarter of paved streets. That's going some—but it is only on paper, says the News.

• •

This week the Bandon Woolen mills started an $80,000 order for a Detroit firm and the mill will be run at full capacity until it is completed, says the Recorder.

• •

Correspondence of Seaside Signal: Every slough and ditch about Warrenton is full of black bass. Their isn't a fishing locality in Oregon that can beat this for sport and delicate table fish.

• •

Now for the beet harvest, says the La Grande Observer. It is one perpetual harvest in Union county. Every month in the year we have something that comes into market. If it is not beets it is hay, grain, brick, lumber, sugar, stock, ice, wood, etc. Union county is noted for her large diversified interests.

• •

Several Tillamook citizens have made arrangements to rebuild the sawmill of the Tillamook Lumbering company, which was burned down last October, and have incorporated the Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing company for that purpose, with a capital stock placed at $10,000.

• •

Glendale News: The "good time coming" has arrived. Prosperity along all lines of trade is apparent. The sound of the mill and factory whistles breaks the stillness of the early morning. Everybody has a job at good wages; but everybody can't get a house to live in because all the houses are occupied.

• •

On a Redmond man's return home he found his dog lying dead beside the house. The first thought was of poison but taken in connection with several splinters knocked from the house he was forced to the conclusion that the house had been struck by lightning and the dog killed in that way.

• •

A Milton man shipped to the Pendleton fair 16 apples which, laid in a row, one touching another, measured six feet with a quarter of an inch to spare. Another exhibit will be eight peaches on a limb less than a foot long, which weighs five pounds.

• •

Residents along the river above Milton are up in arms against some fellow who shot five dogs while he was driving by their places on his way to the mountains. One man lost two fine "bow-wows," one of which he valued at $50, and three others belonging to as many families were speedily executed.

• •

Vale Oriano: We believe the cooperation of all the people of Nyssa, Ontario and Vale at this time would accomplish the irrigation of this part of Oregon, through the Malheur project. The commercial clubs should get together, and the farmers should also unite in this movement.

• •

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of Milton soil, says the Eagle. Two vigorous persimmon trees are growing in a Milton orchard, one of which is full of well developed persimmons. The trees are thriving and when they get a little larger will bear abundantly.

• •

Milton Eagle: Dr. Thomas is getting his plans laid to start a small colony on his 80-acre farm five miles west of Milton. He figures that there is room for 16 families there, which, if the Roosevelt advice is carefully followed, will mean a population of from 75 to 100 souls.

• •

The Weston city council seems to afford an apt illustration of the principle, "How not to do it," says the Leader. Individually composed of good citizens, nevertheless the council collectively seldom seems to be able to get anywhere, being always on the way. Compared to it a tortoise would class as a buzz wagon.

OFFICERS DISAGREE AS TO YOUNG MURDER

With the police department at odds as to what happened in the Sellwood beer garden when Patrolman Sam Young was killed Wednesday night, and no new clews of the murderer himself, the chances of catching the man who wore the red mask and murdered Young are slimmer than ever.

Patrolman Samuel S. Young.

Detectives Hellyer and Maloney, who have been working on the case since the night Young was shot by the masked stranger have their theory of what happened. Chief of Police Gritzmacher has his theory, and Sergeant Baty has his. So has every member of the police department. Chief Gritzmacher and Sergeant Baty, however, do not believe that the murderer was a highwayman bent on robbing W. S. Wood's saloon. Hellyer and Maloney do, and they are working along this line trying to prove that such was the case.

One Theory of Crime.

The theory of the two detectives who have been specially detailed on the crime is that the murderer opened the rear door of Wood's saloon slightly, saw no one standing in front of the bar, and failed to see Officer Young behind the little stove, and therefore stepped into the little entry way. When he had got fairly in and it was too late to back out, he saw Young in the middle of the room, and figuring that he was armed and that Wood's wasn't, shot him and got out.

They argue that Young was a kindly soul and so easy-going that he had never made any enemies sufficiently vicious to desire to murder him in cold blood.

Much to Contradict Theory.

There is so little to sustain this theory, however, that it is not accepted by anyone in Sellwood or by those who reached the dying officer immediately after the shooting. The highwayman, had he stuck his head in the room the first time he opened the door, could easily have seen Young standing behind the stove, according to Young's position as pointed out. This rear door opens into a little nook of the room formed by a partition and the wall of the storeroom. This nook is about five feet square. Both Wood and Young were at the stove when the door was opened and the stove is not over ten feet from the nook and in nearly a direct line with the door.

According to Wood's repeated statements the murderer pointed the gun at Young and at the same time motioned Wood back out of range with his left hand. Then saying, "Throw up your hands and come here. I've got you now," he fired three times at the advancing policeman.

Charles Heisig, the man at first suspected of the murder, who is supposed to be picking hops at Wheatland, has not yet been definitely located. The police have little to say as to his whereabouts. His son returned Thursday from the hop fields saying his father and mother would be home in a day or so.

Relatives of Young, the murdered policeman, do not believe that any one would have shot the dead officer because of a grudge.

"He was a very kind man and had no enemies," said Miss Emily Young, a daughter. "He never spoke of his work at home, however, and whenever one of us inadvertently mentioned it he would always change the subject, saying that his work was something entirely outside of his family life. I do not believe that he had any troubles or worries and I am sure if anyone had been attempting to kill him and he had suspected it, that he would have shown it in his daily life. There was never a hint of such a thing, however."

Pistol Only Once Forgotten.

Miss Young said that Wednesday was the first time she could remember that her father had left his revolver at home. She attributed it to absent-mindedness and said that a few weeks prior to that he had forgotten his club one day. The Youngs had just moved into a handsome new home at East Ninth and Broadway and Mr. Young was occupied with his garden and in getting his family settled into the new house.

The funeral will probably be held tomorrow afternoon or Sunday. The inquest, at first set for today, will not be held until tomorrow.

Young Once Wealthy.

Sam S. Young was originally from Ireland. When a young man he went to Australia where he engaged in the mining business and for several years made considerable money. Eventually, however, he met reverses and the fortune that he had accumulated, although comparatively only a young man at the time, was lost. Afterward Mr. Young and his family came to the United States and to Portland.

The funeral arrangements are in the hands of James B. Young, a cousin, of the Young's Grocery company, 245 First street. In addition to the wife and two daughters who survive the dead officer there is a son in California. He is Albert Young, in the commission business with the Horsts in Wheatland, Cal. It is not probable that he will be able to attend the funeral.

LITTLE GIRL BELIEVED TO BE HELD PRISONER IN THE CITY

Ruby Pearl Haviland, With Her Little Sister.

Has any one seen the girl whose photograph is published here?

She is 14-year-old Ruby Pearl Haviland, and she has been missing for more than a week from her home at 749 Roosevelt street.

Her father, George K. Haviland, an electrical engineer, believes that the girl is still in Portland, but is being kept a prisoner by some one and not allowed to communicate with any member of her family.

The police say they haven't the faintest idea what could have happened to her and gave up the search some days ago. Her family, however, will not rest until they learn what has become of the girl and until they have her safely back in her own home.

REFORMATORY HAS NOT DONE HIS WORK

Oscar Friedman, a bad boy who was dealt with unsuccessfully by Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the famous juvenile judge of Denver, will be before Judge Gantenbein in the juvenile court this afternoon for final action. He admits stealing $10 from the till of a store where he was employed and befriended. There being some doubt as to his mental competence, he was examined by physicians yesterday and declared not insane, though his moral perception is of low order. He spent four years in the reformatory at Golden, Colo., and is now 16 years of age.

The REALM FEMININE

What Newport Is and Isn't.

THE doings of the Newport "Smart set"; the lavish nature of their entertainments; the straining at the cords of propriety which hold the social craft; the exaggerated reports of "smoky dinners," and other strenuous efforts to relieve the tedium of a gilded existence; the sarcastic note with which such husbands as Stuyvesant Fish speak of their wives' achievements in bestowing hospitality—all these make up our idea of the city. Once in a while the spotlight is turned upon the place by some alarmed moral reformer, and sometimes it is used to point the moral of a lecture by an economist, but for the rest we remain in ignorance, unless we have made a personal inspection.

It is the word of a New York correspondent to the Evening Post that "Newport has followed its even way, mildly curious perhaps, that it should have been aligned in many editorial minds with psychic phenomena as popular pabulum for the public, but in the main, careless alike of the philippic of foe or the dithyramb of friend"—language which may be all right in New York but which should be sparingly used in the far west.

However, apart from such language, this writer has much to say that is interesting concerning this little city by the sea and his experiences throw some side-lights on the social phenomena of Newport.

"Newport accepts the flood of printer's ink which has been poured out in its name as a direct and inexorable result of the evil fact that three or four hundred persons who were born into social prominence, or had it thrust upon them or achieved it in various ways, choose to spend some part if not all of the summer season at this resort. For all that one reads or hears these few hundred constitute Newport, devise its functions, contribute all its lustre, regulate its affairs, which they do not, and provide all its notoriety, which they do.

"In addition to these, there are ten thousand amiable summer residents of moderate wealth of whom one seldom reads or hears, and a native aristocracy, direct descendants of the English settlers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who are so conservative, so proudly, scornfully aloof, that one would doubt they existed at all were it not for their stately homes in the older sections of the city, where giant elms keep watch and ward over eave and column and dormer window, where blue hydrangeas sweep the doorsteps, and faun and satyr, though hewn, peer through the shrubbery.

"Of the well-dressed, well-mannered throng which one encounters in journeying abroad at most famous American waterplaces no trace is found here. Between the wealthy cottager and the wealthy native and his host of dependents one finds no representative intermediary. Not of the cottage set, and not of the serving minions, the visitor finds himself wondering in the blue void, between spheres unattended, out of sympathy.

"Where the ocean laves and beats the crags for a distance of six miles there is one of the most alluring walks in the world. But one of the sensibilities feels that in taking it he is committing the fault which, of all things, should show him his place, should stamp him as the unredeemable "bounder." One may always find there Mr. Willy So-and-So's head washwoman or Tommy This-and-That's footman, or the excursionist from Providence or Fall River, or a group of sales-ladies from the Boston store; but never by any chance will he meet with more than half a dozen persons who, should they seize him by the hand and hail him brother, would arouse in his breast emotions of vanity.

"Yet experience teaches that there are hundreds in Newport, who, if the stranger meets them properly, and himself be worthy, can initiate him into the circles which revolve within circles, teaching him that he can be self-respecting and enjoy his Newport thoroughly withal. There is the navy set, for instance. Officers are here on duty at the torpedo station on Goat Island, at the naval training station, on the war vessels, whose home station is in the harbor. Their wives, who "follow the flag" from port to port, are comfortably installed as boarders in the mansions of old Newporters, who have "come down to it." Sometimes there are a score of delightful young navy matrons in the city, and they have their bridge parties, their theatre parties, and attend the tennis and horse show at the Casino, and ride horseback and motor, and generally, once a year, one of the most gilded cottagers, who used to be in the navy, gives a ball and invites all of Uncle Sam's sons of Neptune and their wives who are in port.

"Otherwise the navy and the army are not recognized "socially" or at least not recognized beyond that degree of notice implied in the term which has been heard at the Casino, "the army and navy riff-raff," first used when a body of midshipmen occupied the grandstand at tennis. But the navy set in demeanor, manners, and good looks asks nothing from any person, least of all the cottagers, and the visitors who fall debtor to their kindness finds in Newport a haven of complete happiness. They present the joyful and long-sought-for intermediary.

"Meeting with people such as these, the visitor works his way among many agreeable cliques. He gently elevates himself over the palings which at the outset separated him from all that seemed good in life. He finds—if he is willing to spend the money—that there is nothing to prevent him from dining at Berger's or Gunther's—at a table alongside that at which a famous and clever and versatile dancing man and clubman is giving a little bite to a few friends; nothing to prevent him from buying a box for Monday night at the vaudeville show at Freebody theatre, and crowding the elbows and scraping his chairs against the cream of "society" gathered en masse; nothing to prevent him from hiring a motor car and occupying as good a place as any at the Polo—he finds, in brief, that he can be the cheerfulest butterfly that ever graced the social outlands. And he need not feel that he is snobbish about it, either. He asks nothing of society, neither recognition, nor more than ordinary courtesy—and when that is lacking he has but to assert his manly dignity in order to obtain it.

Preserved Quinces.

PARE, quarter and core the quinces, saving skins and cores. Put quinces over fire with just enough water to cover them, and simmer until soft but do not let them cook until they break. Take out fruit and spread on dishes to cool; add parings and cores to water in which quinces were boiled and cook one hour, then strain through jelly bag. To each pint of this liquor add one pound of sugar. Boil and skim, put in fruit and boil 15 minutes. Take all off fire and let stand in deep dish 24 hours. Then drain off syrup, let it boil, put in quinces and boil 15 minutes. Take out fruit, spread on dishes and boil syrup down almost to jelly. Put fruit into hot jars, two thirds full and fill to overflowing with boiling syrup.

The Daily Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Grapes. Boiled Rice with Cream.
Boiled Salt Salmon, Butter Sauce.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Creamed Chipped Beef.
Baked Potatoes. Baked Pears.
Walnut Cake. Cocoa.

DINNER.
Cream of Corn Soup.
Pot Roast of Beef with Vegetables.
Macaroni with Tomato.
Cauliflower with Mayonnaise.
Pumpkin Pie. Cheese. Coffee.