

RECORD

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UP DUTIES

AMILAR WITH THE COURT

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NORTHWEST HAVE LIBERTY BELL

Philadelphia North American would be the first to advocate a yielding to ever request for the Liberty Bell to be sent hither and you as a sort of sideshow attraction for unimportant local celebrations. But there has come a plea for its presence far across the continent which we think should be heeded.

Since the time when Seward was called "the fool of a century" for paying a few millions to Russia for Alaska, then deemed a barren, icy worthless wilderness, there has grown a wonder city beside a harbor in which all the navies of the earth might lie in snug anchorage. And through that splendidly typical American city of Seattle there passes every year the golden harvest of Alaska, a thousandfold greater annually than the cost to America for all that territory.

And all the while, southward of Seattle, Portland has been growing in size and stability worthy the name eastern tourists give to it—"the Philadelphia of the West." Beside the Columbia river, whose pure flood makes the Mississippi ugly and the Hudson petty and unimpressive, with snow-capped mountains in sight of the city's streets with every home the center of a garden, bowered with every variety of bloom, Portland is as proud of its beauty as it is of its commercial strength and conservatism, and above all, of its Americanism.

Those two cities are to celebrate their arrival at full stature among American cities. Next summer they invite Americans who know only the east and Europe to look upon the west. And, therefore, we think that this plea which comes to Philadelphia deserves the most respectful and friendly consideration:

To His Honor, the Mayor, the Select Council and the Common Council, Philadelphia, Pa. Gentlemen:

The Portland Rose Festival and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition of Seattle are extremely anxious to have the dear old Liberty Bell brought to the Pacific coast in June, 1909. This sacred memorial, whose thrilling tones inspired our forefathers, has never visited the great golden West. We feel that it would prove a valuable educator to the rising generations, and inspire them with the patriotism that proves a sheet anchor to the windward and a bulwark to our civil and religious liberty.

If you, honorable gentlemen, will pass an ordinance making it possible for us to secure the presence of the Liberty Bell, we will immediately arrange the financial details connected therewith. We will send a guard of safety to meet the Bell and its guard of honor at the state line, and watch over it carefully until it has passed out of our state confines.

Already the Mayors of hundreds of cities and towns along the possible routes the Bell might travel have volunteered to give the venerable and worshipful relic a welcome worthy of the importance. Tens of thousands of school children would greet the bell and smother it with flowers as they sang patriotic songs in commemoration.

In the event of a visit by the Liberty Bell, we assure you that progress through the land will be the march of a conquering hero triumphant in a great and noble cause. With the sincere hope that you may grant our request, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves, yours very sincerely,

The Portland Rose Festival.

We can conceive of no more inspiring lesson in patriotism than would be provided by that jealously guarded journey of the Bell from the Delaware to Puget sound and the Columbia.

It is wise and proper to keep that relic from becoming a cheapened, ever-traveling trinket. It should never leave its shrine save

Their Cause For Thanks.

By Charlotte Carruthers.

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When Dick Waring suddenly married pretty Linda Mills, to whom he had just become engaged, Uncle Henry Waring danced wrathfully on the hearth rug and uttered direful predictions.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry Linda," he said angrily, "but you should have waited another year before taking a wife and setting up housekeeping. To my certain knowledge, Dick, you haven't got \$500 outside of your salary, and—"

"I have my two hands," interrupted Dick, with a dramatic gesture, "and I assure you, Uncle Henry, my wife shall not suffer."

"Folger!" snorted Uncle Henry. "Your wife has two hands also, and I'll warrant she finds a use for them in a thousand ways you never thought of. Why, if you were to meet with an accident or have a long illness what would you do?"

"I would go to work then, Mr. Waring," said Linda, with spirit.

"We will manage very nicely," Uncle Henry said Dick haughtily. "I am sorry you feel angry about it; but, as I have explained to you, after Linda's aunt died she was practically homeless, and I persuaded her to marry me at once. It's my fault."

"That doesn't better the matter, you young idiot!" retorted the choleric old gentleman. "Linda could support herself by her music for a year or two till you could earn enough to support a wife. As it is, you will suffer poverty and deprivation and be sick of each other before a year rolls round!"

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, Mr. Waring glared angrily at his adopted son, and Dick, inheriting the same family characteristic to a degree, glared back at him.

Then, tucking his little wife's hand in his arm, he left the commodious



"SO HERE YOU ARE," SAID UNCLE HENRY, and comfortable abode of his boyhood and sought a home of his own.

Uncle Henry, left alone, polished his eyeglasses vigorously and looked up at the picture of Dick's father which hung above the chimney-piece.

"I've done the best I could for him, Jimmy," he murmured huskily. "He'll have to paddle his own canoe now."

The next day he wrote to Dick and offered the two young people a home with him. Linda could assume charge of the household, and Dick might take his old place as the favored son.

Dick made no reply for a week, and then he merely scribbled a few lines to say that they had furnished a little house at 5 Clement street, where they hoped Uncle Henry would come and see them.

But Uncle Henry did not go.

A year later Linda Waring was putting the final touches to her dinner table. It was Thanksgiving day, and Dick was home for the holiday. She could see his dark head bent over a book in the next room.

Presently Linda crept in and sat down on the floor beside his chair.

"What is the matter, Dicky?" she asked softly. "Something is bothering you."

"It's Uncle Henry," confessed Dick frankly. "I have felt beastly mean for the last twelve months since we have been estranged. He has been like a father to me, and—well, I'm ashamed of myself." He reddened under her loving gaze.

"Why didn't you say something before, dear?" asked Linda after a little pause. "You know I spoke to you about asking Uncle Henry to spend last Christmas with us, but you said he would not come, so I gave it up."

"I was a fool, Linda," said Dick forcibly. "Time and again I've felt that I must be friends with him once more, and after the bank closed I would take a walk, intending to stop in and see him, but the minute I got within sight of the house all this cursed Waring obstinacy would rise up and send me past the house like a shot."

"If that is the case," said Linda,

The Scrap Book

A Doleful Future.

Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to musicians. One of them, who had been married for some years, was pushing a baby carriage in which were three fine triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly married one with interest after the two friends had exchanged greetings.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "and it was the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him, and they played 'Three Little Maids' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

The newly married one gasped for breath and turned pale with horror.

"Merciful heavens!" she gasped. "At our wedding supper a couple of weeks ago Tom's friends serenaded him also, and they rendered the sextet from 'Lucia.'"

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven, There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a whisper, yes or no, There's not a life or death or birth That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it.

Then He "Caught On."

A prominent politician at a dinner recently was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected to office.

"After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat the worse for wear, who came into a dance in Texas. The floor manager saw him and led him out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back again. Finally the floor manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance.'"

Both Sold.

Southern hospitality is proverbially generous. In "The Old Dominion" Mr. Thomas Nelson Page recounts an instance showing that this hospitality was not always appreciated. A guest asked the loan of a horse to carry him to his next stopping place, a town which lay at a considerable distance. The host accordingly lent him his horse and sent along a negro boy—it was before the war—to bring the horse back.

After several days the boy was still missing, and some one was sent to hunt him up. The messenger found him at last and demanded why he had not returned with the horse.

"Cause dat gent'man done sell de horse," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't you come back and say so?"

"Hi! He done sell me, too," said the boy.

No Thoughtfare.

An Irish author, remarkable for the flatness of his nose, showed such civility to an American lady in London that she expressed effusive gratitude to him and effusive admiration of everything European.

"However," she added, "being a free spoken American woman, I always say what is uppermost, and therefore I must frankly tell you that I can't get over your nose."

"Bedad, ma'am," rejoined the author, "that's not to be wondered at, for the bridge is broken."

Opera House Filled.

"Speaking of one night stands reminds me of how I tried to break a long jump in New England," said an actor. "There was a little village midway in the jump that Kahn's Guide gave as having an opera house, with Joshua Perkins manager, rent \$25 a night. It suited my purpose admirably to lie over there one night, and as I knew there was no other theatrical company in that section, I went confidently to Perkins to hire the theater. He kept a store and was in his shirt sleeves. I made my request.

"Well, you can't have it," he replied.

"Nonsense," said I, thinking some local entertainment or meeting was to be held. "Postpone it. Buy them off. I will give you \$50 bonus."

"Nope. It'll—ye—ye can't have it."

"But why not? Why can't I play in the opera house?"

"Because the opry house 's full of hay."

Duty.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

By Combination.

An Englishman in want of a coachman had an Irishman apply for the situation, when the following conversation took place between them:

"You know, Pat, if I engage you I shall expect you to do things by combination. For instance, if I tell you to bring the carriage around at a given time I shall expect the horses with it, and driving gloves, etc."

"Yes, sorr," said Pat.

He was duly engaged and gave satisfaction. One day his master came to

Makes Brave Men Cowards.

It has been proved that the comparatively harmless bombardment, so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is terribly demoralizing to the bravest men. When a shell bursts near a group of twenty men it will kill one and wound two, while the remaining seventeen escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of these are never the same men again. No matter how iron nerved they were before they are now irresolute and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jeered at by their comrades because of this change, but this is utterly unjust. In fact, their brain and spinal cord have been injured by being violently shaken against the walls of their bony cavities. The same thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become feeble and nervous, though they may not have received a scratch. This condition is the case of soldiers is well recognized by doctors under the name of the mental injuries of explosives. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

A Roman Fortune Teller.

A fortune teller of a lower order who lives in a dirty and obscure house is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter under the veil of friendship to consult the fortune teller, who is prepared beforehand to frighten her from her pursuit of the man she loves. While the bag mixes the cards and the girl watches three knocks are heard at the door.

"That is a bad sign," says the witch. "It means that you are not beloved."

The fortune teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has no intention of marrying her and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of magic, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who thus earns a double fee. The objects sold by the witch are charms and various. One is a bit of rag, another is a purse containing salt, a bit of hay, some barley and some nuts. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced.—Chambers' Journal.

The Scrap Book

Even Honors.

One of the New York delegates at a big political convention was approached by an old acquaintance who was badly down in his luck. Sliding up to the delegates, he said:

"Say, Billy, lend me a twenty, will you? I'm short."

The New Yorker went down into his pocket, fished out a big roll and handed a ten dollar bill to the seedy one.

"Say, Billy," said he of the touch, "I said twenty."

"I know you did," said the politician, "but I think this way is fairer. You lose ten and I lose ten. See?"—Success Magazine.

The Modest Third.

Early in the congressional career of Mr. Blaine, when Thaddeus Stevens died, who for ten years had dominated congress, Mr. Blaine, who entered the house the same year as the late Senator Allison, remarked to a friend in the rotunda of the capitol: "The death of Stevens is an emancipation for the Republican party. He kept it under his heel."

"Whom have you got for leaders?" queried the friend.

"There are three young men coming forward," was Mr. Blaine's reply. "There is a young man to be heard from," pointing to Allison, who was passing. "James A. Garfield is another."

There was a pause, and the friend asked, "Well, who is the third?"

Mr. Blaine gazed up in the dome and said quietly, "I don't see the third."

Beauties of Nature.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes when we expect it most certainly it leaves us to gape joyously for days together in the very home land of the beautiful. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth said of the daffodils by the lakeside.—Stevenson.

A Reasonable Doubt.

An Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City hospital relief station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the relief station? He was nursing his hand in agony."

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But sure this is the relief station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station."

Going Too Far.

When Mr. Volney Streamer was visiting Mark Twain at his Redding home he remarked on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distant landscape. It was not a windmill, however, but the tower of the Congregational church at Redding Center. When the clergyman of that church came to see Mr. Clemens the latter told him that one of his guests had called his church a windmill, adding, "I think that was going a little too far."—Putnam's Magazine.

A Lunatic's Sense.

There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers and from his position on the inner side of the inclosure began a somewhat personal conversation. Inmate—How'd work that? Laborer—Troth an' it is, Inmate—Whit pay dae ye git? Laborer—Sixteen bob a week, Inmate—Are ye mairrit? Laborer—I am, worse luck, and have six children, Inmate—I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrang side o' the fence.

The Scrap Book

He Won His Case.

"So you want a divorce on the grounds of cruelty?" asked the great lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"What sort of cruelty was it?"

"Well, sir, for three consecutive nights my wife took the doormat in."

"Took the doormat in? How can you consider that cruelty?"

"Well, you see, Monday night was lodge night, Tuesday night was a smoker at the club and Wednesday the annual blowout. I got home each morning at 4 o'clock to find the door locked and the mat taken in."

"But where does the cruelty come in?"

"Where does the cruelty come in! Why, didn't I have to sleep on the bare step without anything to rest my weary head on?"

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