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City Ownership.

Walter C. Hamm, American consul at Hull, England, makes a very interesting report of the progress in that ancient city since the inception of the policy of the municipal ownership of street cars five years ago. Up to that time Hull had been considered one of the most uninviting places in Great Britain. It had no public improvements, the streets were exceedingly narrow and ill paved, the street car system was inadequate and antiquated, and altogether conditions were so bad that the place, although the third port in the kingdom, had such an unsavory name that it was avoided by tourists and was only visited by those who had to go there on business. But with the advent of the mayorality of Sir Alfred Gelder in 1898 a new policy was introduced. The wand of progress seemed to pass over the city, and a transformation has taken place. Broad avenues have been cut from the business center of the city to the corporation line, many new buildings have been erected, the streets have been paved in the best and most enduring manner, the car lines have been acquired and modernized, an unending supply of filtered drinking water has been introduced and the dock systems improved and enlarged until the city today is one of the best, if not the best, provided with docks of any city in England. As a result the city's trade and population have rapidly increased.

The city ownership of the street railway lines has revolutionized the service in the city. From being the most antiquated they are now among the most improved in England.

One of the chief peculiarities of the Hull tram system is the double decker car. All the cars, of which there are 116 in number, are of this pattern. In adopting the double decker, however, Hull has only followed the style in use in every city in Great Britain and Ireland. Recent statistics show that of the 6,000 electric cars in use in the United Kingdom 90 per cent are double deckers and only 10 per cent single deckers. In this way the seating capacity of the cars is more than doubled, the upper deck accommodating more passengers than the lower deck. The Hull cars are of two different dimensions, the smaller seating twenty-two passengers below and thirty-five on top.

After careful investigation Mr. Hamm concludes that the double deck cars are suitable for American use and enters into a rather extended argument in their favor.

Next to the style of cars the chief distinguishing feature of the Hull tramway system is the cheapness of the fares. These are 1 penny (2 cents) on all lines and for all distances. The financial results of this low fare system are equally interesting. During the latest twelve months reported on there were ten miles of double track, or twenty miles of single track, in operation. The gross income was about \$445,000. The cost of operation was about \$233,000. This left a gross profit of \$212,000 and, deducting interest on the investment and the sinking sum, left a net profit of \$122,000, or an average of over \$12,000 a mile of double track, which went into the city treasury.

Mr. Hamm closes his report with this significant statement:

These are the results of the municipalization of city transit in Hull. They give American cities a striking proof of the mistake they have made in surrendering their streets to private companies that operate the lines for their private benefit and often to the detriment of the public. If the advocates of the municipalization of street car lines in the United States

wish a good object lesson on their side of the question they cannot do better than to study the Hull tramway system.

Utilities that are public in their nature should be operated for the public good rather than for private greed. When they are so operated, the world's progress, prosperity and happiness will be correspondingly increased.

Milking by Electricity.

A recent consular report from Germany tells of a newly invented apparatus for milking cows by electricity, in which rubber hoods are attached to the udder of the cow. These hoods are connected with a vessel for receiving the milk by means of a rubber tube, from which the air is exhausted by means of the electrical device. It is claimed that the suction thus secured resembles very closely the sucking of a calf and that for this reason the cow "lets down" her milk more freely than when milked by hand. It is also claimed that absolute cleanliness of the milk may be secured when this method of milking is employed.

The courts have decided that the Igorrotes do not have to wear trousers. It is evident that the judges who made the decision have had experience with St. Louis climate in summer.

So long as our two most prominent cities are Oyster Bay and Esopus we have no stones to throw at the outlandish names of towns in the far east.

A warning has been given to Washington policemen not to chew toothpicks. Evidently there should be a school of cop etiquette.

The campaign managers should secure some of the Russians who report Japanese losses to make ante-election estimates.

Railroad Building in Korea.

That the Japs are quite as effective in an industrial as in a military way is shown by the rapid manner in which they are pushing railroad construction in Korea. A recent report from United States Minister Allen states that south of Seoul there are 50 miles now completed on either end out of the whole 208 miles, the whole to be completed this year.

The north the Seoul-Wiju railway is also progressing very fast. Blasting goes on day and night in a deep rock cut near Seoul. This is expected to be completed to Pyongyang this year.

This will give a complete line from Fusan, on the south, to Pyongyang, on the north, by the beginning of the new year. That a nation whose attention is engrossed in a gigantic war can yet find time to push the construction of a railroad in such a rapid and effective manner is little short of marvelous.

Concerning the building of the southern line, from Fusan to Seoul, the Japan Daily Mail of Yokohama recently said:

We learn from the Ji Ji Shimpo that the total length of this line is 238 miles and that it is divided nearly equally by Yongdong, which lies 130 miles south of Seoul and 128 miles north of Fusan. Work is being carried on vigorously from Yongdong in both directions and from Fusan and Seoul toward the north and south, respectively. The whole will be finished, it is expected, by June or July, making 151 miles open in all. The portion not actually commenced, but only surveyed, is 117 miles. There is a very difficult piece of tunneling at Sanghyon in the thirteen mile section beyond Chongdo. The tunnel is 2,960 feet long, and not more than one-half has been pierced. It cannot be finished

speedily, and the intention is to carry a temporary line over the hill so as not to delay the opening of the service. Two bridges of from 1,300 to 1,500 feet and one of 2,000 feet will have to be built.

The orient is truly awakening. Korea, the dirty and sleepy corner of the far east, is to be reclaimed. The railroad is the harbinger of progress, and where it has made its appearance trade and civilization will certainly follow. New lines are constantly being built in China, and it is only a question of time when the swarms of dead humanity in the yellow kingdom will be touched with a new life. England is pushing into Tibet, and that land of mystery and seclusion can no longer hold back the tide of invasion from the west.

The human race is one race, and the whole earth must be claimed for advancement. What has happened to Japan must happen to all Asia.

In the Matrimonial Market.

Those wonderful Japs! Whether in martial or matrimonial affairs, they are worth studying. The praise of the geisha girl has been sung the world around. But it seems that she is not the only portion of female Japan that is worthy of note. For example, there is the widow. The widow of any clime has a charm of her own, but the widow of Japan is a dream, and the best of it is that she is a dream that comes true.

All of these things the world already knew. But here is a delightful piece of femininity from the Flowery Kingdom that has just come to light. The marriageable ones—maiden or widow, as the case may be—let the fact be known in the way they wear their hair. Think of the convenience of it! A man there need not be lost in following a blind lead.

Widows—of whom there will soon unfortunately be a greatly increased number—cut their hair short and comb it back plainly without a parting, unless indeed they are prepared to accept fresh offers, in which case they give a broad hint of their inclinations by twisting their hair round a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Marriageable maidens distinguish and, as it were, advertise themselves by combing their locks high in front and arranging them in the form of a butterfly—which is something to be caught—or a fan half open and adorning these significant designs with bright colored balls and gold or silver cord. Speaking generally, the dressing of the hair, which is changed at intervals from childhood upward, is an indication of the age and position of the simple minded and fascinating female Jap.

While praising the soldiers and sailors that are busy reducing the inflation of the Russian ego, let us not forget the dainty femininity of the island empire who are considerate enough to let a man know when they are in the matrimonial market.

A twelve pound New Jersey fish recently caught had in its stomach a watch stolen three years ago. Query: Which is the greater miracle, the fish swallowing the watch or a man swallowing the story?

There are seven candidates for president: Roosevelt, Parker, Watson, Swallow, Debs, Corrigan and Scott. There will be six victims for the slaughter.

A St. Louis man wants a divorce because his wife has not spoken to him for eleven years. That is not the complaint of most men.

A Triumph of Love.

In this prosaic and commercial age we are liable to forget the tenderer and more beautiful side of our humanity.

Then some little incident comes to strike into music the lost chord within us.

Such is the case of a mother in a Rocky mountain city who lost her baby boy fourteen years ago. She was told that he was dead. But the mother's love gave her faith that her child still lived and with it hope that some day she would see him.

This chapter out of common life has in it the elements that make romance. It is a tale of the bitterest hardship softened at last by a great joy.

The mother was taken from her two little ones by some mental disorder. While being treated in the county hospital one of her boys died. The father placed the other boy, a mere baby, under the care of a strange family, giving the child an assumed name. Then the man, giving out word that this boy also had died, killed himself.

Upon being released from the hospital the mother returned to a home left desolate. She was told of her triple bereavement. Yet without any apparent reason she would not believe that her baby was dead. Later in a dream she saw him still alive. And at last, after so many years of waiting, her faith was rewarded. Her dream came true. Her boy was found and returned to her.

We in our superior wisdom are apt to sneer at dreams. And yet there may be things we do not know. When the world with its noise has receded, something may touch the soul that tells of things unseen. Possibly the simple mother's faith was wiser than our science. Possibly it is we who dream and she who touched reality.

Sometimes little things happen that give us fleeting glimpses of worlds and worlds which are not visible from the sense windows through which we look.

However that may be, this trust sustained a soul through the long night of trial. It was worth while if only for that—worth while even though the boy had never returned.

We all need more of the faith and hope that are born of love. We need them in our everyday life. We need them to help us do our work. We need them to lighten our burden.

Without faith and the hope that is born of it life would be a treadmill, an unendurable round of effort that promised no result.

But with faith—boundless faith—in the final triumph of good, faith that our own will come to us, faith that our labors will bring us blessing, faith that the seed we sow will bear a golden harvest, faith that a brighter way is before us if we toil on to reach it—with such a faith life grows beautiful, and from out of the heart forever bubbles a song.

But with faith—boundless faith—in love, and, like the bereaved mother, you can bear whatever comes to you. And who knows, after all, but that some time, some place, the very presence of your faith may bring its own fulfillment?

Men have made themselves poets, teachers, philosophers and rulers by faith. Have faith in yourself if nothing else, for that has conquered armies. It was Napoleon's faith in his own destiny that made him invincible.

Faith is like a dynamo of energy within you. It carries you over the hard places and keeps you going till you accomplish results.

Faith, confidence, holds the business world together. You cannot have too

much of it, for it is the mainstay of the soul.

The Camera Scores Again.

The possibilities of photography, like those of electricity, seem endless. A California artist has succeeded in producing a photograph thirty-six feet long. Taken by itself this might be considered a mere freak to serve as a nine days' wonder. But experts give assurance that it is only a question of time when photographs will be produced every day in the colors of nature. Every year brings the color photographs nearer to perfection. When this is accomplished landscapes and the countless marvelous scenes of beauty and grandeur the world over can be produced on a scale commensurate with their natural proportions.

When a Kansas City woman rushed up to a man and kissed him under the impression that he was her long lost brother, the brute had her arrested. There is no need for any other candidates for the meanness medal to apply.

Chicago lawyers are to form a labor union. Any one who doubts that lawyers are entitled to form a labor union should carefully observe the amount of hustling the average limb of the law goes through in getting a case.

The war cloud is again doing an overshadowing business in Europe. The trouble with the European war cloud is that it belongs to the variety known as wind clouds. This one may turn out to be a cyclone.

Mr. Perdicaris thinks Raisuli ought to be sultan of Morocco. Perdicaris seems to be making himself solid against another kidnapping expedition.

Russia's Port Arthur Fleet.

Sanguinary speculators about the Russian naval problem in the far east have laid much stress on the fact that with all the battering of Togo's guns and torpedoes and the accidents that befell them the Russians came out with a couple of battleships and twice as many cruisers in good sailing as well as good fighting trim and a couple of battleships effective after damages were patched up as floating batteries. A warship is not done for until dismantled or sunk. With what the brave and ill starred Makaroff left to his successors there still remained a chance to do something not only heroic, but telling on the naval situation. All the world remembers what Cervera might have done when he sailed out of Santiago harbor to cover his name and that of his fleet with imperishable renown. But glory was all that lay ahead of the Spaniards had they chosen to run amuck with Sampson's fleet instead of running away. The situation could not have been changed. There was no haven for a lucky ship to run to in case of escape, no friendly fleet bearing down to succor the surviving ships.

But not so with the Russian fleet either in Port Arthur or the open sea. Its partially disabled ships might land a few telling shots in an enemy's hull before going to the bottom or striking the flag, and the sound ones should give a good account of themselves unless the spirit of Makaroff has fled from the Russian navy. And if all should be lost in an encounter the sinking of a Japanese warship or two would be far better than surrender without a fight or the destruction of the fleet to keep it out of the enemy's hands.

FINE LINCOLN SHEEP.

Car Load of 155 Ewes Received From Wyoming, Two Cars of Bucks returned.

A car load of thorough bred Lincoln ewes were received at the Independence station the last of the week. They were shipped from Wyoming by Mr. Donaldson who makes a specialty of that breed of sheep. There were 155 head in the band and they were driven to the J. B. Stump farm where they will be kept until disposed of.

Mr. Donaldson is making up a band of bucks to take back. He has two car loads already engaged, one to be shipped from here and one from Corvallis. The shipment will be made today or tomorrow. Mr. Donaldson has \$10,000 to invest in thorough bred Oregon bucks. The standard of breed in Polk county will satisfy any seeker of fine Lincoln sheep but it is doubtful if Mr. Donaldson can find for sale the number he wants at this time.

Three car loads of mutton sheep were shipped from here to Portland this week. Two cars were shipped by W. W. Percival and one by G. T. Boothby. They would have been shipped sooner if cars could have been obtained.

Shooting Too Early.

Ed Steele was fined \$5 and costs, amounting to another \$5 in Justice Wilson's court Saturday for trespassing on the premises of George Bolter. The trespass was that of hunting without permission. Mr. Bolter declares it to be his intention to uphold the law governing the shooting of birds on his place. The close season for Chinese pheasants does not expire until October 1, and unless the statute is observed there will be but few of these choice birds left for those who would observe the law. It is reported that a number of people in these parts have been shooting young pheasants out of season.

Don't overlook hop tickets. You have to have and this office is ready to supply them.

Excursion Rates to Yaquina Bay.

On June 1st the Southern Pacific Co. will resume sale of excursion tickets to Newport and Yaquina Bay. Both season, and Saturday-to-Monday tickets will be sold. This popular resort is growing in favor each year. Hotel rates are reasonable and opportunities for fishing, hunting and sea bathing are unexcelled by any other resort on the Pacific Coast.

Have your watermelon put on ice at Craven & Moore's. No extra charge.