

# KLAMATH FALLS REPUBLICAN

Issued Each Week

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

It is still permissible, however, to speak of the Chicago fire as a stable blaze.

John D. Rockefeller declares that he is always at his ease. It would be his own fault if he were not.

A man is like a razor; he must be completely strapped once in a while in order to show how sharp he is.

The gentlemen who are patriotically striving to save Niagara Falls can very properly be classed among the wets.

That married woman who made a balloon ascension with her husband will now know how it feels to be blown up.

"We shall," says the Hartford (Conn.) Times, "always have burglars and other thieves." Why not get a bulldog?

It has been discovered that few bald-headed men are poets, fiddlers or in jail. Why not pull down the hair restorer factories?

Cuba seems to be selling us nearly all her products and buying most of her goods in Europe. Thus does reciprocity get twisted.

The metric system will be enforced in this country about the same time Esperanto is made the official language of the women's clubs.

In view of the work of the United States troops at San Francisco, even Boston may admit that a standing army can have its uses.

There may be nothing in a name, but Nashville dispatches state that in the Nashville steepchase a horse named Russell Sage landed the money.

Charles E. Hughes is the most conspicuous ingulster of modern times. The fires of Torquemada look pale and ineffectual beside his brilliancy.

Professor Whipple of Columbia University says it is easy for a man to earn a million dollars honestly. He cruelly neglects to include divorces.

A 100-ton whale has been landed off Vancouver. That is enough to discourage the inventor of chaste and refined fish stories from the summer resorts.

We do not at the moment recall the particular thesis for which King Edward received his degree from Pennsylvania, but of course he must have written one.

The post office officials of Kent, Ohio, are advertising for one Stefan Brescz-transpuczekamzantsky. They have a letter for him, presumably from the Carnegie spelling reform board.

Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer, believes that the world will come to an end about 5,000,000 years hence. Why will scientists say things which keep mankind in a constant state of agitation? Some of us will now begin to mark off the days between the time of M. Flammarion's prediction and the terrestrial finish in 5,001,906, A. D.

Young men who are doubtful of their ability to pay their way through college may be encouraged by the experience of Secretary Shaw. He told an interviewer the other day that he earned his way not only through college, but also through the law school, and had a thousand dollars surplus earnings to start in business with at the close of his course.

"King Victor Emmanuel," the Pittsburg Gazette declares, "has proven himself 'every inch a king.'" We do not wish to be impertinent or try to detract from the greatness of Victor Emmanuel, but we cannot refrain from setting forth the fact that the monarch referred to is just sixty-two inches tall and can walk under the outstretched arm of his queen.

Don't encourage that boy in his idea that he has had enough schooling before he has finished a common high school course. Keep him going even at the expense of some rather stringent urging. The successful man of the future must be an educated man. Things have changed since you were a boy and are changing more rapidly now than ever before. The chances for the plug man are disappearing, so give your boy enough education to raise him out of that class.

"I have discovered why American women have to pay heavily to present that aspect known as 'style,'" said a woman who keeps her eyes open. "In this country—and the rule holds good from New York to San Francisco—a modiste can turn out a dashing costume charges from \$15 to \$25 for her work. I have known girls who had only about \$35 or \$40 to spend on an entire outfit and who had to buy remnants for \$3 and \$4 and then pay \$20 for the making. In Paris the style is within the reach of every woman who is not downright poor. There is no such thing as a botchy dressmaker. The difference between the garments worn by the shopgirl in Montmartre and those of the grande dame is in the quality of the fabric and the trimmings. I think women should bring about a reform in the land of the free. They should insist on the style as do their French sisters. By going into those who know their business and turn out a trim robe they soon would put the blunderers out of business."

Russian officials seem to be considering seriously the project to tunnel under Behring Strait. The St. Petersburg representative of the American Transalaskan Siberian Company is reported to have interested the Emperor; and Mr. Witte, other members of the ministry and half the members of the special commission appointed to exam-

ine into this project report favorably. The transcontinental lines of Canada and the United States can be connected by continuous rail to the tip of Cape Prince of Wales. The Siberian rail ways can be built to the edge of East Cape. The strait between is only thirty-six miles wide, and the greatest depth of the water is only about one hundred and eighty feet. Islands in the middle of the strait would divide the tunnel into two tunnels, each of which would be shorter than the proposed tunnel under the Strait of Dover and only twice as long as the existing tunnel under the Alps at St. Gotthard. Some day a man may start at Halifax and go all the way by rail either south to the Strait of Magellan or west to Lisbon.

We have as yet no science of earthquakes. That is sufficiently evident from the comments of learned professors upon the suggestion of Professor Milne of London as to the cause of these terrestrial disturbances. Professor Milne says it has been demonstrated that the earth does not "swing" upon its axis and his suggestion is that in "swinging" back into true position on its axis a tremendous strain is put upon its "crust." What is meant by "swinging" seems to be rotation. The thing that Professor Milne says has been demonstrated, seems to be that the axis of the earth's rotation changes—that there is a true axis of rotation from which there is departure and to which there is return. Indeed, the words attributed to him can not mean anything else. Some of the men of science who are quoted agree with the London professor that this fact of departure and return has been demonstrated. But not one of them agrees with him in other respects. Some of them say that we do not know that the earth has a crust; that we do not know but that it is solid to the center. Others say that Professor Milne's suggestion is new and that it deserves respectful treatment because of its source, but are evidently very skeptical regarding it. The notable thing about their comments is the admission, express or implied, that nobody knows much about the cause of earthquakes. They agree that when there is an earthquake there is more or less disturbance of the rocks, but they evidently do not know the cause of the disturbance. They have their conjectures and hypotheses, but no definite knowledge. As for Professor Milne's conjecture it is to be said that it is an attempt to assign a cause and one affecting the entire planet and therefore adequate to account for the fact that disturbances occur at nearly the same time in places far apart—in places where the disposition of the rocks is such that they are especially liable to disturbance. But no reason is given why a return of the earth to its true axis should cause such disturbances, while a departure from the true axis does not. Nor is there a hint of any reason why a cause adequate to produce a change either to or from the true axis should not act upon all parts of the earth alike, so as in reality not to cause any disturbance at all. Scientific observers have accumulated many facts regarding earthquakes and their attendant tidal waves and the apparently related increase in volcanic activity. They have learned much about the direction and the velocity with which earthquake shocks are propagated from centers in which they seem to originate. They have learned much about the regions which within the historic period have been peculiarly subject to seismic disturbances. But the plain truth is that no true science has thus far been developed out of these facts. There is no certain knowledge of causes. Nobody can predict the occurrence of an earthquake. All the knowledge we have thus far gained is of no practical value at present. The waste places will be rebuilt as usual; we knew nothing at all on the subject.

**CAPITOL HAS ECHO CHAMBERS.**  
An Average of 500 Daily Visitors at Minnesota's New Structure.  
"Hurry up, or the bogey man will catch you!"  
This is the warning which a guide was giving a score of visitors as they passed through the "echo" chamber on the ground floor of the new State capitol. The visitors walked one by one across the floor and laughed nervously as they experienced a peculiar vibration under their feet, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The "echo" is heard only by the pedestrian, for none of those on the "side lines" can distinguish the reverberation. By the peculiar construction of the chamber, which is immediately under the rotunda, the pedestrian hears the soft pattering of an army marching behind him. It gives a creepy feeling and the guide has all the fun he can get by putting the visitors through the ordeal.

There are two guides who do nothing else but show the attractions of Minnesota's capitol, and they have all the fun they can get by putting the visitors through the ordeal. The "echo" is heard only by the pedestrian, for none of those on the "side lines" can distinguish the reverberation. By the peculiar construction of the chamber, which is immediately under the rotunda, the pedestrian hears the soft pattering of an army marching behind him. It gives a creepy feeling and the guide has all the fun he can get by putting the visitors through the ordeal.

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## For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

An hour after sunrise next morning the frail boat which was the last hope of these four human beings, drifted with the outgoing current toward the mouth of the harbor. When first launched she had come high swamping, being overloaded, and it was found necessary to leave behind a great portion of the dried meat. They made a great meal with their rude fare; a light breeze from the northwest sprang up with the dawn, and, hoisting the goat-skin sail, they crept along the coast. It was resolved that the two men should keep watch and watch; the two women, however, were enforced his authority by giving the first watch to Rufus Dawes. "I am tired," he said, "and shall sleep for a little while."

That night the wind fell, and they had to take their oars. Rowing all night, they made but little progress, and Rufus Dawes suggested that they should put in the shore, and wait until the breeze sprang up. But, upon getting under the lee of a long line of basaltic rocks which rose abruptly out of the sea, they found the waves breaking furiously upon a beach. The craft began to leak, and length. There was nothing for it but to coast again.

They coasted for two days, without a sign of a sail, and on the third day a great wind broke upon them from the southeast, and drove them back thirty miles. The craft began to leak, and Rufus Dawes suggested that they should put in the shore, and wait until the breeze sprang up. But, upon getting under the lee of a long line of basaltic rocks which rose abruptly out of the sea, they found the waves breaking furiously upon a beach. The craft began to leak, and length. There was nothing for it but to coast again.

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"We can walk together," said Mrs. Jellison. "I am going to call on Mr. Meekin." "And I live within a stone's throw," returned Mrs. Protherick. "What a charming little creature—his daughter. A sad thing. Quite a romance if it were not so sad, you know. His wife, poor Mrs. Vickers!" "What of her?" asked Meekin. "She is dead, poor soul," returned Mrs. Jellison, with a fat sigh. "You don't mean to say that you haven't heard the story, Mr. Meekin?" "My dear Jellison, I have only been in Hobart Town a week, and I have not heard the story."

"It's about the mutiny, you know, the mutiny at Macquarie Harbor. The prisoners took the ship and put Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia ashore somewhere. Captain Freere was with them, too. The mutiny was a dreadful thing, and nearly died. Captain Freere made a boat for them, and they were picked up by a ship. Poor Mrs. Vickers only lived a few hours, and little Sylvia—she was only twelve years old then—was quite high-spirited. They thought she would recover. She's quite a beauty, and her memory's gone. She doesn't remember anything about the three or four weeks they were ashore—at least not distinctly."

"It's a great mercy," interrupted Mrs. Protherick, determined to keep the post of honor. "What a horror! From Captain Freere's account, it was positively awful. A 'bolter'—that's what we call an escaped prisoner. Mr. Meekin—happened to be left behind, and he found them out. He insisted on showing the provisions, and he watched him constantly for fear he should murder them. Even in the boat he tried to run them out to sea and escape. He was one of the worst men in the Harbor, Freere told the story."

"And where is he now?" asked Mr. Meekin, with interest. "Captain Freere?" "No, the prisoner." "Oh, goodness, I don't know—at Port Arthur, I think. I know that he was tried for bolting, and would have been hanged but for Captain Freere's exertions."

"Dear, dear! a strange story, indeed," said Mrs. Meekin. "And so the young lady doesn't know anything about it?" "Only what she's been told, of course, poor dear. She's engaged to Captain Freere."

"Really! To the man who saved her. How charming—quite a romance! Her girlish love clings to her heroic protector. Remarkable and beautiful. Quite the best—the best—the best, dear Jellison. Ah, in my old days, what sweet spots—what I think this is a 'bat'."

A smart convict servant—he had been a pickpocket of note in days gone by—left the clergyman to repose in a handsome furnished drawing room, whose sun blinds revealed a wealth of gold and silver. He sat down, and he went in search of Miss Vickers. The major was out, his duties as superintendent of convicts rendering such absences necessary; but Miss Vickers was in the garden, and could be called in at once. The Reverend Mr. Meekin, slipping on his hat and pulling down his spotted wristbands, laid himself back on the sofa, and he went in search of Miss Vickers. The major was out, his duties as superintendent of convicts rendering such absences necessary; but Miss Vickers was in the garden, and could be called in at once.

The ship—a brig, with American colors flying—came within hail of them. Freere could almost distinguish figures on her deck. He made his way aft to where Rufus was sitting, unconscious, with the child in his arms, and stirred him roughly with his foot. "Go forward," he said, in tones of command, "and give the child to me."

Rufus Dawes raised his head, and, seeing the approaching vessel, awoke to the consciousness of his situation. With a low laugh, full of unutterable bitterness, he placed the burden he had borne so tenderly in the arms of the lieutenant. The brig was close upon them. Her canvas loomed large and dusky, shadowing the sea. Her wet decks shone, and her masts gleamed. From her bulwarks peered bearded and eager faces, looking with astonishment at this boat and its haggard company, alone on that barren and stormy ocean.

"Oh, dear, no; not at all," returned Meekin, feeling that this charming young lady was regarded as a creature who was not to be judged by ordinary rules. "We got on famously, my dear major—quite famously." "That's right," said Vickers. "She is very plain-spoken, is my little girl, and strangers can't understand her sometimes. Can't they, Poppet?" "Poppet tossed her head saucily. 'I don't know,' she said. 'Why shouldn't they? But you were going to say something extraordinary when you came in. What is it, dear?'" "Ah," said Vickers, with grave face. "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They've caught those villains."

"What, you don't mean—No, no, papa!" said Sylvia, turning round with alarmed face. "In that little family there were, for conversational purposes, but one set of villains in the world—the mutineers of the Osprey. 'They've got four of them in the bay at this moment, Rev. Barker, Silvers and Leahy. They've hoisted the Lady Jane. The most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life. The fellows got to China, and passed themselves off as shipwrecked sailors. The merchants in Canton got up a subscription and sent them to London. They were recognized by an old Pine, who had been surgeon on board the ship they came out in.'"

Sylvia sat down on the nearest chair, with heightened color. "And where are the others?" "Two were executed in England; the other six have not been taken. These fellows have been sent out for trial." "To what are you alluding, dear sir?" asked Meekin. "The piracy of a convict brig five years ago," replied Vickers. "The scoundrels put my poor wife and child ashore and left them to starve. If it hadn't been for Freere—God bless him—they would have died. They shot the pilot and a soldier—and but it's a long story to tell now."

"I have heard of it already," said Meekin, "and of your gallant conduct, Captain Freere." "Oh, that's nothing," said Freere, red-denying. Sylvia was staring at the strip of sunshine between the veranda and the blind, as though the bright light might enable her to remember something. "What's the matter?" asked Freere, beaming over her. "I was trying to recollect, but I can't, Maurice. It is all confused. I only remember a great shore and a great sea, and two men, one of whom—that's you, dear—carried me in his arms. Maurice," asked she suddenly, "what became of the other man?" "Poor Bates!" "No, no, Bates. The prisoner. What was his name?" "Oh, ah—the prisoner," said Freere, as if he, too, had forgotten. "Why, you know, darling, he was sent to Port Arthur."

"Ah," said Sylvia, with a shudder. "And is he there still?" "I believe so," said Freere, with a frown. (To be continued.)

**INDIANA MAGNETIC FIELD.**  
Territory in Which Lightning Falls Queer Pranks.  
A mysterious magnetic field in the southwestern part of Lake County is attracting a little attention among local scientific minds and arousing much interest, because of queer pranks cut up by lightning in that neighborhood, says the Indianapolis News. The territory covered by the strange and weird electrical manifestations embraces only a few square miles in West Creek township, and is located a few miles north of the great Kanawake marshes. More havoc is created annually in this one spot, with a radius of less than two miles, than in any four entire counties in this part of the State.

Every thunderstorm in the vicinity is sure to pass over the spot, no matter in what direction the wind may be, and its passage is sure to be marked by terrific bursts of lightning. At night time the displays are at times grand and magnificent, yet terrifying to the bravest heart and extremely dangerous. Bolt after bolt of molten fire is shot from heaven to earth, lighting the country up for miles with a dazzling glare of light. So much havoc has been wrought by lightning that some insurance companies refuse risks in the district, and the others are about to impose additional rates to cover the extra cost.

Four large hay barns within a half mile radius were struck recently and burned, causing a loss of \$1,200. Only one of these, that of Henry Brant, was insured, and it only for about half its value. The others were uninsured. It has been found impossible to keep a telephone service in operation in the territory, as every storm that passes leaves wrecked lines and blackened and shattered poles as a reminder of the lightning's wrath. Numerous horses and cattle have been killed, and there is not a building or a tall tree that does not bear evidence of the destructive forces of nature's electrical energy. Three fatalities have occurred in the last three years, and every inhabitant of the spot has felt the lightning force to a greater or less degree. It is said that a wireless telegraph would be interrupted and messages intercepted by the weird forces that seem to be concentrated in the ground. Even in fair weather a telephone system using the ordinary ground wire is useless, and even a metallic circuit is operated with difficulty.

Many theories are advanced, but the most plausible one seems to be that a large body of strong magnetic ore crops out near the surface and attracts the electrical forces of the clouds. Another theory is that a large body of meteoric ore lies in this neighborhood and is the attracting medium. **Worth Reading.** There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli. Never say you know a man till you have divided an inheritance with him.—Lavater. The manuscript of Swinburne's "First Book of Ballads" was being sold for \$1,000. Newspapers from Denmark to the Russian provinces must in future all go to St. Petersburg to pass the censor. At Whakarewarewa, New Zealand, there are geysers, hot springs, boiling pools, mud volcanoes and hot water falls.

## SHEEP AND CATTLE MEN.

War Has Extended All Over the West, but is Not Settling. The situation has been duplicated so many, many times that one incident has become typical, says the Pacific Weekly. A settler who has perhaps a few acres of bottom land in which to grow a little alfalfa, runs a few dozen head of cattle on the bench range back from the creek. He may have just there a long time; he may have been come into the country. At all events, he came first. He is a resident of the county and a taxpayer. He may not own a foot of that range; but its existence is what brought him to that part of the country and made it worth his while to maintain that little homestead.

There is enough range along the creek country for all the settlers; at any rate, they do not quarrel for it, and if the range runs short near at hand they drive their cattle back into the hills. One day the settler takes his family and drives off to some town, say, fifty or a hundred miles away, and is gone for several days. When he comes back he hardly knows his place. His few acres of inclosure, perhaps, have not been touched, but for miles around the ground is barren and cut up by tiny flocks. A band of several thousand sheep passing through the country has stopped in his neighborhood for a few days. His cattle and horses have either gone back into the hills to find something on which to live or they are standing about the homestead with a downcast air.

When that settler turns and looks his family in the face he declares war. He calls those "those vermin" sheep. And if the destruction of range has not been so complete that he is driven out of the country the next sheepherder who appears on the crest of the hill finds himself met by a stern-looking man who says, "Git!" and the sheepherder "gits." Otherwise he is liable to be surprised in the middle of the night, and left bound in the sagebrush, while his sheep are shot and scattered to the prey of coyotes.

This struggle between the cattle and sheep men is an economic problem. It will know no settlement until the whole country is under fence. It began away over in Texas and in the Indian Territory, and has worked across the country, until now it is more active in Central Oregon than anywhere else. For twenty years there has been trouble in Colorado. Bands of thousands of sheep have been shot down and driven over precipices in that State. The same thing has happened in Wyoming, but that is largely a fenced country now. The struggle also existed in Idaho, but was never so very bad, on account of the topography of the country. The sheep men largely control the district south of the Salmon river, while to the north of the Salmon River there are practically no sheep, and the cattle own the country. The mountains between the two sections of the State form a natural "dead line."

**SOME RECENT EARTHQUAKES.**  
There is Much Speculation as to the Cause of Upehuale. Geologists associate some earthquakes with volcanic action and explain others by saying that the rock strata which are disturbed have been under a prolonged strain, to which they yield at last, says the New York Tribune. The overloading of a large area on one side of a "fault," or crevice in the earth's crust, is held to be an adequate cause for the readjustment, and this may be brought about by an accumulation of sediment on the sea bottom near the mouth of a large river. Since the disturbance near the Pacific coast of Colombia Jan. 31 and those in the Windward Islands about a fortnight later, there has been much speculation as to their origin. Inasmuch as there has been volcanic activity in both regions in the past, it was natural to suspect that the same phenomenon had attended and perhaps preceded the recent upheavals.

Evidence that such was not the case in Martinique is now supplied by Prof. Hellprin of Philadelphia. Within the last few days he has ascended Mont Pelee and he declares that the crater is quiet. That fact satisfies him that the shocks in Martinique at St. Vincent recently were due to the sinking of the bed of the Caribbean sea. Until a better theory is suggested, this may be accepted provisionally. It may prove to be applicable to the earthquakes in Colombia also. Dispatches from that country reported that the volcano Cumbal had been in a state of eruption. A write in Nature—a scientific periodical of high standing—refers, however, to the outbreak as a mere incident of the general convulsion, which it believed was produced by an extensive dislocation of strata under the Pacific off the mouth of the Esmeralda river. The shocks were violent enough to set up tidal waves of destructive violence, to rupture the submarine cable in several places and to be registered by automatic instruments in Europe 5,000 or 6,000 miles away.

Evidently, then, the volcanic eruption is to be considered an effect, rather than a cause, in certain cases, of which this one is an illustration. The present instance, according to Nature, is by no means unique. By that journal the outbreak which destroyed St. Pierre in May, 1902, is connected with the earthquakes which occurred in Guatemala only a few weeks before. The relationship between volcanic and seismic phenomena is apparently more complicated than has been popularly supposed, and if Nature is right, one may induce the other hundreds, if not thousands, of miles from the scene of the original disturbance.

**Always Willing to Forgive.** "Woman is a magnanimous creature." "So?" "Yes, sir. No matter how much in the wrong she may be she can always bring herself to forgive the man."—Louisville Courier-Journal. The time limit on every visiting girl expires before she has her "visit out." Every man is a big fool in some way.



When a motion is made and carried in the United States Senate that the Senate "proceed to the consideration of executive business," the galleries are cleared, the doors are closed, and a secret session begins. "Executive business" is that in which the assent of the Senate is necessary to the acts of the President, the chief executive, such as tariffs and nominations to office. It has become customary to call a secret session of the Senate an executive session. Oddly enough, all sorts of societies and committees have adopted the phrase, and now almost any meeting behind closed doors is incorrectly called an "executive session." The wisdom of attempting secrecy in certain deliberations of the Senate is apparent. In discussing the fitness of the President's selections for office, many facts can be brought out in private conference which should not be spread on the records and sent broadcast over the country. Senators would not speak as freely as they ought if these were the conditions. Whatever "leaks" out now is unofficial. But it is in the consideration of treaties that the secret session is most necessary. A President often has reasons for the adoption of a certain policy, which would be upset if all the world knew what these were. All the sessions of the Senate in the First Congress were secret, as were those of the convention which drafted the Federal Constitution. Much of the important committee work of Congress is still done behind closed doors.

The first amendment of the national Constitution denies to Congress the right to abridge the privilege of petitioning the government for the redress of grievances. That the American people make large use of the privilege is shown by the overflowing "petition box" on the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives, and by the records of morning business in the Senate, in which body petitions are formally presented. Congress inclines to attach less importance to petitions which seem to be "machine-made" than to those which appear to be from citizens who of their own motion ask for something. It is notorious that many, perhaps, most, men and women are willing to sign almost any petition that is presented to them, and hence it is never certain that a large number of the signers really care anything about the cause they seem to advocate. Yet by far the greater number of petitions are the result of concerted movement. The leaders of an organization favoring proposed legislation ask each lodge or chapter or church or union or local group to petition for it, and usually they receive signatures in ample number.

Postmaster General Cortelyou has recommended to Congress the adoption of the new postal note in denominations running from 1 cent to \$2.50 as an amplification of the present money order system. It would afford a convenient means for transmitting small sums of money through the mail. It is proposed that notes of the denomination from 1 to 10 be sold at their face value without a fee. A fee of 1 cent would be charged for notes from 10 to 40 cents, and 2 cents for notes from 50 cents to \$2.50. To carry out the law an appropriation of \$150,000 is asked.

The House naval committee favors the construction of the largest battleship in the world, one which, when armed and armored, will have cost as much as \$90,000,000. It will be in the neighborhood of 20,000 tons displacement. The present bill is to carry an appropriation of \$6,000,000 for the hull and machinery alone. Other vessels to be authorized are three torpedo-boat destroyers and a number of submarines. Provision is made for the repair of the old warship Constitution as a show vessel. The naval bill will carry a total of \$99,750,000.

The Bureau of Labor has been directed by the President to investigate thoroughly the charges brought by organized labor that the national eight-hour law is being violated in many cases. At the same time the officers of the American Federation of Labor have been urged by the President to transmit any evidence they may possess to Commissioner of Labor O'Neill.

It may be true that agnosticism is spreading in the United States, but in Washington it is still the custom to profess religion. The President, Vice President and all of the nine cabinet members are avowed members of some denominations. President Taft and his allied creeds claim the majority of those distinguished families.

Formal greetings were exchanged between President Roosevelt and the Emperor of China on the occasion of the opening of the Commercial Pacific cable office at Shanghai, thus making the first direct cable connection between the United States and Asia. This is the last link of the cable which runs between San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam, and Manila, nearly 10,000 miles of cable which has been laid at an average depth of 2,640 fathoms.

The Secretary of the Interior is considering an irrigation project that will, if adopted, make the State of Washington \$50,000,000 richer. It involves the using of the waters of the Spokane River, near the city of that name, for power purposes, so that it may pump the waters of the Spokane and Columbia Rivers 100 miles away if necessary in order to irrigate the now arid lands of the State. If the project is carried out enough arid lands will be reclaimed to accommodate 3,000,000 people.