

**TOPICS OF THE TIMES.**  
A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

**Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.**

The new duck trust expects to make the public quack.

Idle curiosity keeps some people so busy that they don't have time to work.

They say time is money, but no man has ever succeeded in borrowing a minute.

Feather beds, it is asserted, are coming in again, but the statement may be taken on tick.

The Boer war added \$825,000,000 to Great Britain's debt, and no vast amount to her credit.

Admiral Dewey to General Baldwin: "When you want to sneer, always do it at some foreigner."

There is another crisis in the Balkans. It is the fourth that has come along since a week ago Friday.

The Chinese are complaining about their taxes. In some respects they share the customs of the most civilized nations.

Beware of the man who tells you that he always predicted a bright future for you. He knows too much about your past.

A bald-headed men's club has been formed in Cleveland. Isn't it about time for the people who wear glass eyes to get together?

J. Pierpont Morgan says he is ready to pay \$500 for the smashing of any camera containing a snap shot of him. Oh, how that man does hate his face!

It's a close race in the public service now which have the more perilous task—the boys who fight in the field or those who fire our great ship guns.

That whiskered club at Yale is likely soon to be followed by a bald-headed organization at Ann Arbor. Why are the college men so hard on the poor barbers, anyway?

A schoolgirl who was reprimanded by her teacher went home and killed herself. In the older days when anything of this sort occurred we went home and got some more medicine from our kind parents.

Sixteen young women of Chicago are about to take up mission work among the pagans of foreign lands. This does not mean, of course, that there is no need for missionary work at home, but simply that sinners at a distance look much more interesting than those next door.

The secretary of the navy is alluded to as being "amazed to find the youth of our country unwilling to serve in our ships." If Secretary Moody were a youth would he go behind the guns without a hope of promotion, gallant though he may be? Perhaps the future could be made a little brighter for the man with the wide trousers.

"You cannot police a city into being good" is the sound truth which a Yale preacher proclaimed to the students on a recent Sunday. It is not new; rather, it is so old that it is in danger of being forgotten. The grandmother truths, like the grandmothers themselves, deserve attention if for no other reason than that they repay cultivation.

What would the ordinary woman say to a family that used every day twenty thousand napkins, twelve thousand towels, thirty-eight hundred sheets, twenty thousand plates and eighteen thousand knives and forks? This is what is required by one of the large hotels in New York, at which a man cannot live for much less than eight dollars a day. The hotel will accommodate three thousand people, besides fifteen hundred servants to wait on them.

The mania for money-making has developed into downright madness. And the explanation is easy. People see that it is fast becoming the chief, if not the only, standard of respectability. When Talleyrand was asked if he was not ashamed to sell his influence in making treaties under the first empire he replied: "My friend, do you not see that there are but two things left in France—money and the guillotine?" We are rapidly approaching the period in our own history when there will be but two things left in America—money and contumely.

There are certain Americans who are money mad. They want to make millions upon millions and make them in a minute. There are a great many more Americans who are maddened by the thought that anybody would have a million. Between those who are trying to pile up and those who are bound to tear down there is a furious combat, productive of numerous incidental casualties among the bystanders. Both parties have been driven too fast and too far by their mania. It is time for them to get sobered and take some thought about the common interest.

Darwin and the Bible agree perfectly on one point—that the stus of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth genera-

tion. Similarly, if the Bible had taken the matter up for its material rather than its spiritual significances, it is quite probable that they would have agreed upon another point—that that which is good, strong, possessing the merit not only of inheritance but of performance, is sure to survive.

What is excellent.

As God lives, is permanent.

Save within narrow lines occasion ally and mysteriously drawn by fate, or destiny, or providence, or whatever name we may choose to give to the force that the Indians call the Power—that-Makes, the meritorious race, the deserving family, cannot commit suicide. "Fine families" wither away, to be sure. They narrow down to a single life, and that is some day snuffed out. But can we be sure that they had not, by the acts and choice of their members, imported into their own veins the poison of which they languished? Physical vigor alone does not tell the whole story of the fitness to survive. We have seen stalwart swarms enter our country from Europe which have faded away almost at a breath, because they had not moral strength. Nor does mental strength alone suffice, by any means. Life lies at the point of equilibrium. Nature is partial to those who respect her. She condemns to death those who do not. Moreover, while she has obliterated more than one people who loved her without wisdom, she has never signed the death warrant of a race or a people who kept an eye upon her prohibitions as well as upon her permissions. If in this land, to-day, nature dooms families or racial strains to extinction, it is because it is better that they should be extinguished. And if there is a race or an element that fancies that it is committing suicide, it should cease to flatter itself. It is simply fulfilling the sentence of an inexorable, a vastly beneficent, law.

The loneliest human creature in the world is a boy. In the life of today he is allowed, like "Topsy," to "just grow." True, he is given the switch as often as he deserves it, and maybe oftener, and he is "corrected" a good deal more than is good for him, but aside from these interferences he is left pretty free to solve in his own way the mysteries of the existence that whirrs about him and of which he is so unimportant a part. Everything is done for the entertainment and embellishment of the girl. Her doll is inseparable from her hands and heart. She has her little parties, real and make-believe. Everything she does meets fond parental approval. Her whole childhood is a happy butterfly existence in sunshine and amid flowers. As long as the boy is the baby he is the whole thing. But when the baby sister comes to usurp his place, he becomes nothing. He is then deemed to be able to take care of himself. He is allowed to sit alone, with his thumb in his mouth, pondering solemnly upon the favoritism displayed by fond but frail humanity. He settles grave questions of ethics in his own way. He perceives that right and wrong are very indistinctly marked out by a wavering, oblique line between a kiss and a switch. On one side of this line he knows it is all black, and on the other side all white, but just where the line runs he cannot always tell. And by and by he makes the momentous discovery that this line can be shifted by excuses and evasions, and that excuses when not readily at hand can be invented. And thus he learns to lie, because the channels of sympathy have become dammed up by fear and the sole outlet for the lonely broodings is through cunning. The first lie that a boy tells to a parent is registered in heaven as a hideous crime, not against the child, but against the parent. But it is an epoch in the boy's life. Then when he becomes twelve or fourteen years of age he ceases to be a boy without becoming a man. If he was neglected before, he is utterly misunderstood now. He is that worst of enigmas—an enigma to himself. It is now that his thoughts become the "long, long thoughts" of which the poet tells and which only a poet's dreams may fathom. These thoughts spur the sterile present and span the far future. It is now that he is better alone. He has come into his element. Longings give him spirit and yearnings give him strength for the contest that awaits him. We talk about certain successful men being "self-made." But no one who sympathetically observes the life of the average boy can doubt that every man who amounts to anything is self-made.

Portland, Ore., June 16.—The most appalling disaster in the history of this state occurred Sunday evening about 6 o'clock. The town of Heppner was almost entirely destroyed by a cloudburst and probably five hundred people drowned. Heppner is the county seat of Morrow county and has about 1,250 inhabitants. The most reliable reports at 8 o'clock tonight state that the loss of life will be at least five hundred though the number of dead probably is larger. All the telegraph and telephone lines are down and no accurate information can be secured. A report from Ione, seventeen miles from Heppner, states that 300 bodies have been recovered. A messenger who arrived at Ione, state that a wall of water twenty feet high rushed down into the gulch in which Heppner is situated and carried everything before it. The flood came with such suddenness that the inhabitants were unable to seek places of safety and were carried down to death by the awful rush of water. Almost the entire residence portion of the town was wiped out, but some of the business part, which is on higher ground, escaped. Huge boulders weighing a ton were carried down by the current and many people were killed by being dashed against the rocky bluff. Early in the afternoon a thunder storm occurred covering a wide region of country, and later a heavy rain storm set in. Many of the small streams overflowing their banks in a short time. Bridges were swept away like straws, and the darkness of the night soon rendered the situation more appalling. As soon as possible after the terrible flood subsided the work of relief was commenced by the remaining citizens of the town. Dozens of bodies were found lodged along the bends of the stream and in several places they were piled over one another. Up to 2 o'clock this afternoon 200 bodies had been recovered almost within the city limits. The buildings which were not carried away were moved from their foundations or toppled over. Hundreds of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs that had gone in the creek bottoms for water perished. News of the calamity did not reach the outside world until yesterday morning, all means of communication having been cut off.

**Delegates Favor Strike.**

Seranton, Pa., June 16.—The special convention of the united mine workers of the three anthracite districts, called for the purpose of dealing with the refusal of the operators to recognize the coal-brokers appointed by the joint executive board, opened here yesterday with National President John Mitchell presiding and 60 delegates in attendance. The conciliation matter and all other grievances the different districts want to have considered were referred to a committee on resolutions composed of seven delegates from each district and the three district presidents.

This committee is to present a report for revision or adoption at tomorrow's session. Today's session was a warm one. The sentiment almost unanimously expressed in the motions and speeches was in favor of leaving it to the operators to accept the three district presidents' conciliators or take the consequences of their refusal. Not a few of the delegates declared openly for a strike to enforce acceptance.

**Of Course.**



Cook (seeking situation and continuing her recommendations)—You see ma'am, of course I'm a deserted wife. Lady (charmingly acquiescent)—of course (negotiations dropped.)

After a man becomes old, it seems to him on Friday that yesterday was Sunday.

**FLOOD IN OREGON**

**CLIMAX IN SEASON'S DISASTERS COMES TO HEPPNER, ORE.**

**FULLY FIVE HUNDRED DEAD**

**CAUGHT IN A RUSH OF WATER JUST AT NIGHTFALL**

Cloudburst Sends Down a Torrent Twenty Feet High—Two Hundred Bodies Recovered in the Town.

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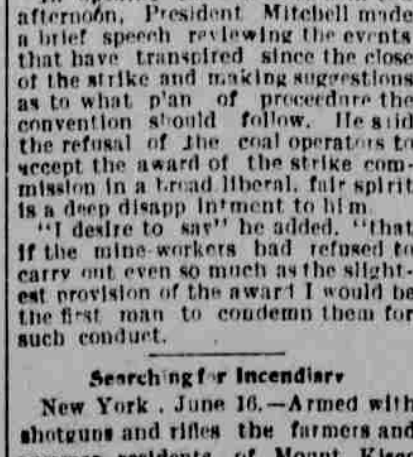
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**HOTEL DESTROYED**

**PROMINENT WITNESS IN JETT AND WHITE TRIAL PENILESS**

**TROOPS ARE CALLED UPON**

Blaze Believed to be the Work of Incendiary—Captain Ewen, the Owner, Saw Shot That Killed Marcum

Louisville, Ky., June 15.—The City Hotel at Jackson Ky., a three story building owned by captain B. J. Ewen the principal witness against Jett and White, now on trial here for the assassination of lawyer J. B. Marcum was burned to the ground early yesterday morning. There were fifteen guests in the hotel, but all escaped without injury. There was no insurance on the structure, and the hotel, together with its furnishings and the effects of the guests, is a total loss. The origin of the fire is unknown, but the belief is general that the fire was of incendiary origin.

Captain Ewen had recently put up an addition to the hotel. This was just completed and was as yet unoccupied. It was in this part of the hotel that the fire was discovered.

The town of Jackson has had no fire department, and as its citizens were awakened by the firing of pistols and guns much excitement prevailed.

Ewens' hotel and furniture had been insured, but only a week ago Captain Ewen was notified that on account of the threatening conditions the company had decided to cancel his policy. The house and all fixtures which were valued at about \$10,000 represented the savings of a lifetime. Tonight Ewen, his wife and children, are penniless and dependent on the hospitality of the troops in camp.

Gray and Jim Haddicks and Jerry Luntz, workmen at the Swann and Day lumber yard reported having seen Joe Crawford and Ed Tuap, wagoners for the Hargis brothers, come across the bridge and return just before the blaze was discovered, and Major Allen ordered these men arrested.

Gray Haddick was detained by the provost guard as a witness. Soon the Hargis people were very active. They sent for Attorneys John D. O'Neil of Covington and B. B. Golden of Barberville, defending Jewett and White, and swore out writs of habeas corpus before Judge Redwine, making them returnable at once. The writs were served on Major Allen, and he sent the prisoners to the courthouse under a strong guard commanded by captain Maddox.

Commonwealth's Attorney, Byrd, asked Judge Redwine for time for Major Allen to file a response. He asked that he be given until tomorrow morning but Judge Redwine demanded that it be filed at once.

**Makes Successful Trip**

New York, June 15.—Safe and sound after a rough passage from Gourack, Scotland, of sixteen days and twenty-two hours, Sir Thomas Lipton's last challenger for the Americas cup Shamrock III., is now lying at anchor off Tompkinsville, Stanton Island, where she arrived at 10:20 this morning in company with the steam yacht Erin, that had towed her most of the way across the Atlantic, and by Shamrock I. towed by the British tug Cruiser. The one hundred and fifty-six men which manned the yacht and their convoys are all well and there were no accidents to mar the passage.

**Between Gourack and Fayal, Azores, where the steamers stopped for coal, calms and squally weather was encountered. The Erin and her tow were separated from the Cruiser and the Shamrock I. before reaching Fayal, but they never lost sight of each other after leaving there. On June 12 the yachts were caught in a gale from the southeast, and it blew very hard and a heavy sea was running, very little water was shipped and no damage done.**

The tug Charles E. Mathews in charge of H. H. Davies met the yachts at daylight twenty miles east of Sandy Hook lightship. Pilots were put on board the Erin at sea and the Mathews towed the Shamrock III. to quarantine the Shamrock I. being towed by the Cruiser.

The yachts passed Sandy Hook lightship soon after 6 o'clock this morning. They were saluted by every vessel that passed them, all the way to quarantine.

**Claim Against Minnesota**

St. Paul, Minn., June 15.—After many failures in the courts and through the legislature to collect \$20,000 earned under the beet sugar bounty law the supreme court today granted the petition of the Minnesota Sugar Company Co. for a writ of certiorari, directing State Auditor Iversen to show cause why he should not certify to the court records in the beet sugar bounty controversy.

**Shoots Himself in Head**

New York, June 15.—Frank Dean, a vice president of the Seaboard National bank, committed suicide yesterday at his home in Orange, N. Y. He arose at his usual hour and went into the cellar, where he shot himself in the head. His family advances no reason for his act, but at the bank the officers said that Mr. Dean was despondent over domestic afflictions.

**TRIAL WELL BEGUN**

**DEWEY AND HIS COWBOYS FACING MURDER CHARGE**

**TWO BERRYS ON STAND**

Declare the Killing Cold-Blooded and Unprovoked—Soldiers on Guard and Perfect Order Maintained

St. Francis, Kas., June 17.—The trial of Chauncy Dewey and his cowboys, charged with the murder of members of the Berry family, is well under way. The feature of the hearing was the refusal of Ed Tucker, one of the cowboys witnesses, to testify. The militia remains and perfect order is maintained.

Roy Berry who was shot so severely through the jaw in the fight at Berry's ranch, was the first witness called and told his story, although hardly able to talk. He was brought into court on a cot. His story differed very little from that told by Bevan Berry. He said that Chauncy Dewey shot him down, not a word being spoken on either side he said, and after he had taken half a dozen steps from where he tied his horse Dewey began shooting and Berry fell. After recovering consciousness he crawled away, two more shots following him, which went through his hat. The hat, bullet-riddled and bloodstained, was produced as evidence. Roy Berry admitted having trouble with Dewey previous to the tragedy and said that Dewey had made threats to take a shot at him. He denied having cursed the Dewey outfit before the killing.

Mrs. Alpheas Berry, widow of one of the victims was the next called. She held her young infant in her arms and presented a pitiful spectacle. Her testimony in substance was about the same as that of Roy Berry.

The Dewey cowboys have, it is said refused to testify and this has successfully blocked the purpose for which the state had subpoenaed them. Tucker, continuing to refuse to reply to questions, Attorney General Coleman appealed to the court and asked that he be committed to jail until he would answer.

A noticeable feature of the day was the number of women present. They came by scores and were always the first on hand.

**Virtually a Dictatorship**

Belgrade, June 17.—The position of King Peter I promises to be little more than that of a royal captive. The real government of the country will be a military dictatorship, under the leadership of the chief of the gendarmerie, Colonel Maschin and Colonel Mitschul. The new king is a most without any personal adherents, and the ruling spirits of the army, it is thought probable, would just as readily murder him as they did his predecessor should he oppose their aims. At the present moment the whole country is under military rule, and although no prefects in the country districts have been revoked, each is accompanied by an army officer who attends the prefect wherever he goes, even to the telephone. This policy has led to one good result—not a single case of disorder anywhere has been reported.

Extremely forcible arguments were found necessary to suppress the radical aspirations for a republic. The foremost advocate of the creation of a republic in form of government was Jubomir Schiokovics, the editor of the Belgrade Djek. Finding him impervious to arguments, the conspirators invited him to a dinner at the officers' club last Saturday. During the dinner his hosts told him that unless he agreed to support Prince Peter Katageorgevitch there would be one head less in Belgrade that night. M. Schiokovics yielded to the force of this reasoning and accepted the situation. He is now minister of justice in the new government.

**Mink in no Danger**

Pittsfield, Ill., June 17.—Fred Mink, who traveled 3,000 miles to kill S. N. Harris and his step-mother, Mrs. Adam Mink, sits in the corridor of Pike county's jail today and talks with quiet satisfaction about the success of his plan of vengeance.

There is no disposition to lynch him and the 500 who surrounded the jail when he was brought in could easily have taken him away from the posse and the small squad of officers, but there was no attempt.

**Shoots Himself in Head**

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**The Clever Cabby.**  
It was a busy thoroughfare in Edinburgh, and as the old lady was exhausted with the stir and bustle she called a passing cab. The driver was at her side in a moment. Opening the door, he stood back to allow the lady to enter.

She made one or two weak efforts, but was unable to mount the step, and at last, looking imploringly at the driver, she said: "Help me in, my good man, for I am very old."

The driver gently assisted his fare into the cab, and then he gallantly said: "Well, mem, nae matter what age you are, you dinna look it."

His fare was increased by a shilling when the old lady reached her destination. And he deserved it.—Answers.

**Careful Tommy.**  
"Tommy" cried Tommy's mother from the window, "didn't I tell you not to sit down on the damp ground?" "Yes, mamma," returned Tommy. "I ain't doing it. I wiped this grass with a towel before I sat down."—Pittsburg Press.

**Doing His Best.**  
"In order to be successful these days," remarked the west side philosopher, "a young man should apply himself constantly." "That's me," rejoined the youth with the short-order salary. "I've been calling on an heiress every evening for three months."

**Misunderstood.**  
"Sir, you look like an optimist. You have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar."

"My friend, do you know why I look happy? It's because I haven't any wealth to bother me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Good Practice.**  
Mr. Gunner—I tell you this automobile is hard to control. I should have tried to manage something unruly before I called myself a chauffeur.

Mrs. Gunner (sweetly)—Why didn't you try the cook?

**To Its Detriment.**

"One thing can be said about our opera houses," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "too much attention seems to have been given to the acoustic properties of the boxes."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Not Brain Work.**



Doctor—You will have to stop mental work for a year.

"But, doctor, my income would cease. I write short stories for the magazines."

"Oh, well, you can keep right on at that."

**Night Owls.**

"Isn't it ridiculous to call servant girls 'domestics'?" "Because they're mostly imported, eh?"

"No, I had in mind the fact that they never stay at home at night."—Philadelphia Press.

**Advertising Trick.**

"Yes," said the circus owner, "put in the program: 'Don't fail to see the wonderful hippopotamus.'"

"But suppose the hippopotamus doesn't arrive?" spoke up the advertising agent.

"Well, I guess you had better say 'hippo.' Then if the hippopotamus does not materialize we can say it refers to the hippodrome."

**Explained.**

Mrs. Hauskeep—You said the job would cost \$13. Here you've sent a bill for \$14.

Painter—Yes'm. You see, I got to thinkin' over it afterward, and I thought you'd be superstitious about it.—Philadelphia Press.

**Positively Brutal.**

Husband—I wish I knew where I could find a buried treasure.

Wife—Never mind, dear, I'm your treasure.

Husband—Yes, but you are not buried.

**An All-Around Joke.**

Helen—When you and Jack were sitting out on the porch last night what did your aunt say?

Ernie—She said it was cool and asked if I had anything around me. I told her yes; some heavy black cloth.

Helen—Ah, a shawl?

Ernie—No, Jack's coat sleeve.

**Cause for Alarm.**

"Say, doctor," exclaimed an excited man as he dashed into the pill dispenser's private office, "I want you to make an examination as to my sanity."

"What reason have you for believing yourself a candidate for the padded cell?" asked the M. D.

"Well, I happened to run across a package of letters this morning that I wrote to my wife during our courtship," was the significant reply.

To Complete His Education.  
"Where's your boy going after he leaves the model school?" "To some school that ain't model, I guess, to learn reading, writing and figures."—Judge.