

PRESIDENT IN A MIMIC WAR

WITNESSES MANEUVERS FROM THE DECK OF THE WAR YACHT MAYFLOWER.

GIVES REWARD TO GUNNERS

URGES EACH MAN TO TAKE PRIDE IN HIS WORK.

Then Presses Money into the Hand of Each Giving \$20 to O'Donnell, the Pointer.

GREENPORT, L. I., Aug. 7.—President Roosevelt yesterday participated on board the Mayflower in mimic warfare. The maneuvers which the ship executed were precisely those which might have to be gone through in an active battle.

After witnessing the work of the crew of number nine gun—the winners of the contest—the president personally went to the gun pointer, W. J. O'Donnell, and, shaking his hand, said: "You did well—excellently."

In an embarrassed manner, O'Donnell saluted.

Calls for Winning Crew.

The shooting of the winning crew was phenomenally good. At an average range of 1,500 yards the fired twenty shots and made sixteen hits, two of them being bull's eyes. At the conclusion of the target practice the crew was assembled on the quarter deck to witness the presentation of the prizes offered by the president.

Mr. Roosevelt addressed the officers and men as follows:

"I wish to say a word to all the officers and enlisted men of this ship. I hope this will be but the beginning of a practice which will make the Mayflower stand as the best ship in the navy. Now, just one word to the enlisted men and the sailors, both to the men behind the gun and to the men in the engine room. The men at the guns can do nothing.

"It is a credit to the navy as a whole when the crew of a single ship does well. Every man who does well reflects credit upon the navy; every man who does badly reflects discredit upon it. I know I can count upon any man on board this ship, as upon all aboard all other ships in the navy. I expect that each man will do his duty as to reflect credit upon the navy as a whole. I should like, now, to see the winning crew."

The four men comprising the crew, W. J. O'Donnell, gun pointer; F. Crowley, G. C. Grimm, and A. W. Hildebrand, stepmen; and by order of Lieutenant W. W. Phelps.

Pleased by Crew's Work.

The president addressed them as follows:

"I am very much pleased with the work you have done today," he said, "and I want to see that if you keep up this record it will be better to find a better six-pounder crew in the navy. In the training of first class gun pointers is the solution of the problem of obtaining the highest efficiency of the navy."

The president then shook hands with the members of the crew. As he did so he pressed a five dollar bill into the hand of each, but gave twenty dollars to a Daniel.

Adverting later to his giving of prizes to the successful gun crew the president announced upon the deck in correspondence with the secretary of the navy regarding the matter of offering prizes for special excellence in gun pointing. He believes there is no better way to improve the marksmanship of naval gunners than to excite among them friendly rivalry.

The president today called the petty officers of the ship about him and in a brief talk impressed upon them the importance of performing well their duties.

PREFERS CABIN TO SPLENDID MANSION

Abner Robbins Owned a Railroad, but Never Rode on It, Built Big Mill to Prove It Wouldn't Pay.

Abner Robbins, who died recently at Union Ore., aged sixty-nine years, was one of the wealthiest and probably the most eccentric character in Eastern Oregon. He owned a railroad, but never accepted a pass on it, and, it is said, had never ridden on it. Preferring a cayuse to his steam horse. He also possessed a fine residence in Union, which his family occupied, but the greater portion of his time was spent in a cabin near Drewsey. He had three large general stores in Eastern Oregon, filled with clothing, yet he only wore overalls, a cheap cotton shirt, a pair of cowskin boots and an old wool hat. He owned a \$10,000 flour mill in Drewsey, but had never been inside it, although he passed by it almost daily. With every reasonable luxury on earth at his command, a splendid home and a devoted wife always pleading for him to come and remain at home, he preferred a rude cabin in the alkali desert, a board bed and bacon and beans, and the companionship of cowboys and shepherders.

Some six miles west of Drews—there is an old log cabin about 10x12 feet in size. The cavities between the logs are unthinkingly placed in such a way that gunny sacks hang over the openings for windows, and a thin board suffices for the door. There is a crude fireplace, and by it hangs a frying-pan or skillet, a coffee pot and a kettle. This is where Robbins prepared his meals. In one corner of the small room is a bedstead, two sides of the wall furnishing half the support for it, and a post, with two rails attached to the wall, furnishing the other support. An old mattress, some old blankets that look as if they had never been straightened out since first placed there, formed the bed of the owner of a quarter of a million. In short, he preferred to live the life of a prospector or the old-time miner to that of luxury as regarded by the world.

The story of how Robbins came to build a flouring mill at Drewsey and then let it go to ruin is an interesting one. A smooth-talking commercial man came along and convinced one of Robbins' friends a flouring mill would pay at Drewsey; that if a mill were built the ranchers would turn their attention to raising wheat. The friend became enthusiastic and sought Robbins' assistance. The latter explained that it would not pay; that it would be years before wheat would be raised in this section to any extent; that irrigation would be necessary, and that this would require time. But the friend saw all kinds of fortunes in a flouring mill, and insisted. Robbins became impatient, and said:

"Well, go ahead and build your mill, and I'll pay for it, just to show you

that you are wrong.

The friend believed in putting in a good one while he was at it, and ordered the very best machinery from Ohio. A four-story building was erected, a ditch was dug along the banks of the middle fork of the Malheur River, and a turbine wheel was put in, and as fine a mill completed as was ever constructed of the same capacity. Before the water was brought to the wheel the projector of the mill became impatient and purchased a large steam engine and the mill was started. It was run for a few months at a dead loss, and then shut down. It now stands there, the window frames all knocked in by mischievous boys the machinery rusting and going to wreck without a dollar's insurance on it. Robbins paid the bill without murmur, for he foresaw the end in the beginning. He had never been inside the mill and never spoke of it, although the road from Drewsey to the cabin runs along by the side of the mill.

Abner Robbins was born in Boston, Mass., in 1832. He was a shoemaker by trade. He sailed from Boston and went to Sacramento, Cal., in 1853. He mined in California, and was steamboat captain and followed the mercantile business. He moved to Jacksonville, Ore., in 1858, came to John Day in 1863, and came to this section in 1877. The Robbinses had two children. The son died and the daughter married Mr. Lucky, and they now live in Portland.

Mr. Robbins was a fine violinist and singer and jig dancer. No greater pleasure was afforded him than to have a company of cowboys visit his cabin and put in the early night in dancing and singing.

LEWANIKE OF BAROTSELAND.

Monarch Who Fails to Play the King's Part for All Its Worth.

From the New York Sun.
Our dispatches from London report that Lewanike, king of Barotseland, is a shining figure in the West end and feasted greatly by the "Hupper Suckles." We can hear the marine cable throbbing in the fierce current of Mr. Alfred Austin's ode:

On swift sure wing I soar and sing
O'er dusky daby, Africa's King.
With sweeter breath than ever fanned
A poet's pinions, lungs expand,
And chant the chief of Barotseland!
There is no sweeter name than Lewanike
Can hold a candle to our dark
Wind-kissed and stalwart, manly-tanned
Strong sovereign of Barotseland.

He dines with Earls and Mayfair girls,
And all Belgravia around him swirls.
There is no sweeter name than Lewanike
From Black Prince can bear the bell.

O, light more bright than Day, O, grand
And noble Lord of Barotseland!
If all the sweepings of the Rand
Were piled a heap, I'd hold them cheap
Beside the King of Barotseland!

So, and so on. King Lewanike is enjoying himself, and our only regret about him is that he doesn't appear in royal African dress or undress, but wears a frock coat and gay trousers from Bond street and a tall hat and patent leather shoes from St. James street. A good old fashioned African king could teach the English many solemnities of etiquette and show how solemnly a king with sacred responsibilities, from every pore, should be treated, by his subjects. There were and are African potentates every inch a king and dangerous for other folks to handle.

The king of Niam-Niam—oh, there's a king! He eats alone, and no man may see the contents of the dishes that hold his sacred food and live. The sacred remnants of it are snuffed into a sacred bowl. Light your pipe with a coal from his sacred fire and you're a dead man. The King of Congo had the same sacred habit of solitary feeding. The dog that entered into the room where His Majesty was eating was a dead dog; even the king's son had to die for a similar intrusion. The king of Dahomey so hedges himself with divinity that it is death to see him. To be sure, there was a king of Dahomey who was screened by a sacred parasol from his people. And there was the king of Camero. Mr. Winwood Read offered him a glass of rum, probably the real stuff from Medford. The monarch was too wise to refuse, but he had to hide his face and the glass in a big towel. It's a trifle uncomfortable to be so preoccupied, and etiquette may be more burdensome than a crown. Still, African gentlemen are to be envied in the European courts are as wishy-washy things in comparison.

Lewanike is an emancipated African king and not one of the old and most sacred sort. Now as long as a man is in the king game, he ought to play it for all it is worth and spare not a single frill. Still, we wish Lewanike well and hope he will not be too daring with the champagne and the Brussels sprouts.

KANGAROO RATS FARE FAR.

Arrive at Denver from Costa Rica in Load of Bananas.

From the Denver Republican:
One of the most interesting curiosities seen in the Denver wholesale market in years came in a carload of bananas, which arrived yesterday. The car was consigned to the Humphreys Commission company, and nesting in one of the largest bunches of bananas was a female kangaroo rat with a litter of young. Six little ones not over two or three days old clung trembling to their mother in fear when discovered.

Not until the bunch of bananas was hung up in the banana room were they found and only then by one of the employees hearing the heavy breathing of the mother rat. They were in a nest of leaves firmly fastened to one of the sprouts. No great difficulty was experienced in capturing them and they were put in a warm box, which they seemed to welcome after their long ride in a refrigerator car. From all indications the chances seem excellent for both mother and young to survive their rough experiences and receive the benefit of Colorado's health giving climate.

The mother rat is somewhat larger and darker than the common brown rat. Her tail is longer and curls like that of an opossum. The kangaroo rat gets its name from the fact that, like a kangaroo, it has a pouch over its belly in which it carries its young. In times of danger the little ones run to their mother for protection, when she places them in the pouch, where they are entirely concealed from view. They

live chiefly on bananas and other tropical fruits.

These little strangers came all the way from Fort Limon, Costa Rica, and are the first of their kind to visit this city in fully ten years.

WOODEN SWEARING.

From the Washington Times:
A New York newspaper is compiling an informal dictionary of what it calls deaconal oaths. (This means swearing in which deacons can indulge, and has nothing to do with the word diagonal, unless in a symbolic sense, as the word may be supposed to get at certain meaning by a "cornered" or devious path.) Such oaths are "darn," "I vum," "Gosh all hemlock" and the like.

It is odd, when one comes to think of it, that this kind of swearing seems to be peculiar to America. The Englishman either confines himself to classical ejaculations such as "By Jove!" "The Deuce!" is about the only wooden swear-word which the Briton has evolved. The Yankee has a host of them. What is the reason of this? Is the American more reverent than the Englishman, or merely more timid, or is it that the old Puritan tradition still grips him? Do we have more deacons in proportion to the population that they do in England?

Some of these mock oaths are foolish and some are grotesque and some are uncouth, but there are a few of them that are racy and picturesque in their proper place. When a countryman of a certain type says "darn" or "darn," in a certain tone and with a certain expression of face, it has all the force of the more emphatic "darn" with a humorous element added. It is as if some inner self, untouched by the irritation of temper, sat apart and mocked at the speaker. The implication is that the situation demands some sort of language, and it is not worth wasting profanity on, therefore let the thing be "darned" and the profanity satisfied. One cannot imagine the man who says "darn it!" getting into a very unpleasant temper about anything. To use the words of the philosopher he should be that kind of philosopher who is never bothered by circumstances because he always, in the words of one of that ilk, makes 'em stand 'round.

MAJOR PRUDEN A PENMAN.

From the Youth's Companion:
There is an interesting story about the late Major O. L. Pruden, who was one of the assistant secretaries to the President and who had been a confidential adviser in almost every cabinet family since General Grant's administration. When he was a poor boy, working in a country store in New Jersey, he developed great skill as a penman.

At the beginning of the Civil war he enlisted in the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers.

When he signed his name at the recruiting office the sergeant was impressed by the beauty of the signature, and detailed him for duty as clerk to the recruiting officer.

His talent as a penman became known at brigade headquarters, and he was ordered to clerical duty at Alexandria, Virginia. Later he served in Washington in the office of Colonel Holt, judge advocate general of the army.

One day Colonel O. E. Babcock, military secretary to President Grant, was in the office of the judge advocate general. Pruden was at his desk, practicing some artistic flourishes. Unconscious that he was being observed, he threw on the floor some of his experiments with pen and ink. Colonel Babcock picked up one of the scraps, examined it critically and made up his mind that a man with such a skillful hand would be valuable on the White House staff.

One of Major Pruden's best pieces of work was an engrossed copy of the Constitution of the United States sent by President Cleveland to the pope on the celebration of the golden jubilee. It was conveyed to the pope by a special courier from the United States. It now occupies a conspicuous place in the archives of the Vatican, among the cherished souvenirs of the pope.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

From Harper's Weekly:
There is a Roundabout Paper on A Lazy Idle Boy, whom the author overtook more than once on the river walk at Chur, whose lazy hands held "a little book, which lay held up to his face, and which, I dare say, so charmed and ravished him that he was blind to the beautiful sights about him. . . . What was it that so fascinated the young student as he stood by the river shore? What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek Grammar? No; it was a novel. . . . It was D'Artagnan locking up Gen. Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Chateau d'If, cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes."

It is a hundred years since gallant old Alexandre was born; and nearly sixty years since "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo" were written, but grave and laborious persons can still read those romances joyously for thirteen hours a day or more when sick abed or otherwise warranted in such self-indulgence. As for the lazy boys, they read them just as readily as the hapless one of the standing compensations for being born into this world of perplexing conditions that for each newcomer D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos and Monte Cristo are waiting, unimpaired, and just as good as new. It has never been claimed for the guardians that they are specially improving companions, but the world has been the happler for knowing them, and was never a bit the worse for their acquaintance, and certainly it does well to cleave to them and count their remarkable inventor among the immortals.

MISS GOULD THEIR GUEST.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser:
Miss Helen M. Gould, who, among other numerous charities, is conducting

an industrial school for the blind near the Gould country home at Irvington-on-Hudson, made a tour of investigation of several of the vocational schools of this city, accompanied by Miss Lenox, her mother, who is general supervisor of sewing.

It is her purpose to gain a more intimate knowledge of the methods of instruction used in New York city schools with the view of introducing them into her own school. She was especially interested in domestic-science work, a department of which her school makes a specialty.

In 147 East Broadway Miss Gould was welcomed by Mrs. Wilson, general supervisor of domestic science and Miss L. E. Pearce, the principal. She visited in turn the leather works, the normal training, millinery, weaving and domestic science classes. When a formal introduction was made, by a teacher, a look of pleased surprise passed over the face of each child and the response, "How do you do, Miss Gould," in concert was most hearty. Miss Gould expressed much interest in the work of each class. She inquired of each teacher as to her methods, and took especially notice of the individual work of the children themselves, saying a word of warm praise or asking a question.

The climax of the entertainment was reached in the domestic science department, where Miss Gould found a snow white table spread with a dainty repast, prepared by six little girls.

TO MAKE THE X RAISE.

He Swallowed a \$10 Bill and a Way Suggested to Recover It.

From the New York Times:
One of "Abe" Gruber's constituents who had been out of a position for some time came to him recently with the request for a loan of \$10.

"I have a job in sight," he said, "that I can land with the aid of a \$10 note."

He got the \$10 all right, and after thanking the lender for that and past favors, went out with a smile on his face.

But he came back very soon wearing a look of deep dejection and wanted another \$10, saying:

"I was walking down the street with the \$10 in my mouth, where I put it for safe-keeping, and a-thinking of this job, when all of a sudden I swallowed it."

Mr. Gruber, reaching down in his pocket, handed the man a quarter and said:

"Here, go down stairs and buy some ipecac, swallow it, and see if you can't make the X raise."

Bits of Humor.

From the Philadelphia Press:
Teacher—"Say 'they aren't,' or 'they are not.' You must never say 'they ain't.'"

Tommy—"Why not?"
Teacher—"Because it ain't proper, that's why."

Pikes—How can a mountain know when to who? Sikes—Perhaps it has mount. Sikes—Harvard Lampoon.

Father—"Well, my son, what did you learn at the school today? Little Proctor—Not to sass Tommy McNeill." Chicago Daily News.

What is Absolutely Safe—Grymes—Presence of mind is a great thing in a time of danger, isn't it? Gombang—Yes; but absence of body is preferable. Town and Country.

What Worried Him—Cousin Madge—So you were in love! And did she return your love? Bertie—No, and worse still, she didn't return any of the presents I gave her.—Brooklyn Life.

"Bessie," said her mother, "did you peel your apple as I told you to do before eating it?" "Yes, mother," replied Bessie. "And what did you do with the peel?" "Oh, I ate that afterwards." —Tit-Bits.

The Sower—"But, father," replied the erring son, "you know every young fellow has to sow his wild oats." "Yes," answered the father, "but you ought to

know when you have a big enough crop in."—Ohio State Journal.

His Experience—"What we need most in this country," said the political reformer, "is an honest count." "They ain't no such thing," declared Mr. Nutrich. "I know all about 'em, for my daughter married one."—Philadelphia Press.

Elbow power—"I tell you," said the doctor, "it's the man who can push himself along that succeeds best in this world." "Not at all," replied the professor. "It's the man who can shove others out of his way that succeeds best."—Chicago Tribune.

Facetious Friend—"Well, have you and your wife yet settled as to who is speaker of the house?"

Young husband—"Not yet. We usually occupy the chair together."

Sunny South—"De world owes every man a living." Burke O'Day—"Yes; but it costs more ter collect it dan wot it's worth."—Puck.

The Bore—"Haven't I met you somewhere before?" The Other Man—"If you have it was entirely unintentional on my part, I assure you."—New York Journal.

Bizzer—"Mr. Flatte is doing all he can to settle the coal strike." Buzzer—"What does he care?" Bizzer—Great Scott, man! Didn't he burn two tons of coal last winter?—Ohio State Journal.

Stranger—"I understand that there has never been a court case in this neighborhood. The people here must be peaceable." Farmer Wayback—"Tain't that; but you see the squire lives so far away, that by the time we get there we forgot what we was quarrellin' about."—New York Weekly.

"Don't you think a man's personal appearance may help or hinder him a great deal?" "I do," answered Senator Sogghum, "take my own business, for instance. A senator ain't nearly so apt to try to bully a fellow-statemanager of an athletic and pugilistic type as he is an under-sized man."—Washington Star.

ROCKEFELLER'S VIEWPOINT.

Thought His Physicians Had Better Thing Than Standard Oil.

From the New York Times:
When Mr. William Rockefeller had appendicitis Dr. McIlbrney was called in to perform the necessary operation.

After his recovery Mr. Rockefeller received the doctor's bill in due course, and, drawing a check, went to pay the account in person. In the conversation which followed appendicitis was naturally their main theme.

"You told me," said Mr. Rockefeller, "while I was sick, doctor, that everybody in the world had a veriform appendix."

"With a few exceptions I believe that to be the case," answered the doctor.

"And that, sooner or later," pursued the oil magnate, "every one would have to be operated on, either to cure or prevent the disease."

"That is the generally recognized opinion among the medical fraternity," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Rockefeller, rising, "if you will pardon my saying so, it seems to me that you have a better thing of it than has the Standard Oil Company."

Oriental Logic.

From the July Harper's Magazine:
A man bought three pounds of meat, and brought it home to his wife to cook for dinner, and then went his way to his place of business in the bazaars. The wife was hungry and ate the meat.

In the evening the man came home and asked for his dinner.

"There is no meat," said the wife, "for the cat ate it."

"Bring the cat," said the man, "and a pair of scales."

"Weigh the cat," said the man. The cat weighed three pounds.

"If this is the cat," said the man, "where is the meat? And if this is the meat, where is the cat?"

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