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Portland, Oregon, May 1, 1901.

and the destruction of a large hotel within half an hour, despite the best efforts of thirty engines, are examples on a large scale of what has been going on in every large city of the land.

In Paris the danger of wooden structures for fire insurance was demonstrated in the loss of 124 lives, and the Cripple-gate disaster in London enforced the same lesson.

At Berlin next month will occur the International Exposition of Fire Prevention and Fire Protection, at which exhibits and discussion will endeavor to throw what light they can on the danger and its remedy.

Nobody seems to be able to show definitively what is needed for fire prevention or for protection of fire insurance companies against ruin.

The president of a trust has been suggested, but experts tell us that the business does not lend itself readily to combination.

Few if any of the strong companies could be persuaded into a stock deal such as our industrial concerns have been passing through, and the individuals who have owned the stock in any event would be liable for its loss.

This would equalize the loss, but would not reduce it, and it is fair to suppose that the strongest companies would fancy their own methods too well-advised to justify jeopardizing them in a combination.

It is true, but present close relations are adequate for that, and every advance means a decline in policies.

Fire insurance is, we may be sure, too much at the mercy of municipal politics. Great loss can be indirectly ascribed to the control of fire departments by bosses.

How little compunction is felt at this practice was shown by the recent Oregon Legislature's summary destruction of a force here in Eugene which had the overwhelming commendation of last January by Mr. D. C. Freeman, of Mount Tabor, as having taken place on his premises a few evenings ago, should be permitted in any civilized community, and amazing that any man, even a parent of one of the destructively mischievous gang of youngsters, should attempt to palliate the outrage by accrediting it to the natural exuberance of youthful spirits.

The tradition of a young man who distinctly laudable, of boys to have "good time." There is an explanation of the matter that is not in any sense an excuse in the defense entered by a father of one of the lawless lads who created such a disturbance at Mr. Freeman's home, wrecked his dooryard fence and defaced his dwelling.

Otherwise it is inconceivable that boys in any civilized community should dare so rudely and so wantonly to interpret the word "fun" as did these boys upon that occasion.

Veritable demons of mischief are boys who go out under semi-parental sanction to commit acts of wanton mischief, whether simply to annoy neighbors whom they may happen "not to like" or maliciously to injure property for the same—to them—good and sufficient reason.

Only a few months ago a resident of this city was forced to defend himself in court for inflicting injury upon a boy who, with others, in the company of others, was endeavoring to throw down his woodpile. Becoming enraged through vain attempts to make the boys desist from their outrageous "fun," he wrathfully and imprudently discharged a gun—as he supposed, in the air—wounding one of the number more or less seriously, and subjecting the other to a dangerous and dangerous assault.

Of course this man was innocent, but if it comes to that, so was the assaulting party, and doubly so were the parents of the lads. Let the public be emphatic upon this point until delinquent parents are forced to confess judgment and set themselves diligently to the task of preventing occurrences of this exasperating and wantonly destructive type.

The plea of "young blood," as based upon the recollection of one's boyhood days and pranks, is one that any parent should be ashamed to make. If, unfortunately, he was untaught in the common principle of equity and behavior that bids each member of the community respect the personal and property rights of every other member, he gains nothing, and for his own cause or that of his obnoxious son, through recital of this fact is half-appealing, half-appealing, and it is the simple fact that boys in this age should be taught to respect the rights of others; or, to use a common term, to "school themselves," whether their fathers were so taught or not. The idea that during the transition period between boyhood and manhood covering a space of from three to seven years, boys must be "put up with" rather than brought by proper training to order their minds, based upon parental irresponsibility, to the contrary notwithstanding. None should be permitted to be so, still less encouraged in being so, by parental excesses. The mother who takes an unruly schoolboy's part against his teacher and the father who harks back to his own unruly boyhood in defense of his son's playful habit of stopping his neighbor's chimney with straw on a cold morning, overturning his stove of wood, nearly killing the Winters, throwing rocks through his windows, taking his gates off their hinges and hiding them, battering the fence and walls of his house with rails, filling the dooryard with rubbish, etc., are enemies to law, decency and order. If they cannot be impressed with this fact by any other means, it is well and indeed necessary that they be held before the court and brought to a sense of their own duty and the rights of others by the levy of heavy fines and cost of prosecution. If tribute were thus exacted of fathers for neglect to control their boys, such acts of youthful vandalism as have been frequently reported in this city during the past few

months would cease. Otherwise, they are likely to continue until the Reform School at Salem becomes a burden upon taxpayers too great to be borne.

OUR AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

President Tucker, of Dartmouth, writes to the New York Evening Post from San Francisco that he was misquoted in the New York Times' report of his Boston sermon. He did not say that "the Christian church has been set back, nobody knows how far, by the behavior of missionaries in China."

What he did say was that "the behavior of Christian nations in China" had retarded indefinitely the progress of Christianity in that country. The point he was speaking to was the lamentable "break between the faith and the morals of Christendom," in such a way that "Christendom has been exposed before paganism, and the very nations which have accepted its apostles to preach the gospel have shown that they have not learned to keep the commandments."

Taken in connection with Mr. Ament's defense, and Minister Conger's indorsement, this denial of President Tucker's leaves the antagonists of the missionaries in unenviable case. Most of the aggressors of American missionaries are dispassionate study of evidence. The anti, of course, needs no outside aid whatever for his intuition that whatever is American is wrong, missionaries included. Then there are our religious Philistines to whom nothing appears so sweet and reasonable as carping at evangelical work, whether at home or abroad.

Commercial circles, which missionaries have accused of stirring up hatred in China, are doubtless disposed to retaliate in kind. Their trustworthy evidence as we have had occasion to see that the missionaries have done about as the average American of spirit and of rough-and-ready action would have done. They were disposed to protect and feed themselves and their native dependents the best way they could, and they helped themselves to what was handy, without any more breaches of regularly than any other American would warrant, precisely as any other man soldier or trader would have done under similar circumstances.

The rise of anti-ism in the United States has incidentally intensified an unlovely disposition to accept as true the worst possible charge against our representatives abroad. A little reflection will remind us here in Oregon how readily we were inclined to credit atrocious stories against our splendid regiment in the Philippines. An exaggerated view of this willingness to think evil is seen in the avidity with which some of our people snap up allegations of looting and cruelty against our soldiers in China, as well as in the Philippines, and in the magnification of saloon and social evils at Manila. Wholesale censure of our American missionaries is a piece with this attitude of the Army.

There is a humiliating survival of an persistence in the view some people have of missionaries. We are apt to put the missionary, as we do the bicyclist, or the Mormon, or the Jew, or the Catholic, off in a peculiar and uncanny class by himself, forgetting that he, after all, just our ordinary American human nature in his own calling or society. Dr. Hunter Wall, of Dr. Maud Allen, whose lives were humane and noble here at home in Portland, cannot have changed, we may be sure, through a mere sea voyage, into fiends or ogres. Creditably he indulges heavy drafts upon itself in picturing the missionaries as boldly endeavoring to tear out pagan religious ideas, root and branch, and plant orthodox creeds in their place as firmly as the decaying teeth of a miser on an immense drought-threatened section following the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains from Northeast Utah to the British Columbia line. Not in many years has a snow storm in April been so general in that region, and it may be added that not in many years has it been so badly needed. Spring lambs, caught out, suffered to a considerable extent, but the loss thereby will be much more than the damage to the population of the United Kingdom was given as \$161,000,000.

That boy the wealth of the kingdom has grown to \$212,000,000,000, the population is 49,000,000 and the national debt March 31, 1899, including cost of Suez canal \$29,582,888. How much "truth" Great Britain can stand and prosper under may be best shown by a comparison of its debt and wealth after the Napoleonic war. Ratio now, in millions: Debt, £2,200,000,000; Wealth, £23,000,000,000.

At the conclusion of the war with Napoleon the population of the United Kingdom was less than 20,000,000, so the national debt was then about 10% per capita, while the wealth was only \$100 per capita. From these figures it appears that the lugubrious speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is the sequel of the proverbial sheep-keeping Britisher who, despite his always expect to avoid paying the price. He must not complain if the Transvaal comes higher than Egypt and the Suez Canal.

The dedication tomorrow of the monument commemorating the foundation of the Republic of the United States, a poem fifty-eight years ago should be largely attributed, not only by pioneers of the Willamette Valley and their descendants, but by those who came later to reap what they had sown. The delegation from this city should be a large and representative one. It should include many boys and girls of the history classes in our public schools, who would receive thereby a most important lesson in our local history at first hand.

Chief of Police Ames, of Suffolk, Va., recently officially cowbirded Carrie Palmer and Lavina White, respectable women, who were afterwards driven from town. Shakespeare was evidently familiar with this kind of a Sheriff, for he makes Lear say: "This rascal, being held, took bloody hands; would he had smothered his own face!" "Strip this own back, woman?" "Thou'lt, I'll, to use her in that kind, For which thou whipp'rt her."

The Vanderbilts have long been working for control of a through rail line from seaboard to seaboard, though they have not made so much noise about it as have other schemers in the same field. If it shall prove true that they have obtained control of the Union Pacific, this will be the first rail route from ocean to ocean under one control. If the injunction shall be found to be an effectual bar to railroad combination, it will regain much favor in quarters where it was recently not popular.

lem Valley and the Tillamook Coast. These interests would work together for mutual good. But the railroad that shall weld them together will probably fall to the lot of Portland to provide.

On March 15 we reported the sale at Libbie's, in Boston, of the previously unknown Whittier poem, "Pericles." This poem, which possesses marked interest in the history of the poet, is in broadside form and antedates by one year the poem of Whittier's long supposed to be the first published in a book, "J. G. Whittier to the Rustic Bard," printed in Haverhill in 1828 in Robert Dinwiddie's "Incidental Poems." This most interesting possession we have learned, is now in the collection of Joseph W. Stern, of this city, and, with the permission of its owner, a portion of it is here printed for the first time since its original appearance.

The poem contains four verses of 12 lines each, with a quotation of seven lines from Rollin at the beginning. At the top is "Pericles, by John G. Whittier, and at the bottom is: "Haverhill, Mass., July 10, 1827." The quotation is roughly printed in this way: "Pericles at the funeral of his son did his utmost to preserve his usual tranquility, and did not show any outward symptom of sorrow. But when he was to put the crown of flowers on the head of his dead son he could not stifle the transports of his grief, which forced its way in sobs, and a flood of tears."

The first verse of Whittier's poem is as follows: "Stand back! stand back! ye mourners all. The father of the dead. Come up the long, resounding hall. With a slow and solemn tread. There's sadness in his eye. But a hero's bride hath never'd him now. With strength that cannot die. He will not weep, as ye have wept, But calmly gaze upon The funeral shroud ye have darkly wrapt Around his noble son."

The following is the fourth and last stanza: "He wept—the strong man bow'd his head To agony's control. The memory of the past had shed Its blinding light upon his brow. Nor deem it an ignoble part By that worn father shown. That pride was banished from his heart, And nature's high and holy claim Upon his tenderness— That feeling he suppress?"

This extract will give some idea of "Pericles," which is undeniably the work of Whittier, the born balladist, who was 12 when it was written. It is not included in the complete and definitive edition of his writings, and is not referred to in the authoritative "Life" of the poet, written by his nephew-in-law and literary executor, Samuel G. May, in 1878. The interest possessed by "Pericles" is increased by Mr. Pickard's statement, as this new poem is a year earlier and also bears the poet's full name.

MUST PAY THE PRICE.

Great Britain's Position Affords No Cause for Alarm.

Chicago Record-Herald. Once again Americans are asked to believe that the ruin that threatens the British Empire is a result of the Boer war. But if our lachrymose glands refuse to exude a saline drop our British cousins must pardon the seeming callousness to their plaints the "Brooklyn" heard the same tale of woe before. We refuse to believe that the second wealthiest nation in the world is on the brink of bankruptcy because of a reason which the censor of the exchange draws a long face over a war deficit of £33,207,000.

There was much about the speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to suggest Goldsmith's immortal warning: "I'll fare the land to hastening ill; prey Where wealth accumulates and men decay. Goldsmith died in the year 1774, and in that year the wealth of the United Kingdom, estimated by Young, as quoted by Mulhall, was £110,000,000. In 1780 the population of the United Kingdom was given as 9,667,000, and in 1788 the national debt was \$161,000,000.

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AMUSEMENTS.

There is something about a play in which the scenery assists in the action and a dooryard gate becomes a low comedy, while a windmill does a specialty that is irresistible to all classes of theater-goers. The element of surprise, always an important factor in comedy, predominates and the spectator, making a wrong guess at what is coming next, laughs at his own astonishment. "The Evil Eye," one of the best of this kind of plays, was presented to a big house at the Marquam last night, and the action is just as rapid, and the illusions just as ingenious and bewildering. And the company is by far the best which has presented it in Portland, the changes made in the cast being decidedly for the better.

The play has been brightened since here last year, all the specialties are up to date and clever, while the songs are really new. Portland has had long for new songs. It has featured minstrel shows, comic opera, musical farce comedy and nearly everything else, only to find that the old friends of the company come along and omit "When the Harvest Time Is Over" and "The Blue and the Gray," and substitute a few numbers that have not been in their repertoire, it should be held in grateful remembrance if for that alone.

Of course the principal feature of the evening's entertainment was the work of Borani and Elliot, two tireless comedians who are intimate in their lines, and who manage to have something doing whenever they happen to be on the stage. Charlie Loder, as Felix, Kaiserhelmer, the eccentric German, created considerable merriment by his comedy, and his specialty number, "My Rainbow Cook," so well that the audience forgave him for the rather patriarchal character of his jokes.

Maxine Mayo, as Adora Van De Vort (under which imposing name the subretitle of the comedy struggles), possesses a pleasing stage presence, which she enhances by some stunning costumes, and she sings a few songs with great effect. Her song, "My Rainbow Cook," was one of the hits of the evening. The Phaezy troupe gave a pretty-comedy number, and the electric ballet in the last act is certainly the most beautiful dance ever given at the Marquam. Charles E. Flynn sang a ballad by the young woman, the "Lora," which displayed a clear soprano voice to good advantage whenever opportunity was afforded her.

It is more concerted than individual work which gives the play its charm, however. Every member of the company knows what is expected of him and when to appear. It is a pity that a panorama passes before the eyes of the spectators so swiftly that it is really confusing to try to follow it. The scenery is remarkable for its ingenuity, and the costumes is all bright and new. "The Evil Eye" will be repeated at the matinee today and tonight.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"The Adventures of Nell Gwynn," at Corday's Theater.

"The Adventures of Nell Gwynn," a Nell Gwynn play which is said to be the strongest comedy founded of the time of Charles II, will be presented at Corday's Theater Friday night. The remainder of the week by the Belasco-Thall Company. Miss Florence Roberts, who has been so successful in the role of Sappho, will play the name part. Thus far "Sappho" has proved one of the strongest attractions of the season and has firmly established the reputation of the Belasco-Thall Company in Portland.

The Y. M. C. A. Carnival.

Over 100 athletes will take part in the Y. M. C. A. carnival, which is to be held at the Marquam Theater Friday night. The programme has been so arranged as to provide a rapid succession of marches, drills, feats of strength and tricks, interspersed with music, which, the management promises, will be unusually good. At the rehearsal Monday night the number of the young women in the "Brooklyn" number by the little boys, and the interesting and difficult work by the young men, were the chief features. As neither prizes nor medals are to be spared to make the carnival a success, the friends of those who are to take part are eagerly looking forward to the sale of the tickets, which will open at the Marquam box office at 10 o'clock this morning.

"Nathan Hale."

"Nathan Hale," Clyde Fitch's stirring dramatic play, which is a noble patriotic story of the Revolution, will be seen at the Marquam Grand Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, May 6, 7, 8. Clyde Fitch, the author of the play, is a Connecticut boy, having been born in Hartford. Nathan Hale himself was born in Coventry, Conn., and graduated from Yale in 1776. One of his stanchest friends was a Connecticut Captain with him, was William Hull, also a graduate of Yale in 1776. Allice Adams, Nathan Hale's sweetheart, was born in Canterbury, Conn., and her father, John Adams, was one of New England's contributions to the Revolutionary cause. The early scenes of the play are laid in New London, Conn. It may not be generally known that the Rev. Dr. H. H. Hall, the author of "A Man Without a Country," is a grand-nephew of the Revolutionary war.

Notes of the Stage.

It is said that Frances Wilson will tour the Pacific Coast next Summer. Honolulu is beginning to be figured as a part of Pacific Coast theatrical routes. The engagement of the Epwasy Company in Seattle, has, it is reported, not been so successful as was expected. Blanche Bates lately distinguished herself by knocking down a man who tried to address her on the streets in New York. Thomas Q. Seabrooke recently made himself so unpopular in Detroit that the manager of the local theater promised that the actor should never again appear on that stage. Ben Howard, who was formerly with the James Neill Company, is playing Shakespearean roles this Summer. It is Mr. Howard's purpose to study every form of the drama.

How Roberts Won the Victoria Cross.

"The Life and Deeds of Earl Roberts," by J. MacLaren Cobban. Roberts won that a savior of the squadron with which he rode was in great danger from a Sepoy with a fixed bayonet. The contest of sword against bayonet would have ended disastrously had not Roberts intervened and saved the bayonet. That was barely done, when he noticed in the distance two Sepoys fleeing with a standard. He galloped after the rebels and overtook them, and then he had a close fight for the possession of the standard. He cut down his chief bearer. While wrenching the staff from the Sepoy's grasp with both hands the other Sepoy turned his rifle on him and fired. Roberts' muzzel was within a few inches of Roberts' person, and there would certainly have been an end of him had not the muzzel returned to its owner. It was, he rode away unharmed with the standard, and for those two courageous and gallant acts in close at occasion Roberts got the Victoria Cross.

Should See the Columbia.

McKinley Reporter. President McKinley's only stops in Oregon as he passes through will be at South and Portland. It is to be regretted that he could not have visited the mouth of the Columbia River, where the Government will be asked to expend vast sums of money in improving navigation. It is known that the President is making recommendations to Congress.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Of course you have forgotten it, but this is Dewey day. Speaking of red-hot Imperialists, is there anything the matter with Emilio Aguinaldo, of Manila? Captain Carter naturally wants to get out of jail so he can begin to invest his money in a Senatorial prospect. Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow; It looked still fairer in a dish With rich brown gravy, though.

Perhaps Admiral Sampson was right after all when he intimated that Gunner Morgan was not a gentleman.

Now Mrs. Nation is going to tackle the cigar store. But she may find a formidable adversary of her own sex in "My Lady Nicotine."

A Kansas evangelist recently made 55 converts. There must have been some ground and lofty backsliding there for the next few weeks.

In the Spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of glassware. In the Spring the scullion's post springs all sorts of mildewed gags. In the Spring, when balmy zephyrs fanned the dress with gentle breath, Tennyson composed poems that's been parodied to death.

The grave and the toll-stained Kansas Goes forth at early morn And spends the day in labor To raise the golden corn: But why Mr. Phillips, Sans labor, in a trice Doth make it pay still better To simply raise the price.

In the morning call me early, call me early, morning dear, For at the peep of dawn, mother, the landlord will be here. You know it's the first of May, mother, and we haven't a single cent; 'Tis ever about \$9 in rent, mother, cheaper to move than pay rent.

The latest statistics of the Salvation Army show that there are 72 corps now in the United States, with 24 food depots, which have furnished 130,000 monthly meals, and 100,000 institutions for the poor, with a total daily accommodation in the same for 700. The workmen's hotels number 66, and the working-women have six, with an aggregate of 525 inmates. Five labor bureaus and three farm colonies are established, the latter having 340 laborers. Other minor institutions and alien settlements number about 50 in all. The expenditure on all these institutions in 1900 was \$253,000, of which \$20,000 was raised by the work or the payments of inmates.

Chief Engineer Melville, of the United States Navy, is in the enjoyment of robust health, and has every reason to hope for many years of life; yet he has completed his own tomb to be erected in Arlington cemetery, Arlington, Va., and has had the following inscription engraved thereon:

GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U. S. N. Born July 30, 1841. Died ———.

The Admiral decided some time ago that when he should die he would like to be buried in Arlington cemetery, and in order to prevent any miscarriage of his plans after his death he ordered the tomb to be prepared and placed in position.

The Opening Day.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Play ball!" Again the cry goes up from where the umpire stands. And forward strides a husky chap, A wile in his hand, and a ball. A sphere of borohidee balances the air Like mistle from a gun; The batsman swines and looks amazed, The umpire says, "Strike one!" Again the batsman makes his pose, The other throws a str. Then with the bat the ball collides, And thousands cheer the hit. The rosters yell till they are hoarse, The cracks cheer their own side, While peepers at the knothole smile, And those who bet wax hot.

Another husky chap appears, And at the pitcher grips; Again the ball is fiercely banged, And the umpire says, "Strike two!" Two men are springing down the lines, Two while watching thousands about; A rapid double play is made— The umpire calls both out.

Then from all sides come groans and jeers, And howls of rage and hate; The rosters at the benches cheer, And join in shouts of "Three!" There's a woe among the bleachers, In grandstand and on the street; And urshins on the stoop yell "Four," "Six, swipe that umpire quick!"

The storm is hushed, the game proceeds Though off the umpire's jeered; The ball is banged, and thrown, and tossed, And players off are cheered; The rosters' spirits are all high, The cracks note every play, And if the game ends well all join In one great, glad "Hooraay!"

Cleaning House.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The air vibrates with slow and measured thrills, And o'er the landscape o'er a dust cloud curls; For in the back yard stoically stands A man with face begrimed and blistered hands. Across a rope the parlor carpet hangs, And on it with a club he foibly bangs. His eyes are filled with dust, his ears the same, His arms are sore, his back is stiff and lame, But often comes this cry across the yard: "Why don't you beat that carpet real hard?" His ire is roused, but no retort goes back; Instead he hits the thing a fierce crack, And pounce and whitewash odors fill the air; The meals are late, and often fall to pieces, And even when in bed their little ones, For not an hour of comfort can be team'd Until the house has been completely cleaned.

Why wonder, then, that hubbles crawl and frown? What wondering is thus turned upside down? The wonder is they don't get up and fast Until the time for cleaning house has passed.