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For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventh street.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and cooler, with winds mostly northerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 75; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2.

NONE TOO MANY SOLDIERS.

Throughout the illness and burial of President McKinley, the photographers seem to have been in the way. Some of them earned rebukes at divers times, for photographers, after all, are part of our common human nature, not always gifted with perfect taste, and anxious to make every dollar they can. The illustrated papers are at hand, however, and in contemplation of their views, notably those of Harper's Weekly, one is fain to forgive the camera all its faults for the sake of the good it has done.

Here one sees more plainly than if he had been mingling in the crowds themselves the cortege leaving the Milburn house at Buffalo with its precious burden, the funeral train as it sped along, old Trinity Church on Broadway, in the five minutes when all traffic on that congested thoroughfare ceased utterly, and splendid views of the scenes in and about the Capitol's rotunda what time the dead President's remains lay in state. There are memorable street scenes also from Boston and Chicago, and one from the historic home at Canton. Few more interesting papers have ever been issued than this number of Harper's Weekly.

One of the most striking things about these views is the ubiquitous Army. Soldiers before the Capitol, soldiers in the rotunda, soldiers in the city hall at Buffalo, soldiers at railway stations everywhere, soldiers in long lines beside every line of march, soldiers always by the casket, soldiers before the Milburn house and the Canton home, soldiers at the church, the courthouse and the tomb.

A vivid imagination and a sluggish liver might combine to form these armed figures into dread specters of militarism; but when one remembers the assassination and the graveyard ghouls which seem to have visited Westlawn cemetery the other night with foul designs, the danger may readily appear in the lack of sufficient guardianship rather than in any excess. The measure of military needs is not in any arbitrary preconceived arrangement, but in the work that is to be done. We must have protection, order and safety, whatever force is required, whatever the cost, whatever the shock to sentiment.

The quality of the military is not in its numbers, but in its purpose. If he is the instrument of oppression, one soldier is too many. If they are unequal to safeguard of life and liberty, battalions might be insufficient. Our American armies are for law and order, peace and safety. They override no citizen in pursuit of lawful ends, and they must be strong enough to restrain all who are bent on unlawful ends.

Our soldiers are patriotic to the core. They are not withdrawn, a permanent military class, from the body politic, but they come out of the citizenry, to which they again resolve upon expiry of their terms. Would there had been soldiers enough in the Temple of Music to have kept Czolgosz from murder! Pray there may be enough about the receiving vault at Westlawn to keep the Nation's dead secure from molestation!

A PASSING STORM.

The hue and cry over "yellow journalism" in connection with the Buffalo tragedy keeps bravely up, though now transformed from a popular outcry to the methodical and sedulous campaign of business rivals. "Yellow journalism" is execrable from every point of view, but it is not responsible for the McKinley assassination, and no amount of sophistry or denunciation can make it so.

Perhaps it should also be pointed out that this fierce war upon the Hearst papers, for example, will come to nothing. It is not an epoch, but an episode, and some morning the world will wake up and forget all about it. Men do not read their newspapers, nor do women either, from religious convictions. A certain small but respectable minority read for the purpose of learning what is going on in the world, and among these the yellow journals have a certain following, for they do furnish news of certain kinds, for which they pay handsomely.

The mass of newspaper readers, however, are such from no higher motive than to be amused or excited. Every preacher knows how easy it is to get a congregation through sensational announcements, and how desirable it becomes to withhold the titles of plain old gospel subjects. Gunter and Ross outsell the novelists of real worth, and the popular theater safely puts its trust in horse play or blood and thunder.

So it is with the yellow journal, and when the present high wind and heavy precipitation are over, they will be found doing business at the old stand. Calamities do not make human nature over again. The man who wants murders on the first page with ghastly views of the victim and the bloody knife, the woman who loves the tale of escapades and shipwrecked marriages, will not in a day be transformed into a rational being with desires for facts and fondness for sane and honest opinions. When yellow journals cease to disfigure the face of creation we shall need no penitentiaries, and perhaps no preachers.

THE OREGON CLIMATE.

The tourist critic from the extreme East who visits us at the present season of splendid Autumn weather is disposed to be incredulous when we tell him that, despite the far earlier birth of our Spring, our vegetation in shape of verdant leaf and lingering flower lasts quite as long as it does in the North Atlantic States. The Spring begins to stir in its cerements in Oregon by the last week of February, and in the first week of March there are as many wild flowers in blossom as are found in New England the last week of April. Measured by the early resurrection of the wild flowers, the Oregon Spring is nearly two months in advance of New England. The Eastern tourist grants this, but maintains that our advantage is more seeming than real; that our floral display is over with July; that our Autumn, so far as disappearance of wild blooms and the changing color of leaves is concerned, begins with August; that our August is like the New England September season; that by the first of November our Winter rains have begun, and that New England's vegetation, which begins later than that of Oregon in Spring, has a longer and brighter life through September, October and sometimes in November, than is ever seen in Oregon. We think our Eastern critics are in error. Yesterday the wild blue forget-me-not, the water speed-well, the bright yellow blooms of the hawkweed, which had their first birth in June, could have been easily found the first day of October by any one who knew where to seek them.

The wealth of asters was quite as great as can be found at the East at this season. There was no golden rod, because there are but few varieties of that plant in Western Oregon, and these are the kinds that begin to bloom in July and are extinct by the middle of September. There are no fringed gentians on this Coast, but to make up for their absence it is not uncommon to see the dogwood and the lupine, that bloom in June, sometimes blooming again in September, and there is a variety of pentstemon, whose handsome pink blossoms can be found growing at Elk Rock far into September. On the whole, the man who cares to take a walk through our woodlands today would find quite as many belated flowers as he would in New England. In New England, beyond the gentians there is little left, for the golden rod is past its prime and the early frosts of September, of which we know nothing, have ended the procession of the wild flowers in New England, with the exceptions we noted, save perhaps in a favored spot a few blue harebells might be found. It is true that our Winter may fairly be said to begin with the first week of November, but these Winter rains are never cold enough to end the reign of the garden flowers, for the hardy varieties of roses are not seldom seen blooming in the dooryards in Portland late in December, and after a week of bright weather in January you will find Spring flowers, like the Claytonia, blooming in the park.

Our Winter rains are not as disagreeable as snow and severe cold of the early Winter in New England. A snow storm as early as October 15 is not uncommon in the Lake Ontario counties of Northern New York, and is not unknown in New England. By the 10th of November the New England Winter of cold, freezing weather has set in, and where this is not the case there is as much rain and mist as is ever seen in Oregon, and it is not a warm rain, but an intensely cold storm that lacks the quality of merciful warmth which tempers the Winter rains of Oregon. At the worst we have in Oregon but three months of Winter weather when the rain makes outdoor life uncomfortable without an umbrella and overshoes or waterproof. That is, we can enjoy life out of doors for about nine months of our year, and at no time, even in the Winter months, is there an intense cold to endure, the thermometer seldom dropping lower than 3 degrees above zero. In this mild climate of short Winters, with its long season suitable for outdoor exercise, it is not remarkable that the death rate is small; that cases of longevity are common among the pioneer settlers of Oregon and Washington. Pneumonia, that is so fearful a scourge of our North Atlantic seacoast cities during the Winter and Spring months, finds few victims here by comparison.

Our drinking water is not charged with limestone, and persons of rheumatic habit are more comfortable here than at the East. It is easy to make light of the matter of climate as an advertisement of the advantages of Oregon to the settler, but it counts a great deal with many people who are past the meridian of life, have obtained a competence sufficient to screen them from hard work. Such persons naturally seek a climate of mild Winters and cool Summers, where their declining days can easily be spent, where fruit, meat, vegetables, fish are plenty and comparatively cheap. An easy but economical existence is sought by such persons. They cannot find it in the long, cold Winters and hot Summers of the trans-Mississippi West, and will be tempted naturally to try the climate of Oregon. The day will come when this state will be filled with a large population, a day when, with the Nicaragua Canal completed, there will be a market large enough to secure the multiplication of manufacturing plants, but until that day comes we shall be obliged to rely on the attractive climate of Oregon to increase annually our present population.

For the present it is one of the best if not the best inducement for an intelligent man, who does not like a flat, treeless country, but prefers a land of rivers, lakes, mountains and wooded hills, to strike his tent in the trans-Mississippi States and pitch it in Oregon. He escapes the extreme cold of Winter, the extreme heat of Summer; he finds a soil and climate where crops never completely fail, and he has an inspiring and satisfying environment of natural scenery that is a radiant and kindling vision of beauty at its best that makes life better worth livig.

EVOLUTION OF THE RACING MACHINE.

The New York Evening Post says that in the opinion of yachting experts the new Shamrock is simply "a higher powered Columbia—bigger sails, greater beam and draught, and more lead far down below the surface of the water to hold her up in any kind of a blow." The Columbia is the best racing machine that has thus far been constructed in America, and its builder confessed that he had reached his limit by his failure to make his new yacht superior to the Columbia. The English builder, Watson, in his latest boat, the new Shamrock, has taken the Defender and the Columbia as models, and on those lines has built a racing machine in which, as in the Columbia, everything like safety or comfort is sacrificed to speed. The New York yachting experts are afraid of the new Shamrock because it seems to be constructed after the model of the Columbia. It is like a battle between two skillful soldiers, armed, drilled and disciplined so much alike that the battle is sure to turn on the possession of the strongest battalions or the heaviest and most numerous artillery.

The history of the evolution of the present racing machine is noteworthy. The American schooner yacht America won the cup offered as a prize by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, August 22, 1851; the course was around the Isle of Wight. The America was registered at 170 tons, and sailed against four schooners and one cutter of more tonnage. The America won this race with 18 minutes to spare from the second boat, the little cutter Aurora, of only 47 tons register. In 1857 the owners of the America presented the cup to the New York Yacht Club as an international challenge trophy. The first contest in American waters for the cup was in 1870, when Mr. James Ashbury, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, sailed his schooner yacht Cambria against a fleet of twenty-three American schooners and was badly beaten, the center-board schooner Magic coming in first and the Cambria only tenth. In 1871 Ashbury sailed a new schooner, the Livonia, against the American yachts Columbia and Sappho, and was beaten four out of the five races. The Canadian yacht, Countess of Dufferin, was beaten by the American schooner Madeline in 1876, and in 1881 another Canadian boat, the Atalanta, was beaten by the American schooner, the Mischief.

In 1885 began the first really important race that had been sailed for the cup in American waters. Sir Richard Sutton, in the cutter Genesta, was beaten by the Puritan. In 1886 Lieutenant Henn, R. N., in the Galatea, was beaten by the Mayflower. In 1887 James Bell, of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, brought over the Thistle, which was beaten by the Volunteer. Six years later Lord Dunraven, in Valkyrie II, was beaten by the Vigilant. In 1897 Lord Dunraven made another try for the cup. The first race was won by the Defender by 8 minutes 49 seconds, corrected time; the second was awarded to the Defender on a claim of foul; and the third was abandoned by the Valkyrie on the ground that the course was not clear.

In 1898 Sir Thomas Lipton was beaten by the Columbia. The cup that was originally won when it was a contest between American center-board yachts and English keel yachts is now become a contest between sloop yachts, ninety feet long, which are mere racing machines in which the American center-board has been supplanted by a big fin keel.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

What was the connection between Commodore Schley at the battle of Santiago and the rest of the squadron?

He directed the squadron's movements.

He did not direct the squadron's movements; he merely fought his own ship.

What was the weather on May 25?

It was calm.

It was boisterous.

Could a vessel coal safely between May 24 and May 29?

Yes.

No.

The discerning reader who has followed the testimony at the Schley investigation can easily fill out several questions and answers on the lines of the foregoing. It is evident that sharp issues of veracity and irreconcilable differences of opinion exist between the witnesses. They contradict each other, they contradict their own logs, they contradict themselves. The maps, made up from reports of naval officers, are now by these same officers declared wrong and worthless. There was a picket line inside the blockade at Cienfuegos, and there was no picket line. The record shows that the Brooklyn signaled the Texas to go alongside the collier and begin coaling, but the men on the Texas say no such signal was given. Some know perfectly well that the squadron cruised nearer the harbor at night than by day, and others know equally well the contrary.

Was it really, then, the Texas that made the famous loop, instead of the Brooklyn?

Did the Brooklyn make the loop or not?

Was there any loop at all?

CREDIT TO THE DESERVING.

A noteworthy event in journalism is the "jubilee" number of the New York Times, issued September 25, in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary. Although nearly a year younger than The Oregonian, the Times has played a part in politics and affairs so distinguished that it is difficult to realize that it has not been at work longer than half a century. New York has older papers, but none better. The Commercial Advertiser is 108 years old; the present Evening Post, the third of its name in New York, 100 years old on November 16; the Sun 68 years, the Herald 66 years, the Tribune 60 years, and the Journal of Commerce 74 years.

To commend a newspaper like the Times is, for honest journalism, both a pleasure and a duty. The pleasure arises from the knowledge that a paper clean and humane as well as incisive and strong can prosper; and the duty is that of holding up such sterling qualities to public view, and bespeaking their emulation.

The Times has not the piquancy of the Sun, nor the polished satire of the Evening Post, nor the pictorial attractiveness of the Tribune, nor the extensive cable service of the Herald, nor the comprehensive economic news and discussion of the Journal of Commerce, nor the eloquent periods of the Brooklyn Eagle. But it is probably a better newspaper than any of these, because it has all of their peculiar merits in considerable degree, and its own excellences are exceeding many. It is infinitely more trustworthy than the Sun, more newsy than the Eagle or Journal of Commerce, more powerful than the Herald or Tribune, and its loss of keenness as compared with the Post is abundantly atoned for by its infinitely greater humanity and universality. For strength, cleanliness, genial spirit and versatility it is at the head of the class, and probably comes as near perfection in the combination of these qualities as it is possible for human nature to make a newspaper.

If The Oregonian were forced to choose some other existence, it would like to be the Times, and it proposes now its very good health and wishes it many happy returns of the day.

A distinguished English Judge recently said that the crying weakness of the administration of American courts of justice was what he termed "too much legality." In England the presiding Judge suppresses all irrelevant matter, regulates the proceedings in the interest of speed, and has no hesitation in expressing his own views. Henry E. Howland, in the current number of the Century Magazine, says that the administration of criminal justice in New York City is not distinguished by swiftness or certainty, thus unjustly obstructing the right of prisoners to a speedy trial, giving far too much scope of defense and too long a reprieve to the guilty, and bringing the law into public disrepute, probably the most evil consequence of all. The cause assigned for this evil, says Mr. Howland, is the reluctance of the Judge presiding over the trial to permit his own opinion to become evident, even upon matters where there is a clear preponderance of evidence, or to control counsel in their conduct of a case, or to direct the trial with a firm hand, all with the fear of encroaching upon the function of the jury, which has been extravagantly extended and there maintained by the courts of appeal. The license of examination and challenge of jurors permitted to counsel prolongs the selection of a jury in important cases. Mr. Howland points out that in its origin and its essence the jury is a means, not an end; that it consists of men unfamiliar with the processes of law and unskilled in legal reasoning, and that its best achievements are obtained when, as in England, it does not hesitate to interfere and take the conduct of the case out of the hands of counsel when it becomes necessary to prevent the mockery of justice by unnecessary delays.

Congreve is responsible for the assertion that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend the gnarled oak; but a professor of music has now gone him several better and declared that in time music will prove an effectual remedy for anarchy. Just how and at what intervals it is to be taken he doesn't inform us, but it is reasonable to suppose he has worked out the problem to his own satisfaction and will soon be able to take a few cases of anarchism into his sanitarium for experimental purposes. Mark Twain once wrote in an agricultural paper that clams would lie quiet if music were played to them, and it is well known that a hand-organ is a sovereign cure for the habit of loafing on street corners. Steam calliopes have often been successfully used in treating circus mules for inanition, and church organs have frequently proved powerful soporifics. With all these precedents to draw from, the professor will undoubtedly have but little trouble in adapting the strains of whatever instrument he elects to operate with to the cases under his care. We wish him all success. If he will permit a suggestion from a lay observer, however, we would advise him that he will probably get better results with an accordion than any other instrument.

The experience of Spain in governing the Filipinos is being duplicated under American rule. The difference between the methods of the two governments may dawn upon these people a few generations hence. Until it does, disasters like that upon the Island of Samar a few days ago will from time to time occur. This is a part of the price that civilization pays to savagery, enlightenment to ignorance, liberty to tyranny, in dealing with people fitly characterized by Kipling as "half devil and half child." To eliminate the first and bring the "child" up to years of accountability is the hard task to which the Nation has set itself in the Philippines. Its accomplishment will take time and lay heavy tribute upon life and treasure. This is expected; therefore, the occurrence above referred to cannot be classed as unexpected.

The irate housewife and the voluble milkman exchanged compliments at the back doors of the city yesterday morning. The latter indignantly repelled the accusation that he had joined a "trust," regarding it as an impeachment of his honor calculated to lower him to the moral grade of the despised capitalist. The former insisted that the word "trust," with all of its opprobrium, real and imaginary, belonged to the combination organized for the purpose of putting up prices, and not a few declared their determination to put their families on condensed milk rather than give in to the milk dealers' trust by meeting the advance in prices. The war is a merry one, with rattling milk cans and clattering tongues for artillery. No casualties are reported.

One can well believe that the two companies of the Seventh Infantry that have been in barracks at Fort Gibbon, on the Yukon, for the past two years were glad to bid good-bye to their bleak quarters and return to Fort Vancouver. The fatigues of El Caney and the dangers of scaling San Juan Hill were pleasurable pastimes compared with sitting down in the white silence of the far north and waiting for the long-delayed order to return to civilization. Playing soldier at a lonely post in time of peace is only a degree less monotonous than herding sheep on the vast ranges of the interior—an occupation that often reduces men to babbling imbecility, but from which the soldier on the lonely outpost is saved by the sound of human voices.

The fire that destroyed the business portion of Gresham early yesterday morning is disastrous beyond the financial loss that it caused. The center of a populous and prosperous farming community, the loss will cause much inconvenience until it can be repaired by rebuilding, which, however, will no doubt be at once begun.

AMENDING BANKRUPTCY LAW.

New York Journal of Commerce.

We are glad to see that the Dry Goods Economist has sounded the alarm that the bankruptcy law is in danger from its friends. For a dozen years the mercantile community tried to obtain it. It has had it only three years, and for more than one year past the organized credit men of the country have been trying to amend it. We have from the beginning of their agitation pointed out a double danger that they were inviting. Any effort to amend the law while it is still new, and the opposition which made its enactment so difficult has not subsided, endangers the whole law by inviting the risk of a repeal. When the question of amending the law is pending in a not very friendly Congress, it would be singular if a proposition to repeal instead of amend were not sprung and supported by formidable numbers. If the law should escape this danger the fact remains that the amendment urged by the credit men would greatly weaken, and we believe it would practically destroy, a vital part of the law, and even if the law remained on the statute book the very evils it was enacted to prevent would prevail.

The law was passed chiefly to prevent preferences. The amendment which most of the credit men are supporting would open the door for this very evil, and we firmly believe that it would open the door so wide that the law would have very slight restraining effect. We are aware of only two credit men who have given any attention to this point. One is Mr. Hugo Kantzler, whose views have been expressed in the Dry Goods Economist, and who has proposed as a compromise that the period within which partial payments shall be treated as preferences shall be shortened from four months to two or even one. The other is the credit man of a large firm in this city, not in the dry goods trade, who was kind enough to write to this paper a few days ago that he had modified his views and shared ours regarding the effect of the amendment urged by the credit men. The other credit men who have discussed this matter in public simply ignore the importance of preventing preferences; they ignore the theory of a bankrupt law, that the estate should be divided as nearly equally as possible among all the creditors, and oppose the law, as the courts have construed it, because it secures that approximate equality, and each of them is confident that if the law were out of the way he could get a larger share for his house than the other credit men could, as to which we have only to say that one of them would be right and all the others would be wrong in this matter. If it is desirable to secure an equitable distribution of the debtor's estate, let the law alone; or at most take Mr. Kantzler's amendment; if it be desirable that every creditor should be free to get as much as possible of the estate, then the law was a mistake and should be repealed.

Our esteemed contemporary the Dry Goods Economist, says: "The National bankruptcy law is in danger, not only from the attacks of its enemies, but in the house of its friends. The former are preparing to give the act its coup de grace, if possible, by moving for its repeal when the question of amending the measure is brought up at the next session of Congress. The latter—some of them, at least—are inclined to aid this nefarious scheme by the introduction of amendments so varied and numerous as to bewilder and weary the majority of our Legislators at Washington."

We commend this to the merchants who struggled so long to obtain a bankruptcy law. In regard to amending, however, the danger does not lie in a perplexing multiplicity of amendments; it lies in just one amendment which would break down the barrier now erected against preferences. Those who are in favor of preferences are against the law; those who are opposed to preferences are in favor of the law. If the merchants who three years ago supported the law because they wished to break up the practice of preferences are of the same opinion they should lose no time in checking the movement of the credit men to amend the vital principle out of the law.

When Monopoly Is a Good Thing.

Chicago Record-Herald.

It is seldom that we hear a loud, clear call for monopoly. So common has it become for people to cry out against monopolies, indeed, that even those who favor business combinations are inclined to do so in secret, especially if they happen to harbor desires for public offices. The Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer, a Democratic paper, and a radical opponent of trusts, has, however, made the discovery that there may upon occasion be virtue in consolidation after all. In a recent burst of righteous indignation the paper referred to said:

"Raleigh needs—and needs very much—somebody who can arrange to convert all the three unsatisfactory telephone systems into one excellent system. Three systems are now operating, with the result that the service of neither is what it ought to be, whereas if there were a single system with a costly underground plant, Raleigh would rejoice. The cost of the telephone service in Raleigh is enormous. If a business house has all three telephones the cost is heavy and the nuisance great. If only two are used some of the best customers cannot be reached, and a business house with only one telephone is two-thirds out of business so far as telephoning is concerned. Many men in Raleigh refuse to take any telephone because they cannot afford to take three."

Here is a case in which monopoly would undoubtedly be beneficial to the public. In the City of Cleveland a similar condition exists. Two telephone companies are doing business there, and while they have cut prices so that it is possible for Cleveland people to be served by one company or the other at a lower rate than citizens of Chicago are compelled to pay for telephones, the Clevelander is at a disadvantage because he must either have both lines or put up with an abbreviated service. If he pays to have connections with the lines of both companies his telephone accommodations cost his considerably more than they would if he did business in Chicago, where a monopoly exists.

In addition to the cost there is the annoyance of being compelled to look through two directories whenever anyone is to be called up by telephone. Competition may in many cases be a good thing, but the town that has more than one telephone company is unfortunate.

Freer Trade Is Imperative.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

It may be assumed that the German Government intends to bring strong pressure to bear upon countries maintaining a protective tariff for the purpose of securing concessions in the shape of reciprocity. Among these countries the United States is, of course, the chief and the necessity will soon devolve on us of determining just what we are going to do about it. This is the crisis which the late President, with characteristic sagacity, perceived to be approaching and which in his last and greatest speech he advised us how to meet.

Reciprocity.

Indianapolis News.

President Roosevelt and those who agree with him on this subject will have no easy task in securing the adoption of any important reciprocity treaties. However, with courage and determination, and sustained by the last great utterance of President McKinley, and with the consciousness that the American people favor more liberal trade relations, they ought to accomplish something.

No Mobs Needed.

New York Press.

The first lesson of the swift conviction of Leon Czolgosz is that the fullest justice can be administered in the shortest trial. If the whole American people will take the lesson home the chief excuse of the mobs which take the law in their own hands will be withdrawn from them.

ALREADY DONE IN OREGON.

Chicago Chronicle.

With characteristic sagacity, President Harper has secured for the University of Chicago a series of lectures by men successfully engaged in practical life. The subjects to be elucidated during the year about to open comprehend the broad range of banking, insurance, railroading, the iron industry, steel and kindred topics.

A stubborn tradition has long detached university ideals from practical life. The effect has been their mutual injury. The university has been blindly identified with abstractions exclusively and its energy has been too largely retrospective.

The fact that the face of the world has been always to the future has singularly escaped the observation of the too often cloistered spirits who, engrossed with things spiritual, not unnaturally but deplorably forget that progress has emanated largely from the competitions of races, the struggles of epochs toward broader enlightenment and the friction of institutions and principles furnishing fire and light for that persistent advance of mankind which has been organized into civilization.

Contemplation of ideals is essential to execution of their noblest suggestions. Execution signifies physical as well as intellectual power, and the strides of the human race have been necessarily taken outside the necessarily narrow precincts of libraries, laboratories and lecture-rooms.

The university tradition has been monumentally blind to the debt mankind owe to what the world has agreed to call "business." Commercial emulation between Athens and Sparta, rivalry of Rome, Carthage and Tyre contributed more to ancient culture than the essays of stoic and peripatetic, the soliloquies of the academy or the professional achievements of the learned minority.

Until the Greeks went colonizing history was manacled. It was the ships of Venice returning with argosies from the Orient that gave potential impetus to that resplendent and fecund era which mankind glorify by the name of renascence. It was the bankers of the Continent of Europe who first compelled sovereigns to recognize the rights of naturalized subjects.

Liberty, the indispensable of progress, owes more to commerce than to codices. Insurance has done more to promote and maintain universal peace than all the arbitration courts. The boards of trade of the globe have contributed mightily to diminution of famines by regulating the distribution of foods.

Upon the development of processes for extracting iron from the earth and adapting it to the necessities and luxuries of society, science and the arts have more profoundly and profitably depended than on all the tomes since the invention of the alphabet.

The world has shed the ancient illusion which so long kept the university apart from the utilitarian. It is not within college walls alone that culture is to be acquired. There is no beneficent pursuit which is also practical into which the culture of the university cannot be carried with honor and advantage.

Wisely, therefore, has the University of Chicago elected to weld university ideals and practical life.

Out of the Dead Past.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

In connection with its jubilee edition the New York Times publishes a facsimile of the first issue of the paper, which appeared September 18, 1851, about a month after Commodore Stevens' schooner America, at the Isle of Wight, had lifted the cup which since 1857 has been open as a prize to the yachts of any nation. One of the editorial paragraphs of this old issue, barring an excessive dash of gasconade, has thus far proved to be written in a prophetic spirit. It reads:

Too Late by Half.—The London Times, by way of a flyer, promises that ere August next every English yacht will be built and rigged a la America. If so, they will infallibly be beaten again, for American progression is after the geometrical order, and we shall double our speed in a year.

Whether the London Times' forecast as to the rigging of English yachts came true is much to be doubted, but the intimation of the New York Times that England would have to hustle to excel this country in yachtbuilding has proved true 10 times since 1851, and is being put to the test for the eleventh time. It is only to be hoped that the present Times has "touched wood" to exorcise the hoodoo that is apt to follow the harking back to old predictions. "I told you so" is a dangerous saying before the line is crossed.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the boast that American designers would double the speed of their yachts every year in geometrical progression has not been entirely borne out by results. As this is the fiftieth year since the America lifted the cup, the yacht Constitution it may be mathematically proved ought to be 1,125,877,533,108,544 faster than the America. This would be a very respectable speed for a yacht. When it is recalled that the America, in 1851, sailed from Sandy Hook to Cowes in 21 days, that that still remains as one of the fastest schooner trips on record, and that even the fleetest of the ocean greyhounds has only succeeded in making the trip in a quarter of that time, we see in the empty braggadocio of the paragraphist a solemn warning against pride and haughtiness and an exuberance of exaggeration.

Czolgosz' Relation to Socialism.

Aurora Borealis.

Socialists are now kept busy explaining the difference between socialism and anarchy. They should have the benefit of the doubt; there is a difference. While socialism, in one light, is a primary department, graduates from which enter the school of anarchy, in another sense it possesses no relative part of anarchy. Socialism, it must be admitted, has a tendency to make its advocates, as Czolgosz states he became, "morose and envious," and in this frame of mind one is very liable, especially if his brain softens somewhat under the influence of surroundings and deep cogitation, to be converted to a full-fledged anarchist. Then 'tis but a step; otherwise, it is a much longer stride. There are many who believe in socialistic ideas as presented by the orators of that party of the present day, but they keep up courage and have faith in gaining their ends. They believe in government—in fact, too much government—and only those who are made despondent with their condition in life from pursuing socialistic paths are in danger of seeking a state of lawless confusion. Hence we find not a few socialists becoming anarchists, but not vice versa.

A Point to Remember.

Salem Statesman.

A point not generally thought of in connection with the Lewis and Clark Centennial, and one that will have powerful influence in attracting the attention, encouragement and financial support for the exposition of 1905, is that the territory secured through the Lewis and Clark expedition, is the first and only territory added to the United States by right of discovery. Out of that event, then, has been carved some of the richest and best portion of the country and the centennial commemoration of it is an occasion of such National importance as to call for the co-operation of all the individual states, as well as the General Government.

Honest Criticism Essential.

New York Sun.

Honest criticism and opposition on the part of those who are conscientiously opposed to Republican policies are not only welcome, but essential. For the honor of the American name and in testimony of the public horror of William McKinley's violent end let intemperate denunciation, calumny of the United States and of the President, the falsehoods and the passionate rhetoric of misrepresentation that inflame and mislead the ignorant and the persecuted be heard no more.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

However, the Shamrock hasn't won any races yet.

Perhaps it is just as well to suspend hurrahing for the Columbia for a few days.

An assassin who goes after President Roosevelt will be a quick one if he gets the drop.

The Samar affair proves that a Filipino who says he is an "amigo" ought to be clapped into irons.

"When the frost is on the punkin', an' the fodder's in the shock," it usually happens that the overcoat's in hock.

This month will see the last of Czolgosz. Taking him for all in all, we hope we shall never look upon his like again.

Edgar Stanton Maclay might get considerable material for the revision of his history by attending the court of inquiry.

China is trying to sell some of the vessels in her navy. She is apparently afraid to keep them for fear they will be converted into loot.

Chess is going to be played at Monte Carlo. And yet it was supposed that the frequenters of that resort wanted action for their money.

"Parson Robinson" says a tall timber exchange, "says that Siwash Louie is a good Indian. We hadn't heard that Louis had passed away."

Up to the present time Lieutenant Peary has not overlooked any opportunity to give the lecture-attending public the absent treatment.

Aguinaldo's body guard has surrendered, probably as a delicate courtesy to Funston, who is now on the sick list, and could not go out and get them.

It is noticed that Emma Goldman hasn't employed any of her liberty in making incendiary speeches lately. Emma learned a few things while in that Chicago jail.

Among the characteristics of the Japanese an American at once notices their love for children. It is doubtful if any Japanese child ever got a whipping. An American woman who became acquainted with a Japanese matron noticed that she allowed her little children to ramble through the streets at will, and one day commented on it. "Why," said the Japanese lady, "what harm can come of it? Our children never quarrel and no grown person would harm a child." "But," said the American, "the child might get lost." "That would make no trouble," was the smiling reply. And then she showed how in little children's apparel there were inserted cards containing their name and address and explaining that, should they stray, any person finding them will first give them a full meal and then bring them home.

The City of Grinnell, Ia., has just adopted a drastic liquor law. It is, under the ordinance, a crime for two or more citizens to get together and take a drink of beer or liquor, no matter where they meet, even if it is in their own homes and they are members of the same family. Under this ordinance it is a crime to set a glass of beer on the table at the dinner hour, provided the family consists of more than one person. The exact wording of the ordinance is:

"That it shall be unlawful for two or more persons to congregate within the limits of the City of Grinnell on any street or vacant or unoccupied property on or about the college campus or buildings, in or about any lumber yard, in any car, or on or about any railroad grounds or stockyards, in or about any barn, stable or cornerib, storehouse, elevator or depot, or in any other place, for the purpose of drinking beer or any kind of intoxicating liquor, or for the purpose of creating a disturbance or doing or committing any disorderly act."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

After the Ball.—Ida—The MacDougals gave a ball that cost $10,000. May—Ah, a Scotch high ball.—Chicago News.

Imperative.—Juggles—Why do they start the organ as soon as the sermon is over? Waggles—To wake up the congregation.—Judge.

His Reason.—She—You played a very careless game, Jack. Why don't you keep your eye on the ball? He—I can't keep it on both of you.—Brooklyn Life.

A placard posted throughout a country town announced the opening of a theater as "under the management of Miss Blank, newly decorated and painted."—Tit-Bits.

The Present Pace.—Servant—A publisher at the door to see you, sir. Modern Author—Have him come in and wait; tell him I just began writing a book and won't have it finished for 15 minutes.—Ohio State Journal.

Took the Hint.—"I thought you were going to spend a week with your cousins over in Michigan." "No, I didn't go. When I wrote to them about it they said for me to come right along and make myself at home—they wouldn't consider me company."—Chicago Tribune.

Philosophic.—"Poor bye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast. "'Tis tough luck teh hev yer hand blowed off." "Och! Faith, it might 'ave bin wurse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose Ol'd had me week's wages in it at the toime."—Philadelphia Press.

Aggrieved.—"It was an outrage!" exclaimed the excitable young man with the very foreign accent. "The father of the young lady offered a marriage settlement of $100,000." "It isn't much of a dowry." "My dear friend; it is not a dowry at all. It is a tip."—Washington Star.

The Fallen Star.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Her father was a millionaire
Who made his money honestly,
And pleasing perfumes floated where
He had his big soap factory.

Her lover was a humble clerk
Who loved her for herself alone;
He had his day dreams, while at work
Of joys when she should be his own.

She didn't like her father's trade—
Though soap should not be cause for shame—
She liked the money that he made,
But not the channel whence it came.

Her lover, at the 'phone one day
Exclaimed: "You are my star of hope!"
The maiden thought she heard him say—
The wretch!—"You are my bar of soap."

ENVOY.

The daughter of a millionaire
Has turned away an honest clerk;
To her the world's a bleak affair,
And all he sees ahead is work.

His Hopeful Song.

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

I.

Don't be sorry, mo'ners, w'en de sun don't shine;
Worl' is full o' trouble en complainin';
But still dey is a blossom what's a-growin' on de vine;
De storm is blowin' over, an' de weather's lookin' fine
En de fields is smellin' sweeter for de rainin'!

II.

Don't be sorry, mo'ners, w'en de night comes down;
Worl' is mighty full o' sin an' sorrer;
But a li'l star's a-peepin'—des a peepin' all groun',
Somewhar de day's a-breakin' en de bells in music soun'
En de birds'll all be singin' on tomorrer.