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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Meximum tem-TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair, northwesterly

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.

"BALANCE OF TRADE,"

One would think that enlightened men were done, had long since been done, with the medieval philosophy of "balance of trade." This term has been amonly used to express the difference between the value of exports from and imports into a country. The bal-ance was said to be favorable when the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports, and unfavorable when the value of the imports exceeded that of the exports. Long time this was profoundly believed to be a fundamental principle of economic science It was based on the notion that gold or silver was the only real wealth that could be possessed by individuals, or nations; and, consequently, that a "balance," expressed in gold or silver, was the result to be contended for in com- 64 is entirely too early; that nine-tenths Though long exploded, fragments of this fallacy remain, and it is curious to see one of them presented as a truth in a recent address by the Secretary of Agriculture. One might suppose that a man fit to be a member of the President's Cabinet should be too intelligent and too honest to indulge in any of the old fallacies about "favorable balance of trade."

But Mr. Wilson, in a recent address in New Hampshire, said we ought to foster every kind of industry in our country by "protective" laws, because it is by this policy that "we keep the innce of trade in our favor." the truth is, the policy is a wasteful because strength and energy are employed under it, in the effort to de- petent, to endure the hardships of a velop many kinds of industries at home in circumstances not favorable to them. or not so favorable as elsewhere; while those in which we might excel are often passed over or neglected. Thus we attempt to make our profitable industries shals and division comman support unprofitable ones, which is the like himself, young men.

measured, not by the excess of exports over imports, but rather by the reverse. The most advantageous com merce in the world is that carried by the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In the United Kingdom the value of the imports exceeds that of the exports by nearly two to one; and it is out of this difference that the wages of the country are paid and the enormous profits of the British factors

cumulated. Restriction, however plausible the arlacy. When labor and capital are free to move where they desire, commodities will be produced in those places where the absolute advantages for producing live to the regutation of men of the age of them are greatest. The localities that the greatest advantages will become the exclusive seats of production Hunter that when Meade fought Get-of each commodity. Each country will tysburg he had but one old General, a invest its labor and capital so as to make the best of the advantages it pos-sesses. Our own country can produce age, and the majority of them were men many commodities at rates practically beyond competition; but other commodities, again, can be produced more dvantageously in other countries; and It is our interest, as well as theirs, to ficers in the Army of the Potomac at make the exchange. Nations that trade this date. At the West, Grant was but together render themselves a reciprocal 41 and Sherman about 44; Rosecrans service; if one has an interest in buy- was about 42, and Thomas about 45. ing, the other has an interest in selling, and all commercial transactions

are founded on mutual need. To the erroneous notion of the neces sity of creating and holding a "favorable balance of trade" a very large proportion of the restrictions on co maintained throughout our history, is due. Unless we are to be gainers by it, we shall import nothing; why, then, uch apprehension of impoverishment by importation? "Oh, but we must keep the money in the country!" Gold is nothing but a commodity; only by parting with it can we obtain any of the of Lee's army old men like Huger, ects of actual utility or desire, and it is alike our individual and National interest to exchange it in the market ce there could be no motive to import in exchange were of greater

If these things are academic, they are none the less fundamental, "Bal-ance of trade," as the term has long been used—and still is used, gh long since exploded—embodies not a truth, but a figment to truth opte, since an excess of exports over to every mind open to the facts. The the Mexicans were an easy mark, and Nor are reflections based upon the great French communist, J. B. Say, wrote: Scott had the flower of the young offi- declaration, "Whatsoever a man sow-

'Almost all the wars fought during the past one hundred years, in the four, quarters of the earth, have been for a balance of trade which does not exist and whence comes the importance atited to that pretended balance of trade? From the exclusive application that has been made of the word capital to gold and silver." Besides, reduction of our imports, for the sake of a "favorable balance of trade," would have the effect of reducing the ability of foreigners to take and pay for our produce and manufactures. It would be a sorry condition for trade if trade could not triumph, to an extent, over the obstacles imposed upon it by misdirected leg-

SALMON SEASON LONG ENOUGH. How ardently the Astoria fishing inrests are consumed with a desire see the saimon get up to the headwaters and spawn was in evidence a week or so ago, during the unusually heavy run. Traps were packed so full that the stood endwise in the water, with their tails sticking out. Gillnets almost burst with their burdens and horses could

hardly haul the seines, so full were they of fish. Now, did the Astorians turn these supernumerary fish back into the river, so they could go to the headwaters and spawn? Not they. Every man in town carried a thirty-pound salmon home on his shoulder for dinner. What couldn't be sold were given away, and what couldn't be given away were used by the boys for baseball bats.

Again the river is full of fish, and get up to the hatcheries and headwaters and spawn. The close season will be here in three or four days, and there will apparently be a good run for breeding purposes. But the only effect of this prospect is to bring out again the proposal that the season be extended. No responsible salmon fisher or canner should lend countenance or support to the suggestion. The open season is long lough now. There is reason, indeed to believe it is too long. Marshall Mc-Donald used to say that the fishing season should be strictly limited to the months of May, June and July. We already run over to the 15th of August as it is, and the fishing should be

stopped short when the season ends. This iniquitous proposal in the selfish interests of a few case-hardened canners was broached once before some years ago, but it no sooner met the sober second thought of public opinion than it was frowned down, as it deserved to be. Just this should be fate this time. The law was made to be obeyed, and not to be nullified at the whim of avarice. No official has the slightest warrant of authority to set aside the law. There is too much disposition to treat the law as a mere convenience, to be used or violated as private ambitions require. Right here is a good place to give it a set-back.

THE AGE OF RETIREMENT.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier insists that the statutory retiring age of the Army officers at that age are still, mentally and physically, as capable of efficient work as ever in their lifetime; that the date should be deferred to 68, and quotes General Miles' recent horseback ride in Indian Territory as an object lesson on this point The statutory retiring age of 64 might occasionally find a man as fit physically and mentally for the field as he ever was, but the exception would be so rare as only to prove the soundness of the present rule. Napoleon's judgment on this question ought to be con He said that few Generals were at their hest when past 50; that a General who had reached 60 was not physically com petent, and therefore not mentally con severe campaign and meet the dread responsibilities of a great battle. He attributed much of his own military success to the fact that, with the excep tion of Massens, all his leading Marreal waste of our so-called protective said that Massena falled in 1810 and system. The truth is, the actual wealth of a he had become too rheumatic to un-country and the profits it makes are dergo the hardships of the field. Wellington and all his leading subordinates were young men; that is, none of them

> The experience of our Civil War supports the conclusion of Napoleon. The first year of the war found a number of men past 50 in the Union and Confederate armies in command of army corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, but if the roster of the armies on both sides be examined, East or West, for the Summer and Autumn of 1863, it will be seen that, neither in the armies of Meade, nor Lee, nor Grant, nor Bragg, were there any "old men" left in important commands. The disastrous battle year of 1862 was so destructumner, Keyes, Heintzieman, McDowell, Abercromble, McCall and brigadier of 62 years of age. Few of from 35 to 45 years of age. Meade was about 47 years of age; Humphreys was something over 50; Sedgwick was about 50, but they were among the oldest of-Two years of war had winnowed out the old officers, both East and West, and in 1864 the presence of young men in the prime of life in high commands, like Warren, Barlow, Brooke, Sheridan. Merritt and Miles, was noteworthy, campaign were none of them over 45. and the best of them all, McPherson, was but M. General C. F. Smith, a gallant old man at Fort Donelson, died soon of disease. The same story is told by the records of the Confederate army. The besom of war in 1862 swept or

Holmes, Toombs and Magruder. There were no Confederate Generals who rose to distinction that were over where we can get most for it. We want | 50 when the war broke out, save Lee other countries to take our exports, that | and Joseph E. Johnston. Sidney Johnwe may be able to take imports from ston was considerably over 50, but he was a military failure at the time of export any species of produce, or gold his death. There were no Union General per, unless that which it is intended erals who rose to distinction who were over 50 when the war broke out, save Humphreys and Emory. When we remember that our Civil War lasted four years, its records are convincing that after 50 years few men were mentally and physically fit for war; that at about all were worthless for the hardships and responsibilities of the march aports, so far from being any criterion and the battlefield. It is true that both Scott and Taylor were over 60 when

cers of West Point under him. true that some English Generals have midable foe, and Lord Clyde was a man of exceptional endurance. The rule is was not mentally and physically fit for many military duties; he only said that the combined physical hardship and mental responsibility of a great campaign were more than the average General officer of 60 could bear with credit to himself. The laws which regulate armies are like the ordinary laws which govern civil life in this-that they can-not always be adjusted to individual

The retirement today of Army officers at 64 undoubtedly puts out of active service men whose mental powers are unimpaired; men who are competen for pen-and-ink work for some years to In event of war, these men could be used for the pen-and-ink work of military business, as they were in our Civil War, when they acted as superintendents of recruiting, disbursing officers, etc. In our war with Spain, Lieutenant-General Schoffeld, of the retired list, was a member of the Governm Board of Military Strategy. While these men of 64 can still be of service when necessary as military instructors and professional advisers, it is doubtful if many officers of 64 would be physically and mentally competent for an important command in a severe campaign. To ride a horse day after day in a severe campaign, in all kinds of weather, is a very different thing from the ride taken by General Miles for pleasure, when his mind is charged with no responsibility of life and death. Furthermore, to ride three days as you please is not like riding three months, when your sleep is broken at night and you ride without sparing yourself whenever the bugie call of duty summons you to your saddle. Exceptional men may do an officer's best work on the battlefield after 64, but the average officer, as Napoleon said, cannot do it, and the law of retirement is made for the mass of men, and not for the exceptional soldier.

MINISTERS' SONS

The Pacific Churchman quotes a number of names of men of literary distinction who were "ministers' well-trained sons, abiding witnesses that ministers' sons turn out well." The Churchman, mong other things, says:

Dugaid Stewart, Reid, Abercrombie and Ben-tham were parsone' sons.
In general literature we find multitudes of ministers' sons—Switt, Macaulay, Thackeray, Kingaley and Matthew Arnold were clergymen's

Dugald Stewart was not a minister's son; neither were Macaulay, Bentham and Thackeray sons of ministers. This is a matter of small consequence, but the absurdity of such articles becomes evident when we recall the names of several ministers' sons who turned out, but did not turn out well in moral worth. Goldsmith, who was an inveterate gambler, a rake, a hard drinker, a past master in all the vices of the vagabond Bohemian, was a minister's son. The famous Admiral Nelson, who deserted his excellent wife for the corrupt wife of Sir William Hamilton, and was the father of an illegitimate child, was a minister's son, Aaron Burr was a minister's son, and his mother was the daughter of that famous minister, Jonathan Edwards. Stephen Bur-roughs, a famous criminal of New Eng-land origin and career, was a minister's son, and Gray, a famous forger and check-raiser of Wall street some thirty years ago, was a minister's son. Robert G. Ingersoli was a minister's son, and

was Hazlitt. Physical characteristics seem to be ot seldom hereditary traits, but spiritual virtues and moral worth are not lways among the hereditary gifts to children. Very commonplace men have been the fathers of great sons, and great men not seldom have been the fathers of very mediocre sons. Men eminent for all the virtues have been the fathers of sons distinguished for nothing but the grossest depravity. then, should ministers be expected to escape the misfortune of discreditable offspring? Some ministers' sons have some have spurned it. Just as other good men and true, who were not ministers, have had sons that were not a pleasant memory to their sire. Ministers' sons are very like other good people's sons-sometimes they do honor to their father's memory, and sometimes they are conspicuous moral degen-

You can bequeath a child money and landed property, but you cannot endow him with virtue or brains. It may be possible to breed a good colt with comparative certainty, but we can never be sure that the son we get will become good man. Speed and endurance may be bred in an animal, but the spiritual and moral endowments that make a man are too subtle and clusive for sure ereditary transmission. Stirpiculture might assure bone and muscle, physical beauty, but is no assurance of the breeding of beautiful souls.

OPULENT INVALIDS. The news as it has been disseminated from day to day for some time indicates that the great captains of finance are, as the Kansas City Journal express it, "hardly as well as usual," Specifi ing, we find that Mr. Rockefeller cor tinues to suffer from indigestion; Mr. Schwab appears to be suffering from some mysterious disorder which calls clusion and special treatment; Mr. Morgan does not feel as robust as he did before the late shrinkage in stocks; John W. Gates is a sick me practically worn out with the load that he has long carried, and even the iron nerves of Uncle Russell Sage show an-

mistakable signs of the erosions of care. These opulent invalids are entitled to the sympathy that is the invalid's due whatever his station in life. The traditional "worst enemy" would hardly rejoice in the physical suffering or disability of his foe. He might, upon provocation or opportunity, take his adversary's life, but he would still be far from wishing to have him stricken by disease. The man who is deprived of to eat, enjoy and assimilate food, is one to whom wealth can bring no pleasure. He envies, and well may envy, the humble toiler who is only conscious that he has a stomach when he gets clamorously hungry, and who sleeps from 9 o'clock P. M. until 6 A. M. with out awaking. The opulent invalid sees here something priceless, something which money cannot buy, and, taking backward glance at the years that have brought him wealth and deprived him of health, he probably thinks the

eth, that shall he also reap," calculated to soothe his perturbed spirit or caus won victories in India when over 60, but him to take his legitimate crop of the native troops of India are not a forback to the sturdy, striving years when he was poor, he no doubt recognizes the other way, as Napoleon pointed out. Napoleon did not say that an officer health for wealth. While careful to keep his credit good at bank, he over-drew upon his fund of vitality, against the time when he could afford to rest and reçoup. The time has come, but long-banished rest refuses to be lured, even by golden bait, and the opulent invalid can only wait as does the impecunious invalid the release that puts them upon the same footing and haply

> The New Orleans Times-Democrat, referring to an article in the Chicago Chronicle written in warm praise of Will H. Thompson's noble poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," recently stated that Mr. Thompson did not write the following verses of this eloquent battle lyric:

relieves all from suffering.

They fell, who lifted up a hand And bade the sun in heaven to stand! They smore and fell, who set the bara Against the progress of the stars, And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come On through the fight's delirium! They smote and stood, who held the hope of nations on that alippery stope Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the tron will That clutched and held that trembling bi God lives and relgns! He built and lent The heights for Freedom's battlement Where floats her flag in triumph still!

The Times-Democrat said that the late Charles A. Dana was assured by Mr. Thompson that these verses not written by him, but were added by an unknown hand. A letter from Seattle informs The Oregonian that this article in the Times-Democrat has started an endless chain of inquiries from different parts of the country, to all of which Mr. Thompson has replied that the Times-Democrat is in error, and that he wrote the whole poem. verses referred to include the highest poetic mark reached in these splendid verses and to rob Mr. Thompson of the credit of their authorship would be like robbing Shakespeare of the authorship of "Hamlet." The whole poem, signed Will H. Thompson, was published in the Century on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Gettysburg.

A petition for the use of the streets by another telephone company is to be presented. It is a convenience to the public to have a single telephone service, not a double, triple or quadruple one. And there is less obstruction of the streets. Moreover, a new telephone system, in order to be serviceable, must have wide extension and strong financiai backing. And then the double service will cost the users more money, and the annoyance of finding some of those whom they wish to call up on one line and some on another. At last the petition between the two, if carried far, will force a combination, and again there will be one. The two may hurt each other very much, and the public, too, for, if the combination shall be very strong, most persons will be compelled to have both phones; but finally the competitors will get together, be cause they must. There is no other line of business that presents guite such conditions as these. The outcome of telephone service is monopoly, or a single system. It cannot be otherwise. Combination is at the end of every vista. There is no need of sympathy with any of the parties in this business except the public. Are the streets to be occupied with additional lines of poles and wires, or turn up again for an additional underground system? Are those whose business requires them to use the telephone to be compelled to support two system? And to what re-Combination at last, for that is inevitable.

Ex-Governor Lubock, of Texas, wealthy and in his 90th year, is about to marry his third wife, a young woman of a third of his years. Perhaps the vanity of the nonagenarian is flattered by the consent of a young woman to come his No. 3. It is possible, indeed, being past the reasoning age, that he thinks she has fallen a victim to his overripe charms and is marrying for the ove of him. It is a pity that some friend has not come to his rescue with a recital of the incidents of the old-age marriage of Cassius M. Clay. Though possibly this would have been useless as against the winning smile of the young charmer at his elbow. The conoling fact in such a case is that at most the marriage of a man of 90 can-not be followed by many troublous years. Nature, kinder than human beings sometimes deserve, will step in and take care of that.

Secretary Cortelyou's idea that Oregon's new sallor boarding-house law puts it in the power of the commission to withhold licenses to undesirable applicants is attractive on its face, but is now ineligible by reason of the Circuit Court's interpretation of the law, inderstand the court to hold, also, or at least to intimate, that no such purpose was contemplated in the act when framed and passed. It is possible that decision might have been otherwise had the question at issue been more specifically the one Mr. Cortelyou has in mind, instead of the legality of the commission's frankly avowed determination to be guided by the desires of the shipping community. ever, and if the Circuit Court's decision stands, there is no hope of purifying the service through the commission. The Secretary will have to guess again,

Now the City of Portland would do well to proceed to the construction of a fireboat at home. Owing to the unfortunate loss by fire of the Wolff & Zwicker establishment, a steel boat cannot now be built at Portland, but a substantial wooden boat can be built here, which will last 25 years, or indefinitely. Upon such boat less, probably, will have to be expended for repairs than would have been required on the light steel structure offered at Seattle. The best thing we can do now is to go on and build the fireboat here. The steel craft offered by the Seattle bullders would be but a slight and frail one with extreme thinness of shell and light throughout. A substantial wooden might be as good, or much better. Let us now build the boat at home.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain, department commander of Maine, will not he able to attend the National grand encampment of the G. A. R. at San Francisco on the 17th inst., because of renewed trouble from the wounds he received in the Civil War. He was wounded six times, and one of his wounds left him with a permanent injury from which he has suffered more or less

THREE STAGE THEMES,

My purpose is to add to the recognized number of the fine arts one other, the art of acting—that art which Voltaire spoke of as the most beautiful, the most difficult, the most rare. The great bulk of think-ing and unthinking people accept acting as one of the arts. It is merely for a formal and official recognition of the fact that I sak

formal and official recognition of the fact that I sek.
Where, then, is the proof that acting is not one of the sister artis? What is there in it that disqualifies it from holding a place among them? To assert such a thing is to assume the attitude of Cinderella's eisters in the fairy tale.

Let me offer a suggestion in the shape of a logical problem. Hogarth painted a picture of David Garrick at a moment of his life and in such a way that all who ever saw him recognized the prototype of a certain historical character. No one denies that this is a work of art.

nies that this is a work of art.

Now, Shakespeare wrote a play in which Richard III is a character. Can any one deny that this is a work of art? Garrick in his playing appeared on the stage in such wise that those who saw him knew such wise that those who saw him alow that the man before them was the man Garrick, while at the same time he seemed by many signs and in many ways to be the image, copy, what you will, of Shakes-peare's Hichard III, though Garrick gave his Shakespeare adulterated with Cibber. Yet Garrick's work in producing this im-pression was, we are to be told, not a work of art. Why it was not so I leave to those to say who assert that acting

is not an art.

The eyes of the sculptor and the painter beheld at some time the elements of the beauties which they produced. The archi-tect found his ideals in the rising stems and the sweeping branches of the forest and the sweeping branches of the torest sisles, or, mayhap, in the piling up of sunset clouds. And music, every note of it, is to be found in nature's choral forces, that mighty gamut of creation which rises from the tiniest whisper of whirring wings, through the sighing of the night wind, the crackle of swaying corn, the roar of falling water and the mighty voice of the sounding sea, up to the hiss of the lightning flash and the crash of the thun-

derbolt. Now, as to endurance of expression, is it to be seriously put forth by any one as an argument that art ceases to be art because its works do not endure?

because its works do not endure?

Acting may be evanescent, it may work in the media of common nature; it may be mimetic like the other arts; it may not create any more than does the astronomer or the naturalist, but it can live and can add to the sum of human live and can add to the sum of human knowledge in the ever-varying study of man's nature by man, and its work can, like the six out of the seven wonders of

Among other charming people in Paris Among other charming people in Paris I had the privilege of meeting that most noble of actresses, Mme. Ristori. Her manner was warm and unaffected, and there was a genuineness about her which put one immediately at case.

It is a fallacy to believe that all playors must of necessity act off as well as on the stage. Many of them do, I admit, but most of the famous once are extremely

most of the famous ones are extressimple in real life. I remember once, in an animated dis-cussion on the theater with his Eminence

Cardinal Manning, citing many excellent examples to prove that his theory that all actors must eventually grow into "shams" was not true. This was after my His prejudice against the stage was

leep-rooted. "From our cradles," he said,
"we all have a tendency to act. Small
boys pretend to be men, soldlers, anything but what they really are. Tiny girls play at being mothers, cradling their dols. The so-called art of acting increases this tendency in those who witness it almost as much as in those who practice it. I cannot conceive how the latter can escape being led in time to an unconscious development of artificiality or exaggeration in their thoughts, and as a natural result in their speech and man a natural result, in their speech and man-

His dislike for the theater was marked that he could see no good in it. To quote his own words, "Its tendency is downward and pernicious.

He was not to be moved from his con-lemnation of the effects of play-acting, and repeatedly congratulated me upon es-caping the stage before age and habit had

made me a slave to it.

Among other things, he said that when those under his direction asked if he forbade them frequenting theaters his invariable answer was. "I wish I could!"

In saying that acting does not necessarily produce affectation, I mean in those se characters are already formed. I do not allude to the young and undeveloped, who are wrongly taught the mere

MARY ANDERSON.

With regard to the art of acting, who shall say it is better or worse today than it was 60 or 100 years ago? "The old playgoer" always tells us that it was better. But is not the "old play-goer" simply the young play-grower grown old-still im-bued with his first impressions—his favorite and most lasting ones, and with a lealouse desire never to have those first impressions disturbed?

impressions disturbed?

If one talks of the actor of today, the playgoer of a past generation speaks of Macready, Charles Kean and Phelps. People living in the times of those three great actors would surely hark back to the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, and when these great artists were in their prime, they no doubt underwent disparagement at the hands of veterans who had sunned themselves in the great art of Garrick. But Pope, friend and admirer of Garrick as he was, lauded Retterton to the "I ought to tell you at the same time," he candidly admits, "that in Betterton's time the older sort of people talked of Hart being his superior, just as we do of Betterton being his now,

In this way we could keep going back-ward until-if we believed contemporary critics ag all points of stage history-we should find that the first actor-presumably the serpent-was the best that ever trod the boards.

Stage progress is not to be gauged by the Little-less of the electric light or the Little-more of half a yard of accuracy. I close my eyes and I see a stately procession of great men and women marching through the years. I see Edmund Kean, John, Charles, Philip and Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Liston and Charles Matthows. I see Charles Kean, Ellen Tree and Mme. Vestris; I see Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Steller, and Holes Charles Land. Mrs. Stirling and Helen Faucit: I see Macready. Phelps. Robson, Buckstone, Webster and Pechter; I see Tom Robertson, Tom Taylor: Charles Reade. Dion Bouccicault and Planche; and I see the gifted authors of "Richelieu," "Ion" and "Buckst".

"Becket."
These all smile at me from the other side of the bourne; and I see the noble and friendly faces of those workers who are with us still, and who keep bright the path that their departed brothers and parts that their departed prothers and staters have gloriously trodden. With Bacon, who paraphrases the prophet, one only asks: That we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it."

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

New York Sun.

The very first section of the very first article of the Texas constitution of 1836 recorded this elementary principle of an American commonwealth's existence Texas is a free and independent state, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. What a mockery that proud description

Texas is a free and independent state, subject only to the will of the labor unions concerning the right of citizens to bear acms in defense of the state and the United States.

No state is free and independent when Out in th' shed so Ma'll think I'm sweath that condition and confession of subjection is interlineated.

IS MATTER ONLY MOTION?

Minneapolis Tribune. Scientific men seem to think that they are trembling on the verge of a great discovery. This is connected with the ultimate form of matter, and seems to be growing slowly out of discoveries relation to vibratory rays, made through the Roentgen ray experiments and the revelations of the properties of the new metal radium. These fit on to earlier fragmentary knowledge of the electrical emanations of the cathode ray, which are not considered vibratory, and of the novel form of wave discovered by Hertz and used in wireless telegraphy.

The phenomena of the new discovery are curious and interesting enough, such as taking photographs in the dark or through opaque objects by dark mays from radium, or the making of "a nasty blister" on Sir William Crooke's leg by a tiny bit of radium carried in his pocket. The new scientific theories beginning to be built on these, of which the magazines have been full and which are beginning to get into the newspapers, are not very intelligible to the vulgar; but the funda-mental idea of them seems to be within

grasp.

This is not so very unlike the old idea of Tyndall's time: that every ultimate item of matter might be a sort of thy cyclone of perpetual motion. This primordial motion was imagined by the poets of science to be the origin of all the energy in the world, as the lowest form of vital cell in the ocean coze is the origin of all life.

the origin of all life.

The new idea seems to be that the ultimate atom, instead of a tiny cyclone, is a tiny electric battery made of two germs of positive and negative attraction, coupled together and giving rise to energy by their reaction. There is increasing agreement on the name of ions for these ultimate atoms; so that pretty little word seems to be a good thing to commit to memory. Probably laymen will not begin to understand the new theories for a gederation; but all ci us can learn the new name to astonish our friends with.

The Situation at Folsom

Minneapolis Tribune.

The San Francisco Argonaut, which is better authority on California affairs than any daily paper, traces the astonish-ing outbreak of convicts in the Folsom penitentiary to the mistaken tenderne with which prisoners have been treate It says that there is a mawkish sym-pathy with convicts in California, and that prison wardens influenced by it have nursed convicts for murderous outbreak by overfeeding, liberty of action that gave opportunity for conspiring together and laxity in guarding them. For one and laxity in guarding them. For one thing, it appears that the prison is with-out walls and that those in command of armed guards are too soft-hearted to order them to fire on rebellious prisoner. The nature of the prison delivery give some color of probability to this theory. Is it not possible that modern scientifi penologists have overdone the fad of prison reform? You may coddle an irr prison reform? You may coddle an irre-clamable criminal to such a degree that he will have far more power to injure society than before, and no less dispo-sition. There is a new story of a con-spiracy in the Ohio penitentiary to kill the superintendent and bring on a general outbreak with a lot of arms stolen from a storeroom some time ago and successretirement (which event, he informed me, he had prayed for), and he saw that I fully concealed. What kind of discipline spoke dispassionately. He listened attentively to all I had to say upon the subject, but was not in the least construction. and plan an outbreak almost as extensive and elaborate as a revolution in the Balkans?

He Will Be Thorough.

Kansas City Star. President Roosevelt is not satisfied with any half-way housecleaning. The Postoffice Department, which is being thoroughly renovated, is only one apartment,
as it were. The custodian of the Government establishment proposes to go
through the whole place and put things
in order. Already investigations are under way in the Interior Agricultural in order. Afready investigations are an-der way in the Interior, Agricultural, Treasury and Judiclary Departments, all of which are based on more or less seri-ous charges. Some of these departments may be found in good condition, but the experience of those who have conducted postoffice investigations would indi cate that there has for years been a sad degree of looseness, to say the least, in several of the departments at Washing-ton. So far as these derelictions apply to the present Administration, they seem to be the continuance of systems originated years ago, but until now not taken in hand by the administrative head. Some of them go back to or beyond the last Cleveland Administration, and, for this reason, the irregularities cannot be charged wholly to one party or the other. The only thing that could make them a strict party issue would be to ignore the charges or "smooth them over," now that they have been made or are being made. President Roosevelt will find in the trait of dearstream reference. the task of department reforms a fitti ination of his career as a civil serv

rhiladelphia North American. Thirty women, all neighbors of Ferdi-and Wolfron, followed him in triumpha procession recently to Magistrate Pullinger's court, where Wolfron was raigned on a charge of cruelty to chick

Wolfron, who lives at 2414 Ridge avenue has a pleasant custom, the near-by residents say, of plucking chickens before he When he declined to abandon the practice at their solicitation notice was sent to the Pennsylvania Society for the Pre-

to the remarks and a society for the vention of Crueity to Animals. Agent Lepper arrived at Wolfron's house in time to see him denuding a living fowl of feathers.

"Why do you treat fowls that way?" the Magistrate asked of Wolfron.

"It's a shame that a man can't do what "It's a same that a man can't do what he picases with his own chickens," re-plied the prisoner. "Til fine you ill and costs," was the Magistrato's judgment. "Good. Serves him right," commented

the women spectators, who set up a cheer

Swimming Time. F2 Comancho in Field and Stream, her day we went a swimmin', me 'n Tom 'n

Down to th' deep hole in th' crick right by Simplifies' mill.

Gee! We had a pile of fun a layin' in the buryin' one 'nother where th' sun was bottest and Then we'd run, jump in again headfo'mos' like a frog!

'D you ever do that? Tom says "Way to learn to swim is not to fool

Where y' kin touch, but go right out where y' gotta swim 'r drownd." d it other day 'n sunk juss 's quick 's 'N third time I was goin' down Tom got me

out 'n maid,
"'F' I hadn' been here you'd a drowned "s
what you'd a done."
"D you ever do that?

Ma says just th' yuther day, "It's comin' dos days' time.
You stay at home fr'm swimmin' now for th' crick is all green slime."
I don't see why a feller can't go swimmin' while it's hot.
But Ma says, if I do I'll git pizened like as

not, So I don't stop to ast no more, but just go down 'n go in 'D you ever do that?

Yother day Ma says t' me when she see my hair all wet,
"What you been a doin' new? Swimmin'
again I'li bet."
"Nen goe! I ketched it! 'N new I dry in

hair all good 'N comin' home I just stop 'n split up a little

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The face of Paris clears or clouds as nickly as April's.

Miles has not yet expressed his regret

at Root's resignation. Portland's postoffice has cause for pride. It is to be renovated instead of investigated.

Neilie Dove, of Topeka, is suing William Dove for divorce. Marriage seems to have made her turn turtle.

Some readers may remember that a jailbreak occurred at Folsom this year. The convicts have not yet returned,

The Pittsburg Dispatch heads its meteorological statistics "Official Weather." but says not a word of the unofficial brand.

Fifty prisoners in a Missouri jail went on a strike lately. Strangely, there was no trouble over nonunion convicts; the row was caused by bad grub. Hearst having been indersed for the

Presidential nomination by the National Building Trades Council, it is unlikely that his papers let themselves be secoped on the story. PORTLAND, Or., Aug. 11 .- (To the Editor.)-Since it seems to be the proper

thing faithfully to record the college yells and swear words of educational institutions, I herewith hand you an accredited sample of the 1903 vintage from Wellonley College, the noted institution for young Darn, darn, double darn

Colly, soch, see whire,
Hang devil down by the jumping hind leg of
a craw-faced cricket.
I'll be jim-pam-squizzied if I care a continental
By good, by gum.
If "H." can furnish satisfactory assur-

ance that the above collection of broken words is the production of a Wellesley girl, and not of some male relative, then we are thoroughly in favor of co-education. Before this intellectual tour de force came to light it always seemed that women were mentally so inferior to men that it was folly to make a pretense of educating the sexes together. The inferiority of women was principally indicated by the fact that none of them had ever been known to invent, evolve, produce, achieve, or whatever may be the correct expression, a college yell, although sively girly colleges to do so was very strong, as evidenced by the way they adapted or imitated the males' war cries, The idea was mistaken. With the Welles-

The New Photography. This advertisement in the Sloux Valley (Ia.) News seems to hint at the use of

ley yell emblazoned on their shields, our

college girls may boldly charge with the

van of the battle array.

X-rays: I am prepared to take both inside and out-side views at reasonable prices.—Robt. Mich-

Faro's Fearful Pang.

You may have taken Kitty to the restaurant or To find that in your hurry you clean forgot

your dough:
You may have put your signature on some slick swindler's note.
Or sunk your hard-earned money in a scheme that wouldn't float. But oh, the awful feeling, that you can't ex-

press in song, When you've called the turn correctly and the cases pan out wrong!

You may have met a robber just after getting Or tried to buil the market when the bears went out to raid; You may have had four sizes sent sky-hooting

bitter fales, But none of them are markers to the subject.

To call the turn correctly and to find the cases

There are lots of things to hurt us in this world of grief, I know, But one alone that fills us with an overlasting

right along t we'll call the turn correctly just to find

we'll call the turn the cases wrong. Another State Song.

Colonel John Quantock, of Breathirt County, Kentucky, has forwarded a state song for entry in George W. Lederer's \$500 competition. In reading the stirring erses, it is necessary to study attentively the accompanying notes if a clear derstanding is to be gained of the man-

er in which the song came to be written The state of all states is Kentucky, Where whisky and grief are at feud, And delusions are nothing but moonshi In which half the state is imbrued.

The Hourbon is cheerful and joyous (1)— No doubt for the man with the still, But it's fatal to hopheads that buy it, and at forty rods certain to kill.

I'm in favor of strict prohibition, And as for the man with the gun (D-I hope that he'll get all the Quantocks, And may I be there when it's done (3), Notes-(1) Colonel Walter Hardguess, who

Notes—(I) Colonel Waiter Hardguess, who began the cong, was shot by Colonel James Quantock, leader of the opposing feudist faction, before he could complete his work.

(2) Thomas Hardguess, who was unfortunate enough to spend his sarry life in New England, was a problibitionist, and was heartly hated in the county. Few therefore regretted his death at the hands of a divelveper.

(3) Colonel Joe Hardguess, a boy of 15, the last survivor of the family, was shot from ambush by Colonel John Quantock, who courtennisty complied with his enemy's dying request to forward the poem to Mr. Ledern, and to devote the \$500 to practical instruction in pistol shooting.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS,

"My pa's got so much money he don't know how to spend it." "That's nothing. My pa's got so much money that ma can't spend it," -New York World.

"Lemme once git my han' on de chicken, wid a straight road befo' me," says a Georgia darky, 'en I'll settle de rose problem as quick it'll make you' head swim."—Atlanta Consti-Muggins-Men live faster than women. Dug-gins-That's right. My wife and I were the same age when we were married. Fin 43 now, and she has only turned 30.—Philadelphis

Record.

Church-They say that it is no use for a person to try and signal a street-cur in Nowark, N. J. with his hands. Gotham-No; is exposes the conductor would think that he was only brushing away mosquitoes.—Yonkers

"That drug clerk is a chump, I kept wink-ing my eye for a "stick" in the soda." "Did he give it to you?" "No. Ho said there must be something the matter with my eyes and directed me to the optical department." —Chicago News.

-Chicago News.

Uncie Reuben says: "If we could go back
an' lib our lives ober again none of its would
an' We'd simply make one request says: "If we could go an ill our lives ober again none of us we make de mistakes we hev. We'd simply others just as had. Fact is, Natur calker on a man pickin' up a bumbleboe by de wend now an' den."—Detroit Free Press.

end now an 'den."—Detroit Free Press.

"Photography is a strange profession," muses
the young man. "Because it develops negatives?" asks the young woman with a knowing
took. "Not that exactly. But, as an example
the other day. I had my picture taken in my
riding togs—not on a borse, you know, but
just standing, in my riding outfit, with my crooeld in my hand. And today the photographes
writes me that the pictures are ready for me
and that they are all mounted,"—Judgs.