

The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter, October 3, 1881. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE. (By Mail or Express.) Daily and Sunday, per year, \$3.00 Daily and Sunday, six months, \$1.80 Daily and Sunday, three months, \$1.00 Daily without Sunday, per year, \$2.50 Daily without Sunday, six months, \$1.50 Daily without Sunday, three months, \$1.00 Sunday per year, \$1.00 Sunday, six months, \$0.60 Sunday, three months, \$0.40 BY CARRIER. Daily without Sunday, per week, \$0.15 Daily per week, \$0.20

TED WEEKLY OREGONIAN.

(Issued Every Thursday.) Weekly, per year, \$1.50 Weekly, six months, \$0.90 Weekly, three months, \$0.50 HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Single, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York; Rooms 43-50 Tribune building. Chicago; Rooms 510-512 Tribune building. The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals and cannot undertake to return any manuscript sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be enclosed for this purpose.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 Madison street. Dallas, Tex.—Globe News Depot, 260 Main street. Denver—Julius Black, Hamilton & Kendall, 508-510 Seventeenth street, and Freeman Bros., 405 South Broadway. Des Moines, Ia.—Moses Jacobs, 309 Fifth street. Goldfield, Nev.—C. Malena. Kansas City, Mo.—Ricks-Keiser Clear Co., 215 West Walnut. Los Angeles—Harry Drapkin; B. E. Ames, 214 West Seventh street. Minneapolis—M. J. Kavanagh, 50 South Third; L. Reagin, 217 First, avenue South. New York City—L. Jones & Co., 437 West 14th. Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnston, Fourteenth and Franklin streets. Ogden, U. T.—G. Godard and Meyers & Harwood, 12 S. 200. Omaha—Bartholomew Bros., 1612 Farnham; Magazine Stationery Co., 1208 Farnham; MacLaughlin Bros., 240 South 14th. Phoenix, Ariz.—The Berryhill News Co., 404 N. Central. Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co., 424 K street. Salt Lake—Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second street. Santa Barbara, Cal.—S. Smith. San Diego, Cal.—J. Dillard. San Francisco—J. K. Cooper & Co., 749 Market street; Foster & Cross, Ferry Market; Golden Gate, 238 Sutter; L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel; News Stand, 754 Pitt; 1909 Market; News Stand, 1000 Market; Wheatley, 53 Stevenson; Hotel St. Francis News Stand, No. 2. Seattle—E. T. Zett Book & News Company, 808 Olive street. Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House News Stand.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1905.

A FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Persons styling themselves reformers are always about, and always busy. But for experience with such superior intelligence and superior virtue might be expected in them. Surely from their criticisms on the one hand and their professions on the other, you might look for perfectibility. But talk is cheap. These persons are seldom to be taken seriously. Try them and they will show you how much easier it is to find fault with things done by others than to do better yourself. Opposition in politics is always easy. A test comes when the critic is transferred from opposition to office, and responsibility begins. And in proportion as the man's weight of character and position in office are eminent and commanding, the responsibility increases in multifarious ratio. It is in your light and volatile character that has no doubt of its own all-sufficiency. It has its schemes of "reform," and before an election it promises all things. Such character is usually estimated at its worth—which isn't much. Sometimes, however, it obtains credit, but after short trial the people find it necessary to go back to their original position. Christianity, however, will now and then have its day. Often it comes in the guise of disinterestedness—though its motives are selfish and sordid as possible. It wants to "run the town," for objects of its own. It professes an interest in the public weal which it does not feel at all—unless it be conceded that the public weal is synonymous with its own private objects and desires. The hearing of which observations here and there, in towns, cities and communities—Portland not excepted—lies in the application of them. In every community all such pretensions, in course of time, find their proper level. In strange anomaly, amounting to a paradox, is often seen, in our public life, namely: The opinions at one time or another more popular on the hustings are not those which the public, in its heart, desires really to see carried into effect in administration. Over and over, again and again, this has been observed, through extreme reaction from radical innovation. It is clear that the noblest conservative principle in any state must be intellect accompanied with integrity. The possessors of this quality are not the men and women who are everlastingly striving through sensational schemes and methods to get public attention and make it appear that they are "the best people." Government by those who assume to be "the best people" is, and always has been, of all government the most intolerable.

DISEASE AND CIVILIZATION.

The condition of health, or rather of disease, reported at Tonopah, an active and prosperous mining town of Nevada, with between 2000 and 2500 inhabitants, is a disgrace to an American community. An unnamed disease which is in the nature of pestilence is ravaging the town, and it is to be joined smallpox and other filth diseases which, when they have orderly communities, are quickly stamped out by isolation of patients and by public sanitation. The first named, or rather the unnamed, malady is described as "mysterious," though to the sanitary scientist the cause of the disease can hardly be said to be a mystery, since accompanying the tale of its prevalence and virulence is the announcement that the sewerage system of Tonopah is in a frightful condition and the alkali water is nauseating. Intelligent people in all civilized lands recognize the fact that "loaded water" is a carrier of disease. And filth accumulations due to improper drainage are its active breeders. People who huddle together, drink impure water and permit the existence of sewerage conditions that are "perfectly frightful" are not likely to expect exemption from pestilential diseases or to be surprised

when such diseases ravage their community. They are wise who seek to escape by flight epidemics thus fostered, as it is the only open avenue of safety.

CHANGING THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

Can the "leopard" change his "spots"? To be sure he can, and will, if there is anything in it for the leopard. That is the trouble with most reforms—no money in them. And spelling reform, most important of all, has languished because there is no profit in it for the publishers and other interested persons. This has been recognized by a devoted resident of North Tarrytown, N. Y., by name G. W. Wishard, and in a circular which has been distributed broadcast over the country he has outlined a plan "To Get the Almighty Dollar Behind Spelling Reform." In other words when it is spelled "Spelling Reform," Mr. Wishard thinks the phonetic system will triumph. The "leopard" will then change its "spots" (spelling) by permission of the reformer.

VETERANS OF THE STAGE.

Two grand old men of the American stage are rapidly nearing the end of life's drama. So close indeed are they to the borders of the unknown that the last curtain may be rung down on one or both of them before these lines are read. Down in the sunny Southland, where Nature is always kind to the aged and infirm, Joseph Jefferson, full of years and honors, is waiting the final summons. He is a "one-night stand" in Ontario, where he was forced to pause suddenly in his life work, J. H. Stoddard, loved and revered wherever footlights shine, lies unconscious in the shadow of death. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia in February, 1829, and first appeared on the stage at the age of three years. He began starting in the latter part of the '30s, and has been continuously before the public since that time, his most notable success being made as Rip Van Winkle.

Mr. Stoddard was born in England in 1827. His pronounced success came much later in life than that of Jefferson. In fact, not until he was past 70 did he appear as a star, although for more than forty years he had been appearing to American audiences and was recognized as an actor of great merit and a man of irreproachable character. Jefferson, from his babyhood appearance on the stage until his enforced retirement, had rounded out nearly three-quarters of a century behind the footlights, while Stoddard has been there for nearly seventy years. These men began life as struggling actors at a time when blue laws and similar echoes of the era of witchburning and other inquisitions of earlier days placed the ban on all stage amusements and classed actors very low in the scale of humanity.

Out of this atmosphere of superstition, tradition and bigotry, Jefferson, Stoddard, dear old Mrs. Gilbert, who was laid to rest a few weeks ago, and hundreds of other less important actors and actresses have lifted the profession until today the death of either of these grand old Nestors of their calling will cause a pang of genuine sorrow in the hearts of millions of people in all walks of life. Wickedness, crime and degradation can be found in all professions and among all people. There are immoral plays and immoral players, just as occasionally we find immoral ministers of the gospel. But we no longer live in the medieval ages of intolerance, and no profession is maligned because of the imperfections or misdeeds of some of its individual members.

The good accomplished by Jefferson and Stoddard extended far above and beyond the effect of the clean, wholesome plays with which they entertained and pleased the public. Their every-day lives were a continual refutation of the oft-repeated charge that the influences of the theater were such as to render it impossible for one to lead an upright life. With a full realization of their individual responsibility in the matter, they proved to the public that the stage was not a place of sin, but the influence surrounding or emanating from it being good or evil in accordance with the life and character of those most concerned.

It has been several years since Joseph Jefferson visited the Pacific Coast, but it was only a few weeks ago that the venerable Stoddard, in his wonderful interpretation of Ian MacLaren's great character, Leachlan Campbell, played his last engagement in this city. It was a clean, wholesome play, and the moral it carried and the intense manner in which Mr. Stoddard presented it, will linger long in the minds of all who enjoyed that last evening with a great actor and a good man. Jefferson and Stoddard have played well their parts in the great drama of life, and whatever good has been done by the stage which they have done so much to elevate, will feel a keen regret now that the footlights pale and the curtain falls.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE ABROAD.

If the good women representing the housekeepers and domestic scientists of Portland succeed in causing the markets of the city to be cleaned and kept clean, they will establish for themselves a right to the respect and regard as well as domestic housekeepers of high grade of efficiency. There are some things that women can do better than men, as the late crusade against filthy markets in this city fully demonstrates. A man, even if he were a salaried food inspector, would not be likely to notice, while awaiting his turn to be served, that the grocer's clerk used his hands now as a ladle in the pickle or sauerkraut barrel, again as a hook with which to fish salt salmon out of the brine, and still again as a lifter for a roll of butter, without washing the ready member between the various uses to which it was put. Nor would he be likely to follow his nose into a back room and at its behest uncover barrels and boxes in the effort to locate a stench that betokened lurking rotteness behind the scenes. But we may safely trust women, when they once get their noses in the air, to detect what should be detected in garnered and hidden filth in the market-places.

A woman on the City Board of Health has demonstrated the value of woman's work in sanitary lines, though the test is hardly a fair one of what women could do in this capacity, since she stands one to three on this board. A woman upon the School Board has proved the value of woman's work in another line of service, though here she is but one to five—a numerical handicap that may be readily appreciated by all who have ever worked with a hopeless minor. And now women have demonstrated their ability to do effective work in the wider field of municipal housekeeping. If ever the time comes when it is found necessary to have a city food in-

spector in order to preserve the public health and the good name of Portland, the appointee may well be a woman—one who has been a practical housewife until graduated by time from that of a girl who is possessress of a full quota of that invaluable asset, known as common sense.

MODERATION IN ASKING.

The one thing that will delay growth of this city and state, if suffered to spread, is the too-common fear of being left behind in the race to set advantage. Whether it takes the shape of withdrawing city property from market, which should enter into a plan of general district improvement, to hold up buyers for an unattainable increase, or in case of farms, adding to prices beyond all reason, the results will be alike—to prevent sales, and obstruct progress. There is progress upward in the case of city property which is rational and in plain sight. It rests on our steady growth in population, which, again, is the outcome of Portland's location, industries and possibilities. When, in spite of housebuilding in all directions, newcomers have to hunt long and perseveringly for a residence, when old-established enterprises are growing and new opportunities are sought in all directions, when the promise of concentrated business in the heart of the city is overrunning its boundaries, and residence streets and blocks are being converted into trading streets and stores, the rise in prices of accessible ground is certain and needs no comment. But this increase has natural limits. Portland is neither New York nor Chicago, not even San Francisco, at present, though some of our prospective owners speak of them as if they were.

In the case of farm lands other reasonings come into play. The first is that the owner's idea of the value of his place to him is apt to be far ahead of its intrinsic worth. If he has had the farm for years past, and has put into its improvement his own labor and forethought, he fancies there must be a special value in the stakes of wheat, grain, or other crops. He looks across an orchard and farming land, and sees the brush and stumps which have, by slow degrees, disappeared. The neat farmhouse of today means more to him than so many thousand feet of lumber. He values it as it was planned for and saved for, and by slow degrees took form and shape. The orchard trees grow in shaded bloom, with the promise of the wheat of Autumn, stand for more than so many apple trees at \$15 a thousand, with five years' growth on them all. The fenced fields in growing clover and timothy, now shut up till hay time comes, stand to him for months or years of clearing. So, in short, the farm has grown almost into part of himself. Therefore, such a man, when he has made up his mind, with much hesitation, that the time to sell is now, in this year of heavy immigration, cannot bring himself to set a price on it on strict business grounds.

But the buyer sees, or should see, the farm as it compares with enough others to have a reason to him for every dollar of its price. The other class of farms for sale are those brought in recently, and those at what was considered bargain prices, and this owner seeks to make his profit, turn his money over and seek fresh fields and pastures new. In adding a large price to what he gave, this man thinks he must satisfy his own notion of the profit due to his buying judgment. Surely both these men are right, within fair limits.

There is that when fancy prices are set, however naturally the owner can reconcile his reason to his demand, the new buyer sees with his own mind and appraises with his own judgment. He first inquires into values of surrounding lands and farms. He marks distance from town, depot, postoffice, school and trading point. He learns the product and yield of the farm as well as its soil, and in his hand he estimates what profit the purchase money so invested must produce. And unless his way is clear he refuses the offer and seeks elsewhere. Often, however, the buyer falls in love with the place. Then hard business takes a back seat. It is never lost time to impress on the Oregon farmer that neatness and beauty, paint on the house, flowers and grass in the garden, a gate that fastens a road to house and barn over which one can walk dryshod even after a shower of Oregon rain, oftentimes mean many a dollar in the pocket. But after all, the main point is not to try to get rich too quick and in patience to possess the soul.

THE VICTORY OVER DIPHTHERIA.

The triumphs of peace are told are greater than those of war. Nor is it less true that the battles of peace are often waged with a determination as grim as that which has characterized the battles of the greatest wars in history. There is this essential difference, however, the great battles of peace are waged to save human life—those of war to destroy it. At the head of scientists who wage the wars of peace for the relief of suffering and protection of human life stands the name of Louis Pasteur. His name represents the very strategy of science, and his triumph, the conquest of disease in the effort to locate the disease which menace human life. "An epic sower of ideas," as he is characterized by Arthur E. McFarlane in an article in "Medical Miracles," in a late number of the Saturday Evening Post, he has scattered the seeds of knowledge broadcast upon the battlefield of life and they have taken root, blossomed and borne fair fruits.

A typical Pasteurian was a certain Dr. Klebs, who discovered in 1883 the specific microbe of diphtheria. He found it in numbers under the peculiar "false membranes" that so swiftly form in the throat and horribly choke the patient. But in company with this microbe there were many others, and to determine which of these was the arch-enemy of mankind, Pasteur and his associates might be "cultivated" and tested. Eleven years of experimenting at length gave the world a diphtheria remedy. This was in the last months of 1892.

The story is a long one. It is full of partial failures, but through it gleams a steady purpose, and from the first it was lighted by hope. The total percentage of losses from this disease had been 24 1/2 per cent. When finally, after all of these years of labor and research, a serum was produced and applied to patients in the hospitals, the average of losses fell rapidly to between 12 and 15 per cent. For Paris in recent years this has meant a saving of 1500 children annually. It has meant almost as much for New York, and much more for St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Not only in the crowded tenement districts of great cities, in hospitals and in the smaller urban communities, has this record of lifesaving been made. It has extended to towns and country places, wherever intelligent representatives of medical science are found. We no longer see families in which diphtheria passes mercilessly from one child to another, giving death to a victim in every successive patient. When one child in a family or school has taken the disease, the alert physician immediately gives the preventive treatment to all the others and the menace passes. The stricken one is treated and the chances are very largely in favor of complete recovery.

And this is only one of the triumphs of peace. The records of medical and surgical science abound in them. And who shall undertake to say that they are not more satisfying to mankind in the truest sense than are many of the great victories of the cost of which was a multitude of human lives? New triumphs for the irrigators continue to crop up. Wetnatche, Wash., is building a fruit cannery that will give employment to 100 hands, and \$20,000 worth of the pack has already been sold. The fruit industry centering around Wetnatche owes its existence to the irrigators, and from the original project near the Big Bend metropolis numerous similar enterprises have radiated until now the aggregate value of the fruit produced on the irrigated lands is an immense sum and gives profitable employment to many thousand people. The time is rapidly approaching when the irrigated lands of Oregon and Washington will turn off a fruit crop exceeding in value that of the wheat which made these states famous.

A large tract of wheat land near Dufur has just been sold for \$45 per acre. This is the highest price yet paid for land in that part of Wasco County, and the increased value is due to the fact that a railroad will soon enable farmers to reach the market with their wheat without making a long and expensive haul by wagon. Wherever railroads have extended their lines property values have immediately advanced in the territory affected, and a great increase in traffic has followed. Large tracts of land in Central Oregon, which are now unsalable at \$10 per acre and less, will be selling at prices corresponding to those paid in Wasco County as soon as a railroad makes them tributary to the outside markets.

The Oregonian is asked if it is "really opposed to municipal control of public utilities." This question, in view of its remarks on the Chicago election, The Oregonian must be excused for the present. It doesn't know. The term "public utilities" itself requires definition. If we are to have municipal or state control of public utilities, The Oregonian knows no public utilities superior to those of supply of bread, meat and clothing to those who need them. And of course all need them. Socialism would take possession of all the means of production and distribution, and do the whole business. A start has been made at Chicago. But The Oregonian will wait.

David Morgan, who died at Astoria Thursday, was for more than a quarter of a century a conspicuous figure in the salmon industry, not only on the Columbia River, but in Alaska. He lived to see the rise and decline of the industry, but, like many others who engaged in the business, he overestimated the length of that period known as the "golden age" of the industry, and died a poor man. He was a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman of the old school, and his death will be noted with regret by a large number of the younger generation of salmon kings and their employees.

Montana priests have received a request from the head of the church in that state asking them to pray for rain. Members of the congregations have also been asked to join in the prayers. Thus does history repeat itself, for, long before the coming of the white men, the Indian medicine men offered up supplications for rain, more buffalo, or anything that they stood in need of. The Indians, according to some creeds, were not entitled to classification with the Christians, but it is not on record that their Great Spirit was ever unmindful of their prayers.

Shooting a Mexican is not an expensive diversion when the man behind the gun wears the uniform of a United States soldier. Our Government has just settled with the Mexican authorities for the wounding of Eugenio Zambrano, a Mexican, who is to receive \$500 for mental and physical injury suffered in connection with the incident. The American soldier who fired the shot escaped, and the money was paid because the authorities were not sufficiently diligent in endeavoring to apprehend him.

Rain has come to the rescue of early gardens, and all growing things, to the relief of dwellers and business men on dusty streets and to the general refreshing of all Oregonians. Not that we have had a long dry spell, since less than two weeks ago the rain fell in heavy showers, intermittently for a number of days, but the need of moisture was felt and with its coming Oregon is herself again. Judging from the quality of some of old John L. Sullivan's recent literature, we should say that his pen is a deal more convincing with his pen than with his fists. The great battle between the Russian and Japanese fleets is already raging on the front pages of the crimson journals. Anyhow, the contractors have had enough competition for the taxpayer not to insist on payment in advance. The epidemic at Tonopah has at least demonstrated that there is one thing there that anybody can get.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A Promising Pupil. "Please help me, you nation," says China. "Who are full up of haste and go. You've impressed me at last with the lesson that I'm old and decrepit and slow. I have dealt here for years unnumbered. And I've seen the dull centuries through. But now I must haste and worry. For I want to be civilized, too. "So come, you industrial nations. And teach me the duties to grab. Instruct me in managing sawtooths. And teach me to strike and to stab. There are methods of squeezing the money from the many, to pleasure the few. Some I know, but teach me the others. For I want to be civilized, too. "And you nations that call yourselves Christian. Won't you please pay some heed to my plaint? Oh, prosper your partisan missions. Whose incomes are blameless of taint. The men that prosper by their relations. Speak sweetly—whatever they do! So part for me precept and practice. For I want to be civilized, too. "And now do I seek an instructor. Familiar with power and skill. For Charles Crockett is my honor. The folk that can butcher as well. So sell me your guns and torpedoes. And teach me to murder like you. Heedless of life and slaughter. For I want to be civilized, too. Most every man that has ever navigated the Willamette aboard the Albatross ferry is busy telling what Roosevelt ought to do. Another sign of Summer: the Sheriff's deputy who holds the fort in the Warwick Saloon now sits on a crack-crack-box outside the door. The "sweet of the year"—Back beer is here! Oh this is nice. To loosen the stock 'O' Buck! Sullivan and Mitchell to fight? Can't some one open the graves of Heenan and Sayers? Ambassador Porter is making a lot of fuss over a dead Jones. Aren't there lots of live ones in the great family? The ants had another blot upon colonial government in the Indian earthquakes. It is suggested by the Telegram that Dr. Large of Forest Grove, who is a great "birth insurance" agent. Judging from his past record, we incline to the opinion that Dr. Large would bust the company in a month. The Seattle Argus remarks that "it must be easy to be a Christian when one lives at the Washington and travels around the country on Pullman trains." It would take a bigger bribe than that to corrupt some anti-Christians. A lad was recently refused a job as office boy in New York because he wrote too good a hand, according to the New York Press. "It is a ledger-hand," remarked the merchant, "and you will never rise above the level of a bookkeeper." The Indianapolis News reprints the item under the heading, "Straitlaced by the Public Schools." About every six months there is a howl from the public schools don't teach writing or any such useful accomplishments. What will satisfy the people? One would think that in writing and spelling the best possible course would be to make each pupil as straitlaced as could be. Perhaps if man had no real pockets in his clothes he might be as resourceful as woman in finding irregular pockets. If man were building sleeves with tight waistbands, it might occur to him that the button part would be a safe receptacle for a purse or a handkerchief, and we doubt if he would prove capable of retracting his hand and letting the purse drop into the palm of his other hand. A showman in Abilene, Kan., advertises: "Wanted—A competent lady stenographer: Must be young and good-looking and of a cheerful disposition." As the Kansas City Journal remarks, he is probably in a mood about expressing his preference. But we should like to bet that the showman is a bachelor. Why do people like to see eggs being fried on the stove? It would be easy to find a kitchen where one might see eggs being fried in greater quantities and probably in a more satisfactory manner, but no one would dream of applauding a cook for such simple work. When eggs bubble and bacon sizzles in a play, however, it is quite a different matter, and it makes one think a little drama-comedy or tragedy (if showing the preparation of an entire dinner would prove a great popular success).

The Clam and the Clammer. There once was a clam and a clammer, And each had a terrible stammer; And when they were riled, It would make people shiver. The clammer of the clam or of the clammer. The only tips worth taking are on asparagus. Seattle's City Council will be asked to create the position of Tree Warden. Aren't the trees safe in Seattle streets? Dr. Chapman was none too early. Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. announce in one of their bulletins that there is one Buster Brown book that they do not publish, reviews of which have recently appeared in the English periodicals. This is "The Life and Times of General Sir James Browne, R. E., K. C. B., K. C. S. L. (Duster Browne)," by General J. J. McLeod Innes, R. E., V. C. Up in Seattle a parrot scared away a burglar. The bird can't have been accustomed to Seattle people. WEX JONES.

Care Required in Banks. Philadelphia Public Ledger. A stranger came into an Augusta bank one day and presented a check, for which he wanted the equivalent in cash. "Have to be identified," said the teller. The stranger took a bunch of letters from his pocket, all addressed to the same name as that on the check. "The teller shook his head. The man thought a minute, and pulled out his watch, which bore the name on its inside cover. The teller, merely glancing at it, said: "That won't do." The man dug into his pockets and found one of those "if-I-should-die-tough-as-plaster-my-wife" cards, and called the teller's attention to the description, which fitted to a T. "Those things don't prove anything," he said. "We've got to have the word of a man that we know." "But, man, I've given you an identification which would convict me of murder in any court in the land." "The man probably was true," responded the teller, patiently. "But in matters connected with the bank we have to be more careful."

Degrees of Loveliness. Atchison Globe. All women are lovely, but there is a difference in the amount of love which women is worth 20 cents a pound, while butter made by other women isn't worth anything.

CONVINCE MAN AGAINST HIS WILL.

It would be interesting to know how Count Oyama views his failure to gobble up Kuropatkin. Does he believe the fault lies with himself or with someone else? Did the original plan miscarry or were they themselves faulty? What are his views of Nogi and Kuroki, who lead the enveloping movements? Did they do all that was possible to be done, or did they fall short of what could and should have been done? Let us, as we know, took upon himself all blame for the failure of Pickens' charge, an Grant took the blame for the bloody error of Cold Harbor. But military annals show a certain order of mind which, being at the beginning related with some grand conception, whose execution they never attempt, considers that the fault lies wholly with others who failed to do their duty. Napoleon never would admit that he was fairly whipped at Waterloo. He considered that he was beaten by a fluke, and to his dying day argued that he should have driven Wellington into the forest of Soignes.

There is a campaign of our Civil War which suggests these interesting questions. It is Sherman's failure to gobble up Johnston at the beginning of his campaign for the capture of Atlanta. Sherman planned this in advance against Johnston. The grandeur of it struck him and he never got over the idea that it ought to have succeeded. And furthermore he had a clear idea of what he wanted the blame lay that it did not succeed. The problem was this. When the time came to open the campaign, May 1, 1864, Sherman's forces say Johnston's army of Chattanooga and comprised the Army of the Tennessee, 25,000 men, under McPherson; the Army of the Cumberland, 90,000 men, under Thomas; and the Army of the Ohio, 90,000 men, under Schofield. Confronting him was Joe Johnston, with 65,000 men, strongly fortified at Dalton, a town on the railroad leading between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Johnston's rear was the railroad in Johnston's rear was the town of Resaca, and opposite this town to the eastward was a gap in the mountains through which he could retreat to Snake Creek. At this time Johnston did not know Sherman as an independent commander. Nor did he appreciate his method of fighting. He considered that he was attacked in his front. Now Sherman in his whole career made just two assaults on works—one at Haynes Bluff under orders and the other at Jones Mountain, which latter was made more as an experiment. In reality Sherman began the first of those flanking movements which constitute the most prominent feature of the Atlanta campaign.

Sherman sent McPherson through the Snake Creek gap with orders to throw himself astride the railroad at Resaca, while he with Thomas and Schofield went to strike Johnston at Dalton—the Confederate General would thus be between the upper and nether mill stone of his numerically superior army. Johnston, after, in writing his memoirs, Sherman's imagination kindled at the prospect. The plan was so grand in conception, so perfect in theory, that he could not believe that it failed except through a blunder. Thus he expressed himself: "Such an opportunity does not occur but once in a single life, he who has not done it, who McPherson seems to have been a little timid." Here, then, we have Sherman's explanation of his failure to capture Joe Johnston—McPherson's timidity.

Is Sherman right? Will this be the verdict of history? Now, no view of the question is at all accurate which fails to take into account the personal characteristics of the opposing commanders. In this war campaigns should be planned. Lee always did this. His maneuvering just prior to Antietam and his strategy at Gettysburg were the result of such a plan, unless he had accurately gauged the mental make-up of the Union commanders. And so the ascertainment of what Johnston's mind was at the time of the Resaca campaign is of the greatest importance. Let it be remembered that it is now universally conceded that Johnston was the soldier of the Confederacy who ranks next to Lee in ability. General Grant was once asked whom he considered the greatest of the rebel commanders. He did not answer the question directly, but said, "I always felt more uneasy when I knew Joe Johnston was in my front." Johnston was not only resourceful, tactful, crafty, brilliant in his military judgment, but was a hard fighter, a fierce fighter. Johnston has told us what he would have done had he found McPherson astride the railroad at Resaca. He would have done nothing but let his army march on, and he would have thrown his whole army on McPherson and crushed him.

Can there be any doubt that he would have done so? What could McPherson, with 25,000 men, have done toward holding in check Johnston, with 65,000? Johnston's position at Dalton, of course, came untenable. He had to retreat, and McPherson stepped aside and let him go. In one particular Sherman was right. Such an opportunity as this, where the whole army never occurred again during the war, except of course, at the end. There was a mistake, however, in Sherman's grand strategy. He should have done as "Chickamauga" with his 60,000 men through Snake Creek gap. Johnston would thus have had 90,000 in his front and 90,000 in his rear. Johnston's business would not have been so easy. In truth, history will vindicate McPherson's flinch at Resaca. Will it also excuse Nogi and Kuroki for not getting across Kuropatkin's path, and being Mukden? And will Oyama always think, notwithstanding that his enveloping lieutenants were a little bit slow?

Land Fraud Cases.

Eugene Guard. Some of the organs of the Oregon land timber trust insist that The Oregonian has caused indictments to be returned against a lot of innocent men in the land fraud trials. The Oregonian has given the news just as any reputable paper of good standing, that is not "controlled," should do. The statement that The Oregonian's hatred for Mitchell, Mays, Brownell, Harned, Williamson, Booth et al., caused these wholesale indictments to be brought is absolutely ridiculous. The inference left by such a statement is that the President and the others who co-operate with him are accomplices of the deepest dye. If the parties indicted are not guilty, then let them ask for and obtain a speedy trial. If innocent, they have nothing to fear, and instead of trying to escape trial on technical grounds or throwing impediments in the way, they had better waive these questions and settle the matter at once. If innocent, it would be impossible to convict, and the indicted men would be much better off cleared over them to have the dark cloud hanging over them. No one could doubt that a fair trial would be had. The statement or insinuation that the President, Judge Bellinger, Prosecuting Attorney Heney, the jurors, witnesses and others concerned are not honest, that The Oregonian has control of all these individuals, so to speak, and that they must do the bidding of that paper in compliance to the influence of that paper that is not deserved, and the owner of the fertile brand, which originates such a story should be placed in the insane asylum before his mind wanders too far.

Degrees of Loveliness.

Atchison Globe. All women are lovely, but there is a difference in the amount of love which women is worth 20 cents a pound, while butter made by other women isn't worth anything.