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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1906.

OUR QUEEN CITY OF THE PACIFIC.

If it were thought that San Francisco had consisted merely or chiefly in her material display and in her grandeur of appearance, it might be admitted that San Francisco had been annihilated. We might say, then, that San Francisco was, or had been, but is not. The epitaph of San Francisco then could be written. But San Francisco did not nor does exist in the outward display of magnificence. Her greatness is in her position; in the energies behind her; above all, in the spirit of her people. This spirit will never yield to adversity or to discouragement.

The outward glories of San Francisco have been destroyed—for today. But the catastrophe is only a check, or interruption, to her career. The position of San Francisco makes it necessary that she shall be a great port, and therefore a great city. The spirit of her people is equal to the rest—to all that the situation, or any emergency, may require.

San Francisco, therefore, will be rebuilt. Not, indeed, as before, but in the ultimates greater. Even the forces of Nature are modified to an extent by the intelligence of man. Or, rather, man adjusts himself through experience to the operations of Nature, and learns thereby, to an extent, to command them. In the rebuilding of San Francisco the possibility of earthquake will be considered, and buildings and streets and water mains and gas and electric conduits will be constructed accordingly. Selection of materials and methods of construction will play parts never known heretofore. Yet San Francisco is little liable to these disturbances, in any serious way. Building will be studied with a view to minimization of their consequences. Steel frames well and strongly fastened, will have approval, since they did not give way under the recent shocks; and prudence will require that the height of buildings should not exceed four or five stories.

There must be a great city, and as the centuries run on, always a greater city, at San Francisco. The position, the harbor, the production and greatness and wealth of California, and the relation of this great port to the commerce of the Pacific, require it. In the development of our Pacific states, nothing can supercede San Francisco. It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that San Francisco can be extinguished, or even dwarfed by this calamity. The city of Naples, that has stood and grown these eighteen hundred years, is built upon a site that was once the crater of a volcano. Profoundly touched by the great misfortune of San Francisco, our Pacific states and cities, with one accord extend their sympathy and support, and fervently wish, while they hopefully believe that she will rise, and rise soon, to a greater height than ever. We of the Pacific States, all of us, have been proud of San Francisco. She has been our metropolis of Pacific States, and her name has stood for all of us. Her position, her bay, her harbor, her relation to internal and external commerce, her central place in the country behind her and on the ocean before her, the great railway lines that converge upon her, and her position as a focal point in the commerce of two hemispheres make San Francisco indispensable on the map of our Pacific States, of the United States, and of the world. Cheer and encouragement and support and help then for San Francisco! From the greatest calamity of modern times she will rise, she must rise, she must be helped to rise, above her unexampled misfortune.

Maxim Gorky, novelist, poet and emissary of the "Social Revolution" in Russia, who is in this country soliciting financial aid for his cause, has put upon himself a heavy handicap. He is accompanied by a woman whom he represents to be his wife but who legally does not occupy that position. For that cause he was ejected from three hotels in New York in one day recently. His apologists argue that because he and his wife did not live happily together he is justified in assuming relations with another woman. He provides for Madame Gorky and their two children. She has made no outcry against desertion and Russian society does not protest under these circumstances against open companionship with a mistress. While this country does not assume the attitude of a Pharisee, it looks with different eyes upon this social irregularity which must seriously hamper Gorky in his missionary work. Like Kossuth and Garibaldi, he evoked much sympathy, now dying down. A much greater man than he, a constructive statesman, killed himself politically by involving himself in a scandal with a woman. If Parnell could not stand the force of public indignation, what chance has Gorky?

THE OCCULT.

Sir Oliver Lodge remarks in the Fortnightly Review that every man of science who has seriously undertaken to investigate the "occult" has ended by believing in it. By the "occult" he means those occurrences, real or alleged, like spirit writing, table tipping and all sorts of communications from the dead, which the ordinary principles of science do not explain. Sir Oliver Lodge is himself a man of eminence among British scientists. His writings on electricity and magnetism rank high and his membership in the Society for Psychical Research has undoubtedly lent prestige to the labors of that industrious and courageous body of pioneers. Still his statement that scientists who investigate the occult invariably become believers in it is not so important as might at first appear, for very few trained investigators have ventured into that dubious realm where fact and fiction, honesty and fraud, sincere curiosity and morbid superstition seem hopelessly mingled. And those who have ventured have lost in reputation what they gained in faith.

People of well-balanced judgment, whether learned or not, are inclined to look askance upon those who have dealings with the spirit world. Some believe that communication between the living and dead is possible, but wicked. Others, while their faith is firm that life continues after death, hold nevertheless that the gulf between the two worlds can never be recrossed by those who have once passed over, and that no message can traverse its dark immensity. Still others believe that death ends our existence utterly; there is no future life, no world of spirits, and therefore all phenomena purporting to be caused by the disembodied dead necessarily originate in some other way. None of these opinions is held by the sternly scientific mind like Dr. Osler's, for example. In his well-known Ingersoll lecture that distinguished physician and graceful man of letters comes to the conclusion that we do not and never can know whether there is a future life or not. There is absolutely no evidence looking either way, and there never can be any such evidence. To his view and to all the others one may easily find objections.

The belief that communication with disembodied souls is wicked is a mere superstition derived from the ancient Jewish laws against witchcraft. With them, as with all primitive peoples, a witch was one who, like Glendower, could call spirits from the vasty deep, and the reason for discouraging the practice is perfectly obvious; it set up a dangerous competition with the regular priesthood and cut off their revenues. The Jewish priests had a prescribed, orthodox method of consulting spirits which contributed handsomely to their income and it was scarcely to be expected that they would tolerate the piratical competition of hideous old women like the Witch of Endor. Hence that command in the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," which has been the cause of so much cruelty and bloodshed. If it is right for a priest or minister to communicate with the other world, it is right for people in general, provided that they can do it. Most things that infringe upon the special privileges of priestly and royal castes have been called wicked at one time or another. It is wicked to question the divine authority of rulers, for a servant to disobey his master, for a woman to speak in public, for a scientist to investigate the strata of the earth, for a critic to point out the errors in the Bible. The dread of falling into wickedness of that sort need not deter anyone from talking with spirits—if he can get them to come when he calls for them.

The opinion that we never can obtain any evidence touching the reality of the future life of course begs the question. Scientific men have pronounced a great many things impossible that have since been accomplished. One eminent pundit declared that a steamship could never cross the Atlantic. Others have said that we should never know what the stars were made of. Nevertheless we do know the elements of the stars, and fleets of steamers traverse all the oceans. When science says a thing cannot be done experience proves that she speaks prematurely almost always. We may as yet have no evidence of the reality of a future life, but that by no means demonstrates that we never shall have such evidence. A century ago we had no evidence of the X-rays, of the telephone, of the new theory of nonatomic matter. That men have been trying from the beginning of time to demonstrate another existence and have always failed is of no significance. Perhaps they have not tried in the right way. It took from the beginning of time to the beginning of the last century to learn how to use steam, and longer still to master the secret of electricity. Failures have no evidential value whatever. The dynamo was not possible until Faraday had found the invisible lines of magnetic induction, which are just as incredible as disembodied spirits. Some genius may discover tomorrow an influence between living beings like the induction between two electric currents. We have only just begun to learn what there is in the world. Each new discovery shows how little we really know of fundamental facts. It does not do to dogmatize. Moreover, it is not quite certain that we are entirely without evidence of the existence of spirits. The facts claiming to testify to it are abundant and, even when we have discarded most of them as fraudulent and a large proportion of the residue as irrelevant, many remain which insistently demand an explanation. The explanation, when it is discovered, may have nothing to do with spirits, and again it may.

The objection that most of the things purporting to be said and done by spirits are absurd or trivial has no weight. The only way to find out how a spirit will act under given conditions is to place him under those conditions and watch the results. What seems absurd to us may not seem so to him. If he exists at all, his norms of worth may be, and probably are, very different from ours. According to the valuations of the spirit world, rapping on a table may be as exalted a function as heading an army is with us. A priori we have no means of deciding these questions; but, as a matter of fact, granting that there are disembodied spirits and they try now and then to communicate with us, the botch they make of it may be entirely for want of suitable apparatus. How silly it was for Galvani to make a frog's leg twitch with his bits of zinc and copper! Yet something has come of it. How trifling a thing was the fall of Newton's apple! Yet he could see in it the revolutions of the stars. Perhaps some day another Newton will appear who can discern some law of universal import in those trifles of the occult which now merely puzzle without edifying us. As the course of the falling apple involves the trajectory of Arcturus, so the foolish raps upon a kitchen table which mystify a superstitious circle of devotees may imply the immortality of the soul. Let us wait and see.

DOCTORING SYMPTOMS.

Colonel Watterson's suggestion that the President wishes to found a new political party upon the idea of a progressive tax on transfers of wealth may be dismissed as fantastic. Mr. Roosevelt had no such thought in mind. Like all other reflective and patriotic citizens, he is disturbed by the manifest evils which unreasonable fortunes have brought upon the country and the greater evils which they are likely to cause unless some method is devised to keep them within safe limits, and the tax upon transfers probably seemed to him the most practical and efficient expedient. It was not worth while for him to discuss the desirability of a graduated income tax, which many have proposed for the same end, because the Supreme Court has pronounced it unconstitutional.

The President's suggestion is of something more than an inheritance tax, it includes also a progressive tax upon gifts in life. This is, of course, essential, since one may always evade an inheritance tax by disposing of his property before he dies. But a little reflection will convince anybody that a tax on gifts in life could be evaded quite as easily. A valuable consideration, no matter how small, would transform the gift into a sale and the transaction would thus escape from the letter of the law. Mr. Roosevelt's purpose is to impose a tax which shall make it impossible for dangerously large fortunes to be handed on from generation to generation. At present such fortunes may pass by gift, by bequest, and by collusive sales which amount to gifts, and, to be effective, the tax must be levied whenever the transfer takes place, no matter by what name it is called. His plan, therefore, includes by necessary implication a progressive tax upon all sales where the consideration is so small that they are practically gifts. Such a tax could not be collected without an incessant scrutiny into private affairs which no free people would tolerate.

The business of most corporations ought to be public, for they are created by the state and their very existence should depend upon their strict obedience to the law—an obedience which can be ascertained only when all their transactions are open to public view. But the affairs of individuals stand upon a different footing. An inquisition by the tax-gatherer into the terms of every sale would be intolerable; and yet without such an inquisition a law to levy a prohibitory tax upon gifts and collusive transfers of millionaire fortunes would be constantly evaded. The evasion would be particularly easy in this country because our highest courts pay so much attention to verbal technicalities and so little to the soul and spirit of the law.

In a country like England, where obedience to the intent of the law is an almost inviolate practice, a progressive inheritance tax has worked well. In America, evasion of the law has become universal and highly respectable among that very class of people who would be most affected by a tax upon bequests and gifts. There are few laws which they feel under obligation to obey. Robbery is their habitual occupation. They perjure themselves without scruple to escape paying their just share of those taxes which are supposed to fall alike upon rich and poor. What arts would they leave untried to escape from a tax such as Mr. Roosevelt proposes, which would confiscate all of their plunder above a certain limit?

They would use every conceivable device to evade the law and they would probably succeed, for the best lawyers in the country are at their service and just as the winds and waves are on the side of the ablest navigators, so, in the long run, the courts are almost necessarily on the side of the most astute lawyers. Threatening as the plutocracy is to American institutions and sincerely as Mr. Roosevelt desires to avert the dangers of menacing wealth it is safe to conclude that while a progressive tax on gifts and bequests may prove to be a palliative it cannot be a complete remedy for the evil. Diseases are radically cured by removing their causes, not by doctoring their symptoms.

OUR DEEP-SEA FISHERIES.

It is announced that the Warren Packing Company will build a large cannery and cold-storage plant at Astoria in time for next season's operations. Action of this kind by a pioneer canneryman of the experience of Mr. Warren discloses great faith in the perpetuity of the industry. Prior to the permanent establishment of the hatchery system it was feared that the day would come when exhaustion of the supply of raw material would end the cannery industry on the Columbia River. Artificial propagation, however, has proven such a remarkable success that there is no longer any question about the permanency of the industry. It has become simply a matter of keeping up the hatcheries and enforcing the laws regarding the close season. The output of the canneries and cold-storage plants for the past few years has shown no decline in proportions of the catch, and it is reasonable to expect that not only can the supply of fish be maintained, but possibly increased.

The cold-storage plants at Astoria are becoming quite numerous, and, as there is a good portion of the year when, on account of the close season for salmon, they cannot be utilized to the fullest extent, there is a possibility that they might be of service and profit in developing the deep-sea fisheries. It has been demonstrated beyond question that there are unlimited numbers of food fishes on the banks lying west and northwest of the Columbia River. It is also a well-known fact that for the greater part of the year it is a difficult matter to secure fresh supplies of these sea fish, not only in interior cities and towns, but right here in Portland, where, on account of our close proximity to the ocean, it might be expected there would always be plenty of sea food available.

It has been many years since any attempt was made to develop the deep-sea fishing industry, and the fact that the feeble efforts made then were not altogether successful is no criterion for the results which might attend attempts made at this time. Not only has there been an enormous increase in the population, thus widening the market, but the cold-storage plant, with its wonderful facilities for keeping fish in perfect condition for an unlimited period, has come into use since any serious attempt was made to develop the deep-sea fisheries off the Columbia River. In previous attempts to supply Portland and interior Oregon cities and towns with sea fish, it was impossible with the poor facilities for icing and handling them to prevent the greater part of the catch from spoiling before it could be marketed. The halibut banks lying a short distance northwest of the Columbia can be reached as quickly from Astoria as they can from Tacoma or Seattle, and there is practically no limit to the demand for this most select variety of deep-sea fish.

With the Astoria cold-storage plants handling these fish as they are handled at Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., business could be built up which would not only give employment to a large number of fishermen the year round, but would also supply the people of a large area of country with an abundant and cheap supply of sea fish. The deep-sea fisheries have some advantage over the salmon fisheries, in that the supply of raw material seems inexhaustible without the necessity of artificial means for increasing it. Mr. Warren is one of the few cannerymen who did not sacrifice or abandon his Columbia River fishery interests when he engaged in the Alaska fisheries. He is now a prominent factor in both the Columbia River and Alaska salmon industry, and if his new cold-storage plant will offer facilities for handling deep-sea fish, he will have the distinction of pioneering a new industry that is certain to prove of great value to the Columbia River territory.

WOMEN AS CENSUS ENUMERATORS.

Labor bulletin No. 40, issued in March, 1906, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, contains among other data and findings of more or less interest to the public a table showing the relative character of work as census enumerators done by men and women in taking the last census of that state, recently completed and published. The public is not very familiar with women in this capacity, relatively few having been engaged in the work of census taking. Come to think of it, it is somewhat strange that this should be true, since there is no reason whatever why an intelligent, industrious woman should not make a good enumerator of the facts and figures which it is the purpose of the Government to gather in census taking.

As noted by this bulletin the number of women employed in this capacity in the last census year (1905) in Massachusetts was larger than ever before, being about one in six of the whole number. The record by comparison of the work done ranged from "excellent" to "very bad" for both men and women. In the latter reckoning the per cent of men was 2.13; that of women 0.88; in the second class the per cent of men was 6.73; that of women 12.72, while of a total of 39, reckoned as "excellent," 2.62 per cent were men and 3.07 per cent were women. The compiler adds: "The work of women, judged by itself, was better than that done by men."

If these figures and findings prove anything they certainly show that women as census enumerators are not out of their "sphere," but on the contrary, are a dependable element in a work for which they seem to be especially fitted.

The work of census enumerators is judged, as we are told, by the Superintendent of the State Census of Massachusetts, from two points of view. One of these relates to accuracy of enumeration; the other to the character of the work in regard to intelligence in interpreting its requirements. Industry and persistence are the chief essentials in the first instance, intelligence and diligence in the other. While the work does not require any special talent, it does require more than a modicum of common sense, a degree of tact, unfailing good nature and conscientious purpose. There is an infinitude of detail connected with it, which, according to the showing made, women work out with more patience than men.

The earlier censuses comprehended merely the enumeration of the people. The scope of the census has been widened until now it assumes to tabulate the most salient features, relating to the political, physical, sociological and industrial conditions of the people. As stated in this bulletin: "The state, like a great manufacturer, takes account of stock once in ten years."

The work has become unwieldy through its great bulkiness. Furthermore, especially as regards the National census, it moves with a pace so slow that its findings when tabulated relate to a period more or less removed from the present, and are in no sense an accurate presentiment of present conditions. Still there is much that is worth studying in the great volumes in which these returns are finally printed, and much more that is valuable as reference. Delay is harnessed to the chariot of census taking by interwoven intricacies of red tape, much of which might be dispensed with profitably. But since it is not likely to be dispensed with, it is of interest to learn that women excel in the deftness of handling it, and return their charge to the hands from which they received it with less bungling, relatively speaking, than is shown by men employed in the work. The findings presented in this bulletin may well be commended to the consideration of superintendents of census taking, state and National, as a way out of many of the difficulties with which their endeavor is beset from the time their enumerators are placed in the field to the completion of the work in the public printing office.

The Government announces its abandonment of the reclamation project on the Snake and Malheur Rivers in Malheur County and the tract will be restored to entry in order that private enterprise may undertake the work if any company deems it feasible. After extensive investigations and repeated efforts to secure satisfactory terms with large land holders, the Government officials concluded that the reclamation work could not be conducted with the funds available and with justice to the settlers, who must eventually pay the cost of reclamation. It is understood that Idaho irrigation men are figuring upon constructing an irrigation system in the Malheur country under a contract with the state in pursuance of the provisions of the Carey Act. If this plan should be carried out, under contracts such as the experience of the state would commend as wise, the probability is that a successful reclamation enterprise would be started in Malheur Valley. The Government will abandon its project temporarily and perhaps resume it again later if private enterprise does not take up the work.

A prominent manufacturing firm of Manchester, England, has secured a large tract of land in the state of Tamaulipas, near the Rio Grande, in Mexico, and will engage in cotton growing on an extensive scale. The Mexican cotton crop for 1905 amounted to 100,000 bales, and the quality is said to be superior to that of the Southern States in this country. The experiment of the Manchester firm will be watched with considerable interest, for the numerous cotton "booms" in the United States have resulted most disastrously to the manufacturers, who have never been able to make contracts with any great degree of certainty that they would be able to fill them except at a loss. With a wider field on which to draw for raw material, the industry could be placed in a much better position from the standpoint of the manufacturer, and it would be more difficult for the market gamblers to juggle the market as they are now in the habit of doing, to the detriment of grower and consumer alike.

Not all of the modern buildings that are going up in Portland can lay claim to architectural beauty, and for that reason the builders do not get the fullest returns for their money, as beauty, even in a commercial building, is an asset of value. The Commercial Club building now seems assured, and when the details are worked out, an effort should be made to secure as handsome a building as possible. On account of the semi-public nature of the project, it is probable that every architect in the city could be induced to submit plans, and with competition of this nature the very best could be secured. Whatever is done in the matter it is a certainty that the building will be one of which Portland may well be proud.

Taking only a sentimental view of San Francisco's disaster and eliminating the money loss, what a destruction of things that men and women and children hold dear has taken place. Think of the family treasures in twenty-five or thirty thousand homes a prey to flames—the evidence of love and friendship between those tied by blood; the countless keepsakes and souvenirs that have been gathered since the family was founded; heirlooms from past generations, rich with affectionate remembrances; the thousand and one ornamental articles of value only to the owner; baby's first shoes and the lace from grandmother's wedding dress—Oh, tears will be shed over losses that can not be computed in dollars.

Fire insurance companies have been dealt a staggering blow by the burning of San Francisco. Their risks on the destroyed property are in the aggregate enormous. The resultant calamity is one that will draw heavily upon their revenue funds and practically wipe many of them out. The result is one, however, that works both ways. It will demonstrate more clearly than ever before the wisdom of property, and in a less degree only of life, insurance, and as a result there will be a revival in insurance business that will, in due time, much more than compensate for its late tremendous losses.

In reading of Santa Rosa's part in the losses of the late frightful calamity in California one naturally thinks of the home of Luther Burbank, the "wizard of agriculture," near that place. No mention has been made of it in the flood of dispatches that has surged over the wires, and we are fain to hope that Nature in her angry mood spared the abode of her faithful son and coworker—the quaint little vine-covered cottage with which thousands have become familiar through pictures in agricultural papers and magazines.

Of the 1,000,000 immigrants who came into this country last year 317,000 stopped in New York, the State; 222,300 lodged in Pennsylvania, 79,000 got as far as Illinois and only 20,000 went beyond that State. The immigrants we get now do not seek the land as they did a generation ago. They hang about large cities and factory towns and get into the coal mines, which is not the best thing either for them or the country.

Estimates of the consumption of "drinks" in the United States during the year 1905 show the same steady increase as for years with the same decline in whisky drinking and larger consumption of malt liquors. If this is to be attributed to temperance workers why is it not a good plan to allow soldiers to drink beer inside the post limits rather than bad whisky outside the lines?

Note the vote for the first twelve candidates for the legislature and then say that numerical position counts for nothing on an Australian ballot. No doubt hundreds of voters put an X in front of the first dozen names and quit. Other things being equal in a popular election, a man named Adams or Brown will beat a man named Young or Zollicoffer every time.

This modest remark from the New York Sun: "When it is possible to get home from Chicago in ten hours and from Boston in four, two important additions will have been made to the number of New York suburbs."

Charity has no bounds. Such is the universal temper today that if San Francisco were to ask the world: "Give us enough to rebuild our city," the world would do it.

In this all important legislation over railway rates, what a pitiable figure the great State of New York cuts with two empty seats in the United States Senate.

Oregon's first free-for-all race under the direct primary law developed a long list of "also rans."

Is the Key to the Position.

Chicago Chronicle.

The new naval aid to the President, Lieutenant-Commander Albert L. Key, seems to have been made to pose in a brilliant military uniform. He is more than 6 feet tall, broad in proportion, and straight as an arrow. Standing at attention at the side of the President on all official functions at the White House and when the President attends official affairs elsewhere, Lieutenant-Commander Key never fails to attract favorable notice.

THE PESSIMIST.

It's a mean man who won't pay 2 cents for a 2-cent newspaper, particularly when they have such a hard time getting their news.

* * *

It was rumored on the street the other day that a daily publication down in the red-ink district received a postal card from Suisun, Cal., with a special delivery stamp on it. Immediately on the receipt of it they got out four extras.

* * *

No report of an earthquake is complete unless some mention is made of people rushing out in the street in their nightclothes. Scantily clad means the same thing.

* * *

While buildings are going down in San Francisco, the price of sugar is going up in Portland.

* * *

The most cheering news from San Francisco is the reported loss of the Cliff House. In appearance that interesting structure was a cross between a birdcage and a wedding cake. Many a person has wanted to own the Cliff House so that he could burn it.

* * *

My friend and co-worker in Seattle, in his May issue of the Pessimist, devotes a little space to show that the futuro of Seattle is not entirely dark:

"Seattle, the Queen City of the West, arose Phoenix-like from her ashes less than a decade ago. In 17 years a city has evolved itself from chaos. Like Rome, she sits upon the proud eminence of her seven hills, a virile giantess in Nature's lavish lap. Conscious of her brawn and beauty, she awaits that not far distant future when the world will pay its homage to a new and grander Carthage than it has ever seen. . . . The march of time and the genius of man will some day build upon the shores of Puget Sound the fairest and greatest metropolis with which this planet has e'er been graced."

Good! Glad to hear it.

* * *

The occupants of the upper stories of the Alaska building in Seattle felt a slight swaying of the structure, accompanied by a muffled roar from the lower regions. This was on Wednesday. At first it was thought to be an earthquake. Later it was found to have been an explosion of hot air in a real estate office in the basement.

* * *

It is reported that New York insurance men are complaining that the law will not permit them to pay earthquake losses in San Francisco. Every one knows the high regard that New York financiers have for the law.

* * *

Professor Cesare Lombroso, a noted Italian criminologist, has been investigating the American millionaire. Quoting from the Literary Digest, here are a few things that Professor Lombroso has to say:

"The American millionaire is a social and physiological freak, at once a prodigy of turpitude, an avaricious monster, and a benefactor of his employes. The ordinary millionaire is destitute of moral sense, kindliness or justice. He will borrow money from a banker and employ it to ruin the lender. The insatiable thirst for money renders him absolutely unscrupulous. A successful money-getter must not mind ruining ten or twelve of his friends, or even breaking his wife's heart, as Girard did, through his avaricious meanness. Sometimes only an infinitesimal line divides the millionaire from the thief."

* * *

Sometimes an exercise is called an "etude." However, that does not disguise the fact that it is an exercise. An exercise by any other name would sound as bad.

Some day—just before the world comes to an end—a pianist will come along who will be able to play so well that he will not have to practice in public.

Of course, everyone who is up in these matters knows that an etude, particularly a Chopin etude, is a difficult thing to do. After the thing is finished, the audience is perfectly satisfied that it can be done. Nevertheless, most of them would be willing to take the performer's word for it and listen to a real tune without the preliminary demonstration.

* * *

When one listens to a fiddler with a $10,000 fiddle, he knows that it is all right, because no one but a real fiddler could afford to have a $10,000 fiddle.

When the "Strad.," worth so many thousands, ceases to sing and throb under the compelling stroke of the master's hand, the audience can lean back and applaud unreservedly. It is all right.

This tip is for the benefit of the uncultured and the low-born, those who do not know the difference between a D Major Concerto and a sheet of tanglefoot flypaper. The others—there are others, our first families, whom a beneficent Creator evolved during a mood of special graciousness—the others, they know all about these things.

* * *

Once in a while, however, the F. F.'s rise above the source of their special illumination and act for themselves, and then they get left.

Not many years ago a virtuoso with a hasty temper and hair just the right length came along and got three bones apiece out of our best ones to hear him play. Something happened that made the virtuoso madder than he had ever been before. His performance on the piano sounded like the effort of an amateur on his first appearance. Was it fierce? It was; but the three-dollar ones did not know it. They were wild with delight. Their whole souls were filled with rapture. The divine harmonies that the furious pianist was supposed to be clawing out of that thump-box caused the f. f.'s to rise up en masse and throw bouquets, handkerchiefs and gloves at him.

Did they get next?

Yes, they did.

When?

Why, next morning, when they saw that it took the virtuoso's manager a column and a half to explain why the performance was so rotten.

* * *

Although it is contrary to medical ethics for a doctor to advertise what he has been doing, it has become known in Chicago that a doctor killed a dog three times and the dog is still alive.

It was not a neighbor's dog that was being operated upon; the feat was accomplished in a clinical laboratory, just to show what the doctor could do. A man is now being looked for who will consent to part temporarily with his mortal coil and let the doctor shuffle with it in the interests of science. If he survives the third shuffle, the rules of the game will permit him to call for a new deck and do his own shuffling.

* * *

An engineer in France can produce steam without fire. If he could produce illuminating gas without a smell he would be truly blessed.

M. B. WELLS.

CHICAGO

The great fire at Chicago was from the 8th to the 10th of October, 1871.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires the sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought in slow retreat
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned powerless to the blinding glare
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South, from North
The messages of hope shot forth,
And underneath the severing wave
The world, full-handed, rushed to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner stone.

Rise, Stricken City! From thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer, thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The Angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the Western sky
To tell that God is yet with us
And love is still miraculous.

Song of the Mother Range.

Bliss Carman in the Reader.

Do you know how I have waited through rain and sun and blast
For your coming, O my children, while the countless aeons passed?
For the heart within me cried,
I should travail but abide,
To become the mighty mother of races in their pride.
And the fruit of all my longing should come to me at last.

The desert wind might mar me, the sudden flood might change,
And time make all my beauty fantastical and strange,
But now from many seas,
With their large, triumphant ease,
My hardy, handsome children are gathered to my knees,
To know me and to love me, their enduring mother range.

For my cry goes far to find them; the echo of my call
Crosses the prairie, rivers and pierces door and wall,
Till the dwellers of the street
Feel the slackened pulses beat—
Till a longing for the hill-trail takes hold upon their feet,
And the old way, the tried way, is naught to them at all.

Their hearts have heard the trail-call, the word that bids them wake
From the tyranny of cities; the bonds of custom break,
And they are slaves no more
To chair and desk and store,
But free and great and restless as adventurers of yore,
With a hunger for the open and a wander-thirst to slake.

Are they worldly, are they weary, are they broken, sad or worn?
Are they sick with money-fever, disillusioned and forlorn?
They shall walk beneath my skies
In a rapture of surprise,
The long-forgotten love-light rekindled in their eyes:
And every beating heart in them be glad that it was born.

Through my thousand purple canons, where the giant shadows ride,
From the rim of the arroyo, from the wash to the divide,
There is healing, there is lure,
There is health for sorrow's cure,
Where strength is born of gladness and the winds are soft and pure.
Lo, your welcome is made ready and my blue teepee is wide!

From Day to Day.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Wif hunger knockin' at the do',
A-waitin' fo' de crumbs,
I'se got ernough ob hoecake left
Until tomorrer comes.

Wif sorrows lyin' all aroun'
A-crushin' out de fun,
I'se got ernough ob smiles to last
Until de settin' sun.

Wif Satan doggin' all my steps
A-spilin' fo' a fight,
I'se got ernough ob grace to last
Until de stars am bright.

And so I git erlong right smart
A-puttin' ob my trust,
But if two days should come at once
My golly, but I'd bust!

A Question.

Mabel Mahin in McClure's.

I study the faces of old women
And ask myself a question, new and strange,
To my own features will there come that change?
That look of meek submission? Am I, then,
No different from the others? And again,
I ask, have I no power to arrange
The course of mine own life? Must I exchange
My outlook on this world for theirs? What gain
If I aspire and hope? Perchance they, too,
Have hoped and seen their dreams fade in the air;
Perchance they, too, have loved as now I do,
And lost that love which seemed to them so fair.
Shall I at last, when all my struggles cease,
Wear not a crown but just a mask of peace?

City Children.

Charles Hanson Towne in Everybody's.

Pale flowers are you that scarce have known the sun!
Your little faces like sad blossoms seem
Shut in some room, there helplessly to dream
Of distant glens wherethrough glad rivers run,
And winds at evening whisper. Daylight done,
You miss the tranquil moon's unfettered beam,
The wide, unsheltered earth, the starlight gleam,
All the old beauty meant for every one.

The clamor of the city's streets you hear,
Not the rich silence of the glad Spring glade;
The sun-swept spaces which the good God made
You do not know; white mornings keen and clear
Are not your portion through the golden year,
O little flowers that blossom but to fade!

The Doll.

Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Weekly.

A man said to a woman,
"Lovely indeed thou art!
Give me thy charm, thy witchery,
But—not thy woman-heart.

"Give me thy sunny hours,
But not thy secret tears;
Give me thy hope, thy happiness,
But not thy woman's fears."

The woman's pride was mighty
Like to the pride of men,
But now her soul went weeping,
Nor ever smiled again.