

The New Age.

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OFFICE 884 MORRISON STREET. Oregon Telephone Oak 501.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION. One Year, Payable in Advance.....\$9.00

AN AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

In the course of an address delivered by President Hadley, of Yale University, in Boston, recently, he said:

"Trusts have got to be regulated by public sentiment, and that public sentiment is not merely the opinion of any particular part of the whole people, but is a readiness to accept, in behalf of the community, restrictions, independent of the question of whether you or I shall be personally harmed by these restrictions.

"You say the community will not be governed by this principle. We must expect that the community will, however, for the alternative is an emperor in Washington within twenty-five years."

Were this the prediction of a stump orator, speaking in the stress of a campaign, it would not be considered; but it is the expression of a man who is noted both for sagacity and cool judgment and who is discussing the situation in a purely academic spirit. As such it commands attention.

President Hadley, in defining the influences at work to such a disastrous end evidently has in mind the general tendency of public thought. It is apparently not the trust power in itself that he fears so much as the growing complacency with which the people witness the crushing of individualism and independence. A nation which has the power to "reverse itself" every four years would today rise indignantly and vote into oblivion anyone who would propose to turn the republic into an empire. It is President Hadley's opinion that, after a quarter of a century of growing trust domination, all business centering in a few, and these few necessarily having power in the affairs of state, the people would be accustomed to the idea of surrendering their power to a permanent trustee, supreme both in trade and in politics.

Mr. Hadley, in his extreme and alarmist view, can point for confirmation to the apathy with which the people have accepted the act giving despotic power to the president—an act which would have called forth a storm of angry protest three short years ago. Yet, a majority of Americans will find it difficult to convince themselves that republican principles are so lightly esteemed in this country that the voters will ever consent to their abandonment. Indeed, it seems impossible in this age of enlightened progress, and yet there appears to be need for an aroused civic sense and an awakened public conscience, and President Hadley's warning tends to such an awakening. It is well that one man holding high place in an American college should have the courage to point out that industrial despotism makes for political despotism. The place to strike the first blow is not, as many readers of President Hadley's address will infer, the trust institution itself, but that particular form of trust which owes its existence to discriminating legislation and exercises unnatural and oppressive restrictions upon trade. Put the bad trusts out of existence and it is much to be doubted whether the trusts remaining ever could attain sufficient power to dominate either the political or the industrial forces of the republic.

OREGON AND ITS GUESTS.

Prominent and influential business men of several of the great cities of the East have been our guests this week. They came through storm and blizzard to reach Oregon, and they found its metropolis in a blaze of sunlit glory. The atmosphere was laden with the balm and fragrance of springtime. Woodland scenes were just donning their summer attire; meadows and orchards were rich with the verdure of life and freshness; fields had been fallowed and had already begun to show the promise of the coming harvest, and people generally were buoyant over the prospect of renewed business activity after a brief period of rest. It was indeed one of the good times to visit Oregon. The impressions acquired through all of these influences should be of great profit, both to those who came to see us and to the state generally, because others will follow

them in quest of permanent homes. Little attention was given to a detailed view of the city. That feature of the receiving committee's work appeared to have been neglected. Of course, each visitor returned with a trunk full of pictures, but no photograph of the city ever taken is as good as a careful view of the original—the city itself. Portland is one of the prettiest cities on the continent—in embryo, in some respects, to be sure, but the ground-work is here and the advancement made gives fair intimation of what the result will be.

TRAGEDY AND TROUBLE.

In the matter of the estate of the late Consul-General Wildman, an old law question is revived. Mr. Wildman, his wife and their children were lost on the ill-fated Rio de Janeiro. The mother of the wife has applied for letters of administration upon her daughter's estate, while the public administrator of San Francisco has applied for letters on the estate of Mr. Wildman.

The question is: Which died first? In case the wife perished before the husband then the public administrator may prevail, and the distribution of the small estate may take a different course than if the wife survived the husband. In the first case the wife's estate would be subject to the claims of the husband and his heirs. In the latter case the husband's estate would descend through the heirs of the wife.

The old rule of law is incorporated in the California codes and will prevail, namely, that the presumption must obtain that the stronger life perished last. Thus, the finding under the presumption must be that the children perished first, the wife next and the husband last, unless it can be shown by sufficient proof that, as a matter of fact, the husband died first.

THE STREET CARNIVAL.

The proposition, so heartily endorsed by the business men of the city, to hold a street fair and carnival during the coming summer is certainly a most commendable one and ought not to be permitted to slumber a minute until every arrangement shall have been made for active work in the preparation for its opening. The idea of holding it at an earlier date than that on which the street fair was held last year is most worthy. As has been suggested, it will enliven our dull season and at the same time precede the fall rains, which, once or twice last year, seriously interfered with the success of the fair.

The street fair and carnival of last year was not only a financial success for those who organized the scheme and executed the plans, but it was a grandly successful affair for the city and the state. Portland's extraordinary increase in population since that time may be largely attributed to attractions of that enterprise and the excellent manner in which they were presented. Every line of business in the city profited by it. The state of Oregon and the metropolis of the Northwest were splendidly advertised. Almost every state in the Union was represented among visitors who were induced to come, chiefly by the advertisement of the carnival. It was a grand affair and should be repeated on a grander scale this year.

REBELLIOUS STUDENTS.

In the University of the State of Washington the students "went on a strike" and 200 of them threatened to go out in a body unless the faculty modified the punishment it inflicted on two students who were indefinitely suspended for engaging in a regular fight of four rounds to settle an issue between them which had arisen over rivalry for first place in the favor of a young woman. They averred that unless the faculty rescinded the order, the students to the number of 200 would withdraw. The matter is yet in abeyance.

Let the faculty stand firm. If it yield to the demands of the pupils, its office for good will be at an end. The instant the faculty gives way to an unreasonable demand on the part of pupils, where the threat to withdraw accompanies it, it turns over the discipline, policing and government of the institution to the student mob. When that happens, the school might as well put up its shutters and lock its doors.

The czar's life is said to be again in danger. When was there a time when it was not in peril? The history of his reign has so far not revealed that period in his unhappy life.

Employees of the local breweries are on a strike—just what for no one seems to know. An organization of brewers' employes in San Francisco has ordered them to quit work, and on Wednesday they quit. The California organization is dominated by an English syndicate. Portland brewers have been shipping beer by the trainload to California and by the boatload to Manila. The English syndicate proposes to stop this, if possible, but it will not be possible. It is a case of English capital against local enterprise. It will not win. Portland beer will continue to be enjoyed on two or three continents; just the same.

Maryland has just disfranchised about 50,000 of its voters, half of which number are white and the other half colored. They are classed as illiterate and therefore unable to prepare their ballots on election day. It is said that this action of the Maryland legislature has made that little state safely democratic, but that assumption may be shown to be premature. At all events, the colored people, with advantages tenfold less than those of their white brothers, have made an excellent showing.

Another Negro was hanged by a mob, this week, near Terry, Miss. He was discovered in a white woman's bedroom, but there was no evidence that he was not there with her consent. The white woman was not hanged. Her white brothers readily condoned her offense, but a mob gathered, caught the colored man, tied a rope about his neck and dropped him from a bridge beam.

Andrew Carnegie's splendid gifts of millions of dollars for the establishment and maintenance of institutions whose purpose will be the allotment of comfort and opportunity to deserving people who cannot purchase them shows conclusively that he is not the niggard with which he has so frequently been charged with being.

Foreign manufacturers have become much alarmed over the results of American competition. They are seeking to stifle our progress, but the world of business is deaf to their selfish appeals. American enterprise has won against the combined rivalry of the world, and it will continue to win.

The county commissioners' muddle over the adjustment of the new law to existing conditions continues. Expensive litigation promises to follow.

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The Best of Life.

Not till life's heat is cooled, The heading rush slowed to a quiet pace, And every purblind passion that has ruled Our noisier years at last Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race, We care no more who loses or who wins— Ah! not till all the best of life seems past The best of life begins.

To toil for only fame, Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise, For place or power of gold to gild a name Above the grave whereto All paths will bring us, were to lose our days— We, on whose ears youth's passing beff has tolled— In blowing bubbles, even as children do, Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies Broken among our childhood's toys; for then We win to self-control! And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise Upon us from the vast and windless height Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul What stars are to the night.

The picturesque line and the royal one back to the home of your childhood is via the Northern Pacific. You will ride over the Rockies, along Clark's fork of the Columbia and the beautiful Yellowstone; skirting the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille, through the famous Bad Lands of Pyramid Park and across the wheat fields of the Red river valley you go at fifty miles an hour, and sleep and eat in perfect comfort as the solid vestibuled train rushes along.

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I KISSED THE COOK.

I kissed the cook. Ah, me! She was divine— Cheeks peachy, dark-brown eyes, lips red as wine; Long apron with a bow, A cap as white as snow, By far too tempting, so I kissed the cook. I kissed the cook, this angel from the skies, And yet I did not take her by surprise. 'Twas mean, I will allow, But if you'll make the vow To keep it, I'll tell you how I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook. Poor, helpless little lass— The chance so good I could not let it pass. Her hands were in the dough, She dare not spoil, you know, My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook. I kissed the cook. I might have been more strong. But then I guess it wasn't very wrong. For just 'twain you and me, The cook's my wife, is she; So I'd a right, you see, to kiss the cook. —Selected.

"WEEDS."

I. SNIPEY and Kipper stood in the dock, with a don't-care-a-fog-for-anybody air.

"What's the charge against these fellows?" Inquired the magistrate. "Drunk and disorderly, your worship, and assaulting the police."

"There was no defense. "Any previous convictions?" asked his worship, with a sour look at the two youths of promise. Kipper thrust his hands deep into his pockets; Snipey, somewhat older, watched the dock-keeper with an anxious eye. There were previous convictions.

"That will do!" said his worship, severely. "You are evidently incorrigible. Such fellows are the weeds of society. It's a pity you can't be—er—plucked out. You will be removed to the house of correction for three months." * * * * *

A raw-footed and broken detachment of a British infantry regiment was stumbling gamely along a dreary ravine in the interior of China. The regiment helped make up a relief force which was hurrying to the rescue of a missionary station. Two smart companies had mustered in the gray light of early morning and had set out to reconnoiter in the hills. Through a childlike faith in the efficiency of the information supplied by a so-called intelligence department, the major commanding the detachment had got hopelessly out of his reckoning. The intelligence department of the Chinese had not misled them, and by the late afternoon the British had fallen into an ambush. From the rock ridges flanking the ravine the Chinese showed now and then the gleam of a scimitar to their prey. Little puffs of smoke appeared more frequently still, and were sometimes followed by sickening little "plops," when the bullet met flesh and bone in the valley. The dead lay sprinkled in the wake of the British in dabs of scarlet, as if they were playing a weird game of hare-and-hounds with death.

The end of their endurance came when the shadows of the rapidly approaching night closed in upon them. The word to halt was given and obeyed, although its mellow note killed all hope. Rations of flour and water were passed round, and, with the sentries posted, the little body of British soldiers sat or lay at ease, rifle in hand, waiting for night and—death. Two hours passed; then the commanding officer was startled from a doze by a hoarse whisper. "Major! major!" "Hallo!" he snapped. "Who the devil's that?"

"Me, major—Privit 'Arrison. I've bin a-talkin' 'er perdition over with a mate—friend, beggin' yer pard'n, sir—o' mine, an' we thinks there's a charnce o' savin' 'er detachment." There were a few expletives in the darkness. "Who told the privates the detachment wanted any saving?" Then there was a sound like a suppressed chuckle, and the whisper re-asserted itself. By and by the expletives melted into answering whispers, then followed silence. Ten minutes after there slipped into the silence the rustle of gently moving men.

"Snipey, ole man!" "Kipper!" Two hands groped ridiculously in the inky night until they found each other. A few answering cracks from the hills were followed by the hum of wasted ammunition. "Major said as it was a five-ter-one charnce," replied Snipey, with something of importance creeping into his tone. "Wot else did 'e say, mate, when yer axed 'im?"

"Say? Why, a few bloomin' 'airlifters at dusk, as it's 'is nature to. Then says I, 'Me an' my pal, major, reckons as these pigtalls wun't want ter tackle in the darkness, a-cause they might get cut up a bit, so they'll wait an' pot us comferable in the mornin'.' 'Right y' are, ole chap,' says 'e. Then I says, 'But if we tried to do a guy, major, ole pal, they'd smell a rat, an' be down on us like a lot o' winter sparrers on a midden.' 'Considerable powers o' penetration,' 'e says. 'Then,' says I, 'major, here's our plan. Let one or two stop behind an' keep a-firin' from different places, an' they'll think we're all 'ere; then the rest o' the detachment can creep off foky.' The major swears,

an' says it was a five-to-one chance. Then 'e thinks a bit. Then 'e says 'e'll try it. Then I volunteers for you an' me to stop, a-cause it was us wot formulated the invention. 'Couple of damn scamps afore you joined, eh?' 'e says. 'Cert'n', major,' I says, soothin'-like. Then I feels summat a-foolin' about me in the darkness, an' when I grabbed it I found it was the major's hand. "Snipey," said Kipper, reproachfully, "you're a blisterin' liar!" "That's the kernel of it, mate. It's true about the hand, though, Kip."

II. Crack, crack! Unceasingly the pitiless rifles told the lurking Chinese that their British pigeons were safe in the nest below. "Kipper!" "Ole pal!" "We gatter remember one thing. There must be no bloomin' surrenderin'!" "Not a bit o' surrenderin'." There was a decided quaver in the tone now. "There wun't be no takin' prisoners! We've took a great responsibility on fer the regiment. There's a lot o' clarse about the regiment, Kip, an' we ain't a-goin' to disgrace it. See?" "Snipey!"

"Kipper, ole man!" There was the same funny groping of hands in the dark, the same tight, lingering grip when they found each other. Crack, crack! "Curse this rifle!" said Snipey. "How she bumps!" It was nearly 4 o'clock when Kipper spoke again. The blackness was diluted a little over the eastern ridge. "Snipey," he said, with a weary little sob, "I'm a-gettin' 'ill!" Then after a pause: "Snipey, d'yer remember what that Crucified Chap said when 'Ee got tired—when 'E was weary o' waitin', I mean?"

"Don't give yer neck, mate!" "Him wot the missh'nary told us about when we wos kids," went on Kipper, pathetically. "Wot was it?" Snipey sighed. "I know, chummy. I was just a-thinking of it myself. 'Ow long, O Lord, 'ow long?' " "That's it!" said Kipper, through his chattering teeth. "Ow long, O Lord!" * * * * *

The eastern sky was a golden sea. The rocky ridges and hills beneath seemed blacker than ever, and from that black smudge on the glory of the dawn came half a dozen little puffs of flame, and Kipper's rifle clattered down upon the rocks. Snipey groped about in the gloom, and found his comrade on his knees, gasping and spitting mouthfuls of warm liquid. "Wot yer doin', Kip?" he said, anxiously.

He stood for a minute, still as the rocks around, then stumbled forward with a sobbing cry of rage and misery. In the dim light he saw Kipper lying on his side, trying in vain to raise himself upon his elbow. "Kipper!" he whispered softly, falling on his knees beside his chum. Kipper groaned, and pressed his hand to his right breast. "Through—the lungs!" he said, in an awed whisper, between the fits of coughing that wrenched him. Snipey pressed his hand, with a sob.

"For the regiment, Snipey!" He raised himself on his elbow, and his chum fung an arm around his neck to support him. "There's a bit o' clarse about—the reg—"

A fresh bit of coughing brought intense agony; after it was over his head fell back. Snipey pulled out his handkerchief to wipe the blood from the dead lips. It was a miniature, copy of the British flag. He remembered how the handkerchiefs had taken the fancy of the soldiers just before they left England, and how the regiment had bought up the whole stock.

He stared stolidly at the quiet face for a minute, then spread the little flag over it. When Snipey turned once more to face the east the day had broken gloriously. His rifle was empty, and he slipped a fresh cartridge into the breech. Then, with a sudden thought, he fetched Kipper's rifle and loaded that, too. When the Chinese closed round in the growing light they found their pot-shot prey had flown. A solitary British soldier, with hands and chin resting on the muzzle of his gun, stood awaiting their vengeance. The weapon sprang to the aching shoulder, and one yellow foe lay a corpse. With the report of Kipper's gun another pressed his hand to a mortal wound, and the affair was finished. But that morning, in the mess-tents of the rescued regiment, the story of how a couple of weeds had been plucked from the garden of society was told with misty eyes and glowing hearts.

Sure Proof. "This won't do," exclaimed Mr. Phamliman; "here it's after midnight and that young man and Maude are still in the parlor." "How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Phamliman. "Because I don't hear a sound down there."—Philadelphia Press.

Italian and German Navies. In fifteen years—1885 to 1900—Italy spent on her fleet \$300,000,000, and yet the Italian navy does not come up to half the strength and efficiency of the German fleet, on which during the same period of years \$298,000,000 was expended.

Don't talk at random. Make everything you say hit the mark or save your ammunition. The widow's favorite novel—"Put Yourself in His Place."