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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer. Northerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 66; minimum temperature, 50. Fair.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1901.

SITUATION AND OUTLOOK.

Portland's situation as regards the conformation of the country is analogous to that of New York City. At each place there is a natural convergence of trade routes. Regions near at hand come up stream or out of their way for a short distance in order to effect a common meeting-place with incoming commerce from a greater distance. At New York the Great Lakes commerce, coming by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson, is met by the secondary streams of produce and purchase originating in New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania to the southwest, Long Island to the south, and Connecticut and Rhode Island to the east. Similarly, here at Portland, the commerce of Eastern Oregon and Washington, coming down by the Columbia and Cascades canal, is met by the streams of produce and purchase originating in the Willamette Valley to the south, the Lower Columbia to the west, and in the southern tier of Washington counties to the north and northwest. Sections down the Columbia and up the Cowlitz find it convenient to come here for the great trading center with the traffic of the Upper Columbia and the Willamette, just as Long Island Sound and Jersey producers are glad to meet, in the harbor of New York, the greater stream from the north and west.

Another interesting correspondence is in the labors performed in removal of obstructions to water navigation. The great port of New York once labored under the same sort of disadvantages which once hindered Portland. Once at New York vessels of fourteen feet draft had to wait for the tide, and sixty years ago small vessels were sometimes detained for weeks in a vain effort to get out. So here at Portland vessels drawing twelve feet once had great difficulty in ascending, where ships come and go freely with a draft of twenty-five feet. Steamers of 6000 to 8000 tons continually leave and arrive easily where once those of 1000 tons had difficulty and delay. The problem here was easy in one respect, for the Columbia's volume, not like the feeble one of the Delaware, for example, is ample, and its current is sufficient, to maintain a channel, once the proper improvements are made. The condition is infinitely better than it was, and it will be made better yet to meet the increasing demands of commerce.

Every advantageously situated seaport and metropolis needs much supplementary work, both in its channel to the sea and its internal connections. The railroad work here has been in the main well done. We have four lines up the Willamette Valley, one line up the Columbia, another up the Cowlitz, and another down the Columbia. There are three lines now needing to be built—one into the Clearwater region, one into Central Oregon, and one into the Nehalem; but when these are built Portland's rail connection with its tributary regions will be complete. So the waterway improvement needs completion—first and foremost the entrance to the river—and an extension of the jetty will give us thirty-five to forty feet there permanently; second, the channel from Portland to the sea, and, third, the river improvement opening the Upper Columbia to water transportation.

The fact is that Portland never stood in such a favorable position as it does today. Its facilities for trade, internal and foreign, are unprecedentedly ample and efficient. Its banks are full of money, its streets full of busy people, crops are promising, lumber industries thriving, mines prosperous, trade active, buildings going up on every hand, both for dwellings and for business. Last, but not least, never before have our people manifested such abounding courage, ambition and determination. The augury of a great future is in the air, and on every hand appears evidence of a resolve to build the city's destiny secure and bright.

The recent co-operative congress in England adopted without a dissenting vote a resolution declaring that there was an urgent necessity that Parliament should provide an old-age pension for every citizen, male and female. In vain did one member point out that, in view of the fact that the co-operators, with their wives and families, numbered between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000, it was not necessary to despair concerning their own ability to provide for the aged. He remarked also that the money for pensions could not be drawn from some mysterious "bottomless pit," but would be taken from the pockets of those who were present. Mr. Holyoke, almost the last survivor of the pioneers of co-operation, argued against the resolution, saying that "the objects of these societies were to put into the hands of the working classes the power of taking care of themselves, and not to go as suppliants to the state." In reply it was stated that the government was likely to pension the idle and debauched, and that the thrifty co-operators must insist upon having their share of the universal pension fund. The reason for the adoption of such a resolution was the socialistic spirit of the congress, for it demanded immediate legislation to destroy the "undue and unearned advantage of landowners," which is the political economy of the late Henry George. Great Britain is dangerously near the enactment of some form of radical socialism.

MACVEAGH'S MISGIVINGS.

Because all efforts to compass the abandonment of the Philippine Islands have failed, things look exceedingly dark to Mr. Wayne MacVeagh. The evil consequences of that failure are remote, as might have been expected, and involve no less catastrophe than the seizure of the Government by the discontented, and a redistribution of wealth, by which those who have not shall have, and the now penniless shall be well fixed.

The process marked out is interesting. Every Filipino who dies in his rebellion, every barn burned in the Transvaal, every American officer promoted for doing his duty in Luzon, will operate to encourage lynching in the South and to render insecure the surplus wealth of the contented class. The MacVeagh law of social evolution will accelerate the division of the contented from the discontented, and the discontented, being in the majority, will seize the Government and appropriate the property.

There is in the United States an increasing disposition to lean upon the Government for support and to punish the acquisition of wealth with heavy taxes; but aside from this tendency there is little support for Mr. MacVeagh's misgivings or his law of social evolution. He is more ready than circumstances warrant to class capitalists as contented and laborers as discontented. In many respects the opposite is the case. Contentment has never passed the cottage by on its way to the envious palace. Even as it is, our capitalists make shift to survive under their burdens of taxation, and at this Summer season an astonishing number of picnics and excursions are planned by the very class who often used to spend holidays bemoaning their fate in cups of grog. As to the sharper line of cleavage between rich and poor in the electorate, the fact is that now, as always, the ranks are badly mixed and streams are constantly passing from one to the other. The discontented laborer of today is the magnate of tomorrow, and millionaires of yesterday are walking the streets looking for a job. Industrial development, with its high-power organization and labor-saving machinery, is making it easier every day for the poor but active fellow to rise, and harder for the empty-headed heir to keep his place.

Political parties in the United States supply little comfort for the MacVeagh law of social evolution. The Boston anti-imperialist, surfeited with comfort and civilization, joins hands with Mr. Bryan's sandlotter on the Kansas City platform, and in the Republican ranks the paternalistic craze possesses alike the pauperized Indiana pensioner and the millionaire shipowner seeking for subsidies. One party demands that the Government shall take care of the poor mineowner, and the other pleads for the impoverished shipbuilder. We can take our choice between restoring silver and restoring the merchant marine, but in any case we must restore, protect, support. Honors seem even in this scramble of private pockets for public taxes. If there is any more and more division by sharp cleavage in the electorate, Mr. MacVeagh should have been more explicit.

It might be well enough to get away from the buzzards and the agitators a minute and take a look at the people themselves. How do the rank and file regard these predatory schemes? Are the Democrats clamoring for reassertion of Bryanism, and are the Republicans holding mass meetings in favor of the subsidy graft? Is the public rising to support of unjust strikes, and is anybody fearful of either great party adopting a plank in favor of the trusts? The country is, in fact, Mr. MacVeagh, exceedingly busy and most despairingly preoccupied with profitable enterprise and well-paid labor. The "less fortunate majority" will be well content if the "more fortunate minority" will take a day off and go fishing along with their "courage and time and thought." As for the ominous "law of social evolution," if it is in straits, we can raise a handsome popular subscription next pay day, or perchance Mr. Morgan will endow it with a million against its day of need.

THE WHEAT SEASON.

Detailed statistics of the movement of wheat from the Pacific Coast appear in tables printed in other columns of this paper. As usual, the Oregon metropolis stands in the lead over all other ports, shipping over 37 per cent of the entire amount exported by Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and San Francisco. This percentage has been excelled in some years in the past, when the Willamette Valley contributed from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 to the output, and with a good crop in that locality a higher average will be shown for the year now beginning.

A decidedly interesting feature of the movements of the fleet lies in the fact that not a single one of the 148 wheat and flour vessels which cleared from Portland was obliged to lighter a pound of cargo between Portland and the sea. During the season the Dutch steamship Wilhelmina cleared with the largest wheat cargo that ever left Portland.

The advantages of a fresh-water harbor are shown in the record of the outward passages of the ships from the different ports, the Portland fleet which arrived out in the first seven months making average passages four days faster than the ships from San Francisco, and eleven days faster than the ships clearing from Puget Sound. The distribution of the crop for 1900 shows the Oriental flour shipments to be about the same as in the year previous. The increase in this direction has been checked by the war in China, but with a settlement of the difficulties which beset that country, a heavy increase will be shown.

The yield of about 37,000,000 bushels for the three states brings the average for the past four years up to over 35,000,000 bushels. The maintenance of this average for this length of time, with the splendid prospects for an even greater crop this year, is the result, to a certain extent, of bringing new acreage under cultivation, but a large measure of the success attained is due to more careful tilling of the soil. A 50,000,000-bushel crop of wheat in the three states will not occasion surprise within the next five years, and even that figure will be passed within ten years.

A BANK-ROBBER TURNED LOOSE.

The action of President McKinley in pardoning Charles W. Mussey, the former cashier of the Merchants National Bank of Rutland, Vt., who was convicted about a year ago of embezzling $100,000 of the funds of the bank and sentenced to seven years in the House of Correction, is a great outrage on public justice. This man Mussey had served barely a year of his sentence; he was a man of mature age, who for many years had been the trusted servant of the bank he robbed. His sentence was not more than is generally given a horsethief in the majority of states. Under the law, these bank-robbers of the Mussey sort can be imprisoned from three to seven years, but they cannot be sentenced to imprisonment "with hard labor," so that their punishment is a very small plaster to the very big wound they make in the body of the bank.

Such men deserve no clemency; their punishment is entirely too light for their offense; they are men of intelligence, of superficial respectability, sober scoundrels who under the mask of pretended virtue relentlessly rob their trust until they are found out. They are generally convicted, for the evidence against them is a written, indisputable record of their own making, but their conviction and punishment is robbed of all its effectiveness as an object-lesson of exemplary justice, because the mild sentence is eight times out of ten nullified by a pardon signed "William McKinley." The bank-robber of the Mussey sort is invariably pardoned, if he has any friends, and as a rule this worst kind of a bank-robber is the only thief who ever has any influential political friends—for the reason, we suppose, as the late Governor Pingree said, that "every rascal is an extreme partisan." This Mussey was doubtless one of "the original McKinley men" in Vermont in 1896.

There is another Vermont bank-robber, the late cashier of the Virgennes National Bank, who, with his alleged "pal," the Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, will shortly be placed on trial for robbing his bank of $50,000. This Vermont bank-robber will be convicted; will have a sentence of seven years imposed upon him, and then in less than a year a pardon probably will issue to this furciferous Vermont bank cashier and his "pal," the Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont. No wonder the bank burglars from within the bank increase in Vermont, for if they steal every dollar of the bank's money they get only seven years. If they serve their sentence, it is no great hardship, for they cannot be made to work. They are not herded with the crowd; their friends call upon them periodically; they are supplied with books; they are permitted to enjoy any luxuries they obtain by gift or purchase, like cigars, fruits, etc., and to a man who enjoys his ease it is a comparatively happy fate to be convicted of having robbed the bank whose keys had been trusted to his care.

Silas M. Wait some twenty years ago robbed his bank in Brattleboro, Vt., of a very large sum of money. He was convicted, was sentenced to seven years in the same House of Correction from which Mussey has just been released by pardon. Those who visited Wait in his confinement said he had a very comfortable room, that he employed his time fully in reading and writing, and that altogether his situation seemed to be one of comparative comfort. Wait unfortunately had as many political enemies as he had friends, for he was a man of aggressive ability, and President Hayes unfortunately took a sterner view of bank robberies by bank presidents than does William McKinley, so Bank President Wait served his time. Cashier Mussey is a little seven by nine thief in Sunday-school sheep clothing; he did not know enough to make any enemies by leadership in business or politics, so nobody has resisted his release, for he was always the little rascal who is the extreme partisan in the rear rank. No wonder the mediocre, vulgar criminal who steals a horse or holds up a man on the highway feels like turning anarchist when he serves a ten-year sentence, while the base robber of a bank tsust is released in less than a year.

Thomas Barker, recently convicted in New Jersey of an assault with intent to kill the Rev. Mr. Keller, an Episcopal clergyman of excellent antecedents in reputation and conduct, was greatly surprised because the jury convicted him, and is deeply grieved because the court has sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Barker testified that he first learned of the alleged assault upon his wife about a year and a half after its occurrence; that he learned it, not from his wife, but from a man—a boarding-house gossip—who whispered it to him. Barker further testified that, despite the fact that his wife had not told him at the time, and evidently did not intend to tell him, he at once tried to murder Mr. Keller. He confessed that he never wrote Keller a letter accusing him of wrong; never gave him any opportunity for denial and proof of innocence; he accepted his wife's statement with the same morbid confidence in her veracity and sanity as that manifested by the husband who, after seeing a man kiss his wife, was perfectly satisfied with her brazen denial on the ground that he "wouldn't believe his eyes before he would his wife." An ignorant savage might be excusable for killing a fellow creature on the totally unsupported accusation of his wife, but an intelligent man who would deliberately proceed to murder his fellow-man on the totally unsupported accusation of his wife, or any other accuser, is a man worthy of the severest punishment possible under the law. Barker is either a very great villain or a very great fool. Human life once taken cannot be restored, and every man is entitled to be heard in his own defense, no matter how bad his repute may be or how high may be the character of his accuser. But this man Barker seemed to think that he was morally justified in attempting to murder without warning any man whom he chose to accuse of an infamous crime. Barker had not a scintilla of evidence against Keller beyond his wife's shocking charge. Keller's character was excellent; his conduct had always been discreet and blameless, and yet this man Barker did his best to murder him on the bold, unsupported accusation of Keller by Mrs. Barker, who was notorious for periodical attacks of hysterical mendacity or mendacious hysteria. Barker was intelligent enough to know that the annals of medicine are full of cases of women who have made false statements and accusations in a condition of self-delusion, and the annals of justice are full of cases where both men and women have made false statements and accusations out of pure, unadulterated "cussedness." Barker's brain is altogether too hot; five years in the "cooler" will do him a power of good.

The Columbia River, upon which the members of the committee on rivers and harbors are to look today, drains nearly all Oregon, nearly all Washington, the whole of Idaho, large parts of Montana and Wyoming, and a great portion of British Columbia. It receives streams also from Utah and Nevada. Its watershed extends from north to south along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains more than 1000 miles, and if you measure the breadth of the basin from the summit of the mountains to the sea, the distance is from 700 to 1000 miles. This mighty river has opened the only pass through the great mountain chain of the West to the Pacific Ocean. It is not only a route for navigation, but the only water-level route for railroads. It is the key, therefore, to the commerce of the northwestern portion of the United States, and to transcontinental commerce as well. It is the only course within the United States by which water runs from the Rocky Mountains west to the Pacific; it opens the only way upon which cars may run by gravitation from the roof of the continent to the Western Ocean. These are physical facts which The Oregonian commends to the gentlemen of the committee who are to see the Columbia River today.

Our friends from the East cannot fail to note the delightfulness of the Western climate, in contrast with the excessive heat, reported from all points east of the Rocky Mountains. The swelter there is extreme, and there will be two or three months of it yet. The Boston Herald endeavors to charm pain for a while, or anguish, in this way:

"Forget it," is a good bit of advice to follow regarding the hot weather. The man who thinks of heat is hot. Shakespeare asks

> Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

We confess that we do not know the name and address of such a party, but we do believe that no day is so hot but we can make it a little hotter by thinking heated things about it. Go slow and think cool things or try to forget the weather entirely. Some may be comforted by revolving in their mind some such thought as this:

> It's cool up there where the stars are,
> Where Venus and Neptune and Mars are;
> Though it's hot down here about half of the year,
> It's cool up there where the stars are.

Mormonism is invading the Eastern cities, and gets its converts mainly from the Christian churches. Brooklyn, N. Y., has a Mormon "conference" established, and a successful congregation. The elders in charge are carrying on their work in all suburban New York City, and practice a house-to-house visitation. Among recent converts are Mrs. Blair and Miss Elizabeth Dickinson, who were officers in the Christian Endeavor Society of the Port Morris Congregational Church. The children of the neighborhood shout after them, and the members of her Sunday-school class mockingly inquire of Miss Dickinson how many husbands she is going to get. Dowieism and "Christian Science" obtain converts, so why not Mormonism? It is not more absurd; its polygamy has quite as good a biblical justification as Dowie or "Mother" Eddy.

General John B. Turchin, a brave and efficient Union officer of the Civil War, is dead in his 80th year, having been born in the Russian Province of Don, January 30, 1822. He came to this country after service in the Russian Army in Hungary and the Crimea, rising to the rank of Colonel. He was a civil engineer in the service of the Illinois Central Railroad when the rebellion began, and went to the front as Colonel of the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment, and was made Brigadier-General in July, 1862, resigning in October, 1864. For a few years General Turchin was solicitor of patents in Chicago; then he established the Polish colony of Radom, in Washington County, Illinois, and had since farmed it. He was author of a valuable book on "The Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga," published in Chicago in 1888.

The members of the committee on rivers and harbors will be in position to judge whether they ever saw a greater river in their lives than the one they are to see today; and from the magnitude of the river they may form some estimate of the extent of country that sends such a river to the sea. It is a country in extent exceeding the whole territory of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, with all New England thrown in. If there is any person to whom this statement seems an exaggeration, let him take the tables of areas, add and compare them.

The Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, is a Congregational clergyman, and the Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of Divine Paternity, New York City, is a Universalist, but the Congregationalist, as well as the Universalist, agree in thinking that it is a violation of liberty for the law to prevent a citizen from taking whatever quiet recreation his own conscience approves on Sunday.

William Watson Goodwin Eliot, professor of Greek literature at Harvard University, who has just closed his distinguished career as a classical teacher, after forty-five years' service, was a contemporary student at Gottingen forty-five years ago with J. Pierpont Morgan, when Morgan notably excelled in mathematics.

It is a very narrow circle of persons at Astoria, and a circle, moreover, of very narrow persons at Astoria, who are endeavoring to put a stop to further improvement of the navigation of the Great River of the West.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

In the Republican Party and Before the Country, on the Tariff.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

"We have reached a point in our industrial development," said Senator Foraker to the Ohio Republican convention, "where we produce more than we consume. We must find markets for the surplus or quit producing it. We can get partial relief by tariff revision and reciprocity treaties with European and South American countries, but the greatest markets of the world are in the far East."

The home market, to put Senator Foraker's evident thought in another way, no longer suffices to absorb the energies of the American producers. They must find markets for the surplus. How shall they find them? How shall they, without sacrificing the advantages of protection, obtain outlets for the swelling tide of domestic manufactures?

To these questions Senator Foraker gives two answers. One is to go ahead boldly with "the great work of the hour—the establishment of a stable and successful government in the Philippines—not to haul down the flag and run away, but to remain and hold fast to the position, the prestige, the advantages, and the opportunities we now enjoy" in the Oriental markets.

Senator Foraker's other answer is that we shall endeavor, by such reciprocal trade arrangements as will be mutually advantageous, to enlarge our markets in Europe and South America. That these arrangements would involve a revision of our present tariff Senator Foraker concedes.

As the "keynote" of a campaign in the President's own state, Senator Foraker's words, taken in connection with the stress laid upon reciprocity by the President in a recent address, certainly challenge National attention. All thoughtful Republicans must consider them carefully, for they presage a conflict of giant dimensions in the party—a conflict which will rage with increasing fury from this day to the close of the polls in November, 1904.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL READER.

Through their school books the English people are endeavoring to instil in the minds of their young a friendly feeling for the United States. Before us is a copy of "The Citizen Reader," Cassell & Co., London, which has large use in the schools of the United Kingdom. We copy these paragraphs from it:

In the time of George III, more than 100 years ago, the King and the Parliament wished to govern the English who had gone to America, and to govern them in a way which was contrary to their wishes and without their advice.

When the Colonists—for so the English in America were then called—refused to obey a Parliament which they had not chosen, the King and the Parliament declared war upon them, and sent soldiers to put them down. But there were some men in England who could not believe that it was right or just to make Englishmen obey laws which they themselves had had no share in making, and despite the King and the majority of Parliament being against them, they had the courage to say so openly, and to try and obtain for their countrymen across the Atlantic the same rights which they claimed for themselves.

The greatest of these men was Edmund Burke, whose famous writings I hope you will read some day. Although many of his friends were anxious for war, and though by refusing to support the King he lost favor at court, he nevertheless raised his voice over and over again in favor of peace.

Unfortunately, he was not listened to; unluckily, those who cried out for war were listened to. The war went on; the Colonists rose against the Royal troops and defeated them, and at last, as we know, the Colonists refused any longer to submit to English rule, and made a Government and a Nation of their own. That Nation became the United States of America.

It is impossible to say what would have been the future of England and the United States if the wise counsel of Edmund Burke had been followed. But of one thing we may be sure: namely, that all the suffering and sorrow caused by an unjust war would have been avoided, and that the hatred and distrust which for a long time after the war existed between the English in England and the English in America would not have been felt.

Happily, the bitter memories of that time are long forgotten, and between England and the United States there are only feelings of friendship and brotherhood, but we can all see now how much better it would have been if Burke's words in favor of peace had prevailed; and we can see in him a true patriot, because he was brave enough to say before all the world that he would not support what he thought to be unjust and wrong.

A Parallel of Orators.

Comparing Mr. Bryan with William L. Yancey, of Alabama, who was one of the most powerful advocates of secession in 1860, the Louisville Courier-Journal says:

Mr. Bryan is an orator. So was Mr. Yancey. He is an extreme doctrinaire, as Mr. Yancey was. He is as cocksure of himself and of his dogma as Mr. Yancey was. Like Mr. Yancey, his opportunity and power came to him while yet a young man. Like Mr. Yancey he is a man, traveled chiefly from the bookcase to the fireside. Mr. Yancey constructed a system out of his own fancies; he advocated this system so eloquently that he secured for it and for himself a great popular following. More than any other one man Mr. Yancey lured the South into a war based upon what all the world now knows was a delusion. Recalling the days of 1860, when Mr. Yancey stood very much before the country as Mr. Bryan stood in 1898 and 1900, we venture to draw a moral from the likeness between the two and to offer up the prayer that Mr. Bryan might not too late discover the futility of his dreams, as Mr. Yancey, amid the ruin of his country, had discovered that his theoretic edifice was but a house of cards.

The Southern Negro Vote.

The situation in Virginia relative to the negro vote which the constitutional convention is undertaking to deal with in such a way as to avoid the pains and penalties prescribed in the Federal Constitution, is thus described by the Washington Star. It is the same in Alabama:

For years the black belt has furnished the majorities by which the Democracy has controlled the state. They were obtained, it has been freely charged, by gross frauds at the polls. The Republicans are strong in the white belt, but have been unable to meet the returns from the black belt, which at times have been mathematical marvels. But at last the Democrats of the black belt have tired of the work imposed upon them, and insist upon being relieved of it. And so they say in substance to the convention: "Come, now. The negro must be disposed of in some other way. You must disfranchise him, or we will remain inactive and permit the state to go to those who under the law as it now stands are entitled to control it."

The Rate Went Up at Once.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Hartford Times says that when the Constitutional amendment affecting mortgage taxation was passed in this state the Hartford insurance companies "withdrew from the Missouri field, as far as making new loans was concerned, and also refused to make renewals of old loans." The rate of interest paid by borrowers went up. At the end of six months of loss and confusion the State Supreme Court decided that the amendment conflicted with the Constitution of the United States. When not doing something malevolent the Missouri Legislature botches up business affairs with its ignorance.

Suggestive Verses.

Miss Frances Bacon Paine writes the following verses in the July number of Harper's Magazine:

APART.

> If I were dead I think that you would come
> And look upon me cold and white and say:
> "Poor child, I'm sorry you have gone away."
>
> But just because my body has to live
> Through hopeless years, you do not come and say,
> "Dear child, I'm glad that you are here today."

A BRITISH OPINION.

Hypocritical Snarl From an Old Enemy.

London Saturday Review.

We trust that our very welcome guests, the delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce, have found their visit to England pleasant.

One can take an interest in these American representatives which the Summer flight from trans-Atlantic shores does not usually or easily excite. There is nothing ennobling in the sight of an American "doing" Westminster Abbey or edifying in his criticism of the 16th picture gallery he has traversed in one day. But get him on trade, and it is impossible not to feel, we can hardly say veneration, but certainly respect, blent with something even of awe. One looks with keen curiosity on the American trader to see what manner of man he is that could produce an economic result that has shocked and made to grumble the whole civilized world. You feel, too, that there you have the great republic pure and simple; that is its reality; that is what it cares about; there it is itself. Dismiss culture and tone, freedom, equality and all such figments, and get down to a hard cash transaction, and you see the American at his best. There, in fact, he becomes very great; and it is absolutely absurd to take him in any other way. The production of wealth is the one thing to which the American people has really given its mind, and, circumstances being at the same time entirely favorable, it has succeeded to its own huge admiration and the world's absolute dismay. No other nation has succeeded to the same extent in the same time, but no other nation has so entirely given itself over to the making of wealth as the whole duty of a people. Never has there been a people in which the discrepancy between their performance as traders and their achievements in every other capacity has been so great. In that respect the United States are a portent. They have grown in a manner quite peculiar to themselves. To the ancients it would have seemed a monstrous growth, to the Greeks hideous, to the Romans ignoble. For you have in America the strange phenomenon of the best minds and the best characters systematically over a long period renouncing what the world has always regarded as the higher things. State affairs, arms, art and "contemp'ation" and passionately pursuing the things men had hitherto looked on as necessities which most were not so fortunate as to be able to avoid, but which all would escape from if they had the opportunity; necessities not in themselves degrading, yet obstacles to the highest, or, at any rate, the pleasantest things. That has not been the American view; their philosophy of life reverses the old order.

Whether as a philosophy of life, as National polity, as the training of individual character, their order is sound and will bear the test of time is one of the most interesting, as one of the most momentous, questions the world has yet to see answered. It would be worth while living to see it, even at the cost of Tithonus' burden. The question cannot be answered now. The immediate result, however, is very obvious. In the department to which the Americans have chosen to consecrate themselves they are dusting every one else. That is the plain truth, and the Continent is beginning to see it. So does everybody here see it, but because the Americans are what the Briton calls "Anglo-Saxons," he thinks he must not whisper of their hurting him, and so lets loose all his volubility in scolding on the Germans, who, in comparison, are hardly damaging him at all.

This is, of course, a purely business transaction. It is as childish to blame or be angry with the Americans for injuring us in trade as it is futile to pretend that they do not. The only sane thing to do is to acknowledge the fact, and resist them as well as we can. At present we do neither. We arrange our fiscal system entirely in the Americans' interest, who very wisely make the utmost of our amiability and deftly conceal their contempt for it under a cloud of sentimental friendship, which does not open our eyes, while unveiled contempt would. But the fiscal matter is far from everything. We have not taken trade scientifically as have the Americans, and we do not throw into it the same energy and concentration. In a sense, we do not take it seriously.

HOW RIGHTEOUS WE ARE!

And the Pharisee Stood and Prayed Thus, by Himself.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Under the caption "Ishmaelites," the Post-Intelligencer published, on Friday morning, a truthful and accurate statement of the character and methods of two pariahs of journalism: The Spokane Spokesman-Review and the Portland Oregonian. It was not an accusation, but an interpretation; a picture of these newspapers and their ways, as known to all men by their contents. We had a suspicion at the time that perfect fairness would entitle one other newspaper to be entered in the same list. Since then it has sought that dishonor eagerly, and we believe it should be conferred. Therefore, not to occupy further space with unfragrant subjects, we cheerfully commend our readers to a reperusal of the article in question, applying it with equal directness to the Seattle Times.

A First Copy of Bunyan.

Notable among rare books is a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which has just been bought in London for £375 by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city. This copy is superior to all others in size and in having a unique impression of the engraved portrait of Bunyan dreaming, by R. White. This portrait has the view of the city in the background labeled "Vanity," which is an error for "Destruction." The mistake seems to have been detected at once, and the plate was withdrawn from the remainder of the first issue. In the third edition it appears with the correct wording. At one time this copy was in the possession of Jane Fleetwood, and was later in the library of the late T. A. Nash. In 1854 Macaulay said, rather rashly, that "not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained." He was repeating Southey, who made a similar remark in 1839. Five copies are now known, but only two are perfect.

Done With Bryan.

Hartford Times, Dem.

The Virginia constitutional convention voted down almost unanimously a motion that W. J. Bryan be invited to address the convention. Two years ago it was scarcely possible to hold a meeting of any sort in the Southern States that would not before its adjournment invite Mr. Bryan to address it. This craze seems to be disappearing at last. There could be, of course, no proper reason why a presumably non-partisan body, called to revise the constitution of a state, should solicit an address from the leader of any political party.

Sermons the People Want.

New York Times.

We are nearing or have reached the stage of depravity denoted in public opinion to the effect that sourness is not virtue nor innocent amusement ungodly. On Sundays, Summer Sundays at least, the trout brook, the golf links, the seashore, the mountainside, will preach the sermons of nature to those who will listen to no other in that season.

Hams a Guarantee of Peace.

Minneapolis Times.

Minister White says there is no ground for fear of a quarrel between the United States and Germany. From another source we learn that the Kaiser thinks the American ham is the only ham worth frying an egg with. Thus passeth another war cloud.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Is Hon. Chauncey Depew in training for the stage?

Ice, mercury and fireworks are all going up together.

Look at the river, gentlemen, and see what you think of it.

The coolness between Spring and Summer seems to be at an end.

This is the kind of weather that makes us sorry for the people who live in the East.

General Cailles wept when he surrendered, but his tears were of the alligator variety.

Your Uncle Russell Sage seems thus far to have escaped the contagion of the give-it-away bacillus.

Perhaps Oom Paul is coming over merely to be present at the launching of Webster Davis' book.

It is reported that Charles M. Schwab may join Tammany. Isn't $800,000 a year enough for the man?

Among the officers who have laid themselves liable to a charge of undue severity is General Humidity.

Americans are said to be buying up all the diamonds in Europe. They probably need them for the Filipino trade.

Chicago is a little disappointed that the St. Louis Fair Commission didn't select her as a site for the exposition.

There is no record of hazing in the Chemawa Indian School. The Indians, it must be remembered, are now civilized.

There certainly seems to be every reason why the gates of Commerce should be opened to Astoria. The town is always knocking.

Illinois boasts that she has the only magazine for the insane. Is there no one to urge the claims of Nebraska to a similar honor?

We feel gratified to learn that reports from Astoria, Seattle et al., that the Columbia runs dry in Summer have not been generally credited.

The Democrats and Pops refuse to work together. But the double harness will be brought out as soon as there are any offices to pull for.

The Seattle P. I. is now supplied with material for frothy editorial matter, which, if carefully husbanded, ought to last over till the next political row.

A negro hanged himself because it was so hot in the Eastern city in which he was living. He must have been tolerably sure of a change for the better in the country he was bound for.

Judge ——, one of the great lawyers of the last generation, charged a client a retainer of $1000 in an important case, relates Victor Smith, but settled the suit before the Judge had opened a book or written a line concerning it. His client called to see if he would refund part of the money. The lawyer seemed surprised at the suggestion. "Refund!" he exclaimed. "Refund, did you say? My friend, that is a kind of fund unknown to the legal profession."

Twenty years ago it was estimated that 200,000 persons crossed London bridge daily, 120,000 on foot and the rest in vehicles. With the growth of population these numbers have almost doubled, in spite of the relief afforded by the building of the tower bridge, half a mile down stream. It has, therefore, become an urgent matter to increase the capacity of the older bridge, and it has now been decided to accomplish this by means of granite corbels which will carry the footway as projections over the water on each side of the bridge.

Charles M. Schwab, head of the great steel combine, may have a woman as a rival. Mrs. Estelle True-Neil, with offices in the Park Row building, New York, is the principal incorporator and the head of the $1,000,000,000 Queen Mining Company, which has just been incorporated in Pierre, S. D. The other incorporators are Pearl Young, Mrs. True-Neil's daughter, also of New York, and Oscar Nelson, of Pierre. Mrs. True-Neil admits that the new concern of which she is the head has not a paid-up capital of $1,000,000,000, but says that it has all the money it wants.

At a meeting of 400 clergymen at New Haven, one of the number told the other 399 that "with the modern ideas of heaven and hell, the preacher no longer has the authority he once had. The firmly fixed idea that there is no future punishment for sin is responsible for this. Sulphur and brimstone have ceased to act as Sheriffs, and the fear of hell has gone from the minds of almost everyone." All of which, as the Boston Herald suggests, coincides with "Dea Easy's Opinion" that

> "Hell's playin' out, no matter what the orthodoxers say
> 'At's tryin' fer to kep it hot, it's fadin' every day.
> The place where sinners sizzled in the tortures
> of the damned
> Has kind o' been made over like, an' sort of
> cooled and cu'med."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Mistress (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps. Biddy (new in the service)—Yes, mum, where shall I spill it?—Glasgow Evening Times.

Teacher—Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word. Small Girl (writes)—Our new baby is anonymous.—Tit-Bits.

She Knew Her Book.—"You don't seem to learn swimming very fast." "No." "But the men all seem very willing to teach you." "Exactly—that's why I don't learn."—Brooklyn Life.

A Safe Invitation.—Hotel Proprietor—Colonel, these four gentlemen saw the sea serpent on Saturday. The Colonel—Indeed? Gentlemen, let's go inside and have something.—Puck.

Wimbleton—Hello, old man, have you taught your dog any new tricks lately? Quimbleton—Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.—Fun.

Harder.—Author—There! I've finished that novel in three weeks, and now I must not be interrupted for six months. His Wife—What are you doing to do now? Author—I'm going to write a short story.—Harper's Bazar.

The Good One—My man, it makes me feel bad to see you coming out of a saloon. The Bad One—Well, boss, it wouldn't have done yer any good if yer had saw me goin' in. I only had a nickel, an' that wouldn't have bought drinks for both.—Philadelphia Record.

The Juvenile Brain.—Mamma—And what have you bought grandpa for his birthday? Tommy—A beautiful pipe. Mamma—But, you silly boy, you know he doesn't smoke. Tommy (after a disconsolate pause, triumphantly)—Ah, but he can use it for blowing bubbles!—Pick-Me-Up.

Solicitous.—Mother—Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny—Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture. Mother—Didn't you bother him? Johnny—Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother—What did he say? Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and you'd miss me.—Harlem Life.