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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and slightly warmer; winds mostly northerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 71; minimum temperature, 45; precipitation, 0.00.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1901.

MR. HARRIMAN COMMENDED.

Two or three interesting suggestions regarding Mr. Harriman's "traffic director" plan are offered in the current number of the Financial Chronicle. One of these is that Mr. Harriman's demonstrated acumen in organization earns for him the benefit of the doubt until his error is established. Such is his genius for grasping situations that the burden of proof will be on his accusers. The fact is, as the Chronicle points out, that while the new movement in direction of harmony has been tried as to owners, it has had no trial as to traffic or operation. We have talked of economies, but we have as yet seen nothing of them. Now the great wastes are in the traffic department, and here pruning must be rigorously applied—by remedies for indiscriminate competition in rates, in circuitous routing, in speed, in wasteful passenger service and in special service at terminals.

The argument against divorce of the traffic and operating departments is that much of the havoc heretofore wrought has been due to separation and lack of fullest sympathy between these two departments. Many railroad men advance the idea that disastrous low-rate business would be impossible if the man who made the rates had also to pay the bills. But the Chronicle does not share this misgiving. The evolution of the railroad organization of today, it says, has brought into existence departments; each has to do certain parts of the work and turn over its results to the next department. The argument that the traffic and the operating department should not be divorced is an argument against the separation of distinct functions in organization, and therefore unscientific.

That is to say, the principle of division of labor, beginning indefinitely in the local geographical unit, becomes more distinct as the area of the geographical unit of the organization widens. The need of separation of traffic and operating functions at a small local agency does not exist; it may not always be marked at a larger station; but at the division organization stage it is well defined, and at the general offices it is indispensable. It is this simple principle applied to two or more systems of roads which Mr. Harriman has recognized as the latest need in railroad development. Incident to it there must in time grow up a more perfect system of informing the traffic man of just those operating conditions which he should know, and only those. The principal one of these is the naked direct cost of moving the business which he gets; his work really should begin at this point, and his problem is to so stimulate traffic by every legitimate device as to make the margin above this cost the largest possible.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Chronicle's points is its hint that the effect on employed men may be far less disastrous than we are likely to fear. It observes that most of the ornamental men have already been eliminated by the reorganization schemes of the past ten years, and it goes on to point out that on those railroads, at least, which understand the new traffic problem in its broadest significance, the task will not be so much reduction of force as it will be direction of that force into new and more profitable channels. We have never, it must be admitted, studied the traffic problem as it should be studied. Traffic officials, great and small, must learn to study the commercial problems of railroad operation as never before, because now they may really deal with them. They will study industries and markets, and the relation of the transportation industry to other industries, more intelligently and more closely. Transportation is a part of the producing machinery of a nation. The combination of place utilities with form utilities in a way to produce the largest result at the least cost offers a field for the highest order of skill; and this skill will always be in demand because the quantities in which it deals are constantly changing.

This optimistic view of the labor problem in railway reorganization is certainly captivating to one who remembers with what a hue and cry were first received the industrial trust announcements, and how few traveling men, for example, are today starving to death or pleading for position. There is forced upon one the recollection of the old affairs of the stage-drivers with the railroads, and the seamstresses with the sewing-machine. The awful bugaboo came and passed, and no one remembers the suffering that had been. There was more work than ever before for everybody. So let us hope it will be with our genial comrades of the traffic departments, one and all.

IF LIFE ON MARS, THEN WHAT?

Ever since creation widened in man's view and he beheld the infinity of space and the microcosm of his own planet, he has been depressed by his loneliness and by the unsympathetic depths of the ether. As the stellar sparks have twinkled at him, he has wondered if it is not in a language which longs to be interpreted, and which, if he could but understand, would deceive the interdict of time and space. Is nature so finite in her power of creation that she has not evolved other beings than man? If not, then she has been partial to this planet, and those who believe with Copernicus that the earth, a speck of dust in boundless space, is not the center of the universe, must revise their judgment. Is there reason why our extremely finite experience should be all of infinite nature? Is there reason why Nature cannot give the Martians, for example, four and five and six dimensions instead of three? Or eight and ten physical senses instead of five? Or ray vision, or magnetic power instead of muscular? Or rivers of unknown fluids, or trees of unknown properties? Is there reason to believe that the limit of intelligence is reached even in the most highly developed beings we can imagine?

Perhaps, as one planetary system is but of average magnitude among the infinities, so may our apprehension be. However, all cosmological speculation is forever doomed to vanity on account of the imperfectness of our experience, beyond which we cannot go. We are by no means sure even on this earth that all intelligent existence is organic. The emotions which control us, are they of ourselves or are we deceived? The sun which lights us, do we catch all the rays that come to us? The colors of the rose, do we find them all? The strains of the zither, do we hear every one?

If there are other habitable worlds, we conceive those best which most resemble our mundane conditions. So far as we know, Mars bears the greatest likeness to our planet. Venus may do so more, but we are unable to penetrate its mists. In our observation the possibility of active sentient life on other worlds than our own is greatest on Mars. And man's hope that he has neighbors in the sky who are sometimes as near as 35,000,000 miles has been strengthened by remarkable signs from that planet. The existence of canals and the fact that they follow the arcs of great circles; phenomena of vegetative green, with changes in the seasons; ice caps at the poles, which alternately come and go; the unmistakable presence of atmosphere and mists—all these suggest a resemblance to the earth such as comes from nowhere else. But if there are beings on Mars, it is not possible for us even to fancy their nature. Of course, the creatures of our imagination are always organic and such are the supposed Martians, for the reason that if not, they do not exist to us.

Distance between the two bodies is an effective barrier to observation. Our telescopes must be developed to an immeasurable degree to afford us satisfaction. And if the Martians can scrutinize our world they have means which are entirely unknown to us, for our telescopes at that distance could never penetrate the atmosphere of this planet. The example of Venus satisfies us on that point.

Although the rarity of atmosphere on Mars helps out our telescopes, it offers unexplained difficulties to our reason. The density of the air is a great deal less than ours, since the force of gravitation is about one-third as great as here. The atmosphere is hardly denser than that upon our highest mountains, where temperature is far below the freezing point in consequence. Unless, therefore, the volume of air is greater than ours, and the Martians have unexplained sources of heat, water is impossible and the function of the canals and the phenomena of the ice-caps are not understood by us. Some scientists have explained this latter difficulty by supposing the ice-caps are congealed carbon dioxide. According to mundane conditions, cold on Mars would be even more intense than the above considerations would indicate, since that planet receives only about half as much heat from the sun as does the earth. If the air of Mars is as dense as ours, we are in another dilemma. Atmospheric disturbances, such as we easily withstand, would be very destructive there, because of the small force of gravitation. A 100-pound mass on the earth would weigh about 37 pounds on Mars. This means adaptations in vegetative, physiological and artificial structures such as we can only guess at. Equilibrium is comparatively unstable there. Upright posture is very improbable of the Martians. We should be almost unable to walk on the planet. Objects would hardly stay where we placed them.

Another difficulty arises from the length of the Martial year. The body completes its orbit in 687 days. The constitution of our plants and vegetables is nicely adjusted to the length of our year. If the terrestrial year were lengthened, say six months, the functions of plants, as Whewell has pointed out, would be entirely deranged, the whole vegetable world involved in instant decay and rapid extinction.

Therefore, we may resolve that life on Mars is beyond the pale of our comprehension. Our telescopes are stubborn and our atmosphere probably foils the Martians. And we are perhaps just as well off. A world smaller than our own, another grain of sand on the shore of space and time, what could it avail us in the solving of an infinite riddle?

GOOD WORK WITH LITTLE NOISE.

Three steamships, having a combined carrying capacity of 9,000,000 feet of lumber, have been chartered to load at Portland this month. One of them goes to Manila on Government account, and the others to Taku, China. The two which load for China were chartered by the Pacific Export Lumber Company, of this city, a firm which has given Portland the distinction of clearing more big lumber cargoes than have been cleared from any other port in the world. The Portland Flouring Mills Company, of this city, has dispatched more big flour cargoes for the far East than have been sent out of any other port in the world. Both of these exporting firms, as well as a number of others of smaller but of growing importance, have advertised Portland and Oregon products all along the Oriental coast, from Vladivostock to Singapore. No other firm on earth has so strong a hold on the flour trade of the far East as that of the Portland concern. Its representatives were penetrating the innermost recesses of that land of mystery many years before some of the modern experts on Oriental trade knew there was such a thing, and the advertising this city and state has received has been of incalculable value.

This, however, is not intended as a homily on the work of the two firms mentioned, but is intended to set forth the fact that Portland has a greater foothold in the Oriental trade than the average citizen credits her with. The output of wheat and lumber in the State of Oregon, in point of value, overshadows all other products, and every additional bushel of wheat or foot of lumber that can find a market beyond the confines of the United States improves the market correspondingly for the remainder, which must be disposed of in this country. Flour and lumber constitute the bulk of the freight going across the Pacific to the new field for trade, and supply a volume of business of sufficient proportions to admit of the maintenance of six steamship lines between Pacific Coast ports and the Orient.

The service afforded by these lines has permitted experimental shipments of fruit, butter, beer, canned goods, paper, meats and other commodities, which individually and even collectively would not pay for the operation of a steamship line. Some of these articles, notably beer and paper, have got beyond the experimental stage, and have quite a prominent place on the manifests of steamers sailing from Portland, and in time this trade may reach proportions which will render it independent of flour and lumber ships for transportation. For the present, however, flour and lumber will be the foundation for all Oriental cargoes from this port, and also from Puget Sound. The total shipments from the two ports last season were over 2,000,000 barrels, equivalent to 9,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one-fourth of the entire crop of 1900 in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. A shortage of steamers on the Portland route last season forced considerable wheat to go by way of the Puget Sound ports, the lines running out of Seattle and Tacoma absorbing the local rate from this city, but this year an adequate service has been provided, and Portland will receive due credit for the business originating in her territory.

There has been considerable criticism about Portland failing to take advantage of opportunities in the Oriental trade, but before this becomes too general or sweeping it would be well to consider what the Oregon metropolis has done and is now doing in that field. Very few of Portland's citizens take the slightest interest in the city's shipping business, and many of those who are presumably in close touch with the matter have but a faint conception of its importance to the general welfare of the port. Regardless of this seeming neglect, there is a steady growth in the industry, and it is swelling into wonderful proportions, even while some are bewailing Portland's lack of enterprise in not making more noise about it.

CLIMATE AND TEMPERAMENT.

The prolonged hot spell covers a wide extent of country from New England to Kansas; from Minnesota to Arkansas. The Pacific Coast thus far has escaped the hot wave, which east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Ohio River has caused much suffering and many deaths. The extreme East and the extreme Middle West seem to have been equal sufferers, for the mercury last week stood at 109 at Nashua, N. H., and this week the same figures have been recorded at Wichita, Kan. During six days of excessive heat the deaths in Greater New York were 600; there were 150 prostrations in Boston and 64 deaths from heat occurred in Pittsburg, Pa., between last Saturday night and yesterday morning. In Philadelphia there were 50 deaths and 300 prostrations on Wednesday last. The hot wave in New York City and Philadelphia has exceeded the greatest previous record in duration and intensity, the maximum temperatures ranging from 90 to 102 degrees during the past ten days.

It is impossible to exaggerate the terrible suffering that such a hot wave inflicts upon persons who are enfeebled by sickness or old age, or are too poor to mitigate their distress by a flight to the seashore or the mountains, by a change of dress, diet and dwelling-place. The poor people, young and old, who infest the crowded tenements of great cities, are the greatest sufferers, and among them is found the greatest mortality. The suffering among the workingmen in the great city machine shops has been so severe that there were several cases of acute mania among workingmen in New York City. No wonder; the nerve-exhausting heat by day, the sleep-destroying heat by night, produce the same utter disorder of the whole system that follows the excessive and prolonged use of alcohol. So long as an alcoholic victim can eat and sleep, he gets along fairly well, but when his nerves have broken down so that he cannot sleep, then mania a potu is near at hand. So with a man who attempts to work at severe toil during a hot wave; he becomes exhausted and abnormally irritable under the exposure to the sun; he goes home seeking rest and finding none, because at midnight in his narrow room he finds not seldom a temperature of nearly 90 degrees, which makes sleep out of the question.

If the hot wave does not last more than two or three days, its hardship is borne without ill effects; but when it endures from ten days to two weeks the strongest men's nerves are broken, death by exhaustion follows, and not seldom violent insanity akin to mania a potu is one of the consequences of a prolonged hot spell. This is no exaggerated picture. The records of the weather bureau in the North Atlantic seaboard states and in the Middle West show every Summer a record of nearly two months of intensely hot weather; weather so hot as not only to interfere seriously with the comfort of existence, but also to impair the general health and sensibly shorten the duration of vigorous, active life, to say nothing of the injury to the nervous system and the increase of irritability of temper. The hot spell in the area we have named begins about the last quarter of June and lasts from ten days to two weeks; in July or August another hot wave of about equal duration may be expected, and a third in September. In Boston as late as the 25th of September, 1896, the mercury stood at 97 degrees in the shade. So common is very hot weather in New England in September that people do not return from the seacoast and the mountains before about the first of October. Besides these three hot waves that may be confidently expected, there are not seldom some very hot days in May and the first half of June at the East, so that it is entirely safe to say that between the 15th of May and the 1st of October there are at least fifty days when it is so hot that ordinary exertion is exhausting by day and sleep difficult by night.

No part of the country is so completely free from these conditions as the Pacific Coast of Washington and Oregon. There are very few hot days, and never any hot nights. The past month of June included but three days when the mercury rose above 80, touching 84, 86 and 87. Last year there was no day when the mercury rose above 90, and it is safe to say that there is no part of the United States where there are so many days when a man may live out of doors in comfort and so many nights when he is sure of sound sleep as in Western Oregon and Western Washington. It is true that a good deal of rain falls between the first week of November and the first week of March, but the rain is a drizzle, not a violent downpour. The rains are not cold; there is little snow, and the mercury seldom falls to zero the whole Winter long. The result is that the people of Oregon and Washington are able to live out of doors with comfort more days in the year, both Summer and Winter, than the people of the Atlantic seaboard or the Middle West. There is no severe heat to melt them into lassitude in Summer; no bitter cold to force them to hug the fireside in Winter; and because they spend so much of their lives pleasantly out of doors they are sure to be a far better people in mind, body and temper within fifty years than the people of New England and the Middle West, who are so often wilted with the heat in Summer and pinched with the cold in Winter that they perforce lose much of the pleasure and health to mind and body that is involved in outdoor life and exercise.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in this city according to standard methods, as judged by patriotic display of bunting, jostling crowds of eager, happy people, an exuberance of animal spirits finding expression in noise and a pyrotechnic display gotten up regardless of expense. The day was bright and balmy, the music inspiring, the military display good and the literary exercises were of the most approved type. Convincing proof that the public enjoys a Fourth of July celebration is found in the increased attendance, year after year, upon these festivals, which in the very nature of things present little that is new. In explanation of this, it may be said that the subtle instinct of patriotism, old yet ever new, makes light of heat, dust and discomfort (or the greater discomfort of being abroad in one's good clothes in the rain, as the case may be), though prone to make complaint at the time. It is thus that the multitude presses forward with renewed eagerness each year as the "Glorious Fourth" rolls around. To the careworn and weary the "celebration" is a bore if not a nuisance, but to the great multitude, in whose natures the fires of youth and expectation have not been banked by time and care, the Fourth of July is a day which, attached to the endless chain of the years, comes regularly to the surface, bringing pleasures distinctively its own.

Germany, when not at war with herself, makes some other wars pay. The following table, showing the effect of the wars in South Africa, the Philippines and China on the German export trade since 1897, comes from the Consulate at Stettin:

	1900.	1899.	1898.
Transvaal ...	$ 380,800	$ 2,713,200	$ 2,165,800
Cape Town ...	2,975,000	2,689,400	3,464,528
Philippines ..	1,499,400	642,600	595,000
China	12,590,200	12,042,800	11,426,380

An export trade that grows in three years from $666,400 to $1,499,400 is worth picking up at the expense of war waged by another nation. This is the record of increase of German exports to the Philippines since 1897, and is substantial enough to reconcile Germany to a continuation of the war. German exports to China have also increased materially in the same period, though they have fallen off enormously in the Transvaal and to a considerable extent in Cape Town. From this showing we can readily believe that Germany would hail with pleasure the end of the South African war.

The London Saturday Review, in an article on Madame Sarah Grand's lectures, says that this distinguished woman is mistaken in asserting that her sex has only just escaped regarding man with awe and veneration. Sovereign woman, the Review says, has probably always thought meanly of man, only now she prints her views and will never be really content until she has rewritten the first chapter of Genesis and produced a pendant to the story in which woman—

Took up with the first devil she could find
And, for an apple, coolly damned mankind.

Madame Sarah Grand speaks only for women of her own sort, who are out of all natural relations with life; and the Saturday Review's words are merely a satire on gynocratic ambition. It would be a sad world if common sense were not the controlling factor in it.

Balmy Spring touched hands with midsummer yesterday, giving a day of ideal beauty, the memory of which should linger with our people at least long enough to stifle next year the familiar declaration that "it always rains on the Fourth of July."

Bryan would excommunicate all Democrats who deny the Kansas City dogma. This means something, since the dogma is Bryanistic, not Democratic.

Secretary Wilson says we can starve Europe. He would better stay out of range of the Kaiser if he would be innocent of lese majeste.

"Dewey chasers" have jogged our memories. Fame is a thing inexplicable.

It looks as if Shamrock I is entirely too fast.

You're Another.

Chicago Chronicle.

There has been no convocation authorized to speak for the Democratic party of the Nation for nearly a year. Mr. Foraker is warranted, therefore, in assuming that the Democratic party has not changed, judging it by its own official record.

But it is just as true of the Republican party as it is of the Democratic party that nobody knows to a certainty what it means to do or can agree to do about most of these matters, which are of very great importance.

THEY ARE NOT ALL BEGGARS.

New York Times.

In a letter to the Times which we printed yesterday General Sickles deplores the severe language we have felt compelled to employ in commenting on the pension-grabbing propensities of the Grand Army of the Republic. "The Grand Army of the Republic and those it represents," he tells us, "ask nothing but justice and fair play from the Government they sought to save and did save from destruction." But, really, the General says nothing in his letter that tends to remove the stain put upon the reputation of the Grand Army by the notorious activity of its officers and representatives in striving to make mendicants of the entire organization by demanding always more and higher pensions. He says nothing to refute the assertion of that gallant soldier, Colonel George E. Waring, that the Grand Army is made up of "a lot of pension bummers."

There is not a word or a line in his letter that can stand against the statements contained in this communication which has come to the Times:

Baltimore, Md., June 27, 1901.—(To the Editor of the New York Times.)—As an old soldier of the Union during the Civil War, let me congratulate you on the editorial in today's Times on "Mr. Evans and General Sickles." You state some plain truths plainly that ought to be driven home among old soldiers. It is my belief that the pension payments annually are now at least double what they ought to be. In this very city today are several men of ample incomes drawing pensions that they do not need, and, worse than that, there is hardly a surviving veteran of the Civil War who cannot if he will report plenty of cases where pensions have been paid for years to men who did not deserve them, either for wounds or real disabilities occasioned by the war. General Sickles has a good war record, but he should be ashamed to confess that he is now aiding the pension agents and sharks who are trying to oust the ablest and best Commissioner of Pensions we have had for years. If President McKinley consents to this crime against the Nation, and yields to these efforts, so much the worse for his reputation, already sullied by his action in the matter of his appointment of Mr. Rodenberg to the Civil Service Commission.

To my old Army friends I would say, as Senator Hawley (himself a gallant veteran) once said to a delegation urging him to vote for more pensions, "For God's sake, don't let people think we are all beggars."

H. P. GODDARD.

General Sickles recites a few instances of what he considers unjust treatment of applications in the Pension Bureau during the administration of Commissioner Evans, and in a familiar strain he lauds the old soldier:

I know something, sir, of the character of the Union soldier. I have seen him in battle and on the march, in the bivouac and on the picket line. I have witnessed his sacrifices, his heroism, his unselfishness, and his love of flag and country. I am sorry to say that I have also witnessed much of the injustice of which he has been the victim in the pension office and elsewhere.

This does not explain or justify the astounding fact that 35 years after the close of the war we have 1,000,000 names on the pension list and are paying out in pensions $140,000,000 annually. The Times did explain how this comes about a few years ago, when it investigated a certain number of specimen pension cases in Northern New York. The method employed was to examine the pension applications for that district, ascertain in each case what were the grounds of the application, and then hunt up the receiver of the pension. One sturdy, athletic man in receipt of the full pension for total disability was found to be the champion wheelman of his village; another physical wreck, totally disabled and in receipt of a pension which was to keep his body and soul together, was found to be the owner of a very comfortable estate, and when visited was engaged in shingling his barn; others were healthy, capable men, earning good wages or salaries, yet drawing pensions for total disability. In most every village and neighborhood throughout the North the undeserving pensioner is to be found. Everybody knows from one to a score of cases where the pension has been obtained by perjury and is received in fraud. It is this general knowledge that has evoked the indignant protest against the pension roll of a million names, of which it is evident that something like one-half must have been placed there by perjury and fraud. The pension system is rotten, rotten to the very core, and General Sickles has ranged himself on the side of the sharks and suborners of perjury who have labored successfully and profitably to make it a roll of dishonor. It is astonishing that a man of his reputation should take up the cudgels with so much earnestness in support of the rascally pension agents whose fraudulent designs Pension Commissioner Evans has striven to thwart.

Honesty Is the Best Policy.

Chicago Chronicle.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, the anti-canteen crusader, has placed himself in a corner where his veracity is seriously questioned. Some time ago he declared that he had seen at the Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee more than 20 men drunk on the floor near the canteen which is maintained in that institution. Colonel Wheeler, the Governor of the Milwaukee Home, denied the truth of the statement. Then Dr. Parkhurst was so indiscreet as to particularize. He said that he was at the Milwaukee Home the day of the payment of pensions in March, 1892; that he visited the home to investigate canteen influences and that he found "at least three dozen men drunk on the floor." He adds that Governor Wheeler was not then in command at the Milwaukee Home. Proof shows that the day in 1892 described by Dr. Parkhurst is well remembered by officers of the home, and that not a single case of drunkenness occurred at or about that time. Our great ministerial reformers must cultivate either their memories or the virtue of veracity.

Interested in the Tariff.

Minneapolis Times.

Straws show which way the wind blows, as the world has been told before, and a significant straw is the fact that the New England Free Trade League reports a gain of 50 new members last month, and is receiving many requests daily for its tariff trust articles, mainly from the West. People everywhere are taking a lively interest in the tariff question for the reason that there is fresh evidence every day that our commercial and industrial future demands a revision of the Dingley bill to meet new conditions.

The Professional Old Soldiers and the Attorneys.

New York Sun.

After four years of admirable service Commissioner Evans is well prepared to withstand the attacks of the professional old soldiers and the claim attorneys behind them. He was never stronger in the confidence and esteem of the public generally. He has been and is a credit to the present Administration, and it is likely that he was never appreciated more highly than now by the Secretary of the Interior and the President.

Shameless in Its Rascality.

New York Journal.

The Tweed ring in New York worked in the dark. But in Philadelphia crime is naked and unashamed. Secure in the possession of mountainous majorities in the city and the state, buttressed by 80,000 fraudulent votes, with every department of the government, executive, legislative and judicial, in its control, the gang robs openly, with no attempt to cover its tracks.

Up to the President.

Hartford Times.

Of course, there is nothing for Mr. Evans to do now except to go up to the White House and ask the President if General Sickles speaks the truth. We do not believe there will be any denial on the part of the President, and there ought to be a new Pension Commissioner very soon—a man who will not tread on the corns of the pension sharks.

ROCKEFELLER'S GOSPEL.

Effort to Fix Class Distinction in Our Educational System.

Helena, Mont., Herald, Rep.

In addressing the students of Chicago University a few days since, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame, made use of the following significant language:

We shall continue in the future, as in the past, to need great men and women in the commercial and professional world, but we shall also need just as much men and women who can and will fill the humblest positions uncomplainingly and acceptably.

It would be difficult to formulate a policy of class distinctions that is more clearly defined than the foregoing, and it is presumed that the institution of learning endowed by the coal oil king, and therefore under his domination, will proceed to educate one class of students into "great men and women" to handle the finances of the country, and another class to "fill the humblest positions uncomplainingly and acceptably."

Mr. Rockefeller, in using the word "acceptably," did not state who should be the judge of what is or is not "acceptable," but it is fair to assume that this duty will fall upon the "great men and women" who have charge of the "commercial and professional world."

In other words, if Mr. Rockefeller's advice is followed, the class distinctions, artificially erected by wealth against our theory of government, will be recognized in educational affairs.

This will, of course, lead to a "higher education" for the children of the wealthy, who, as "great men and women," of the Rockefeller type, must take charge of the professional and commercial affairs of the world, while the children of the poor are placed in a school that will train them to "fill the humblest positions uncomplainingly and acceptably."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Rockefeller would build up an aristocracy of wealth as the ruling class, subordinating the poor to the menial vocations of life, his entire lecture before the university being pregnant with that idea to one who can weigh the import of his words.

Utterances of this type are not calculated to impress the masses of men with confidence in the alms and purposes of such men as the great trust leaders have proved themselves to be.

While assuming a benevolent spirit, in that they contribute a few easily won dollars in the gamble of life to educational institutions that are run in the interests of the "principles" they represent, they are undermining the foundations of our government by destroying and uprooting the idea of equality before the law.

New Navy Medal Designs.

Chicago Tribune.

Congress ordered that two medals be struck to commemorate the achievements of the United States Navy in the campaign in the West Indies during the Spanish-American war; of these one is to be known as the battle medal and the other as the meritorious service medal. Acting upon the unanimous recommendation of the Naval Board of Awards, Secretary of the Navy Long has just approved two designs for the battle medals.

In its report to Secretary Long the board on awards took particular pains to point out that the battle medal is not conferred for services rendered in any one engagement. It is, as Congress ordered, intended for all of the men who participated in the West Indian campaign, and so it will go to those who were in Santiago or at Ponce, or at San Juan, or at Matanzas, or at Cardenas, or off Cienfuegos, or to the fortunate few who were in all of these battles.

The board stated that it placed Sampson's head upon the medal because he was Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian squadron, as the head of Dewey was placed on the Manila medal. But the medal will not be known as the Santiago medal in particular, for the reason that it will bear upon the reverse the name of the decisive battle in which the recipient participated. The additional battles will be represented by separate bars attached to the suspending ribbon, the latter red, white and blue, one bar for each battle. Thus in the case of an officer like Wainwright, who figured in many engagements, the bars will be almost as conspicuous as the medal.

The Sampson portrait is in profile, taken from a likeness made just before the outbreak of the Spanish war. On this face of the medal the inscription reads:

"United States Naval Campaign in the West Indies, 1898—William Thomas Sampson, Commander-in-Chief."

The suspending bar above bears the American eagle over a design in oak leaves.

The reverse of the medal marks the Government's recognition of the splendid services of "The Man Behind the Gun." Surrounding the picture on the rim of the medal is a handsome laurel wreath. The inscription would read like this:

"Santiago (or Cienfuegos or San Juan, etc.), July 3 (or the appropriate date), 1898. John Smith, seaman, U. S. S. Texas."

Bryan on Guard.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dean Stanley used to tell a story of a man with whom he had once conversed in Scotland, who assured him he had seen the Highlanders in the rising of '45 pass through his country. When he asked him how he remembered it, the man replied: "I was a boy at the time, herding kye, and they told me that there were men coming that way who had no trousers and who might steal mine, so I took my trousers off and hid them in a hole in a wall. That's how I remember it." Bryan is haunted with a notion that somebody is plotting to steal his "principles," which are all the "pants" he possesses, and he has them stored in a wall in Nebraska and stands guard over them day and night, shouting at weekly intervals that nobody will ever be allowed to get 'em.

Why She Was Mad.

Motherhood.

One morning, in kindergarten, a wee mite of womanhood had been trying to attract the teacher by every resource of which she was capable, without directly saying she had something to tell. Finally the young girl went over and sat beside her, whereupon little Rachel flounced her skirts, puckered up her forehead, and, clinching her hand, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, but I'm mad." The teacher was surprised, for Rachel had seemed to be laboring under a delightful secret. "And why is little Miss Sunshine angry?" asked the instructor.

"Well, everybody was mad at our house this morning. Mama scolded Sister Jane, and auntie scolded mamma, and papa said, 'Oh, darn,' and left the table, so I guess I can be cross, too."

Northwest to the Rescue.

New York Tribune.

The wheat crop which the Northwest is about to harvest will, it is predicted, break all records for magnitude—a bit of news which countries with deficits in their usual stores of cereals will hear with a feeling of thankfulness that in at least one of the world's great granaries there is always enough and to spare.

Some of the Advantages.

Washington Star.

Oh, gather round, benighted folk,
And learn your little books,
For fear the bullets and the smoke
Will ruin your good looks.
'Tis plain that you have never yet
With thoroughness surmised
The various benefits you get
By being civilized.

Now we can wear our heavy coats
The sultry Summer through,
With lofty collars round our throats
And well-starched bosoms, too.
Then, oh! how can you hesitate,
Since luxury so prized
Shall surely be your happy fate
When you are civilized.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

How quiet it seems this morning!

What is so rare as a clear Fourth of July?

"After me the hospital ward," said the cannon firecracker.

The hold-up industry is never embarrassed by a strike.

The weather clerk evidently forgot that it was the Fourth of July.

The children who came home with all their digits were the exceptions.

Perhaps in a day or two we shall not be worried about where we left our umbrellas.

The bomb-throwing hoodlum will not have a chance to risk other people's lives for another year.

The clamor for the great American novel becomes louder. Will Mary Johnston please come forward?

Let us hope that the epidemic of sunstroke in the East laid out some of the is-it-hot-enough-for-you fiends.

Now that down-town real estate has begun to move, the city should tie down those sliding lands back of the park.

Now that the Filipinos have been fully pacified, why not proceed to establish a satisfactory government in Philadelphia?

The native employes in a Singapore bank have been robbing it. Western civilization, it seems, is rapidly adopted by the people of Singapore.

However agreeable King Edward may be to visiting Americans, he will never be forgiven by those Kansans whose "loyalty" he commended.

When the clinking of the coin in his pocket grows so loud that it annoys him J. P. Morgan takes a few hundred thousand of it out and buys a steamship with it.

Perhaps the fact that $30,000 is missing from the San Francisco mint is due to the contraction of the currency which the Populists promised as a result of the gold standard.

We understand that although our friend Mr. Wettin has been obliged to sell some of his wine, he will be able to keep out of the bankruptcy courts for several years to come.

A small but patriotic boy, when asked by Paterfamalias to write out a list of what he would like for the Fourth, responded as follows: "Sixsteen bunches of Flar crackurs; pistul and thurty boxis of Caps; sum moar flar Crackurs; brass canon wot Shutes powdir and bullits; dubble barl Shotgun; moar Flar Crackurs; torpedoze, about a hundrid boxis; lots of Romin canduls; ski rockits, pin wheels, fortean nigur chasurs and sum moar flar crackurs—p. S. If you have enny monie left bi me a nother Bunch of flar crackurs."

A most encouraging and hopeful sign of the times was the manner in which all the city and county employes hushed the voice which bade them go forth and celebrate yesterday, and remained at their desks all the long holiday in arduous labor, while their employers, the public, were out under the open sky, listening to bands, exploding fireworks, wooing the dainty Summer girl, or sipping water ices in electrically-cooled refreshment parlors. It is by no means easy to sit secluded and alone on a day of public rejoicing, and, turning a deaf ear to the seductive strains of music as it floats in through the window, give one's best thought to one's duties, especially if those duties be of an official nature. Consequently, all the young men about the City Hall and Courthouse who went to work at the peep of dawn and stayed slaving at their desks till long after the last set piece of the fireworks had said good-night to the applauding multitude, are deserving of the highest commendation. Not a single city or county officer was absent from his desk during the day. When no one came in to transact business, back work claimed their attention, and in a single day's hard labor many affairs which have long been unattended to were straightened out, and the officials and clerks plodded wearily homeward at midnight, conscious that something attempted, something done, had earned their night's repose.

It should, perhaps, be stated that the foregoing article was written by a young man who has long occupied the position as a war correspondent in Shanghai, and who happened to stop over in Portland on his way to the Fiction Congress at Buffalo.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"What ground has he for expecting to get her?" "Ground enough! He owns three ranches in California."—Brooklyn Life.

Patience—The man I marry must know as much as I do. Patrice—What! No more than that, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

Judging by Their Appearance.—"There go the Capstons. They are worth a lot." "Indeed! How many months have they had it?"—Puck.

Von Blumer—Look here, can't we get along with a less expensive church pew? Mrs. Von Blumer—Possibly. But I don't want to do anything to jeopardize our social position.—Town and Country.

Ma—It's time we thought of Grace getting married—she is already 22 years old. Pa—Oh, let her wait till the right sort of a man comes along! Ma—Why wait? I didn't!—Tit-Bits.

Not Versed in Social Customs.—"They're dreadfully plebeian, aren't they?" "Fearfully! Why, the cards for our reception said 'From 8 to 12,' and they arrived before half-past nine."—Washington Star.

A Chicago Circumstance.—"I hear Mrs. Wedmore wants a divorce." "Oh, yes, she is trying to get in our best society, you know, and she's so afraid people will think she is happily married."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Happy Thought.—Harry—Oh, Nellie, darling, I'm so unhappy! I feel we shall never get your father's consent to our marriage. Nellie—Oh, Harry, dear, I feel we shall. I have an idea! We must get mamma to object, and it's sure to come right!

Extremes.—Mrs. Crawford—So you haven't found the course of lectures on cooking you attended to be of much practical use. Mrs. Crabshaw—No, my dear. They either told you how to prepare terrapin and canvasback, or else how to live on 15 cents a day.—Life.

At the Shore.—"That rich Mr. Singleton is quite a big gun, isn't he?" asked Rose. "Yes," said Lily, "but I can tell you one thing, he isn't a pop-gun."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Comedian (on the defensive)—But you know there are only seven real jokes in the world, it is said. The Soubrette—I know; what puzzles me is that you have never happened upon any of them.—Tit-Bits.

Reconciled.—"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I haven't a word to say against your playing golf any more." "I am glad of that." "No. I think it is a very useful game. The man who was working here this morning said that your new golf sticks were perfectly lovely to beat carpets with."—Washington Star.