The Oregonian.

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

TELEPHONES.
Editorial Rooms.....166 | Business Office...667

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year 2 00
The Weekly, per year 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.
United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 16-page paper.....1c
18 to 32-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

Puget Sound Bureau—Captain A. Thompson, office at 1111 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. Box 955, Tacoma Postoffice.

Eastern Business Office—43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 469 "The Rookery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 250 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 106 So. Spring street.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 W. Second South street.

For sale in Ogden by W. C. Kind, 204 Twenty-fifth street.

On file at Buffalo, N. Y., in the Oregon exhibit at the exposition.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House newsstand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventh street.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Generally fair and slightly warmer, with northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 68; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, 0.00.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 10.

HOW WE LEARN.

In the pages of the North American Review for July he who runs may read the doom of many age-long economic superstitions. Three timely and trenchant articles are there, but easily the best is that of Mr. Harold Cox, an English economist of repute. Mr. Cox adverts to the shortsightedness of those who are incapable of seeing that our keenest commercial rivals are also our best customers, and that their prosperity adds to ours. He adds a sarcastic reference to people of ability who are apparently unable to grasp the elementary fact that the advantages of trade must be mutual. As he aptly remarks, it is one of the curious facts in connection with debates upon international trade that the disputants frequently seem to forget altogether the fundamental human motives that lie at the root of all trade—a forgetfulness which is sometimes carried to the point of confusing plus with minus, profit with loss. The point of this accusation is to be found in Mr. Charles R. Flint's recent exultant statement that the figures which he quotes show that for every dollar's worth of goods imported by us and produced by the cheap labor of the [illegible] we are selling to those cheap [illegible]ers themselves two dollars' worth. But, as Mr. Cox asks in reply, how can a man grow rich by giving two dollars' worth of stuff in exchange for one dollar's worth? The truth is that if the United States were really doing such a trade as Mr. Flint argues, even its splendid resources would not long stand the strain. But this is only part of the confusion which arises from a misapprehension of the role which money plays in trade. Money is only the means by which trade is conducted, and, in the gradual perfection of modern exchange, this once solid go-between is rapidly losing all substantial existence. Transactions amounting to thousands of millions of dollars are yearly disposed of without the transference of a single metal coin or paper note.

What our half-educated economists seem never able to understand is that trade is, and in essence always has been, and always must be, merely barter—the exchange of goods against goods. If America sends goods to Britain the exchange is not complete until Britain sends back other goods to America, or to some third country from which America buys. This point is elaborated by Professor Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor Bullock, of Williams College. The former makes a lucid summary of the foreign trade situation, somewhat to the following effect: During the greater part of the nineteenth century the United States imported capital from the Old World because its industries yielded the highest net returns. If our people had not been large producers and generous buyers, investments in the United States would not have paid and foreign capital would not have come. In those years the imports of the United States far exceeded the exports—an excess which, roughly speaking, represented the amount of capital we were borrowing from Europe. If one nation borrows from another the loan must take concrete shape, either in gold or goods, and we took our borrowed capital mainly in goods. As the proportion of foreign capital invested in new enterprises declined, and as our factories and farms, mines and forests, began sending dividends and interest to foreign stockholders and bondholders, our exports of merchandise began to exceed our imports. We could not have paid these dividends in gold without exhausting our stock of the yellow metal in a few years, so the payments were made in the produce of our lands and the products of our factories. Within the last three years the excess of exports over imports has reached a figure so enormous as to suggest the conclusion that the American people are paying back the principal of their indebtedness, and are now even lending in the very markets where they borrowed ten years ago.

The theoretical maintenance of the balance of trade fallacy is humiliating, but not particularly harmful. It is only when it is applied in practice that it becomes dangerous. Its gravest aspect just now is in the restraint upon trade effected through tariffs based on the conception that we can force other countries to buy of us, while simultaneously we refuse to buy generously of them. The thing is impossible, of course; and the plain consequence of our efforts is a burden upon our own producers and consumers, and the spirit of resentment and retaliation in our European customers. It is contemplated to cram our wares down the throats of terrorized Europe, the while we stand ready with a club to brain the first European who dares approach our ports with wares of his own to sell us. All this is diametrically opposed to the true idea that trade is mutually beneficial, and that we are profited by our purchases as well as by our sales. The truth so long ago set out by Adam Smith is at last being borne in upon the minds of this Nation, proudly calling itself the most progressive and alert. Study, however, has not brought it, but the development of our production to such point that foreign markets become necessary. The only school we have been willing to learn in is that of experience, and the fact is not flattering to our discernment.

THE DAY WE LOOK FOR.

Complaint is naturally made that children abuse the privileges of the park by running indiscriminately on the lawns and plucking flowers from the beds. The time will come when the park will include a stretch of ground, as does the Central Park, in New York City, where children can romp and roll on the grass. This vast stretch of meadow is given up entirely to sports for old and young. Hundreds of young men and women play tennis there all through the Summer season, and it is the recognized picnic ground of the park where on Saturday in Summer you may see thousands upon thousands of children from all parts of Manhattan Island, who roll and romp and tumble about to their hearts' content. On the lawn babies roll about, and the whole place fairly swarms with children, who are as free to play on the grass as if it were prairie. Franklin Park, in Boston, has similar playgrounds for children of all ages.

The Middlesex Fells, near Boston, is a vast tract of primitive woodland which has been enclosed and dedicated to the use of the public by the metropolitan park government. This woodland is penetrated by splendid cement roads for driving, and there are paths for pedestrians, but there is no other attempt to reform the face of nature; it is a park, but it is a natural park. The woodland has not been invaded; nor the trees trimmed out; nor the bushes exterminated. The thickets are such as would be found in any bit of natural woodland. Here the boys can go and wander in the woods; they can pick wild flowers and gather plants to their hearts' content, and there are no signs warning them against picking flowers or mutilating shrubs. They are as free to wander about and play in this great tract of woodland as if they were in the Adirondacks or the forests of Maine. Of course, they are restrained from building fires or any organized wanton destruction of trees, just as they would be in any forest, whether of public or private ownership, but they are free from all the systematic restraints of an ordinary public park that has been converted by the engineer and the landscape gardener into a condition of artificial beauty that can be viewed by the naked eye, but is forbidden to be touched by the naked hands of children, young or old.

Some day our city park will include a playground where children will not be obliged to keep off the grass; will include a stretch of natural woodland where the boys will be permitted to go as they please. Not content with furnishing the people with a natural forest park, certain citizens of Boston urge that a water park ought to be included, and the argument for the improvement among other things includes the following:

> There is no reason why the city of Boston should be deprived of the beauty and dignity to be obtained from the treatment of the whole basin on lines similar to the Alster basin at Hamburg; and there is no reason why every able-bodied boy should not have a chance, every fine Winter's afternoon, to put on his skates at Charles street, in practically the center of the city, and skate in the fresh air and sunshine to his heart's content.

One of the most charming sights of New York City is the swarm of merry children, freely playing on the grass of the Battery Park, hard by the rattling pavements and rushing elevated trains and surging crowds and the dismal walls of Castle Garden. In the celebrated Druid Hill Park of Baltimore, one of the finest pieces of woods, lake and landscape in America, the odious sign, "keep off the grass," has never been raised, and children play on its slopes as gaily as the deer that wander freely through its shady thickets and drink from its clear, cool ponds. It will be an honorable day for Portland's Park Commission when it can turn the children loose in the parks to play upon the grass.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HOG.

The attitude of Chile toward the Pan-American Congress, which was to be held next October, in the City of Mexico, if persisted in, will render that Congress abortive through Chile's refusal to submit any existing controversy to arbitration. The specific purpose of the Congress is to put an end to wars between American republics by an agreement that all disputes shall be settled by arbitration instead of the sword. Chile is convinced that she has much less to gain by arbitration from her old antagonist Peru than by war, and consequently she declines thus far to take part in a Pan-American Congress unless all existing controversies be excluded from consideration. Chile has taken from Bolivia that power's only outlet on the Pacific, and has deprived Peru of the coast province of Tarapaca, which contains probably the most valuable nitrate deposits in South America. Chile maintains a standing army and a fleet out of all proportion to her population and tax-paying capacity, because she contemplates further aggrandizement on the south and and southeast than she acquired by the treaty of Ancon in 1883, following her victorious contest with Peru and Bolivia.

Chile has been guilty of bad faith in respect to the fulfillment of the conditions of this treaty, by which she agreed that at the end of ten years from the beginning of 1884 the inhabitants of the two provinces of Tacna and Arica, temporarily occupied by her, should determine by a plebiscite to which nation, whether Peru or Chile, they would permanently belong. The plebiscite ought to have been taken in 1894, but it was not until four years later that Chile's representative signed a protocol by which it was agreed to refer to the Queen of Spain, as arbitrator, the conditions under which the appeal to the people of the disputed provinces should be made. This protocol, to be operative, had to be sanctioned by the respective congresses of the signatory powers. The Peruvian congress promptly ratified it, and it was approved by Chile's executive and Senate. But the Chilean Chamber of Deputies delayed action for three years and finally rejected it upon the flimsy pretext that Chile cannot "in honor" refer to arbitration the question whether her subjects now resident in Tacna and Arica shall be permitted to take part in the plebiscite. These alleged Chilean residents of Tacna and Arica do not number one-tenth of the population of those provinces. The true reason for Chile's action was the fact that since the treaty of Ancon was concluded valuable deposits of nitrates have been discovered in the territory temporarily occupied, and Chile is reluctant to relinquish possession of them.

Chile is the South American hog, and unless she is more circumspect in her treatment hereafter of her neighbors, she will meet the fate of Paraguay. Under Lopez, Paraguay provoked a quarrel with Uruguay and Brazil, and the result was that she became involved in a ruinous war, in which two-thirds of her arms-bearing population perished on the battle-field. The insolent behavior of Chile is likely to involve her before many years in a war with Argentina, Peru and Bolivia, which cannot but result in her defeat and consequent industrial and commercial depression for many years. The people of Chile are more warlike and energetic than those of Peru and Bolivia, but in Argentina Chile would meet a formidable foe, for her army, while not quite equal in paper strength to that of Chile, can be easily increased, as Argentina has about a million more inhabitants than Chile, and her fighting stock is quite as good. Peru and Bolivia are not formidable from a military standpoint, and yet together they would prove strong enough to turn the scale heavily against Chile, if she became involved in a decisive war with Argentina. Altogether, Chile is an unpleasant little power; she has the pugnacity of a bantam and the greediness of a hog.

NOT SURE OF HIS FACTS.

In his address to the graduating class at Cornell University, President Schurman said that while in the industrial sphere we lead the world "in the intellectual we are content to be underlings. In art, in literature, in scholarship, in science, we are a long way behind Europe. Apart from the domain of politics and invention, America has not produced a single man or woman whose name will shine in the intellectual firmament with Raphael, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Newton, La Place, Goethe, Darwin."

President Schurman resembles the late Rev. Flavius Josephus Cook in one respect; he is not as sure of his facts as he ought to be for so portentous a public dogmatist. The oldest astronomical observatory in the United States was established in 1844, and since that date Americans have discovered two satellites of Mars, one of Jupiter, two of Saturn—five in all. Since the establishment of the Lick Observatory in California, about half the comets have been discovered by observers in California. For many years more than half the asteroids were discovered in America. In the department of stellar spectroscopy the American work is distinctly more precise than the European. In the field of general spectroscopy Harvard's observatory leads the world. In the spectroscopy of the sun, Chicago is slightly in advance of even Paris, which leads all Europe. English astronomers have just confirmed American eclipse observations made in 1870. The comparatively recent discovery of the variability of the latitudes of places of the earth was made in America. In mathematical astronomy, our best masters surpass in their work any foreigner now living. The photometric work of Harvard University equals that of Potsdam. The New York Sun says:

> The acknowledged authorities in the fields of variable and of double stars are Americans. The very constants used in constructing the nautical almanacs of England, France and Germany were furnished by the researches of an American. Our entire knowledge of the invisible heat spectrum is due to an American. The sextant, the zenith telescope, the chronograph, the methods for determining longitude by telegraph, the concave diffraction grating which has revolutionized spectroscopy, Sumner's method in navigation, the interference methods, the echelon spectroscope—all were invented in America.

The name of Franklin in science is as immortal as that of La Place. President Schurman is absurd in his citation of Raphael, for the Italian art of which Raphael was the bright, consummate flower, ceased its productivity with the sixteenth century. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, Macaulay, in his essay on Dryden, long ago pointed out that the peculiar conditions of the age of Dante and of the Elizabethan age had so completely disappeared never to return that "Italy would never produce another Inferno or England another Hamlet." England has not produced another Newton nor another Darwin within the hundred years of our National existence, nor has Germany any Goethe today. To reproach our civilization that in its first one hundred years it did not produce a Raphael in art, a Newton in science, a Shakespeare in poetry or a Goethe in philosophy, is as absurd as it would be to reproach all the leading nations of the world because they have not matched France in producing a Bonaparte.

The lame and impotent implied conclusion of President Schurman is that if our universities were like European universities we should have great men. President Schurman seems to have forgotten that very few of the world's great men have owed anything to university training. Raphael, Shakespeare and La Place were never pupils of a university. Neither John Bright nor Richard Cobden, nor Huxley, nor Faraday were ever pupils of a university. Of the 670 members of the British House of Commons, only 142, or about one-fifth, were educated at Oxford. President Schurman seems to forget that the world's roll of honor in science includes Agassiz and Marsh in natural history and paleontology; Whitney, who was superior to Max Muller in Oriental languages; Dana in geology, Pickering in astronomy, Gray in botany. From every point of view, President Schurman's criticism is absurd. He compares the productivity of five centuries of an old civilization like that of Europe with the productivity of the first century of the American people, whose whole spirit has been necessarily concentrated upon subduing to the use of mankind the resources of a country one-half of which was practically unexplored fifty years ago.

So far as pure literature is concerned, we have nothing in poetry or fiction today that is of notable merit, but Great Britain is no better off than we are in this respect. Our season of productivity of works of the imagination is at an end, and so is that of Great Britain. The literature of history and criticism is excellently represented in both England and America, but in imaginative productivity England has had no poetry since Tennyson; no great fiction since George Eliot. Isolation, insularity explains much of the strength and defects of the English people, and the spirit and practice of expansion explains much of the quality and eccentricity of the American people. Institutions rather than blood explain the difference between England and Ireland, and England's institutions are in a large measure the gift of circumstance. And so it can be said of America that the difference between its civilization and that of Great Britain and the Continent is not due to the presence or absence of great universities, but to the peculiar mission and work with which America has found itself confronted in its first century of growth.

The developments of the next few weeks will enable the public to learn whether the Waterhouse pull for Seattle or the Southern Pacific pull from San Francisco is the stronger. In the matter of chartering transports to the Government at high prices, Mr. Waterhouse, of Seattle, made the San Francisco men look like the traditional three dimes. Emboldened by his success in that direction, the Seattle man exploited a steamship line to the Far East, with the expectation of securing enough freight from the Government to make its operation profitable and at the same time leave enough space on the ship for private business from which to pile up dividends. The line was established, and a magnificent scheme for docks and terminal facilities was outlined. At this juncture, the Pacific Mail took a hand in the business, and to show the Government that they were still on earth and their ships on the sea, offered to move hay from Seattle to Manila at a rate so much under the Waterhouse prices that they were awarded the contract. Now, according to advices from San Francisco, the influential men of that city are laying the wires for securing enough freight at regular intervals to admit of the operation of a steamship line between San Francisco and Manila. If our neighbors on the north and south fight hard enough for this business, the Government may settle the dilemma by giving the freight to the Portland steamers that are nearer to the base of supplies which are in greatest need in Manila than either of the other lines. Meanwhile the Seattle line is sending one of its steamers to Portland to secure a cargo for Europe, being unable to find business for the vessel on Puget Sound.

Without presuming to pass upon the justice or injustice with which the ex-members of the Board of Women Managers of the Pan-American Exposition from the State of Washington were treated by the officials of that state, it may be submitted that the women who contended for their "rights" in this case, in their itemized showing of expenses incident to their appointment and subsequent disappointment, made an exhibition of feminine weakness or vanity quite at variance with their claim as a business proposition, pure and simple. Upon the supposition that they were to go to Buffalo, there to render certain service for the state, for which, of course, the state would pay, they indulged in the purchase of new dresses at the cost of $140 each, which sum the state was asked, among other items, to pay. This claim its hard-hearted Auditor—a great, horrid man—refused to allow. He was more generous, however, in the matter of an allowance to cover the cost of a ticket for each to Buffalo, and something more—enough perhaps to pay the lawyers engaged to push the matter to a legal conclusion. In the meantime, the honorary ex-commissioners have the dresses. Presumably they are paid for. They have also the pleasure of knowing that the public knows they have them. Perhaps it might be possible to get a full description of these garments in the newspapers of the state, and thus show stiff-necked legislators and other state officials what the "woman's display" of the State of Washington at the great Pan-American Exposition lacked or lost by their unmannerly parsimony. Revenge is said to be sweet. Flavored with this essence, it should be delightful.

The New York Independent generously attributes General Sickles' unseemly declaration that were he twenty years younger he would not hesitate to lead a mob that would wreck the offices of the newspapers which criticise the Grand Army scramble for pensions, to the possibility that the irate veteran "feels the hot weather." Certainly there is evidence in his wrathful speech that something has "flung the blood up in his head" with more violence than his mental poise could stand. The difference between a popular and unpopular Commissioner of Pensions was once estimated by a Congressman to be "only about $50,000,000 a year." It is because Commissioner Evans allows such a trifle as this to concern him that he is unpopular with the horde of pension scramblers. The honorable host of the Grand Army rank and file will, no doubt, join the journal quoted in the hope that the indecorous assault of General Sickles will make it impossible to remove Mr. Evans, who has made a diligent and faithful Commissioner of Pensions, doing his work sympathetically to the honest and needy veterans and honestly for the Government.

Elsewhere appears a portrait with a biographical sketch of the founder of the house of Ginn, which has captured the lion's share of the Oregon text-book awards. His successful career is typical of the American business man, coming up from poverty through hard knocks to name, fame and fortune. Merit has formed his labors and advanced his books. The changes this award entails will be costly to the parents of the state, but they will get their money's worth in every book supplied by the Ginn people.

It is probably not straining the truth to say that the text-book commission was created for the express purpose of displacing the American Book Company's books with others. Just this it has done, and no one need be surprised if the execution of the popular will results in an equally widespread wail at the cost of the change. Popular government comes high, but we must have it.

Commander McCalla, say the dispatches, is "home from the Far East." That is he is home from the Far West. Can't we educate the United States up to realization of the fact that Asia is west of us, just across our Pacific, and not overland across Europe eastward? Our faces are set toward Asia now, where the sun sets. It is our Western neighbor.

AMERICA'S ALLEGED COMMERCIALISM.

Harper's Weekly.

The belief that the people of the United States are wholly devoted to the pursuit of the dollar is not new, nor, in Europe, is it uncommon. The Spaniards believed it until they discovered that we could also pursue their ships off the face of the waters. The Paris newspapers thought it until Cervera's sad fate attracted their attention. The ducal houses of England have always believed it, and have endeavored to rival us in following the American dollar. There are people on this side of the water who acknowledge the truth of the charge that they are the children of gross vulgarians whose only thought is gain, and whose only practices are those of trade. To such as these, there is nothing to say. The rest of us are more ashamed of their fellow-citizenship than they are of their fathers and grandfathers.

But let the intelligent and patriotic American not be cast down! It is true that our fellow-citizens who have undertaken to make fortunes have been marvelously successful. Some English editors see only the glittering material side of American life, and this is mainly because these editors are more interested in our massive fortunes than they are in the striking phenomena of our intellectual and spiritual growth. It is even true that some of our critics are so busily engaged in contemplating our wealth that they overlook the important fact that the world has gained more than the millionaires by the achievements by means of which the millions have been piled up. They forget, for example, that America is now teaching the whole world not only the enormous value of the economy of forces, but the manner in which forces may be best economized and employed in the various industrial arts. Chief among the millionaires are the men who have added to the comforts, the security, the endurance, and the pleasures of life. It is not necessary to prove this point. It is not necessary to add to what has already been said that it is not seemly for one who confesses himself interested in nothing that comes out of this country except its fortunes to criticise us for arousing his admiration or stimulating his spleen. If it be vulgar to be a millionaire, how vastly more vulgar is it to be envious of the vulgar!

Now, for the sake of timid and self-doubting souls on our own side of the water, and for the information of our foreign critics, let us consider some of the achievements of this republic besides the production of great fortunes. By a revolt in 1776, this country taught England the spiritual meaning of her own political institutions—taught her the significance and the reality of the English profession of faith that no government can justly tax those who are not represented in the taxing power; taught her that her own grants of personal liberty have bred a passion for liberty which she must accept and to which her Kings must bow. Out of this instruction has developed the power of the British Empire as it stands today, for she owes her great self-governing colonies to the lesson that was taught her by George Washington, the American millionaire of his time; and one of the brightest jewels in her crown of wisdom is that which stands for her acceptance and absorption of the lesson which her rebel American sons taught her.

The sum of the achievements of the republic has been so well stated in President Eliot's well-known book that it is only necessary to refer to the additions which we have made to civilization—the expansion of religious liberty, the growth of freedom of opinion, the spread of the blessings of peace through our promotion of the principle of arbitration, the demonstration that property as well as personal rights is most secure under popular government. It may be added that among the great achievements of the republic is the betterment of the average man—not only at home, but, through the ameliorating, liberalizing, and civilizing influence, of the average man everywhere.

Again, let us look at the personal achievements of the citizens of the republic. Some of our millionaires are almost daily showing in the most practical way that they regard millions as of less value than universities and colleges and churches. We have, in this city, a university president who is devoting his life and a large part of his fortune to the service of learning. In many of our universities and colleges are men of fortune who turn their backs upon the life of ease which is within their reach, and spend their days in teaching. There is, in other words, a spiritual life in this country quite beyond the grasp of our ordinary foreign observers. It comes from the quick religious feeling and the sweet domesticity of our country's life; for in the United Stiaes more than anywhere else, the atmosphere of the home is an atmosphere of elevated feeling and of purity. From the homes of America are coming an art and a literature, the art and literature of democracy, which will be as splendid contributions to the life of the spirit as have been our nation's contributions to the life of the world of civilization. The life which the American knows as the characteristic life of the country of his nativity and his affections is not that which has arrested the attention of our English critic, intent on piled-up gold. The life that is known to us is a life in which refinement and cultivation are all-pervasive as they are nowhere else.

We have mounted to the pinnacle of achievement in many walks besides the walks of business. Some of our professional schools are the first in the world; one of our law schools is so easily the first in the world, in English eyes, that English Judges are sending their sons to be educated in it; our scientific men take rank among the leaders of investigation; in some esthetic and intellectual arts we do not fall behind the nations of Europe, and especially are we not surpassed by England. And forgetting our ill-natured critic for the moment, let us reflect upon the intellectual and artistic achievements of our country men. They are familiar and they ought to be inspiriting. Would such achievements, so rich, so varied, and so numerous, be possible if we were wholly given up to the worship of millions? No; the nation that is to make the most beautiful contributions to arts and to letters in the future is the nation that has revolutionized the world's industries, because it has youth, energy, intellect, and conscience, and has laid broad the foundations for a rich bloom of culture in the general spread of education.

Where the Unwisdom Lies.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

Nothing could be more ludicrous than the matter-of-fact manner with which the protected interests assure us that it would be unwise to reopen the tariff discussion. Of course it would be unwise for them. But it would be even more so for the people to submit to taxation for the support of such monopolies as the steel trust.

There Are Others.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of Quay's organs remarks that the latest Philadelphia revolution ought to attract "a large bunch of professional reformers." But the professional thieves would feel the warm weather less if they were sure that only professional reformers were aroused.

Putting the Case Mildly.

Savannah News.

The truth about the matter is that the entire country is getting tired of seeing a steady increase in the pension burden. The idea of disbursing $140,000,000 a year in pensions 35 years after the close of the Civil War appears to be unreasonable.

AMUSEMENTS.

The builder of "A Soldier's Sweetheart," which was the offering at the Metropolitan last night, went over to Manila for his plot, and as proof that he made the journey, inserted into it a volunteer in a khaki uniform and a Spanish money-lender with a thick, hand-organ dialect. The remainder of the characters would be at home equally in Bridgeport, Conn., or Stratford-on-Avon. There is an elderly Englishman, with a tall daughter and much family pride, who is dark and devious in his business methods, and who loses his guilty secret to the money-lender. The latter, being in love with the tall daughter, plays the secret for all it is worth, and takes several falls out of the old man, but the girl's heart is still true to the youth in khaki, who is out on the firing line shedding his blood like champagne at a millionaire's verein. Along in the early stages of the play the Spaniard flashes a mortgage on his hoped-for father-in-law, with the threat that there will be something doing anon. He arrives toward the finish in a '96 model overcoat, and with a deputy sheriff out on the side lines, and is about to foreclose the mortgage and drive father and daughter from home unless the girl will say yes, when he is suddenly confronted with the following questions:

"Father—Have you no respect, base wretch, for my thin, gray hairs?

"Daughter—Dog, would you pursue a poor, defenseless old man like a fiend?"

He replies to both in the affirmative, but a young American, who has been gayly strewing insurmountable obstacles in his path for three acts, comes down the stage and calls him names. This delays the time of action until the arrival of the khaki-clad Filipino slayer, who informs the money-lender that he is in possession of damaging evidence that he (the Spaniard) was a thief in England, whereupon there is nothing left for the villain but to "lay down." So the hopes of murder enkindled in the expectant breasts of the gallery gods are frustrated, the soldier lands his sweetheart, the villain is foiled, and all ends well.

The play was apparently a decided hit with a big house, and was put on without any hitches in the action. Mr. Wiedemann, as the young American, was successful in evoking considerable innocent merriment, and really made much of an indifferent part. Miss Wiedemann played an English girl in her usual easy and natural style, and barring putting a chase-da-monk dialect into the mouth of a Spaniard, Frank G. Long did a good piece of acting as the money-lender.

The specialties were a strong feature of the evening's entertainment. The practice of changing them every night is proving very popular, and has pleasantly surprised the audience. Tonight, "Down in Egypt" will be given.

Marriages in Plays.

In no recent drama, says the Chicago Chronicle, has so much of the marriage service been spoken as part of the play as is done in "Lorna Doone," now running in the Grand Opera-House. No drama is now recalled in which practically the whole marriage service of the English church was used, as is done in this play, in which Lorna and John Ridd are united, and she is shot down by the truculent Carver Doone as the concluding words are uttered. It is an impressive scene. Preceded by a surpliced choir of boys, Mr. Courtleigh, as John Ridd, leads Miss May, as Lorna, to the chancel, and there, in the presence of a real-looking congregation of peasantry dressed in their Sunday best, they, with a player acting as dean, go through with the entire service of the then Church of England.

It has created an immense amount of talk, even among the people on the stage. Some of the young ladies who appear in the scene as mere figures in the congregation were horrified to learn that Courtleigh and Miss May are not husband and wife. "It would be all right," said one of the horror-stricken novices, "if real married people were to go through a mimic marriage, but it seems, this way, most too real and terrible to show on the stage." If this be true, what would she say to the marriage in Clyde Fitch's "The Moth and the Flame," for example?

The only tragic aspect that might come of it would be for some fantastic stickler of a Judge to hold, as some of them have done after a mock marriage off the stage, that there can be no "monkeying" with this serious subject and these two have really been legally married many times over. That would be "funny" indeed.

Notes of the Stage.

Among the stars next season with new plays will be Amy Lee.

A new romantic play bears the captivating title of "Wedding Bells."

The hot wave played havoc all over the country with theaters.

Barrie's new play for Maude Adams will be given early in October.

Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin have been giving "Camille" in London.

Scott Marble's daughter, Anna, is to make her debut next season in "Arizona."

The Dramatic Mirror says that a revival of "Miss Helyett" is talked of in Paris.

Cyril Scott will not, as reported, be with "The Liberty Bells," but with "Florodora."

Russ Whytal has been engaged for Stuart Robson's company in the latter's revival of "The Henrietta."

Nothing seems of late to have created such a sensation as Mrs. James Brown Potter's recitation in an English church.

It is denied that Sardou is ill, as reported. The daughter of the famous dramatist was lately married to a French Count of literary tastes.

Leonora Bradley has had an unprecedented honor conferred upon her in being elected an honorary member of the Boston Lodge of the American Order of Theatrical Mechanics.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"Did Mrs. Highlife's traveling gown fit well?" "Yes; but it cost so much she had to give up her trip and stay at home."—Tit-Bits.

True Devotion.—"Your husband loved you very much, did he not?" "Yes, indeed! He even insisted upon remaining in the house when I practiced my vocal exercises!"—Brooklyn Life.

Same Old Line.—Farmer Brown—Is Mrs. Whiffletree going tew take in Summer boarders this year, same as usual? Farmer Greene—I reckon she are! She jess came in and ordered two new can-openers!—Puck.

Mildred (still blushing)—Am I the first girl you ever kissed, Gordon? Gordon—No, my love, but you are the last. Mildred—Am I, really? Oh, Gordon, it makes me so happy to think of that.—Town and Country.

A Sure Result.—"Say, old chap, Coffupp and I have a bet we wish you'd decide for us." "No, thanks." "Why, why not? We're both friends of yours." "Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"—Life.

The Voice of Envy.—Mr. Meddergrass—Well, Erry Hankins's th'mometer was up to a hundred an' ten in the shade t'day. Mrs. Meddergrass—Lan' sakes! them Hankinses 'll be wuss stuck up than ever now.—Baltimore American.

To the Czar.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

O Nicholas, cheer up, cheer up!
The clouds will drift away
That hang so dark, and you will live
To hope again, some day;
Though Fate is willful and perverse,
Why sit abject or sail?
A boy is truly wonderful,
But girls are not so bad.

Cheer up, O Nicholas, cheer up!
Who knows what lies in store
For him that flouts Chagrin and grasps
Hope by the hand once more?
Praise God for all the boys he sends
To whoop and smash and pound,
But let us not forget that girls
Are nice to have around.

Cheer up, O Nicholas, cheer up!
Fair days remain to dawn,
And Hope, like Truth, will rise again,
Though crushed and trampled on!
A boy's a wonder in his way,
As has been said before,
But O, the girls, the girls, the girls,
God send us more and more.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The outing will now have an inning.

The Constitution doesn't follow anything.

The weather is preserving an attitude of strict neutrality.

Lawson has evidently been counting his cup before he sailed his yacht.

A Sitka butcher rejoices in the name of Archangelsky. Where did he get it?

The singular thing about that shower of frogs in Minnesota is that this isn't leap year.

Mr. Carnegie declines to be Mayor of New York. He already has more money than he knows what to do with.

The Christian Endeavorers held 36 meetings in one day in Cincinnati. This is hardly giving his Satanic majesty a run for his money.

England may be left at the post on the turf for the time being, but wait till the mules she bought in Missouri get back from South Africa!

Another man has been killed by eating too many quail. Will people never learn that $1000 worth of the birds is enough for a reasonable meal?

At the risk of a violent death we will observe that the soldiers in Abyssinia who are living on camels' meat ought to be able to hump themselves.

Chairman Jones is going to continue the fight for the Filipinos. He must be looking for an opportunity to smoke 25-cent cigars and buy diamonds in Manila.

A tar on the blue Bay of Biscay
Became most unusually friscay,
And was drowned off to leeward,
Because from the steward
He had purchased some man-o-war whiscay.

Admiral Crowninshield is now representing the Navy on the first page. He might learn something to his advantage by communicating with Admirals Dewey, Schley and Sampson, and Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson.

He didn't rock a boat, or show
His small son how to swim,
He didn't shoot a mammoth bomb
That tore him limb from limb,
He didn't light the kitchen stove
At dawn with kerosene,
He didn't light his pipe inside
A powder magazine,
He didn't wander for a walk
Upon the railroad track,
He didn't go to hunt the pole
And never more come back,
He got his seaside hotel bill
And when the same he read,
He stood beside the sounding surf
And quietly fell dead.

One of the most interesting of England's surviving men of science is James Glaisher, F. R. S., who recently entered upon his 93d year. Many people think of the veteran meteorologist only as an aeronaut, on account of that memorable and unparalleled ascent which he and Mr. Coxwell made nearly 40 years ago. But Mr. Glaisher is not an aeronaut, though he has made some 30 ascents skyward for scientific purposes. He is a meteorologist, astronomer and mathematician—and a fine sample of what a vigorous mind and a sound body can do—hale and hearty at over 92.

"English, I find, is fast becoming the commercial language of the world," said Frank A. Vanderlip, a former assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the other day, on his return from a four months' tour abroad. "In Europe every Minister of Finance and most of the prominent business men I met were able to speak English well. This excepts the French. They seem to think in France that every one must know French and that it is not necessary for a Frenchman to know any language but his own. I found the most finished linguists among the peoples whose languages are the most difficult of acquisition by foreigners."

"I qualified as a member of the bar last March, and thought I would take a vacation and see some of the New World before buckling down to hard work," said a young lawyer from Limerick, Ireland, in Washington the other day. "I have found out that your attorneys don't have to pass through the difficult and lengthy course we are compelled to take on the other side. For instance, after my preliminary examination, or matriculation, in Dublin, I had to spend an apprenticeship of five years, and had to pass two examinations a year. To enter each examination one has to pay a fee to the crown of $100, and at the final examination the fee is $180, or £36. Then the final examination is competitive."

At the recent dinner of the Palmerston Club, at Oxford, Lord Spencer told this story:

"A very distinguished member of Parliament on the same platform as myself said an examination was going on in the capital of the midland counties, and the teacher was very enthusiastic about the beauties of nature, and, having dilated upon the beauties of mountains, skies, clouds, trees, flowers, and he knew not what, he said: 'My dear children, tell me to whom we owe all this?' There was a considerable silence, and then one of the children answered: 'Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.' When the teacher explained that the answer was quite wrong the child said: 'Oh, sir, we did not know you were a pro-Boer.'"

"Dewey" is the name of a duck owned by a Jersey City policeman. Adjoining his residence is a bottling establishment. It has proved Dewey's downfall. One day an employe placed a pan of stale beer in the duck yard. All the ducks smelled of it and then turned away in disgust. Not so Dewey. He drank the entire panful, reeled about in his intoxication and finally staggered into the chicken-house, where he fell asleep, much to the disgust of the other ducks. The next day Dewey appeared with a big head, and quacked so piteously that he was given another pan of beer for a bracer. It was the same old story—drunk again. Since that time Dewey has scarcely drawn a sober breath, and his owner is deeply humiliated over his behavior.

A preparatory school for railroad employes in the Bavarian state railroad service is being established at Munich. Attendance at this school for at least one term will be obligatory on all who wish to engage in railroad work. For those candidates who have successfully passed the one-year army volunteer examination and who wish to compete for the higher executive and mechanical branches in the railroad service, two months' practical experience in railroading will be allowed before taking the course in the school, in order that they may be better able to understand the theoretical teaching which they will afterward receive. The candidates receive part pay for the time they are attending the school; this also includes the telegraphic course.