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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 64; minimum temperature, 55; precipitation, 0.00.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1901.

## THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

The Democratic ticket in Ohio presents some curious features. The candidate for Governor, Colonel Kilbourne, of Columbus, is a rich manufacturer of that city, and yet the platform is a radically anti-plutocratic appeal for the workingmen's vote. Kilbourne as a gallant old veteran of the Civil War will win a strong "soldier" vote. He is personally a conservative man, and as a capitalist and man of business will command the confidence of the moneyed and mercantile classes. He was never an ardent Bryanite, but was not an open kicker. While a plutocratic candidate seems incongruous with so radical a platform, such inconsistency is not infrequent in the history of the Democratic party. So long ago as 1844 the Democracy nominated Polk, who had been a champion of free trade in Congress, and yet fought the campaign with the war cry of "the tariff of 1842," which was enacted as a protection tariff by the Whigs. In 1864 the Democracy nominated a Union soldier on a "peace at any price" platform. In 1868 the Democracy nominated Horatio Seymour, the hardest kind of a Gold Democrat, on a "greenback" platform, which proposed to pay our gold bonds in depreciated paper. In 1872 the Democracy nominated Horace Greeley, a stiff protectionist, a merciless castigator of the back of the Democratic party from 1840 to 1868. Greeley as late as 1868 had denounced the Democratic party for its attitude toward reconstruction; for its indorsement of repudiation and for its record as a proslavery party before the Civil War, and as a "copperhead" party during the war. Nevertheless four years from this date this same Greeley was the Democratic candidate for President.

In 1876 the Democracy that had been the party of repudiation and the greenback payment of gold bonds in 1868 nominated Samuel J. Tilden for President, the ablest champion of sound money in the country. In 1880 the Democracy that had bitterly denounced the election of Grant in 1868 as the dangerous elevation to the Presidency of "a mere military chieftain," nominated Hancock, a soldier of far more imperious temper than Grant, and of even less familiarity with political affairs. In 1888 Grover Cleveland, avowed opponent of "free silver," was nominated as President with ex-United States Senator Thurman, a dogmatic greenbacker and free silverite, for Vice-President; and in 1892 Cleveland, a stiff Gold Democrat, was nominated for President, and Adlai E. Stevenson, a notorious greenbacker and free silverite, for Vice-President.

A party with such a record for inconsistency and incongruity in the matter of candidates and platforms in the past excites no surprise today when it plants a capitalist, a plutocrat, on a radical anti-plutocratic workingmen's platform. John R. McLean supported Kilbourne because he thinks that Kilbourne will carry the state; that the Legislature will be Democratic and will elect McLean United States Senator to succeed Foraker. In this event we should see another plutocrat obtaining political honors through the workingmen's vote. Tom Johnson supports Kilbourne for the same reason; he, too, wants to be United States Senator, and he is far more likely to be successful than McLean, for he really has a strong workingmen's vote behind him, while McLean is distrusted and bitterly disliked by the workingmen's party, whose hostility assured his defeat for Governor in 1899.

The most significant event in the history of the Ohio convention is its resolute refusal to pay any respect to the memory of Bryan, who was not only denied the barren compliment of resolutions of respect, but did not get even the funeral honors that are generally awarded by great parties to their eminent statesmen who have recently met political death. When we remember that Ohio is the fourth state in the Union in population, with upwards of a million of voters at the last Presidential election, the fact that there was no serious attempt in the convention of her state Democracy to do Bryan the slightest reverence is very significant. It means that Bryan has ceased to be counted among the party potentialities of the future; that Bryan and Bryanism, in the sense of free silver and free riot, are burnt-out political rockets. For this prospect the country ought to feel grateful, for it increases the hope that the contest for 1904 will be fought out between the great parties upon issues concerning which honest men may sanely differ in opinion.

Ordinary people will be puzzled to determine how it is that boys of 7, 10 and 12 years of age can get "beyond the control of their parents" and be guilty of nightly depredations upon the property in the vicinity of their homes that would shame desperadoes of mature years. Yet such a complaint comes from Woodstock, made specific by the names of the young outlaws and appalling by designation of their acts of vandalism. The key to the situation is not in parental incapacity, but in parental carelessness. This secret is disclosed by the statement that "these acts are committed after 9 o'clock at night." Pray, why is a boy of 7 out of his bed at that hour? Or why are boys of 10 and 12 outside of the parental dooryard after the shades of evening have fallen? Why, but that parents are careless—criminally so, not only of the morals of their children, but of the rights of their neighbors?

## "SHORTAGE OF BEETS."

The current number of the Beet-Sugar Gazette urges that special effort be made to interest farmers in beet culture. It is stated that with sugar-beet factories in this country with a total annual capacity of 240,000 tons, but 76,000 tons of sugar were produced. The reason of this limited sugar output is summed up by the journal mentioned in the words "shortage of beets, nothing else." Admitting that the unfavorable season had something to do with the limited beet supply and consequently with the limited output of sugar, it is said that, though 100,000 tons might have been produced with a good crop, the fact would still remain that nearly 60 per cent of the capacity of the plants would have been idle.

There is much in this showing. Primarily, of course, beet shortage results in shortage of the output of the sugar factories. But beet shortage in the United States has also a cause, other than lack of interest in farmers. A vital element in this cause is the lack of a class of labor in the beet fields that renders beet culture in Germany and France profitable to the sugar industry. The peasantry of those countries—men, women and children—are deft, contented, tireless workers. Their wage is small, their needs are few and easily met, their wants, if they have any, are not considered. Those conditions cannot be duplicated among the working classes of the United States, and every attempt to meet them by the employment of the cheap labor of Asiatic or European countries, which ceases to be cheap when once it sets foot on American soil, is met by loud-tongued opposition in the name of labor.

It is not that our soils and climate are unsuitable to sugar-beet growing, or that our capitalists are chary of embarking in the manufacture of beet sugar. It is simply, as stated, that labor of the class necessary to cultivate sugar beets on a scale commensurate with the possibilities of beet-sugar manufacture in this country is not available for that purpose at present. Such labor may be had in moderate supply, as the area that is planted in sugar beets and the output of 76,000 tons of sugar last year proves. But to increase the area to meet the capacity of the factories, a very large addition to this class of laborers would be necessary. It cannot be repeated too often, says the Gazette, that the "principal work of sugar-making must be done in the field." This is no doubt true, and, being true, the scarcity of suitable labor for beet fields forms the greatest obstacle to the extension of their area.

It is said that the experience of the early sugar-beet manufacturers in other countries was similar to that of our own pioneers in this business. That although the European farmer had been educated to intensive farming before the beet came in, he was slow to take to this new crop, and the early history of the beet-sugar industry was full of failures on this account. The conditions of intensified farming when pushed to its farthest limit, as in European countries, are density of population and unremunerative work. These conditions do not exist over the wide areas of our country, and did not begin to prevail until in relatively recent years over any considerable portion of it. Hence it may be regarded as remarkable, and as due to the greater intelligence of our farmers, backed by the Agricultural Department, and to the methodical work of factory managers, that the industry has, in the few years since it was inaugurated, reached the proportions that give an annual product of from 76,000 to 100,000 tons of beet sugar, with plants behind it capable of more than doubling the latter bulk.

The industry in the United States is a substantial and growing one. It has gained a firm foothold, and it will increase its scope from year to year, no doubt; but the clog upon its advancement will come—if not through the hesitation of farmers in taking up beet culture—primarily through the uncertainty of a labor supply that will insure the profitable working and handling of the crop. The effort very greatly to extend the beet area will be to a certain extent futile so long as this condition exists, since while it exists it must be carefully and prudently reckoned with.

## GET OUTDOORS.

To the observant eye of the experienced tourist, Portland is ideally situated. With a broad river dividing it into two nearly equal parts, with forest-covered hills on one side, forming a gallery from which to gaze at the distant mountains on the other, and with trolley lines leading to countless cool and shady spots where comfort may be found in the warmest of Summer days, the city affords a combination of metropolitan advantages and rural charms that would make it the Mecca of thousands of people just now, were it located within a few hundred miles of New York. Surely the privilege of living in such a favored locality ought to be more appreciated than it is.

While excursions on the Willamette and Columbia and Sunday runs to the beaches are popular in Summer, the majority of the residents of this city have but little idea of the beauty of its immediate environs, of the music of Balch Creek as it sings on its way through Macleay Park, of the shady pastures along the margin of Guilds' Lake, of the many attractive spots along the river side of the bluff to the east of Swan Island or in the edge of the woods that skirt the road to Oswego. One can walk a few miles back in the hills almost any warm afternoon and evening and find little or no evidence of people who have gone before, save here and there where a few plank benches and sundry remnants of orange peel show that so-called picnic grounds have marred the beauty of the woods and centralized parties that should have scattered widely on exploring expeditions in order to get the real benefit of a day's outing.

There is no excuse for staying indoors in the months of July and August. There is little need of going so far as the mountains or the seacoast, for within easy walking distance of any part of town are nooks which would be worth thousands of dollars to their owners were they within four hours' ride of the great Eastern cities. The people of Portland ought to go forth under the open sky and learn these things for themselves. They ought to know the paths that lead in many directions from Portland Heights as well as they know the streets over which they ride down town every day. They ought to take their families and spend at least one day in the week beside Johnson Creek, on the banks of the Clackamas, in Macleay Park, or in any one of the hundreds of similar inviting nooks, and, if possible, they should take a ride now and then up the Columbia or along one of its navigable tributaries.

The expansion of the city, the conversion of the remaining timber on the near-by hills into cordwood, and the purchase of large tracts of land for suburban homes, will soon narrow the opportunity of those who wander afield, and the blessings that are now going a-begging should be enjoyed while they last.

## A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.

Recent events will make the choice of a National commander at the annual encampment of the G. A. R. a matter of grave responsibility. General Sickles is an avowed candidate for that honor, and therefore the action of the G. A. R. will be most significant. The reckless language of General Sickles concerning the critics of the pension system, his assault upon Pension Commissioner Evans and his intemperance of conduct generally in matters of controversy that demand self-restraint and candor, will probably make his election as National Commander of the G. A. R. difficult of success. It is generally admitted that General Sickles' outburst has made the displacement of Evans an absolute impossibility, and it is quite probable that it will defeat his election by the Grand Army. There are many earnest Republicans in the G. A. R. who will feel that they could not vote for Sickles for Commander without indorsing his assertion that Grand Army votes were saved for McKinley by a bargain for Evans' removal. If the G. A. R. elects Sickles National Commander at Cleveland the 9th of September next, their action will be significant as showing that the rank and file of the Civil War veterans are really opposed to the policy of Commissioner Evans and are willing to indorse General Sickles after the extreme charges which he has made against the present Administration.

We do not believe that the G. A. R. will commit so injudicious an action, because it would be the height of folly to cloud their own future reputation with the people by appearing to assent to the declaration of General Sickles that the G. A. R. recognized no burning issue in the election of 1900 save that of pensions; that without the direct or implied promise of the removal of Commissioner Evans the G. A. R. would have voted for Bryan in Kansas, Nebraska and generally throughout the Middle West. There are some facts that are worth remembering by those who are ignorantly disposed to denounce Commissioner Evans. There are 2500 more war pensioners on the rolls than there were a year ago, and the aggregate number of pensioners now upon the rolls, including the small total of pensioners on account of other wars than the Civil War, is 996,000, while the pension roll costs the country $140,000,000 annually. When we consider that the number of pensioners today falls little short of a million, thirty-six years after the disbandment of the Union Armies; when we remember that on July 1, 1897, the aggregate of pensions, terminated and existing, on account of the Civil War had already reached 1,431,732, it is not surprising that a good many intelligent Americans believe that our pension legislation has not been framed in a spirit of public wisdom, but on lines of public extravagance.

The highest estimate of the number of individual soldiers and sailors in service during the Civil War is 2,400,000, allowing for only 370,000 cases of re-enlistment, while the lowest estimate is 2,000,000, allowing for 716,787 re-enlistments. At no time during the Civil War did the aggregate strength of the combined Union Armies as present at the front for service reach 700,000 officers and men. The total fighting strength on March 31, 1865, nine days before the surrender of Lee to Grant, was 657,747. On May 1, 1865, the nominal strength of all the Union Armies, including soldiers present and soldiers absent, was exactly 1,000,516. When we remember that the army of pensioners today is almost equal, thirty-six years after the disbandment of the Union Armies, to the whole paper strength of those armies when disbanded, it is difficult to listen with patience to the vituperative attacks of General Sickles upon the leading journals of the country when they plead that the time has come when the Government should stand up in its boots and say that while the country had always treated its veterans with justice and not seldom with generosity, public robbery through pension attorneys should not be encouraged and permitted by the depreciation and removal of an honest Pension Commissioner.

The pension list theoretically is an "honor roll," but practically no intelligent, candid man believes it is anything of the sort. If it were really an "honor roll," the men composing it would have welcomed the proposition made a few years ago to publish it. So far from welcoming this proposition to make public the names of the pensioners borne upon the Nation's "roll of honor," some Grand Army posts took the ground that it was degrading and insulting to a pensioner to make public the fact that he was receiving a pension from the Government; that he was receiving it nominally for valiant and patriotic service to his country. General Sickles is a worthy advocate of the pension attorneys' crusade against Commissioner Evans. He made a speech advocating the secession of New York City from the Union just prior to the Civil War. He was always an insubordinate soldier in the Army of the Potomac, in which he originally sought a commission, because he was a broken-down political adventurer. Since 1869 he has been on the retired list of the regular Army as a Major-General, although he is a man of independent fortune and does not need to quarter himself upon the country. Altogether, General Sickles is a good representative of the pension leech faction in the ranks of the G. A. R., for he is a conspicuous Government papsucker himself.

The requirements are greater and the discipline is more strict at the United States Military Academy at West Point than at any other institution in the world. Evidence of this is found in the fact that, while exceptional qualifications, physical and educational, are required of candidates as preliminary to entering the academy, but 59.4 per cent average of those entering have graduated during a period of thirty-six years. Prior to this the average per cent of graduates was still lower. From the establishment of the academy in 1802 to 1811, the per cent graduated was 60.6, but in the next ten years the percentage of graduates fell to 28.9 of the number entered. The following decade it rose to 37.7. From 1832 to 1841, 47.2 out of every 100 cadets who entered secured commissions in the Army. During the ten years prior to 1851 the per cent of graduates was 51. This increased slightly during the ten years just prior to the Civil War, but the greatest per cent of gain is that of 59.4, maintained since the close of the war. The per cent of Naval cadets who, entering the academy at Annapolis, graduate therefrom in due course, must be even less than this, if we are to judge by the number sent from this state, who, after due trial, were listed on the records of that institution as "resigned" after a few months' or years' test of their staying qualities. Thus, while it is justly deemed an honor to receive an appointment to either of these Government training schools, and especially so when such appointment is won through competitive examination, it is the sheerest folly for lads to be smuggled in by favoritism, as when once there they must stand or fall on their own possibilities of achievement. The Booz trial, that so lately occupied public attention, developed, among other things much more astonishing, the fact that of all places to send a sensitive boy whose physical condition is not fully up to the standard, West Point is the very worst. Similar tests applied to the academy at Annapolis would result in a similar disclosure. Clearly, therefore, the time to congratulate the candidate who secures admission to either of these schools is when he graduates, not when he enters.

Not one death from yellow fever has been reported from Cuba within the year! This is a statement so astonishing as to be almost incredible. It signalizes the triumph of relative cleanliness over abominable filth, of sanitary science over ignorance and carelessness. The germs of this filth disease have been tracked to their breeding places, and these have been so purified and so destroyed for the purpose of fever propagation. Relentless and intelligent warfare has been waged against the mosquito, and this carrier of fever germs has been routed. The sunlight has been let into dark places, miasmic pools have been drained, and disinfectants have been dispensed with a liberal hand. The result will be of incalculable advantage to Cuba, not only in a humane sense, but in a financial and commercial sense as well. It is in itself sufficient to justify the Cubans in asking annexation to the United States, as a boon greatly to be desired.

An increase in consumption of sugar per capita in the United States is shown by statistics, carefully collected, to represent the difference between 30.9 pounds in 1888 to 65.2 in 1900. A cultivated taste for sweets and increased prosperity among the laboring classes are elements in this increase. The old days wherein the prudent house mother held the sugar bowl in her lap during meal time to prevent too frequent raids upon it by the children, belong to the hand loom and tallow candle period of National development. Opportunity and prosperity have displaced the pitiful domestic economies represented by these things, and sugar from being a luxury has become an article of daily consumption by the masses which none are too poor to enjoy.

Evidence at the preliminary trial of the Considines of the most positive character, showing that Meredith was shot to death while helpless from blows previously inflicted by his assailants, has produced a profound sensation in Seattle. The case from beginning to end is a revolting one, revealing as it does the dangerous and unworthy character of men, in high places and low, who hold the political situation in the State of Washington in the hollow of their hands. Honorable citizens who contribute by their votes and taxes to the maintenance of this revealed condition of affairs are naturally amazed and shocked at the disclosures brought to the surface by this murderous incident.

The earnestness which Ernest Durr displays in the prosecution of his desire to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis foreshadows his success. Both the candidate and his friends accept the fact that the task to which he has set himself is not an easy one, and that success can only follow earnest endeavor. A coveted opportunity has come to him, and the energy he is displaying in the endeavor to meet it challenges admiration.

The Standard Oil Company is starting an American and a British ship for Japan with oil. A statement of the relative cost of operation and maintenance of these two craft under present ownership would be interesting. It would not, however, make good campaign literature for the subsidy grafters, who are always howling about the increased cost of operating a ship under the American flag.

Five steamships, with a combined carrying capacity of 33,000 tons, are scheduled to leave Portland within the next thirty days with full cargoes of lumber, wheat, flour and general merchandise for foreign ports. This is a greater number of steamships than cleared foreign from this port in the five years prior to 1895, and thus is Portland's maritime commerce on the wane.

With high-priced labor, low-priced wheat and unfavorable weather cutting down the yield in some localities, the Oregon wheatgrowers will not amass very large fortunes just at present. There is yet time for better prices, however, before all of the crop is in the sack, and there is always a tendency to overestimate a big crop and weaken the market accordingly.

## A REMARKABLE BODY.

Salem Statesman.

The Text-Book Commission is truly a business body. Its work is done with that dispatch, that absence of quibbling or petty desire to control which stamps it as the work of clean, brainy men. But the public must not imagine because decisions are reached so quickly in the formal sessions of the board that this means hasty or careless review of the books presented, or a superficial canvass of their merits. It must be understood that the Commissioners have had all of these books under their examination for the past three or four months and have spent a great deal of time in their study and comparison. Chairman Scott, for instance, declares that he has done little else during the past four months, and those who know Mr. Scott's devotion to what he deems an important duty will readily understand how he has delved and applied himself. And the same is true of other members of the board, as is plainly evident by the thorough knowledge they all possess of each book as it comes up for consideration.

This State Text-Book Commission has been a remarkable public functionary. It has been an enigma to the various book men. It is something new to them. Each member has been courteous and patient to hear the claims and suggestions of publishers and their agents, but each has reserved his decision and withheld his encouragement or the reverse until the time for final action, when each verdict came forth as an entirely new revelation, every man with a book expectant and each prepared to find himself left out. Nor has there been any passing of the ordinary "courtesies," of which book men and other salesmen are usually lavish upon such occasions. No cigars, no suppers, no champagne, no presents, no anything to propitiate kindness or favors; the whole proceeding has been a dry business affair without sentiment, without "pull," without "influence." If any publisher was cajoled into bringing influential wire-pullers to Salem to "engineer" for him, he simply invested in a gold brick, for the influential manipulator who might undertake to get in his work would have been harmful to the cause he sought to serve.

The publishers' representatives present are a bright, active, up-to-date and gentlemanly set of men. The large majority of those who have not succeeded in placing their books in the schools publicly acknowledge the high and honorable character of the board, individually and collectively, and have no hesitancy in saying that the entire business is conducted in the utmost spirit of fairness. The few who are inclined to kick maliciously find no favor or sympathy.

It is too early yet for those who have not given the books a through examination to pronounce upon the merits of those selected, but the presumption is that they are of the very best submitted, grouping all the characteristics possessed by each, and the fact that they have been chosen in such a fair, impartial and deliberate manner will do much to impress the public mind favorably toward them.

As a whole, the action of the Commission will, the Statesman predicts, receive the commendation of the people of the state and prove entirely satisfactory.

### A Knotty Will Contest.

San Francisco Bulletin.

The courts of New York will be partially occupied for some months, and possibly for some years, with a peculiar case of mind reading. The statement is made that Jacob S. Rogers attached a codicil to his will in which he bequeathed to his nephew, Theodore B. Rogers, Jr., the sum of 75 thousand thousand dollars. The only touch of solid ground lawyers will have to guide them is that 75 thousand thousand dollars is the equivalent of $75,000,000. As the estate is estimated at about $10,000,000, the codicil apparently gives the entire estate to the nephew. The question to be determined by the courts is if the testator intended to write the word thousand twice, one "thousand" immediately succeeding the other. Unless there is some way of finding out what the testator did mean, the lawyers who will attempt to break the will have an up-hill job on their hands.

This is the knottiest will contest that has appeared in court since the will of Samuel J. Tilden was made the subject of a contest. The disputed point in the Tilden will was not as to the purpose of the testator, but whether the terms of his will were in accordance with law. As Mr. Tilden was one of the soundest lawyers in the country, the presumption was that his will did not violate any law of the state. The Rogers will simply involves the question if the testator, who made his own will, intended in an indirect way to give all his property to one relative while disinheriting all other relatives. The reputation of the testator for eccentricity tends rather to justify the conclusion that the second "thousand" in the codicil was inserted for a purpose. The Metropolitan Museum of Art had been given what should remain after certain bequests had been paid, and one can hardly suppose that a sane man would make that institution the victim of a jest. In fact, the contention that the testator really intended to will to his nephew an amount largely in excess of the value of his estate under such circumstances furnishes ground for an attack upon the will on a plea of mental infirmity. It is fortunate for all concerned that the theory of communication with departed spirits is not sufficiently well established to admit of testimony from these distant spheres. The lawyers will have to fight with earthly weapons, with such aid as they can derive from appeals to the imagination of Judges and juries.

### Anomalous Situation.

Baltimore News.

It is an anomalous situation, certainly, that the American manufacturer at home is an infant who needs the fostering care of the Government, while abroad he is the "deadly peril" against whose encroachments even strong nations must combine. And it would be interesting to know just how long it will be before this view of the case appeals to the sound common-sense of the American people. If the Democratic party could discard the foolish crotchets with which it has burdened its platform and return to first principles, 1904 would not be a bad guess.

### The Only Effect Possible.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

General Dan Sickles doubtless wants to be Commander of the Grand Army, but while his attempts to compel the removal of Pension Commissioner Evans may help him in this campaign, it can have no other effect.

### A Great Problem.

J. Sterling Morton's Conservative.

The question now agitating the soul of the average Populist is, "Shall we again press down the crown of nomination upon the brow of Blab and once more crucify success upon the cross of silver?"

### Another Burning Question.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

What? The proud and sovereign State of South Carolina can't go into the grog business without paying internal revenue taxes like any other whisky seller? Are we vassals or are we peers?

### Steel.

My burnished glint reflects the azure skies,
Their arching canopy and circling girth
Immured me in my dormitory, earth;
But when from spheral quarantine I rise,
The multi-millionaires materialize
The wings of steam, the electric pulse and flash,
Commercial ardor's passion play and cash.
O nymph of speed, come hear the steamy sighs
That rush the ocean Atalanta far
Seaward, unpaced, save by the twinkling star;
And see time-killing steam annihilate
Eternal space, and hear the rhythmic roar,
And the steel horse, with nostrils wide dilate,
Presage earth-shaking thunder evermore.

H. F. RODNEY.

Portland, July 10.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Just why the Cummings company should choose to close a previously satisfactory engagement at Cordray's with one of the weakest, trashiest and vulgar plays that could well be written, is not at all apparent, but the fact remains that such is but a mild description of "One Night," which was inflicted on a fortunately small audience last evening. The play is not only utterly devoid of merit, but it has been filled with "gags" of the coarsest and most suggestive character, evidently in a desperate attempt to get a laugh where there was no laugh coming. There are two allusions in the first act and one in the second which one would hardly expect to hear in a beer hall, and to make matters worse, the vulgarity is not a part of the action nor even essential to the effect of a situation, but is simply dragged in by the ears, and flaunted in the face of an audience which has been used to better things, for no theater can boast a better reputation for wholesome moral tone than Cordray's.

Of course there were some things to laugh at in the weary succession of horse play and indelicacy, but they were exceedingly scattering. Whatever honors there were fell to Harry Hynes, who really improved a good opportunity to play a dual role in a very clever fashion, and who fortunately was given small share in the general bandying of suggestiveness from mouth to mouth.

"One Night" will be the bill for the rest of the week, and if it is carefully expurgated, it will prove perhaps amusing to people who have not especially high standards as to quality of a play.

**The Weldemann Company.**

"The Steam Laundry," which the Wiedemann company will give Sunday night at the Metropolitan, is a farce comedy which is said to be full of lively situations, and which gives the company an unusually fine opportunity to show its full strength. Mr. Wiedemann has a part which exactly fits his peculiar style of acting, that of a typical tramp. Mrs. Wiedemann as a soubrette is well provided with opportunity, and the remainder of the cast is equally fortunate. Following "The Steam Laundry" will be "The Rogue's Gallery," by George H. Slater, for which Mr. Wiedemann has the Western rights, and "The Village Belle." Entirely new specialties are promised every night.

**Mr. Baker Expanding.**

News has been received from Pendleton that the theater there has been leased by George L. Baker, of the Baker City Theater, and that it will in the future be conducted under his management. Mr. Baker is well known in Portland as the former assistant manager of the Marquam, and he enjoys a reputation and an acquaintance in the theatrical profession generally which will enable him to give Pendleton the best attractions it has ever enjoyed. He is a man of thorough acquaintance with his business, and of a progressive spirit that insures success to anything he undertakes.

**Notes of the Stage.**

Robert T. Haynes recently successfully played Sidney Carton, in Milwaukee, in the Thanhouser stock company.

Julia Marlowe may appear the coming season as Juliet in an elaborate production of Shakespeare's love tragedy.

Creston Clarke and Adelaide Prince are considering the production of "Don Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet."

When "Miss Bob White" goes on tour, Richard F. Carroll will take the place of Raymond Hitchcock, who is going with "The Liberty Belles."

Olive May has been very successful in the title role of "Lorna Doone," surprising her admirers with her emotional ability, especially in a mad scene.

The Dramatic News says that Kitty Cheatham, who recently made a hit in a London performance of "A Lady From Texas," has received some flattering offers to continue on the stage.

In "The Marriage Game," an adaptation from the French by Clyde Fitch for the use of Sadie Martinot, the actress will impersonate an ex-music hall singer who is to be married to an English nobleman, and the complications resulting from this mesalliance constitute the story of the play.

## PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

He—I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling. She—Oh! how kind of you. Now I shan't miss you when you're away.—Fun.

Mother—I wonder how this new book got in such a horrible condition? Little Max—I heard papa say it was too dry for him, so I poured water on it.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Nearly All.—Mrs. Naybore—Did your little brother come home from the Fourth of July picnic all right? Little Lizzie—Yes'm—all except his hair and fingers.—Baltimore American.

Popularity a la Mode.—Mrs. Hightone—I hear that your new rector is very popular, Mrs. De Style—Popular? Yes, indeed! Why, we are thinking of having his sermons dramatized!—Puck.

Hard Treatment.—"Barbara's engagement to Professor Snoopes is broken." "On what ground?" "Well, he lent her historical novels to read and then persisted in examining her on them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Natural Cure.—"What is the remedy for poverty?" demanded the lecturer, in thunder tones. He paused for a reply, and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out: "You might try the gold cure."—Detroit Free Press.

Why She Objected.—"I'll never go anywhere with a shirt-waist man again," she exclaimed angrily. "Does it shock your sense of propriety?" "Oh, no; I think it looks all right, but— but—" "But what?" "Why, when you're walking with a shirt-waist man, he is the one who attracts all the attention."—Chicago Post.

A Willing Youth.—"You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the billionaire. "That's the idea," answered the youth with the sharp nose and chin. "I am willing to start right in at a big reduction and take one of those $25,000 positions you say are so hard to fill at half the money."—Washington Star.

### Wisdom of the Owl.

Detroit Journal.

He always thinks the parrot talks too much,
The nightingale is overprone to song,
He doesn't like canary birds and such,
And the mavis' morning melody is wrong.
Of praise this grouchy bird
Will never speak a word,
Nor any meed of kindness will he ever institute;
He's a sombre, sulky fowl,
Is our silent friend, the owl,
And his mission in this universe is just to hoot his hoot.

The sun may coax an anthem from the lark,
The giddy thrush may bubble forth in joy,
But the owl prefers his broodings in the dark,
And such untimely rhapsodies annoy,
His head he hides away
In the wholesome light of day,
But his solitary musings bear a bitter sort of fruit,
For he blinks his yellow eyes
And he looks amazing wise,
Then separates his features just to hoot a bilious hoot.

The firefly does business with his lamp,
The moon thrusts silver fingers through the trees,
But his Owlship only knows the grass is damp
And that the tout ensemble doesn't please,
As he tiffins off a rat
He warns his pal the bat:
"This ice cream soda weather isn't quite the thing to suit.
There's too much fun about,
I must stamp the nonsense out."
And he limbers up his larynx for a pessimistic hoot.

The whip-poor-will may grieve o'er Willie whipped,
The cricket shrill his troubles to the moon,
The katydid may tell where Katie slipped,
The frog may play his lugubrious bassoon,
The Thomas cat may yowl,
But he cannot beat the owl,
Who feels that human happiness is a question merely moot;
For he ruffles up his chest
And with irony oppressed
He welcomes all our joyance with a cataclysmal hoot.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Animal spirits are sometimes increased by the vegetable variety.

Perhaps next year, Sir Thomas Lipton will have his challenger built by Herreshoff.

Tsi Ann is as persistent about keeping before the public as if she were going on the stage.

A battle was reported in the Transvaal yesterday. There must be a war of some kind going on down there.

The Kansas drouth is gradually raising the spirits of the Populists, who, as a party, could not stand prosperity.

Spain is going to order a new navy, which she will probably be careful not to expose so recklessly as she did her last.

San Francisco certainly ought to get up a nice interesting murder trial for the entertainment of those Epworth Leaguers.

It is surprising how often railroad presidents chase across the continent, when there is never "any special significance" to their trips.

Now sunstrokes have been reported in Norway. Perhaps it would be advisable for polar explorers to take along fans and refrigerating machines.

The Democrats who were disappointed by not witnessing the coronation March 4, are probably cheering themselves with the hope that McKinley is waiting to be crowned on the same day with King Edward.

If, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for us to expand any further, we shall not need to wage a war of conquest. We shall simply point out the tract of land we want and request Andrew Carnegie to buy it for us.

Curtis Guild, Jr., was chosen to give Boston's Fourth of July oration. The annual speaker is paid $100, but the custom is to return the check to the city. The orator will, however, receive a number of copies of his oration bound in fine morocco leather, embossed with the seal of the city and containing his picture, by way of remuneration—and it is pay enough.

Alfred Austin, the poet laureate of England, is 66 years old, and it will soon be 50 years since he wrote and published his book, "Randolph; a Tale of Polish Grief." For three years he regularly attended the assizes at York, where he wore his barrister's wig, but never practiced. Thirty years ago he had the exciting experience of representing a daily paper in Paris during the siege.

For many years Robert Johnson, of Cortland, Va., refused to be shaved or have his hair cut, and his appearance was so objectionable to his wife that she asked the neighbors to do something. So they captured Johnson the other evening and cut his hair and shaved his beard. He objected until he saw his assailants meant business. When he went to the house nobody knew him and it took his wife some time to learn who he was. But she rejoiced when she saw what had been done.

A civil engineer employed in Salt Lake City received recently from the cashier at the works at which he had been engaged, his first week's wages, less 10 per cent. He asked why, having worked a full week at agreed rates, there should be any deduction. "It's the tithe for the Temple," was the answer, and on further inquiry it appeared that it was usual in Salt Lake City for every citizen or workman to pay over the elders a sum representing a tithe, or 10 per cent of his earnings or gains. The engineer said that he knew nothing about the Temple or the elders, and that he cared less. He added that he would have his full pay or know the reason why. "Oh, it's entirely optional," said the cashier, pushing over the balance.

They say this Pierpont Morgan is a man of great big brain,
That the things that puzzles most folks is to him exceedin' plain,
But it strikes me that it's funny that a man so awful smart,
Ain't acquainted with the doin's where he takes a leadin' part.
When they ast him how the combines an' tea trusts was goin' to go,
He jus' smoked a great big seegar an' replied he didn't know.

He was short on information of the trusts that handle steel,
An' he didn't have no knowledge of the recent railroad deal,
An' in fact on every question that J. P. was ast about
All his famous stock of knowledge seemed to be plum petered out.
Now if this here Pierpont Morgan was so very awful smart,
He'd know somethink' of the doin's where he takes the leadin' part.

A. W. Van Buren, of Yale, has in the New York Times the following explanation of the origin of an expression which is familiar to all readers of Robert Stevenson. Captain Flagler, of whom he speaks, was formerly stationed in Portland, and is well known here:

Readers of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" will remember the buccaneer song beginning "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest." Probably many of them, with myself, have been puzzled to decide just what is meant by the "chest" referred to. I think that the true explanation of the line is the one furnished me by my friend Captain Flagler of the United States Engineer Corps, at present stationed at San Juan, Porto Rico.

The "dead man's chest" is an island off the south coast of Porto Rico, some 16 miles southeast of the port of Ponce. It was a favorite haunt of buccaneers in the olden time, and doubtless many situations have arisen similar to that described in the song. The island was the scene of some sharp fighting as late as 1898, when a force of United States marines which had been landed there was besieged in the lighthouse by the Spaniards.

The full Spanish name of the island is "Isle de Caja de Muertos," i. e., "Isle of the Chest of the Dead." This form of the name is preserved in at least two recent maps of Porto Rico. The island is familiarly known among Americans, however, as "Muertos Island," and I believe an English translation of the Spanish word is to be found on some maps.

Stevenson undoubtedly picked up the song somewhere or other—perhaps he heard it sung by sailors, perhaps found it in some old book—and then used the name for his own purposes. That he himself did not know the original significance of the phrase "dead man's chest," seems clear from his printing it without capitals, and by the singular "dead man," which is inexact for the Spanish plural "Muertos." The change from "men" to "man" in a sailors' song, to avoid the monotony of two identical words in the same verse, would not, I take it, be hard to parallel.