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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 72; minimum temperature, 58; total precipitation, trace.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, JULY 22, 1901.

A PEACE-MAKING WAR.

There is an opinion that the war in South Africa is demonstrating a fact that will be of great interest and use to mankind. That is, it tends to prove that under modern conditions great nations cannot afford the risk of war with each other. Modern arms give the defense an advantage so great that no nation can take the risk of attacking another. Military critics assert with confidence that neither France nor Germany could now send an army across their common frontier; in other words, that neither could now make an attack, though either could stand successfully upon defense. It is considered certain that if Germany should now attack, after the manner employed in 1870, her armies would be virtually destroyed; for the tactics then followed differed little from those of Frederick or Napoleon, which now could not be employed in the face of modern arms. Hence the war in South Africa, if it shall accomplish no other good, promises to be a great peacemaker. The resistance which even a small force can make, as the Boers have shown, is a revelation of the new forces of war, which nations hesitate to evoke and employ, on a large scale.

Even China, under organizing soldiership, might prepare, in time, to defend herself; but events press so rapidly upon her that she will scarcely get time and opportunity. The other nations, except Russia, would give her a chance, but Russia will not. But Russia herself, wherever she may entertain designs upon any nation of modern civilization, will be held at bay by the new equipment of war. It has long been believed that the time was coming when Russia would attack England in India. But upon such a line of defense as the Indus and the mountainous regions of the north of India, a few thousand English soldiers would be able to thwart the efforts of all the armies of Russia. The modern equipment of war has increased to an incalculable extent the power of defense. It has made aggression, upon land, virtually impossible; or at least it has changed all the old relations of aggressive and defensive power.

When, therefore, a Russian prophet announces that, "in less than ten years, Russia may complete her task of entering India and establishing a Russo-Indian empire, adding 350,000,000 new subjects to the Czar's dominions," it may well be concluded that he has no sound basis for his assertive confidence. An interior line of defense always had an advantage. Now, infinitely more than ever.

NO CALL FOR ANOTHER BIG RESERVE.

The project to establish a new forest reserve in Southern Oregon may be based on a commendable idea, but this will not justify so large a withdrawal of the public lands of that region as is now proposed. Preservation of timber supply or protection of river sources does not demand so large a reservation. There are many reasons why it should not be made. It would include a large area within the Congressional grant to the Oregon & California Railroad Company, and this corporation and other private owners would require compensation of some kind. It would include thousands of acres of land valuable for minerals and for nothing else. A good deal of arable land would be within the borders outlined. The ability of Curry County to maintain a county government would be seriously crippled. Mining and agriculture in that section would be greatly retarded, and the lumbering industry would not be encouraged by the creation of a forest reserve of such extravagant dimensions. All this, of course, is upon the assumption that the project is conceived and promoted in good faith.

But the recent history of forest reserve manipulations is not such as would inspire the utmost confidence in a scheme to set aside a large, unnecessary area in a new reserve. It is strange, perhaps, but nevertheless true, that friends of politicians have grown into the habit of getting possession of lands that are remote and valueless, upon the private understanding that those lands would at a convenient time be taken into a public reserve and thus made available for exchange for other tracts that are valuable. This is a pleasing species of speculation. Another way in which those fortunate enough to be advised long in advance can turn their information to profit is to use eligible reserve lands for "base" in school land purchases. And then, after all the changes have been rung, popular sentiment against including so much arable land in a Government timber reserve will prove to be so strong that modifications of boundaries will be made and the net result of the labored processes of reserving and restoring land that ought to have been let alone in the first place will be the profit which political favorites may derive from shrewd manipulation of the lands and the laws.

We have had enough experience with these reservations and kindred enterprises to have gained some degree of wisdom, and it is time the public should do something to protect its heritage in the unappropriated resources of the country. From all the information thus far submitted, there appears no call or warrant for a reserve of the proposed dimensions in Southern Oregon. The scheme is attended by too many suspicious circumstances. The Government can do better with its land and its timber.

"THE REAL AGUINALDO."

In the Independent of July 11, from the pen of James A. Le Roy, at Manila, we have a sketch entitled "The Real Aguinaldo," which even our "antis" may now be prepared to read with appreciation, since even they have found, since his surrender, that he is a man of no spirit. This article is a discriminating one, yet it is decidedly a contemptuous view of the character and achievements of the Filipino leader. "We discover," says Mr. Leroy, "that Aguinaldo's services, thanks first to Funston and second to the oath of allegiance, will be of the highest value in working out a full civil regime for the Philippines; unfortunately, this anticipation is shattered by the discovery that he is not fitted to be an ordinary clerk. He is, it would seem, the popular idol, a statesman, a patriot, a man who should fill the best office available; and yet he has demonstrated himself to be a mere figurehead, a dullard, a cruel tyrant and a man too tricky to be trusted."

This is followed by analysis of his character and actions. The writer does not talk at random. He has seen Aguinaldo and talked with him. He also has talked with Filipinos who know the man well, and he has their estimate of him. He finds that Aguinaldo has been only a figurehead, a name, and nothing more. He has simply been the ape of Mabini, an able man, the same who was transported some time ago to Guam. Such ideas as Aguinaldo has, Mabini drummed into him, and he speaks them like a parrot. Mr. Le Roy writes:

> After declining to talk to me on political matters, "because of the circumstances in which I find myself placed," he did venture upon the assertion of his belief that "America could only rule successfully in the Philippines by ruling strictly under the Constitution."
>
> "But would you, Senor Aguinaldo, consider it advisable to establish trial by jury in these islands?"
>
> Though the question was repeated several different times, in as many different ways, the only answer was the stereotyped: "America can rule successfully here only by ruling strictly under the Constitution."
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> The incident was repeated to a prominent Filipino, who knows Aguinaldo well through having been connected with him in the days when his "government" was being constructed, and who is often consulted by Aguinaldo since the latter's recent return to Manila. His prompt explanation was:
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> "He got that idea literally from Mabini, and he gave it back to you just as a parrot would. He did not meet your question as to trial by jury because he does not know what that means; he has never learned it by study, and he is incapable of appreciating it any way."

Mr. Le Roy was further informed that "Mabini became infected with French socialism, and he inoculated Aguinaldo with some of the same notions; but, while Mabini may have some idea of the broader principles underlying the socialistic doctrine, or any other of his abstractions, Aguinaldo has no comprehension of them at all."

Aguinaldo has the education and standing of the ordinary escribiente, or clerk, among the people of Manila. But he has considerably less readiness than the average man of that class. "Among the great majority of the best-informed and most intelligent Filipinos in Manila (including in this array Americanistas of long standing, ex-officials of the insurgent Congress and Cabinet and ex-insurgent officers in the field—business men, physicians and lawyers)," says Mr. Le Roy, "Aguinaldo is set down as an ignorant man, by some of these as an 'ignoramus.'" A few of them say that he is bright but undeveloped. His prominence began in 1896, when, as the head of a small body of natives, he defeated some Spanish troops, and became "a little god among the Cavite peasantry." After this the real Filipino leaders used his name and prestige to advance their own plans. His capture, together with his conduct since, has completely dispelled the tenuous nimbus of his glory. Mr. Le Roy quotes a prominent Filipino as saying:

> It seemed to some of us, after General Funston captured him, that the American Government was about to make another mistake with him. He was taken to the old Governor-General's palace at Malacanan, and treated as no other insurgent politician or General had been treated. Had the policy of treating him as a great man, greater than any other of his people, been continued, and had he, for instance, been taken to America as the representative Filipino, it would have been a serious political mistake for the United States Government in the Philippines.

He is a shallow little fellow, and in the absence of his leading mentor, or of advice upon which he would venture to act, he doesn't know how to make up his mind. Everybody laughed at the phrases of his proclamation in favor of the United States, issued after his capture. Mr. Le Roy says that enthusiastic and fulsome as they are, yet "for warmth, glowing rhetoric and enthusiasm they do not for one moment compare with the proclamation signed by Aguinaldo in praise of Spain and her generosity, etc., and issued to his people on the eve of his departure for Hong Kong after Spain had closed out the revolution of 1896-7 with the Treaty of Biac-na-Bato, and had paid over part of the shekels." But his latest proclamation did a deal of good. It completely "knocked out" Aguinaldo's admirers in America—Atkinson, Garrison, Winslow and Senator Hoar, who have been too utterly ashamed of the man ever since to repeat a word of their former encomium and adulation. George Washington has had a rest, ever since.

Mountain-climbing, like many other things that look easy on paper, is in reality a severe test of physical fitness and personal endurance. Wise people regulate their ambition in this direction in accordance with this fact. That is to say, if they are not physically able to make the ascent they content themselves with the less arduous but by no means inferior pleasures of a Mazama outing, while their more robust comrades toil up the steep slopes of the mountain and plant the banner of their clan upon its icy summit. While congratulating those who reached the goal of the mountain-climber's ambition—the topmost peak of hoary Hood—it is well also to congratulate those who prudently estimated their strength and powers of endurance and remained in camp.

IN THE HANDS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, is a man of some National reputation. He was Garfield's Attorney-General; he has for years been a considerable figure in affairs; he is a writer and speaker who possesses superior powers of expression, and yet he is not a sound thinker. The other day at Harvard he predicted that American politics soon would become a struggle between those who have and those who have not. This is a mischievous generalization. If it is true, it foreshadows the destruction of the American Republic. Of course, we are not to conclude that it is untrue, merely because it is disagreeable. Unquestionably there are some signs that give apprehensions of such a struggle, but in fact power is still in the hands of the American people, and to doubt that they will know how to use it is to despair of their intelligence and moral rectitude.

For, notwithstanding the progress and growth of wealth in monopolistic forms, in our country, there is no country of the world today where a man who is fit to handle the tools—that is, the man who is able to do things—is so quickly recognized at his true worth as in America. There is no country in the world where more wealth without sterling merit can so seldom obtain any position of important responsibility. The institutions of this country and its laws generally favor labor, and if the laws do not do justice to labor, it is the fault of labor if they are not redressed, for in the hands of the 20,000,000 wage-earners of this country is placed the ballot. The labor vote is the real sovereign in this country. It makes the laws, for it elects the legislators who make them, and, directly or indirectly, creates the courts that construe those laws. It makes all the executives of the laws, from President down to County Sheriff. If labor suffers any continuous wrongs through institutions and laws of this country, it suffers through its own neglect, for labor is so overwhelmingly in the majority that it can enact its own pleasure whenever it really knows what it wants and is agreed upon the remedy for the evil situation.

It is the fashion of doctrinaires and socialists to denounce the present competitive system. But labor does not oppose this system; it opposes the abuse and misuse of that system, the aberrations from its integrity. American labor knows that nowhere else has the laboring man risen so fast and so well as under our American institutions. The present system for the distribution of wealth can only be altered by taxation. Mr. MacVeagh knows that land in this country is today taxed heavier than anywhere else; he knows that railroads already pay a heavier tax than in Europe or England. Street-car lines are beginning to have a like tax. The present movement is toward a heavier taxation of industrial and business plants and various forms of corporate property. Legacy taxes exist in New York and Massachusetts, and are likely to increase. Legislation is steadily increasing the burden imposed on capital, and lightening the burden on the wage-earner. Interest falls, wages rise. The English income tax is drawn chiefly from men whose incomes perish with them, but our system, which places, in consequence of the absence of an income tax, a heavier tax on land and corporate capital, is fairer to labor. Occupations from labor up are taxed in Europe, while here there are no such taxes, but the main burden is shifted to capital. With the tariff abuses removed which play into the hands of trusts, labor would have no need to complain of "the present system for the distribution of wealth," no need to drift with Mr. MacVeagh toward his implied remedy of state socialism.

MONEY, MARKETS AND TRADE.

With the harvest season fully two weeks later than that of last year, midsummer trade has not yet passed the dull season, and the last week in July will hardly show the activity that was noticeable a year ago, at a corresponding period. Bank clearings for the past week show some reflection of this delay in the grain movement. That they are smaller than for the corresponding week a year ago, however, cannot all be attributed to the lateness of the grain season. The apparent shortage is due in a measure to the remarkably healthy condition of the country banks, which are so well supplied with money that they will not be obliged to make the usual heavy demands on the Portland banks for funds with which to handle the crops. Despite the fact that it seldom proves profitable, there is a growing disposition among farmers to speculate with their crops after they are ready for market, and, with plenty of money in the country banks, they receive considerable encouragement to carry their wheat past the time when they usually sell. It is, of course, too early to learn whether they will or will not follow this plan the present season, but with so much money obtainable from the country banks at moderate rates of interest, the incentive for such speculation is greater than usual.

A decidedly encouraging factor in the trade situation last week was a marked improvement in the wheat market. This was in a measure due to unfavorable weather which seriously damaged the corn crop in the United States, causing a boom in corn and a partially sympathetic rise in wheat. The advance, fortunately for the American farmer, was not all due to the crop damage in this country, for there is a growing belief that European crops have suffered sufficiently to make a large deficit in the available supplies abroad. It is perfectly certain that America will be called on to make up the major portion of this deficit, and even the record-breaking crop which the bears are expecting from the United States may not prove too large for the requirements that will be made upon it. The flour trade, which has been in a badly demoralized condition for many weeks, shows little or no improvement, and the outlook for the coming season indicates that a much smaller amount of wheat will go across the Pacific in the form of flour than was exported last year.

The increased salmon run noted a week ago held up throughout the week, and, while it came too late in the season to pull the pack up to average proportions, it is having a good effect on lower river trade, and the fishermen are all doing well. Lumbering and logging are active, but there is some complaint of a car shortage, and, with high-priced logs and low prices for the manufactured product, the profits of the manufacturers are cut down to very small proportions. Building in the city and suburbs continues, creating an active demand for lumber, sash, doors, etc., and also for skilled labor. The demands of the harvest fields and the fruit farms have made further drafts on the ranks of the unemployed, and any man in quest of employment will have no difficulty in finding it.

Wool, which comes along pretty close to wheat as one of the great staples of Oregon, is still moving freely, and practically all of the choice grades have been disposed of, and the seconds are being picked up at fair prices. Oregon orchards are now competing with the Californians with early peaches, apples, apricots, etc., and by another week or two we shall be independent of the Southern growers. Berries and cherries, after a long and successful season, are disappearing, except for blackberries, which are now coming in. In butter, eggs and poultry there was a little more weakness toward the close of the week, on account of liberal receipts and only a moderate demand. The preliminary skirmishes of what may prove an interesting sugar war afforded about the only feature of interest in groceries.

July 29 is the date selected for the launching of the new battle-ship Maine. If all goes well, therefore, this latest and greatest addition to the United States Navy will glide from the ways into the waters of the Delaware River a week from today. Miss Mary Preble Anderson, of Portland, Me., will christen the new ship with the old and doubly honored name. No launch in the past will, it is said, equal in ceremonial effect that of this vessel. The builders and the Navy Department will combine their efforts to this result, making the occasion alike commemorative of the vessel that lies at the bottom of Havana harbor and of the magnificent growth of the Navy since the War with Spain. The Cramps have pushed the work on the vessel with all speed, notwithstanding the intense heat, which during the first ten days of July caused the great iron vessel to be one of the hottest objects imaginable. The builders would have been forced to suspend operations but for the willingness of the men to begin work at 4 o'clock in the morning and continue until noon. When it is considered that sleep during the seething hours of the afternoon and evening was almost impossible, and that many men had to leave their homes at 2 o'clock in the morning in order to reach the shipyard by 4 o'clock, the sacrifice that they made is well worthy of the appreciation and more substantial acknowledgment of their employers.

The reported conspiracy to overthrow the French Republic and install Prince Louis Napoleon as Emperor September 14 next is undoubtedly without any serious foundation. The head of the Bonaparte family is Prince Victor Napoleon, now an exile in Brussels, the grandson of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon the Great, and son of the late Prince Napoleon, who is remembered chiefly for having shown the white feather in the Crimean War. Prince Louis Napoleon, whom the conspirators are said to have selected as Emperor, is the brother of Prince Victor Napoleon, was born in 1864, is a General in the Russian Army, and is unmarried. His mother, the Princess Clotilde, was the daughter of King Victor Emanuel, and sister of the late King Humbert, of Italy. If there is ever another successful revolution in France it will not be to place a Bonaparte on the throne, for of all the political factions in France the Bonapartists are the weakest. Furthermore, the Czar of Russia in the interest of the peace of Europe would not permit Prince Louis Bonaparte as a soldier of high rank in the Russian Army to allow himself to become the leader of a conspiracy against the government of a friendly power. The majority of the French people are strongly devoted to the republic, and those who are not attached to it are Socialists or Orleanists rather than Bonapartists.

The South African medal has recently been awarded to a relative of King Edward who is confessed to be responsible for the disastrous and inexcusable defeat of the British troops at Sanna's Post. This is not the way that military misconduct on part of men of royal blood is treated in the German Army, for the most popular Bavarian Prince was recently forcibly retired as a brigade commander because he displayed his incapacity when drilling his troops under the eyes of his immediate superior. This officer, a man of the plainest bourgeois antecedents, demanded and obtained the honorable discharge of the Prince in question, despite the fact that the people of Munich desired the latter's retention. This stern, unalterable insistence upon merit and ability keeps the German Army up to the standards of Von Moltke, who created it, and makes it, therefore, the most formidable military machine in the world.

Recently it was stated in The Oregonian that "the Portland School District had turned over to certain persons, unknown to the school laws, a sum of money for support of kindergartens." An error was implied in this statement; for, though it was voted at the school meeting to turn over $5000 to outside persons for kindergarten work, the directors of the district have not done it, holding that they have no legal power to do so.

The number of persons killed in railroad accidents makes a prodigious list. No less than 86,277 were killed in the United States during the thirteen years ended June 30, 1901, while no less than 469,027 were injured. This is one of the striking facts shown in the recent report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Every year the destruction is greater than the loss in both armies at the battle of Gettysburg.

It is seldom there is so much sympathy throughout the country with a strike as that now manifest toward the strikers against the great steel trust. The reason is that labor organization is the only present check upon so vast a monopoly, the only available obstacle to colossal and otherwise unrestrained power.

Since the mills of the steel trust are all unionized, why should not the labor in them be unionized, too?

MISSOURI'S DROUTH OF 1854.

And yet this is not the first time that drouth has sadly afflicted Missouri. The following from Macon, in that state, tells some interesting incidents of a water famine 47 years ago:

"The present drouth in Missouri recalls to many pioneers the one that existed in the West and South during the year 1854," said J. H. Wright, president of the Callao Bank, today. "I was about 19 years old. A large party of us left Missouri for Texas in April. On the 16th or 17th of June, while in camp on Red River, near Preston, a heavy rain fell, which was general throughout the country, but it was the last one that year. Up to that time the weather had been unusually favorable, and there never had been better prospects for crops.

"As the Summer went on without rain we began to get discouraged, and most of us decided to return to Missouri. There were seven covered wagons in our caravan, containing as many families. As we slowly drove up through the Indian Territory the scarcity of water became a serious problem. I remember one day we traveled 40 miles with only five gallons, the heat and dust were awful, and toward the afternoon our thirst became intolerable. At nightfall, instead of camping, we resolved to press on to a place where a spring was said to exist. Some of the teamsters were in an ugly mood and nearly delirious. My heart nearly failed me in thinking what would happen should we not find the spring, or if it should be played out. But we reached it at 10 o'clock in the night, and such a yell and scramble for it you never saw. Men, women and children fought for places, and accidents were only averted by the men in charge taking their stations between the crowd and the spring and passing the water out in moderate quantities. They were so thirsty they would have killed themselves had they been allowed unrestrained liberty at the water.

"All along our route was the dreary picture of the drouth fields of stubble, leafless trees and dust-white roads. There were no birds singing in the trees, and very little sign of animal life anywhere. There was no relieving spectacle anywhere along the whole 700 miles of our homeward journey, which showed the absence of rainfall had been general.

"We reached Missouri about the middle of August, and found vegetation on every farm burned up. The corn that looked so promising in the early Summer was cut for fodder, and that is all that saved the stock. There were no railroads, and it was impossible to get anything in the way of vegetables, fruit or cereals. Cornmeal cost $1 50 a bushel when brought in from Glasgow or Hannibal. We lived on bacon, cornbread, coffee and molasses purchased at those places. Farmers moved their stock over to the Chariton River, which ran until late in the Fall. The stock too far back in the country to reach the river perished. There was nothing to be done on the farm and people just sat around and looked at the sky. Some of the emigrants who had taken up large tracts of land abandoned it and returned East, under the impression that a drouth was a regular thing in Missouri.

"Toward the latter part of the Summer a great meeting was held at Antioch Church, and three ministers, who had come a long way for the purpose, prayed for rain. It was on this occasion that Uncle Jimps Dysart made use of the expression which has since become famous. He said: 'Brothers, I tell you ther ain't a bit of use praying for rain, because the wind is in the wrong direction.'

"I guess he was right, for the rain never came. At last Winter set in, and it was hoped early snowfalls would furnish water, and one right good storm came up. But the snow was dry and it blew away with the dust, without even dampening the earth.

"The dust on the pikes was frightful on a windy day. You could hardly see a vehicle just ahead of you. The old Glasgow stage coach would roll into Callao with everything about it—passengers, driver, horses, harness and all—nearly as white as snow. Sometimes travelers' throats would become so badly choked that they couldn't talk until they took a drink of water. I guess in those days most of us ate our allotted 'peck of dirt' or more.

"The Spring of 1855 was seasonable and crops sprang from the ground with renewed vigor. I can keenly remember our first meal with home-grown vegetables on the table, and I've never tasted anything since that was quite so good."

CHANDLER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A Virginia Woman Was Bent on Marrying Him.

Washington letter in Boston Transcript.

Seeing William E. Chandler sitting up solemnly as a Judge and weighing the merits of questions raised before the Spanish Claims Commission recalled to an old acquaintance the other day an adventure with a crank which Mr. Chandler had while Secretary of the Navy, and which sadly damaged his dignity of appearance for a little while. The crank was a Virginia spinster from the rural back districts, extremely uncouth in appearance and speech. She had tramped to Washington in mid-Summer, having a mania for marriage and hearing that President Arthur was a widower. She frankly announced her errand at the Executive Mansion. The President was out of town, she was informed, and would not be back for some days.

"Is any of his Cabinet men in taown?" she demanded.

The White House doorkeeper was a wag, and suggested the name of Secretary Chandler. He also pointed out the Navy Department to her. She hastened in that direction, and by rare good luck crossed the Secretary's path as he was alighting from his carriage.

"Be you William Chandler?" she exclaimed, planting herself before him.

"Yes, ma'm," he answered politely.

"Secretary of the Navy?"

"The same."

"Then, William, I am yours! take me! I come from Virginny to marry a big man, but I reckon you are big enough for me." And she advanced upon her victim with arms outstretched.

Mr. Chandler, who is a devoted and most exemplary family man, waited to hear no more. He darted to one side so quickly that he nearly lost his hat, and ran into the lower hall of the department as the cowhide boots of his fair pursuer clattered up the walk behind him. He did not emerge from his office until evening, after he had been assured that the police had the woman in charge.

Rubbing It Into Sickles.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Just before Lincoln gave him the commission of Major-General, Sickles was perhaps the most rampant secessionist and Southern sympathizer at the North. He surpassed Ben Butler, who, at the Charleston Democratic convention, voted a number of times for the nomination of Jefferson Davis for the Presidency. It was the kind of Northern Democrat like Sickles who precipitated the war. We believed that he and the men like him would prevent invasion or make it difficult and dangerous. But we were victims of misplaced confidence. General Sickles is verging on his 80th year, and yet his latest appearance is not only discreditable to himself, but to the old soldiers who seem to have turned what they once called patriotism into looting the country they professed to have saved.

One Way to Get a Wife.

The accidental dropping of a dime down his back secured a bride for George Holden, of Scranton, Pa. Holden is 23 years of age. One night at the theater a 10-cent piece slipped from the hand of Miss Hatty Sturgis. Although a thorough search was made by Miss Sturgis and a girl friend, it could not be found. The girls were dismayed, for they had no money and their homes were nearly two miles distant. Holden, although 5 cents was the extent of his belongings, and he an entire stranger, gallantly offered to escort them home. His offer was accepted. In bidding adieu to the young women, he explained that the lost coin had slipped down his back and was then reposing in his left sock. Captivated by his neat speech, Miss Sturgis encouraged his attentions, and the other day they were married.

Mr. Bryan's Poor Appetite.

Washington Post.

Mr. Bryan told the Knoxville people that he would rather talk than eat. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party that Mr. Bryan has such a poor appetite.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

A statement in The Oregonian about "Orpheus C. Kerr"—R. H. Newell—and his marriage to the noted, or notorious, Adah Isaacs Menken, brings an inquiry about "The Menken," as she was commonly called, and the time and place of her death. A subject of this kind is one in which a class of persons—not a small class either—takes a singular interest. Of this remarkable woman estimates differ widely. It is certain that she was an accomplished and singularly fascinating woman, but impetuous, erratic, wayward and fitful in her moods. Sympathetic and open-handed in her generosity, she was indifferent to conventional moralities. As an actress she gained a good deal of fame. Her last appearance on the stage was at London, in May, 1868, and she died at Paris August 10 of the same year.

Born in the year 1835, near New Orleans, she managed to crowd into her 23 years of existence a larger amount of experience than ever came to any other American woman whose personal history is a matter of public knowledge. Her father was a Spanish Jew; her mother a French woman. Her maiden name was Dolores Adios Fuertis. At the age of 7 she made a sucessful public appearance as a dancer with her sister Josephine, and this seems to have determined her to make a career on the stage. She mastered French and Spanish and very early in her life as an actress went to Havana, where she became very popular, and was known as the "Queen of the Plaza." This was before she was 20.

At Galveston, in 1856, she married Alexander Isaacs Menken, a musician by whose name she was ever afterwards known. Her association with Menken lasted only a year or two. Divorced from him, she reappeared as an actress at New Orleans. Her engagements then extended to Louisville and Cincinnati. A year or so later she thought of becoming a sculptor, and at Cincinnati entered a studio, to pursue that art. But this notion could not long detain her, and she soon went to New York, where the next incident in her varied and eventful life was her marriage to John C. Heenan, the noted pugilist. This occurred in April, 1859. Two months later she made her first appearance on the stage in New York, where she caused a great sensation during that season and the following year. Then she played in the Southern and Western theaters for a season, and in 1862 procured a divorce in Indiana from Heenan, after which she returned to New York. Shortly afterward she married "Orpheus C. Kerr"—Robert H. Newell—but this connection was as brief as the former ones. In her, it is said, were latent all the possibilities which in the soul and life of Robert H. Newell had been wrought into character and conduct. He represented to her much that she brokenly or intermittently wished she had realized. He believed that he could reclaim and redeem her and vindicate his love and confidence in her. She believed, but for only a brief while, that he could do so. They were honorably married, and he hoped and she hoped for happiness as well as honor. Of course, the hope was fallacious. Fate or the predominant inclinations in her proved stronger than his powers or her will, and they as peacefully parted as they had confidently come together.

In 1863 she came to California, where she was received with immense favor in her favorite character of Mazeppa, in which she appeared nearly nude, strapped to the back of a splendid horse. In this act it was the perfection of her person rather than any skill she evinced that constituted her drawing power. In 1864 she won a London triumph as Mazeppa at Astley's Theater. Returning to America, she was seen on the stage at New York for the last time in 1866, and the same year she married a New Yorker named James Barclay. Before the end of the year she was back in London, and the short remainder of her life was spent in Europe. In 1867 she published in London a volume of poems entitled "Infelicia"—an attempted expression of the moods of her own erratic spirit. Again she went to Paris, and after a brief illness died there, as stated above, and was buried at Mount Parnasse cemetery. The stone above her grave bears the simple inscription, dictated by herself, "Thou Knowest."

It would be a mistake on the part of the reader of the present day to suppose that she was attractive only to the lovers of the vulgar sensations of the lower drama; for she had power in a remarkable degree to attract and to fascinate intellectual men. A fine critic says: "She was a wonderful woman. Hers was a surpassing beauty of person, voice and manner. Hers was a distinctly charming, original and versatile dramatic capability. Hers was a conversational gift and a poetical gift which Charles Dickens and Alexander Dumas appreciated and unfeignedly praised. Hers was an experience of unregulated friendships and attachments in America and Europe which contained in them excitement, variety, stimulation, tragedy. Along with all of it, underneath all of it, was a nature essentially spiritual, but perverted, an imagination fine, subtle and fragrant, but trained neither by high associations nor by uplifting studies." Certainly it was a remarkable woman, about whom such things are said after such lapse of time.

MAJOR FONTAINE'S SHOT.

A Story of the Death of General Sedgwick.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

It is merely a question of the relative perfection of firearms that has led Major Lamar Fontaine, of Lyon, Miss., who has been in Memphis for the especial purpose of "buying a new model of rapid-firing pistol," to disclose the fact that it was he who killed the Union General Sedgwick, May 9, 1864.

Major Fontaine, as he bought his pistol, discoursed on questions of range with a reporter of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. Yes, there have been rifles before with a range as great as that of the Krag-Jorgensen or the Mauser—the old Whitworth, for instance. The proof? On the date just mentioned, Major Fontaine was a soldier in the Confederate Army, lying at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va. Everybody saw, at a distance of 2200 yards, a Federal officer of high rank engaged in a reconnoissance. As he sat on his horse the glasses of the Confederates made him out to be none other than Grant. He was stocky, like Grant, and had just such a beard.

Fontaine saluted and asked General Armistead, who was present on the Confederate line, if he might "shoot Grant." "No," said Armistead. The soldier asked again and again. Discipline might have been lax in the Confederate camp, for after the soldier had ventured to repeat his request five times the General said: "Try it, if you want to." There was no other firing going on; everything was still. Fontaine took aim through the telescope sight on his Whitworth rifle, fired, and the Federal officer fell to the ground, his neck broken by a bullet. It turned out to be Sedgwick, not Grant, and it also turned out that his neck had been broken by a Whitworth bullet just 2200 yards away.

You do not believe this story? Then you had better not let the news of your incredulity get as far as Lyon, Miss., for Major Fontaine took home with him from Memphis his new rapid-fire pistol, and has probably been practicing with it since.

Reminder of That "Plain Duty."

Providence Journal.

Protectionists and other apologists for President McKinley's evasion of "plain duty" last year who say the tax on our imports from Porto Rico was necessary to set the island on its feet, will hereafter have to explain away the fact that the $600,000 thus collected remains still intact in the island treasury. Treasurer Hollander says it has not yet been touched.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Mazamas come high, but we must have them.

The seasiders will soon be coming home to cool off.

A tip to the Tacoma team: Next time you have a good thing, follow it up.

The only way to dispose permanently of Bryan is to elect him Vice-President.

The Ohio Democrats may never elect a ticket, but they certainly did their plain duty by Bryan.

Hawaii is progressing in the art of government. Already an extra session of the Legislature is talked of.

The ice man and the seaside hotelkeeper must have failed to send the weather clerk the customary check.

When Boston hears San Francisco alluding to herself as the Athens of America, she will elevate her eyebrows.

Aguinaldo is beginning to weary of prison life. However, he would probably have been just as unhappy had he been hanged.

It is all very well to buy hats for horses in Summer, but it will be no joke to their owners when the glad Easter comes around.

Kansas is having another run of hot weather. The elements are clearly determined to do what they can for the Populist cause.

> And once again the gentle rain
> Doth fall from eve till dawn,
> Just to remind all humankind
> That this is Oregon.

In this favored section of the country there is no lightning, thunder or other bluffing of the elements. It just gets ready to rain and rains.

With hay selling at a cent a pound in Kansas, it begins to look as if the Populists have been supplied with a new material from which to coin money.

When Hamlet spoke of that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," he must have been reading reports of recent polar expeditions.

The Chinese Government will not return to the capital because the dragon is left, but the partaking of a little Chinese gin will restore the animal to his accustomed place, and all will be well.

The Nashville American says that if the Democratic party cannot win on its own strength and merit it cannot win through fusion or alliance or combination with other and weaker parties. It must be admitted that the outlook is discouraging.

The only states to elect Governors this year are Ohio, Virginia, Massachusetts, Iowa and New Jersey. In New York, prior to the separation of municipal from state contests in 1894, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and members of the Assembly were elected in one year, and, in the year following, the other state officers and members of both branches of the Legislature. This year in New York there is no state ticket to be voted for.

Last year the consumption of lager beer in the United States was 1,220,000,000 gallons. The consumption of beer is increasing in Chicago and in New York. New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Newark and Cincinnati are the six chief beer-drinking cities of the United States; New York, St. Louis, Rochester, Toledo, Milwaukee and Philadelphia are the six beer-producing cities. The popularity of lager beer is increasing in the South, where heretofore there has been little demand for it. There were, by the last Internal Revenue returns, 11 breweries in Texas, 4 in Tennessee, 7 in Virginia, 5 in Alabama, 1 in Florida and 5 in Georgia.

Her Divorce Celebration.

New York Sun.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said the stationer.

"This," was an announcement got up in regular wedding card style on heavy white paper. The stationer read it aloud:

> MRS. ISRAEL MURRAY
> requests the pleasure of your presence at the celebration of her divorce from
> MR. ISRAEL MURRAY,
> Wednesday evening, July 10, 1901.
> At 9 o'clock.

"Surprise you?" asked the stationer.

"Well, rather," returned the customer. "It's the funniest thing I ever heard of."

"It's a new one on me, too," said the stationer. "I've printed a good many odd invitations and announcements in my time, but this thing of celebrating a divorce is a decided novelty. I don't know whether the custom is ever going to become popular or not, but if there are many people in New York as glad to be released from matrimonial entanglements as is Mrs. Israel Murray, I will probably print a good many such notices in the course of the next few months."

Quay Not Omnipotent.

Boston Herald.

The report that the President will not remove Postmaster Hicks and Internal Revenue Collector McClain, of Philadelphia, at the request of Senator Quay, is good news in one sense. We welcome any assurance that Quay's power is not omnipotent. The fault of these officers is reported to be that they are not abjectly subservient to Mayor Ashbridge, the head of the Philadelphia Republican machine, who approved the acts of the Philadelphia Council giving away to Quay politicians for nothing franchises for which John Wanamaker had offered to pay the city $2,500,000.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Mother—I am surprised, my dear, that you suffer a man to kiss you! Daughter—But, mamma, I don't call it suffering.—Tit-Bits.

Decidedly Different.—Penfield—What makes you think that last poem of mine was different from anything else I've written? Merritt—It was published.—Judge.

Very Recherche.—Miss Roche—So your play was a success, was it? Both financially and artistically? Mr. De Swell—Oh, bless me, neither! Merely socially.—Brooklyn Life.

Knew His Books.—Van Croke—But, my dear fellow, you can't afford to marry a girl like Ruth Richling. Van Broke—On the contrary, old man, I can't afford to marry any other girl.—Town and Country.

Remarkable Success.—Ascum—I hear you've started your son in business for himself. How is he doing? Richman—Splendidly. He's been in business nearly two months now, and he hasn't failed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

Tapper—So you don't altogether like the new pastor's sermons, eh? Dapper—No, they are too profound. They necessitate too much head-work. Tapper—Quite true. I noticed you were nodding through his entire discourse yesterday.—Fun.

Cousin Ethel—Did Santa Claus bring you everything you wanted, Freddy? Freddy (in disappointed tones)—Naw; he only brought me a sled, an' a bicycle, an' a goat, an' a foot-ball, an' a gun, an' a sojer suit, an' some marbles, an' a horn, an' a pair o' skates, an' a whip, an' some books, an' that's all!—Glasgow Evening Times.

Proper Feeling.—Magistrate—I am told that you have already been convicted 14 times on this same charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge to that? Prisoner—No, your Worship. I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions. Magistrate—Two months, without the option of a fine.—Pick-Me-Up.