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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 82; minimum temperature, 52; clear.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness and cooler during the late afternoon. Northwest winds, shifting to southwesterly.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, JULY 29, 1901.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

The subject isn't a new one, but it is receiving some new illustrations. The English language is spoken by the English people and by the American people. But the manner in which each of these peoples speak it is frequently a source of astonishment to the other. Here is the Hong Kong Telegraph, with a glossary, for definition and explanation of words used by Americans with whom the English over there are coming much in contact. Many of the expressions noted were used by our soldiers, to the amazement of their English hearers.

Some of the explanations are amusing. "To rubberneck" is "to look around, to see what may be seen." "Rubbernecking around" is "the act of rubbernecking." "Cold feet," we are told, means "to be afraid." A "dope dollar" is a Mexican or other silver dollar, except that of the United States. A "bobtail" is a soldier discharged by reason of misconduct. To "hike" is "to chase along," while "hiking" is "pursuing." "To throw down" means "to get a chum into trouble." "To call down" is "to make an antagonist give in; to rate any one soundly." A "rookie" is "a man who has been in the service a shorter time than yourselves." "To shoot craps": "An interesting game played with two dice on a numbered board. Sometimes one wins, sometimes the other (generally the other)." Evidently the compiler of the glossary for the Hong Kong paper had gained some experience in the sport.

For an offset to this we have in Harper's Magazine for August an entertaining paper by Julian Ralph on "The English of the English." He writes: "The hackneyed American maiden who said London was a nice place if you only knew the language was not a bit absurd. An American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him. Only yesterday, after eighteen months' residence in England, I rushed up to a conductor in Charing Cross Station and asked, 'Which car for Bromley?' He stared at me, and I knew I had spoken a foreign tongue to him, because street vehicles, like omnibuses and horse cars, are called road cars and tram cars, and there are no other cars in England."

So if you say you like your meat "rare" you are not understood, because such meat in England is "underdone." If you say you fear the asparagus is "canned" your man is at a loss again, because he would have said it was "tinned." To ask for "powdered sugar" will set him to wondering again, for he calls it "icing sugar," generally, though he knows it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. Corned beef, or a particular cut of it, is called "silversides of beef"; and to ask for a spool of cotton is to set a clerk staring at you, because spools of cotton or silk are called "reels." Chickens are not chickens, but are "fowls," and all the cereals—wheat, rye, barley, etc.—are lumped together under the word "corn."

A great many of these curiosities of speech—curiosities to Americans—are set forth in this Harper article. It is gratifying to find that in our joint use of the common tongue English and Americans can be mutually entertaining to each other.

Major-General Samuel M. B. Young, United States Army, who officially visited Vancouver Barracks last week, enlisted as a private in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Regiment of "three months" infantry, April 25, 1861, ten days after Lincoln's first call for troops. In September, 1861, he was commissioned Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry (Cameron Dragoons), and did arduous service the Winter of 1861-62 on the picket line of Smith's division at Camp Griffin, on the Potomac. He became Major of his regiment in September, 1862, and Colonel in December, 1864. He came out of the Civil War with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Sailor's Creek and during the whole campaign that terminated with the surrender of Lee's army. He was appointed Captain in the Eighth United States Cavalry in July, 1866; became Major of the Third Cavalry in April, 1883, and Colonel of the Third Cavalry in June, 1897. At the outbreak of the war with Spain Colonel Young was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, was made Major-General of Volunteers for gallant and distinguished services before Santiago, July 8, 1898; was made Brigadier-General in the regular Army January 2, 1900, and Major-General in the regular Army in January, 1901. General Young is an officer of very superior military ability, which has been attested by over forty years of excellent service, which have included the Civil War, the subsequent campaigns against the Indians, the war with Spain and its consequent war in the Philippines.

PROBLEMS OF SOLAR ENERGY.

Theories about Summer heat and electrical phenomena upon the earth, many and various, are built up on the known periodicity of sun spots. It is now recalled that Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, predicted that last Summer would be hotter than that of the year before, and this Summer hotter than last. He undertakes to show that when the spots are at their maximum in number and area the sun gives out most heat. Observations long continued show that the spots diminish and then reappear at intervals; and heliologists have now accumulated a body of data upon which the periodicity of the sun spots may be calculated with approximate accuracy. But the theory that solar heat is highest when the spots on the sun are largest and most numerous ought, if true, to hold good in all parts of the earth; whereas in fact this is not an exceptionally hot Summer everywhere. On the contrary, in many parts, and especially in the Pacific Coast regions of North America, it is exceptionally cool.

It has been found, from the observations of a German astronomer, Schwabe, after many years of painstaking labor devoted by him to this subject, that the cycle of periodical change in the number and size of the spots is about eleven years and five weeks. That is to say, "if we measure from a time when the spots are at their greatest, both as to number and individual size, we find that in eleven years and five weeks there is a recurrence, generally speaking, of the same conditions." Also, that a connection is believed to exist between the number and size of the spots on the surface of the sun and the variations of the magnetic needle on the earth. It is noted as a remarkable circumstance that the extent of the variation reaches a maximum at the time when the sun spots are greatest.

Sir Robert Ball, the English astronomer, in a recent treatise, says that "the spots which so frequently seem to fleck the dazzling surface of the sun are probably mere rents in the brilliant mantle, or photosphere, through which we are permitted to obtain glimpses of a non-luminous interior." He believes that the material of this photosphere, which confers on the sun its beneficent and tremendous power, is carbon. There is probably no substance whatever that has so high a temperature of fusion as this element. "A filament of carbon, and a filament of that element only, will remain unfused and unbroken when heated by the electric current into the dazzling brightness necessary for the effective illumination of an incandescent lamp. Modern research," continues this writer, "has now suggested that just as the electrician has to employ carbon as the immediate agent in producing the brightest artificial lights, so the sun uses precisely the same element as the immediate agent in the production of its transcendent light and heat." The further theory is that when the sun spots are largest and most numerous this energy is greatest; and, further, that it may account for observed variations of terrestrial magnetism.

Moreover, it has long been observed that the various spots all partake of a common movement, not to be accounted for by the supposition of any proper motion in the spots themselves. They move across the disk of the sun from east to west, and require twelve to thirteen days for the journey across the face of the luminary. Then they require as much time for the movement around that side of the sun which is turned away from us, when they reappear at the eastern margin of the sun. This movement is wholly independent of the periodicity of eleven years and five weeks before noted. It seems to indicate the period of the sun's rotation on its axis—about twenty-five days; but the period of the rotation seems to be different at different times, and to vary with the frequency of the sun spots.

There are problems here that no doubt are beyond solution by human intelligence; but it may easily be imagined that variations of an energy so tremendous might exert great influence on terrestrial conditions.

THE CHINESE PERIL.

The Chinese peril is abroad in the land, but it is one of scarcity, not of overwhelming numbers. Salmon canneries here and at Puget Sound are restricted in their operations and unable to employ all the white labor they would like, because that portion of the process which is done by Chinese has to stop for want of Chinamen. In the handling of the fish, there is work that white men and women do not like to do, and that Chinese do better, anyhow. The constantly diminishing supply of Chinese labor seems, therefore, to have reached the point where it affects not only the poor celestial seeking employment here, but the whole body of native wage-earners. That is, it reduces the total of lucrative positions open to white labor.

It is obvious that when such a stage is reached the demand of labor unions for complete exclusion of Asiatics will have greater difficulty than hitherto to maintain itself. With the organization of union labor public sentiment is now in general sympathy; and this feeling extends also in the main to the antipathy of the labor world to unrestricted Asiatic immigration. Well-paid American labor is worth its wage, and is worth taking care of. Its income enables it to consume manufactured products in large volume, to live above beggary and crime, to educate its children, ornament its homes and hold up its head in the community's social and religious life. These results are worth conserving.

Yet the suspicion has long been gaining force that the menace of Asiatic labor to native labor has been exaggerated by our unions, and perhaps wholly misconceived. Certain it is that the ousting of skilled American mechanics by Chinese or Japanese has yet to be demonstrated. The lurid dream of agitators is as yet unfulfilled. The fact is that comfort and production are both held in check by absence of cheap labor. Where is the member of a highly organized trades union who wants to become a section hand or a dishwasher, to pick peas or wash socks? As it is, farmers can't get hands or housekeepers domestics in sufficient supply to save them from personal discomfort and actual loss of crops.

Organized labor has never cared to exploit itself in the direction of philanthropy or international comity. Yet it is doubtful whether it would be willing to maintain the position that cheap labor should be kept out, at whatever discomfort and expense to the masses of the people, purely as a concession to the sentimental and selfish aversion to foreigners. Its extreme position in this matter might be somewhat modified, in view of the situation in the cheap-labor market, whose undesirability is manifest to every impartial mind, and self-interest might even be enlisted against too sweeping exclusion by exhibits such as the salmon canneries now present. Specific instances of this sort can be adduced but very rarely, however clear might seem the general proposition that whatever retards production lessens the opportunities for skilled labor.

It is idle, of course, to expect that anything can interfere with the reenactment of the Chinese exclusion law, or with its extension to the Japanese as well, though there are arguments in its favor. One is the undesirability of acting the hog with nations we are desirous of selling to as friends and neighbors by treating their subjects with conspicuous scorn and aversion. However loudly we slam the door on Asiatic labor, we shall hardly rebuke Asiatics for buying our flour and locomotives. We have warships and regiments ready to resent discourtesy to our drummers and missionaries, but Chinese should not resent being thrown out of the window if they venture to count on neighborliness at this end of the line. Nor need the housewife doing her own cooking, or the American farmer with wheat and hops perishing for lack of hands, or the salmon canners advertising in vain for Chinese cutters, expect any sympathy from Congress. They have no union. They will vote their ticket regardless of Asiatic labor. Not so the organized trades. He would be a brave Congressman who should disregard the still, small voice of brotherhoods and assemblies for a mere matter of justice.

CHARACTERISTIC SEATTLE ERRORS.

A Seattle paper, which, to use speculative terms, is generally long on advice and short on knowledge of the subjects on which the advice is offered, is giving some farewell instructions to the rivers and harbors committee. It says:

> The demands for the improvement of the lower Columbia and Willamette require the expenditure of such enormous sums that nothing will be left for the upper river, if Portland is given all she asks for her immediate local interests. That city is appealing for the expenditure of enormous sums for the purpose of dredging a channel from the mouth of the Columbia to the city on the Willamette, to permit deep-water ships to load up that small stream instead of at the good harbors which already exist near the mouth of the Columbia. The dredging of that channel would not necessarily result in the saving of a single cent to the wheat-raisers of the great Columbia basin. It is purely a local matter in the interest of a single city.

Unfortunately for the self-appointed advisor of the rivers and harbors committee, the committee has a much clearer idea of what is demanded and what is needed for the Columbia River than some of the newspaper experts who are offering unsolicited advice. On the trip of the committee from Lewiston to Portland the Seattle paper had a very able representative, who gave detailed and accurate accounts of what was needed. Had that correspondent been permitted to continue his examination of the river from Portland to the sea, and made the same unbiased, truthful reports that he made regarding the upper rivers, no such ridiculous statement as the above would have been made by his paper. This city is not "appealing for the expenditure of enormous sums for the purpose of dredging a channel from the mouth of the Columbia to the city on the Willamette." This city already has an excellent channel, which will get along very well without much improvement until there is more water at the mouth of the Columbia River.

All of the advantages which would accrue from an open river above The Dalles would be nullified if we were to abandon the work at the mouth of the Columbia River and force shipping to leave the river for deeper harbors elsewhere. This policy, of course, might throw water on the Seattle wheel, but if followed out it would damage the interior wheatgrower as much, and perhaps more, than it would the Portland merchant. The Government has spent several million dollars in deepening the entrance to the Columbia River. The results secured for this money have been highly satisfactory. 8000-ton steamships crossing in and out where vessels of from 1000 to 2000 tons capacity experienced difficulty before the work was commenced. The Port of Portland supplemented the work of the Government by opening up a channel from this city to Astoria in keeping with the channel at the mouth of the river, and the channel built with Portland money is today in a better condition than that from Astoria to the sea.

Government aid is needed to keep the river open in the best possible shape where it joins the sea. What this means for the producers of the Inland Empire is shown in the records of the past. Before the Government and the Port of Portland gave this port a good channel shipowners demanded and received 10 shillings per ton more for freights than they would accept from San Francisco. This difference was paid by the farmer, and if the Government fails to improve the channel at the mouth of the Columbia and the ships are again delayed as they were in the old days, the differential will again be demanded, and commerce driven from the Columbia. It would, of course, be very painful for Seattle to have the mouth of the Columbia River with its old seventeen-foot channel again in these days of mammoth steamships, and its great solicitude for the welfare of the population in the territory drained by the great river is understood and appreciated in its true worth.

Speaking of this being "purely a local matter in the interest of a single city," under what classification would come the Lake Washington canal, better known as the "Seattle ditch"? Portland will work for an open river from Lewiston to the sea, and she will have in the future, as in the past, the support of the Inland Empire, which is pretty familiar with the reasons for interference by a rival port.

Theories and rumors of the consolidation of railroad offices have thus far failed to recognize a notable difference between the Hill-Morgan and the Harriman-Schiff groups. The Northern group, dominated by the Hill-Morgan combination, is composed for the most part of long lines of parallel and competing roads; the Harriman-Schiff group is composed of connecting rather than competing lines. Therefore the same rule will not apply to the internal affairs of the two groups. While it would be entirely reasonable and practicable to consolidate offices of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, for example, letting one office represent both lines at San Francisco, New Orleans, Omaha, Chicago, and perhaps Portland, it would not be at all feasible for one office to represent the Northern Pacific and Great Northern at Portland, Seattle and St. Paul. The competition between them is too keen to permit this. So separate organizations must be maintained by each of the Northern lines, and their "harmonization" goes only to the extent of establishing such community of interests as will prevent ratecutting, the invasion of competitive territory with new lines, and other practices destructive of profits. The problems to be worked out by Mr. Hill are essentially different from those Mr. Harriman has to deal with, though the result aimed at is the same—cheapening and bettering of transportation service.

Never before has a Congressional committee made so full an examination of the harbors and navigable rivers of the Pacific Coast as that just completed by the House committee on rivers and harbors. The better part of two months spent in this examination ought to yield results next Winter in a more intelligent treatment of this Coast, and more particularly of the Pacific Northwest, in the appropriation bill to be prepared by this committee. It is not a matter merely personal and political. Great industrial interests are intimately conected with the improvement of navigation, and in no part of the country are the demands of legitimate industry more entitled to consideration. The opening of the Columbia has already been too long delayed. Eastern Congressmen were never able to believe that every statement of its importance was not an extravagant story to promote a local boom. Now it is hoped this idea is securely buried. The members of the present committee have shown commendable zeal in getting pertinent information, and they appear to be very willing to give it proper weight. Chairman Burton's grasp of the subject has surprised and gratified all who have come in contact with him. There is expectation now that the Pacific Northwest will get just recognition in the next rivers and harbors bill.

It is almost certain that distress will follow the present invasion of Oklahoma by eager homeseekers. How can it be otherwise when, passing through a drouth-smitten section, with very little money, is a multitude of people largely in excess of the number who can by any possibility be supplied with the coveted homestead acres in the Kiowa-Comanche reservation that is to be thrown open to settlement August 6? The severity of Winter weather could hardly bring more suffering to these moving hordes than will the present season of superheated atmosphere. Scarcity of water is being already felt by many campers who are on the ground with their teams and cattle, waiting a chance to draw lots for land. When it is considered that already 150,000 people have registered for a chance at the 13,000 claims to be awarded, the number foredoomed to disappointment may be computed, though at this distance the bitterness of their disappointment can hardly be realized. Those who are brought to face these conditions through an honest desire and earnest effort to better themselves are entitled to the largest sympathy in their sufferings and certain disappointment. Obeying the lottery instinct, however, they must abide the decision which fortune's wheel renders at all times without a reason.

George Kennan, the American author, has been ordered to quit Russia at once. He should not demur at this. He has a straightforward way of stating facts in regard to "Holy Russia" and its methods of government—church and state—that the Russian authorities cannot be expected to tolerate. Tolstoi, Russian subject that he is, would be banished from the empire or exiled to Siberia were he a younger man with a promise of popularity. Being old and out of favor, he will probably be allowed to live out his days in Russia in a state of excommunication, subject to the anathemas of the holy synod while he shouts defiance back at that body. The secret of this leniency toward him is told in Tolstoi's own words, "I have not 100 disciples in all Russia." An old man with so small a following as this, and whom the ecclesiastical powers have already visited with all possible disgrace and ostracism, may well be considered harmless enough to live in autocratic, priest-ridden Russia.

The Vatican has decided to allow the various religious organizations in France to apply for authorization under the new law regulating associations, which as a matter of fact is along the lines of enactments made during Catholic regimes in France. M. Waldeck-Rousseau disclaims any attack on religion or church, and declares that no religious or secular organization that has a legitimate right to exist will be affected by the new law, and so far as the letter of the law goes the conditions under which the authorization of societies will be allowed are not anti-religious, nor even anti-Catholic.

Germany's draft of a new tariff bill names higher customs duties than are now in effect, and to that extent will discourage imports from abroad if it shall be adopted. But Germany's law-making body will not be in session until Fall, and when it shall get a chance at this bill there will be more or less fun. It cannot be disguised that the tendency of the time is toward lower, not higher, customs tariffs, and Germany's trade exigencies will hardly admit of the erection of a tariff wall at this time. The bill is sure to be greatly modified before becoming law.

Mr. Alfred Holman's letter in another column contains a sound suggestion. It is easy to lay too much emphasis upon scenery at the expense of forests, mines and fertile fields, whence wealth may be extracted and industry created. Our boards and committees should make a note of Mr. Holman's points and act upon them.

There is one thing to be noted in connection with the fuss that is being made in naval circles about "Schley at Santiago." He was there. No denial of that fact is possible. Sampson's whereabouts on that historic occasion are not so definitely fixed. It can be said, however, that "he got there."

"There are many hymns," says a sound critic, "that are far from being doggerel, though they embody views and sentiments of man's relations to the Divinity which belong to the past."

WHAT TO SHOW OUR VISITORS.

May I so far presume upon my character as a son of Oregon—a son whose affection and loyalty are not weakened by absence—to offer a suggestion relative to the entertainment and instruction of travelers, or tourists, as the modern fashion names them, who, in these later years, are flocking to the Coast in such numbers? I am impelled to do so because in talking with many persons after a visit to Oregon I find they know little or nothing about the country. They are, indeed, filled with rapturous memories of the Columbia Gorge and of Mount Hood, and they all bear witness to the charm of Portland; but of material facts relative to the Oregonian life, industry and opportunity, they have learned nothing at all. Almost uniformly they speak of Oregon as a country of physical wonders, just as they do of the shores of maritime Alaska, to be looked upon once with rapture and forever after dreamed of with delight.

All this is fine, truly, but it butters no parsnips. It does not summon new population; it does not win capital; it does not gain commercial or political favor, nor promote advancement. In truth, it all tends the other way—to give Oregon a kind of repute more damaging than helpful in a business sense. It is like the fame for brilliant oratory or bubbling humor, which sometimes destroys credit for sober sense in a man of really sound parts.

My suggestion is that some share of the hospitality which Portland bestows upon those who visit Oregon be diverted from rivers and mountains to less picturesque but more profitable things—to the districts and resources which make the basis of the industry and commerce of the country. I suggest that the attention of visitors be brought to the Willamette Valley, to the Columbia River Basin, to the timber fields of the Cascade Range, to the fine river land tracts which lie along the Lower Columbia and to the unnumbered other districts wherefrom Portland draws the sources of her trade and commerce. Let them be shown so much of these things that they cannot fail to bear away with them an abiding impression of the present fruitfulness and the unequaled potentialities of the country; so that when they speak of Oregon it will not be merely to exploit the fine but unprofitable grandeurs of her majestic river and of her many and towering mountains.

I have seen something of late years of the ways in which they entertain visitors in this State of California, where the business is developed into a very practical art. The handiwork of God is not slighted. Verily not; nor are the things which speak for the achievement and the ambition of man. As much zeal and pride and hope are exhibited in the terms in which a Californian points out the orchards and the irrigation systems as in his references to Gray Old Baldy, or to the purple Loma Prieta. A touch of this spirit would help Oregon mightily.

I know of nothing in Oregon better suited to charm and instruct a visitor than a drive through the Red Hills, south of Salem, or the Waldo country to the east, or the rolling panorama of Panther Creek in old Yamhill. Set down one of these districts in California and in a year it would be famous the world around. They are not, I suspect, even so much as known to one Oregonian in 5000 outside of the relatively few who live in them, or whose business it is to travel about and collect the taxes.

By way of conclusion and summary let me say: When you talk with a visitor, don't pass over slightingly the unequaled natural beauties of Oregon, but do for the sake of self-interest and progress take his eye from the Columbia Gorge and Mount Hood long enough to discover that there is something in Oregon besides a mighty river and a glory of snow peaks.

ALFRED HOLMAN.

San Jose, Cal., July 25.

Grover Cleveland's Vindication.

Boston Herald, Ind.

It is appropriate to call to the public mind the vindication that comes to ex-President Cleveland in the new policy to which so many influential Democrats are now urging their party. The controlling men among its politicians five years ago not only left him because he sought to keep the Democrats in a condition of sanity as regards the currency, but they abused him personally for the good advice he gave them. After wandering away in the wilderness of heresies in pursuit of these false gods, they have had their lessons, and, draggled and soiled by their experience in defeat, are now coming back to the safe ground on which he would have kept them. It will, perhaps, be too much to expect them to admit in terms of repentance toward himself the wrong they did him. But Cleveland does not need this. Their present action is his abundant justification. The Nation knows that it was largely due to his wisdom in public life that the Democratic party was enabled to obtain two terms in the Presidency, and that it was their folly in refusing to act on his counsel that cost them the following years of dreary defeat they are now admitting by their action.

Expatriated Americans.

New York Press.

"There's nothing left for me to do in the United States except to pine away," said the retired politician. "All my old friends have become voluntary expatriates. There's Willy Astor. Why, I taught him how to kiss babies in our district and sent him to the Legislature. Couldn't get him to Congress because he wouldn't 'put up' the dough. Ran on his popularity and got licked like ——. Got mad and moved to England to be among gentlemen! Ha! ha! Croker's gone because there's too much leakage in Tammany Hall—leakage of information. He's got the notion somebody's going to tell something rotten. Poultney Bigelow ain't a naturalized Britisher yet, but lives in London so's he can keep the Englishmen red-hot on the subject of his friend the Kaiser. He's had charge of the Kaiser about 15 years. Pierre Lorillard only came home to die. He had no use for America. Bradley Martin likes to be near the Societe de Sport de l'Ile de Puteaux and to hear Viscount Uffington lisp 'Grandpop.' Yes, yes; they're all going. If I could induce Larry Delmour to go with me I'd buy a plot in Piccadilly and settle down for life. This country is too dead slow."

Frontiersmen in Politics.

Chicago Chronicle, Dem.

It has been unfortunate for the Democratic party that its management during two Presidential campaigns has been confided to a group of men representing frontier states, and entirely out of touch with the real Democracy of the great Central and Eastern States.

The chairman was an Arkansas man, the chairman of the executive committee was a Kansas man, the secretary of the committee was an Iowa man. The Presidential candidate was a Nebraska man.

Living so far out of the longitudes of sound, honest and conservative Democracy, Chairman Jones and his colleagues are not expected to understand the movements of enlightened and progressive politics in the United States.

The talk of reorganizing the Democratic party takes too wide a range. All that is now necessary is to reorganize the National committee.

Wind Enough.

Washington Post.

The Nebraska people have been praying for rain. Owing to the character of the politicians they raise out that way, they have never been compelled to pray for wind.

Southern Democrats Pleased.

Mobile Register.

As for the South, the press sends up an almost harmonious jubilation over the throw-down of the Nebraska man (Bryan).

THE POTTER'S DUSTLESS TRAIL

When you take one of these daylight trips from Portland to the ocean you are having an enjoyable experience.

The palatial Potter, a swift sidewheel steamer, makes the run in seven hours, and in her appointments there is luxury and comfort and room—room—room to turn around in. From her promenade decks you get a good view of the shipping in Portland harbor. Swan Island and St. Johns, where houses are increasing, soon skim past, and the smelter that does not smell, and at the mouth of the Willamette you see where painless dentistry has been practiced with brush-dams. Here is where the Willamette ceases its calling to the Columbia, and the latter backs up and takes it in.

If a river has a head and a mouth, does it also have a bosom? If the ocean only has that, the river escapes the many conflicting emotions that other bosoms are subject to in preparing for trips and getting together at the last moment strayed shawl-straps and hat pins.

A picturesque panorama, indeed, is that seen along the Willamette and Columbia, and if the Rhine has any prettier pictures let it stand up and remain standing until it is counted. With three snow-capped mountains towering above the Cascade range there is a beautiful blending of hues, and the bright, cheerful color of the cottonwoods shows that nature lacked the commercial instinct in letting them waste all their sap in leaves when they might just as well be bearing fruit. But modern methods of business are now gathering in many of them for paper pulp.

On these daylight trips there are many people personally present whom you know, but you miss J. P. Morgan, and wonder why he is not here to form a sand syndicate and operate along the river banks, for there are said to be two and one-half beer bottles broken every minute, and the public demands that as many more be born.

Smooth traveling these steamboat trips are. There are no chuck-holes such as bump the rubber-tired drays on city streets. No roadworkers have rested on their shovels and shirked the tax along this grand highway, and not a speck of dust disturbs the river's surface or rises from the steamboat's trail. The suppression of dust on Walla Walla's spacious streets costs a two-mill tax, but the Columbia is exempt from such expense. This in the grand Columbia in whose cooling depths no salmon are ever sunstruck, no thermometer is overheated. No flies, no fleas, no mosquitos impede the progress of its boats.

The sightly slopes adjacent to Kalama are again covered with a coat of second-growth firs, and the buyers of lots when it was a great terminus can see irony in the fact that the big ferryboat here is named Tacoma.

The dogwood trees along the Columbia have dropped their blossoms, if not their bark, and the lumbering towns you pass wear an air of prosperity.

Soon the steamboat traveler down the Columbia begins to note the extent of the great salmon industry, and no one envies the men and horses wading into the too cool water and hauling out the seines in the freshening breeze and white caps coming.

Pillar Rock has not changed, and its growth has about kept pace with that of the scrub oaks you see at the state fair grounds at Salem.

At Astoria, the town that its founder never saw, you see a forest of fishing boats and drying nets, and the fact that Lewis and Clark, with the whole United States backing them up, never had a steamboat with a single stateroom while here, shows that the world has grown greater. Astoria, whose ramparts the British captain joked about shooting away before breakfast, has grown some since then.

After touching at Astoria the Potter heads away towards the Columbia's mouth. The bay broadens, the water gets rougher, and the view gets grander. The Coast range to the south shows a vast stretch of undeveloped Oregon, full of forests and chewing gum which some syndicate should be suplying to the seminaries of the world.

When the ocean is but a few miles away the Potter rounds Sand Island, the tomb of the Great Republic, where now all is activity in catching salmon, and hundreds of cold storage scows and houseboats toss in the surf. The earthworks of Fort Stevens, with their disappearing guns, are seen in the near distance, with the jetty and Tillamook head beyond.

But soon is reached Ilwaco, the city of destiny, in that no rival can build nearer to the moaning of the bar. Ilwaco is where wheel meets keel, and the Potter's passengers step from boat to car, and in a few minutes are being dropped off at points along the ocean beach.

There are probably 2000 people strung along the beach at present, the cool weather keeping away another 1000. When the ocean is out the table is upset, and the hand-painted doilies are made from devil's-apron seaweed and the finger bowls from crab shells. But while the tide is supposed to provide liberally, the grocer and butcher seem to do a thriving trade.

Here is one of the largest oceans in the Northwest, and one of the best beaches on which to run well-insured ships. The fine sand scarcely scratches their keels, and few of them are ever walked off again.

J. W. R.

Sea View, July 26.

Harriman and Harmony.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Union Pacific or Harriman raid on the Northern Pacific's position in relation to the Burlington deal is now shown to have been an unqualified success. Its purpose was to compel a recognition of Union Pacific interests in any project bringing the Burlington system under the control of a rival transcontinental line, and the new Northern Pacific directory, as constructed by Mr. Morgan, is to contain an ample Union Pacific representation. Indeed, it looks to Wall street as if the Union Pacific element will be the dominating one. The St. Paul, Northwestern and Pennsylvania systems are also to be represented in the new board, which, as now planned, will be the most comprehensive single railway directory ever known—representing four transcontinental lines (the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific) and the Burlington, St. Paul, Northwestern (and Vanderbilt) and Pennsylvania systems. The practicability of operating this immense and oftentimes competing mileage in harmony is now to be tested.

Not in the Corn Belt.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Farmers who are not in the "corn belt" should not attempt to raise corn. This is the advice persistently sent out by the Department of Agriculture for years and which is just as persistently unheeded. People in the semi-arid regions of the West refuse to believe that they are not in the "corn belt." Instead of turning their attention to products that flourish in that latitude they continue to plant corn, with the result that about nine times out of ten their labor is practically lost. The only time they have a corn crop is when they have plentiful rains during the growing season.

Progression.

Washington Star.

An arch of clearest blue;
The hum of bees;
A song that whispers through
The languid trees;
A prismed twilight sky;
A golden moon.
Roses that smile and die,
And that is June.
The smell of asphalt hot,
A breath of air
That's wafted from the spot
Where souls despair;
A sun whose fierceness smites
The weary eye;
Long, weary, sleepless nights—
And that's July.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

If King Edward desires to keep track of all his titles he had better have an abstract made.

J. P. Morgan is having almost as much worry as if he had retained the presidency of the New York Yacht Club.

The only thing unpleasant about a polar expedition these hot days is the fact that the explorers never come back.

Bryan will hold out until some Funston arises in the ranks of the reformed Democrats and brings him into camp.

Formerly when a man used insulting language to another he was called out; now he is not even called down.

Two Kentucky politicians had a fight, and only one of them drew a gun. What is getting the matter with Kentucky?

It was not the efforts of Mrs. Nation that taught the Kansans how to appreciate the water that is falling there now.

What a great thing for an actor would be all this advertising which is being wasted on Admirals Sampson and Schley.

The mountain climbers who ascend the Matterhorn had better come over here first and take a few lessons from the Mazamas.

We are measurably excited over baseball, but until we mob an umpire it will be evident that we are not really deeply interested in the game.

By the judicious disposal of a Dukedom, King Edward might be able to keep the poet laureate from writing a coronation ode. The immunity would be cheap at the price.

If the salmon keep on running they will restore public confidence in the pioneers who tell stories of crossing the Columbia River on their backs in early times.

A family of mosquitos that sing popular airs has been discovered in New Jersey. This gives a side light on the movements of the correspondent who was last heard from at Albany, N. Y.

A correspondent from Sumpter sends the following:

The present drouths in Kansas and Nebraska recall the drouths and grasshopper plagues in those states in the early '80s, when thousands of the settlers who a few years before had settled in those states were "trekking" back to New England, the Middle and other states east of the Mississippi, in the same prairie schooners in which they had come. Nearly all of these thousands of prairie schooners were adorned with some words explanatory of the movements and sentiments of their owners. One schooner cover was thus adorned:

Good-bye, Kansas, Nebraska,
We bid you a long adieu;
We may go to hell sometime,
But we'll never go back to you.

Miss Mary McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, who is in London investigating the social settlement work of that city, says: "Notwithstanding England's strenuous and many-sided activity in behalf of the poor, I do not think this country possesses a single agency of social reform attaining the high degree of efficiency admittedly attained by Chicago's premier social settlement. I mean to say that Hull House, in my opinion, copes with its peculiar conditions and surroundings more successfully than any London settlement copes with its particular problems. I have no hesitation in saying that the charities of this capital, honeycombing every part of it and speaking so loudly of the innate generosity of the British heart, accomplish more harm than good. They make the dispossessed classes stop looking for ways of self-maintenance and engage regularly in alms-seeking. If I were asked to say in one word what was the matter with England I should reply 'drunkenness.'"

Statement From a Silver Paper.

Salt Lake Tribune.

Some papers are wondering why Mr. Towne, now that he has given up silver, does not return to the Republican party, which he left on account of the attitude of the party on the silver question. There was a little band of men in Congress—Towne, Pettigrew, Dubois, Cannon, Teller and a few others—who did not leave the party entirely on account of silver. Rather, they, with others, planned a new party, a new Democracy to be put through the convention at Chicago. When Mr. Bryan was nominated on that platform many thousands of Republicans supported him in 1896 on the silver plank alone. When that plank was shivered they had no use for the outside rot of that platform, but the little band referred to above supported it as part of their new political religion.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Genius.—"Genius," remarked the man in the patent-medicine advertising line, "is the infinite capacity for suggesting pains!"—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Work in That.—"He says the world owes him a living." "Well, so it does. All he has to do is to go to work and collect it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nell—Mr. Weston paid me quite a compliment at dinner last evening. He told me I ate like a bird. Belle—Well, he's a good judge. He runs an ostrich farm, you know.—Philadelphia Record.

Porch Talk.—"How do people enjoy trolley rides in such crowded cars?" "Oh, everybody is buoyed up by the expectation that everybody else will get off at the next corner."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Drudgery.—Publisher—Say, this same historical period in your book has been covered within the last six weeks by some one else. Author—That's too bad. Now, I'll have to change the dates.—Brooklyn Life.

Twenty Years Hence.—"Is he what you would call a self-made man?" said one multimillionaire. "I should say so," answered the other. "Why, I can remember when he had scarcely a million dollars to his name."—Washington Star.

Realistic.—"That canvas of mine that I call 'Sunset on the Jersey Meadows' is the most realistic thing I ever did." "Is it?" "Yes. You see that stagnant pool in the foreground? Well, sir, I had to sprinkle crude petroleum all over it to keep the mosquitoes off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Impartial.—Tess—I never see Miss Spinner out wheeling that Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Sprockett are not with her. Jess—Yes, she's got them both on her string. The girls are calling her "Miss Tandem." Tess—But she rides an individual wheel. Jess—Yes, but she's a "bicycle maid for two."—Philadelphia Press.

The Latest Fad.—Mrs Nebb—I am going to an observation party this afternoon, dear. Husband—An observation party? What sort of a party is that? Mrs. Nebb—Mrs. Quizzer's next-door neighbor is moving, and Mrs. Quizzer has invited a few friends to watch through the windows and see what they have.—Boston Traveler.

Hard to Tell.—"I see your names in the papers a good deal," commented the old friend. "I suppose you're really in society now." "My wife thinks we are," replied the man who had become suddenly rich, "but sometimes I have my doubts." "How so?" "Well, when there's a swell charity entertainment to be given, with boxes quoted at $200 and $300 or more, the evidence seems to indicate that we are very much in society, but when some exclusive private function takes place there seems to be nothing but what you might call negative evidence. I think possibly it might be correct to say that our money is in society, but we are not."—Chicago Post.