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

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 76; minimum temperature, 56; precipitation, 0.00.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1.

THE STRIKE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The great strike at San Francisco, which now involves 25,000 men, or more, employed on the water front and in the city transport trades, and which is paralyzing the business life of California, is based on the demand of organized labor for larger authority in industrial concerns. The issue is plainly drawn. No contention about wages or hours of labor enters into it. The question is simply this: Shall the labor union represent the workman in his relations to his work, or shall it not? Fifty thousand organized workmen in San Francisco, involving a wide range of trades, say yes. On the other hand, a powerful association of employers, organized against the labor unions, says no.

This contention is not new, nor is it wholly local in its character. The trouble has been brewing at San Francisco for something more than one year, and it has been stimulated by representatives of the National labor unions, whose presence in San Francisco has been continuous since the early months of 1900. There is reason to suppose, and it is generally believed in San Francisco, that the National organizations are planning a tightening of their grip all along the lines, in imitation of British trades unionism, and that San Francisco has been chosen as the first battle-ground because of its relative isolation from the centers and control of labor supply, and from other advantages due to its situation and conditions. The plan certainly has been laid out carefully and the preparations most thoroughly made. Within the year many branches of industry, from that of the mercantile clerk to the shoeblacking trade, have been brought under organization and affiliated with National trades unionism. Meetings have been held as never before, and the spirit of co-operation and sympathetic association has been persistently and adroitly stimulated. All this, of course, has not passed unnoticed by the employing class; indeed, it has been forced upon their attention in a multitude of ways. No employer of labor, within the general lines of trades unionism, has escaped pressure of some sort, at some point of his operations, or has failed to become impressed with the fact that a new and vastly protential force has entered into the sphere of his business, and that it must be reckoned with. The alarm was sounded over five months ago, when the unions demanded and enforced certain minor reforms in lines of business where the hand of organized labor had not before been felt; and the result is now seen in an "Employers' Association" at San Francisco, having a large number of members, a treasury of $200,000 in cash, with available pledge of double this sum, and with a general financial responsibility of many millions of dollars. Both sides, it will be seen, are organized for a trial of strength; both are well provided with the sinews of war, and the feeling on both sides is that of profound determination.

This strike, it will be seen, grows out of a deeply conceived determination on the part of the workmen and of their unions to have their say and to enforce their will wherever the interests of labor are concerned; and, on the other hand, it proceeds from a resolute purpose on the part of the employing class to resist what it calls interference with its affairs. But how a fight between such forces gets started signifies little, since it is not the mere incident of the hour which makes grievance, but the grievance which calls forth the incident. In this case the employes of a draying company operated with union men refused to haul merchandise produced by nonunion labor, and when given the choice of doing the work required or quitting their employment, they chose the latter. Upon the principle here involved the fight at San Francisco rages fiercely. Its first effect is an almost complete tie-up of shipping, paralysis of industry and consequent stagnation of general business. It comes at a time when the fruit season, which makes a large part of Californian industry and business, is at its height, and therefore it makes hardships for the producing districts as well as for the city. It causes virtual suspension of freight movement, both by water and rail. Nobody, moreover, expects the fight to end short of several weeks, perhaps months; and, whatever the event, California is sure to suffer a serious setback in her general prosperity.

Capitalistic combination throughout the country, which during the past year or two has been proceeding at a rate never before witnessed, or even imagined, greatly stimulates the organization of labor unions and strengthens the resolution of their members. It cannot but be expected that these great combinations of capital will be attended or followed by closer and wider organization of the working people of the country. A consequence of corporate organization of capital on so vast a scale is the loss of touch and sympathy between employers and employes. Elimination of sympathy and conscience on the part of the employer—a consequence of corporate and trust control—is followed by hostile organization on the part of the working people. It is a deplorable strife, for which there is no present remedy. But they who have organized, or are striving to organize, all industrial operations under direction of a few, have no right to be surprised at the growing disposition of the working people to meet organization with organization.

MACAULAY A PLAGIARIST.

A certain Mr. George Hibbert, digging among Horace Walpole's letters in order to establish his disputed status in regard to the American Revolution, has come across the following passage:

> The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Horace at Peru. At last, some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins at St. Paul's like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.

Whereupon the New York Times is moved to remark and inquire:

> Here the reader of Macaulay will recognize the undoubted source of that author's famous New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Is this an example of "conscious" or of "unconscious cerebration" on the part of the first really popular historian that England has produced?

With all due regard for Mr. Hibbert's industry and for the offended virtue of the Times, the importance of the discovery seems to be magnified. The simile is one that must have occurred to many bright minds ever since the beginning of London's greatness. The only thing in common, notice, is the phenomenon of St. Paul's in ruins, an edifice whose uniqueness would inevitably select it for comparison with the famous architectural relics of antiquity. Doubtless many men in Walpole's day and earlier have looked foward to the time when the great temple would be a ruin and travelers from afar would come to gaze upon it with melancholy interest. Probably more than one of them put the idea into writing, as Walpole did, and time will likely yet bring the coincidence to light.

Wherein lies the significance of Macaulay's celebrated passage? Is it in the crude ore of Walpole's thought, or in the splendid refinement and polish of the great historian's sonorous periods? It is, of course, in the latter; and it is of no moral significance whether the idea was Macaulay's own or whether he found it in the rough in Walpole. We know now the sources whence Shakespeare drew his materials. "Hamlet" lived in Danish literature in the eleventh century, and was extant in English in Shakespeare's day. "Love's Labor Lost" came from Italy, and "Julius Caesar" from Plutarch. These things help us to understand Shakespeare, but not to discredit him. His greatness lies in the surpassing use he made of his materials, in the inaccessible sublimity of his poetic eminence. It is some such way with Macaulay. If Walpole suggested the New Zealander with his sketch-book, he did a good deed in performing that humble service to the splendid fabric Macaulay left behind him.

Whose is the statue—Angelo's or the slaves, who quarried the block from the mountain side?

LETTERS TO HIMSELF.

When things are dull in the New York Sun office, and the dog days become a burden, and the office cat mews mournfully, and the staff gropes in desperation through exchanges and among cobwebs, external and internal, in pursuit of the elusive idea for embalmment in leaded minion, then in the last extremity all hands turn to the faithful fellow who writes spicy communications to the editor. He writes a censorious letter to the Sun and runs it in agate in the body of the editorial, with an apt and crushing rejoinder in minion; or he writes the communication one day and answers it the next; or perhaps he writes the editorial first, so as to fit the communication he is already at work upon. Through resort to collaboration of several kindred spirits, a series of retorts of considerable ingenuity and spirit can be arranged.

The author of these trusty communications is distinctly literary. His favorite pastime is to take an old book of rhetoric, write a communication embodying one side of a moot question, with the assembled quotations in its support, then answer it with the textbook's argument and quotations on the other side—an array of offhand wisdom whose tremendous effect upon the unsophisticated reader can be imagined. Points in spelling, use of words, authorship, plagiarism, etc., are ducks for this editorial genius, who, if not versatile, is at least scintillant. His latest exploit is a discussion of the time-honored problem of Poe's bust of Pallas and its shadow. Here are two of his clever letters, composed in answer to a previous editorial:

> To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: I note that you "fall down," as it were, in answer to a correspondent who wants to know how you explain Edgar Allan Poe's statement to the effect that the shadow of his raven, which was siting on the pallid bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door, was thrown (by the lamplight o'er him streaming) on the floor.
>
> Pshaw! that's easy. Poe's chamber opened on a hallway having a staircase. There was a transom window "just above his chamber door," and the "pallid bust of Pallas" stood in this window—"the lamplight streaming o'er" came from a hanging lamp in the hall, high up on the stairway, or, perhaps, the lamp stood on a wall bracket more than half way up the stairs, and the light, falling on the bust of Pallas through the transom window aforesaid, naturally "cast its shadow on the floor," and at the same time "streamed o'er" the poet as he sat at his library table.
>
> It's mean to make poets swear to the truth of their songs, don't you think? At the same time, there's a lot of other things in that pipe dream of Poe's, "The Raven," that I, for one, do not care to try to explain. H. R.
>
> Newark, July 18.

> To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Nothing could be simpler. Above the chamber door and behind the bust of Pallas there was a large fanlight, or rather, horizontal mullion or transom. In front of this transom and somewhat above it in the adjoining hallway hung a lamp, the light of which, streaming through the transom and o'er the raven as he sits upon the bust, throws his shadow upon the floor of the chamber.
>
> To be sure, on this occasion, the poet explains of this hallway "darkness there and nothing more." But the words "and the lamplight o'er him streaming" are to be construed generally with the words "and the raven . . . still is sitting" and mean "when the hall lamp is lit."
>
> What you say of Tycho Brahe would also characterize Poe. He was a genius beyond doubt, but with an admixture of picturesque humbug. H. M. C.
>
> Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., July 18.

Is the author of these letters to himself the self-same figure that has pursued his pleasant task for so many years, or a brilliant recruit following in the footsteps of some illustrious predecessor? Let us choose the antiquary view, for the problems opened and closed are the precious ones of auld lang syne. Perhaps in this achievement the trusty scrap-book also plays its part. At any rate, the letters are their own excuse for being. They are infinitely superior to the genuine article.

A FALLEN IDOL.

In yesterday's issue we printed utterances of Oregon and Washington Democrats on the subject of Bryan and Bryanism. Nothing could stand out more clearly than the fact that the peerless leader has lost his hold on his sometime worshipers here as well as elsewhere. But yesterday the word of Bryan might have stood against the world. Now lies he in the Commoner, and none so poor to do him reverence.

What have they got against Bryan? He is in his prime. His devotion to "principle" has nothing wavered, his voice is still resonant, his smile of disdain as all-conquering as ever, his private life is pure, his manners irreproachable, his bravery, unanswerable logic and "eloquence" are still doing business at the old stand. All the great and wonderful qualities that fit him so pre-eminently for President still shine resplendent, undimmed by age or disuse.

What, then, have they got against Bryan? Why, he can't be elected. He has led his party twice—to defeat. That's all. There's nothing in it. Follow his banner, if you will; stand loyally by the toiling masses; rebuke the bloated bondholder and the shameless conspiracies of the Money Power; cry amain for the dollar of the daddies and for justice to the white metal of the Constitution; resolve against government by injunction and against making an empire out of the Republic; but know that if you go on doing all this, it is a bootless task. Your man can't make it. There will be no Cabinet places to give out, no postoffices, no Collectorships, no nothing but the consciousness of duty done and the memory of principles defended—and these cut no ice.

What do your high character and your eternal principles signify, Mr. Bryan, if there is nothing in it for us? Where do we get off? Sixteen to one and government by injunction and a Republic forever, but empire never, are O. K., and we have stood by them steadfastly as long as there was a show to get in. But, really, there is such a thing as being unreasonably loyal and persistent. The toiling masses are well enough in their way, but nothing is worth standing out for if it is at the expense of the offices. We have but the kindest feelings for you, Colonel, and for ourselves, whose last year's utterances we must now proceed to eat in humility and amid derision. But you must not take yourself or your principles too seriously. The main thing, remember, is to get there. To that supreme end must be subordinated both men and principles.

This is what, between the lines of their interviews, editorials and letters, the Democrats are saying to Bryan. The young Lochinvar may stay in the West, and Bolivar's sword may rust in its scabbard. The Democracy will decline to be crucified upon another crown of thorns, or wear upon its bleeding brow another cross of 16 to 1. Thus, ever thus, the proudly swollen tires of one campaign are punctured by the unfeeling tacks of the next. Said Don Quixote to his companion: "See'st thou yon cavalier who approaches, mounted on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "All I see," replied Sancho, "is a man on a gray ass like my own, with something shiny on his head."

"PRESBYTERIAN" AND HIS PLAINT.

It is to be feared that the good brother who wrote the letter published yesterday, signed "Presbyterian," has not been a steady attendant at his church, or, if a steady attendant, not an attentive listener. He criticises as doggerel the line in Heber's hymn, "Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea"—saying, "Why the saints, if they have golden crowns, should cast them down around the glassy sea, if there be any such thing as a glassy sea, is not explained in this alleged hymn." The critic should consult his Bible, which no doubt he will find in the place where he filed it away many years ago. "And round the throne there were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment, and they had on their heads crowns of gold. And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal. The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and cast their crowns before the throne," etc. So there seems to be good authority for the golden crowns and the glassy sea, and also for the observation on casting the golden crowns around the glassy sea. Heber, moreover, has some reputation as a poet, though he was not a Presbyterian. Our good brother, if he will excuse us, seems a trifle prosaic and a little dull. We may fear he would put into his category of doggerel verses these lines from Bishop Wordsworth's well-known hymn:

> Hark! the sound of holy voices
> Chanting at the crystal sea,
> Hallelujah, hallelujah,
> Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee!
>
> Multitudes which none can number,
> Like the stars in glory stand,
> Clothed in white apparel, holding
> Palms of victory in their hand.

And that energetic burst at the opening of the third book of Pollok's "Course of Time," beginning:

> Behold'st thou yonder on the crystal sea,
> Before the throne of God an image bright—

Of course, we may be mistaken, and judgment in such cases should be charitable; but, really, we fear that our "Presbyterian" critic is not a Presbyterian "to hurt."

LOYALISTS IN THE REVOLUTION.

Professor Alexander C. Flick, of Syracuse (N. Y.) University, in his recently published "Loyalism in New York During the American Revolution," describes the treatment the loyalists received from the patriots, both in their organized and in their mob capacity. The patriot mob in 1776 made a general raid upon the persons and property of the loyalists in New York City. Their printing presses were broken up, their houses broken into and the tarring and feathering of loyalists and riding them on a rail through the public streets was a common occurrence. The Provincial Congress of New York went so far as to order the committee of public safety to secure all the pitch and tar "necessary for the public use and public safety." Describing the parading of tories mounted upon sharp rails through the streets, the historian says:

> The procession passed the building occupied by the Provincial Convention and the committee of public safety, then in session, and before the very door of General Washington, who so far approved of this inhuman, barbarous proceeding that he gave a very severe reprimand to General Putnam, who, accidentally meeting one of these processions on the street, and, shocked by its barbarity, attempted to put a stop to it, Washington declaring that to discourage such proceedings was to injure the cause of liberty, and that nobody would attempt it but an enemy of his country."

These wretched loyalists were hunted out by inquisitorial committees, seized in their houses, dragged before the nearest tribunal, sentenced to prison, and often to death. The jails were filled to overflowing. Many were exiled, some were compelled to give hostages, and "a few were murdered." The Provincial Convention of New York in March, 1777, ordered that all suspected traitors should be tried by court-martial, and, "if found guilty, should suffer death or other punishment, at the discretion of a general court-martial of the Continental Army." On May 3, 1777, a court-martial sentenced fourteen to death, and the convention ordered General George Clinton to execute the sentence in the case of all save two. In Queens County, General Washington sent Colonel Cornell with 1000 men to hunt out the tories. In the general hunt that followed, some were wounded, a few were murdered and a large number captured and banished to different parts of New England.

The loyalists in all the colonies were finally all driven into exile, and their property confiscated. Their lot was one of suffering, rail-riding, imprisonment, branding, loss of property, exile, and often death, sometimes inflicted within th eforms of law, but quite as often inflicted by a cruel mob in violation of the forms of law and order. The barbarous treatment of the tories in New York, as related by Professor Flick, was not worse than that inflicted upon them in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Hawthorne, in his novel of "Septimius Felton," vividly describes the brutal treatment inflicted upon a young man of loyalist opinions by a band of hoodlum neighbors.

The San Francisco News Letter cries for Chinese cheap labor on the ground that "California needs labor, and labor it must have at all hazards. It would vote so tomorrow. Every year California has trouble over the picking of its large fruit crop. It would absolutely rot on the trees if it were not for the Chinese, and with an increased area of cultivation more of them have become a necessity. We hear this season of young women of Stanford University accepting service in the fruit canneries, they being influenced thereto by motives of sentiment, knowing that all the fruit could not be otherwise handled. From this state of things California cries aloud for relief. If it be thought that there would be too large a supply of immigrants at first, which is not at all probable, for they are wanted all over the country, their number could be restricted for a time." Meanwhile the supply of cheap labor is decreasing, notably in the West, as the census shows, and the need of it is increasing.

The records show large importations of precious stones into the United States in the last fiscal year. Since it will hardly be maintained that diamonds are necessaries of life or rubies essential to human happiness or existence, it is plain that these importations are evidences of American prosperity. Within recent months the volume and value of these importations have exceeded those of any former year in our history, and the aggregate for the last fiscal year was four times as great as for the last year of President Cleveland's Administration, the total exceeding $30,000,000 in value. It is a mistake to suppose all of these stones were purchased by the rich. Thousands of young women, the betrothed of mechanics or professional men, have as a record of their engagement a diamond glittering on the third finger of the left hand, and look at it with the comfortable assurance that, business being good, "he could afford it."

The Mayor of Pittsfield, Mass., is a man of good sense. He refuses to yield to a stupid demand for the removal of the Chief of Police for simply doing his duty in gathering all the evidence bearing upon the Fosburgh case and submitting it to the District Attorney, who submitted it to the grand jury. The jury, on the presentation of this prosecuting officer, found an indictment. The Judge, in ordering an acquittal, took pains to say that in no respect had the Chief of Police exceeded his duty. If anybody is open to criticism, it is the District Attorney, under whose presentment the grand jury found an indictment. A city with so zealous a Chief of Police as Pittsfield, Mass., deserves congratulation, not reproach.

The Navy Department does not know it, but in connection with the Schley inquiry the thing that is going to arouse the attention of the country and cause Secretary Long and others, not his inferiors, in the Administration, genuine solicitude is the relation of this man Maclay to the Government. It will be inquired why he is such a pet of the Navy that, "laborer" though he is, he supplies text-books for the Annapolis Academy. Here is something the department will find it easier to stir up than to put down.

A new organization has been formed in Philadelphia to fight Quayism, called the Union party, because it appeals for support to Republicans and Democrats alike, without regard to National issues. It will confine itself strictly to municipal and state politics. Ex-Governor Pattison has become chairman of the Democratic City Committee, which is accepted as assurance of harmony between the Union party and the regular Democratic organization.

Whether any international excitement is to follow the arrest of Murrillo in Savanilla harbor must be disclosed by the nature of his offense. Anybody can wrap a flag about him. The question is whether he has forfeited his right to its protection.

The new Columbus platform calls for "coinage" by the Government of gold, silver and paper, and distribution of it all "among the people." Mr. Chairman, please put down our application for about $50,000,000.

Mr. Gompers' disapproval of the sympathetic strike is evidently not shared in San Francisco.

CASUALTIES OF THE HOT TERM.

Chicago Tribune.

It is rare that a period of extreme heat like the present one, which virtually embraces the whole of July, is unaccompanied by casualties of extraordinary magnitude, and yet such has been the case during the present month. There have been some serious disasters in the Old World, occasioned by floods, earthquakes and volcanic disturbances in China, Japan and Java, but these are liable to occur at any time and without much reference to seasons. In the United States, however, there has been almost an entire absence of great casualties.

When individual cases are considered, however, the story is different, and yet in most of these cases death has been due either to ignorance or to the lack of the most ordinary precautions. The three most frequent causes of death in July, apart from illness, are drowning, burning and lightning stroke, and each one of these shows a marked increase over June. It is only natural that in such extreme heat the number of those bathing should be greatly increased, but it is somewhat extraordinary that over two-thirds of those drowned come to their death because of inability to swim. Out of 467 cases of drowning reported this month, 321 of the victims could not swim. Why so simple a process as learning to swim should be so generally neglected, especially when the dangers from such neglect are so obvious, is extraordinary.

The loss of life occasioned by fire this month is 85, which is a large increase over last month, though the figures seem small, deaths by fire occurring most frequently in the Winter months. But in fires as in drownings, negligence is the prevailing cause. In more than half these cases the oil can was the agency of destruction, and it probably will remain so, for warnings pass unheeded. People are burned to death or frightfully disfigured and property is destroyed, and this goes on month after month and year after year, and still the fatal oil can remains the favorite agent for starting a fire in a cook stove not only among ignorant persons, but also at the hands of many persons who have more than average intelligence.

The increase of fatalities by lightning is startling. It is generally considered that July has been a month of almost unprecedented drouth, and yet there has been great thunder storm activity, for there have been 115 persons killed by lightning as compared with 21 in June. It is not possible to connect these fatalities with human negligence, for sometimes no amount of precaution can enable one to avoid the eccentric working of the deadly flash.

Suicides and murders always show a marked increase in hot months and the hotter they are the greater the increase. In the one case heat superinduces melancholy and insanity and in the other undue consumption of intoxicating liquor, with corresponding outbreaks of cussedness and savagery. It is not strange, therefore, that in July (25 days) there have been 491 cases of suicide reported, as compared with 455 cases in June, and 563 cases of murder, compared with 421 cases in June.

The Answer to Anti-Imperialism.

Philadelphia Times.

The people of this great country can always be counted upon to maintain the right. While a great majority of them will adhere to party obligations, there is always more than a controlling element that aims to be entirely right for the sake of the right, and that element will sustain the President in a generously honest colonial policy. We possess Porto Rico and the Philippines by conquest, purchase and treaty, and the great mass of the American people mean that the possessions we have already acquired from Spain will be part of our great Republic. The man or the party who proposes to surrender any portion of these acquisitions will be overwhelmed by popular reprobation.

We have these colonies and we mean to keep them, and what the people of the country want, regardless of party interests, is that there shall be entirely honest, free and fair government of the Porto Ricans and Filipinos. We promised them freedom and they must have it; we promised them protection and it must be given to them; we promised them the majesty of the law and it must be maintained, and President McKinley will be entirely safe in fulfilling these obligations in the spirit in which he has brought the Porto Ricans into the full enjoyment of the liberty for which our Revolutionary fathers fought.

Imperialism is odious to the American people, but it is within the power of President McKinley, and it appears to be his purpose, to disarm the criticisms of imperialism and invite the confidence of all patriotic citizens in his dealings with our new Spanish possessions.

Rogers and His Military Orders.

New York Times.

Governor Rogers, of Washington, is receiving not a little harsh criticism for incorporating in his latest issue of regulations for the National Guard of his state the following paragraph: "Commanding officers of troops called into action against a mob will never order their men to load with anything except ball cartridges. Men will never be given an order to fire over the heads of a mob. If the order to fire is given, aim should be taken at a point not above the center of the body of the nearest member of the mob. . . ." The chief ground of criticism is that this order robs commanding officers of troops of all discretionary powers, and is opposed to the spirit of the regular Army regulations for the same case. Regular Army officers are authorized to treat a mob situation as a tactical problem and to use their judgment as to the method of meeting it. They are especially enjoined to use the bayonet alone against mixed crowds in the first stage of revolt, and to use more serious measures only after the innocent have been sufficiently warned to separate themselves from the unruly elements of the crowd. It should be borne in mind, however, that most military authorities agree that firing over the heads of a mob is a mistake. Governor Rogers says: "If the order to fire is given." In putting his injunction in that form he has left a loophole for his officers. They can follow the regular Army practice and use the bayonet, reserving the bullet for the last resort.

Who Killed Free Silver?

New York Evening Post.

It is interesting to notice that many who during the last five years have apparently been as crazy for free silver coinage as a Junebug for a wall to batter his head against, now discover that they never really thought anything of free silver, but merely supported the idea for the sake of party regularity. The explanations of the necessary changes of heart are interesting also. The most popular is that which lays the death of the silver issue at the door of the Almighty, whose means was the increase in the world's production of gold. This is convenient, and leads readily to one of those transcendental discussions in which the silverite or ex-silverite is able to lose himself with joy. But it is important to keep the record straight; and the truth is that the people have forced the Bryanites to abandon the silver issue, not because of any direct interposition of the Almighty, but simply because the proposal of the silverites was, from the beginning, essentially harmful.

Commensurate.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Washington Post persists in its contention that Shafter is the only hero developed by the Spanish war. The Post is determined to measure Shafter's laurel wreath with his belly-band.

A "SOAK" IN THE "SOLAR."

Chicago Record-Herald.

American slang converted into literature puts the London reviewers beyond the guessing point even. They have been struggling in an utterly helpless way with "Billy Baxter's Letters" and seem to be unable to do more than repeat one another's conundrums. A recent number of the Literary World passes along the problem stated by Arthur Pendenys in Books of Today and founded on this extract from the work in question:

> I was over in New York with the family last Winter, and they made me go with them to "Die Walkure." . . . When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good center dress circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true lover's game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him.

Whether Mr. Pendenys had mastered "bones" or not he does not say, but he asks plaintively, "How does one soak a box man in the solar?" and the Literary World never peeps a word of reply. The injunction to Jim might as well have been written in Chinese for these befogged Britishers who look furtively upon the enigmatic language as part of the American invasion of which so much has been said lately.

Pendenys ventures the opinion in self-defense that American slang differs from all other in one most important particular. "Ordinary slang in England," he says, "tells its own story, to a large extent, and adds to its vocabulary but slowly. In America slang is a mystery, and one must do little else if one would keep pace with it."

There is a certain measure of truth in the distinction, for the English cling to their old slang as they do to their old customs, whereas we develop a crop of new slang expressions every year and soon forget them. "Soak," however, has a world of significance in the peculiar slang use which so puzzles the critic. It indicates such a thorough perversion of the system as no other word could; it is of relatively ancient origin, and it would probably be self-explanatory were it not for its bewildering conjunction with the solar.

The solar brings slang into the region of science through the agency of a prize fight, and it gives a valuable lesson in the evolution of the American article. The day before the Fitzsimmons-Corbett bout it was as unknown to the populace here as it is still to the populace and the literary reviewers of England. But the day after it was National property and taken up with all manner of whimsical exaggeration. It became thus immediately current, first as the solar plexus, because our people fasten as one man upon the news of the day. This is a bond between them, and it makes them all ready together for any new expression that is convertible into slang use. The wilder exaggerations which follow the incongruities and far-fetched suggestions which flash for the moment and never bear analysis are of the genius of American humor, and it is no wonder that they sometimes make the foreigner feel as if he had been soaked in the solar.

Wide Scope of Inquiry Demanded.

Washington Post.

It will be necessary to lay bare the history of Maclay's connection with the Navy Department. The spectacle of a laborer in one of the yards hobnobbing with the Secretary, with Admiral Sampson and other high officials, sending the proofs of his work to them for examination and approval; acknowledging in print the "hearty and invaluable co-operation of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield," etc.,—who is this obscure "laborer," drawing a hod-carrier's pay and far inferior in rank to a boatswain's mate, that he should be upon such intimate terms with Secretaries, Admirals, Captains and the like? For which or for how many of them is he working that he should be treated as an equal, encouraged, helped, advised? Since when has the Navy Department gone to its laborers, messengers, charwomen and cuspidor-cleaners for text-books to be used at the Annapolis Academy?

New York Provincialism.

In London Philistinism is restrained by institutions and conventions. There is in New York, for example, no club corresponding to the Athenaeum Club of London, one that can confer the same prestige on a member, that can so determine his status, says Arthur R. Kimball in the August Atlantic. In New York one of the great private balls of last Winter was given on a "first night" at the Academy, illustrating how little of an event a representative "picture show" was counted. In London the convention of seeming to care for pictures is not to be disregarded, and the ball would have been given on some other night. In music, New York "society" can plead an apparent exception to this social indifference. But it is open to question whether, if music did not include grand opera with its spectacular effects and its opportunities for display, it would not be in the same category with literature and art.

Dispatch Caused the Trouble.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The trial will be before the American people, the court of inquiry being simply the agent for collecting facts on which a judgment may be made up; but the court can settle the controversy forever and silence the partisans of Sampson and Schley by holding its session in public and making a thorough investigation.

To what extent Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley are responsible for the ugly quarrel that is now to be settled by a court of inquiry cannot now be determined and both have suffered from the zeal of their friends. . . . There would have been no trouble about it, however (for, as at Gettysburg, there was "glory enough to go round"), but for the unfortunate wording of Sampson's dispatch telling of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, in which he assumed the credit of the victory and ignored Schley. The American people resented this, and hence arose the Sampson-Schley controversy.

How Have the Mighty Fallen!

Detroit Free Press.

Alas! how have the mighty fallen! Less than 10 years ago "General" Jacob S. Coxey led his grand army of discontent "on to Washington" and "Coxey's army" became a synonym for gatherings, small or great, of tramps, idlers, mobs, ill-clad, foul-smelling, Weary Willies and the like. Today this same Jacob S. Coxey is the chief stockholder of the Coxey Steel Casting Company of Mount Vernon, O. Too bad! too bad!

The Two Bouquets.

Baltimore American.

> "You are the greatest Admiral
> That ever sailed the deep;
> You have Paul Jones and Farragut
> And Nelson put to sleep;
> There's nothing in the art of war
> That you don't understand;
> Besides, you have an aspect that's
> Pe-cu-li-ar-ly grand;
> And all in all you are the best
> That ever hit the earth,
> And as a hero you can give
> The folks their money's worth."
>
> This was the very nice bouquet
> That Sampson got from Ed Maclay.
>
> "You are the finest in the his—
> A wondrous, brainy man;
> In fact, there never was before
> Such a his-to-ri-an.
> Why, Gibbons, Bancroft, Plutarch and
> Poor old Herodotus
> Are in the dark when you appear
> With mind so luminous.
> I never saw a writer who
> Had such a graphic touch,
> And, honest, never read a book
> Which I enjoyed so much."
>
> That was the elegant bouquet
> Which Sampson handed to Maclay.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Ohio Bryanites are not numerous, but they are both enthusiastic.

Baltimore has had two inches of rain, and still General Agnus doesn't feel entirely happy.

We understand that there has been some criticism of the naval history by Edgar Stanton Maclay.

Congressman Mudd seems desirous of bestowing his name on the historian of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

If J. P.'s hands were not full of troubles of his own he might be an excellent man to harmonize Sampson and Schley.

Anyway, the Kansas farmers have plenty of time to heed the injunction which defines the proper time to make hay.

Judging by the recent acciden to the Brooklyn bridge, the poets should choose another structure to stand on at midnight.

We still continue to enjoy weather that cannot be duplicated outside of the Garden of Eden, and that, we believe, has been closed.

Gomez says the loudest talking patriots in Cuba were the poorest soldiers. One Mr. Dooley made that same remark about three years ago.

Do not allow yourself to be confused. The man who goes trout fishing and the man who catches trout are not always one and the same.

From the silence of John G. Woolley, we take it that he is deriving inspiration for a fresh campaign by readin the works of Colonel Omar Khayyam.

It is reported that Funston is constantly surrounded by enthusiastic Filipinos, but the Filipino who was surrounded by Funston is no longer enthusiastic.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon asserts that society follows too many fads. It must be admitted that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon is one too many.

Little did Damon and Pythias dream that two Admirals named Sampson and Schley would arise in a future age and make their classic friendship look like 30 cents.

People at Eastern Summer resorts are being robbed of their diamonds. However, a diamond is a mere trifle to anyone who can afford to stay at an Eeastern Summer resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould intend to build a castle exactly like that of Kilkenny. They can get Count Boni to fill the rôle of one of the characters which are so inseparably associated with the name of Kilkenny.

Perhaps that New Jersey cow that is reported to be dying of a broken heart is merely pining away because Dr. Koch's discovery has robbed her of the hope of a post-mortem revenge on the human beings who slay her for flesh.

Tacoma, even Tacoma, is full of life when compared with Thomastown, Me. A letter received yesterday from a Portland man who is sojourning there said: "The long quietness which has prevailed since our arrival was broken yesterday. A horse ran away and a man cut his finger on a broken flower pot. H——l, isn't it?"

The London Engineer is authority for the statement that the driver of a French motor-car returning from Biarritz to Paris ran out of "petrol," and, being unable to obtain a supply in the neighborhood, he used the only spirit available, which was "absinthe." To quote the Engineer: "He declares that the motor never ran better than with this improvised fuel."

> I want to be a sailor, pa,
> And sail upon the sea,
> And fight in battles terrible
> Till all have heard of me.
>
> I want to stand upon the bridge
> And look so grand and brave
> And sink the enemy's big ships
> Beneath the rolling wave.
>
> Go learn to use a hoe, my son,
> For men who sail the sea,
> And fight and win brave battles are
> Reviled, infallibly.

John Howard Bryant, the only living brother of William Cullen Bryant, celebrated his 94th birthday at his home in Princeton, Ill., last week. He was born in Cummington, Mass., at the old Bryant homestead, and lived the first five years of his life in the same atmosphere which surrounded his more famous brother. As a lad he did the work on the farm while his elder brother, Cyrus, taught school. After a year or two in Rensselaer Academy and Williams College, he also became a teacher. In 1830 Mr. Bryant went to Illinois and settled in Princeton, 100 miles southwest of Chicago. He has been prominent in the politics of the state, and has served several terms in the Legislature. He was a strong abolitionist, and at one time sheltered many fugitive slaves. His views naturally brought him into the Republican party when it was organized, and in 1862 he was appointed a Federal Collector of Internal Revenue by his personal friend, President Lincoln. In recent years the tariff issue has led him to side with the Democrats. He is the author of one or two volumes of verse.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"Say," snarled the conductor, "this quarter has a plug in it." "Well," snapped the fiery passenger, 'did you expect to find an automobile in it?"—Philadelphia Record.

"I wonder how they ever became engaged." "Their accounts differ. She says he threw himself at her feet, and he says she threw herself at his head."—Brooklyn Life.

Sure Enough.—Little Elmer—Papa, what is the hand of Providence? Professor Broadhead—The hand of Providence, my son, is what we usually see in the misfortunes of others.—Puck.

Very Disagreeable.—Summer Belle—There go two of the most disagreeable men I've met this season. Friend—Are they? Why? Summer Belle—One of them stares me out of countenance, and the other won't look at me at all.—New York Weekly.

No Case.—Judge—You'll have to get witnesses to prove that your husband has been beating you. Plaintiff—Sure, your Honor, ain't I black and blue from head to foot? "But you have just acknowledged that you have been riding in a Broadway open car."—Life.

All the Same.—"Boys will be boys," quoted the apologist for the youngsters. "Boys will be nuisances, you mean," retorted the man whose garden had been wrecked. "Same thing," was the reply. "Wording slightly changed, but the underlying idea is the same."—Chicago Post.

A Georgia negro, asleep on the track, came in contact with a freight train, derailing several cars. As he got up and brushed the dust from his coat he remarked to the engineer: "Ef you folks ain't mo' keerful how you gwine, you'll hurt somebody, some er dese days, en git sued for damages!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Your services are no longer required!" said the great metropolitan editor to the reporter who had written up a sensational elopement. "Why?" was the startled question. "Because you wrote up the elopement of the waitress and the janitor without calling one a society favorite