The Oregonian.

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

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

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year 2 00
The Weekly, per year 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c
POSTAGE RATES.
United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 32-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

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

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

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

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 77; minimum temperature, 60; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

SORROWS OF THE RICH.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," said the wise man of antiquity. What poverty is calls for no definition. What riches are, depends. Goldsmith's enviable citizen was "passing rich with forty pounds a year"—about $200 of our money; but with change of values or purchasing power of money, say three or four times that sum, at the present time.

But a family can do nothing now with less than $100,000 a year, and even with that sum the head of the family may have but a dog's life, and his women folk may be compelled to undergo continual mortification, because they can't do what they would. "Res angusta domi" may be a very real thing with those who have but a paltry $100,000 a year. For they have to compete with those who have much more, and carking care is their guest, asleep or awake.

The London Spectator says that wealth now begins with $100,000 a year; and they whose ambitions carry them into the wealthy set can do nothing with less; while if they have no more they are always on the rack. Noting the remark of the Spectator, the New York Evening Post says it is within the memory of not a few of its readers that "a principal of $100,000 constituted great wealth. But this sum, it is now declared, was the annual personal expenditure—virtually the pin-money—of a late New Yorker who, on the whole, avoided lavish expenditure and hated anything like a gratuitous display of wealth."

What can a man get for so large a sum? Nothing, of course, that is more gratifying than what he may get for very moderate expenditure; but that is commonplace. Wealth is but comparative. If a man sets out to have things, or to do things, his $100,000 a year may only get him into trouble. He may easily spend it on a newspaper, year after year, and then be obliged to hunt for gratuities to make up further heavy deficits. It will scarcely support a yacht, or a string of horses for the turf. Then he must have houses at three or four places—all of them great establishments and all kept in order. We read, not merely of the New Yorker, but even of the Chicagoan, who lives in this way. "He has his house in the city, where he spends perhaps two months in the twelve. He has another house in a Southern state, to which he flies in his private car to escape the rigors of Winter, and a third one in New England or perhaps in Canada, where he goes in Summer. Very likely he has a fourth house in Washington. Some months in the year he passes aboard his yacht, visits London in the season and Paris for the Grand Prix, plays roulette at Monte Carlo, Ostend and Spa; and in midwinter lounges in the Ghezireh palace gardens at Cairo, what time he is not lazily moving up the Nile in his dayabeyah toward the sphinx and the great pyramid."

There are those who have money for these things, and they spend it in seeking what they never find. But the pursuit engages them. It is to no purpose to say that such lives are utterly useless and worthless; yet they are just that. Money so spent is perhaps better spent than hoarded. But there are so many ways in which good can be done with large sums of money that it is a pity to see them dissipated in ways out of which no permanent good can come. Doubtless, however, these people do as well as they can, or know. Besides, there may be call for compassion; for who can tell the troubles or sorrows of the rich who don't know what to do with their money, and to whom superfluity brings no satisfaction? The man who, seeking personal enjoyment, excitement, or escape from boredom, gets drunk, is arrested and pays his fine, may be equal as a citizen and superior as a philosopher.

The German press praises the "dignified self-effacement" of the late ex-Empress Frederick since the death of her husband, something more than thirteen years ago. That this self-effacement cost her dearly in the wreck of hopes that she had long cherished there can be no doubt. During the few brief months in which she was Empress of Germany this energetic, humane and cultivated woman gave much time—all, indeed, she could spare from her suffering husband—to the consideration of the needs of the lowly of the empire, instructing them in self-helpful ways; to the relief of sufferers from floods in the Northern provinces, and to hospital visitation and supervision in Berlin. The Empress was then in the prime of a vigorous womanhood. She had never known illness, and, like her sister, Princess Alice, she was a skillful and tireless nurse and utterly fearless of danger in going about among the sick and wounded in tents and hospitals in time of war. Much of her hospital and other charitable work she continued, her retirement therefrom not being necessary to her self-effacement, as her successor had neither skill nor inclination to pursue these lines of work. Since she died of cancer, the same malady that carried her husband off after several years' suffering, during which she was his devoted nurse, it is probable that she contracted the hopeless disease in the endeavor to save his life. But for this she would probably have reached the age attained by her mother, whom she much resembled in physique, though greatly the superior of Victoria in mental breadth and bodily activity.

SOME FEATURES OF RAILROAD COMBINATION.

To stop rate-cutting, to abolish free passes to shippers, is one way to increase the traffic receipts of railroads. This is legitimate, and will go a long way toward establishing stability of general business. It will not only simplify and dignify the transportation business of the country, but will also bring it larger popular confidence and thus tend toward easier relations between the vast aggregations of capital employed in the railroads and the great public which they serve. Public opinion is not to be ignored in these matters.

It is also to be noted that the railroads in this, their day of prosperity, are making intelligent preparation for a time of adversity. By the expenditure of millions in eliminating curves, reducing grades, replacing wooden bridges with steel, putting down heavy rails and in providing new and modern rolling stock, they are not only making the wisest present use of their large funds, but are fortifying themselves for the future. By bringing railroad properties to the highest possible state of efficiency the managers guard against embarrassment when lower traffic rates shall be demanded, as they surely will be. It would be possible for stockholders to take in dividends the large sums now going into betterments, but it would not be good business sense to do so, and a high order of business sense just now prevails in the railroad world. Were this not true, the great combinations would be cause for acute alarm.

While these features of the new policy are entirely commendable, there are others that contain the germ of serious trouble, and are viewed with apprehension by those who are not blinded by immediate self-interest and are able to look into the future. One of these is the enormous increase of capital, in one way or another, that is a prominent feature of the harmonizing process now far advanced. By the agreement that threw the Burlington into the Northern group of transcontinentals, virtually 33 per cent was added to the Burlington capitalization. That is, stock which on its merit was worth about $150 per share was elevated to about $200 for the purpose of the transaction, and on this basis (counting money worth 4 per cent) the revenues of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific are pledged to maintain it. Those two corporations have issued $75,000,000 of new bonds in order to compass the Burlington deal. The Union Pacific issued new bonds to the extent of $60,000,000 for the consummation of the bargain by which control of the Southern Pacific was acquired. In these two instances the equivalent of $170,000,000 was added to capital nominally invested, without any additional value having been created. When the day of wrath shall come, the railroad magnates will point to the large capitalization clamoring for dividends, the large obligations requiring interest payments, and say blandly that the properties are earning a very low rate on the investment. The old evil of watered stock here appears, and injustice is sure to come from it. And those who "watered" the stock will not be the ones who will suffer when the squeeze shall come.

It is legitimate to combine for the purpose of honestly reducing expenses and stopping ruinous competition, which is but a species of favoritism, pernicious alike to railroads and shippers. But it is not legitimate to couple with this commendable move the stock-jobbing incidents of stock-watering, excessive underwriting and other tricks by which money is absorbed by favored ones but no value created. The public, which has been a passive spectator at the great "harmonization" show, will not be slow to criticise the tendency to make the new policy an instrument for stowing large sums of money away in private purses. If that obnoxious feature shall finally be found to have been the chief object of the harmonization, there will surely be trouble.

MORE ERROR ABOUT THE CANTEEN

The Rev. W. P. F. Ferguson recently told some Methodist ministers in Chicago that the troops before Santiago were reduced to disease by drunkenness. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson's remark as quoted by the Chicago Inter Ocean was as follows: "The flood of beer that came into Shafter's Army was worse than the scanty rations. The canteen was the cause of the sickness in the Army before Santiago." No canteen existed in Shafter's Army; no canteen can possibly accompany an army that is stripped to its shirt, pushing through the jungle in June in the tropical climate of Cuba. No army save in garrison or permanent camp ever has any "canteen"; no transportation is ever spared for the transportation of any form of alcoholic stimulants, save what is absolutely necessary as hospital supplies.

There was no wholesale drunkenness in the trenches before Santiago, for there was no opportunity to obtain any liquor in the rush and stress of that headlong march and battle. The sickness which seized the troops in the trenches was a disease well known to medical men, a malarial fever that all unaccustomed persons are subject to in the Summer season in the coast region about Santiago. This fever has a specific Spanish name, and is laid down in the medical books as one of the ailments that unacclimated persons seldom escape. It is of kin to the malarial fever that attacks unacclimated whites at St. Paul de Loando and other points on the west coast of Africa. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson is perhaps too ignorant a man to know the facts, but he is far more likely to be a disingenuous fanatic who does not hesitate to circulate fictions for the so-called "temperance cause."

Now let us turn to the testimony of an intelligent scientific witness to the value of the Army canteen, Captain Edward L. Munson, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., who in his "Theory and Practice of Military Hygiene," just published, says:

On observing the admissions for alcoholism for the seven years, 1885-91, which immediately preceded the general establishment of the canteen system upon a satisfactory basis throughout the Army, it is found that a yearly average of 1214.8 men found it necessary to apply for treatment from this cause; while for the six years, 1892-97, after canteens had been generally established throughout the Army, an average of only 928.4 men required medical care as the result of alcoholism—a reduction amounting to 23.6 per cent. For the seven years, 1885-91, the average number of desertions was 9.18 per cent; for the six years, 1892-97, it was 4.53 per cent.

Captain Munson holds that as an aid to discipline as well as to the health and morale of the troops, the canteen provides a resort obviously far preferable to "the one formerly existing when the nearest and generally patronized places of amusement and refreshment were the grogshops, usually with gambling-room and brothel annexes, which marked the limits of each military reservation." The Army post commanders, acting under instructions from the Secretary of War, will devote considerable space in their reports to the workings of the anti-canteen law. Non-official communications from post commanders have been almost universally hostile to the new law, and instances were cited where it had worked to the positive detriment of the enlisted men. Secretary Root is strongly in favor of a repeal of the anti-canteen law. A repeal bill will be introduced early in the session, and will probably be reported favorably from the military affairs committee of the House. The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says:

Many members who last Winter voted to abolish the canteen have personally told Secretary Root that they did not fully understand the issue then, and will vote the other way next time. It is the understanding that the contest will be made in the House first. Certain of the Senate leaders are said to have asked that this be done, explaining that, if the House can be induced to vote to repeal the law, the Senate will doubtless follow suit without special urging.

THE INDIAN FAMINE QUESTION.

According to Romesh Dutt, a distinguished Anglo-Indian of the British imperial revenue department, India is threatened with famine to an extent unparalleled in the history of that country. Mr. Dutt has studied the famine question closely, and has given his findings to the public in a succession of "Open Letters on Famines" and "Land Assessments in India." Hence he may be considered fully qualified to speak upon the subject of famines and their causes in India. That stricken land is now entering upon its third successive year of famine, the suffering being intensified as the period lengthens. Mr. Dutt, who is now in London, believes that England's oppressive and frequently illegal financial treatment of India is largely responsible for these famines, and he declares that "unless this system is radically changed the Indian Empire will live under a perpetual shadow of famine, with its attendant misery and death."

The famine in Bombay has continued two years, and is now well along in the third. This is a condition absolutely unknown hitherto, according to this authority. Practically the only remedy which he sees for the appalling state of affairs that follows this protracted shortage of food production is "to reduce the present iniquitous and burdensome land tax, which in the northern provinces takes half the landlord's rental, and in the southern provinces one-third the product of the soil." These excessive proportions are levied and collected with the most rigorous severity. Through them England has compelled India to pay for wars in China, Afghanistan, Persia and the Soudan, with the result that her own people have starved by thousands and hungered to the verge of starvation by millions. Furthermore, a vast army is maintained in India for imperial purposes, which costs the people in salaries and pensions for English officers $70,000,000, and for native officers $17,500,000 a year. Having but little trade and few manufactures, virtually the whole pressure of taxation falls on the product of the soil, the food of the people.

It is admitted that famines in India are directly due to the failure of rain in particular districts, but as rains never fail throughout the whole of the vast empire, the food supply is always sufficient for all the inhabitants, could it be devoted to feeding them instead of being levied upon by the government. The people are so hopelessly impoverished that when their crops fail they are unable to buy from the more favored districts, hence the famine, with its dire train of miseries, overtakes them in a land of plenty.

"To remove the economic causes of the nation's poverty would be to remove the causes of famine," says Mr. Dutt, a proposition so self-evident that it needs neither elucidation nor argument. It is probable, however, that he has stated but one of the causes that lead to famine as an almost chronic condition in certain districts of India. The utter irresponsibility of an enormously prolific people, an irresponsibility that takes no thought of the morrow, but blunders blindly into conditions and results that should be foreseen and avoided, works out its legitimate conclusions in the production of multitudes who must be fed, or starve, but for whom there is (whether through official, industrial or climatic conditions) absolutely no food in sight. The suffering of children, begotten for such a fate as certainly as the "sparks fly upward," appeals to humanity in compassion and to a limited extent in relief. But the dreadful chapter is written over again and again, and its busy authors are ignorance and irresponsibility—the one dense, the other irreclaimable, so that famines will probably succeed each other in the future as they have in the past in vast districts in India, Russia and China that are dominated by these elements.

The report of the business done by Hood River strawberry growers the late season shows an exceedingly gratifying condition of that important industry. Briefly summed up, the growers realized something like $60,000 net for their product, while the public, from Klondike to California and from Portland to Helena, Mont., enjoyed for a season of six weeks' duration the most delicious strawberries grown on the face of the earth. In the opinion of experts, the strawberry area, comprising now about 350 acres all told, in the Hood and White Salmon River valleys, could be profitably increased four-fold. The markets this year were not at any time glutted. Berries at retail in this city rarely went below 5 cents, the verdict of consumers being that that was "low enough." The markets each year extend their lines, a given number of people each year eat more strawberries than they did the year before, and there is no reason to suppose that the supply will outrun the demand for many years, if ever. The truth is that strawberry growing has been reduced to a science, and, a suitable locality being given, a favorable result is certain. That is to say, guesswork and experiment have been eliminated from the industry, both as to growing and marketing the product. Hence the returns can be definitely counted upon.

Experience has such great limitations that fancy has poor success in reaching other worlds. When we try to conceive of creatures existing without air or in an atmosphere vitally different from ours, or in a fluid so much denser that they withstand pressure up to many tons to the square inch, imagination works as inanely as upon the infinities of space. We cannot see how Martians can live in such intense cold as is on their planet, or in such an attenuated atmosphere. We cannot conceive of creatures on Saturn or Jupiter because those bodies are seething molten masses. But every once in a while the arbitrariness of our experience is checked by new facts of our own planet. Creatures are found in the sea, living in an element so differentiated from ours as to belong almost to another world. This is the substance of an article in the current North American Review. Life in the sea has such amazing forms and exists in such wonderful environment that it is entirely beyond our comprehension. Facts like these make us chary of being positive in regard to life or absence of life on other heavenly bodies. Since infinite nature is not limited in her variations even in our own world, we have less reason to regard her so in others.

A pathetic feature of the fire at Sixth and Couch streets yesterday morning was the burning to death of a large number of horses. All questions of value aside, the loss of horses by fire causes a shuddering regret that does not follow the destruction of inanimate property. Almost human in the danger instinct, the roar of the flames drives the creatures wild with fright even before contact with smoke and fire maddens them with physical agony. Their cries, almost human in tone and superhuman in volume, are only exceeded in the ability to excite horror and sympathy by the cries of human beings similarly situated. In this view the late fire was one of the most disastrous that has ever occurred in this city, since in it nearly two score horses perished in their stalls.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, who a few months ago was the battle-ax and Boadicea of the prohibitionists of Kansas, now languishes in Topeka jail and is without a friend. The 1000 church members who promised to follow her and help her smash every saloon in Topeka now permit her to serve out a fine of $148 in the Topeka jail. Mrs. Nation is deeply disgusted that she has been deserted by Dr. McFarland and by that most pugnacious parson, the Rev. Mr. Emerson. No minister has visited Mrs. Nation in prison. David Nation, the husband, also turns a deaf ear to his wife's appeal. He says that she need not look to him for sympathy or help. If Mrs. Nation is sane, she deserves no sympathy; if she is insane, she ought to be transferred to a hospital for darkened minds.

A barrel of gasoline, surreptitiously stored in a grocery store, caused an explosion Monday in a retail district of Philadelphia which cost a score of lives and destroyed many thousand dollars' worth of property. The inconceivable thing about such a matter is that any man engaged in business would take the risk implied by storing upon his premises an explosive interdicted by city regulations. It is not his dishonesty that is amazing, but his recklessness. An explosion of chemicals in a wholesale drug house in a compact business section of New York City some months ago brought this question prominently before an astonished public. Needless to say, it is still unsolved. There is a certain degree of irresponsibility in such recklessness that makes its eradication hopeless.

The Brooklyn Eagle finds, or thinks it finds, the grounds of the controversy between Sampson and Schley in the differing personal characteristics of the two officers; and it is probably correct in the judgment. It says of them: "Nothing could make Sampson popular, and nothing could make him regardful of popularity. Nothing could prevent Schley from being popular, or from liking and perhaps unconsciously courting popularity. The first is austere, studious and shy. The second is familiar, showy and sympathetic. The first is profoundly respected, and the second is cordially liked. We should not be surprised at the conflict of circumstances which had their genesis, or their theater, in this difference of temperament."

New York reports "the chilliest August 6 in twenty-five years." And only last week New York was sweltering in the heat, which broke all records; people were dying by the score. Portland was deliciously refreshing when the East was blistering, and now Portland is seasonably warm when the East is unseasonably chilly. Still, people will persist in living in New York when there is plenty of room in Oregon. Having never known an equable climate, they do not know its surpassing delight, and perhaps it is well as it is.

Another drowning has further emphasized the need of a public swimming bath in this city. A rally of those most interested—i. e., the parents of boys of the industrial class, from whose ranks most of the casualties are drawn—each with a small contribution that any thrifty workingman can afford to make, would assure the speedy construction of a swimming tank where boys could learn without danger to take care of themselves in the water.

It is probable that the court of inquiry will not finish its labors and make its report in time for the Secretary of the Navy to take action in the case before the retirement of Admiral Schley for age, October 9. The circumstance of his retirement will not, however, affect the investigation or the action of the department, a Naval officer, whether of the active or the retired list, being subject to the disposition of the Naval authorities.

The listening Conger has heard from the Iowa convention, and he will not tear himself from his Chinese duties. He was shrewd enough to hold to one job with one hand until he should get the other hand on another. The blow is probably severest to those who had hope of succeeding the eminent Iowan in the diplomatic office.

The Summer's heat has been general. Complaints have come from England, France, Germany, Hungary and Sweden, and over a good part of Russia and extensive districts of Siberia there has been excessive and prolonged heat and all the way from a deficiency of rain to a terrible drouth.

VACATION DAYS AT THE BEACH

Ideal weather has been slow about coming to North Beach this season, but it has now apparently arrived, and one wonders how long it will last as he gazes away off to see the wolves of the sea chasing the morning sunbeams and daring the gray fogs to return. Return they will, but perhaps not until vacation days are o'er.

A picturesque spot is Holman's Butte and the fishing rocks, but for more extended experience you should go on over the woodland "path" to Fort Canby and Cape Hancock. When Major Throckmorton and his Fourth Artillery were at the fort a quarter of a century ago, they had a wagon road cut through the timber to North Beach. But the Government has been so busy with Spain and China and timber deals since then that it has neglected this road, and now a bird finds it difficult to follow, and a wagon would need a balloon appendage. The alder and arrow-wood and the red huckleberry over-reach and arch the trail, and the traveler often has to assume the proper position for shearing sheep, which gives a breaking-off feeling at the pockets. The absence of dust is offset by magnificent mudholes. Fine, fat patches of skunk-cabbage abound, but not a speck of sagebrush is in sight. The luxuriant growth is spontaneous, and entirely without artificial irrigation.

Occasionally one has a chance to climb through the branches of some forest giant which has fallen across the trail, and the paw-prints of bears show that there are still a few of them here enjoying life in its way, with no taxes to pay, but they must find it damp in the rainy season. Giant spruce trees are here in this forest, and they were raised without knots and would make berry-boxes for all of Hood River Valley.

By the time one gets over this three miles of "woodland path," he is well entitled to all the pleasure it gives him to shake hands with the plank road that takes him to North Head light, or back to Fort Canby or Ilwaco. He will have no desire to return by the "woodland path."

A quarter of a mile out on the "woodland path" a trail to the right takes one down to Beard's Hollow, a romantic spot, where the bodies of Captain Beard and his fellow sailors washed in years ago, their voyage o'er. Bluffs and buttes of solid rock stand around, and across the beautiful little beach meanders a trickling rivulet. Here some years ago two chemists mined the ocean sands and found gold, and said there was lots of it, but it was so fine that their machinery would not save it, and the work was abandoned until modern methods succeed in the saving process.

Beard's Cove is a picturesque place, well worth visiting. It and a large tract of the adjoining timber land is owned by Mrs. Briscoe, formerly Mrs. Sam Simpson, of Portland.

Along Tioga's grassy slopes reside many Portland people, and the view is grand from all of their homes by the sea. The people here are mindful of sanitary laws, and have no cesspools to contaminate the water that comes mostly from shallow driven wells. This is a question that will soon demand attention at Long Beach.

The pitcher-mouthed pumps along the beach are sensitive creatures, and have to be primed every time before giving up a stream. Every season it requires a pump-doctor to start them. They are made of iron, and their water tastes of it. Experience with them ought to cause people to appreciate Bull Run.

The practical poet, who said that the table was set when the tide was out, ought to be here to see it this morning. It must have been set for flies. On it were six tomcods, four salmon and a few crabs and clams, every one of which had been drowned for at least a week, or kicked to death by a mermaid. The big blowflies claimed front seats. No decent dog would eat such stuff, and if he did he would die. No coffee or muffins are on this ocean table, no hot rolls, no iced tea.

The Indians say that the tide table a few years ago yielded them a fine feast of a whale. The rich scent left on the feasters may wear off before the table is set with another whale fully ripe.

People who rent and people who hire furnished houses at the coast may make mistakes. The man who left a fairly-furnished house last year may think it is still such. But the Winter weather here is severe on houses. It washes off the paint, rusts the stove, blows the putty from the panes, mildews the mattresses. The house that is allowed to stand out doors here through Winter storms is out of luck. Some so-called fully-furnished houses at the beach are very simply furnished, and the renter who rents at long range would better have a photo of what he is renting.

The razor clam along the ocean beach is the pink of purity. No copper-bottomed taste accompanies him, and if he is stood in water over night and fed a handful of meal he will spit out his sand and fatten. Then run him through the sausage-mill, and he is fit for fritters that are hard to beat.

The clam is called slow, but start to dig him here, and see the sky-rocket gait he gets on as he goes straight down. He is scarcer here now that formerly, and in size is as 16 to 1. The cause is said to be that the jetty turns too much fresh water this way. Up toward beautiful Ocean Park the razor clam continues large and abundant. J. W. R.

Long Beach, Aug. 7.

Sampson in a Predicament.

New York Times.

The responsibility which Secretary Long promptly disclaimed Admiral Sampson eagerly assumes. The Secretary would not permit Mr. Maclay's statement that the proofs of the third volume of his matchless history, containing the celebrated observations on Admiral Schley, had been read by him to go uncontradicted, and procured from the distinguished author a recantation of the error. But Admiral Sampson says:

In one way, possibly, I was responsible for the statements made in the history. I was Commander in Chief of the squadron and was responsible, so far as reading the proofs goes. If the historian has taken facts from my official reports to the Navy Department, that is all well and good. I stand by first reports and official communications.

If Admiral Sampson "stands by first reports and official communications," he stands by this:

When all the work was done so well it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of Cervera's squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the Commodore in command of the second division, the Captains of ships, their officers and men. . . . The Brooklyn's westerly position gave her an advantage in the chase which she maintained to the end, and she employed her fine batteries with telling effect.

He wrote these words in his official report of the battle of Santiago, July 15, 1898. The "Commodore in command of the second division" was W. S. Schley. The Brooklyn was his flagship. If Admiral Sampson stands by his official report of the battle, how can he stand by and virtually make himself responsible for Maclay's tales of cowardice and caitiff flight? If Schley "bore well his part," as his superior in command said in his "first report," he could not have been a coward and a caitiff. That was a later invention.

Mongolian Pheasant in New York.

Springfield Republican.

The gorgeous Mongolian pheasant may eventually become one of our chief game-birds, if its adaptability is properly shown by the experiments which have been made in the Genesee Valley of New York state. The bird has thrived on the Pacific Coast, and it is believed in New York, where the first pheasants were liberated about five years ago, that at the expiration of the present protective law in 1905 this feathered beauty will be nearly as plentiful as other game birds in that section. The Mongolian pheasant is a grain feeder, and not, like the partridge, a bud and berry eater, and at first there was some fear that the bird would not survive the Winters; but it seems to have the necessary stamina, while its brilliant coloring will make it much sought after.

AMERICANIZED ENGLAND.

A British Journal Takes a Look Into the Near Future.

London Punch.

Now that Great Britain in general, and London in particular, is becoming rapidly Yankeefied, we hasten to apprise our readers of the following political and social developments:

On August 12 a Tammany meeting for the appointment of ward bosses and captains will be held in the Guildhall to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of the Lord Mayor and corporation.

During the sitting of Congress at Westminster the Stars and Stripes will be displayed at the Victoria tower.

In the event of Mr. Pierpont Morgan securing the plurality of votes of the British electoral college on the Republican ticket, it is expected that Senators Salisbury, Balfour and Chamberlain will retain their portfolios; but if the Democratic and free silver platform wins we shall have a Cabinet of Holloway hoboes and Battersea toughs.

The national hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is now sung at the close of work in every school throughout the ex-kingdom.

The Frohman-Leaderer dramatic trust has lately acquired the whole of the West End theaters and roof gardens, where in future only American talent will be employed, with the exception of Histrions Irving and Tree, who are engaged to do a cake-walk in a rag-time vaudeville at Koster & Bial's, on Piccadilly.

The elevated railroad running from East Twenty-third street to Westminster Abbey has caught on terrifically, the fare being only 2 cents all the way, while for a quarter one can be jerked around London in the vestibule cars of the regenerated Underground. Folk who formerly traveled any to the city will rejoice at the extinction of hansoms and 'buses. If you want to go a block or two, there is the moving sidewalk, with the motor track down the center of the Strand.

The new county abbreviations are quite popular. It is so much smarter to write Ke., Sy., Che., Shro., Wl., Du., and so on, that we wonder how the old-time addresses were tolerated.

Nothing could well be chicker than the shirt waists now worn by the Summer girls at church parade. We hear that the Park Lane 400 have taken to bathing in the Serpentine, to the exclusion of the disgusted deadbeat.

All suburbia has gone mad over the Flipflap railway at Earl's Court, where the Coney Island dude nightly turns a cartwheel in company with his best Bowery girl.

On and after Tuesday next, the Times will appear as a 1-cent yellow journal, with an illustrated Sunday edition.

We like the new double-decked, stern-wheel ferry boats that have just debuted on the Thames, which is now a business-like river at last, with its fringe of 30-story sky-scrapers, grain elevators and aerial gangways in place of the obsolete bridges.

The baggage check system is working well on all the lines, though there are complaints of the customs regulations at the ports of entry.

Free lunches are to be obatined at all the stores and notion counters on Regent street, and "English breakfast tea" can be had at any Bond-street temperance joint. The embankment will shortly be converted into a row of dives and dime museums.

We give, with no reserve, the menu at the Tenniel banquet: Rockaways, clams, bluefish, terrapin, canvas-back duck, cantelope on ice, popcorn, ice cream soda and Huggins punch.

TIMIDITY AT SANTIAGO.

Remarks on Admiral Sampson and His Glass House.

Chicago Chronicle.

When Congress begins its investigation of the naval campaign at Santiago its committee should summon General William R. Shafter as a witness, with instructions to produce the correspondence which passed between him and Admiral Sampson relative to the co-operation of the land and naval forces of the United States.

This correspondence will reveal the fact that for some reason Admiral Sampson would not or could not take his squadron into the harbor of Santiago. It will show also the opinion which General Shafter and others held in regard to the policy of extreme caution, not to say of timidity, which characterized the movements of the ranking officer of the squadron. It will disclose the fact that the commander of a sorely pressed army was moved to ask in the bitterness of his disappointment and wrath at the failure of the Navy to co-operate with him why, if his men could be exposed to the enemy's fire for days at a time, the armored ships of the United States could not also be exposed for a brief season.

This correspondence will lead up to many other disclosures. It will call for judgment by Congress and the people on the question: Who was responsible for the failure of the ships of war under Admiral Sampson's command to do at Santiago what Farragut did at Mobile and what Dewey did at Manila? Was it Secretary Long or was it Admiral Sampson?

It will be claimed, of course, that the ships were not sent into Santiago bay because there were torpedoes in the channel and because the shore batteries were exceedingly formidable. Farragut and Dewey showed how much really capable and heroic American sailors care for torpedoes, and, so far as the land batteries are concerned, investigation after the war proved that very few of the Spanish guns at Santiago were of high power and most of them obsolete. The fact is that somebody was afraid at Santiago. Was it Secretary Long or was it Admiral Sampson?

The failure of Admiral Sampson to repeat at Santiago the brilliant exploit of Admiral Dewey at Manila cost the United States many lives and a great deal of money and it came very near involving the country in disaster, as anyone familiar with the situation of General Shafter's force cannot fail to appreciate. This failure involved ignorance or timidity, and possibly both, on the part of somebody high in authority in the Navy.

Was this person Secretary Long or was it Admiral Sampson? From the manner in which both of these gentlemen have been trying to bring discredit upon Admiral Schley it is evident that they are attempting to conceal something relating to themselves.

The Case of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia Record.

It is scarcely 12 years since the actual work of making Philadelphia's harbor fit for the accommodation of modern ocean-going vessels was seriously begun. Since August, 1888, Congress has appropriated for the improvement of the river channel, water front, removal of islands, etc., nearly $4,000,000. The work has been well done, and with adequate facilities for ingress and egress to deep water the splendid basin extending from Greenwich Point to Petty Island might be utilized by a rapidly increasing commerce conducted by the largest vessels afloat. An application to the river channel of the same liberal and far-sighted policy which has created the Philadelphia harbor would speedily remove all obstacles to the coming and going of the great freighters and passenger steamships which must now be employed for the economical transportation of ocean cargoes. The municipality is ready to assist the Government in channel deepening as well as in harbor improvement. All that is needed is due recognition by Congress of the scope and importance of the work in hand, and an abandonment of the cheese-paring policy in appropriations for one of intelligent liberality.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Portland is a dry town just now.

Boy drowned. Remember the bath fund.

The sun evidently is losing its heat—very fast.

You know which Admiral won the battle of Santiago. His name begins with an S.

Cervera probably wishes Sampson and Schley had settled their dispute before taking after him.

The Chinese question is in such grave danger of settlement that England holds back from signing the protocol.

The fact that the British news censor in South Africa is busy shows that something is still going on down there.

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
Seaside life is all a sham.
Men are shams not crustaceans,
Crabby crab or clammy clam.

A man named Love is having a course in the courts that does not run smooth. He probably trusts to his name to find a way.

Confucianism really has nothing to boast of over Christianity. In war and slaughter Christianity has demonstrated an unquestioned superiority.

They say the sun has great big spots,
To which I quite agree,
For all these days which are so warm
Have knocked the spots off me.

Shaffer, leader of the striking steel-workers, is a college graduate. Carnegie and Schwab never had much use for college graduates, anyhow.

Miss Ruth Hanna will christen the cruiser Cleveland with a bottle of water. This is to show what an ideal temperance President her father would make.

A Portland company will go into the irrigation business in Malheur County. Its equipment is said to be more than a batch of prayer books or a crew of ministers.

The Standard Oil Company is getting a tighter grip on us than ever. So far this year it has dispensed 40 per cent in dividends. And now it is discovered that coal oil will kill mosquitoes.

Earl Roberts gets half a million dollars as a gift for not having ended the Boer War. This is the way the English have of making themselves feel good. If he had ended the war, of course he would not need to get anything.

After a long delay, Zola is at last ready to make a novel out of the Dreyfus case. This book will be the last of the set of four paralleling the gospels: "Fecondite," dealing with the depopulation of France; "Travail," a socialistic novel treating of the labor problem; "Verite," now ready to appear, and criticising French educational methods, and "Justice," the application of which is evident.

At Mount Vernon, N. Y., the 10 boy graduates of the High School were hazed at the conclusion of the commencement exercises by 50 of the Alumni Association, led by some Cornell students resident there. They were compelled to treat their captors to soda water, and were then taken five miles out in the country on a special car chartered for the purpose, and were tied to a board fence and deserted. They were badly bitten by mosquitoes for an hour, and would have been compelled to endure the torture all night had not one of their number succeeded in untying the knots that bound him and released his companions.

An independent young woman who was in a carriage reserved for ladies on a Belgian railroad recently lighted a cigarette shortly after the train started and calmly proceeded to smoke it. Immediately the other women in the compartment became very indignant, threatening to complain to the guard as soon as the train stopped. "I am in a carriage reserved for ladies," observed the smoker, blandly, "and I am not aware of any law which prohibits ladies from smoking." When the train stopped the guard was informed of the proceedings, but was loth to interfere, and the result was that when the lady smoker arrived at her destination she consulted a lawyer, who has now, by an action in court, raised an interesting question. Should railroad companies be compelled to provide separate smoking cars for women who wish to smoke while they are traveling?

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

This is the season of the year when the careful man diets and is no sicker than the man who eats what he pleases.—Boston Transcript.

His Condition.—Willie Littleboy—Papa, what is a Czar? Papa—A Czar, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.—Puck.

His Mean Revenge.—She—I'm sure, Mr. Goodby, there are many girls who can make you far happier than I could. He (dolefully)—That's the trouble; they could—but they won't.—Brooklyn Life.

There was a very little boy wading up to the ankles in muddy water one afternoon. "Why aren't you at school, young man?" asked a passing gentleman. "'Cos I've got the whooping-cough," he explained.—Tit-Bits.

Of Course.—Mrs. Horse—Say——. Mr. Horse—Say what? Mrs. Horse—When Fall comes and our folks drive out to make calls, you'll have to wear a plug hat and I'll have to wear a velvet bonnet.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair, in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother. "I just have to, mamma," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."—Chicago News.

One result.—First Martian—What is the cause of that hideous discord which rises from the earth? Second Martian—Didn't you know? Carnegie has provided every Scotch boy and girl with a university education, and they're practicing dialect college hoots.—Judge.

An Alibi.—"Has my Willie been in swimming here today?" asked Willie's angry father. "No, sir," replied the biggest boy in the water. "Are you sure?" "Sure. Why, it was as much as he could do to keep from drownin', but we got him out all right. He's restin' over there in the bushes now."—Philadelphia Press.

A Philosopher.—Wife—There's a burglar down in the cellar, Henry. Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stair. Wife—But he'll come up here. Husband—Then we'll go down in the cellar, my dear. Surely a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Boston Traveler.

Night.

Joseph Blanco White.

Mysterious Night—when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and