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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; cooler, with south to west winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 80; minimum temperature, 56; no precipitation.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.

AN IMAGE OF PARADISE.

The Oregon City Courier tells us what socialists want, viz:

> All to be well housed, clothed, fed and educated. A system that will end all profit, interest and rent. All the means of production and distribution and all the available forces of nature be owned by, and operated for, the benefit of the whole people. The abolition of all useless and non-productive toil. A work day as short as the needs of the people will permit. No child labor. Every one to receive the full value of his or her labor. A higher standard of living and a higher plane of morals as the result. To be gained by organization, agitation, education and an intelligent exercise of the ballot.

Thus, it is assumed, we should do away with inequality, and cast all lives in the same mold. No one would be entitled to the results which superior talents or energy might give him. The state would organize all industry, take possession of all the means of production, control and direct all distribution. The law for all this would be the will of the majority. Every one would receive the full value of his or her labor, in accord with this judgment.

Needless to say, the best talents, the most strenuous industry, could count on no reward above the average. The fundamental idea is to remove all grounds of inequality, so that no person could have more goods or better goods, or live more luxuriously, than another. It is assumed that this would give a higher average or general standard of living than prevails now; which is the mistake of supposing you might take away from the human mind all the leading objects of its desire and all hope of reaching them, require those better equipped with ability and purpose to carry the less efficient, the indolent, or those content with little, and yet expect to maintain a high and progressive civilization.

But utopists have always existed. Such notions, however, never have taken any deep hold among our working people. Their practical sense rejects them. They are the notions of theorists, sometimes of students, more often of those who like rather to spin out speculative ideas or doctrines on how to live without work, or with as little work as possible, than to lay hold of the hoe handle.

THE STUBBORN BOER.

If unreasoning stubbornness is a quality to be admired, then the handful of Boers, some 10,000 strong, who still hold out against the supremacy of Great Britain in the Transvaal are fit objects of admiration. The truth, however, is that these people, in their useless contention against the inevitable, have long since passed the line where true courage ends and taken their stand upon the ground of pure stubbornness. Obstinacy is, commendable up to a certain point; beyond this it is childish, willful and self-destructive. It is not, indeed, apparent that this stubborn remnant of a courageous people is at present fighting for any special object or principle. It appears to be simply striking blindly and with ferocity at the soldiers of a nation that it cannot hope to conquer.

The lands of the Boers are occupied and will not be vacated; their leaders, with a single exception, are gone; their army is scattered or slain; their women and children are huddled together in camps, subsisting upon British rations and enduring untold miseries. Out of this there is a speedy, safe and honorable road, and but one. It is believed that the Boer soldiers are ready to take it, but Kruger, the fountain-head and disseminator of Boer stubbornness, withholds his permission. Perhaps he thinks that it will redound to his glory as a prophet of Boer invincibility when the last soldier in the Boer ranks perishes, gun in hand, though the object of his blind contention is still unaccomplished.

Estimating the influence that keeps this forlorn host afield, the New York Independent says: "Kruger is of that fanatic sort that thinks he knows what God ought to do, and therefore what He will do." This is the only explanation possible of his repeated declaration that "as God lives, some way will yet be opened for the deliverance and victory of the Boers." Though blinded by fanaticism and dominated by stubbornness which he falsely assesses as courage, he cannot still cling to the vagary of foreign intervention. France, Germany and Holland have refused to interfere in England's fight. America has plainly indicated its purpose in the same line. Nothing is left for the Boers but surrender or extermination.

They may strike now and then a vicious and vengeful blow at their conquerors, merely for the gratification it gives them to hit and kill; but there the matter rests. The very sublimity of courage is in surrender when struggle becomes hopeless. Bloodshed beyond the point where it is possible to gain anything by it except the mere brute gratification of having slain a foe is murder of the daredevil type, which cannot win commendation. The most notable exhibition of sublime courage in modern times was witnessed in the surrender of the South when its fight became a hopeless one; the most notable in the opposite extreme is now being witnessed in the stubbornness with which the Boers, fortified by the false hopes with which Kruger, in his safe retreat, imbues them, maintain a skirmishing fight and call it war.

THE LEOPARD CANNOT CHANGE HIS SPOTS.

The recent "interview" with Senator Turner illustrates nothing so much as the fact that with all his intelligence and intellect he is a most indomitable demagogue. It is not difficult to believe that Turner's political hero, Bryan, really is the dupe of his free-silver fallacy and Populistic blatherskite, but it is not easy to believe that an able, well-trained lawyer, like Senator Turner, is sincere when he pronounces Bryan to be "a very great man," or believes that the silver doctrines, if adopted today, would "not only improve present conditions, but preclude the certainty of future disaster."

Bryan is a man of very imperfect education and superficial acquirements. He never had any standing in the legal profession, and his methods of public discussion are those of a cheap political special pleader and pettifogger in the discussion of questions of finance that are not matters of opinion, but are as thoroughly established facts as the existence and effects of electricity or the movement of the planets. The question of the wisdom or non-wisdom of "free silver" coinage finds no difference of opinion among honest minds that have mastered the history of modern financial experience. It is not a question of opinion at all among such men; it is an accepted fact that the so-called double standard is a disastrous delusion and a snare. Whether it will rain a year from today is a mere surmise; but whether it did rain yesterday is a question of fact, and Senator Turner knows, if Bryan does not, that free silver in theory has not a sound leg to stand on, and that in practice it would be a most disastrous experiment.

It is probably true that with a recurrence of such "hard times" as prevailed from 1893 to 1896 we should again see the specter of "free silver" or some kindred fallacy in finance. But these hard times were the result of destruction of credit through silver agitation. Whenever we have had "hard times" popular discontent is sure to be voiced by demagogues insisting that the depression in business was due to the administration of the currency by the Government. Whenever a man is so poor that he has no collateral to put up for money he is anxious to enact some scheme by which he thinks money will be easily obtained without collateral. He is ready to cheat his creditors by the enactment of "free silver" or illimitable greenbacks. As long ago as the panic of 1837 the bankrupt merchants of New York City waited on President Van Buren with propositions for financial relief instinct with the theory that it was the business of the Government to support the people instead of the people supporting the Government. Following this panic came pamphlets in defense of illimitable paper issued by the Government. Drowning men catch at straws; and so in hard times men who are bankrupt or badly pinched for money always throw up their hats for inflation of the currency.

The greenback craze followed the panic of 1873, was at its height in 1874-75, and perished only with the resumption of specie payment. The silver lobby secured the enactment of the free-silver fallacy in 1877, but it did not capture the National Democracy until 1896, when the pressure of several years of hard times had made every drowning man snatch at the straw of dishonest money. This situation may come again; the same old Satan of free silver or unlimited greenbacks may set up his standard among malcontents and discontents; but this would only prove the tenacious life of financial error when times are hard enough to unseat integrity and tempt hard-pressed debtors to cheat their creditors through the enactment of some form of dishonest money, silver or paper.

Senator Turner knows all this as well as does The Oregonian, but Senator Turner is always and ever a mere politician. He was a demagogue when he was a radical Republican carpet-bagger and Federal office-holder down in Alabama from 1876 to 1880; he was a Republican demagogue who, in spite of his light, became a Bryanite in 1896, and he is demagogue enough today to pretend to believe that Bryan is a great man and that free silver is sound finance. He knows better, just as that exceedingly able man, Stephen A. Douglas, knew better when he championed human slavery. He knows better, even as George H. Pendleton, General B. F. Butler and Allen G. Thurman knew better when they advocated false finance in shape of illimitable greenbacks. Like these able men, Senator Turner sins against his best light.

A WORD WITH MR. HARRIMAN.

No department of Pacific railroading touches Oregon so vitally as that of traffic, and therefore the changes now taking place in the personnel of two roads are of deep interest to the people of the state. It is of the utmost importance that the policies in vogue in both Eastern and Western Oregon the past two years should continue and even expand. A cessation or diminution of those efforts would be a matter of the most grave concern.

It has come to be understood that whereas once the railroad was content to build into a country and make money out of it without further outlay, now the necessary thing is to assist in organizing the industries of tributary regions so that there may be more crops to be carried and people to buy tickets. Money must be put in so that money may be taken out. Inefficient farming soon comes to mean a decline in crops and freight earnings, and only a prosperous community can afford to travel. This is the selfish but sagacious policy that has experimented with products for Eastern Oregon's vast expanses and promoted dairying and stock farming among the anxious wheat fields of the Willamette Valley.

These undertakings are not philanthropic and do not profess to be. But in their effects upon the state they are of the most beneficent promise. We talk of getting people here, but we are apt to forget that no settler worth having is going to come where he sees no chance to better himself. If he sees that farming pays in the Willamette Valley, or that grains and grasses will flourish on the high hillsides of Umatilla and Walla Walla, he will come here. If he doesn't, he won't. There is perhaps no single agency at work with greater effectiveness today for advancement of Oregon's material interests than the railroad agency.

The Oregonian hopes to see this development work not curtailed, but extended; and it will remind those in authority with our railroads that the investment pays them in another important aspect, and that is the favoring influence on public opinion. In these efforts for the state the people recognize a friendly and helpful attitude. They naturally incline to reciprocate. They will not be too clamorous for higher taxes and lower tariffs if they see earnings going freely into agricultural development, experiment stations, district conventions, imported seeds, creameries and help for buyers of improved stock. If Mr. Harriman's head is long, he will do everything to make farming pay in the sections served by his amalgamated lines.

HIGH AND LOW FREIGHTS.

With ocean freight rates showing a steady advance from Pacific Coast ports, it seems strange to read of steamships carrying grain and other commodities out of Atlantic ports at ballast rates. Not only is freight going from the Atlantic seaboard at the lowest rates ever known, but a large fleet of steamers has been obliged to leave in ballast on account of the surplus of tonnage for which there was no freight. At first glance it might appear that an equalization of these conditions would enable Portland and other Pacific Coast ports to secure lower freight rates than are now demanded by shipowners. Unfortunately, however, in our isolated position we are beyond the pale of competition, such as is responsible for the present low rates on the Atlantic seaboard. If there were more ships on the Pacific than there was cargo for, rates would go down with a rush, but we have no inducements to offer which will attract large fleets of ships. We can offer no inward business for ships, and so long as they can secure cargo for the outward voyage only we shall suffer a trade handicap which reduces the profits of the grower of wheat quite materially.

The run across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool is but a short link in a long chain of routes on which business as a whole is very good. The low rates on this short route are made, not by the regular trans-Atlantic liners plying between Europe and America, but by the freighters that go round the world. Business between Europe and the far East is very heavy and rates are high. A steamer loading at Liverpool can secure both through and local business all the way out to Hong Kong or the Japanese ports. On arrival there she can secure a good freight back to New York, which is a heavy importer of Oriental merchandise. The steamer must either accept the New York cargo or else cross the Pacific in ballast to load at one of the grain ports on this coast. The Atlantic business is preferred, with the result that the steamer for a short run from New York to Liverpool, where she secures another cargo for the East, is the hardest kind of a competitor, and rates are temporarily governed by the cost of making the trip across in ballast.

Prior to the discovery of oil in California San Francisco was a very heavy importer of coal, and this business required the services of a large fleet of vessels. Going into the port with a cargo which paid a handsome profit, the ship would naturally accept a lower rate for the outward business, and ports which were not importers were obliged to pay higher rates to equalize matters. A removal of the enormous duty on salt would result in the importation of several shiploads of that commodity, and would not only make salt cheaper for the consumer, but would aid some in giving us a grain fleet which was not obliged to sail half-way round the world in ballast, and then make the Oregon farmer pay the expense of the trip in an increased rate of freight. Press dispatches yesterday announced that the Northern Pacific will build two big steamships to rival in size those of the Great Northern. These vessels are for the trans-Pacific trade, and if there were any great surplus of steamers in the world, such as might be inferred by reading of the low rates on the Atlantic, no such additions to the world's tonnage would be made, as it would be cheaper to use vessels already built.

Low rates on the Atlantic are caused by local conditions existing on a short route, where an enormous amount of steam tonnage used for passenger trade handles freight only as an incidental, and at rates which would bankrupt any regular line of freighters that quoted them. The route from the North Pacific wheat ports to Europe is one of the longest in the world, and steamers sailing over it are governed in their rates by world-wide conditions, which have but very slight bearing on trans-Atlantic rates.

With Fall apples (though a somewhat short crop) at $1 a box in the orchard, and potatoes, of which there is a very large yield, at 80 to 90 cents a sack in the field, farmers in the hill country that borders on the picturesque Sandy are enjoying the well-earned reward of their industry. The land in that portion of Multnomah County was for the most part heavily timbered. This did not deter hardy homesteaders from engaging in a hard tussle with Nature for its subjugation to agriculture. It was well watered, the air was pure and the climate all that could be desired. Intelligence, muscle, fire, the ax and the plow did the rest; and now, after some years of well-directed energy and close economy, the settler's returns are coming in with an assurance of abounding plenty. Comfortable homes dot the mountain sides, schoolhouses here and there attest the fact that children abound and that the advantages of a common-school education are within their reach, and excellent roads and substantial bridges, where needed, throughout the entire region, testify to the thrift of the settlers and the foresight of the County Commissioners. To all appearance the hard, struggling years in which many people of this portion of Eastern Multnomah engaged in the battle with Nature for homes and livelihood are over, suggesting a period of comparative ease and assured if simple prosperity. Isolation is, of course, a thing of the past where good roads lead to shipping points on the river on one side and to the railroad on the other, while a good, broad highway, passable at all seasons of the year to loaded wagons, leads down to the metropolis. These settlers are to be congratulated as having safely passed a point in their homebuilding effort which can never come to them again.

The recent death of Master Joslyn Canby, of Vancouver, son of the late E. L. Canby, was something more than tragical—it was criminal. A promising lad at play in the dooryard of his home met death from the discharge of a gun in the hands of a careless if not a vicious boy, who was having a little gun practice in the residence portion of the city "for fun." It is worse than idle to say that no one is or should be held responsible for this sad ending of a bright and promising young life. If a boy is not safe in the dooryard of his own home, where, indeed, can he be safe? Judging from other events of recent date as recorded in the news reports, there is neither moral nor physical safety for boys in what a Vancouver correspondent, writing of young Canby's death, calls "this benighted village." Without wishing to impeach the integrity or good intentions of any citizen of that place, it is clear that carelessness of the kind that kills is abroad in that community. Otherwise minors befuddled with drink would not become notorious for theft and other depredations against society, and boys would not be permitted to wander about, gun in hand, in the corporate limits of the town, shooting at such objects as it may please them to use as targets. The correspondent to whom reference is above made is of the opinion that the youth of the boys implicated in this last sad event should not be allowed to shield their parents, the police and dealers in ammunition from all responsibility in the matter. Perhaps he is right. Let the sober-minded citizens of Vancouver take the question under careful advisement. It rests with them to say whether carelessness will continue to be nurtured into criminality in their midst or be made to give place, under proper penalty for neglect, to a decent responsibility for the public welfare, morally and physically, as applied to the conduct of boys.

The hosts of rural industry, many hundreds strong, will be afield in the hop districts of Oregon next week, anxious to make the most of the annual opportunity to add to their income a sum sufficient to insure funds for the payment of taxes, school books and some of the minor fittings of the home that tend to make life on the farm attractive and comfortable. With pleasant weather, little hardship attends this annual outing of labor. Many families, indeed, look forward to it as the picnic season of the year, though it may be doubted if the soft-handed host that subsists upon the substance of the taxpayers would, if turned out in the hopyards as pickers, find much pleasure in the occupation. Certainly, if forced to earn their salaries in this way, they would content themselves with much smaller pay than they now receive. To myriads of women and children, however, the opportunity to earn money at hoppicking is hailed with pleasure, and for the sake of these, as well as for the benefit of growers whose enterprise makes this opportunity possible, and who are well entitled to a fair profit on their endeavor, it may be hoped that fair weather will prevail throughout the hoppicking season.

The County Court of Multnomah is authorized by law "to make all needful rules and regulations for the conduct and management" of the bridges over the Willamette River within the City of Portland. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the City of Chicago, duly authorized by the law of the State of Illinois, may control and regulate the bridges of the Chicago River. The only difference between the case at Chicago and that at Portland is in the specific authority granted there to regulate the times of opening and closing the bridges. But it seems as if this would be included here under the grant of power "to make needful rules and regulations for the conduct and management," etc. We think, therefore, the County Court of Multnomah might properly assume jurisdiction, under the law, and fix the times when the bridges may be closed or opened. The regulation, of course, must be reasonable. The gist of the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Chicago case is given on another page.

German manufacturers find in the hitch in diplomatic arrangements between Germany and China, and the consequent detention of Prince Chun in Switzerland, coveted opportunity to secure the attention of the great envoy to their skill in production and the magnitude of their possibilities in this line. He is literally overwhelmed with invitations to visit the factories of the empire, the purpose being to secure orders which German manufacturers never needed more than now. It is, of course, doubtful whether his royal state and high political mission will permit him to yield to the blandishments of commercial Germany at this crisis, but the enterprise that seeks to induce him to do so is nevertheless worthy of admiration.

The tremendous responsibilities of his office, together with the annoyances that attend the discharge of its duties, have made serious inroads upon the health of Secretary Long. He is now ill at his Summer home on Long Island, and, like Admiral Sampson, though possibly in a less degree, is in no condition to meet the strain and inevitable criticism of the Schley trial. Schley himself, as at Santiago, is the most conspicuous fighter on deck. Upon this he is to be congratulated, since the coming contest will be the battle of his life.

"What date is fixed for the meeting of the court of inquiry requested by Admiral Schley?" asks a reader of The Oregonian. The date is September 12. We think it has been stated several times before this, through The Oregonian.

Admiral Howison didn't say it. Admiral Cervera didn't meet Sampson. Admiral Sampson didn't send that telegram. Admiral Schley didn't order that loop. Perhaps the battle of Santiago wasn't fought.

Prunes will be a short crop, but there will probably be enough to give those of us who live in boarding-houses something to talk about.

The sum of $250,000 is wagered against the Shamrock. This is pretty good prophecy if money talks.

The Sultan of Turkey regards promises to pay as legal tender.

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Wireless telegraphy is not a dream. It is as effective as telegraphy with wires. The incoming Lucania bespoke the Nantucket lightship on Friday when it was 32 miles away, and the message was then jumped across 40 miles of sea to the Island of Nantucket, a little tract of sand more than 200 miles from this city. New York heard from the Lucania, therefore, while she was 287 miles from port, and sent messages, as well as received them. The passengers were supplied with all the important news of the world, whereof they had been enforcedly ignorant during the days at sea, and friends waiting ashore knew, 13 hours in advance of her arrival, that all was well on board. As a similar system of telegraphy has been established at the eastern end of the route, news messages chase the westbound ship for three hours after her screws begin to turn. Add these three hours to the 13 gained at the American end, and the impossibility of escaping from the world, even by an ocean voyage, is obvious. That the reach of the wireless system is bound to increase is evident from the successful dispatch of messages across the Irish Sea from Crookhaven to Poldhu, the former in Ireland, the latter in Cornwall, England, a distance of 223 miles. Messages have likewise been sent across considerable land distances and from France to England, and Corsica to France.

Barring electrical disturbances in the air, the messages are said to pass without trouble. Heat, cold, fog and rain appear to cause no breaks or eccentricities in the flow of the current and the covering of more than 200 miles between stations shows clearly enough that the earth's curvature does not materially affect it. For marine purposes the Marconi system is admirably adapted. What may be done with it on land will depend on the possibility of isolating or centering the pulsations. One does not care to give his telegrams to the whole world when he is telling his wife in the country that he cannot send the week's board till next Saturday, or advising his broker to sell pig iron short, as he has just had a tip that a flurry is impending. It seems hardly possible that the wires of the Western Union Company will all be down within a twelvemonth, or that the unsightly poles that stalk across the country will lie down to slow decay.

Already the wireless instruments are working on several ships, and there are European stations that give and take messages from them. The application of the system near this port is due to the enterprise of the New York Herald. In naval war it is probable that important use will be made of this invention, though it will require as much strategy to direct or identify the messages as to direct the fleet. We shall see some pretty tricks when Bulgaria goes to war with Belgium, and the fleet of each country tries to steal the messages of the other, and fills the atmosphere with luring and entangling promises and fears. A message to port 100 miles off, to hurry out 10 warships to support a couple of cruisers, might be caught by a couple of fighting machines 20 miles at sea; those machines might hurry off to the capture of the cruisers, only to find that they had steamed into the whole force of the enemy, and had made a present of themselves to alien and hostile strategists. This was really done in the maneuvers of the French fleet in the Mediterranean this year.

In the vast and universal force of electricity we have an undoubted substitute for steam, the generation of which is wasting our woods and exhausting the world's supply of coal. Already it drives our cars, transmits speech, sends news through metal and through air, lights houses, ships and cars, puts our streets in a blaze at night, supplies heat, not merely for our rooms and trains, but for mechanical purposes, such as welding; explodes mines and bombs, operates machines, and will do more in the future. When the ocean's limitless but wasted power is converted to electrical force, when the earth currents are tapped, when the lightnings are caught and stored, we shall live in the electric age. An age of wonders, truly.

PARIS DRESSMAKERS UNITED.

They Decline to Furnish Model Gowns to Americans in Advance.

Paris Cable Letter.

The hostile attitude taken by the combined dressmaking establishments of Paris against the New York dry goods house of Altman & Co., which proposed to get models early and then distribute them to other firms in the United States, constitutes the beginning of a determined plan of defense against what is called "a Yankee plot to ruin the Rue de la Paix."

Eight of the best-known dressmaking firms, Paquin & Douset heading the list, have published an open letter addressed to Altman & Co., notifying them that henceforward they will be unable to furnish them model gowns before the middle of September, which date will prevent the New York house from accomplishing its plan and will make it necessary for each American firm to deal separately with the Paris dressmakers in order to get their models in time.

At the Worth establishment a correspondent was informed that Altman & Co. was not the only American house that had tried to get models early in order to copy them and sell them broadcast over America. "Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago houses," said the manager, "conceived the idea and at different times have been partially successful, thus enabling hundreds of minor firms of dressmakers to show the latest Paris models without paying the enormous duty of 60 per cent or contributing a single penny to the inventors of the new models."

Another signer of the agreement said: "The combined business of the Paris dressmakers this year promises to be $1,939,000 more than during the exposition Summer. American women want Paris gowns as much as ever, and thus in the end American dealers will be compelled to meet our terms."

Oregon Fruit Attracts Attention.

Buffalo Commercial.

The Oregon's fruit exhibit continues to attract much attention. The cherries of delicious flavor and large dimensions created great interest among horticulturists, as they had traveled over 3000 miles, and after having been gathered 17 days still contained their excellent flavor and solidity. Apples are now arriving which weigh 20 ounces. These are the pippin variety and are still green and not fully grown. These apples were grown at Milton, Or., in the eastern part of the state, which locality sends thousands of barrels yearly to Eastern markets. Other varieties of apples add attractiveness and interest.

Bartlett pears from Milton arrived in perfect condition, and their flavor is delicious, and though hard and firm are very juicy.

The crowning attraction in the Oregon fruit exhibit is Bradshaw plums, which measure from 7 to 8½ inches around. Professor Van Demon, of the horticulture building, who is an expert judge of fruits, declares this to be the finest plum ever grown, and he is wondering what Oregon is to send next. On Oregon day, September 25, fruit will be given away at Oregon exhibits in the different buildings, and if what they now have on hand is a sample, visitors on that day will certainly have a treat.

A Hopeful Trust.

Boston Herald.

It is reported that a $1,500,000 umbrella trust is being formed. This is hopeful news. Heretofore there has been a great dearth of anything like trust regarding umbrellas.

Across the Poker Table.

Baltimore World.

Ephraim—He dun' held foh aces.
Rastus—Wot did you hold?
Ephraim—Mah breff!

BOSTON FITTINGLY REBUKED.

New York Journal of Commerce.

We have received a request from Boston to ascertain the cost of the war with Spain and the cost of the subsequent hostilities in the Philippines. The inquiry is in a field of statistical research which is cultivated only in Boston. For several years past a school of thinkers in Boston have given themselves in great measure to this investigation of war as an investment, and balancing the costs against the aquisitions have had little difficulty in showing that it was unprofitable.

Few persons will dispute this. It is a long time since any men not confessed bandits, have made war in pursuit of revenue. We doubt if any "jingo" has thought of war as a means of acquiring National wealth.

No paper in the United States opposed the war with Spain more earnestly than this paper did, but it did not occur to us to lay much emphasis upon the fact that the war would cost the Nation more money than it would bring in, for it never occurred to us that the country, or the men who seemed to be bringing on the war, were regarding it as a speculation. The possibility that such a view was taken that the country might avoid war if convinced that it would be unprofitable, occurred only to a class of minds produced in very limited quantities in Boston alone.

But the taste of these gentlemen being what it is and their capacity of estimating the considerations which move their countrymen to war and peace being what it is, we would suggest to them two or three lines of inquiry which they are better qualified to pursue than this paper is. Indeed, we believe they are the only persons in the world qualified to pursue them.

We suggest to them that they make an investigation of the cost of the Revolutionary War. It would certainly be easy to prove that it cost more than the stamp taxes and the other taxes imposed without representation would have come to. We are prepared to believe that the Revolutionary War cost a great deal more than the fiscal exactions of the British Government warranted. We invite the Boston school of political economy to consider how small was the value of Bunker Hill considered as real estate, compared with the expense of defending it by arms and the expenses entailed thereby.

We invite these gentlemen to figure up the value of all United States property in the Southern States in 1861 and prove that it would have been cheaper to give Fort Sumpter and all the rest of it to the Confederacy than to defend it. Let them take a specific incident of the Civil War; did the value of Cemetery Ridge compare with the expense of defending it? Would it not have been vastly cheaper for the United States to buy Gettysburg and the whole county that contains it and give it to General Lee, than to prevent his taking it?

We hope our country will never go into another war, but we hope it will never be deterred from war because it is expensive or because men get hurt in it. If there should be a proper occasion for war we are glad to believe our country will fight regardless of expense and wounds.

South American Finance.

Chicago Tribune.

The Colombian Republic is certainly out of money. It has given notice to the Governors of the different departments that they must not look to the national capital for financial aid; that they must make forced requisitions to obtain the military supplies required for the troops under their command; and must "levy forced and voluntary loans, according to circumstances, and impose war contributions." The difference between a forced and a voluntary loan in South and Central America is not worth speaking of. When a merchant is notified by the authorities that a voluntary loan of $1000 will be most gratefully received, he knows that if he does not tender the money a file of soldiers will be sent after it. Then it will be a forced loan. This Spanish-American method of raising money is responsible for many of the diplomatic controversies between Central and South American Republics and foreign countries. Wealthy foreigners are often called on to contribute, and are sometimes thrown into prison to make them do so. There is danger now that some indiscreet Colombian Governor may lay violent hands on an American, German, English or French citizen and thus furnish material for energetic remonstrances on the part of the government whose business it is to look after the man who has been wronged. Probaby it will not be long before there comes from different parts of Colombia the vehement complaints of foreigners doing business there who have made forced loans to support a tottering government which is being attacked by domestic and foreign foes.

Hindu Dancing.

Catholic World.

Hindu dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindus. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to look at. Their dances consist in wrestling, jumping and moving the shoulders, heads, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions to the sound of musical instruments. The Hindu taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are, for the most part, clarinets and trumpets; they also have cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing, and may even appear hideous to European ears. The mattuva, or conductor, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. As he beats, his shoulders, head, arms, thighs, and in fact all the parts of his body, perform successive movements, and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.

Growth in the Size of Ships.

Monthly Review.

The growth in the size of ships became most marked in the closing years of the century. Ten years ago there was not afloat a single vessel of 10,000 tons; in 1901 there will be 25. In 1892 there were launched in the United Kingdom 37 steamers of over 4000 tons; in 1900 no fewer than 125 were built. Of the new steamers of over 10,000 tons to be born in the first year of the new century, five will be over 18,000 tons each. Who can place a limit on what the new century may see? It is stated by a well-known shipbuilder that he is ready even now to build a steamer of 50,000 tons if desired. As far as material is concerned, the thing is quite practicable, though it may be questioned if it is desirable to place such enormous risks on one bottom. But before further increasing the size of ocean carriers, the problem to be solved is how to increase speed without increasing the consumption of coal.

Evolution of the Railway.

Leslie's Weekly of August 24 has a most interesting article, showing the evolution of the railway in the United States since the Baltimore & Ohio road had a car run by sails and since Peter Cooper's first train was made up of old-fashioned road coaches, with the wheels flanged to hold to the track, and when his locomotive weighed a ton. That locomotive compared with a modern 100-ton locomotive, gives a fair idea of the wonderful advances that have been made. The rail has been changed from wood, with a strap iron cap, to 85-pound steel; the air brake, the patent coupler, the 15-ton Pullman coach—a new creation, indeed, and justifying the remark of Gail Hamilton, that "if there were to be no railroads, it was, on the whole, rather an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America."

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Winters, who robbed the Selby smelter, was something of a frost.

The employment of a paying teller would save the Sultan a lot of worry.

An Italian died a shocking death in New York Thursday. He was electrocuted.

Admiral Howison evidently has not learned that explanations are vanity.

Those last two games would have been more interesting if the home team had won.

The unspeakable Turk is getting himself as unpopular as the unpronounceable Russian.

The ominous circumstance of no rain on the Astoria regatta makes most people rather uneasy.

Mr. Croker is learning to play golf. He is one of the few people who can afford the time.

A bicycle may be an innocent vehicle, but when it runs you down you have a hard time naming it.

The Kurds are once more in a bad whey. N. B.—The fighting editor has just returned from his vacation.

The girls will have lots of sweet things at the bathhouse lawn fete Monday evening. Not the least sweet will be the girls themselves.

The odds in the yacht-race betting are not of a character to indicate much nervousness on the part of the backers of Columbia.

> Now doth the whining schoolboy
> Feel much dejected when
> He thinks he must now very soon
> Get in and drill again.

Clara Morris' jewels have been stolen. Has the old lady found literature such hard sledding that she is going back on the stage?

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been fined $10 for automobile scorching. It is understood that he was not obliged to serve out the fine.

If unflagging industry and attention to business counts for anything, that Ukiah stagerobber ought to be in the front rank of the profession.

George H. Phillips has incorporated, but his recent speculations have not been such as to make any insatiable demand for stock in his company.

Kansas must look on a prospective lynching under her very nose and feel her utter inability to get her name into the papers in connection with it.

Dawson City now has a Courthouse, but how she can get her plethoric citizens to serve on a jury at $3 a day and mileage is a problem which may take her some time to solve.

Thus far none of the members of the Congress of Weather Prophets has read a paper on "How to Exterminate Newspaper Paragraphers," but the congress is not yet ended.

The Germans have seized the university at Tien Tsin and will not give it up. The horrible suspicion is aroused that perhaps they intend to punish the Boxers by making them learn the German language.

Cumberland County, Maine, has a Sheriff named Pearson, who is a clergyman. He holds gospel meetings on barges, and some of his enemies are charging him with introducing politics into his prayers. The other day he said: "When you go to your room for prayer, ask God to help poor Pearson, and then stand by him with your ballot."

One of the sights of Modoc County, California, is the stone wall, four feet high, which nearly surrounds Jesse D. Carr's estate of 25,000 acres. In order to protect his stock, Mr. Carr built the fence at a cost of something like $80,000. "Do you know what the United States Marshal said about it when he was sent out here to investigate at the time they were trying to force me to pull it down during Cleveland's Administration?" he asked of a friend recently. "Well, he looked it over carefully, and he said to me: 'Carr, I don't know which is the bigger fool—the Government for wanting to pull down that fence, or you for putting it up.' That," added Mr. Carr, "was the most sensible thing I ever heard about that fence—even if I did put it up."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

If you can't say anything good of a man you can at least have the courtesy to sit around and hear other people say bad things.—Puck.

A Good Enough Way for Him.—"I wouldn't cry like that, my little man." "Well, you can cry any way you want to; this is my way."—Brooklyn Life.

Where He Failed.—Clarke—Mr. Shiverly is passionately fond of art. Miss Jameson—Yes, and yet not fond enough of it to stop painting.—Town and Country.

He Couldn't Connect.—Mrs Handout—I think a little water would do you good. Hardened Hobbs—So do I, mum! But folks ain't giving away Amalgamated Steel stock, not much!"—Judge.

His Favorite.—"What is your favorite play?" asked the friend. "Ordinarily," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "it is 'Hamlet.' But when I need the money it is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"—Washington Star.

General—Stop that reporter. Aid—What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism? "No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching-bag for the rest of my life."—Life.

Customer (to waiter)—Here, John, take my order—ox-tail soup, roast lamb, fried sole, green peas, onions, tomatoes, cucumber, mince pie, cheese and coffee, and be spry about it; my train leaves in exactly six minutes.—Tit-Bits.

Bourgeois.—Mrs. Blugore—But they are very fashionable, are they not? Mrs. Swellman—Fashionable? Most assuredly not. Why, they permit the care of their children to interfere with their social obligations.—Philadelphia Press.

His Favorite Dish.—"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpew of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. "Er—the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface, absently.—Ohio State Journal.

The Fount of Tears.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Aleslee's.

> "All hot and grimy from the road,
> Dust gray from arduous years,
> I sat me down and eased my load
> Beside the Fount of Tears.
>
> "The waters sparkled to my eye,
> Calm, crystal-like and cool,
> And breathing there a restful sigh,
> I bent me to the pool.
>
> "When, lo, a voice cried, 'Pilgrim, rise,
> Harsh tho' the sentence be,
> And on to other lands and skies,
> This fount is not for thee.
>
> "'Pass on, but calm thy needless fears.
> Some may not love or sin.
> An angel guards the Fount of Tears,
> All may not bathe therein.'
>
> "Then with my burden on my back,
> I turned to gaze awhile,
> First at the uninviting track,
> Then at the water's smile.
>
> "Then so I go upon my way,
> Thro'out the sultry years,
> But pause no more by night, by day,
> Beside the Fount of Tears."