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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer. Northwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61; minimum temperature, 49; precipitation, .13 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1902.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

What sort of a figure will Oregon cut, going before a Republican Senate for $2,000,000 in aid of the Lewis and Clark Centennial, after having gone Democratic?

How much will Oregon get from a Republican Congress in the next river and harbor bill if it elects a Democratic Governor and Legislature?

It might be as well to look this thing squarely in the face. There is a small coterie of Republican Senators who have to be considered in legislation. It is needless to name them. They are there in the influential places, they have the power, and they don't use it to reward Democratic majorities.

Oregon is a Republican state. Probably it is the strongest Republican state in the Union, population considered. Whatever it gets in the way of appropriations is given it out of recognition for its steadfast Republicanism and the influence its Republican Senators have with the powers that be. Suppose McKinley's plurality of 13,000 last time is thrown away and in its place we elect a Democratic Governor? What will Hanna and Allison and Aldrich and Lodge and Frye say to Mitchell when he comes to ask for $2,000,000 for the Lewis and Clark Centennial? They will tell Oregon to go off and get a reputation and then they will look at her.

Oregon at this critical time needs the good will of the President and the Senate and the leading Republicans of the House. The way to get that good will and all that it means to the state's welfare is to support the policies for which the President and his party have been standing. The way to get them down on us is to give them a slap in the face. Every vote for Chamberlain is a vote against an open river and the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

EARTHQUAKES, VOLCANOES AND CANAL.

There is a terrible volcanic eruption on the Island of St. Vincent, similar to that near St. Pierre, Martinique, for the conditions on both islands are practically identical. Corresponding to Mount Pelee, Martinique, there is on St. Vincent the Morne Garou, a volcanic mountain over 5000 feet high. Like Mount Pelee, it has a dead crater at the top, which the heavy rainfalls have turned into a lake. In the flank of this mountain there is what is called on the island a "soufriere," or sulphur pit, just as there is on the flank of Mount Pelee. The last time until the present when St. Vincent was the scene of a terrific volcanic explosion was on April 27, 1812. On March 26, 1812, the City of Caracas was knocked into ruins by an earthquake, in which from 10,000 to 12,000 persons were killed. The volcanic forces struck St. Vincent the 27th of the following April, and found an outlet in the great "soufriere" of Morne Garou. This volcanic eruption lasted for three days, and was heard by the English garrison at Barbadoes, 100 miles away.

From that terrible time until the present outbreak the Morne Garou on St. Vincent has been quiescent. The total number of deaths in St. Vincent thus far will reach 2000. Martinique had an earthquake in 1767 which cost the lives of 1600 persons, and another in 1839 which killed 700 persons. The Old World has suffered more terribly than the New. The great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 was followed by a great tidal wave, so that about 70,000 lives were lost. An earthquake in Sicily in 1692 destroyed more than 100,000 lives. A great earthquake cost the lives of 200,000 persons in and around Tokio, Japan. A volcanic eruption on the little Javanese Island of Sumbawa in April, 1815, destroyed 100,000 lives. The volcano of Krakatoa had been quiescent for two centuries when it exploded in 1883. A huge volcanic wave followed which swept the shores of Java and Sumatra, drowning some 200,000 persons. A volcano that became violent in Japan in 1888 had been quiescent for 1000 years.

The discussion of the question of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in connection with the proposed isthmian canal is not of much practical consequence, for both the Pacific slope of Nicaragua and the Isthmus of Panama are included in the lines of volcanic disturbance. The Central American region has within a limited area some twenty or thirty volcanoes. If we want to be assured that our proposed isthmian canal will never be destroyed by some form of volcanic disturbance, there not only will never be any isthmian canal, but there will never be any railway lines along the west coast of South America, for there are a long series of volcanoes from Alaska to Patagonia.

CHAMBERLAIN'S "HOT AIR."

Mr. Chamberlain's affability is equaled by only one other thing in the world, and that is his nerve. He tells the railroad men that he is going to get a special liability act passed by the Legislature if he has to veto every other bill that comes to him until he gets it. This is probably as monumental a piece of campaign gall as was ever put on exhibition. Legislation is not among the duties of the Governor's office, and no man with the political urbanity of George Chamberlain is going to get gay with a Republican Legislature.

Mr. Chamberlain goes out over the state and actually points with pride to his "record." He apparently thinks that all he has to do is to mention his "record" and its perfection will be taken for granted by all hearers. The fact is that he has no record of any achievement, either reformatory, economical or in any other way beneficial to anybody or anything but his own private interests. The office he now holds is costing the people less than it used to, simply because the Legislature cut off its perquisites and put the incumbent of that office on a salary—no thanks to him.

Mr. Chamberlain talks winningly about the economies he is going to introduce. This also, like the rest of his appeals, is "hot air." He deals wholly in glittering generalities, without specifying a single state institution whose revenues he will cut off and without offering to cut down either his own or any other official's salary.

In the speeches of C. W. Fulton every one of Chamberlain's high-sounding utterances has been shown up as absolutely without basis or reason. They are all the veriest chaff put out instead of honest grain.

In a little over two weeks now Mr. Chamberlain will learn that the net value of campaign promises is not what he quotes them at, but the actual effect they produce on the hearer's mind.

THOREAU.

Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Mass., son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaks this afternoon on "Thoreau" under the auspices of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, at the Selling-Hirsch building. The writings of Emerson, America's greatest prose writer, if we accept the estimate of Matthew Arnold, and, in our judgment in thought if not always in form our greatest poet, are familiar to all persons of average culture. The writings of Thoreau, a man of peculiar genius and personal quality, are not so well known. Thoreau was born in 1817 and died in 1862 in his 45th year. He was of French lineage; his parents were poor; he earned his way through Harvard College, where he graduated in 1837; he was a fair scholar, but, like Emerson and Hawthorne, was not an eminent one. He never married, and supported himself through life by writing, lecturing, pencil-making, engineering and carpentering. He never left Concord, save for a short season of work on the New York Tribune, except when lecturing or making pedestrian excursions. Cities he disliked. He did not believe in our modern organized civilization. He has been called by one of his biographers "The Poet-Naturalist," but he was rather "The Poet-Gypsy," for he had a very fine poetic imagination, but was not much of a naturalist in the exact sense that Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Maurice Thompson or even Audubon or Wilson were naturalists. He was not of kin in his relish for outdoor life and observation to White of Selborne, to Isaak Walton, or even Richard Jeffries or Grant Allen, and of the pure, scientific joy in nature exhibited by John Muir. Thoreau had nothing. He loved Nature, but he loved it as a man who is at once a born gypsy and a born poet loves it, not as a man of exact, scientific mind loves Nature. He had an observant eye for Nature, but it was the eye of a poet, and his passion for Nature was the gypsy joy of a natural-born rambler and saunterer, not the scientific thirst of a great voyager, traveler or geologist. There was nothing of Huxley, of John Fiske, in his composition. He was first of all born a poet, and his method of life was to spend what he earned in outdoor excursions, where he could indulge the dreaming habit of the poet and gratify the innocent methods of woodland existence that would not be out of character with a man of virtuous and humane spirit. He never hunted wild game or caught fish, save for food. He was a fine Greek scholar; in poetry preferred Milton to Shakespeare. He had a taste for music, sang fairly well, had an exceptionally fine eye and ear for beauty. His poem on "Smoke," beginning—

> Light-winged Smoke; Icarian bird;
> Lark without song, etc.,

Was considered by Emerson the first of its kind since the Greek poet, Simonides. He was a man of aspiration, a pure idealist, a man of absolute spirituality. In religion he was what Horace Greeley called "a defiant pantheist," because in one of his articles for the Tribune he said: "The pine tree is as immortal as I, and perhaps will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still." His doctrine was that of individualism. He began at the ground and reasoned up. He saw beauty in ashes. He built a hut on Walden Pond in 1845, where he lived two and one-half years. There was neither lock to the door nor curtain to the window. Anybody was held to have a right to enter and be sheltered. He refused to pay taxes and was imprisoned, but was released by his friends paying his dues. He was not sour, surly nor morose; could sing and even dance, and was sweet with children. He was a good brother, gentle, patient and hopeful; but while his affections were deep, they were not expansive. He cultivated stoicism; he had both the pride and the conceit of egotism, like an Indian. Indeed, in his physical appearance he suggested something of a faun, a man with some of the traces of a wild creature left in him, such as Hawthorne sketches in his great romance. And this is the man of whom Emerson said at his funeral: "His soul was made for the noblest society; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

This is Emerson's estimate of Thoreau, but other modern critics of great ability, like James Russell Lowell and Robert Louis Stevenson, do not hold Thoreau in equal intellectual esteem. Lowell, in a famous critical "essay," treated Thoreau's pretensions to accuracy as a painter of the natural world with undisguised contempt, and Robert Louis Stevenson, in our judgment, hits the nail on the head when he says that Thoreau in his temper and manners was a good deal of a prig, who was so shockingly devoid of weaknesses that he was never touched with a feeling of our infirmities enough to be truly polar with humanity. He was not an ascetic, but a stoic. Among other things Stevenson says that Thoreau "was a skulker. He did not wish virtue to go out of him among his fellows, but slunk into a corner to hoard it for himself." Stevenson felicitously says that "Shakespeare might begin the day upon a quart of ale and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as Thoreau," who abstained from wine and beer, tea and coffee and tobacco, in order to enjoy the natural rapture of the morning. Stevenson's keenest criticism is that Thoreau was, like Walt Whitman, a fellow who loved to "loaf and invite his soul," because both by nature were creatures who loved to go as they pleased. They were both anarchists in their theoretical contempt for modern social government and civilization, and their apotheosis of individualism. Both were selfish in their shirking of life; Thoreau was a consumptive, and had to abjure alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee, and live out of doors. Whitman was a magnificent athlete, who in his youth was given to coarse animal sports and sensual indulgence. But Stevenson is about right when he describes Thoreau, who "pursues self-improvement—a churlish, mangy dog," and Whitman, who follows the nymph Happiness, buxom and blithe, as forcing the same argument to a different conclusion. Thoreau whispered what Whitman bawls.

WARNINGS IN HISTORY.

The Tories opposed the Revolutionary War—1776 to 1783—and the Tory party was dead at the close of the struggle.

The Federalists opposed the second war with Great Britain—1812 to 1815—and the Federal party died in 1816.

The Whigs opposed the war with Mexico—1845 to 1847—and the Whig party died in 1852.

The Democrats opposed the war for the preservation of the Union—1861 to 1865—and the Democratic party has been successful in but two Presidential elections since, and the man who led them on those occasions is now repudiated by the great majority of the Democratic party.

Democrats are at present opposing the war for the preservation of our National authority in the Philippines. Do they expect that their disloyalty to their country will have any more advantageous result than has followed all similar action since the foundation of our Government?

"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

The murderer of the Russian Minister of the Interior was hanged on Monday. The crime of this assassin was useless, for, out of the 100,000,000 of Russia's inhabitants only 11,000,000 live in the cities. The remainder, about 89,000,000, live in small villages, which average from 750 to 1000 of total population. These villages enjoy almost as complete local government as a New England township, and they know nothing of the central government except through the taxes they pay and the men they furnish for the army. The corrupt bureaucratic Russian general central administration takes taxes and men for the army from the vast mass of ignorant peasantry of the communes, but the severe burden of this bureaucratic machine weighs upon the cities and on the educated classes. The peasants of the communes have no fault to find with the government, for its burdens rest most heavily on the cities, on the factories, trade, travel, transportation; on the intelligent, enterprising, educated and wealthy, who are held in restraint by the army, whose ranks are recruited from the peasantry that worship the Czar. The present government of Russia is perfectly safe so long as the army and the peasantry from which it is recruited are content. This terrible fact is what makes a political revolution impossible in Russia. If every member of the Russian Government from the Czar down should be murdered tomorrow, it would only mean a new Czar and the oppression of a new central bureaucracy.

The anti-imperialist press is not honest when it pleads that Lord Kitchener shot the British officers of the Bushveld Carbineers for violating the usages of civilized warfare, despite the fact that they pleaded substantially the same defense as is now offered by our officers in the Philippines, viz., "that the Filipinos are mere marauders; that they are not bound by the rules of war; they murder American soldiers and mutilate their bodies, and because of these conditions reprisals in kind are warranted under American military regulations." This statement is not true. Lord Kitchener shot these British officers because their own men testified against them that the Boers shot in cold blood had been shot without cause or provocation; that they had not violated the laws of warfare, but were murdered and robbed by these officers, who lied to save their lives and escape the just punishment of their crimes. Had these British irregulars been serving against a savage foe who did not recognize the laws of civilized warfare, like some of the "hill" tribes of India, nobody would have given the enemy shorter shrift than Lord Kitchener. Lord Kitchener executed these British officers for playing the part of marauders and murderers against an honorable foe, and then lying about it. If they could have proved the execution of their brother officers and men in cold blood, their plea of reprisal would have been accepted.

The Secretary of the Interior recently sent to Congress the draft of a bill providing for the extension of the limits of the Yellowstone National Park, requesting that the measure be given prompt and favorable consideration. Accompanying this was a letter in which the Secretary states that the large game—the moose, elk, deer, mountain sheep, etc.—which have their Summer home in the park drift out of the reservation in the Autumn and fall victims in large numbers to hunters who seek them for their heads, teeth, pelts and meat. This, he believes, will in a few years result in the extermination of these animals, and since Congress has no jurisdiction over their Winter range, it is urged that this range be annexed to the park in order that they may be protected in Winter as well as in Summer, and thereby be saved from starvation. If this suggestion is acted upon, the area of Yellowstone Park will be nearly doubled. It now comprises 3313 square miles; the extension proposed includes 3254 square miles. The combined area will form a magnificent body of land, the varied beauties and wonders of which are unsurpassed on the face of the earth. The Nation never does anything by halves. If the park is to be kept in a state of nature, the animals that make their haunts in its mountains, forests and valleys should be protected as part of the scheme. The expense in any gigantic enterprise is not covered by its first cost. That, in fact, is only the beginning. This has certainly been proven in the acquirement or setting aside of bodies of land for National parks. The wisdom of further extending the National park area at this time may be doubted, except as such extension is calculated to carry out the park idea. In this view it is likely that Congress will indorse the statements of the Secretary of the Interior and double the Yellowstone Park area.

The proposal now before Congress to extend pensions to members of the lifesaving service is worthy of favorable consideration. There is no class of men in the Government service who are more faithful to arduous duty than are the officers and crews of the lifesaving stations. And it may be added that none are so meagerly paid as are these men. Exposed to the fiercest storms of Winter and to the dangers incident to the rescue of their fellow-creatures from the "dread sweep of the down-streaming seas," these men are liable to become physically incapacitated for service at any time, and their pay absolutely precludes the possibility of saving anything for the proverbial rainy day. The attempt to secure pensions for them in stress of disability or for their widows and minor children in the event of their death is a worthy one, and should succeed.

With Oregon apples in demand at $2 50 per box, Oregon strawberries 25 cents a pound, Oregon potatoes $1 85 per cental, Oregon onions $2 50 per cental, pork 8 cents per pound by the hog, eggs 16 cents per dozen, and so on down the line, there would seem to be a fair margin of profit in small farming in this country. The strawberry quotation will show a decline as the season advances, but when the returns are all in it will be found that some of the "patches" where the work is carried on to the best advantage will show a profit for the season of over $100 per acre. As to the other products, it is the exception when they are selling so low as not to afford good remuneration for the work of getting them on the market.

President Loubet, of France, has set off for St. Petersburg on his return visit to the Czar of Russia. It will now devolve upon Emperor Nicholas to protect his republican (?) visitor from the bombs of the nihilists and perhaps from the "rushes" of students that are in revolt throughout his empire. In the meantime, the United States Government is rushing supplies and doctors to the stricken Island of Martinique, upon which thousands of Frenchmen lie unburied and other shelterless thousands are suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst and the miseries of burns, wounds and utter destitution.

General Miles has, it seems, at last learned the lesson of silence in which he has had such severe drill. An invitation to act as honorary pallbearer on the occasion of the funeral of the late Admiral Sampson was formally conveyed to him by Lieutenant-Commander Sargeant, representing the Secretary of the Navy, and with equal formality it was declined. When some explanation was sought from General Miles concerning the reason of his refusal, he positively and very properly refused to be seen.

Citizens of Oregon no doubt feel a laudable pride in the favor with which our agricultural products were received at the Charleston Fair. A total of fourteen gold medals, four of silver, seventeen of bronze and eighty-two "honorable mentions" made by the jury on awards in the Oregon agricultural exhibit is something worth while. It is inspiring to think of what we should receive in the horticultural department were our fruits at their best and properly shown.

Among the canards of this campaign none is more defenseless than the ascription of Puritanic ideas to George H. Williams. Judge Williams is a man of upright life and a communicant of the Episcopal Church, but in belief and practice he is broad gauge and liberal. His ideas on municipal government are far from Puritanical. He wants a clean and orderly city, but he is no believer in prohibition or persecution. Any statement to the contrary is a malicious invention.

Policeman Carpenter, whose task it is to keep at bay the human wolves and tigers of the North End, deserves something better for his activities than persecution. Strange, isn't it, that the exponent of law and order should be personae non grata with the nighthawks of the slums? Should a policeman pay these brutes something to behave themselves, or address them in the soft words of the drawing-room?

Once more the recovery of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland seems to be assured, and the governmental crisis that threatened that nation has passed for the present. The sympathy of all intelligent womanhood is with the Queen, who has so quickly passed from a happy, healthy young girl to an unhappy woman of disappointed hopes, shattered nerves and suffering body.

The name of George T. Myers, heavy taxpayer, experienced business man and veteran Republican, will add strength to the Republican Legislative ticket. Mr. Myers has been in the habit of running ahead of his ticket, and he will keep his end up this time among a popular and deserving list of candidates.

It was the poet Whittier who said in ridicule of Thoreau's experiments in cheap living that "it was not difficult to prove that it was possible for a man to live like a woodchuck, but that the penalty of living like a woodchuck was the limitation of the human brain to that of a woodchuck."

THE FIRST OF THE PATHFINDERS

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just 98 years ago next Wednesday, on May 14, 1804, there started the first and the greatest of all the Government's expeditions for the exploration of the great West. This was the one conducted by Lewis and Clark, whose headquarters while the party was preparing for its journey had been in St. Louis. The expedition entered the Missouri on that day, went up that river in that season to the Mandan Indians' country, a little north of the present Bismarck, in North Dakota, which they reached on November 2, and where they remained until April 7, 1805. Then they proceeded up the Missouri to a point not far from its source, crossed the continental divide, entered the Clearwater River, went down that stream to the Snake River, thence into the Columbia, and followed the Columbia onward to the Pacific, which they reached on November 7, 1805, where they passed the Winter. They started on their return on March 23, 1806, diverged from their former course at two or three points, followed up the Columbia and its tributaries, crossed the divide again, entered the Missouri and arrived at St. Louis on September 23, 1806.

This exploration was of momentous significance for the United States. Lewis and Clark in their journal, under date of September 23, 1806, remarked that when they sailed down the Mississippi to St. Louis they "went on shore and received the heartiest and most hospitable welcome from the whole village." Jefferson, in his memoir of Meriwether Lewis, said, in referring to the exploration, that "never did a similar event excite more joy throughout the United States. The humblest of the citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey and looked forward with impatience for the information which it would furnish." The reason for these demonstrations is easy to point out. All the locality traversed from the mouth of the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains had just been purchased from France. The title to the region between the mountains and the Pacific, vaguely called a little while afterward the Oregon Country, was in controversy between the United States and England. The expedition touched or passed through the present States of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. It traversed, in both directions, a distance of over 8000 miles, and witnessed and recorded marvels never seen by the eye of a civilized man until then.

The social and political consequences of that journey of 1804-06 through the United States' great new West will live as long as the Nation lives. The report of the heads of the expedition, which was preceded in time of publication by the journal of one or two of its other members, first made known to America and the world the physical wonders and the resources of the country's new empire. On the basis of this exploration along the course of the Columbia and its tributaries, with the camp which was established for many months near the Columbia's mouth, the United States founded one of the strongest of its claims to the Oregon Country, whose undisputed possession came to us in the treaty with England in 1846. The work of Lewis and Clark had a powerful influence in rounding out the United States' frontiers on the Northwest to its natural limits and in extending the country's boundaries to the Pacific. The St. Louis World's Fair of 1904 will give suitable recognition to the 100th anniversary of the starting of this first and most important of all the country's exploring expeditions, which date will come a few weeks after the fair opens. At Portland, Or., in 1905, the centennial of the arrival of Lewis and Clark at the mouth of the Columbia will be held a great fair to commemorate, in its larger aspects, the achievement which did so much to add the Pacific Empire to the domain of the United States.

Jews on Sunday Observance.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Of more than ordinary ethical and religious significance is the proposition now before the conference of American rabbis at New Orleans to transfer the rites of the historical Jewish Sabbath to the Sunday that is recognized and generally observed by Christians.

The discussion of the question revealed the sharp line of antagonism between the theologian and the man who regards the Sabbath as a seventh-day provision for rest and worship—between the doctrinaire who fears the observance of the Christain Sunday would be a recognition of certain theological tenets to which they cannot subscribe, and the man who believes that the Saturday Sabbath is impracticable, and that the same Sabbath should be observed in all civilized countries.

In the very interesting discussion the nonobservance of the old Mosaic Sabbath by the Jewish men of today appeared to be generally admitted by speakers on both sides. Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of San Francisco, declared that millions of Jews do not observe the Sabbath, and that the tendency is toward the observance of the Christian Sunday. Even the Jewish women, he had found, do most of their shopping on Saturday, and hence had practically thrown aside the historical Sabbath of Israel.

These views were concurred in by Rabbi Leon Harrison, of St. Louis; Rabbi I. S. Moses, of New York, and Rabbi H. G. Enslow, of Louisville, all of whom declared that under existing conditions in the larger cities it was impossible for the American Jew to keep his Sabbath.

Notwithstanding these arguments, there was strong opposition to any formal recognition of the Christian Sunday as Sabbath on the ground that it would be a recognition of the resurrection of Christ, which is fundamentally opposed to Hebraic faith.

Through Dishonesty of Anti-ism.

Chicago Tribune.

Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, "foams like a mountain cataract." He says "plunder, massacre, torture and robbery" of the people of the Philippines is the purpose, and the sole purpose, of "the American policy in the archipelago." This is the kind of wholesale denunciation which men of limited political experience and little ability are given to indulging in. It seems to them forcible and effective, whereas it is weak and ineffective. Indiscriminate abuse, like indiscriminate praise, defeats its object. It is the custom of mankind to ask for particulars. When none are forthcoming the abuse or the praise falls flat. Senator Carmack is unable to frame a specific indictment of the "American policy" in the Philippines; and hence he asserts its sole object is "plunder, massacre, torture and robbery." This is not an indictment of isolated acts of cruelty or barbarism which have been committed in the Philippines. It is an indictment of the whole course of the Government in dealing with the Filipinos. No one would know from Senator Carmack's remarks that schools are being established in the Philippines, that taxes are being lowered, and that for the first time in the history of the islands their inhabitants are being governed in accordance with the principles of justice and honesty. The policy which is being carried out in the Philippines by the administration, to the best of its ability, is a policy which is approved of by the American people, who have no desire to massacre, torture or rob the Filipinos. They will refuse to admit that Senator Carmack has described correctly the purpose of their policy.

IN DEFENSE OF THE CORSET.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Most of the ills that female flesh is heir to, according to many physicians and all dress reformers, have their source and origin in the corset. Some indignant reformers have even declared the corset the invention of the devil, delivered by him to his agents, the Paris dressmakers, for the destruction of humanity.

Now there has arisen in Paris a defender of the corset, who is in no way connected with the dressmaking trade. He is a physician, whose specialty is hygiene, and his name is Frantz Glenard. In the current issue of the Revue Scientifique, M. Glenard lays down these three propositions:

1. The corset has its reason of being from the esthetic viewpoint.
2. Esthetics and hygiene may be reconciled even in the corset.
3. The corset is of use and value in certain maladies.

M. Glenard admits that from a hygienist these statements are somewhat audacious. His justification of his third point must be passed over here as chiefly of interest to physicians, and attention confined to his first and second.

Clothing, he asserts—and he appeals to the researches of the ethnologist for proof—was originally adopted neither for protection against the weather nor out of modesty, but simply from a desire for adornment. As civilization advanced the clothing of the sexes was differentiated to emphasize in each the quality most admired by the other.

Hence man's costume has tended more and more to straight lines, signifying strength and action. Woman's has tended to curved lines, signifying beauty and suppleness. The corset is an attempt to preserve the curved outline of the waist, and even to accentuate its fascinations. It may not always be successful in this effort, but it aims at beautiful result, and may be made to produce that result.

The two enemies of the beautiful in woman, Mr. Glenard asserts, are nature, which as woman grows older tends to destroy her youthful curves and to approximate her figure to man's, and fashion, which, in the attempt to correct Nature and preserve the charms of youth, often goes to excess and produces an inartistic and unhealthful condition.

The ideal corset, he declares, should modify and improve Nature without slavishly bowing to the excesses of fashion, which becomes inartistic when it attempts to do too much and to go too far. He is certain that such an ideal may be realized, and that such a corset would be hygienically valuable as well as artistically effective.

In other words, M. Glenard upholds the use of the corset and condemns only its abuse. That is precisely what sensible women have been doing for several centuries in practice, without injury to themselves and to the delight of all beholders. They will doubtless be gratified to find that for their practice there is now scientific justification and authority.

Which It Is to Be Hoped Is True.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

President Roosevelt's critics are left in a very awkward position by the statement which Mr. Evans makes in regard to his retirement from the Pension Bureau. He says:

> I have not felt at liberty until my appointment was settled to make any statement, but in view of the repeated assertions that I had been forced out of office I desire to say, once for all, that such statement is wholly without foundation. President Roosevelt knew from the first that I was anxious to surrender the office, and that I only waited for an opportune time. I resigned entirely of my own accord, following out a purpose I had had for many months; the same purpose I had expressed to remain until any or all charges were disposed of. My resignation was unconditional, and did not hang on any future appointment.

This is not news to the President's friends. They have known all along, as anybody else who cared to ascertain the facts might have known, that Mr. Evans resigned of his own free will, that had he desired to remain in office he could have done so with the President's unwavering support. The President, according to his unvarying custom, has paid no heed whatever to the strictures of self-elected guardians of his political morals and character. He has the arrogance to believe that he is fully capable of taking care of his own reputation and is the best judge of what his conscience will permit him to do. If those supersensitive critics who lead him so regularly to the "parting of the ways" and weep over his failure to follow their advice could once get a glimpse of his real opinion of their efforts they would take a long rest in that line of labor.

Missouri Politics.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"There's a lot of Democrats in Missouri who will stand by anything that keeps the party on top, and the crowd that can keep it the furthest on top is the crowd for all them fellers. Old Lije Farrin used to live in Camden County, and he wanted to eat an Abolitionist every mornin' before breakfast, just to give him an appetite. He read the papers close, to see how the tide run in Camden, and when he saw that the Republicans were up and a comin', he hunted up the chairman of the Democratic county committee, and says he: 'Look here; what's the matter with you-all? The Abolitionists is makin' gains around here!'

"'Well, Uncle Lije,' said the chairman, 'we can't count the votes unless you-all put 'em in.'

"'Don't talk to me,' said Lije, wavin' him off, like. 'I've married three times to make votes for the Democratic party, but what's the use of a man wearin' hisself out for the party, if you-all that's runnin' the campaign don't understand your business? I'm tired of it!'"

Pan and Syrinx.

> Once, ah, once (ye know the story)!
> When the heart was in her glory,
> Ere man gave his earth to breed
> Iron hate and heartless greed,
> Near a meadow by a stream
> Quiet as a dateless dream,
> As I watched from the green rim
> Of a beech grove, cool and dim,
> Musing in the pleasant shade
> The soft leafy sunlight made,—
> What should gleam and move and quiver
> Down by the clear pebbly river,
> Where the tallest reeds were growing
> And the bluest iris blowing,—
> Gleam a moment and then pass,
> (Ah, the dare-to-love she was,
> In her Summer-fervid dress
> Of sheer love and loveliness!)
> Wayward, melting, shy, and fond
> Lissome as a bulrush wand
> Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,
> Sandal lost, and loosened zone,
> Our own white Arcadian
> Touched with rose and creamy tan,
> Eyes the color that might fleck
> The red meadow lily's neck,
> Hair with soft silky curl
> Of some strayed patrician girl,
> Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,
> Cheek of tawny apricot,
> Parted lips and breast aglow,—
> Who but Syrinx, as ye know!
> Gone, swift as a darting swallow,
> What could young Pan do but follow?
> (Have ye felt the warm blood beat,
> At an ankle in the street?
> Known the pulse's hurried throb
> And the breathing's catch and sob,
> When, upon his face with death,
> Life the runner halts for breath,
> Taking with a happy cry
> His brief draught of ecstasy?)
> Call I did, with only laughter
> Blown back, as I hurried after;
> Till I reached the riverside,
> Where I last had seen her glide
> In among the reeds, and there
> Lost her. But a breath of air
> Moved the grass-heads, going by,
> And I heard the rushes sigh.
>
> So the chase has always proved;
> And Pan never yet has loved,
> But the loved one all too soon
> Merged in music and was gone,—
> Melted like a passing strain,
> Vanished like a gust of rain
> Or a footfall of the wind,
> Leaving not a trace behind.

—From "The Pipes of Pan," by Bliss Carman, in the April Atlantic.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Somebody might make money by dramatizing Tillman.

After all, the Filipinos probably prefer cold water to hot shot.

Pennoyer's attitude to politics is that of an innocent bystander.

Who knows but Queen Wilhelmina may live to see the close of the Boer war?

Roosevelt can make more trouble for the trusts than the trusts can for Roosevelt.

A New York man 104 years old has just married his fourth wife. Boys will be boys.

Count von Waldersee predicts a war in Asia, and has already employed several tailors on his trousseau.

The withdrawal of the American troops from Cuba will hardly be as precipitate as that of the Spanish troops.

If Carnegie is really afraid of dying rich, he ought to let the hired girl do the marketing at the butcher's.

The full dinner pail doesn't contain beef. If it did it could be carried only by J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller.

Wu Ting Fang does not approve of ping-pong. And yet if there's anything in a name it was invented in his country.

An ice trust has been formed in New England, but it can hardly work much hardship in a locality of which Boston is the center.

Never trust circumstantial evidence. A stranger in Portland could not be persuaded that there is a deficiency in the precipitation.

Perhaps if Commissioner Ware earns promotion, the President will make him poet laureate. F. P. Dunne doesn't write verse, so Mr. Ware will have no rival.

"I've just had a ping-pong ball to say so." This, at first sight, savors of hopeless imbecility; but in certain Liverpool circles, says the London Mail, it might pass as evidence of thorough knowledge of a quite up-to-date "fashion." It has recently become popular in Liverpool to stamp the ping-pong ball, cover the rest of it with a message of affection, and post it to a friend. The local pillar boxes have become full of the elusive celluloid, and distracted postmen are having an awful time chasing it around on the pavements. So far the postal authorities have taken no steps to penalize this particular branch of idiocy, but some such action is expected every moment.

"The daily newspapers," said an Eastern magazine editor the other day, "should suggest a lot of ideas to the short story writers. There is a tremendous demand for short stories that are dramatic, terse and true to life, and yet we can't seem to get them. I read the newspapers every day very carefully, and scarcely a day passes that I don't come across something in the news that at least suggests the possibilities of a fictitious environment. If I were a writer of stories, instead of being a mere editor, I should study the newspapers of the country very closely. I think, in order to simplify matters for myself, I should subscribe to one of the clipping bureaus. You know, the thing is now down to such a fine point that you may get any sort of service from them you please. Should you give them an order to serve you with clippings suggesting plots or incidents for fiction, I dare say you would be accommodated, although the cost might be more than that of the usual service. If I were a writer instead of just being an editor, I'd do it."

Walking as Exercise.

Rochester Post-Express.

Walking seems to be the form of physical exercise most favored by centenarians. It is related of one MacDonald, who died in Highlands, Scotland, in 1791, aged 101: "He was a great pedestrain; and the year before he died, at the age of 100, undertook on a wager to walk 10 miles in two hours and a half, which he performed. He was accordingly presented to the King at Windsor." Colonel George Perkins of Norwich, Conn., who died 13 years ago, aged 100, made a practice of walking four miles a day until within a few years of his death. Mary Wilkinson, of Yorkshire, England, who in 1788 died at 109, walked to London when she was past 90. The distance was 230 miles. She made it in five days and three hours. Mary MacDonnell, a vigorous old woman of Magheratempany, Ireland, in 1784, when 117, walked 14 miles. Sally Morris, who recently died near Parkersburg, W. Va., at the age of 113, had, up to two years previous to her death, walked 20 miles to town and back one day in each week. A conspicuous number of centenarians have enjoyed their favorite sports and pastimes even in their last days. Sieu Deson de Veger, of Lourday, France, who died in 1744, aged 118, "rode hunting 15 days before his death." Bartholomew Rymer, a Yorkshire gamekeeper, who ended a century of vigorous life in 1791, "shot game flying in his 99th year." One Hastings, an Englishman, dying in 1850, "rode to the death of a stag when nearly 90." In the last century of his life he was a fisherman and swam in the river after he was 100. All these instances prove the value of out-of-door exercise as an aid in the prolongation of life.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Ample Time.—The Suburban Fireman—We got there after the fire was out. His Wife—Well, it couldn't last forever!—Puck.

Not Far to Go.—"Brown has gone crazy, I'm told." "Well, it was a short trip for him, anyway."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Maid—Do you think it's unlucky to get married on Friday? The Bachelor—Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?—Tit-Bits.

Drawing the Line.—He—Are you fond of fiction, darling "Yes, dearest; but don't tell me I am the only girl you have ever loved."—Life.

Every Little Helps.—"We've got a little more room in our flat now." "That so?" "Yes; we've just scraped the paper off the walls!"—Philadelphia Press.

Jingo—What's caused the row in the Younghub family? Bingo—The better half discovered that she didn't know how the other half lived.—Harvard Lampoon.

Perhaps It Was.—Mrs. Richmond—What lovely antique furniture! Mrs. Bronxborough—Yes; and do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new.—Judge.

The Old Conundrum.—Miss Riverside Dryve—She refuses to marry him unless he resigns from Tammany Hall. He—Well, which will it be—"the lady or the tiger?"—Judge.

Recommended. — Member of Investigating Committee—Mr. Thinkard, what, in your opinion, is the best advice for making a furnace consume its own smoke? Expert—A $500 fine.—Chicago Tribune.

The Very First Time.—Hojack—Well, old Mr. Scudds has finally given his permission