

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with northwesterly wind.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 77; minimum temperature, 47; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.

WANTED—A FIREBOAT.

It would be useless to argue Portland's need of a fireboat, for it is plain to everybody. We have from seven to ten miles of front, built up of highly combustible materials, in danger every moment of being touched into flame. The river, which would afford to a fireboat an easy and expeditious route to every part of this large and exposed waterfront, makes all of it difficult and much of it impossible to be reached by the ordinary fire apparatus.

As an exposition site, the City Park has many and undeniable advantages. First of all it is convenient of access, not only to the great bulk of the city population, but to those who come expressly to attend the fair. All the hotels and boarding-houses are on the west side of the river and within possible walking distance of the City Park.

The park has this advantage, namely, in its relations to the city it lies like the heart of the city. From the business center, from the North End and from the South End, the distance is about the same. At this time the arrangements for transportation of passengers are not good; but there is no problem in the way of making them good.

The present so-called park line, which ends at the foot of the hill on the Barnes and extends to the top of the hill, is a makeshift arrangement. Another equally easy approach is up Jefferson street and up the hill between the reservoir sites. This route was once built and operated for a considerable time by the old Jefferson-Street Cable Company.

Such a boat as would answer our purpose—a boat capable of pumping 5000 or more gallons per minute through half a score or more nozzles—can be got, so we are told, for approximately \$50,000. This sum is equal to about 50 cents each for the people of Portland.

It is possible—quite so—that the municipality has not this amount of money available; it is possible—quite so—that it has no means of borrowing the money or of buying upon credit; it is possible—quite so—that for this or any other emergency the municipality, through its long course of political folly and business mismanagement, has lost its power to serve the public necessity.

With the exposition at the City Park there will be this great advantage, that much of the expenditure commonly lost in the final break-up can be saved. Whatever shall be expended in the making of roads and in the adornment of the grounds will be just as good for the park as for the exposition; and this holds true of the building of roads, of the building of buildings, of the building of bridges, of the building of anything that will not grant their use unless there is reasonable assurance of their protection.

It is time to show it again. We need—sorely need—a fireboat. There is no way to set it through the municipal government. Fifty thousand dollars is the amount needed; and if this sum shall be provided, the municipality will some day be able to pay it back and will pay it back.

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Yaguina and Tillamook Bays, and Gray's Harbor at the north, and San Pedro, Humboldt Bay and other minor ports in California; and it is the duty of the Government to put these small ports in condition and so maintain them that they may be depended upon to serve the commerce of the country.

Everywhere on the Atlantic side of the continent there is a disposition to sneer at our Pacific Coast projects, both large and small, in spite of the fact that more money has been spent by the Government ten times over on Atlantic and Gulf ports than has ever been asked for by the Pacific Coast.

It is proposed to spend a million dollars on the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia River, one of the great and growing marts of American commerce, there is loud outcry, though nobody thinks to mention the fact that the Government has just completed a work for Charleston, S. C., which does not dispatch one ship where we do fifty, at a cost of \$2,500,000.

Reading the Eastern papers at times one would get the impression that the annual fair and harbor bill was a Western, or, more particularly, a Pacific Coast project, whereas, as a matter of fact, the Coast States gain less from it in proportion than the Atlantic and the Gulf States. Again, on this Coast our works are relatively new, while the works of the other side are old and have already absorbed vast sums—

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of an exposition site; and the matter is, of course, one which is practical rather than one which is capable of determining. Probably the committee has been advised on this point; but if it has not been, then those who are to make the final determination ought to call to their aid our most expert traffic authorities.

From the beginning of the agitation there has been in many quarters an unreasonable expectation of advantages to follow the location of the exposition at one place or another. Something like this has been witnessed wherever exhibitions have been held, and in every instance hopes have been disappointed.

Nowhere has any particular locality or district gained permanently through its fortune in being adjacent to an exposition site. Experience, indeed, points to another principle. The district near a fair is likely to fill up with temporary structures not good enough for permanent use, but a little too good to be torn down; and these shacks are likely to stand for years to discredit and hold back a district which would be far better off if the exposition had been in another part of the city.

There is, we think, one consideration which ought to be very carefully studied before the determination as to site shall be made final, and that is the camping habit of the Oregon people. Probably four out of five families of Oregon—especially of Western Oregon—take their Summer outing in the way of a camping trip. In the old days when the State Fair was a vital thing hundreds of people used to come, pitch their tents and make a week of it at Salem. Now, if in connection with the exposition there can be maintained a campsite of the same character, it is hoped, in fact.

The late weather conditions that gave our citizens opportunity to verify the by no means well-founded statement that "it always rains in Oregon on the Fourth of July" prevailed over the entire Northwest country, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, and at the last receded somewhat, causing a temporary deluge in New York and other sections of the Atlantic seaboard. The damage to crops in the Upper Mississippi Valley and in Western New York was heavy. West of the Rocky Mountains no damage greater than the loss of a portion of the hay crop followed the storm, while the benefit to the wheat crop was considerable.

Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, is so thorough a New Yorker that his biography, published in a New York illustrated weekly, in describing his career and his life in the fashionable circles of the metropolis, his family connections, etc., neglects entirely to mention the incidental fact of his Senatorship. Wetmore is a rich man, and his position at Washington is only one of his many expensive indulgences.

After gambling-houses have been closed in response to public protest, the gambler can figure out a very attractive programme of neatness and decorum for the conduct of such places. If these commendable theories were ever to be put into practice, their application in the form of a reform might be avoided. Wars on questionable places may always be traced to the reckless abuse of privileges by those enjoying them. The moral wave is always preceded by the open and flagrant defiance of law. Draconic reformatory measures are, they are just retribution for the offender's stupid refusal to profit by experience.

An unassailable position of the fair site committee is that we must cut our garment according to our cloth, depend chiefly upon cis-Rocky attendance, and not spend the capital stock for land. These are fixed points in the problem, from which the details may be worked out. One of the chief points in favor of the City Park is that it promotes what is preferred above another. Its most serious disadvantage is the difficulty of bringing railway tracks upon the grounds for the discharge of materials of construction and exhibit.

An article in yesterday's issue of the Oregonian, upon the career of Charles Gaszton, inadvertently reflected upon the other children of the family. Aspersions of their characters was not intended at all, and was foreign to the purpose in hand. While insisting upon the general lesson of the family's history, it was not intended to make invidious reference to its offending members.

A briber's wife and child were introduced into a Minneapolis courtroom to influence a jury with considerations of mercy. It seems to The Oregonian that the person to show consideration of them was the briber at the time of temptation.

William Frazier is the only man who has been Sheriff of Multnomah County three terms. This fact is a testimonial to his efficiency and popularity.

No Insurgents Need Apply. Topeka Capital. In the campaign now beginning in Kansas Republicans will stand squarely on the Whittier resolutions, and Republican speeches in every school district will voice the Administration policy with relation to Cuba. Senator Burton has seen fit to place himself out of harmony with the state on this matter, which promises to become one of the crucial issues of the campaign in every Congressional district in the country.

The thrifty Kentucky wife who used her husband's temperature during a severe fever for the purpose of hatching chickens, is only one more striking proof of the prevalence of mere personal considerations in the conduct of life.

DEFENSE OF ALFRED AUSTIN.

Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate, has given to the world a coronation poem, as in duty bound, I have not seen it. It is to be expected, and expectation is not disappointed. It is a beautiful world of the fairest fabrics that dazzle and delight. If nothing that is expected ever came to pass what a singularly beautiful world this beautiful world would be! It is not true that only the unexpected occurs; it is only true that nothing but the unexpected occurs as it ought, and that not often.

As to Mr. Austin, he is prepared, doubtless, for what he will get. The wits of the press on this side of the sea will have something to say of the matter. If they said nothing they would be sick. True, they know nothing of poetry. Not one in a thousand of them, and hardly one in a hundred of those who are made to apprehend the difference between the indefinable spirit that pulses through the lines of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," and the prosaic spirit that pulses through the lines of James Whitcomb Riley's "A Little Poem" by James Whitcomb Riley of Sam Walter Foss—I think his name is that.

Mr. Austin is not a great poet, but he is a poet. The head and front of his offending seems to be that he is a lesser poet than his predecessor—his predecessor's predecessor. His predecessor's predecessor will hardly affirm his inferiority to the illustrious Nahum Tate. Nor is Mr. Austin the poet, by much, of Mr. Swinburne, who as poet was impossible to be surpassed, highly improbable. If he had been offered the honor Mr. Swinburne would very likely have knocked off the Prime Minister's hat and jumped upon it. He is of the singularly factious turn of mind, in Mr. Swinburne and has to be approached with caution.

Below Swinburne the differences in mental stature among British poets are inconceivable. Henry only could have written the great lines beginning: "Out of the dark pit that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I think I saw the dawn of day, For my unconquerable soul."

And he is not likely to do anything like that again; on that proposition "your eye might be put to the hazard and turn of wagger."

I wonder how many of the merry gentlemen who find a pleasure in making mouths at Mr. Austin "for what he does and doesn't do" have ever read or read, have understood, his sonnet on— "LOVE'S BLINDNESS."

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I have seen eyes that weep and weep, No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth, Pleasure, nor purpose, when thou art not nigh. Thy absence eases sunshine from the sky, Sees Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth, Leads thine pipe as sad as plowman's cry, And makes me in abundance find but death.

But when thy feet tread the dark, and thou With orient eyes dost sweep on my distress, Suddenly sings a bird on every bush, The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less. The ground is buoyant as the ether now, And all looks lovely in thy lovefulness. The influence of Shakespeare is altogether too apparent in this, and it has as many faults as lines; but it is a noble work, nevertheless. To a poet only come such conceptions as "orient eyes" and feet that "utter in the dark."

It is another sonnet in which the thought quite as natural, is less obvious. In some of his best work Mr. Austin runs rather to love (a great fault, madam), and this is called— "LOVE'S WISDOM."

Now on the summit of Love's utmost peak Kiss we and part; no further can we go; And better death than we from high to low, Should destiny, and decline from strong to weak. We have found all, there is no more to seek; And love's long parting, no more to know; And time's only way to end to end, Out rapture's warmth with custom's after-glow.

We cannot keep at such a height as this; For even straining souls like ours inhale But once in life so rare a bliss. What if we lingered till love's breath should fall, Heaven of my earth! one more celestial kiss, Then down by separate pathways to the vale. Will the merry plucks of the Lower Mississippi, too long and too wide, be the backs of the Duluth hinterland be pleased to say what is laughable in all this—excepting their solemn conviction of its absurdity?

The Constitutional "Flat Salaries." Governor Geer seems to be hesitating about calling an extra session of the Legislature to consider the matter of raising the salaries of the members of the Legislature. It is a question of public policy, and one that should be considered by the Legislature. The salaries of the members of the Legislature are now \$10,000 per annum, and it is proposed to raise them to \$15,000 per annum.

No Handshaking. Boston Herald. The President's secretary has notified the authorities in Springfield, Ill., where the President is to be the guest of the State Board of Agriculture in October, that there will be no reception and public handshaking at the fair grounds. This is a good rule to follow everywhere, and especially where everybody and anybody would have a right to be in the line. The President started well in this particular. His first appearance at any public reception after he took office was at the time of the Yale bicentennial reception, which was held in the large new dining hall of the university. It was for graduates and guests of the university. Presumably there were no dignitaries, no politicians, and no crowd.

Toujours Amour. Edmund Clarence Steadman. Prithvi tell me, Prithvi—At what age does love begin? Your blue eyes have scarcely seen Summers three or four my queen, When mine miracle awakes, Soft approaches, shy retreats, Show the little archer there, And I am told, "Prithvi, when didst learn a heart to win? Prithvi tell me, Dimple-Chin!"

Striking American Enterprise. Indianapolis News. The thrifty Kentucky wife who used her husband's temperature during a severe fever for the purpose of hatching chickens, is only one more striking proof of the prevalence of mere personal considerations in the conduct of life.

HONEST ANTI-IMPERIALISM.

St. Paul Pioneer Press. One of the peculiar qualities of the Eastern anti-imperialist is his particular honesty. He is no sniveling liar, as others are. He is not only morally but mentally honest. He is for facts, and when he has the facts, no matter who is hurt or who is helped, you can bet your bottom dollar on his drawing the correct conclusion from the rectitude of a scientific observer and more than his accuracy. All who do not agree with him are mentally or morally oblique. McKinley, Roosevelt, Root, Tatt and Chaffee have been absolutely incapable of telling the truth. A conspiracy of "suppression evading and alliance" has been conducted by them with brazen disregard of common morals. In short, the only reason why the anti-imperialists cannot get on in this country is that they are not honest with the Government who furnish what their own inward light tells them has actually happened. It is with keen regret, therefore, that we find the New York Tribune, the most reputable of the anti-imperialist papers, in what looks very much like a deliberate lie, and a tolerably sneaking sort of lie at that.

The subject which the Republican was the petitions of the Filipinos for the retention of our army officers in certain localities, a fact that the imperialistic Tribune is endeavoring to suppress, that even our cruel army was not quite odious as the anti-imperialists paint it in the fullness of their long-drawn-out knowledge. Says the Republican: "The anti-imperialist's attitude is not to be taken lightly, on its face so impertinent, would not have occurred to any one had not the above-mentioned Government publication contained a factious turn of mind. In War Department in Washington, dated early in February, to the military authorities in the Philippines. This telegram from Washington was forwarded to the various divisions of the War Department, and it read as follows: "To refute statements of misconduct of troops toward natives in Philippine Islands, Secretary of War Root directs petition of retention of commanders of various organizations."

The inference from this quotation of an official document is that the fact that the anti-imperialist's attitude is not to be taken lightly, on its face so impertinent, would not have occurred to any one had not the above-mentioned Government publication contained a factious turn of mind. In War Department in Washington, dated early in February, to the military authorities in the Philippines. This telegram from Washington was forwarded to the various divisions of the War Department, and it read as follows: "To refute statements of misconduct of troops toward natives in Philippine Islands, Secretary of War Root directs petition of retention of commanders of various organizations."

Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is a distinguished physician and a specialist in infantile diseases, not only drives motor cars, but manufactures them. His automobile business is now to be put forward on new lines. A scheme has been elaborated under his instructions for turning it to philanthropic purposes. Next door to his hospital for children he has opened a motor-car factory, and all the profits of the latter are to be devoted to the former. He expects to sell about 100 cars a year. In this case the hospital will benefit to the extent of \$40,000 per annum.

Rumor hath it William of Germany counseled Edward of England "to be a King." And Edward, it is further whispered in London's polite society, which is the oligarchy ruling the empire, tried to obey the injunction. So trying, he "interfered too much to suit some more powerful nobles," and he was continually explained to him by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain that the clock would not be put back in England. The sluggish Kings of France in the time of the mayors of the palace were no more powerful than he who is called "of Great Britain and Ireland and of the dominions beyond the seas, King, Emperor of India; defender of the faith."

PERSONS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT. Charles Tenison, a grandson of the late Lord Bunsford, was elected to Cambridge University this year. His father was the late Lord Bunsford, third son of the poet. Congressman Cannon has not yet learned to pronounce the name of the new speaker, although it was spelled Hiram, and the effect when "Uncle Joe" becomes earnest is calculated to raise laughter.

Somebody says that a man with a bunch of roses one day recently, and he had them taken to his committee-room. The Senator refused to tell who they were, and he was continually explained to him by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain that the clock would not be put back in England. The sluggish Kings of France in the time of the mayors of the palace were no more powerful than he who is called "of Great Britain and Ireland and of the dominions beyond the seas, King, Emperor of India; defender of the faith."

PEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS. A Strain—Parks—What's the matter with your wife? She looks fagged out, and tells me she hasn't slept a wink since she was laid. She is forming a Don't Worry Club. A Cozy Home—They seem to be happy in their married life, with such perfect confidence in each other's fidelity, that they have had their room for doubt.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Quite Ready—"Stop! Don't fight, boys! Care the other fellow's name? He's called Farmer Korntop at the Zoo, 'his here lion' 'ears to be real good-natured.' 'Mebbe,' suggested his good wife, 'it's one of them social lions ye read about in the papers.'—Philadelphia Press.

Room Enough Yet—"Uncle William, don't you think that hell must be full by this time?" "Mebbe it is, Marx," was the reply, "but it ain't no use in sayin' so, 'cause it ain't no use in sayin' so, 'cause it ain't no use in sayin' so."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Retort Unkind—Benham—There's no place like home. Mrs. Benham—There's no place like home. Benham—What do you mean? Mrs. Benham—You are not at home enough to know what home is like.—Brooklyn Life.

"I am Mr. Phake, sir," said the obtrusive stranger, "maker of Phake's paucuses." "Ah, yes," remarked Cadwallader, "my name, sir, has benefited me greatly." "Glad to hear it, I—'Yes; a rich uncle of mine told me, and I was his sole heir.—The Liberator.

He Aroused Discussion—Lucille—Cholly is such an uninteresting person. Helen—Oh, I don't know. He gave me the animated discussion last night as well as a person can be considered absent-minded when his mind is neither here nor elsewhere.—Town and Country.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

In cutting the wires, Tracy showed an enterprise worthy of Dewey. Hogg ought to be put on the blanchers. He should at least be able to root. Somehow or other the echoes awakened by Austin's coronation ode seem to have died out.

Sunstroke and cyclones are proving nearly as fatal in the East as Tracy is out here. It begins to look as if the free swimming baths would be patronized before the month is yet.

No one has yet taken any photographs of the Standard Oil Company moving its tanks outside the city limits. Wait until Aguilado gets to Boston and tries to talk English that will be acceptable to polite society there!

No one thought to send a special car along with the baggage train to bring back the honors they may win. The Bailey-Beveridge controversy will now step in and fill a long-wanted want on the first pages of the newspapers.

The coronation is to be held in August, and all the money that has been laid out in ermine coronation robes is gone and lost forever.

Speaker Henderson and Congressman Hepburn are both Iowa men, but they do not follow the same rules as to the pronunciation of proper names. The other day Mr. Hepburn had the floor and Mr. McRae desired to ask a question. "Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Arkansas," pronounced Mr. Henderson, pronouncing the last two syllables of the state name as though it was Kansas. "The gentleman from Arkansas has the floor," said the Speaker.

Pay Director Casper Schenck, who was recently buried in the Naval cemetery at Annapolis, was the author of a poem which has become famous. A scheme has been elaborated under his instructions for turning it to philanthropic purposes. Next door to his hospital for children he has opened a motor-car factory, and all the profits of the latter are to be devoted to the former. He expects to sell about 100 cars a year. In this case the hospital will benefit to the extent of \$40,000 per annum.

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"I am Mr. Phake, sir," said the obtrusive stranger, "maker of Phake's paucuses." "Ah, yes," remarked Cadwallader, "my name, sir, has benefited me greatly." "Glad to hear it, I—'Yes; a rich uncle of mine told me, and I was his sole heir.—The Liberator.

He Aroused Discussion—Lucille—Cholly is such an uninteresting person. Helen—Oh, I don't know. He gave me the animated discussion last night as well as a person can be considered absent-minded when his mind is neither here nor elsewhere.—Town and Country.

Edmund Clarence Steadman. Prithvi tell me, Prithvi—At what age does love begin? Your blue eyes have scarcely seen Summers three or four my queen, When mine miracle awakes, Soft approaches, shy retreats, Show the little archer there, And I am told, "Prithvi, when didst learn a heart to win? Prithvi tell me, Dimple-Chin!"