The Oregonian.

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

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$ 80
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year..... 2 00
The Weekly, per year..... 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months..... 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 28-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Butter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis street, and N. Wheatley, 813 Mission street.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 259 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 305 So. Spring street.

For sale in Sacramento by Sacramento News Co., 429 K street, Sacramento, Cal.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street, and Charles MacDonald, 53 Washington street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street; Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam street.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 W. Second South street.

For sale in Ogden by C. H. Myers.

For sale in Minneapolis by R. G. Hearsey & Co., 24 Third street South.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., 15th and Lawrence street; A. Series, Sixteenth and Curtis streets; and H. P. Hansen.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness, with westerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 75; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1902.

THE SPIRIT OF 1620.

Few are the institutions of civilization whose contribution to the gayety of nations surpasses that of the Christian missionary. He is considered fair game for the funny paragraph and the caustic satire. Much of this raillery is to be explained in ways not creditable to its perpetrators, such as ignorance, prejudice and general cussedness, but on the whole the missionary must be accounted merely an accessory in the general offense of being prominent on the stage of action. One of the inalienable rights of the American citizen is to poke fun upon occasion at his most sacred objects of veneration—the Presidency, the Supreme Court, education, religion, the fathers of church and state, and even the Government itself. These things are all right, but they need not presume upon inviolation from the sense of humor. So the missionary, with the rest of the accepted fixtures, must take his medicine. It won't hurt him. He can stand it.

History would be an altogether different and greatly duller affair but for the bearer of the cross—whether he went like Livingstone to the Dark Continent or faced torture in the wilds of New France, or tempted the savages of the South Seas, or crossed the plains to Oregon, or insinuated himself into the unfriendly provinces of China. In the vanguard of civilization's onward march the priest has been beside the trader, sometimes ahead of him, and the pioneer in every wilderness—Kansas, Oregon, Alaska, Hawaii—has carried his Bible with his gun. Whenever the Eagle flew, the cross was raised. Side by side went church and state, and logs were felled for the meeting-house with the same ax that blazed the neighborhood trail. A reminder of this effective element in our National making, and one especially pleasing to a state that honors the names of Whitman, Lindsley, Atkinson, Lee and Blanchet, is the official report made by Dr. Arthur J. Brown, formerly of Portland, on Philippine missions, to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, of which he is secretary. The report covers Dr. Brown's investigations in the archipelago, and is now offered in pamphlet form. Of its many interesting and valuable features we wish to notice but one—its attitude toward the future of the Filipino.

This missionary view of our new wards in the far Pacific is essentially optimistic. It is in sharp contrast to the complaint that the Filipino is so depraved as to endanger our civilization and to the fear that he is indefinitely incapable of self-government. Dr. Brown is impressed with the admirable native qualities of the Filipino, and ascribes his present low estate to the insufficient training that he receives. The men are lazy because nobody has taught them to work. The women are of precarious virtue, because no one has shown them the way of chastity. Dr. Brown is enthusiastic for retention of the islands. Ours is a moral responsibility, he says, which we cannot in honor evade. "The United States can no longer be a hermit country. It has entered the community of nations and it must accept its share of the world's work. The wrongs of the feeble and oppressed people are our affair, and we cannot pass by on the other side. It was Cain, the murderer, who said that he was not his brother's keeper." The religious and educational problem is as important, then, as the governmental problem, and Dr. Brown hopes for his country that it will "signalize its emergence as a world power by the spiritual as well as the material regeneration of an oppressed people."

The hope that the Filipino can be lifted into civilization rapidly is a far more rational one today than it could have been regarded twenty or even ten years ago, when heredity was accounted so fixed and inflexible an element in ethnic problems. The missionary view can now rejoice in strong scientific support; for the more recent study of heredity, and especially of its manifestations in the higher forms of life, has established the preponderant influence of environment upon the individual's character at maturity. Wonderful things are known of the changes that surroundings from infancy can induce even in the vegetable world and among the lower orders of animals; and when we come to man, the effect of early training is most profound. There is far less difference between the various races at infancy than has been supposed, and the mental equipment of the child born in the United States of foreign parents and formed wholly upon American language, ideas and books, is much like the mental equipment of the native-born. We all come into the world ignorant, unprejudiced, susceptible of uplift or of degradation. The pages of the infant mind are blank. They may be written upon for good or evil, how effectually all may see who know the hold the Catholic Church retains upon the adult life of those who fall within its potent influence throughout the formative period.

This vigorous, hopeful purpose toward our Philippine problem comes like a fresh breeze across the miasmatic bog of anti-imperialism, and is worthy the calling whose triumphs of faith and devotion have adorned the annals of every continent. He who would sit timorously and selfishly down at home, shut in against the storms of darkness and oppression with which his neighbors are laid waste, content if he is warm and clothed and reckless of who are houseless and on the road to moral as well as material death—need hope for no encouragement and sympathy from the virile manhood of the American church at home or abroad, whether that of Archbishop Ireland, or Bishop Potter, or Bishop Thoburn, or Dr. Brown. Not by introspection, not by resting on the laurels that the past has won, is the Nation or the church kept healthy and strong. The soundest heart within belongs to the active life without. No missionaries ever leave China, contented with her past; but missionaries have sown seed in the crevices of Chinese isolation that shall some day rend her asunder for the triumphal entry of ideals and institutions builded by Milton and Luther, Cromwell and Washington. The spirit of 1620 lives in 1902.

NEWSPAPERS, OLD AND NEW.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal, who is spending a few days in Oregon, is an interesting survival of a type of journalist whose day is all but done. With Mr. Watterson a newspaper is primarily a means of addressing the public upon the issues of politics or upon other questions of social, moral or literary interest. Under this idea there belongs to the newspaper a news feature, but it is practically and essentially if not nominally a subordinate thing. The interest, the dignity, the force of any newspaper which Mr. Watterson, unaided or unprompted by others, would organize would naturally lie in its editorial page. And in Mr. Watterson's hands its ideals would be high, its integrity absolute, its knowledge and industry profound. It would speak with high courage, with great force and with infinite grace and charm.

In the long course of the Courier-Journal under Mr. Watterson's editorship it has illustrated the quality of a mind which for brilliancy and courage and the power to hit things off with a bang has hardly been surpassed in the annals of the American press. There was a time when Mr. Watterson was the Courier-Journal, when its temper, its tone, its very fashion of utterance, reflected the personal temperament and taste of the man. But that was when the paper—and the times—were smaller. Today the Courier-Journal, like all modern newspapers, is the work of many hands and of many minds. Its utterance, wherever the hand of its editor is recognized, is brilliant, as in years gone by, but with it as with every other great newspaper the day is past when any single hand or any single mind can color and dominate the whole.

In connection with the modern newspaper this fact cannot be disguised, namely, that the business interest—which is another name for the news interest—must predominate. Today the average or even the exceptional man, when he picks up his morning paper, turns first to the news columns, not as of old to the page of criticism and opinion. It follows, therefore, that the energies of the modern newspaper are given rather to the news than to the editorial page. This would be so under any circumstances, and it is inevitably so under conditions of competition which keep many if not most newspapers from speaking their minds with the old-time honesty and freedom.

There is a vast gulf between the journalism of an editor like Mr. Watterson and that of the modern "news editor"; much is lost in the abdication of the former to the latter. But much, too, is gained. The public loses something that was oftentimes if not always inspiring and helpful, but it gets the facts as it did not and could not under the old system. Possibly the newspaper of the future which may make a commodity of opinion as it now does of facts, giving both sides and all shades in the true commercial spirit, may be more helpful than the old-time newspaper, with its limited information and its illimitable predispositions and prejudices. Perhaps any newspaper which gives the facts fairly and dependably does its whole duty; for after all facts are worth more than opinions.

LET EMPLOYERS TRY THE INITIATIVE.

Freight-handlers of Chicago 9000 strong have quit work to enforce the demand for "increase in wages, extra pay for overtime and holidays, and recognition of the Freight-Handlers' Union." It can scarcely be doubted that the first of these specifications represents a just demand. Possibly also the second should have been favorably considered. Certainly if railroads are attempting to have freight handled now under the schedule of wages that prevailed several years ago, the demand for an increase in pay is a just one. Wages upon which workingmen could maintain their families in comfort during an era of low prices are literally starvation wages under present conditions of the food market.

Perhaps the managers of great industrial enterprises will learn wisdom from discipline after a while and take the initiative in the matter of increasing wages when conditions of trade justify an increase, as they are not slow to do in lowering wages when conditions of trade demand that they be decreased. Manufacturers have done this in numerous instances, thus avoiding to their profit the suspension of industry caused by strikes. They have furthermore in so doing insured the good-will of their operatives, which is a tremendous factor in the sum of remunerative industry.

The great problem that confronts the captains of industry in the United States at this time is the elimination of sullen, unwilling labor from the industrial situation. It is reasonably clear that this cannot be done by fighting labor unions with employers' associations by by meeting strikes with lockouts. Victories gained over men through the stress of their necessities are in the very nature of things temporary, and while they last are barren of good results to employers, since in a thousand intangible ways dissatisfied labor is unprofitable. Freight-movers cannot conceal from freight-handlers the fact that their business is growing rapidly both in volume and in profits.

In other words, the fact is apparent to the latter class that the former is well able to stand an increase in wages, while the advance in rents and all articles of food renders it imperative that the earner's pay be increased. So far the proposition is a plain one. Why not recognize its underlying facts as indisputable and readjust the wage scale to meet them, voluntarily, admitting the ability to do so and proclaiming the act a matter purely of business? Is not the suggestion a practical one? If carried out, would it not prove less costly than a strike that stops even temporarily the movement of freight through a great railroad center and permits traffic to be resumed only through the re-employment of men sullen and vengeful through defeat or arrogant with victory?

IRRIGATION ENTERPRISE.

A report from Baker City to the effect that local energy and capital are preparing to redeem a large body of land in the Lower Powder River country is especially gratifying because it indicates that the irrigation schemes of the Government are not tending to discourage private enterprise. This is most fortunate, for if, through expectation of the Government bounty, private initiative in the matter of irrigation should cease, the Government plans would be a general injury rather than a benefit. At most the Government can do very little in the great work of making the arid West productive and habitable, because it must in the nature of things limit its operations to general projects, whereas most irrigation enterprises are and must be of a special and local sort.

The best results from Government effort, we suspect, will follow the demonstrations as to methods which are likely to grow out of it. There is now almost no such things as irrigation science. Nobody knows anything about it on a large scale, excepting in a theoretical way. Half of the great projects in California upon which large sums have been expended are failures or partial failures because they were mere experiments. There was not and is not a sufficient fund of demonstrated knowledge to lift irrigation work on a large scale and under difficult conditions out of the sphere of experiment. This fact, more than anything else, has served to discourage and hold back the progress of irrigation. Men naturally do not like to put money, especially when it comes to millions, into projects whose outcome is uncertain; and for this reason great opportunities in this and every other Western State have been allowed to lie unimproved. The operations of the Government ought to be on such liberal scale as will put the theoretical schemes of the engineers to the test of practice and so afford to the world of private enterprise some basis of practical demonstration upon which it may proceed.

Eastern Oregon is perhaps the most promising of all the great fields for irrigation. The Cascade Mountains afford an unfailing and unlimited supply of water for the great central plateau between the Columbia River on the north and the Ochoco country on the south; while the Blue Mountains, by their various spurs which spread out like the rays of a starfish over a large part of Eastern Oregon, make a great reservoir out from which flow unnumbered streams to every point of the compass. The water supply is large enough for any draft which can possibly be made upon it; and with this water supply there are vast bodies of land which lie thirsty, and, because thirsty, unproductive. In many localities the problem is simply one of capital, since no serious engineering difficulties present themselves, but there are many others—and, of course, the most promising—where the conditions are of a kind calling for operations never worked out in practice and therefore from the standpoint of the prudent investor hazardous. It is in connection with this last-named class of conditions that the operations of the Government, we think, should be most useful; not, indeed, that any very great area of country is likely to be redeemed by Government effort; but because the Government work will determine in a positive and scientific way what is and what is not practicable. The Government can afford to take chances and test out theories which private capital can hardly be expected to solve.

The future of Eastern Oregon—the great future—is dependent upon irrigation. The country is one of the very highest virgin fertility. Wherever water can be got upon the land, as the valleys everywhere show, the results are astonishing. Even without irrigation, with only such moisture as the uncertain seasons of the Eastern region afford, very great results are obtained from farming operations. Where the water supply is subject to the will of the farmer, making crops certain and making their diversification easy, the results are almost unequaled by any other farming country. Under a general and efficient system of irrigation the productive area of the region east of the Cascade Mountains ought, compared with the present producing area, easily to be doubled; while at the same time its value through diversification ought to be vastly enhanced. And when these results are attained, the "big end" of Oregon will not be the Willamette Valley, but the rich country where the soil is equally fertile and where the working season is long.

The City of Helena and the company which provides it with water have on hand a contention similar in kind to that which has long made discord between the City of Portland and its water department. The significant difference is that in the Montana city the water company is a private concern, and therefore in possession of a weapon which is not available to our water department. The point at issue is the question whether or not the municipal government shall pay for the protection against fire afforded by the water system. In both cases the municipal government declines to pay. With us the water department protests—and there the matter stops. At Helena the company, having the powers of the situation in its own hands, has shut off the water from those sources which supply the municipal necessities. There can be no question as to the right of this matter. The municipality ought to pay its bill—or a reasonable bill—for failure to pay puts the whole burden of supporting the water system upon the consumers, many or most of whom are relatively poor people. A rich wholesale district which enjoys protection through the water system worth many thousands of dollars each year, contributes next to nothing to the support of the water system, because its actual daily consumption of water is very light. There is no justice in this; there is no fairness and no decency in it.

In order to prevent the utter extinction of the buffalo, Congress has appropriated a considerable sum for the establishment of a ranch in the Yellowstone Park, where a herd of some forty or fifty of these animals will be confined and protected from the hunter. It is difficult for any one who crossed the plains half a century and more ago to realize that in this relatively short interval of time the buffalo has become practically extinct. At that time, and for ages before, they had roamed the vast expanse of mountain, valley and table land out of which has since been formed the States of Nebraska, the two Dakotas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, literally by thousands. Like the Indians, they were forced to give place to civilization and to continue the analogy they are to be gathered on a reservation and placed under the care of the Government. The destruction of the buffalo is not so ruthless as upon first thought it appears to be. Wheat fields and cattle ranches occupy much of the wide expanse where these animals formerly grazed at will, and it was necessary that their numbers should be limited to meet these conditions. This necessity was pressed beyond the actual requirements of the case by rapacious hunters, without doubt, but after all it was but a demonstration as old as animate creation of the principle of the survival of the fittest.

The claims of Oregon Indian War veterans will have to take their regular course in the Pension Office. This was reasonably to be expected, though many hoped it would be otherwise, and our delegation in Congress urged that they receive special consideration. However, not more than six months will elapse before these claims are reached and acted upon in their regular order. In the meantime, the patient veteran, leaning upon his staff, may repeat sadly with Tennyson in his story of "Enoch Arden":

> As I have waited all my life
> I well may wait a little.

The lesson of "waiting" has in this case been well learned. It can only be hoped that each of these beneficiaries of tardy pension legislation will live many years to enjoy the quarterly stipend, which, when once its payment begins, can be depended upon as a regular interposition between him and poverty's sharp pinch.

We have not recently seen anything so hopeful for Portland as the spirit which has been aroused by the attempt of S. L. Brown to repair a set of rotting "shacks" at the corner of Fourth and Alder streets. Evidently a lesson has been learned from the experience of First and other streets—a lesson which holders of Fourth-street lots have no mind to have rehearsed. Every "improvement" which is not creditable and an aid to its district is a discredit and an injury to it. Unenterprising property-holders who seek to thrive by the energy of their neighbors deserve precisely what the holder of the corner at Fourth and Alder streets is getting. Public contempt is one of the best possible cures for the mossback spirit.

Of course, the new box factory combination is not a trust. Neither is the sawmill combine or the railroad merger. Why is it that no trust will admit it is a trust? Because the term is invidious. Why is it invidious? Simply because there is a popular instinct against them. Without great knowledge or depth of research, the average man has a feeling, which no sophistry can set aside, that monopoly is undesirable in any industry. Instinctively he dreads a situation where competition is eliminated from the purchase of raw materials, from the demand for labor, and from the sale of finished products. It is not surprising that promoters and underwriters have to ransack their brains for euphemisms for the trust.

Lice have appeared in the hopyards of Lane County and possibly in some other localities. The cool, moist weather of the past two weeks has favored the propagation of these enormously prolific insects, and the coming of hot weather, now due, will check their increase, while spraying, vigorously prosecuted, may be depended upon to reduce their ravages to the minimum. Growers will find in the excellent promise of good prices for hops the incentive needed to keep the spray pumps going. There will probably be no half-hearted effort in this line as long as prices for hops are good, with an upward tendency.

The marine engineers' strike has been settled and the men return to their work at the old rate of wages. The owners have lost a few thousand dollars by disarrangement of their passenger and freight traffic at a busy season of the year, the engineers are out a few days' work, and the matter has ended so quickly that no one has been seriously damaged. A few shippers of perishable freight have lost some money, but the possibilities for very heavy losses in case the strike had been prolonged were so great that there is perhaps reason for congratulation to all concerned that the unpleasant affair ended so quickly.

The theory is advanced that Tracy's escape from the posses which so often get him "surrounded" near Seattle is due to the fact that he has confederates in the surrounding circle who allow him to pass out and into the forest. "Why," asks an excited correspondent, "do they not question these men who offer their services as assistants to the Sheriff and see to it that only persons of known and dependable character are thus employed?" This is wholly unreasonable, for, be it known to our inquiring friend, they don't demand so much as this over on the Sound of those whom they nominate for Mayor or Governor.

The New York Evening Post rejoices at the spectacle of "an outspoken man in the Presidency, who thus throws down his gage to his political enemies, in the presence of the people." It was speaking, however, of his advocacy of reciprocity. When he throws down his gage to anti-imperialism, the Post is grieved at partisanship and strenuousness.

One of the highest tributes to the advantages of Portland's fresh-water harbor that have appeared in print recently is the following from a news item in the Victoria Colonist:

> The Wynford is foul, and would in all probability have been hauled out here to be cleaned, but as she is going up the Columbia, the fresh water will kill the marine growth and clean her hull.

FIBBERS AND TIPPLERS.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A physician says: "It is your stout old hero who goes to bed every night with liquor enough under his belt to fuddle the brains of half a dozen ordinary men, and yet lives out his three-score and ten, that will be found at the head of the stock that pours into the world, generation after generation, such a trop of lunatics, epileptics, eccentrics and inebriates as we often see." We are glad to believe that there are not many such heroes, because we do not find the earth teeming with lunatics and inebriates. And, if the worthy M. D. offers this as an argument against the use of stimulants, we fear that he has not read his history right. For the art and fiction of the 18th century, and more exact records of its manners and customs, disclose the English as most potent swiggers of wines, liquors and ale, as, indeed, they continue to be to this day. Yet, are we to regard the descendant of the three-bottle men as effete? In spite of his fondness for tipple, the Briton has continued to be a conqueror. He has extended his empire over each of the hemispheres, and holds it with the strongest of the world's navies. He has made moderate progress in letters and the arts, and his trade is not quite gone, either.

Then, your Scot and Irishman have never been accounted bashful in their woolings of the bottle; and look at the race they breed! Notice, if you have failed to do it before, the New York police and see if they exhibit the symptoms of physical degeneration. Nor is your Dane and your German so very backward in his drinking, and they represent fine, strong races. Your Norseman, who rails so many of the world's ships, is a son of Vikings—a choice old lot they were, ruffling persuaders with the sword, unflagging allayers of drouth, explorers, pirates, carriers of gospels. Will you class him with the weaklings?

And what of the husky pioneer in our own land, the man who hewed the forests and killed the Indians and made the rivers safe for ships and boats and pushed the frontier on till it landed in the Philippines; did he father a race of men with silky sideboards, who batten on terrapin and champagne? No. Such are the scions of our self-denying millionaires. The pioneer drank hard cider, Medford rum, apple-jack, Georgia corn whisky, he steeped his wicked old skin in all sorts of forbidden liquids, and he ate Connecticut cigars when he could get them, and Virginian plug when he couldn't, and unless we mistake, some of his descendants are preaching good sermons, painting good pictures, writing good books, building safe railroads, fighting good battles, today.

Far be it from us to encourage the use of intoxicants at least in intoxicating quantities. We do not see why good liquor should be wasted on an assuaged appetite any more than good ice cream should be forced down the gullet of the infant who has already had three times as much as tion which some of our prohibition friends tion whic hsome of our prohibition friends encourage, that liquor in itself a deadly poison, and that he who once gets it into what our grandmothers call our systems, can never get the results of it out of our progeny, though we use fine-tooth combs and medicines and tracts. Liquor can be and often is distinctly harmful, and if a man finds that it hurts him, he is just a plain fool if he keeps on using it.

But it is also harmful to tell fibs, and such a many fibs have been told about beer and canteens and bars and other appendages of civilization that people are in danger of flopping to the opposite side and believing nothing harmful that they hear of alcohol. It is better to stick to the facts. They are bad enough when one has to deal with drink. There is a good side to most things in this world, and he who tries to make it appear that any one of them has nothing but a bad side, loses his labor, and makes his thinking disrespected.

The Turbulent Canal Country.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Passage of the Panama Canal bill gives to the United States a new interest in the countries adjoining the isthmus. We are going to buy property on the edge of a state of revolution that extends from the isthmus all along the shore of the Caribbean Sea to the European Guianas. Venezuela and Colombia are both in a state of turmoil, and it is understood that the Government of each is giving aid and comfort to the revolution against the Government of the other. The trouble this made on the isthmus was shortly dealt with by American warships, and there has been no interruption of traffic or injury to property there.

As far as we have any interest in the matter, our natural sympathies are with the Colombian Government and the Venezuelan revolution. Both America and Colombia desire free navigation of the Orono-noco, which is obstructed by the policy of the Castro Government in Venezuela. Colombian trade desires free passage down this great river, and extensive American commercial interests have been established along its course. These are said to have been interfered with seriously by the blockade established by Castro.

Without doubt, these American interests have been giving aid and comfort to the revolution, though of course the Government has kept hands off. The revolution is said to be gaining such ground, however, that the Castro Government is in danger of collapse. It may be that this news comes from American sources friendly to the revolutionists and that it is unduly colored. The Government is getting advices from the American Minister, which it does not make public. Two warships have gone to the Venezuelan coast and another is waiting orders at San Juan; so that there will be abundant protection for American interests in any emergency.

Of course the best thing that could happen for Venezuela, Colombia, the United States and the world at large would be the establishment of strong and liberal governments in both republics, which would join heartily in developing the country and encouraging trade. Evidently this is impossible until Castro shall have been overthrown.

End of Bailey's Leadership.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Finally young Mr. Bailey wound up his performances of the session in a blaze of red fire, holding the center of the stage for a pugilistic attack upon an unresisting and physically weaker Senator, who had not given him the least provocation. This may increase his glory in rural Texas; but it does not commend him to the decent members of the Democratic party as a leader in or out of Congress. The matter is to be overlooked by the Senate, but the party associates of Mr. Bailey cannot afford to overlook it. It must needs mark the term of his brief leadership, and put an end to his power to compromise his party and enrage the country. It is not clear what the Senate Democrats will do in the short session. Perhaps Gorman will come over and lead them from the cloak rooms. But it is quite certain that they can make no farther use of young Mr. Bailey of Texas. He might lead a lynching party or a cowboy expedition to paint a frontier town, but the Democratic party in the Senate is a touch beyond him.

Baby Stars.

Richard Le Gallienne, in Harper's.

The souls of little girls who die
God sets up shining in the sky,
But what becomes of little boys?
Ask of nurse, and she replies
That little boys are born without—
Just born to scuffle and to shout,
To play round games, hit hard, and die
I'm glad I'm not a little boy.
I think I'd like to be a star,
If God would set me not too far
Away from Daddy—so that I
Might send him kisses from the sky,
And shine upon his bed at night
With such a lovely little light;
And if he felt too lonely there,
I'd unwind all my golden hair,
And make a little shining stair,
For him to climb and sit by me—
Oh, dad, how lovely that would be!
And, perhaps, if I asked God for you,
He'd change you to a star, dear, too.

GEORGE DEWEY ICONOCLAST.

There.

Dewey was there and ought to know.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

But Not His Country.

In many respects, the Admiral has again cut the cable.—Baltimore Herald.

A Thunderbolt.

Admiral Dewey has cleared the atmosphere greatly.—Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.

The Finishing Stroke.

Admiral Dewey gives the finishing stroke to anti-imperialist fiction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

As Well in Buckram Uniforms.

Aguinaldo's Filipinos who advanced with our forces might just as well have been in the moon.—Boston Journal.

A Good Job for Aggie.

What a future there would be for the Filipino schemer as a Tammany district leader!—New York Tribune.

Dewey Steps Again Into Wide Popular Favor.

If George Dewey ever imagined that the people did not like him he was mistaken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Easily Answered Question in Veracity.

Between Admiral Dewey and Aguinaldo the former's word will doubtless carry the greater weight.—Boston Globe.

The Admiral as an Image-Breaker.

The entire case of the anti-imperialists goes to smash with their ideal Washingtonian Aguinaldo. Dewey did it.—New York Sun.

Again the Veracity Questions.

Upon a question of veracity the American people will never accept the word of Aguinaldo or any other living Filipino against that of an American.—Columbus Journal.

One Having Authority.

It seems a harsh thing to say about William Lloyd Garrison's "second Washington," but George Dewey knows the man better than Garrison does and George does not lie.—Brooklyn Times.

Lootward Bound.

Admiral Dewey puts the whole truth in one sentence when he says that Aguinaldo's sole motive was personal gain and not national independence. Loot is the lode-star of the Filipino leader.—New York Mail and Express.

Regrets.

It is a great pity that Admiral Dewey didn't let Aguinaldo have his way when the young man came back discouraged to the American fleet in Manila Bay, after his first attempt to fire the Filipino heart and wanted to leave forthwith. A great deal of subsequent trouble would have been avoided if the future dictator had then been shipped off to Japan, according to his desire.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

PERSONS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT.

A memorial tablet in bronze of the martyred Presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—was unveiled July 4 by a New York branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The tablet is the work of Sculptor E. St. John, and was presented to the association by Peter Winchester Rouse.

It is declared by a man who claims to have direct information, that Harvard University twice offered an honorary degree to Archbishop Williams, who on both occasions courteously asked to be excused from accepting the honor. Some years ago Grover Cleveland took a similar course on being offered an honorary degree by Harvard.

Rev. David B. Matthews, of St. John's Episcopal Church, West Hoboken, N. J., is establishing quite a reputation as a life-saver. He jumped into the river there a few evenings ago and dragged out a boy, saving the little fellow's life. At the same spot on a previous occasion he saved three boys from drowning, and previous to his advent in Hoboken had performed similar feats of daring.

Congressman Ruppert, of New York, a brewer in a large way of business, was traveling on the New York Central one day recently when he noticed some vines growing in great profusion. "What kind of vines are those?" he asked the conductor. "Them's hops," was the laconic reply, and a city friend who was with the Congressman said: "What do you make your beer of, Jake, if you don't know hops when you see them?"

While crossing the ocean recently Pierpont Morgan heard some one refer to draw poker as the great American game. The financier indignantly protested, saying: "It is not a game characteristic of the American people, and it never will be. It is based upon a lie, and the man who has the greatest capacity for deceit usually wins. The effect upon boys is to make them think deceit and bluff are smart and essential to work. It is an iniquitous game and ought to be abolished."

Street-Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury, of New York City, has discovered a way of saving money, and has put his plan into practice. For years it has been the custom there to dump garbage and ashes into the same pile, the whole being carried out to sea at a cost of $65 per load. Commissioner Woodbury separates garbage from ashes and sells the latter for $40 per load to a construction company which manufactures fireproofing materials. The saving promises to be something handsome.

General Sherman could say the most pleasing and tactful things, and yet no one could be more sarcastic. He was attending a large reception at Fort Leavenworth once when a youth approached him and said, familiarly: "What a great bore these things must be to you, General?" "What's that?" asked General Sherman, quickly. "I say," repeated the other, "it must be such a bore to you, meeting a lot of people you don't know and making them feel that you do remember them." "Yes, yes," replied the General; "now, for instance, I don't know who the devil you are."

Senators Morgan and Turner are now the best of friends. They were once enemies. The estrangement occurred just after the Civil War. Mr. Turner was United States Marshal in the district which includes Selma, Mr. Morgan's home. An election had occurred and there appeared to be some trouble over the count. Turner as Marshal took charge of the ballot-boxes and had them taken into court. Mr. Morgan was the prosecuting attorney for the Government. The court ordered Turner to surrender the ballots. This he refused to do. He was then arraigned upon a charge of contempt. Morgan prosecuted. Turner was placed under arrest at the instance of Morgan, but later was released. The action was settled amicably. Shortly after that Turner left the State of Alabama and went West. He never saw Morgan again until he entered the Senate in 1897. The two men then shook hands, and have been close friends ever since.

The Reverie of Poor Susan.

William Wordsworth.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all pass'd away from her eyes!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Jesse James wasn't much of an outlaw, after all.

The law seems to be tempered to the shorn convict.

Tracy is headed toward Tacoma, but the city is in no danger of being killed.

The editor of Punch has been knighted, but of course he cannot see the joke.

We are making a fire record that is almost equal to that of the hard times.

Why doesn't the state pay the reward offered for Merrill to his enterprising pal?

J. P. Morgan does not approve of poker. The element of luck doesn't figure in the game he plays.

The only hope of the Sheriffs is that Tracy will get perityphilitis and have to go to a hospital.

Washington is surely the land of the free, if not the home of the brave, as viewed by Tracy.

It would look to a rank outsider as if Congress had left itself very little to talk about at the next session.

Iowa is having the worst flood in her history. There is such a thing as overdoing this prohibition business.

Sheriffs Durbin and Cook are drawing consolation prizes right along in the news from their professional brethren in Washington.

The President owns his own house at the seaside, so there is no danger of his bankrupting the Nation running up a seaside hotel bill.

The fact that General Miles has not been censured for several days leads to the suspicion that either he or Secretary Root is enjoying a vacation.

The heart of the Nation has been transferred to Oyster Bay, but in the absence of Tillman, Bailey, Beveridge et al., it will lack the heart interest possessed by the metropolis of the District of Columbia.

A dainty little French lady who was more or less in evidence at places visited by the Rochambeau embassy is sensitive to the point of double nervousness. She realizes the liability to err in a foreign tongue, and she is generally careful to make selection of each individual word. Wherefore she was but the more amusing when one evening, feeling moved to remonstrate with a gentleman upon the chilliness of our Northern May, she said: "Reely, et ees so cold here all ze time zat I have sat all ze day weeth my feet over ze transome."

Among the stories that are being raked up about King Edward is one that he was at a London reception recently where the guests were not selected with an eye single to the possession of blue blood. One of them was a costumer of vast wealth and international reputation. He approached the King and said with somewhat of an air: "The crowd is rather mixed this evening, Your Majesty, is it not?" King Edward is said to have responded with an amiable smile: "Well, my dear sir, we can't all be tailors, you know," and the costumer had his lesson.

Early in the last century a large number of the leading men of Great Britain were entertained at Downe House, in Scotland, by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Among them was Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor. A dispute arose one night among the visitors as to whether the Lord Chancellor carried the great seal about with him when he traveled. The Duchess put the matter to the test at once, and, marching at the head of her friends to the bedroom of Lord Brougham, who was lying ill at the time, she persuaded him to imprint a cake which she had just baked with the impression of the seal, which, of course, settled the question.

Twenty-three letters by Charles Lamb sold separately brought $1018 in London recently, and 11 letters by Shelley sold in one lot brought $805. The original manuscripts of Keats' "Unfelt, Unheard and Unseen," and the "Hymn to Apollo" sold for $345, and that of parts of "Cap and Bells," for $735. Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts" fetched $1200, a first editon of Keats' "Lamia, Etc.," $355, and of his "Endymion" $345. Pope's autograph manuscript of "The Pastorals" brought $355 and D. G. Rossetti's manuscript of "Henry the Leper" $280. A first edition of Pope's "The Rape of the Lock" was sold for $305, one of the Waverley Novels $320 and one of Charles Lever's works $505. Gawin Douglas' "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," 1617, $385.

That Stinging "Bee."

Florida Times Union and Citizen.

If Miss Taylor is to pose as a martyr the public will soon know how severely Mr. Root was tried and wonder why she was not dismissed long ago.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Bertha—Can she remember what happened on her 25th birthday? Bella—Yes; she was just 18.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Mother—Now, Elsie, did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor in that disreputable way? Elsie—No, mamma; I learned myself.—Puck.

Mission Teacher—Can any one tell me his idea of heaven? Bright Boy—It's a place where dey jest beg yer ter keep on de grass all de time.—Life.

The Reason.—Asked, the other day, why it is so few of his race committed suicide, Brother Dickey replied: "Well, suh, my experience is some of 'em don't need ter; dey lynches 'em soon enough!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Collector's Admiration.—Pretty Dorothy—Tell me honestly, professor, what made you propose to me? Professor—Dear girl, it suddenly struck me that you would be a handsome addition to any library.—Detroit Free Press.

The Inevitable Result.—Nell—Just one month ago today Stella and I agreed to point out each other's faults without reserve. Bess—And are you still doing it? Nell—Oh, no. We haven't spoken to each other for 29 days.—Chicago Daily News.

At the Sunday-School Picnic.—The Superintendent—Now, children, why do we love to go to the beautiful parks? What do we find there that is always fresher and purer than it is in the city? Truthful Tommy (with cheerful promptness)—Popcorn, sir!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Precaution.—"Do you think you can give my daughter the surroundings to which she is accustomed?" asked the parent. "Well," answered the young man, "I won't guarantee that. You see, Claribel has talked the matter over and says she's tired of the neighborhood."—Washington Star.

One of the Toilers.—"You are not a workingman," said the curbstone orator, "or you wouldn't talk that way." "You are wrong, sir!" fiercely answered the man who had interrupted him. "I am a member of a Browning club, and if an institution of that kind isn't organized labor I don't know what is!"—Chicago Tribune.

TO WILLIAM WATSON.

On His Coronation Ode.

In this high ode with its great shadow-kings,
More real than real things;
In this proud pageant of imperial verse
That nobly doth rehearse
England's true glories, for the world to read,
The King is crowned indeed.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

June 26, 1902.