# The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; cooler by Saturday night or Sunday morning; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 90; minimum temperature, 62; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 26.

## PILOTS AND COMBINATION.

The announcement from Astoria of the prospective formation, or rather enlargement, of the pilots' trust at the mouth of the river has failed to cause widespread consternation in local commercial circles, where the effect of an advance in rates would be most seriously felt. It is not beyond the range of possibilities that a combination of the Oregon and Washington pilots will be effected as soon as the Washington pilotage system gets in working order. The experience of the past twenty years has demonstrated quite conclusively that combination is the ultimate object sought by the men behind these periodical attempts to establish an independent service. In the present case, however, the announcement that the rates would be advanced to the standard allowed by Washington law comes under the head of new business.

The Washington law, which permits the extortionate rate of $8 per foot pilotage on a vessel, was framed many years ago, when the commerce of the Columbia River was so insignificant that a high rate was an absolute necessity in order to maintain anything like an effective service at the mouth of the river. Conditions have changed since that time, however, and never again will such levies be made on ships entering the river. If the bar pilots seriously consider taking such a step as outlined in yesterday's dispatches from Astoria, their mode of procedure will probably be to have the Washington pilots, now operating on the Oregon schooner, and the new pilots to be created by the Washington commission, speak all the ships possible, and where necessary turn them over to Oregon pilots afterwards. The scheme would work well if it met with no opposition, but it will meet with opposition of a most vigorous nature as soon as it is attempted.

The Oregon and Washington Legislatures will be in session in about four months after the active shipping season opens, and the lawmakers of our neighboring state will be given an immediate opportunity to prove their friendly interest in lightening the burdens of shipping at the mouth of the river by reducing pilotage rates to a reasonable basis. In the case of the Oregon pilots, if it becomes apparent that their emoluments have increased to a point where they can afford to send expensive lobbyists to Salem and purchase diamonds for men with a political pull, some revision in our own law may be in order. The calling is a hazardous one, and the pilots are entitled to remuneration in keeping with the risk assumed, and the strenuous nature of the work. This remuneration, however, should not be sufficient to admit of raising funds for any other purpose than that intended by the law which fixed the limits of the tolls to be levied on ocean commerce.

Portland abolished compulsory river pilotage without much trouble, and the same well-directed effort can reduce bar pilotage and regulate the distribution of its emoluments. The proposed Washington pilot service, when it materializes, will be the result of agitation for an improved service which began in this city, and public sentiment once awakened on a matter of such vital interest to the welfare of the city and adjacent states will not be permitted to slumber. If there are any combinations to be effected between the Oregon and Washington pilots, they must be made with a view to bettering the service without increasing the cost.

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The woolen manufacturing industry in Oregon is prospering, with every promise of continued growth. The Selwood plant, carefully engineered from the first, was never a doubtful venture, and its capacity will soon be increased. The new woolen mill at Eugene will be operated day and night to fill orders, and its equipment is in all respects of the best, while the old reliable Oregon City mills are turning out their product steadily as of yore. A growth in manufactures has long been one of Oregon's greatest needs, and it may now be said that it has been entered upon, not in one, but in various lines.

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Swift indeed is the Japanese in adapting himself to Western civilization and Western ways. The little brown men who do most of the salmon fishing on the Fraser River have been on a strike because Indians were permitted to fish on the river. Not only did they strike, but they threatened and bullied the noble red man until he quit fishing and sought the protection of the police. Lo the poor Indian has certainly fallen far from his former high estate when the representatives of a people who emerged from savagery only about a generation ago can order him from the fishing preserves where his ancestors lived for centuries. If the Fraser River siwash is a deep thinker and permits his mind to "ponder o'er the past" in connection with this latest grievance, he will certainly feel that the lines of the man with the hoe have fallen in pleasant places compared with his own existence under the domination of the Japanese.

## PRISON DISCIPLINE.

All thoughtful persons who took note of the opinions of Mr. J. B. Catron, superintendent of the Washington State Prison, as reported a few days ago by an Oregonian writer, in regard to the care and treatment of criminals in penitentiaries, must commend them as those of a man of experience and practical humanity. It is the habit of theorists and of people generally who have not come in contact with men of the lawless type, to deprecate all harshness of discipline, and to account all severe methods of maintaining order in prisons as a species of brutality bordering closely upon cowardly persecution. Gentle methods are advised with only such restrictions as are necessary in the family or in society, to keep the inmates of prisons from infraction of the rules. All theorists, perhaps, do not carry their views quite to this extreme, but very many excellent men and women fail to realize that it is impossible to temporize with men of desperate character, whose sole aim in life is to outwit the authorities in prison or out of it and commit crimes without being subject to penalty. There is a class of persons in every large community to whom the virtues of patience and magnanimity do not appeal except to excite contempt. Anarchists of high and low degree are familiar types of this class. There are others, less conspicuous but well known, not only in criminal annals but along the levels of every-day life. Conscienceless persons, in which category a large proportion of the inmates of penitentiaries may be placed, cannot be governed on the basis of personal responsibility. The convict, as Mr. Catron observes, is as well housed, and on the whole better fed, than is the average man of his class in his own home. These facts being established, prison life should not only be shorn of all further attractions, but it should be made a thing to be shunned—a very terror to evildoers.

Even in that most primitive type of prison, the City Jail, where at most the terms of imprisonment are reckoned in days, the rockpile has been found of great service in reducing the number of inmates to the minimum. Give prisons, from the City or County Jail to the Penitentiary, the reputation of being good places to keep out of, and with such amendment to our penal laws as will provide for an increase in length of the term of each commitment until the man committed four times is committed for life, and a decade would witness a substantial decrease in the number, in prison and out of it, who ply criminality as a trade.

The tendency in recent years, all along the lines of organized society, has been to relax discipline. It is seen in homes, in schools, in society generally, and in prisons. According to the Puritan idea, discipline was the sturdy stuff of which men were made, and it was worked out in a crop of self-reliant, strictly honest men and self-sacrificing, gentle and noble women. It was overdone on the side of sternness and in frowning upon innocent pleasures and pastimes. In modifying this phase of Puritanism, is it not probable that we have gone to the other extreme? Would it not be wise to retreat to middle ground and there in the light of intelligence and experience take a stand for needful discipline, the infraction of which would be promptly followed by penalties that would be felt? Every mother knows that to shake a refractory boy, box his ears or threaten him with "his father" only arouses him to anger and perhaps to impudent retort, while hundreds of wise mothers have witnesses in manly, respectful, self-respecting sons of the fact that, to take a refractory boy in hand with sufficient determination and severity to "make him behave" causes him thereafter to be a tractable and orderly member of the family, and later of society.

Playing at punishment is of all games the most one-sided and unsatisfactory. The administration of punishment, whatever the degree, should be complete. In this way only is it efficacious. Reform grows out of it, first perhaps from prudential motives purely personal to the offender; later for the recompense that an orderly life brings. Coddling is not the proper tonic for evildoing. On the contrary, it inspires in evildoers further contempt of authority, and, by flattering their self-conceit and assuring immunity from such penalty as they dread, encourages them to further misdeeds. It is assumed to be an evidence of "chicken-heartedness," which, of all things, the robust criminal most derides and despises.

## THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Certain Eastern papers are disgusted with the application of the degree of doctor of laws to public men of distinction who could not teach law either in a practical or honorary way. General Wood, who recently was given the degree of doctor of laws by his university, never studied law. Nevertheless General Wood was as much entitled to this degree as General Meade, or General Sherman, or General Sheridan, all of whom received his degree from leading colleges. We have inherited this custom from the Old World, for in 1814, following the fall of Napoleon, when Marshal Blucher visited England, he received the degree of doctor of civil law from the University of Oxford. Blucher was a man utterly without culture, a gambler, a drunken hussar, a brave soldier, a patriot whose brains were his chief of staff, and yet Oxford in 1814 gave him an LL. D., which was not more ludicrous than LL. D. to Andrew Jackson. The Springfield Republican thinks we ought to have a degree of doctor of achievement, given to men who do things outside of law, theology, philosophy, music, literature and the humanities. The Republican properly says that the word "laws" does not fairly include military victories, naval triumphs and mere public fame.

The Republican is right, but why did not Napoleon, with his hard common sense solve the situation by his "Legion of Honor," which included any man in civil or military life who had done anything worthy of recognition? Of course the distinction between those who say memorable things is not easy to preserve. There are a few men in history, like Charles II of England, who never "said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," but that is not the rule in history. Men of great capacity for public affairs have generally not lacked powers of expression. There have been exceptions, like Cromwell, Washington, Jefferson, men who could not talk well on their feet, but as a rule men of great leadership have not lacked powers of public speech. Napoleon perhaps could not be called an orator, yet his proclamations to his army are models of inflammatory eloquence. It would be hard to distinguish clearly in history between men of speech and men of action, because really great men, if not absolute orators, are great writers, great proclamationists, like Napoleon. Caesar was a great soldier, but Cicero confesses that on emergency he was a great orator. Mark Antony was a great orator and a great soldier until he became a victim of the fascinations of the "serpent of the Nile." The men of pure action, separated from the world of pure thought, are few, and the men of pure thought separated from the world of pure action are few. Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, are about all the men of pure thought, and the men of pure action of modern history are few and far between. Napoleon was pre-eminently a man of action; he despised or pretended to despise "literary scribblers"; he looked for prompt results; he despised theorists. He was right from his standpoint; he hoped to make hay while the sun shone. This practical necessity explains Napoleon's career. He could not afford to wait. Men of action, of course, cannot ordinarily expect to obtain academical degrees. The Springfield Republican thinks that what is wanted is a "degree of a doctor of achievement." Why not take Napoleon's idea of a "Legion of Honor"? That would cover all cases where men did memorable things rather than said quotable things.

## "THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SHIPPING."

The passing of the old-time romance in the civilization of the seas is treated in an exhaustive article in the World's Work by Arthur Goodrich, under the head of "The Future of American Shipping." The article is profusely illustrated, beginning with the picture of a Pacific Coast freighter surrounded by Alaskan ice and going through all conditions of seagoing craft of the present day, up to the big Atlantic liner outward bound, coming in or lying at her dock. Of intense interest is the presentment by this writer of the causes that led to the decline of American shipping, and not the less interesting is the promise of its rehabilitation as presented by the commercial growth of the country within the past few years.

The new bears very slight resemblance to the old. It is, indeed, a far cry from the stanch wooden hulls fashioned from the Maine forests, with broad sails that Yankee seamen hoisted as they sang and heaved at the windlass, to the great black steel hulls in the speeding of which steam has taken the place of sails, and machinery that of a numerous crew. Pursuing this topic, Mr. Goodrich says:

> The old-time barks would return from a year's journey laden with silks from Mediterranean ports, with sails torn by tropical storms, and with a crew that let many a pipe go out over the story of their wanderings. They were the first settlers of the over-sea trade, living the adventurous life of the pioneer. Among them were more Americans than Englishmen or Germans, and nine-tenths of the American products that went abroad were carried by American sailors in American bottoms. American shipping, with all its risks, was a paying investment in those days. A considerable amount of capital that has gone into the building of modern factories and railroads in the interior was made originally by these pioneers of ocean trade.

Following these pioneers of ocean traffic, as they followed the caravels of Columbus that first crossed the seas to the Western world, have come floating palaces of comfort, convenience and safety for passengers, with vast compartments in which are stored thousands of tons of freight, driven by triple and quadruple engines which push the great hulks across the Atlantic in less than six days, regardless of storm and fog. The many devices of human ingenuity have made ocean travel as safe as travel upon land—as safe, indeed, in these times of cyclone and volcanic eruption, and of harnessing of the mighty elements of nature to man's every-day needs, as to remain at home in pursuit of the ordinary avocations of life.

In this transition Americans were not for many years active. The reasons are seen in their progress on the land. Statistics cited show that in five years ending in 1851 our registered tonnage increased only 6 per cent; in the five years before that the increase was 44 per cent, and the five years still preceding it was more than 52 per cent. By 1865 the iron steamer had practically supplanted in shipyards and at sea the wooden ships; England's facilities for building these were superior to ours; while the realization of railroad possibilities quickly turned American capital toward safer and more remunerative investments on land. About this time the discovery of petroleum gave the death blow to the whaling business. American seamen became scarce in 1860 and the five years following, owing to the demand of men for the Army; American shipping, owing to a variety of causes, decreased enormously, and American capital sought investment in railroads and factories. The enactment of the homestead law in 1865, simultaneously with the mustering out of vast armies, led to the development of the far West, Northwest and Pacific Slope, and capital preceded or kept up with this human tide, building railroads and towns and carrying to new farmers agricultural implements and other things that they needed. Naturally during this era of internal development very little capital went into shipbuilding, and very few Americans turned to the sea for a livelihood.

The return of the commercial tide has, however, set in. Railroad construction as applied to transcontinental lines has ceased. Vast profits have accumulated and American money is seeking investment. The development in marine architecture has been enormous; the pulse of commerce is beating with renewed activity. As a supplement to their carrying endeavor, transcontinental roads have been acquiring steamship lines, on the same principle that Andrew Carnegie linked the blast furnace with the rolling mill and the ore bed and the coke oven with the blast furnace. Improvement has permeated every part of the industrial and commercial plant, whether on the land or the sea. The increase in business has been enormous. In the view of Mr. Goodrich the "looking outward" period of the United States has only just begun, and the shipbuilding industry stands to increase enormously in the next few years. "Everything points to development of an adequate merchant marine as the next step in the expansion of America into the world."

Private resources are ample for this development; sagacious capitalists are ready with their millions for the investment. There is no necessity, but only the impudence of greed, in the demand for a subsidy to float or help float great marine enterprises that will surely be undertaken and pushed onward in the next decade.

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The physicians of King Edward continue to report that his health is excellent and his progress in every way satisfactory. They add, however, that His Majesty is still unable to leave his couch. The new date of the coronation is but two weeks away, so the prospect is that the King may be borne to Westminster on that day in a chair and that he will not be able to stand, much less to walk even a few steps, upon that august occasion. The picture of the last coronation in which the pretty young girl, afterward his mother, knelt in royal robes to receive the crown, will be in sharp contrast to that of the coronation of her successor, already an obese old man, full of infirmities and unable to make the slightest show of personal dignity. Victoria's coronation picture has become familiar to the world through its reproduction by photography in recent years. That of Edward is still to be taken, but it can hardly be more than a sad presentment of grandeur sapped of energy, vivacity and expectation, without which a crown is a bauble and a kingdom of little worth to the individual.

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The Washington correspondence of the Chicago Record-Herald contains the following:

> It was not a Democratic campaigner, but a Western Republican, who said to your correspondent: "I see President Schwab of the steel trust has made public an estimate of the value of the various assets of that great corporation—$700,000,000 for ore mines, $300,000,000 for steel plants, $200,000,000 for transportation facilities, etc. But I am surprised that Mr. Schwab, with his keen business acumen, should fail to include one of the most available of all the assets of the United States Steel Corporation. This is a device which shuts out all foreign competition. It is a scheme which compels foreign manufacturers of steel and iron who want to sell goods in the American market to stand a handicap of 40 per cent before they can do so. How much this asset is worth to the steel trust it would be very difficult for an outsider to estimate, and for that reason I should like to see President Schwab's figures. I venture the assertion that he would not rate it a penny less than $1,000,000,000. Probably the fact that this asset is on the Federal statute books under the name of the Dingley law led Mr. Schwab to leave it out of his long, imposing list of the property and resources of his corporation.

The Record-Herald is a Republican paper, and thoroughly representative of Western Republican tariff opinion.

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Rival canneries at Astoria, in a race for records, are packing over 2000 cases of fish per day, and the cold-storage plants are getting all the fish they can handle. It is apparent from this interesting situation that the 1902 salmon run is hardly fulfilling the lugubrious predictions made by an interested newspaper at Astoria early in the season. The pack for the season now promises to be at least 100,000 cases larger than that of last year, while all of the cold-storage plants are far ahead of last year's record at a corresponding date. The July salmon run last year, and the excellent run of the past few days, are pretty strong arguments for a continuation of artificial propagation on a most extended scale. The results show that the work has progressed beyond the experimental stage, and the yearly expenditure of a few thousand dollars for hatcheries maintenance will add millions to the wealth of the state.

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The folly of hiding money about the premises has been often illustrated in the loss of the savings of a lifetime. A recent example comes in a story from Hubbard that tells of the loss to an exemplary woman of her old-age fund, consisting of $2800, which, for safekeeping she had deposited in a pail and buried in her woodshed. Her own nephew and two grandsons of a reputable and prominent citizen of Marion County see the Penitentiary yawning before them as the result of having unearthed and stolen the worthy woman's money. Sympathy is freely expressed for her, and the hope is induced that the boys, all three of whom are just entering manhood, will be properly punished. The case is a sad one, and should be widely published as a warning against this most foolish manner of "taking care" of money, with the temptation and opportunity to commit theft that it involves.

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J. Coleman Drayton, the New York millionaire, has troubles from which honest John Jones, who goes to his daily toil, dinner pail in hand, is happily exempt. There are others of the latter's name, but they go their way, too, unvexed in the great realm of individuality. The world is thus far wide enough for all of the name. Though there are many of them, they do not tread each other's heels, nor does any one of them pose as the great and only Jones, or any other among them pose as a duplicate of the great and only, to the latter's discomfiture and financial liability. There are those, however, so unreasonable is humanity, who would be willing to have a duplicate dodging around the country and drawing checks in their names, if thereby they could in other respects change conditions with the vexed millionaire.

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The friends of Hon. J. D. Lee, superintendent of the Oregon Penitentiary, will be pleased to note that he has not suffered undue depression of spirits on account of the unpleasant notoriety which his caravansary at Salem has acquired through the unbidden departure therefrom and subsequent exploits of Tracy. He is perhaps scheduled to "go out," but not from causes incident to the Tracy-Merrill incident. Sheriff Cudihee, of Seattle, is the only man thus far reported whose political prospects have been ruined and whose sleep has been greatly disturbed by this incident. The humorous vein in which Superintendent Lee meets raillery is commended to Sheriff Cudihee as a tonic to his drooping official spirits.

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It is said that Tracy is on the way East to see his mother. Now let sentimental tears gush forth afresh at the hard fate that separates a loving son from his fond parent, while the wail of "poor fellow" again burdens the air.

### The Primrose.

Robert Herrick.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears:—
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break)?
I will answer:—These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

## FINDING ONE'S LIMITATIONS.

San Francisco Bulletin.

Every man—and every woman—has limitations, and it is good for one to know exactly where his limitations lie. The man who knows his limitations, who has marked the lines within which he must abide, who can tell when he is out of his proper field, is in a fair way to become peaceful and prosperous. The day of the universal genius is past, and one may suspect shrewdly enough that it never existed.

Youth is full of conceit and too large ambition because it does not know the bounds which Nature has set. Every boy at some period has secret hopes of becoming President, or Chief Justice, or ranking General of the Army, or senior Admiral of the Navy, or champion pugilist, or chief of the fire department. Every girl in her maiden meditations has fancied herself the bride of a tall, handsome Prince or Duke, and has pictured herself surrounded by servants and a worshipful company addressing her as "Princess" or "Duchess" or "Your Ladyship" or "My Lady."

With the years and experience of the world comes knowledge of one's limitations. The boy discovers that he has hard work to keep from settling at the foot of the class, and his dreams of intellectual triumphs begin to fade. In the worry of finding employment as errand boy he forgets all about his idea of becoming a General or an Admiral. After being beaten in one or two fights by other boys he ceases to think seriously of striving for the championship of the ring, and by the time he is 30 years old he is quite contented with his lot as a clerk or a mechanic, and his ambition has dwindled from the size of a mountain to that of a molehill. A little home, a wife from his own set, a store or shop of his own, and a tidy sum in bank—these take the place of his desire to be a figure in history.

The new ambition is smaller than the old, but it is better because it is within reach. When a man has determined his limitations he adjusts his ambitions accordingly, and the prospect of realizing them improves.

Happy the man who sees his limitations. Those who fail are those who refuse to recognize the dead-line beyond which they may not venture without peril. Thackeray tried to be a painter and failed. He turned to writing as a means of getting bread and thus discovered his own field. Du Maurier had the same experience. Motley published two unsuccessful novels before he found out his limitations and composed the great histories which have made him famous. Bret Harte followed many trades until he happened to write his tales. Tennyson, who was a poet of the first order, would not recognize his limitations and persisted in producing dramas which would not succeed on the stage. The failure of his plays chagrined him and gave him much unhappiness, which he would have avoided had he stayed within his limitations.

No wise man ever steps beyond his limitations or grumbles because they keep him within a small confine. He may see other men of vastly greater ability, whose limitations include a large area, but he does not envy them or feel piqued at Nature's favoritism. He goes to work earnestly in his own field—though it be the smallest patch—and he makes the most of it. He is aware that some men make money out of a 10-acre farm, while others with 10,000 acres run behind and in the end lose all. He does not begrudge other men their greater ability of brain any more than he begrudges Jeffries his greater ability of muscle.

A certain dramatic critic—a woman—makes rather a neat and useful distinction between censuring and characterizing. If she writes that a certain actor is not sufficiently urbane, emotional, educated and talented for a part which he plays, and that it was a stupid insult to the public to cast him for it, she declares that she does not censure him, but merely characterizes him; that is, she tells what he is and what he is not, but does not blame or scold him for being without talent, which Nature did not give him. When the actor complains of her comment, she points out to him that he has not been attacked, but only characterized. "If I said you were tall," she says, "would you complain because I did not say you were short? If I said you were dark, would you be aggrieved because by implication I said you were not blonde? Surely not. Why, then, do you complain when I say that you are not fit for the stage of a good-class theater? I simply characterize you just as I characterize turnips by separating them from oranges. If you are a turnip, do I insult or abuse you by writing that you are not an orange?"

This reasoning, so clear to the critic, is usually rather mystifying to the actor who still smarts from the review of his playing, and cannot help thinking that characterization is hardly better than an old-fashioned "roast." But the distinction is not without reason, and may be useful to limited persons who are desirous of reconciling their vanity to their manifest limitations.

### Taking Sport Too Seriously.

Boston Transcript.

One of the evils of the day is thoroughness as applied to sports and recreations. There is no game, however difficult or however simple, but it is hedged about by difficulties which actually turn pleasure into pain. Time was when a game at whist, for example, was a genuine diversion; now it has become so scientific that it is distinctly hard work to play a good game. So as to bicycling, golf, ping pong—everything, in a word. We have got so into the habit of taking our pleasures seriously that those pleasures are no longer recreations, or at least not the recreations they might be were perfection not so persistently insisted upon. In these days no sooner is a game invented or imported from other lands than somebody has to go to work to make its playing a science, and to this end a newspaper or magazine devoted to that particular game is indispensable and inevitable. So that the drain upon the mental faculties produced by the playing of the game is rendered more drastic by the reading one has to do to keep up with the times. Oh, for a game that cannot be made scientific, that will forever escape a literary organ, and which will always and forever be just good fun and nothing more!

### Kitchener's Homecoming.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is but right that such a military leader should be signally honored by the people whose cause he led to victory. The world loves the man who is ready to fight when the need for fighting presses, and who is eager to refrain from fighting when the necessity for war passes away. Lord Kitchener's conduct in South Africa illustrates anew what is meant by the interrogatory, "And is not the British aristocracy the best aristocracy, inasmuch as they can fight like tigers and die without a murmur?" More than this, the British commander's record proves he understands that the man who rules his own spirit is mightier than he who takes a city. British people recognize that Lord Kitchener can do both. This is the secret of his popularity—the reason why his homecoming awakens profound and widespread enthusiasm in Great Britain.

### The British Crown.

London Telegraph.

Regarding the crown of Great Britain Cyril Davenport has some interesting things to say. The crown was made for Queen Victoria in 1838. Besides four rubies, 11 emeralds, 16 sapphires, 277 pearls and 2783 diamonds, it contains the famous ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile; one sapphire from the ring of Edward the Confessor, and another, also of great size, taken from the crown of Charles II and given to George III by Cardinal York. Mr. Davenport claims for the Scottish crown, now in Edinburgh Castle, that it is the most beautiful diadem belonging to the English regalia.

## STRENUOUSNESS AND EDUCATION

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The interesting information conveyed in the following dispatch to the Inter Ocean suggests possibilities in connection with the progress of higher education in this country which have not hitherto been even suspected:

> Syracuse, N. Y., July 20.—George N. Crouse, a society man, recently made a bet with Carl Ames that he could eat 14 dozen clams at a single sitting. Dozen after dozen went down his throat in rapid succession until the feat was accomplished. Crouse is a Yale graduate.
>
> It is hardly credible that the other great universities will permit Yale to enjoy a monopoly of such achievements during the Summer months. The New Haven seat of learning has the unquestionable advantage of being first in the field, of course, but we may confidently look forward to something like this:
>
> Roxbury, Mass., July 22.—Augustus L. Lothrop, a society man, recently made a bet with Theodore Peabody that he could eat 17 quarts of baked beans at a sitting. Quart after quart went down his throat in succession until the feat was accomplished. Lothrop is a Harvard graduate.
>
> The public, in all likelihood, will scarcely have recovered from this before a telegraphic announcement of this sort will be flashed over the wires:
>
> Yonkers, N. Y., July 24.—Diedrich Vanderventer made a bet with Hudson Rivers that he could eat 23 lobsters in 23 minutes. Lobster after lobster went down until the feat was accomplished. Vanderventer is a graduate of Columbia.
>
> With these beginnings the contest will probably assume a National character, and dispatches like the following may possibly be grouped under an appropriate heading, in our sporting columns:
>
> Paterson, N. J., July 25.—Edward Jones made a bet with Henry Brown that he could trap 500 mosquitoes in 17 minutes. Taking a position on a Summer-resort hotel veranda he gathered the mosquitoes in his net scores at a time until he had accomplished the feat. Jones is a graduate of Princeton.
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> Sheboygan, Wis., July 25.—Walter Jenkins made a bet with Ernest Hamlin that he could drink 48 glasses of beer in 14 minutes. Glass after glass went down until the feat was accomplished. Jenkins is from Milwaukee, and is a graduate of Madison.
>
> Lincoln, Ill., July 25.—Cornelius Brown made a bet with Everett McCabe that he could eat 95 sausages at a single sitting. Link after link disappeared until the feat was accomplished. Brown is a graduate of the University of Chicago.
>
> Lansing, Mich., July 25.—Ebenezer Twitchell made a bet with Elihu Robinson that he could drink 83 pints of hard cider in the course of an afternoon. Pint after pint went down in rapid succession until the feat was accomplished. Twitchell is a graduate of Ann Arbor.
>
> Waukegan, Ill., July 25.—Semphronia Wilson made a bet with Angelina Buskirk that she could consume 23 plates of vanilla ice cream in 15 minutes. Plate after plate went down until the feat was accomplished. Miss Wilson is a graduate of Northwestern.

It is easy to see how the idea so happily launched in Syracuse can be used effectively to advertise the distinctive and peculiar advantages of our age at educational institutions at a time when high school graduates are carrying off the ping-pong and gold prizes.

### General Smith's Retirement.

Baltimore American.

The retirement of General Smith is, of course, a severe punishment, but not more severe than he deserves. After the facts in his case had been developed in the thorough and positive manner that marked his trial by court-martial, there was nothing else to be done. His retention in the service would have put a premium on inhumanly disposed officers. His dismissal—for such it amounts to—does not detract from the excellence of past services rendered by him. These will continue to be appreciated; but, as President Roosevelt makes plain, the time has come when, for the sake of the country and the good name of its Army, General Smith's active service must cease.

This is the termination of the agitation fostered by the War Department's policy of suppressing the facts regarding the conduct of the war in the Philippines. With it the people will be satisfied. And with it they will further be content to indorse in time of war the employment of the strictest rules of military necessity, confident that while a few might transgress, the Army will not be unmindful of its obligation to practice humanity wherever and whenever possible. In this case the fault was of an individual, and no blame can attach to the service.

### Politics and Literature.

Philadelphia Ledger.

In this country politics and literature have been jealous of each other. Benton, Blaine and "Sunset" Cox compiled a great deal of valuable information about the history of our Congress. Senator Lodge has given the world delightful lives of Hamilton and Webster. In every political crisis able participants have written strongly and clearly on the points involved. But apart from politics our statesmen have written comparatively little. Two of our Presidents and two only can really be called authors. One would have been famous as the author of "Notes on Virginia" even if he had not written the Declaration of Independence. The other is the present Chief Magistrate of the Union. Hamilton, Madison, Webster, the younger Adams, Sumner, Lincoln, Tilden, Harrison were all writers of political weight, but the country at large knows only the political side of their intellects.

The eagle is a restless bird. Sooner or later Americans will do everything that Englishmen have done. The 20th century has hardly started and some young Congressman of today may close his career by a translation of Plato equal to Jewett's, or by verses not inferior to the "Lays of Ancient Rome."

### The Canal and the Revolutionists.

Chicago Tribune.

There are professional revolutionists on the isthmus whose industry will be interfered with if the United States builds and operates an isthmian canal. For this reason they would like to see the negotiations between Colombia and the United States fall through. The advent of the American canal digger and the American policeman will be no more welcome to the men whose trade it is to get up revolutions than the advent of a Sheriff and his posse to a band of horse thieves who have long carried on their business without molestation.

If the United States does take hold of the Panama Canal it will tolerate none of that rioting which they call war in South America. It will keep the peace so effectually and will add so much to the wealth of the district traversed by the canal that all Colombians who sigh for tranquillity and a stable government will regret that they cannot enjoy the blessings of American peace.

### Judge Taft's Mission.

Buffalo Commercial.

The Vatican has recognized the changed conditions imposed by American sovereignty in the islands, but does not see its way as yet to complying with all of the American proposals. Our authorities wish it to be understood that "it is not the United States Government which in any way objects to the presence of the friars in the islands; it is the Catholic population of those islands. The lay Catholics almost to a man, and especially all the parish priests, are so violently opposed to the friars that they will not permit them to come back to the parishes; and, as a matter of fact, hold their lands in hostile possession." It is not probable that the Vatican will put serious obstacles in the way of the removal of the friars, for it knows how and why they have made their return to their parishes impossible. Its relations with the powerful orders of which they are members require slow and careful procedure.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Tracy, Tracy everywhere, nor any Tracy yet.

Even if a man hasn't much else to boast of, there are his ancestors.

Why should not the Lewis and Clark board rely on its own judgment first as last?

Jeffries was looking for an opening, and as soon as Fitz opened his mouth he got right in.

All the other fair sites should get at least as much recognition as the two already favored.

Some of us forget that bank accounts are made not alone by saving money, but also by earning it.

For those who get salted down in the present salt war there is said to be a place up Salt River.

Let us hope that the last fair site to find favor with the Lewis and Clark board will be the successful one.

The posse shouldn't go off so secretly. Tracy might capture it and we should never know what happened.

If there is nobody in the Democratic party but Cleveland and Bryan, no wonder things look blue for the party.

Give a woman her choice and she will prefer that you look at her before she goes into the surf rather than after.

Oats have gone wild again, and farmers are making big money. And yet we are advised against sowing such oats.

The difference between art and science is just simply the difference between the ways a man and a woman conduct a courtship.

Aguinaldo is coming to this country. If he insists on staying in the Democratic party as does Bryan what will the poor party do?

A man who would see his fiancee in her accustomed charms should send ahead a notice of his coming before he visits her at the beach.

Bryan is only like the average person. None of us likes to give in all at once, even when convinced that we are wrong. Give him time.

Kitchener was welcomed home by cheering thousands of admirers. If he is in doubt what it meant, let him ask several American heroes.

If Portland has been slow it has been because the railroads have given it no chance. Portland has always been very much alive. It is the railroads that have waked up.

The King of Siam's name is so long that it stretches for several yards and then begins again before it ends, but this is not the reason he is a particular friend of John Barrett's.

Somehow or other we can't see how the Mazamas get as much fun out of it as they say they do. Among the greatest pleasures we boast about is misery, because misery loves company.

The posse thinks when it has disappeared from the sight of the public it has disappeared from the sight of Tracy. The ostrich is a bird that covers its head with sand and thinks it is all under.

"Faith" may be a good thing to cure disease. So is strychnine in some cases, but the physician who used it ignorantly would have trouble on his hands. May we infer that persons who use "faith" with fatal results are using it ignorantly?

The first men who made salt on the Pacific Coast were not troubled by a trust. They were members of the Lewis and Clark party. Lewis and Clark cite that the only obstacle they found in getting a supply of salt was rain, which fell almost incessantly during the four months they spent at Fort Clatsop at the head of Young's Bay in the Winter of 1805-6. They had a large cauldron carried from Fort Clatsop, near the head of Young's Bay, to a place on the beach about midway between Seaside and Seaside House. This place has been identified and inclosed by a high fence by the Oregon Historical Society. Some of the salt made here was carried by the returning explorers as far as the Missouri River.

Hon. Moss Back, president of the Oldtimers' Bank, scowled darkly.

"There is a rumor," said the reporter, "that Mr. Skin Flint has bought a large tract of property for a big industrial enterprise. May I ask if it is true?"

"Nothing for publication."

"It is reported that the property was sold by you."

"I said nothing for publication."

"If the report were true then I suppose you would let us have the news. It would be of great importance to us in advertising the commercial development of the city."

"No, I wouldn't."

"If it were not true ——"

"Young man you have as much right to ask me about this as about Mr. Skin Flint's deposit in my bank. Neither my business nor his concerns the public. You reporters are always poking your noses into other people's affairs. Now, clear out."

This is the way Messrs. Moss Back and Skin Flint are contributing to the advancement of Portland. It shows what a hard time newspapers of Portland have in getting news. Seattle newspapers don't have this trouble. Where's the fault?

## PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Modest.—"An exceedingly modest man." "Oh, yes, indeed. Why, he won't even boast of his automobile."—Detroit Free Press.

Lucky He Hadn't.—"Miss Muggles has had $6000 left to her by an uncle who had never seen her." "Well, that explains it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

First Mosquito—What's wrong, Spiker? You look blue. Second Mosquito—Yes; I sampled one of those blue-blooded Smith-Joneses last night by mistake.—Chicago Daily News.

Of No Consequence.—Farmer Bentover—Colonel Wagajaw keeps insistin' that he is not a candidate for Congress. Farmer Hornbeak—Waal, that's highly unimportant, even if untrue.—Puck.

Political Success.—"They say he has had quite a successful career as a politician." "Yes, he has been bribed three or four times, and always escaped on technicalities."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"That Mr. Squeezem had nothing but praise for your sermon today," said the minister's wife, after church. "Yes, I noticed that when the plate was passed around," said the pastor, sadly.—Yonkers Statesman.

Carrie—Have you finished your graduation essay, Minnie? Minnie—No, not yet. I've got the paper and the ribbon, a beautiful shade, but I haven't had time to think about the writing yet.—Boston Transcript.

The Pug—I suppose since the bulldog lost his teeth he doesn't bite any more? The Poodle—Only Miss Maud's gentlemen callers. The Pug—Why them? The Poodle—They are such soft young men.—Philadelphia Record.