The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 63 deg.; minimum temperature, 52 deg.; precipitation, .04 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy with probably light showers; slightly warmer; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1903.

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE.

It is now said that Senator Hanna is laying aside everything else, and will devote himself wholly to politics. Also, that he will retain the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee and will direct the campaign of 1904. Moreover, that President Roosevelt and his friends will agree to this last, and that Senator Lodge, Roosevelt's next friend, will be sponsor for it.

Which may not be true. But if true, it will be a mistake for President Roosevelt. That Senator Hanna, if he should undertake it, would be devoted to Roosevelt's interests, is not questioned. That he is a man of forceful character and methods is equally certain. But while he would bring a great deal of force to bear in support of this or any other programme he might undertake, it would be a kind of force that always begets its opposite. Even more, in this case. It would repel more than it would attract. As an independent supporter of Roosevelt, Hanna might be of service, but as director of Roosevelt's campaign he would be a weight upon it, from beginning to end.

The reason is simple and plain. Mr. Hanna's career is that of a typical machine man and boss in politics. He was a heavy load upon the shoulders of McKinley, for he was universally understood during the Administration of McKinley to be the power behind the throne. In the mind of the country McKinley was unimportant. It was Hanna's administration. Yet the main issue was such as to cause the country to overlook both Hanna and McKinley—standing for a principle that neither of them fully represented.

Roosevelt has turned Hanna out of this position, and cannot afford to allow it to appear that he is in a way to regain it. Again, Hanna stands in the public mind as a representative or embodiment of trust interests and plutocracy. It is he who has turned Cleveland, now the largest city of Ohio, away from its old record as one of the strongest of Republican strongholds, to a city that now invariably throws heavy Democratic majorities. It is he who has furnished the material for all the effective cartoons and caricatures against the Republican party during the last ten years.

It is not to be supposed that President Roosevelt desires to repel Senator Hanna or provoke him to opposition. But it would be very unwise on the part of the President to accept Senator Hanna as the director and manager of his campaign. Senator Lodge may have been incorrectly quoted.

SNOW'S CROP REPORT.

Crop Expert Snow estimates the wheat yield of the United States at a minimum of 715,000,000 bushels, with a possibility of 25,000,000 bushels being added to these figures. This amount, if harvested, would exceed the crop of last year by 70,000,000 bushels, and would come within 8,000,000 bushels of the largest crop on record. It is within the range of possibilities that we are about to harvest the second largest crop on record, but the action of the market when it received the report of Mr. Snow does not indicate that it is placing much confidence in the figures. Had Mr. Snow enjoyed the confidence of the trade, his report was sufficiently bearish to cause a very weak market, and yet in the face of this prediction of a crop far in excess of 700,000,000 bushels wheat advanced nearly 2 cents per bushel in the Chicago market, while the July option in Liverpool made a corresponding advance.

As to the crop of the Canadian Northwest, the trade has generally admitted that it will run well above 60,000,000 bushels; in fact, there is not much disposition to question Mr. Snow's figures of 85,000,000 bushels. This is not such a surprising increase over the yield of last year as to excite surprise or cause weakness in the market, even should it prove correct. The figures on the American crop, however, would, if credited, be almost certain to cause weakness. The Snow reports are always bearish, and as conditions are sometimes bullish and prove their bullishness, the report printed in yesterday's Oregonian must be taken with due allowance for the compiler. In order to secure accurate news on the Argentine crop, a party of Chicago operators a few years ago sent Mr. Snow to the big wheat district of the Southern Hemisphere. The expert in due season sent the world's markets down with a rush with the report that the Argentine, which that season was credited with a poor crop, would have an exportable surplus of 30,000,000 bushels. The actual surplus for the season for which that estimate was made was less than 40,000,000 bushels.

This incident the trade has not forgotten, and while the present estimate of Mr. Snow will not be cut in the same ratio that was proven necessary with his Argentine estimate, it will be regarded as of small value. Meanwhile too much rain where none is required, and not enough where it is needed, is steadily cutting down the yield in the United States, and the visible is in a fair way to reach the lowest notch in over a dozen years. The figures posted yesterday show the total American visible to be but 15,970,000 bushels, a decrease of 1,489,000 bushels, leaving the total over 3,000,000 bushels smaller than on a corresponding date last year, 13,000,000 bushels smaller than in 1901, over 30,000,000 bushels smaller than 1900, and within 3,400,000 bushels of the low record of 1898, when the Leiter boom reached its climax.

The condition on the Pacific Coast is decidedly worse than it was a year ago. This is especially true of California, where the harvest has already begun. Not only is that state down to bedrock on old stocks of wheat, but she is not receiving enough new wheat to supply the demand for home consumption, and is still importing it by the shipload from Oregon.

IRELAND FOREVER.

The immigration figures of arrivals at the port of New York during the first five months of 1903 indicate that for the entire year there will be an increase of 20 per cent in the number of Irish immigrants compared with a year ago. The present business conditions in Ireland are unusually satisfactory. Irish harvests have been good of recent years, the land-purchase project is likely to be adopted, as Secretary Wyndham has surrendered the provision fixing by official action a minimum price at which the Irish peasant must buy, and has left the purchase price free to the terms of the market. The upper price is fixed by the rent. This concession frees the measure from the only Irish objection made to it, so the new Irish land bill is safe. In spite of this fact and the fact that new capital is being invested in railroad and industrial enterprises, the drain of emigration from Ireland to America continues unchecked and is now increasing, though its total remains small compared with that of the period between 1846 and 1881.

The Irish immigration began in 1821, about the time that the Erie Canal was in progress of construction. This great waterway was begun in 1817 and was finished in 1825. The multiplication of canals all over the country was followed by the webbing of the country with railroads between 1835 and 1845, and by this development of the great land and water transportation of the United States the Irish immigration was stimulated to an enormous growth. From 1821 to 1881 Irish immigration to this country aggregated 3,481,074, or an average of nearly 700,000 for each decade. For the year ending with June, 1902, the total Irish immigration was 29,138, and an increase in it this year would make it about 35,000. The news that Irish immigration is increasing is welcome as an offset to the present vast immigration of Russians, Hungarians, Italians and other natives of Southern Europe. We know by experience that the able-bodied Irishman is a most desirable immigrant, and readily assimilates with our civilization and institutions. The London Times once said that the first generation of Irish immigrants were somewhat disposed to be turbulent, because oppression at home had educated them to be "always agin the government"; the second generation took to local political leadership in the wards of large cities and towns, while the third generation eschewed politics and became devoted to mercantile life. The Irishman is a welcome immigrant as a peerless industrial force; he is heir, as a rule, to the finest physique in Europe; he is a man of splendid energy and strength; he is a mercurial creature, full of vivacity and good humor. The story is told of the Irish section boss on the Union Pacific, who, seeing thirty Italians staggering along with a great timber which a dozen Irishmen could have handled with ease, said in derision: "It breaks my good Roman Catholic heart to think they makes popes out of fellows like thim."

In his native land the Irishman is long-lived, always has a large family of children and is seldom prone to suicide, no matter how great are his physical hardships or severe his spiritual distress. He has forged to the front rapidly in the great cities and towns of New England, the Middle States and those of the Mississippi Valley. Boston, once ruled by the Yankee Bourbons of Beacon street, is now ruled by able and accomplished men whose parents were Irish immigrants. There is no cause for regret in this change, for Patrick Collins and John E. Fitzgerald have been a credit to American citizenship. The large cities of Worcester, Lowell, Lawrence, Lynn, Springfield, Fall River, Haverhill, Holyoke, Somerville, New Bedford and Cambridge have a large population that is either Irish born and bred or the children of Irish immigrants. Nearly half the population of Massachusetts is Irish or Irish-American, and Connecticut and Rhode Island in this respect are not far behind Massachusetts. There is no doubt that within fifty years Irish-Americans, Canadian-French and Scandinavians will predominate in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. These are all men of sturdy stock. The Canadian-French are a very hardy, athletic, sturdy, prolific race, equal to the Irishman in vivacity, if not in pugnacity. The Irish have already blended their blood with that of the New England Yankee population, and so to a less extent have the Canadian-French. The result has been an excellent type in mind and body.

The Yankee has wit—dry, bitter wit—in excess, but the Irishman has contagious humor as well as wit, and the French-Canadian has a mirthful nature and an admirable native courtesy in speech and manners. New England will be all the better off when the dwindling, degenerate, native-born Yankees that afflict her dull hill towns and villages are replaced by the sturdy children of able-bodied Irish and Canadian-French immigrants. The Yankee, when at his best, lacked the bubbling humor, good temper and social grace and courtesy which these immigrants possess in a large measure, and the Yankee at his worst, when he has degenerated into a listless, inert, dissolute, brutal village loafer, is a burden that New England ought to feel glad to unload.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer announces that The Oregonian "never voluntarily gives Puget Sound the best of it." Our Seattle friend could have gone a step farther and with equal adherence to the truth stated that "The Oregonian never gave Puget Sound the worst of it." The incident which brought forth the above frank confession from the Seattle paper was the publication in detail in The Oregonian of the wheat and flour shipments from Portland and Puget Sound for the season just ended. Apparently expecting the padding methods so popular on Puget Sound would be used by The Oregonian in this work, the Post-Intelligencer was surprised to find Puget Sound credited with the amount of business she actually handled—no more, no less. It is this method of handling news which caused one of the largest exporters in Seattle to state that "if a man wanted to keep in touch with Washington wheat business, he was forced to subscribe for an Oregon paper in order to get the facts regarding it."

A LESSON IN RIGHT EDUCATION.

In support of the theory or fact that the present generation is being stuffed in our schools, under the name of education, with a lot of innutritious, nonassimilative stuff under the name of knowledge, much plain proof has been adduced. With all of the enormous apparatus of education on hand, says the Boston Herald, "it is insisted by many competent experts that nowadays only an exceptional few really get educated." The reason—or one reason—for this is given in the fact that children are not trained to use their own eyes in observing what is going on all around them or their own minds in the reflective interpretation of what it actually signifies. Not having, as children, been thus trained, it follows that, as adults, they go through the world in that mental state described as "seeing and not seeing." Of course, due allowance must be made for the mental obliquity of chronic educational growlers, to whom nothing that is is right, but there is truth enough in such strictures to arrest the attention of thoughtful persons who do not find fault merely as a pastime.

The power of suggestion is an acknowledged force in the world. The suggestive mind is the rich and stimulating mind, and the receptive mind is the mind trained to meet suggestion and build upon it. Such a mind sees in the frantic flight of a cat before a pursuing dog the instinct or reason that impels the animal to rise quickly to an emergency in the only possible way that is available, and in the serenity of the creature after she has gotten into a tree ten feet above the reach of her pursuer the calmness of a logical mind that does not waste its own strength nor that of the body in further struggle. The end having been attained, all chafing and apprehension ceases. The dog, on the other hand, continues to yelp and jump in a fury of impotent passion at the foot of the tree, expending his force upon a palpable impossibility.

This spectacle, to the mind of "an eccentric gentleman from Boston," as quoted by the journal above named, is suggestive of the gravest problem in all education—that of rational control over blind impulse. Reasoning it out, he proceeds in this wise:

That cat is educated; a master of arts, an LL. D. in education. See how perfectly calm she is after her recent whirlwind of terror. How serenely she looks down on that frantic dog, with perhaps only a trace of contempt in her eyes at the entire lack of rational control over blind impulse such education as he has had has given him. It is perfectly clear that her heart is not beating a pulse quicker now for all this frightful catastrophe she has so narrowly escaped. Observe that she sits only about ten feet high. Why? Because ten feet is enough, and her intellect was never for a moment hurried in its rational estimate as to what was just the desirable distance to preserve at such peculiar juncture. In a like case—allowing for mere differences of external circumstances—such as a fire or a flood—almost any frightened human being would have madly scurried to the very top of the tree and there hung on by one of the outermost twigs. I tell you, it is the pure triumph of superior education. That cat has her knowledge perfectly in hand, and, like Spinoza, knows that knowledge frees from all bondage to perturbing passion. One item of it suggests another in orderly sequence. To her the cat is a plantigrade, the dog is not. She never wavers in this her conviction. Thence it follows, as logically as that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, that the dog cannot get at her, though he yelp his soul out. Yelping has simply nothing to do with the matter. It is a question of pure reason.

Then follows the deduction that knowledge is never power until it is absolute master of the situation—a sentiment that is reflected in the indecision of every High School or college graduate who looks helplessly about him, wondering what he can do and how to go about squaring himself to meet the emergency of self-support and make a success in life.

DISORDER AND OFFICIALISM.

As the returns come in from day to day for several days succeeding the Fourth of July, it becomes evident that there should be a radical departure in the manner of observing that anniversary. As a great National holiday instinct with the vital spark of patriotism, the day exists no longer. Succeeding its orderly movement of a quarter of a century, or even of a decade ago, we have a day of confusion, an aggregation long drawn out of infernal noises, an aftermath of death from explosions, and later from tetanus, together with a multitude of more or less crippling bodily injuries.

The absurdity of carryings-on of this kind under the name of patriotism is apparent to every intelligent mind. In the words of Dr. Talbott, of the Taylor-Street Church, spoken from the pulpit on the Sunday following the latest and perhaps the noisiest and most annoying observance of the Fourth of July in the history of this city: it is distressing to think that in place of the somewhat stately celebration with waving banners, beating drums and patriotic songs and addresses we have nothing in exchange but firecrackers and a sham battle.

The blame for the disorder that ruled in this city for three days last week under the name of a celebration, for the carnival of vice that is at all times in progress in Portland's under world, and for the crimes that have gone unwhipt of justice in the past few months, cannot be saddled entirely upon the police department, though its shortcomings are apparent. The great reserve force designated by Rev. Mr. Talbott as "that large body known as the respectable citizens of the community," must come in for its just share. Simply stated, these things are permitted by those who could at the proper time, by proper vigilance, interdict them. They are the outgrowth of a passive condition of the public mind, that enjoys repose between whiles and takes refuge in more or less querulous or vociferous complaint when these public demonstrations of noise and carnivals of accident and crime are in progress. It does not become us, said the minister quoted, to rail out upon officials very much, adding: "Officials represent prevailing sentiment in its active or passive aspects pretty thoroughly."

Of all men charged with responsibility in such matters, perhaps none recognize the truth of this estimate more plainly—or, indeed, more bitterly—than the Chiefs of Police of the city, past and present. Charged before the public with the duty of doing, this officer is held in leash, so to speak, by inside elements that will not permit him to do. In this condition he moves along with a more or less brave pretense of integrity and determination that is without fruit in the suppression of vice, the prevention of crime and the regulation of the minor details that make for an orderly community. The power that he gets from the people is a faraway, intangible thing, that would not keep him in place a week if he had the temerity to disregard the demands of the controlling powers that abide at short range.

More than a wheel within a wheel is this thing known as municipal government. It is a mesh tangled and interwoven with varying interests of traffic, legitimate or immoral, as the case may be; of so-called amusement, of vice, of favoritism, of "graft," of crime. It is practically speaking a figment of virtuous imagination to say that the people are behind the men who are in this mesh, struggling for their salaries and not averse to extra compensation in the way of "graft." Technically speaking, this is true, but in reality the people are so far behind that they are not within call, while the real power is close at hand, dominant, insistent and absolute.

The correspondence from Salem yesterday, showing that land operators have frequently had "tips" concerning forthcoming acts of the Federal Land Department, explains in a measure why people have been so readily swindled by locators in Eastern Oregon who claim to have inside information. Land sharps have had inside information, and why is it not reasonable to believe their representations that they have it again? The fact that such information has been given out does not necessarily reflect discredit upon the heads of departments, for under the best of supervision some subordinate will prove unfaithful. A large number of clerks and stenographers must be trusted with knowledge that is presumed to lie hidden in the minds of superior officers. The selling or giving away of secrets is not confined to public affairs, but every large business concern finds that occasionally a trusted employe will talk of matters he should not mention to any except his employers. The tips which enabled a few favored land speculators to anticipate the action of the Federal Land Department were doubtless given by subordinates so far down the line from the head of the department that detection would be impossible.

The picture of the "Queen of the Carnival" girl, in coquettish pose, has taken the place so long held in the newspapers by the college athlete, clad in baggy trousers and striped sweater. The change is a pleasing one, as sameness grows tiresome. The same remark will apply when the rotation in sports brings the football champion and the team president into prominence again. Looking at the pictures each in its season, we wonder vaguely how we used to get along in the good old days when boys plowed and hoed and worked at the smithy, and girls washed dishes and helped with the general housework, and both put in their leisure with their books, and had not time to pose on pictures. Of course, nobody wants to go back to those old-fashioned times, but the sturdy lads and smiling lassies that belonged to them stand out plainly in memory and do not suffer by the comparison.

"What a boy knows" is thus summed up by an exchange the editor of which was evidently, sixty years or more ago, a boy himself: "At 10 years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at 15 he knows as much as his father; at 20 he knows twice as much; at 30 he is willing to take advice; at 40 he thinks his father knows something, after all; at 50 he begins to seek advice, and at 60, after his father is dead, he thinks him the smartest man that ever lived." These estimates are probably given for the encouragement or consolation of parents who are struggling to make obstreperous boys of the know-all age "see things," but the awakening of the boys is postponed to a date so late that the most patient father and long-suffering mother can only sigh in contemplating it.

There are those among us who believe that the Supreme Court will reverse the decision of the Multnomah Judges on the initiative and referendum. Of course, the opinion of one man is as good as that of another on the question at this time, since it does not appear that any member of the Supreme Bench has expressed himself one way or the other upon the matter. Still, it does not seem probable that the four Judges would have taken unadvisedly the risk of being turned down on a matter of such importance, and in this view the presumption is fair that the measure is as dead as what Dickens declares is the "deadest piece of ironmongery in existence—a coffin nail."

Kansas City, Kan., has been struck by a reform wave. More than 300 slot machines were turned to the wall and seven gambling-houses were raided on a single night recently. The onset is a violent one and will soon pass off. Portland has been attacked in the same manner more than once, and still lives to tell the tale of a "wide-open town."

The 12th was a long-distance celebration, taking in London, Budapest, Rome, San Juan, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Santiago; also Tammany Hall, New York, and Lincoln, Neb., where the two factions of the minority party separately abused the Government.

The American of New England.

Providence Journal.

The alteration in the racial elements of New England has taken place, and we must accept it as a fact. And we must understand that the composite American—the American of the coming years—is to be the result of a mingling of diverse elements, though how far the mingling will go in the early future is a nice sociological question. The optimist says that the new American is to be stronger and better than the New Englanders of the days when the Liberty Bell proclaimed the Declaration of Independence. Perhaps so. In any event, we should be foolish to refuse to admit the plain facts of the case and to fail to do our part toward solving the problems of this composite American citizenship, with which, more and more, we are being confronted.

IN RUSSELL SAGE'S OFFICE.

N. Y. Corr. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The rainy weather, that has made all things dull in the way of trade, has affected even Wall street, and financiers who have reputations for promptness have been late to their offices in the last few days. Russell Sage is no exception to the list of those who have failed to get down on time. Yesterday morning Mr. Sage was a bit late, and when he arrived the day's work had been pretty well mapped out.

Colonel Slocum, his brother-in-law, who for years has managed a branch of the financier's office, remarked that it was rather dull, and added:

"I thought we could take advantage of the dullness and hold a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Minnesota Land Company."

"The what?" asked Mr. Sage.

"The Minnesota Land Company," replied Colonel Slocum.

"I thought Governor Morton and I owned all those lands?" said Mr. Sage, looking puzzled.

"There is a Board of Directors," ventured Mr. Slocum.

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Sage, sitting down and looking around.

"Well, you're chairman; I'm one; Osborne, the cashier, is another; young Osborne is one; Menges, the stenographer, is one, and the other is the office boy," and, having run over the list, Colonel Slocum awaited the pleasure of the chairman of the board.

"Well, call in the board," said Mr. Sage, "and we will hold a meeting."

When the land company's Board of Directors had assembled in Mr. Sage's private office, Mr. Osborne, Jr., read the minutes of the last meeting. Then the chairman asked if there was anything further before the board. Mr. Osborne, Sr., arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, there is a surplus of $80,000 in the treasury, and I move that a dividend of 2½ per cent be declared, to be distributed among the stockholders."

Before Mr. Osborne had got back into his armchair a director, who at other times is an office boy, arose and, looking the chairman square in the eye, said:

"I second the motion."

"It is moved and seconded," said Mr. Sage, "that a dividend of 2½ per cent be declared. Carried. Any further business?"

Colonel Slocum spoke of the fact that when a board of directors met it was customary for them to receive $10 each, and moved that this be declared.

The smile on Mr. Sage's face was not one that would not come off. It disappeared slowly, the lines about the mouth that is a perfect one in expressing determination grew deeper, and the eyes that are set deep closed a little tighter, and there was a slight knitting of the brow as he snapped:

"What's that?"

Having recovered himself, Colonel Slocum moved for the $10 that should go to each director, and emphasized it by saying "ten dollars in gold." The office boy's face was a study. For a minute he saw visions of wealth with the dividend and the $10, but his dream came to an end.

"Huh," said Mr. Sage, "two dollars. Meeting adjourned." And the Board of Directors faded away to again become employes of the financier.

The Negro North and South.

The president of a large manufacturing plant at Chicago has written Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, asking his aid in manning his factory at Chicago with negroes. Replying, Mr. Howell says:

Having something more than a mere monetary regard for the security of our colored people, one would hesitate long before advising them to go North for work at the present time. The ideas of the labor rights of negroes in that section are antagonistic and dangerous to colored men having profitable skill in the trades. The negroes of this section read currents news sufficiently to be aware of how colored laborers are treated in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and many other points of bloody memories in Illinois.

They have read how the Governors of Northern States have refused them protection, and when the militia was ordered out to quell riots the white soldiers have taken sides with and encouraged the white strikers and negro-killers. Witness Pana and Virden, in Illinois, and Connellsville, in Pennsylvania. And remember also that there are many towns in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois where a negro is not permitted to live, or even to get off a train at their town railway stations.

Southerners think too much of colored workers to urge them on to the North, only to have them return defeated and dispirited or in coffins, or not returned at all, because they shall have perished in "pursuit of life, liberty and happiness" by honest toil in some of the cities and towns of the East, North and West.

No State Building.

Salem Sentinel.

Although residing in Portland, President Myers, of the Portland Fair, claims Salem as his home, and his appointment is credited to Salem. Mr. Myers is hard at work for the success of the fair and the state exhibit to be sent to St. Louis next year. He is wisely opposing the expenditure of the state appropriation upon the construction of a state building at St. Louis. This is as it should be. Oregon needs no building there, and whatever money the state spends at St. Louis should be for exhibits and pertinent advertising of the resources of the state. These state buildings are mere social affairs where the big bugs may congregate and drink bad whisky and make a show of themselves.

Hooker and Burnside.

Springfield Republican.

The little grumbling down Rhode Island way over certain things said in the orations at the unveiling of the Hooker statue in Boston is due to Rhode Island's paramount interest in General Burnside. Those familiar with Civil War history of the period that embraced the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville know, of course, that Burnside and Hooker did not get on well together. But both Generals now have heroic statues in their native states to commemorate their substantial services, notwithstanding the terrible lickings each got from Lee and Jackson, and there is now nothing to quarrel over.

A Democratic Wail.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tilden rescued his party from a kind of bottomless abyss and put it upon high, solid, sure ground. Happily, he did not live to see it slip away from this, if not back into the abyss, yet into the morass of fraudulent Clevelandism and impossible Bryanism, the sport and prey of every evil wind which bad leadership and hard luck can conjure out of the devil's own abominable Cave of the Winds.

Better Keep on the Safe Side.

Philadelphia Press.

If it is not intended that Mr. Cleveland shall accept another nomination for President it had better not be offered him.

Discussing the Yacht Race.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Paw he said: "Lipton's foolish to try to win the cup."

"Why, paw, what makes you think so?" maw asked him, lookin' up.

"Because, you see," paw answered, "there ain't no British boat
Can ever beat a Yankee as long as boards'll float.

"He might build forty Shamrocks to bring across the sea,
The cup would still be ours," paw says to maw and me;

"My money's on the Yankee; he'll never win the prize,
Although he goes on buildin' his Shamrocks till he dies."

"I don't see why," maw answered, "he doesn't give it up;
If he's so rich why can't he just go and buy a cup?"

Then paw he looked disgusted, and give a heave to port,
And wouldn't even answer. Poor maw, she ain't a sport.

VIEWS OF MINISTER BARRETT.

Hitherto Unknown Judicial Record.

Roseburg Plaindealer.

Judge Barrett, of Portland, has been appointed by the President to be United States Minister to Argentina.

State Holds Its Own.

Newberg Graphic.

Oregon's John Barrett has been appointed Minister to Argentina. This seems to be an Oregon job, as Mr. Barrett's predecessor was ex-Governor Lord.

Foremost Citizen, Able Diplomat.

Eugene Register.

Well, John Barrett suits us as Minister to Argentina to succeed ex-Governor Lord, whose term expires in October. Barrett is one of the foremost citizens of the Pacific Coast, and will be an able representative of the United States in the Southland.

Calls Them Common.

Albany Democrat.

John Barrett was bound to get something for his partisanship, and they will send him off to Argentina, where the horses run wild. Barrett was once just a common Portland reporter. He is fortunate in possessing a stock of cheek that will take him through life swimmingly.

Evidence of Versatility.

Roseburg Review.

Hon. John Barrett, of Oregon, ex-United States Minister to Siam, has been appointed Minister to Argentine Republic, to succeed ex-Governor William P. Lord, of Oregon, who retires on account of advanced age. Barrett's first appointment was made by President Cleveland, but he is versatile enough to change his politics as often as the Administration changes.

Descends to a Base Pun.

Pendleton Tribune.

John Barrett is to be appointed Minister to Argentina. For a short time several years ago he was associate editor on a Portland paper, and Portland people now consider him as one of their most distinguished citizens. As a matter of fact, the honorable gentleman is about the largest bunch of conceit that ever pretended to grow webs on his feet. The Argentinians are entitled to a small measure of sympathy, but they will have to grin and barrett.

This Is Almost Libelous.

Salem Journal.

Barrett is a floating import, drifting on the political tide of importunity, and individual obscurity and nonenity, foisted on an honest, industrious state of laborers and producers by bug-house politics. The skull-and-bones aristocracy of grafters, professional joiners, chasers and bangle-wearing politicians will prostrate themselves before the new Minister to the greatest South American Republic, and join in the wonderful brass-band acclamations of his discovered greatness. How much longer shall Oregon men of character and ability be trampled in the dust for pin-head importations. So long as Portland rules the roost.

Liked by the President.

Albany Herald.

John Barrett has an appointment at last and a pretty good one at that, and one which pays a salary of $10,000 a year and carries some dignity with it also. He got the appointment ex-Governor W. P. Lord has given up on account of ill-health and one Judge C. H. Carey refused as Minister to Argentina. Mr. Barrett had the indorsement of the Oregon Senator in Congress. He is a man well liked by President Roosevelt, and this made his appointment easy. Mr. Barrett is a man of some diplomatic ability, but is an office-seeker and has very high aspirations and a very high opinion of himself. He is, however, in the opinion of many, a very much overestimated man. He will make an efficient officer in Argentina.

A Kansas Prose Pastel.

Sedan (Kan.) Times.

The Chicago man goes to Kansas City and wonders how people manage to live there; he thinks they would be lonesome. The Kansas City man comes to Sedan and wonders how people stand it here, for everything seems quiet. But the Sedan man goes out to Monett and has the same feeling that the Chicago and the Kansas City men have. Have you ever been in a place like Monett in the evening? Don't you feel lonesome? The young fellows—and many of the older ones—come into the village store after supper and talk over the day's doings. In the dim lamp light many grave questions of state are finally wrought out and settled. When the debate closes the country merchant takes his ledger and day-book under his arm, gives the last straggler his mail, blows out the lights and goes home. The older heads in the crowd also go and slowly trudge their way over the dusty roads to the scattered houses from which a dim light shines. But the young fellows wait—it is yet only 9 o'clock—and they sit down on the boxes in front of the store. Up from the distance comes the plaintive notes of an organ. The conversation takes a lighter vein, and the hours go by till all the lights in the village are out. Then Tom yawns, Dick says he getting sleepy, and Harry 'lows how he goin' home. One by one the crowd dwindles down till all are gone. Then it is still and the friendly stars look down on the sleeping hamlet. And all is well.

No Race Suicide There.

Chicago Tribune.

"This pass is for yourself and family, I see," said the conductor. "Where is the family?"

"Here they are," replied the passenger who had presented the document.

"All the people in this end of the car?"

"Pretty near it, I guess. There are 16 of us."

"Do you want to make me believe this is all your family?"

"No, sir; this isn't quite all of the family. One couldn't come."

"But, great Scott——"

"I knew you wouldn't believe it, sir," interrupted the passenger, "and I brought the family Bible along. Here is the register, you see. I'm John Henry, the father. This is Mary Jane, my wife. That's Caroline, the next one is Benjamin, the one in the next seat is——"

"Look here. Have you any evidence to show——"

"Yes, sir. I didn't forget that, either. Here are affidavits from the County Judge and two of my neighbors to prove that all these are our children."

The conductor took the documents and glanced over them.

"After you've read them," pursued the father, producing a printed slip, "will you kindly look at this?"

"What is it?"

"It's President Roosevelt's speech on race sui——"

At this point the conductor wilted.

There's a Bower of Roses.

Thomas Moore.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood, 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the grave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of Summer, when Summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Does Hanna intend to wrestle Roosevelt for it?

As dangerous as fireworks is the automobile, and it is on hand 365 days in the year.

Look out for squalls on Wall street when your Uncle Marcus begins to unload.

If the Seattles could stay just one more week the Browns might win to fifth place.

Shortage in the Oregon hop crop will not raise the price of what made Milwaukee famous.

The season for international jollying is fairly on. France and England are now exchanging bouquets.

Only the width of the Ohio River keeps Evansville, Ind., from being a Southern town in body as well as spirit.

Maybe Mark Hanna merely sold out to his brother-in-law and can buy back next June if he should miss connections at the convention.

Official St. Petersburg circles are reported as nervous over Count Cassini's diplomatic methods. Perhaps they do not comprehend the difference between the United States and other foreign countries—Servia, for instance.

Dr. Jennie Nicholson Browne has passed an examination in medicine by the Maryland State Board with an average of 92¾ per cent. She is medical examiner for the Baltimore Board of Charities, also for the Woman's Catholic Benevolent Legion of the state and professor of psychology at the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore.

Paderewski is at his castle in Morges, Switzerland, suffering from severe inflammation of the muscles of the right arm. A specialist in Paris consulted with his regular physician, and they ordered him not to touch the piano for at least three months, so his recital in Paris this month and his private engagements in London have all been abandoned.

It is said that Mascagni seeks dramatist's laurels. The composer has written a three-act comedy, which will be staged in October. A Rome newspaper, the Menestrel, is quoted as making the following very discourteous comment on the composer: "Composer, leader, newspaper man, lecturer, professor and conservatory director without a job, likewise playwright, Mascagni would hop around St. Peter's on one leg if he could get an audience."

Lawyer Leon Shelp, of New York, has an acquaintance whose frequent use of profanity disgusts every one within hearing. In the smoking-room of the Morningside Club the other evening the man's language grew so offensive that Shelp politely informed him what a nuisance he was making of himself. "Why shouldn't I swear if I want to?" blustered the other. "There aren't any ladies here." "No," assented Shelp, "but there are still a few gentlemen."

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, has always been noted for her wit. It is said of her that a young man of humorous bent one day exclaimed in her presence: "What could be more dreadful for a woman after mending her husband's coat to find in one of the pockets a love letter from another woman?" "Fortunately," said Mrs. Shaw, "that could never happen. The woman would find the letter first and then she would not mend the coat."

Only once in a good while does Russell Sage permit himself to jest, and when he does indulge it is generally at the expense of some other magnate of the financial world. The latest credited to the aged millionaire was uttered about the time when Pierpont Morgan started on his recent trip to Europe. In noting the great man's departure the newspapers mentioned that Mr. Morgan had sold some flats on Park avenue which had caused him a great deal of annoyance. Upon reading which Uncle Russell commented thus: "So Morgan has gone, hey? And he has disposed of his interests in those Park-avenue flats? Well, I don't know about the flats on Park avenue, but I'll bet you a doughnut against a double eagle that he has not parted with his interests in the flats on Wall street."

Seymour W. Tulloch, to whom is largely due the revelation of so many postal scandals, was connected with the postoffice in Washington for 21 years. He is now 47 years old, and always has been a Republican. His father left a comfortable fortune, which the son has managed so judiciously that now he is regarded as a millionaire. Mr. Tulloch was removed from office at the instigation of First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, to whom he is said to have become an obstacle by refusing to pass improper accounts. Since that time, four years ago, Mr. Tulloch has been active in mining matters, for which his profession as civil engineer especially fits him. He is vice-president of a large gold mining company in Utah and is connected with important mining interests in the states of Sonora, Durango and Guerrero, Mexico, and in Dutch Guiana.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Miss Goode—"You should try to break yourself of the habit of swearing, my little man." Jimmy—"Wot! After all de trouble I've gone to to learn it?"—Puck.

"Colonel," said the fair hostess to the hero of many battles, "are you fond of classical music?" "Madam," replied the gallant colonel, "I'm not afraid of it."—Chicago Daily News.

Young Cubber—"By George! I see that Brownstone, the millionaire, has been stabbed." Old Grovehy—"How sad! How very sad! It has put the market down two points."—Brooklyn Life.

Helen—"I have just refused to marry Mr. Gingerly." Edith—"Oh! Did he propose?" Helen—"Well, I can't say positively, but that is how I construed his incoherent remarks."—Town and Country.

He—"That was Miss McKueen who just passed. She has such a regal way of walking, don't you think?" She—"Yes, you could tell her a mile away by that silly wriggle of hers."—Philadelphia Press.

Yeast—"I see in a far Eastern city a prison has been unearthed and the mummies are supposed to have been prisoners." Crimsonbeak—"Hardened criminals, without a doubt."—Yonkers Statesman.

Professor (to graduating class of girls)—"And now, young ladies, I feel sure you will all retain your high ideals through life!" Edith—"Heavens, girls! He must think we are all too homely to get married."—Judge.

Harry—"What nonsense to say her description was photographic! It wasn't a bit like it." Dick—"When I