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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 71; minimum temperature, 55; precipitation, .01 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with northerly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8.

PUZZLE OF PARTIES IN GERMANY.

It is about the next thing to impossibility for an American to get any correct idea of the lines of division between political parties in Germany. We now have it that the new Reichstag, aside from containing 44 representatives of various minor factions of little practical influence, will consist of 102 Centrists or Clericals, 81 Social Democrats, 52 Conservatives, 19 Free Conservatives, 51 National Liberals, 16 Poles, 21 Richter Radicals and 11 Independents.

Here is a mighty maze, and without a plan. The action of parties cannot have much effect upon the course of affairs in Germany. This is the reason why there are so many divisions, and why the divisions to an outside observer signify so little. By no action of parties at the present time could the policy or course of the empire be much altered or greatly changed. In our country a change of parties may be a reversal of a policy or a system. It cannot be so in Germany—unless there is to be a radical revolution. The imperial dynasty in Germany is the primary fact. Till the people are ready for a revolution of the profoundest character it will stand; and so long as it is to stand there can be no cleavage of parties on main lines of action. Hence the subdivision of parties, on lines or definitions that mean little or nothing. The people are not ready to reduce the power of the throne to a mere social influence, as in England, still less to cast it out altogether; for they fear to weaken the military organization on which rests the hope of defense against their powerful neighbors. Any serious attack on the present system would impair the strength of the country for national defense. At least, this is feared. Parties therefore divide chiefly on notions that have little practical bearing on actual affairs, and tend to metaphysical or social abstractions. For the present the form of government is fixed, and the policy is directed chiefly by the throne. Since government, therefore, cannot be controlled through the action of party, as to any of its larger policies, minute party division follows, on theoretical grounds.

Social democracy is a growing force in Germany, and it has a meaning; but it cannot go very much further, for its spirit and tendency are profoundly revolutionary. Should its strength continue to increase, there will be a union of nearly all other parties and fragments of parties against it, on the ground that the public safety demands maintenance of the throne and the empire, which social democracy would undermine. Undoubtedly the fear of her neighbors, and in particular of France, is the main force that holds in Germany against revolutionary principles. It is a positive danger, and is the bulwark of the imperial system and the military state. It is easy enough to inveigh against the system, and the burden of it chafes, undoubtedly. But a French army is not wanted again in Berlin. To the German mind, the French terms, liberty, equality and fraternity, retranslated and applied on French principles in Germany, mean infantry, artillery and cavalry, under direction of French Generals. So the German people bear the ills they have.

ROADS THAT MUST BE BUILT.

It is a critical period in the history of Portland. Needs press upon us that can only be disregarded at imminent peril to the city's destiny. The Lewis and Clark Centennial must be creditably carried on, new hotels must be built, and Portland railroad connection with surrounding territory must be safeguarded. Nothing is of greater importance than wisdom and decision now in the matter of our railroad connections. If trade routes are established to drain the business of Central Oregon to the East or South, the loss can never be recovered. An interesting suggestion in this relation is contained in a letter on this page from Mr. Wallis Nash, who advocates the use of the Corvallis & Eastern surveys and present roadbed. The proposals of Mr. Nash are timely and pertinent. They should have attention.

The old Oregon Pacific route to Crook and Harney Counties is as feasible of construction, promising in volume of traffic and profit of operation as the Columbia Southern by way of Shaniko, already partly built. It goes direct to the heart of the country we want to reach, and while its height in crossing the Cascades is no greater than that reached by the present Columbia Southern, the ascent is gradual, and therefore easy. Once in Crook County, it is a cheap and easy matter to get north to connection with the Columbia Southern, east to the Oregon Short Line, south to California. The Gould system is coming West—is, indeed, already at Salt Lake—and connection with it can readily be formed. It is going to California; it may as well come on to Oregon through productive regions.

The Harriman people should build this extension of the Southern Pacific system over the Cascades. They can then go on to Ontario, if they wish, and to connections with California and with Shaniko. If they will not do it, then Portland should. It is not necessary that Portland men subscribe the funds. The money can be had readily if Portland men of standing will stand behind the project and see that it is properly financed.

But Portland is not in the railroad business. Its railroad connections are the proper undertakings of those who already dominate the roads that traverse and circumscribe its tributary territory on every hand. It may as well be said now as later that the only thing Mr. Harriman can do to retain the friendship of Portland is to build roads—build into the Clearwater, into the Nehalem, into Central Oregon either from the north or west. To do this will silence clamor. To fail to do it will only increase it; and the end of this discontent, if it is not checked, is an act of the Oregon Legislature of 1905 that will cost the Harriman roads more than all three of these branch lines.

"I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS."

Thus spoke the dying pontiff, as the man of science bent anxiously over his form in the morning light—"I have no illusions and am resigned." Nowhere could the words have such tremendous significance as on the threshold of the unseen world, whose visions project themselves with greater or less distinctness and compelling power over every life. Nowhere could the words have more solemn suggestions than about the bed where theology and sacraments fall away in the presence of the awful summons which no faith can parley with, no art can stay.

The illusions of love, the illusions of religion, the illusions of life! Whom have they not comforted, whom have they not inspired, whom have they not sustained in the visitation of sorrow, the paroxysm of pain, the anguish of the dying hour? And if in life the pope has had illusions, has he not been the better for them? Who that denies, never so strenuously, the sum total and the every separate particle of revealed religion, would have wrested from Leo and from the millions like him the hope that gave them serenity, the faith that made sanctity, the love that brought forth all sweet virtue and grace?

Who can say, "I have had no illusions"? Not the man of science, whose pathway is on stepping-stones from one exploded theory to another. Not the man of business, whose ships go down full-freighted in sight of their desired haven. Not the fond parent, whose darling mourns her faithless spouse, or sits mid bitter memories in his prison cell. Not the scholar, whose proudest achievements are ruthlessly set aside by some new discovery or flaunted by the newest popular idol. Not the ambitious, whose prizes of social or political life turn to ashes like Dead Sea apples in the grasp.

Yet there would be only pity for any who could truly say he had no part in the illusions of life. For every disappointment there was once the happy hours of expectation. Despair is the overthrow at one fell stroke of visions that floated long and beautifully before the eager eyes. There is love's young dream, and the mother's fond images above the cradle, and the castles in all-enveloping Spain. Behold the noble argosies that float in the halcyon sea of life's illusions! There no tempest strikes, no caverns yawn, no night sinks down in mystery and dread. He is an inexperienced and melancholy traveler on whom those perfumed breezes never blow, on whose enraptured vision never falls the light that never was on sea or land.

It is a pleasure to know, in spite of what he says, that the good and great old man, the poet, philosopher and saint, the friend of America, the champion of righteousness and peace, has had his illusions, with the rest of us, and that they have helped him to ride over the storms of life's temptations, doubts and losses. Haply even in passing he may find that death itself is the most illusory of all illusions—that it is the birth of the soul into a higher and grander sphere. No one has said a better thing about the illusions of life than Oregon's grand old man, George H. Williams. "I have lived in handsome houses of brick and stone," he said one evening to a class of students; "I have occupied many positions of honor and responsibility. But the finest houses in which I ever lived, and the grandest positions I ever held, were those which an unfettered fancy constructed from the baseless fabrics of my boyhood dreams."

FROM BUSINESS TO POLITICS.

The political world and the financial world will view from different standpoints the retirement of Senator Hanna from the cares of business, which would weigh heavily on a man of his years, without the added load of political burdens, which must be carried by every man taking so active a part as he has had in politics. There is a keen attraction in the game of politics, whether it is played by the millionaire or the ward heeler. The latter will undoubtedly wonder why a man possessed of the millions with which Hanna is credited should try to make any more money when he could have so much fun with it in politics. The substantial conservative citizen will wonder why a man with millions would have any desire to get into politics.

The statement that Mr. Hanna is retiring for the purpose of devoting all of his time to politics is hardly credible. Politics may be one of the diversions which will engross his attention after his withdrawal from business, but it is hardly probable that it is the lodestone that has drawn him from the financial whirl. A more plausible theory is that the Ohio politician has had his financial as well as his political ear to the ground and has heard something approaching. We are assured that all of the securities which Mr. Hanna has disposed of are "gilt-edged," the inference being that he would not be dumping them overboard if he were to take up any new line except politics. This inference may be unwarranted. It is not so long ago as to be forgotten that the Steel stocks, International Marine and other equally prominent stocks which are now on the "undigested securities" toboggan slide, were regarded as gilt-edged, and if every one who so regarded them at that time had sold them or attempted to sell them, present low prices would have been in evidence much earlier.

Mr. Hanna is a financier of no mean ability, and has been in the closest possible touch with the commercial pulse of the country. This advantage of position may have enabled him to see breakers ahead. For weeks, New York, the financial center of the New World, has been groaning under a steadily tightening money market. To ease the strain many rich men have been obliged to throw on the market securities fully as valuable as those just sold by Senator Hanna. In his case it may have been unnecessary to unload these securities to relieve any immediate stringency, but if in his view there is to be increasing stringency in the financial situation, it was the part of wisdom for him to dispose of his holdings.

His Globe Shipbuilding Company will be short on orders for ships if the demand for iron ore, lumber and coal is curtailed and the vessels already in service contest for that which is obtainable. With the purchasing power of thousands of people limited by the strikes and lessening industrial activity, the railroads and factories will not require so much of Mr. Hanna's coal. As the stringency works west to Cleveland, the men now riding on Mr. Hanna's street-cars will return to the bicycle or do more walking, and they will also have less money to deposit in Mr. Hanna's bank or less collateral to offer him if they desire to borrow from him. Viewed from a distance, a more plausible theory for Mr. Hanna's action would seem to be supplied by the belief that he is doing it for the money he can make out of it, wtih political prospects as an incidental.

CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO ROME.

Theoretically, any person whatever, not being an avowed heretic and not laboring under any canonical impediment to holy orders, is perfectly eligible as pope. But the papacy conceded to certain Catholic powers the privilege of vetoing the election of an obnoxious candidate. This right of veto is at present possessed by Austria, Spain and Portugal, and also by France under the Concordat arranged between Pius VII and Napoleon in 1801. The privilege has been repeatedly exercised in the past, but it was waived in 1878, when Cardinal Pecci became pope under the name of Leo XIII. In pursuance of the precedent of 1878, it is probable that the privilege of vetoing the election of an obnoxious candidate will be waived by the powers that nominally possess it. Pius VI was practically the prisoner of the French Republic when he expired at Valence, in the Rhone, in August, 1799, and it was under the protection of Paul, Emperor of Russia, that after a lapse of eight months Pius VII was elected pope at Venice. When Napoleon, after Marengo, became master of Italy, he treated this pope with intermittent brutality. Napoleon in vain tried to force the pope to annul Jerome Bonaparte's marriage with Elizabeth Patterson, a Protestant lady of Baltimore.

Napoleon restored the Catholic religion in France and invited the pope to come to Paris and crown him. Pius accepted the invitation, but he did not hesitate, in June, 1809, to excommunicate Napoleon. In 1810, when an illegal and usurping ecclesiastical tribunal divorced Josephine, and Napoleon prepared to marry Maria Louisa, this pope was a prisoner. Even his correspondence was intercepted by order of Napoleon, whose treatment of this pontiff was as brutal for his day and generation as that inflicted by Philip the Fair, King of France, upon Pope Boniface in the fourteenth century. This old pope, weak physically, was no coward, and never consented to play into the hands of Napoleon except when the Church of Rome obtained a fair quid pro quo. He consented to crown Napoleon and Josephine, but his price was the Concordat, which is in full force today in France. The popes have not been, of course, men of equal genius for statesmanship, but they have seldom lacked moral courage in the hour of worldly misfortune and disaster.

The world owes to the scholars of the Vatican the preservation of much ancient art and literature. Modern Italian art, sculpture, painting and music owe much to the patronage of the hierarchy of Rome. The Saracen warrior like the Puritan soldier, save Cromwell, was an iconoclast in his stupid destruction of heretic art and literature, but with the exception of Cardinal Ximenes, who wantonly destroyed the Moorish library at Cordova, the great men of the Church of Rome have not been iconoclasts in art or literature. Cardinal Mazarin carried Italian opera to Paris, and the influence of all the great priest-statesmen of France was exerted in the enlargement of national literature, art and music. The beginning of memorable literature in Italy was Boccaccio, who was trained for the priesthood; the founder of French poetry was Villon, who was trained as a priest, and Rabelais, the greatest name of his century in French literature, was trained for the priesthood. The arts of horticulture were improved by the priesthood. The cultivation of the vine, the manufacture of superior wine, the multiplication of excellent varieties of fruits, large and small, for the table, was due to the study and work of the peaceful priesthood, who found innocent and restful recreation in viticulture, orchard-growing and wine-making. Shakespeare makes the wicked King Richard III, when he is about to order Lord Hastings to the block of death, turn to the bishop of Ely and say:

When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

In Shakespeare's day it was to the priest that Europe turned for literary skill, for taste in art, for knowledge of horticulture, for astute statesmanship. Leo X was a man of fine culture and scholarship, a generous patron of art and literature, but Leo XIII to equal culture and scholarship has added wise statesmanship, deep piety and blameless life from boyhood to the grave.

The mob in Evansville, Ind., were shot down none too soon. The object lessons of the past prove that prompt use of powder and ball is the wisest way to deal with a mob. In 1849, at the famous Astor Place riot in New York City, the City Recorder, who was Acting Mayor, ordered the militia to fire upon the mob. They obeyed the order and dispersed the rioters. The draft riots in New York City, in July, 1863, were transiently successful, owing to the absence of the city militia regiments, who were guarding the communications of Meade's army with Baltimore. The moment the regulars arrived from Governor's Island and opened fire, the brutal mob took to flight. When Governor Hoffman, of New York, directed the militia to protect the Orangemen's parade, on July 12, 1871, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, the howling mob fired upon the militia, who promptly returned the fire and dispersed the mob. Men of civic courage and wisdom know that when a mob persists in acts of anarchy, the most humane answer is musketry. The failure of the authorities to give the Pittsburg rioters powder and ball in 1877, through the disloyalty of the state militia, resulted in a severe loss of life, and the Evansville riot would have been infinitely worse but for the decisive action of the authorities.

It is a pathetic story that comes from Pendleton, of two neglected boys of 8 and 11 years of age, who have been amusing themselves by putting spikes on the railroad track that runs near their miserable home, "for the fun of seeing the engine buck." Not that this part of the story is pathetic. It is far too serious to be thus designated. The pity of it is in the neglected condition of these children—motherless, worse than fatherless, untrained and practically abandoned to conditions of savagery, though in nominal touch with civilization. They looked, it is said, more like wild animals than children, as ragged, dirty and with matted, uncut hair they were taken by the Sheriff to Pendleton to answer to the charge of attempting to wreck a train. Their plea was ignorance. They did not know it was any harm to put spikes on the rails. Inquiry developed the fact that the father of these boys was away from home for days at a time, leaving them entirely alone. It is only in a technical sense that such a father is entitled to his day in court when the question of the disposal of his children comes up. Recreant to every duty as a parent, though following perhaps the instinct that impels a wild animal to return occasionally to his den wtih a bone for his cubs, this man deserves no consideration at the hands of the courts or the community that they are not compelled in the merest perfunctory way to give. The boys are probably not depraved; they are merely untaught in the simplest ethics of civilization, and if brought under the influences of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and later properly placed in homes, they will no doubt in due time make return for the enlightened effort in honorable citizenship.

President Loubet's great reception in London reminds us that no Frenchman ever obtained such an enthusiastic welcome in London as did Marshal Soult. The Duke of Wellington, who had fought the famous French soldier in a number of stoutly contested battles in the Peninsular War, saw to it that every honor, civic and military, was paid his old foe. The English public took their cue from Wellington, and these two old war dogs were cheered heartily whenever they appeared in public together. Wellington was a cold, selfish man, but he was an honest, truthful one, and he sincerely admired Soult as an able soldier. The British public made up their minds that if the Duke of Wellington thought Soult a good enough fighter to cheer for, he was a fit man to honor; so Marshal Soult obtained a more enthusiastic reception in London than any Frenchman has been given before or since.

Portland comes forward with a school census report showing 14,241 children, and The Oregonian takes this as basis for an estimate of 110,000 population. Spokane reported a census of 9608 children, and by the same kind of mathematics might figure out an estimate of 70,000 population—but doesn't. Fifty thousand, or at the most 55,000, will do for Spokane's claim at the present time.—Spokane Review.

This is not a fair statement. Probably it was not intended to be. Portland reports 14,241 children attending the public schools. The school census gives Portland a school population of 23,532. The Spokane paper quotes the full school census of Spokane, but only the number actually attending at Portland. The school population of Portland is about two and a half times that of Spokane, and so is the attendance; and the whole population of Spokane is about two-fifths that of Portland.

The country schools of Multnomah County have shown in the past few years a decided improvement in methods and efficiency. Greater care is taken in the selection of teachers for the schools of outlying districts than formerly. Teachers are required to avail themselves of such instruction as the institutes that are held from time to time in their vicinity afford, and the County Superintendent of Schools is energetic in promoting such measures, as in accordance with his experience as a teacher they promote interest in education and local pride in the district schools. Education that educates—that is, that prepares the youth of the country to take their place in its economies and industries with intelligence and efficiency—is the logical outcome of this effort.

Most interesting is the report of Consul-General Mason, at Berlin, of the wonderful effects of sanosin in checking tuberculosis. It has been demonstrated that a combination of pulverized eucalyptus leaves, powdered charcoal and flowers of sulphur killed the bacilli in 50 per cent of the cases brought into the hospital for treatment. Trial was begun last September, and conservative German physicians are not yet ready to declare that Robert Schneider's discovery is a cure for consumption, but if the promise held out blossoms into performance Schneider's name will become immortal. The true story of this medical wonder was told in our columns yesterday.

On the 1st inst. a monument was dedicated at Gettysburg, Pa., to John Burns, the old Gettysburg Constable who shouldered his flintlock musket July 1, 1863, and fought with the Union troops on the first day's field. One of Bret Harte's finest poems celebrates this incident. The unveiling of the statue was attended by many well-known men, including the Governor of the state and General O. O. Howard, United States Army.

Attention is invited to the laudable enterprise, noticed in a letter on another page of this issue, of erecting a miniature of Mount Hood in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. The proposed monument would undoubtedly realize its purpose, the advertising of Oregon and the Lewis and Clark Centennial, and The Oregonian would be glad to see the undertaking succeed.

Not since the dawn of civilization have so many millions been brought by telegraph to the bedside of a dying man as this week hourly attended the supreme prelate in the Vatican

PORTLAND'S RAILROAD CRISIS.

PORTLAND, July 7.—(To the Editor.)—In the communication which you printed a short time ago describing the railroad route across Central Oregon, and utilizing the road, surveys and uncompleted work of the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad, I gave the grade of the rise from the west to the summit of the pass over the Cascades as 3 per cent at its most. I have been corrected in this so often since by those who ought to know that I must admit that my memory played me false, and that 2 per cent is the extreme from the west, and ½ per cent from the east over the pass.

If these figures are so, the conclusion is very plain to my mind that Portland does wrong in looking further than this road to solve the problem of railroad communication with Eastern and Central Oregon.

Whenever the City of Portland and the commercial interests centered here come to the conclusion that heaven (or Mr. Harriman) helps only those who help themselves, an honest and unprejudiced examination of these alternative undertakings should be made.

It is my belief that the expenditure of a sum not largely in excess of that required to extend the Columbia Southern road from its present end at Shaniko to Bend, in the irrigable valley of the Deschutes, would suffice to extend the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad from its present ending at Idanha, or Boulder Creek in the Santiam Valley, to the crossing of the Deschutes River. From that point the great stretch of Central Oregon is as open as it would be from Bend. The traffic within reach of the then terminal points would be attracted to either the Corvallis & Eastern, or the Columbia Southern, and would reach immense figures. But the Corvallis & Eastern on its way traverses the magnificent timber of the Santiam district, the traffic from which would justify and sustain every short section of the road as it was opened.

If there be any solid ground for the suggestion in yesterday's Oregonian that Mr. Harriman intends running a road from Ontario westward, to make an eventual new connection with a California point, and so open a new route from San Francisco by way of Northern California and Southern Oregon with Granger, the Oregon Short Line, and so to the East, it follows (if my geography is correct) that the route westward must be from Ontario up the Valley of the Malheur, and into the Harney Lake and Valley country, before making the southwestward bend. In that case, if the Corvallis & Eastern were at the Deschutes crossing, an extension eastward to a connection in the Harney Valley would be a cheap and easy problem. And so Portland would gain her new Eastern outlet, while controlling and attracting the commerce of Central Oregon.

The two great inducements for the investment of capital in a new railroad enterprise at the present time are timber in unlimited quantities, and the traffic from a newly irrigated area of large dimensions and recognized fertility. Add to these a tide of settlement beating against the barriers, waiting only an opening into the new lands, and yet again open your eyes to the big and growing City of Portland at the western terminus, and the trans-Pacific countries waiting to absorb the products of the region to be opened—surely here are attractions enough, without waiting much longer for the interposition and action of heaven (or Mr. Harriman).

WALLIS NASH.

Remedies of the Fathers.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Now the vacation months have arrived, it cannot be urged too frequently that those who intend leaving home and its comforts for a few weeks in the country should adopt every precaution known to science for the preservation of their health.

It will be recalled my many readers that in the days of their youth the admonitions of their elders—invariably preceded by that argumentative clincher, "They say"—ran something like this:

They say a horse chestnut will keep away rheumatism.

They say a raw potato will do, if there are no horse chestnuts to be had.

They say an onion, carried in the vest pocket, will prevent fits.

They say a piece of camphor gum will keep away smallpox.

They say a black silk thread worn around the neck will ward off croup.

They say a red string about the throat, or an eel-skin about the wrist, will prevent rheumatism.

They say a bag of sulphur, worn as a pendant, will prevent scarlet fever.

They say a piece of red woolen yarn worn about the throat will prevent the nose bleed.

True, this is but a partial list of the precautions that can be taken. However, as a person on vacation is generally averse to carrying more weight than is absolutely necessary, the foregoing can be counted sufficient.

By the way of testimonial it may be said that within the knowledge of man no person wearing and carrying these various health charms has ever been known to fall a victim to all the diseases or disorders mentioned—at least, no one has been known to have all of them at the same time.

By Universities Also.

President Jordan of Leland Stanford University has been expressing himself with severity on the question of the immature work often done by the smaller colleges, and on their constant and increasing temptation to sacrifice all other considerations to advertising. But he says:

The great college can draw the best teachers away from the small colleges. It has the best teachers, the best trained, the best fitted for the work of training. But in most cases the freshman never discovers this. There is no worse teaching done under the sun than in the lower classes of some of our most famous colleges. Cheap tutors, unpracticed and unpaid boys, are set to lecture to classes far beyond their power to interest.

Continuing, Dr. Jordan pays his respects to one kind of "research":

We are saving our money for original research, careless of the fact that we fail to give the elementary training which makes research possible. Too often, indeed, research itself, the noblest of all university functions, is made an advertising fad. The demands of the university press have swollen the literature of science, but they have proved a doubtful aid to its quality. Get something ready. Send it out. Show that we are doing something. All this never advanced science. It is through men born to research, trained to research, choicest product of nature and art, that science advances.

Bibles in Forbidden Thibet.

Pittsburg Despatch.

The Bible, translated into the language of Thibet, is now being carried even into that forbidden land in advance of foreign commerce and travel. The Russian government, while hitherto intolerant of missionaries, gives the Bible itself free course among the people. It is admitted free of duty and has often been transported free of charge.

A Question of Spelling.

Indianapolis News.

"We are knit too closely together to allow the development of any antagonism," said Emperor William, in commenting on relations between the United States and Germany. Aye, especially when it comes to the little matter of trade relations and tariffs, we are—nit!

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

Appreciation and Advice.

Ione Post.

General Bristow has indicated the looters and identified the loot. Now let the Administration reclaim the booty and apply its strenuous boot.

Superior to the Court.

Lane County Leader.

A man in one of the valley towns applied to the courts for an injunction to restrain the tongues of the gossips of the neighborhood. He learned from judicial sources that there are some things beyond the control of the highest human power.

In Other Respects, Etc.

Yakima Republic.

Mr. J. G. Pyle of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer will go to St. Paul to become the editor of one of Jim Hill's newspapers. The city of Seattle will lose a genial, scholarly gentleman, against whom nobody can say anything except that he converted the editorial page of the Post-Intelligencer into a barren waste.

The Fatal Marriage, or Etc.

Astoria Herald.

There is a good chance in this country now for some enterprising underwriter to insure the lives of bridegrooms. A regular slew of fellows have been murdered lately by their recently married wives and very few adequate reasons for the homicides have been given. While it is gratifying, in prospectu, to be "loved to death," no fellow can be expected to enjoy the operation while the honeymoon is in full swing.

Smooth, but Inexperienced.

Hillsboro Independent.

Frank Baker is spoken of for the successor of "Jack" Matthews, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. It will be remembered that "Jack" resigned the chairmanship when he was appointed United States Marshal for the District of Oregon. Mr. Baker was twice elected State Printer, serving both terms. He has had no experience in managing political campaigns, but he is considered a smooth man in the lobby of the Legislature.

They Are Glad of It.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The fact that there are, for the first time in some years, a few vacant houses here, and that rents have consequently receded from the former high level is accepted as a matter of gratulation in Seattle. After the most strenuous exertions, building has succeeded for the moment in overtaking the demand which has been so extraordinary that in actual number of building permits issued Seattle has led in some months every other city in the United States.

Forbearance Not Appreciated.

Ilwaco Journal.

Some fellows are always taking exceptions to what the newspapers have to say of them. As a matter of fact, the man who gets mad at what the newspapers say in the way of news and about him is generally the man who should return thanks three times a day for the things the newspapers know about him and don't print. There is not one man in ten about whom the newspaper man could not print something that he does not want the world to know. The idea is to be thankful for what the newspaper man knows and does not tell.

Painstaking Research.

Athena Press.

The Oregonian is studious. Its editorials usually bristle with facts that can only be garnered by the most careful research, lending strength to its arguments. Its news columns contain the news freed from sensationalism. It is especially strong on statistics, and one is not surprised at The Oregonian's accurate estimate of the wheat crop of 1902. September 8, 1902, The Oregonian forecasted a wheat yield of 41,655,000 bushels in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. July 1, 1903, it gives the exact figures compiled from official statements as 41,678,435 bushels.

Good for the Administration.

Klamath Falls Express.

Uncle Sam is doing business with cattlemen of Central and Eastern Oregon whose unlawful holdings of many thousands of acres of the public domain have retarded for years progress in the Oregon country east of the Cascades. Everything in sight, and much that isn't, with a fence around it, has been the slogan and practice of these fellows who, with none but an intending settler to say them nay, have had full swing and constituted themselves the whole thing. But they are about to come to a better understanding of themselves and of the rights of others. They will either remove their fences or see them demolished by some one in authority.

Let the Negro Forbear.

Hillsboro Argus.

Another Northern "mob" has burned a negro at the stake as a fitting retribution for criminal assault, and it is now high time for the milk and water element to talk about "law taking its course." Human nature is human nature, and it matters not whether it be north or south of the Mason and Dixon line, the white man will avenge criminal assault by the negro with death. It is just a question of what kind of death shall be meted out to the perpetrator, and if one's stomach is too weak to contemplate burning at the stake as a penalty, then his stomach is too weak to defend his own home from the attacks of such vermin. The shotgun route has long since ceased to be much of a deterrent to such crimes, and it is either lynching or burning, and when men with iron in their blood assume the role of avenger, they stop at neither.

Will Probe to the Bottom.

Grant's Pass Observer.

This week's installment of postal scandals is, unfortunately, not the last one. Besides the rumors of further and more astonishing disclosures it is officially announced that the report of the Postmaster-General on existing conditions will be made public in due time by the President, with appropriate comment. This should be an interesting document. The Bristow report on the Tulloch charges, it should be remembered, is ancient history concerning a previous administration. What the public is now interested in is the truth or falsity of the charge that there was a regularly organized syndicate which has been robbing the Government of a fixed percentage on all postal contracts. With Mr. Roosevelt interesting himself actively in the investigation, it is fairly certain that we shall eventually get to the bottom of this disgraceful business.

No New Thing.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

"The things that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes, 1:9.

Who has written the things you write?
Who has spoken the words you speak?
You but look with another's sight;
Others sought what today you seek,
Others, ages and ages gone,
Knew the thoughts that today you think,
'Neath the ground that you build upon
Work of others must slowly sink.

What? You clutch it, and hold it fast,
Thinking it is entirely new?
Someone, there in the ages past,
Held to it as today you do.
All our dreamings are baubles old,
Freed from stainings and marks of rust;
Not a tale that was ever told
But rose up from the mother dust.

Who has cherished the thing you make?
Who has deemed it all strong and sure?
Once it seemed it would never break,
But must firmly for aye endure.
All the past is bestrewn with these—
Heaped with wrecks of the work men wrought;
Nothing lives through the centuries
Save the flame of eternal thought.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Good morning! Did you notice the sunshine yesterday?

Seventy bushels of seven-headed wheat to the acre at Milton, Or. Umatilla agin the world!

Mark Hanna has been to see Pierpont Morgan. For what good? J. P. M. won't have a vote in the convention.

Theft of an automobile by a Los Angeles boy at Harvard adds nothing to the reputation of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—1 GRANDstand, 1 set of bleachers, 1 fence. Apply P. N. League, Hawthorne Park, Portland, Or.

Bids for the addition to the Postoffice will be opened August 15, 1903. We may look for awarding of the contract August 15, 1905, and completion of the work—when?

A San Francisco man has crossed the Continent in 50 days in a spark-wagon. True, he saved railroad fare, but his meals and fuel for the machine must have cost something.

Edward L. Henry, the academician, is considerably over 60 years old, but his youthful, smooth face, aside from his gray hair, has deceived many persons. He is an inveterate joker and also exceedingly absent-minded. This is an actual experience he had at the Century Club not long ago. It was a reception and Mr. Henry was very busy talking to a fellow artist, when something irritated his ankle. He stooped down, lifted the edge of the bottom of one of the other man's trouser legs, calmly scratched the other man's ankle just above the patent tie, and replacing the garment, went on talking, wholly oblivious of his action and apparently perfectly satisfied.

A tremendous half-smothered scandal is brewing in New York's exclusive set over the discovery that social highwaymen are beginning to appear on the golf links. The mystery as to the identity of the persons who rifle clothes in the lockers has become a diverting pastime. It is a fact that in half a dozen of the most exclusive places players have been missing things of value, and suspicion invariably attaches to some member of the club. Not so very long ago a very prominent young buck in New York social circles was actually caught in the act of stealing money from the dressing-rooms. There was a great fuss, but family considerations prevented an exposure in the press.

In former years John D. Rockefeller's supervision of Standard Oil Company affairs took in even the smallest detail. On one occasion, commenting on a monthly statement, he called a refiner's attention to a discrepancy in regard to bungs, articles worth about as much in a refinery as pins are in a household. "Last month," he said to the subordinate official concerned, "you reported on hand 1119 bungs. Ten thousand were sent you at the beginning of this month. You have used 9527 this month. You report 1012 on hand. What has become of the other 580?" Apparently Mr. Rockefeller's idea was: Take care of the bungs and the barrels will take care of themselves.

A Chicago man has in his possession a list of peculiar names of Maine citizens. It was written off-hand by the late Thomas B. Reed, who used to say that his state could produce more statesmen, foxes, water deer and peculiar names than any other state in the Union. One day, while speaking of this matter, he wrote down this list: Ezek Smith, Hassasiah Jones, Liberty Brown, Calvary Thomas, Hopestill Waters, Bana Bullock, Kilah Manley, Galon Kirk, Summer Alfiend, Generous Pascal, Uzza Fellowes, Zophan Harum, Diodamia Gilmore, Mesbach Carson, Cotton Milliken, Piram Sproull, Deluvia Dickson and Barcilial Sawyer. These men were all personally known to Mr. Reed.

The Time to Make Love.

Katherine Perry in Collier's Weekly.

The time to make love to a woman,
If you want her to listen, my lad,
Is when she's a little bit weary,
And just a little bit sad.

Don't try when she's flushed with successes,
And eager for action and strife,
When she stands with her hand on the throttle
Of the panting engine of life.

But wait till she's tasted of failure
At the going down of the sun,
When she finds that universe-changing
Is not so easily done;

When she faces her own limitations,
And looks at them square in the eyes,
And finds she is only a woman
With powers of moderate size.

Alone in the twilight then seek her,
And tell her with tenderest smile,
That worrying over vexed questions
Is far from being worth while.

Such things without doubt are most proper
For spinsters whose charms are but few,
But what she, divinely, was made for
Was just to be loved by you.

She will change a career for caresses,
Nor find the alternative bad,
If you woo her when she is weary
And just a little bit sad.

Cancer and Beer.

Buffalo Express.

Some one has discovered that the increase in mortality from cancer bears a direct relation to the increased consumption of beer. There are persons whose sole object in life seems to be to destroy all the peace of mind of their fellows.

'Twas Easily Done.

Kansas City Journal.

All the evidence goes to show that falling off a log is a difficult and toilsome feat compared with the ease with which the average Missouri legislator fell off the decalogue.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"It will be seen from the proceedings at Harvard that Summa has cum."—Boston Herald. "Summa cum! laude, is that so?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Have you ever made anything on the races?" "Yes. I went out to the track one day with $10 that I intended to bet and didn't."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Pince-nez—I can congratulate myself that all my daughters have married well. Mrs. Lorgnette—H'm! All of my daughters have married well twice.—Life.

"In his letter of application he claimed to be a man of regular habits." "Well?" "Well, the very first time I saw him he was drunk." "Well, you never saw him sober, did you?"—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm afraid," said Willie Washington, "that I lack self-confidence." "Cheer up," said Miss Cayenne. "Perhaps that fact indicates that you are a good judge of human nature."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Naborly—Is your aunt on your mother's or your father's side, Johnny? Johnny—Oh, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. Depends on who's getting the best of it.—Brooklyn Life.

"We are going to have a great stock company," said the shrimp at the aquarium, "and expect to produce one of the greatest tank dramas ever seen." "Who's to play the leading part?" asked the lobster. "The starfish, of course," replied the shrimp.—Cincinnati Tribune.

"I hear the Major is coming up to spend a week with you." "Yes, and I am fitting up a room for him to entertain his friends. I put in ten chairs and a sideboard." "Where is the Major from?" "South Carolina." "Then you had better put in ten sideboards and a chair."—Chicago Daily News.