

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter. REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid in advance). Daily, with Sunday, per month, \$1.50. Daily, with Sunday, per year, \$15.00. Sunday only, per year, \$5.00. Single copies, 5 cents. The Weekly, 15 cents. Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted, 10 cents. By Express. United States, Canada and Mexico—10 to 14-page paper, \$1.00. 16 to 20-page paper, \$1.25. 22 to 40-page paper, \$1.50. Foreign rates double. News or discussion intended for publication in this Oregonian should be addressed to the Editor, "The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscription, or to any business matter, should be addressed to "The Oregonian." The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without acknowledgment. No stamps should be enclosed for this purpose. Eastern Business Office, 42, 44, 46, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City, 215-217 Tribune building, Chicago, 111 N. O. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative. For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel, 10th and Market streets, 228. For sale in St. Louis by W. W. P. Smith, 1008 Market street, 2nd E. corner, 7th and Market streets, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orser, Ferry news stand, Frank Street, 11th street, and N. Whiskey, 11th Mission street. For sale in Los Angeles by R. F. Gardner, 200 South Spring street, and Oliver & Halnes, 215-217 Tribune building, Chicago. For sale in Kansas City, Mo., by Rickacker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut streets. For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 211 Dearborn street, and Charles McDonald, 65 Washington street. For sale in Omaha by Barlow Bros., 1612 Farnam street, Magath Stationery Co., 1208 1/2 Franklin street. For sale in St. Paul by W. G. Kind, 114 25th street; J. H. Crookwell, 242 25th street. For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 11 West Second North street. For sale in Lakeview, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand. For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Ketchum, 809-811 Broadway street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., Fifteenth and Larimer streets; A. Series, Sixteenth and Curtis streets.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 91; minimum temperature, 58; precipitation, 0. TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness, probably followed by showers and cooler weather; winds shifting to southerly.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1903

A GREAT SPIRITUAL SOVEREIGN.

The death of the great spiritual sovereign and statesman of the Vatican at the extraordinary age of 95 years is, of course, not an unexpected event, but it is one that may be fraught with important and far-reaching political consequences. When on February 29, 1878, Cardinal Pecci assumed the papal chair, he was 65 years of age, a time of life when the world does not expect and does not often obtain brilliant service of any man. Nobody had a right to anticipate that Pope Leo would survive his 82d year four months, and few expected that he would prove himself to be the greatest statesman and most astute diplomatist that has stood at the head of the Church of Rome for more than 20 years. There have been great statesmen before among the popes, like Gregory VII (Hildebrand), Julius II, Sixtus V, and many others. The popes who unflinchingly defied such able kings as Henry II, John and Henry VIII in England; who successfully resisted three of the ablest Emperors of Germany in the Middle Ages, were, of course, men of great mental and moral force, but it is probable that history will place Pope Leo XIII in the very first rank of the Roman pontiffs, because all that he has wrought has been due to the power he has exercised as a purely spiritual sovereign over the politics of Europe. His great predecessors enjoyed temporal power, and at their call the armies of Europe stood ready to do battle in their behalf.

A LESSON IN HEREDITY.

The annals of men of genius present some curious problems for students in heredity to solve. Charles Lamb was the son of a butler; Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher; Suggden, a famous English jurist, was the son of a barber; Keats was the son of a livery-stable-keeper; Pope Sixtus V was the son of a swineherd. The list is capable of large expansion. In our own country, Hawthorne, our finest, most original literary artist, was descended on his father's side from sailor stock. His grandfather was a sea captain, who put down a mutiny at sea by his personal leadership. Charles Lamb was a shy, silent, refined man, a dreamer, and yet he came of a race of doctors. The famous artist Whistler, a man of very rare genius, conceded to be the finest etcher in Europe, was an American born and bred, and was educated at West Point Military Academy. His ancestors on his father's side were all soldiers. The founder of the family, John Whistler, was born in Ireland in 1776, and served in Burgoyne's army. After the Revolution he eloped with the daughter of Sir Edward Bishop to the United States, enlisted in the American Army and was wounded in the campaign of 1791 against the Indians of Northwest Territory. His son William was an Army officer in the War of 1812-14. William's son, Colonel J. G. N. Whistler, was a graduate of West Point, served in Mexico and the Civil War. Another son of William Whistler of 1812-14 fame, G. W. Whistler, a graduate of West Point, was a famous civil and military engineer and a professor at West Point. G. W. Whistler was the father of the artist Whistler, who was educated at West Point, but owing to some eccentricity of conduct did not graduate. Edgar A. Poe left West Point and grasped fame, and so did Matt Carpenter, the great lawyer of Wisconsin, and Whistler dies possessed of a fame that would not have been his had he stuck to the profession of arms. It is hard to find any trace of fine poetic imagination and introspective thinking in Hawthorne's sailor progenitors, and it is quite as hard to find any trace of rare genius for art in the soldier ancestors of the famous artist Whistler. Between 1791 and 1834 four of the Whistler family were officers in the American Army. The fifth, after commencing the study of the military profession and nearly finishing his course, suddenly decided to study art and rose rapidly to distinction. While artists do not agree to many of his theories concerning art, all concede that he was an artist of rare and original genius. Where shall we look for the art strain in the military progenitors of this remarkable man? The question cannot be answered any more than you can account for any other man of genius by his forebears. Very mediocre and obscure persons sometimes are the parents of famous children, and as a rule men and women of genius seldom have

children that rise above mediocrity. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that you would need to know all about both sides of the family for at least 500 years to explain anybody whose fame or the lack of fame was worthy of reflection.

THE CLOSING OF THE STEAMBOAT.

The closing of the career of the old steamer North Pacific, as told in yesterday's telegraph news, will seem to many of the old-timers at Portland, as well as at Puget Sound, like the severing of a link which bound the past to the present. Steamboats no longer play the important part that was once theirs in the development of the country. Railroads and electric lines have taken them from the coast routes, and the public no longer feels the interest in them that was shown when they were almost the sole means of communication. The North Pacific was designed by the late John Gates, of this city, a man who won lasting fame by his many steamboat inventions and appliances. The steamer was built in San Francisco, and when she entered Puget Sound enjoyed the distinction of being the finest craft that had ever sailed on those waters. Her career on Puget Sound at a time when the ancient Eliza Anderson was the best boat plying the inland sea was proportionately of much greater importance than the advent of the palatial Alaskan and Olympian, which the O. R. & N. Co. brought out from the East for the Puget Sound trade a dozen years later.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished. Eulogy has for many days past dealt generously with the name of Pope Leo XIII. None has been so poor in appreciation as to speak of him without the reverence that is his just tribute of honored age. All of his life a student, he was a learned man. For many years the head of the Church of Rome, his word was law, and his law was unquestioned by its millions of communicants. A statesman of uncommon nature, was kindly, sympathetic and generous. With his dogmas the great world outside of the Catholic Church had nothing in common, nothing to do; but he lived in an era of enlightenment and toleration which would have been impossible of Innocent III, who was equally learned and of a like devout nature.

SCARCITY OF DWELLINGS.

In last Sunday's issue of The Oregonian many persons advertised for houses to rent. If the announcement were made in September, when many families move to Portland from the country to get the benefit of the public schools, the demand would be natural, but in "dog days," when "everybody is out of town," this search for houses is significant. Evidently these advertisers sought real estate offices and tramped the streets for "To Let" signs in vain. The same paper contains the previous day's record of building permits issued for twenty-one dwellings. With reversed conditions of supply and demand it is pertinent to inquire whether Portland has enough houses to meet present requirements.

Of course, we all know the effect of the painters' and carpenters' strike early in the season. Not one of the hundreds who had bought lots and saved money for homes would undertake to build in the face of the uncertainty, and the several big concerns which construct homes and sell them on the installment plan are not more forward than they would have been the middle of May, if labor disturbances had not occurred, and yet when every house now building is occupied, there is certain to be as strong a demand for homes as ever. Let 1000 dwellings, at cost between \$1000 and \$2500, convenient to any car line, be started today, and they will find prompt-paying tenants before they are ready for occupancy.

One fact seems to have been overlooked by some men with money who own vacant lots and have or can command capital. Portland since 1897 has been growing at the rate of 6000 people a year. About 1000 dwellings are needed to house that number, making due allowance for families of two and three, and for the percentage who seek hotels, boarding-houses and light housekeeping rooms. No landlord finds ground for dissatisfaction over his income from rents; still, while there has been much building, the supply of attractive homes is not equal to the normal demand.

Occasionally you hear "knockers" say: "But wait till the Lewis and Clark Fair is over, and then count the empty houses." Who is building houses for the Lewis and Clark Fair? Every brick now laid and every shingle put on is in answer to genuine demand from business and professional men, and wage-earners of both sexes who have steady employment and comfortable incomes. A year from now there will be a thousand more looking for homes; not transients who may be attracted by the Centennial, but permanent residents. Every section of country tributary to Portland is prosperous; so also the commercial, marine and manufacturing interests. Nothing can stop Portland's growth. The growth may be slow, but the town won't stand still. Enough houses for 110,000 population are not enough for 115,000. Portland needs more dwellings. The widespread activity and continued profitability of business is shown in no other line more strongly than in the increase in railroad building, equipment and earnings. The United States Steel Corporation is spending millions of dollars in preparation for an in-

creased demand upon its capacity, while Dr. Olive Wendell Holmes said that day to supply the present demand. Trade reports on commercial conditions at the close of the fiscal year show that merchandising kept pace with industrial activities, the cleaning up of stocks being exceedingly gratifying. No impairment of the purchasing power of the people is indicated, but the contrary is fully established by the last fact cited. The adjustment of labor differences on a reasonable basis, with some assurance of permanency, is all that is needed to complete a record of prosperity for the current year that is phenomenal.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

Sarkasm, Undoubtedly. Pendleton Tribune. Portland says that she is on good terms with the rest of the state now. So nice of her. Rejoicing Also in Washington. Eugene Guard. Portland has now passed to the front and become the greatest lumber exporting port in the world. As the business is constantly growing and the supply practically unlimited, the present success of our Oregon metropolis is assured for many years, and we can all rejoice in her prosperity.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

creased demand upon its capacity, while Dr. Olive Wendell Holmes said that day to supply the present demand. Trade reports on commercial conditions at the close of the fiscal year show that merchandising kept pace with industrial activities, the cleaning up of stocks being exceedingly gratifying. No impairment of the purchasing power of the people is indicated, but the contrary is fully established by the last fact cited. The adjustment of labor differences on a reasonable basis, with some assurance of permanency, is all that is needed to complete a record of prosperity for the current year that is phenomenal.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

Sarkasm, Undoubtedly. Pendleton Tribune. Portland says that she is on good terms with the rest of the state now. So nice of her. Rejoicing Also in Washington. Eugene Guard. Portland has now passed to the front and become the greatest lumber exporting port in the world. As the business is constantly growing and the supply practically unlimited, the present success of our Oregon metropolis is assured for many years, and we can all rejoice in her prosperity.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

creased demand upon its capacity, while Dr. Olive Wendell Holmes said that day to supply the present demand. Trade reports on commercial conditions at the close of the fiscal year show that merchandising kept pace with industrial activities, the cleaning up of stocks being exceedingly gratifying. No impairment of the purchasing power of the people is indicated, but the contrary is fully established by the last fact cited. The adjustment of labor differences on a reasonable basis, with some assurance of permanency, is all that is needed to complete a record of prosperity for the current year that is phenomenal.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

Sarkasm, Undoubtedly. Pendleton Tribune. Portland says that she is on good terms with the rest of the state now. So nice of her. Rejoicing Also in Washington. Eugene Guard. Portland has now passed to the front and become the greatest lumber exporting port in the world. As the business is constantly growing and the supply practically unlimited, the present success of our Oregon metropolis is assured for many years, and we can all rejoice in her prosperity.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The last effort of Nature to maintain life in a human frame worn out with the attrition of the years or enfeebled by disease is under all circumstances a thing painful to behold. An utterly hopeless warfare against its own inexorable decree is the contest which "by reason of strength" is kept up in some cases by Nature for hours, and even days, before the physical forces succumb and the thing we call life is permitted to seek new environment. The struggle is pitiful enough when its details are confined to the chamber of the dying over which love keeps tender guard. But when the whole world is in waiting, and listening, hears every gasp for breath, every half-uttered word of mental wandering, every broken exclamation of pain or farewell, and when to all of this is added the withered, cringing form and ghastly visage of the dying man who parts so hardily with his breath, the tension becomes so great that horror may be said to stand on tiptoe waiting for the end. It is thus that for many days the dying pope has long-deferred release from suffering, and thus that, the end having come, his faithful adherents find relief from the long strain that his illness has imposed in expressions of grief, the keynote of which is thankfulness that it is finished.

THE LAST OF NATURE.

The