The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 76; minimum temperature, 57; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Unsettled, with probably showers; southwest to northwest winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

DOGS IN THE MANGER.

It is announced that the Harriman system will expend some portion of its recently acquired millions in building a line from Spokane to Bellingham Bay. The announcement is probably "premature." That is, the amount of labor and money expended on that line will probably consist of nothing more than the labor and money expended in the paper announcement. "I have no way of judging of the future," said Patrick Henry, "but by the past." And, judging by the past, what will happen in the case of the Spokane and Bellingham Bay branch of the Union Pacific is this: Northern Securities will show its teeth, swish its tail, emit a few growls, and Mr. Harriman and his entire band of gallant warriors will fly precipitately from the scene. Mr. Harriman will build, in defiance of Mr. Hill and in devotion to Oregon, every competitive line into Hill territory which is ardently desired and conscientiously approved by Mr. Hill. And no more.

The situation was set out in reasonably full relief by Mr. William Reid, of the Portland, Nehalem & Tillamook Railway, in yesterday's issue of The Oregonian. Portland men wished a line to the rich and productive district of Oregon in Columbia, Washington and Tillamook Counties, inconceivably blessed in timber, abounding in merchantable coal, limitless in possibilities of dairying, gardening, stockraising and fishing. The reply of the two railroads which assume to own the country was to sign a written agreement not to build in there themselves, not to let one another build in there, and not to let any one else build in there. Every move made by Mr. Reid was thwarted by these two dogs in the manger. Now he has obtained, in spite of their obstructive efforts, promise of funds with which to build the road, "subject to no other condition than that the latter companies' lines should not oppose or interfere with the construction into the City of Portland into the Union Depot terminal grounds at Portland."

We trust no one will be so guileless in this world's affairs, or so new to the habit and temper of these two self-constituted proprietors of the earth and the fullness thereof as to suppose that the condition necessary to the obtainment of the funds in question will be realized. It forms no part of Mr. Harriman's plans or Mr. Hill's horoscope to provide any needed railroad facilities for Oregon which do not first and foremost minister to the joint and mutual delectation of those two sovereign rulers. It forms no part of their daily routine of Wall-street manipulation or foreign travel to contemplate the measures which might advance the welfare of the country now drained, surrounded and hemmed in by their railroads. The idea that any one else should build a road or open up the country is abhorrent to their sense of justice and their liberal ideas of progress. Hence, if they can, they will block the Nehalem & Tillamook Railroad. Hence they will drain Central Oregon, if at all, to the east, to the south or to Puget Sound. Hence they will seal up Western and Central Oregon precisely as they have sealed up the Clearwater and Snake. Every independent enterprise looking to development of the resources of Oregon must be knocked on the head while the country is held up and picked to the bone.

The leading idea of these two magnates that they own the country is impudent and intolerable. Their dog-in-the-manger policy will not long be borne. They will have to reckon with the Legislatures of these three states, regardless of party lines, smooth-tongued lawyers and still more eloquent corruption funds. And pretty soon.

Ireland has not enjoyed greatly the visits of English sovereigns since the first conquest of the island by Henry II in the twelfth century. Henry's wicked son John, when he visited Ireland, pulled the beards of the Irish chiefs and made himself otherwise excessively odious, and from that time forward no English sovereign visited Ireland save for a hostile purpose until George IV made a royal visit in 1823. The Irish people gave this worthless King such a warm-hearted welcome that Byron, writing in Italy some satirical verses, compared Ireland to a "bastinadoed elephant kneeling to receive its rider." William IV, who was only less odious than George IV, never visited Ireland. Victoria visited Ireland with Prince Albert in the early years of her married life, and was handsomely received and was respectfully entertained in her old age. King Edward deserves a warm welcome from the Irish people, for without his personal influence it is doubtful whether the land-purchase bill would have been framed, presented and urged for enactment by the government party chiefs in Parliament.

MEN SUPERIOR TO THINGS.

Let no one fancy that the political scramble for the dead pope's shoes is a peculiar phenomenon of Italy, or of Catholicism, or of religion. Human nature is the same at an Algonquin powwow, a Presbyterian general assembly and in the chambers of the Vatican.

Though measures are vastly more important than men, it is the personal element that dominates. The popularity and political acumen of the candidates before the conclave will determine the policy of the pontificate. A study of policies will not determine the selection of the pope.

Joseph Chamberlain is liked and hated; and as men are devoted or inimical to him, so they will view his tariff proposals. The enemies of President Jackson were for the Bank of the United States because he was against it. Men espoused protection in the United States because they idolized Henry Clay.

So with the silver question in the United States. Democrats embraced free coinage not so much because they believed in it as because they had quarreled with Grover Cleveland's appointments to office and he was for gold. Here in Oregon hundreds of Republican voters went to silver because they had unthinkingly espoused it through devotion to Senator Mitchell and other Republican leaders.

For two years the country has rung with discussions of the so-called "Iowa idea" of tariff reform. We have all looked upon the Republicans of the Hawkeye State as gravely reflecting upon the comparative merits of the revisionists and the standpatters. The fact is otherwise. The party in Iowa is split in two factions. One is ruled by Cummins, Dolliver and Roberts; the other by Shaw, Wilson and until recently Henderson. The bone of contention is Senator Allison's place, soon to be released to them by death or retirement. The tariff is as good as anything else for them to scrap about. They had to have something. But the division between standpatters and revisionists was made long before the Cedar Rapids platform of last year. The two wings were already lined up. The Iowa idea was an afterthought, invented principally to advertise Cummins, who would welcome the Senatorship and might not decline the Vice-Presidential nomination.

His would be a hard task to whom should be assigned a rating on the comparative strength of the two forces—principles and persons. Modern sociology has gone to a mischievous extreme in emphasizing the tendencies of climate, inheritance, etc., upon whole peoples and in subordinating the influence exerted upon history by great minds. The most necessary thing for the thinker of 40 or 50 today is to unlearn about half of his Draper, Taine and Buckle. Even the noble Spencerian philosophy is not wholly guiltless here. An excellent corrective of this underestimation of the individual is supplied by Mr. Mallock in his "Aristocracy and Evolution."

Most of modern discoveries in the emptiness of the mass are sadly subversive of traditions. Doubtless it is better we should never know how little part the 3,000,000 colonists had in our immortal struggle for liberty, and how nearly the annals of that time are simply Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Morris and La Fayette. Possibly it is more comfortable for the North not to know how much its prowess owes to the energy and patriotism of the few great minds that spurred it on to victory, and for the South to forget how widespread was the apathy which it now loves to call united uprising, and which was moved upon by a dozen fearless and determined leaders. Nobody knows what tariff, financial or taxation schemes President Roosevelt will declare for in 1904. But some 7,000,000 voters know now that for each of them they will be ready to throw up their hats when they have learned their views upon the next Republican National platform.

DEBT THAT PAYS.

The fact that many young farmers in Eastern Oregon have been borrowing money from the state school funds for the purpose of enlarging their farms or increasing their herds of stock speaks well not only for that section of the state, but also for the men who are thus expanding the field of their operations. The borrowing of money is not an unfavorable sign, though it is often so considered. The purpose for which money is borrowed determines whether or not it is an indication of financial weakness. The farmer or the business man who is compelled from time to time to borrow money with which to pay deficits in his expense accounts is in a bad way, but there is a bright outlook for one who has found his work so profitable that he is encouraged to invest borrowed money in the same enterprise. Such a man is of value to a community, for he is almost certainly a hard worker, careful and judicious. He incurs the debt and then goes to work to pay it off, and in so doing adds not only to his own wealth, but to the wealth of the community. He is an important factor in the development of industrial resources. He combines his energy and ability with some one else's capital and makes the union profitable for both.

Many a man can trace his success to his willingness to incur a debt for the purpose of making an investment where there was a chance of good results. Nearly all great money-making enterprises have been started with borrowed money. Many of them failed at first and brought financial ruin upon their promoters, but they have been wealth-producers for the country. Nearly every railroad has been built with borowed money. When a merchant enlarges his business by erecting a new brick block, he usually does it in part with borrowed money. Neither the farmer, the merchant nor the railroad-builder goes blindly into the venture, but with judgment guided largely by experience in smaller operations, he foresees the justification for his investment. He may lose, but he believes in the old saying, "Nothing venture, nothing have."

A debt is usually an incentive to greater effort. An interest account encourages economy and compels the exercise of good judgment. The farmer with a mortgage hanging over him is more or less of a slave, with a master who exacts the full measure of service. But work, work, work, is the key to success, whether the laborer be a farmer, lawyer, doctor, merchant or railroad-builder. As it is the up-to-date railroad man, merchant, doctor and lawyer who succeeds, so also is it the farmer who pursues the most approved methods of agriculture who receives the reward for his labor. The up-to-date farmer can safely do business with borrowed money.

WATER-LEVEL ROUTES.

The Government statistics showing the year's grain shipments by ports are highly flattering to Portland, nearly 8 per cent of all of the wheat exported from the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 going out by way of this city. They also show that in spite of the large amount of new territory tributary to Puget Sound the Cities of Tacoma, Seattle and Everett were unable to hold all of the gains made during the previous season. The exports last year were much smaller than for the previous season, but Portland more than held her own in the decrease. According to the figures issued by the Government, the total shipments of wheat from Oregon and Washington ports for the year ending June 30 were 17,586,841 bushels, compared with 20,408,296 for the preceding year. Of these amounts the Government credits Portland with 45.65 per cent for the year ending June 30, 1902, and 49.39 per cent for the year ending June 30, 1903. Puget Sound ports declined from 54.35 per cent for the season of 1901-02 to 50.75 per cent for the season just ended.

A striking feature of the annual statement of the Bureau of Statistics is the enormous gain made by the South Atlantic ports, New Orleans leading all other ports. This tremendous gain is credited by the New York Journal of Commerce to the advantages of a water-level route, and in commenting thereon the New York paper says:

> A slight difference in the cost of transportation has a material effect upon the course of those bulky products that make up such a large proportion of our export trade. The line of least resistance to the sea is down the valleys and through depressions in the country, even when the carrying has to be done by railroad, and not over or through the mountain ridges. Easy grades and consequent heavy loads will go far toward offsetting greater distance. Here the Mississippi Valley has its great advantage and contributes to building up the export trade of New Orleans and Galveston, even though the river is little used in this kind of transportation. Canada has a similar advantage in its great valley from the lake region, offset only by climate that obstructs traffic a considerable part of the year.

This advantage of the ports situated at the foot of a down-hill haul, which is so clearly set forth by the New York paper, applies with exceptional force to the Columbia River. With high freights and general prosperity all over the Northwest, the fractional savings which might be made on the handling of a ton of freight are lost sight of, but the time is coming when an effort will be made to save wherever a saving is possible in marketing the bulky products of our land. All of the wheat exported from Oregon and Washington was handled in ships chartered by the men who purchased the wheat. They accordingly divided the shipments between Puget Sound and the Columbia River to the best advantage, and Portland made a gain in percentage over last year. Practically all of the flour that was exported was sent foreign in steamers controlled by men who had no interest whatever in the buying or selling of the flour. These men, through railroad influence, gave Portland an insufficient number of steamers to handle the flour that was offering, and Puget Sound, on the other hand, had more steamers than she needed.

This unnatural condition of affairs resulted in Portland exporters being obliged to ship large quantities of flour by rail to Puget Sound for reshipment to the Orient. All of these shipments, which should rightfully be credited to Portland, appear in the Government statistics as from Puget Sound. This is an unnatural condition of trade, and eventually it will be righted. Considering the territory tributary to this port, Portland handled nearly all of the wheat that she was entitled to, but did not get credit for the flour business that originated in her territory. The advantages of a water-level route are still ours, however, and long before Portland is as old as New York or New Orleans her superior location will assert itself, and all of the railroad influence that can be brought to bear will not prevent her claiming her own.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.

An exhibition of "bronco-busting" is now taking place in this city, which in the interest of common humanity it will be well for the Humane Society to look after. Great pains are taken in the schools and by benevolent persons generally to instill into the minds of boys feelings of kindness and protection toward animals. There is a society with a considerable membership in connection with some of the public schools called the Knights and Ladies of the Birds, the object of which is to pledge the protection of its members to birds and their nests. Yearly, year after year, prizes have been awarded by benevolent men and women for essays by pupils of the public schools on subjects the study of which inculcates love for animals. Efforts have been made at home and school, and upon occasion by humane persons on the streets, to prevent boys from inflicting suffering (as untaught they are prone to do) upon vagrant cats, luckless dogs or any other living creatures that chance may throw upon their mercy. And yet here comes a "show" the very essence of which is cruelty to animals, advertised extensively throughout the city by circulars that will attract a multitude of boys, and by its exhibition of the brute power of man needlessly exercised over helpless, frightened, suffering, voiceless creatures, will in a few hours undo the humanizing effect of the patient lessons of kindness that have been given for years.

"Outlaw horses," frenzied with fear, are lassoed, thrown, choked, spurred, their tender mouths torn with a cruel contrivance of steel made for the purpose, and finally they will be reduced to submission by violence and exhaustion "to make a Summer holiday." Is it too much that this exhibition of wanton cruelty should not be permitted to take place in any civilized community?

To the extent that it is necessary to break horses for service, severe measures must be tolerated, though the best horsetrainers that the world has known have demonstrated that this can be done most effectively through humane methods. But an exhibition of cruelty to horses given as an entertainment should be prohibited, not only out of mercy for the unfortunate creatures alive in every fiber with nerves and largely endowed by Nature with the instinct of self-protection, but in the wider human interest that seeks to protect society from influences that tend toward criminality. It is but one step, and a very short one, from the cruel treatment of a horse to like treatment of a human being. The first effort in an exhibition of this kind is to show how a man of cruel cunning and brute courage born of it may get a helpless creature in his power. The next shows the wanton abuse of power.

Are these lessons that this community desires to have impressed upon its boys? Can we, in the light of developments in youthful depravity before our Police Court in recent months, afford to have a school in cruelty and abuse of power and privilege opened even for a few days in our midst? And, finally, is it not most uneconomic to throw away in a hilarious and lawless hour the conscientious work that has been carried on in the name of justice and humanity for months and years? In the name of humanity in its wider sense, in simple pity for the terror of the voiceless and the sufferings of the helpless, let this exhibition and all of similar import be forbidden to take place in this city.

The marks of deep respect exhibited by all Protestant denominations for the personal religious worth and official statesmanship of the late pope represent a great change in the attitude of Protestantism toward the Roman Catholic Church. Less than fifty years ago the article on the pope in the Westminster Confession, in which he is described as "that anti-Christ, that man of sin and son of perdition," represented the prevailing Protestant belief. Fifty years ago the whole country was stirred up by a political agitation against the Roman Catholic Church. The Catholic Church, that was comparatively feeble then in the United States, is today one of our very strongest, and yet the old know-nothingism is extinct in politics, and in Protestant churches prayers were offered up for the suffering and dying pope. Why not? As long ago as 1842 there were prayers offered up in Catholic churches in Boston for that saintly Unitarian preacher Dr. Channing, and the Catholic church bells were tolled in Boston the day of his funeral. A Methodist preacher of New York described the pope as "a leader of the great army of the Lord's hosts, a spiritual commander-in-chief who has done much for the progress of civilization and has restored the golden age of the papacy in its best sense." The New York Sun makes the shrewd comment that "frequently this new spirit of tolerance is due to lessened partisanship because of lessened religious conviction."

The telegraph ticks off many a piece of news that is too good to be true. Two weeks ago the report came out of the Yukon that two well-known professional gamblers of Seattle had been drowned while headed for the "States." Last week a man arrived in Seattle and stated that the report was untrue, and that the gamblers who were supposed to be drowned were alive and well. Since the passage of the law making gambling a felony in Washington, Oregon has been afflicted with an unusually large number of these light-fingered parasites. The existing laws make it impossible to relieve communities of them by the same process employed in getting rid of other animal pests, hence it is not unpleasant to read of their exit from a life which they neither adorn nor aid, by any old route that will take them away. The army of crooks now operating in this city will please move up a little closer and make room for the pair that ought to be drowned, but may yet be hanged.

December wheat in San Francisco sold yesterday at $1.44 per cental, a figure which is at least 10 cents per bushel above the export value based on the lowest charter rate named this season. These figures would indicate that the early reports of California's big wheat crop were unfounded, and that some one was fearful that there would not be enough wheat to go round. There is no market in the known world that will take wheat at the prices that are now being paid by Pacific Coast exporters and show anything but a loss for the shipper. All of which is very good for the farmer, and if prices can be maintained will result in a decided boom in wheatgrowing on the Coast. Portland shipped 1,000,000 bushels of wheat to California to meet the shortage last year, and if the opening prices this year are a criterion as to available supplies, the demand this season will be much greater.

M. C. Humphrey, the man who, after he had married and become the father of five children, found that he had all he could do to take care of himself, and deserted his family, giving this as an excuse, is in a perturbed state of mind. His brother in Kansas, to whose care the delinquent's wife and children were consigned, has determined to send them back, hence the tribulation of M. C., who plaintively confides to Judge Webster the harrowing tale that, "though he loves his wife and children, he is not able (his wages being only $2.25 a day) to keep them from want, so will have to let the job to other parties." The time will come when society will lose patience in a very effective way with men of this class, and thereby relieve itself of the necessity of providing for the offspring of the irresponsible.

Wall street is still whistling to keep up courage, but in spite of the hopeful predictions that come out to the West, stocks continue to seek a lower level. For the past fortnight we have had daily assurances of the elimination of the weakening influences from certain gilt-edged stocks and the excellent chances for an immediate advance. We have been promised that the market would have the support of J. P. Morgan, Rockefeller and all the rest of the pillars of financial strength, but still it droops. In the amount of "paper profits" that have been dissipated since the present slump in stocks began, it will stand as a record-breaker, and there is little in the general situation in New York to warrant the belief that the bottom has been reached.

The right to veto would have been exercised at the two last conclaves, those of 1846 and 1878, had the Austrian cardinals charged with the exercise of the right reached Rome in time. These prospective representatives of Austria in the conclave were instructed to veto the selection of Cardinal Ferretti in 1846 and that of Cardinal Pecci in 1878. Spain exercised the veto power in 1831 to forbid the choice of Cardinal Giustiniani. The Emperor of Germany, in order to help his ally, the King of Italy, will try to persuade Austria and Spain to exercise their veto power to prevent the choice of a pope opposed to the adoption of a conciliatory policy toward the Quirinal.

Nothing is gained in these days by attempting to cover up the facts in regard to a sudden or tragical death. Secrecy in such cases presupposes, and rightfully, that there is some cause in connection with the death which will not bear the light.

TWO LIKELY CANDIDATES.

Philadelphia Press.

Of all the candidates for the succession to Leo XIII the most likely to receive the tiara are Cardinals Sarto and Agliardi. For neither is in any sense of the word identified with the policy of the reign of Leo XIII. Indeed, so unpopular has Agliardi been with Cardinal Rampolla that he alone of the members of the Sacred College resident at Rome has been left without any office. Cardinal Sarto is the patriarch of Venice, the friend and patron of the composer, the Abbe Perost, the most able administrator of the Italian episcopacy, and on friendly terms with the members of the reigning Archbishop of Italy. Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, a prelate of the same type, is so ill with diabetes that the condition of his health would prevent him from accepting the tiara, even if elected.

With regard to Cardinal Gotti, the pious and aesthetic Prefect of Propaganda, he made so many enemies among the higher ranks of the Italian clergy while Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, by endeavoring to apply to them some of the discipline which he had been accustomed to exercise as general of the Order of Carmelite Monks, that his prospects of succeeding Leo XIII as pope are very slim. Moreover, having been designated by Leo as the prelate whom he would wish to be elected as his follower on the pontifical throne, it is feared that he would be disposed, even if not actually pledged, to continue the policy of Leo XIII, to which the majority of the members of the Sacred College are bitterly opposed.

Equally faint are the prospects of Cardinal Seraphin Vannutelli, who for nearly a decade past has constantly been put forward as the most likely candidate. But this most agreeable prelate, who spent several years at Vienna as Nuncio, has been the subject of too much discussion in connection with his aspirations to the tiara, and moreover, is blessed with too many kinsmen to render his election in the least degree probable. It is taken for granted that if he were raised to the chair of St. Peter he would at once appoint his brother, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, to the Secretaryship of State, and his other brothers and nephews to high offices in connection with the Vatican, thus placing to all intents and purposes the government of the church in the hands of a single family. Moreover, for hundreds of years past the popes have always been of noble birth, and the Vannutellis, like Gotti, are of plebeian origin. Gotti is the son of a Genoese longshoreman, while the Vannutellis are grandsons of the majordomo or chief of the household servants of the beautiful Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of the first Emperor Napoleon.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

MORE ABOUT BAKER.

He is an able but unscrupulous man, and will not hesitate to do anything to win in any cause he undertakes, and, no matter how the game ends, he will not be on the bottom.—Eugene Journal.

The selection of Baker is said to be in the interest of harmony in Multnomah County. In our opinion, when Republican harmony prevails in Multnomah, Republicans in other parts of the state will be wearing wings.—Eugene Register.

Frank C. Baker, of Portland, was elected chairman of the Republican State Central Committee Wednesday, and Jack Matthews gracefully retires. It has been whispered that for the sake of harmony in Multnomah County the change was decided upon, but this is most emphatically denied by the party leaders.—Adams Advance.

He is a native of Oregon, and a man of great force of character. Senator Mitchell knew his value. He knew the way to end Simon was to take away his strong support. He found Baker ready to quit a man who was secretly fighting the Republican party. With deft hand he landed Baker in the camping of the Big Four. It is a great stroke.—Astoria News.

Baker owes his fortunes, political and financial, to Simon, but, like other illustrious Republicans of the county, he subsequently transferred his allegiance to Mitchell. He took no active part in the last struggle between the two factions, and this circumstance is now made the excuse for urging him as a "harmony candidate" for the chairmanship of the state committee.—Baker City Democrat.

The selection of a new chairman of the Republican State Central Committee will, it is to be hoped, be the signal for greater effort in behalf of the party and united action in carrying out its promises. The party should be greater than any element within its ranks, and party good should be placed ahead of personal aggrandizement. No party can succeed that is torn by discord and riven by dissension, and the sooner this is understood the better.—Union Republican.

Mr. Baker is one of that class of politicians, of whom there are a good many in the United States, who go on the plan that the end justifies the means. Matthews, who retires, was that kind of a man in a marked degree. His campaigns were about the worst in the history of the state. Those of Mr. Baker may be depended upon to at least see him, if not go him several better. This is the opinion of a good many Republicans, as well as a good many Democrats.—Albany Democrat.

The Portland journal which so vigorously denounced W. F. Matthews, for one reason that he acted in the dual capacity of chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and United States Marshal, must be happy over the influence it wielded in the matter, Mr. M.'s resignation of the first-named position has been accepted, and Frank C. Baker, whose chief reputation is that of a grafter and ruffian, was hamed to succed him. Jack is a prince any way you look at him, especially when compared with the ex-State Printer.—Medford Oregonian.

Sugar a Timber Preserver.

London Globe.

Among new uses to which sugar has recently been put is in the preservation of timber. Much interest has been aroused by the announcement, as a result of a prolonged series of experiments, of a method of so treating timber as to secure even from soft wood a largely increased toughness and hardness. The treatment to which the timber is so subjected is, roughly speaking, that of saturation at boiling point with a solution of sugar, the water being afterward evaporated at a high temperature. The result is to leave the pores and interstices of the wood filled in with solid matter and the timber vulcanized, preserved and seasoned. The nature of moderately soft wood, it is claimed, is in this way changed to a tough and hard substance, without brittleness, and also without any tendency to split or crack.

Let the Toast Pass.

(From "The School for Scandal.")
By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast, pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, etc.

THE NEGRO'S VIEW OF HIMSELF

Portland New Age.

No one will question the fact that The Oregonian is a great newspaper, but few ever imagined that its editor had stored away in his cranium a solution of the most vexed question that has ever agitated the mind of the American people. A problem which the most fertile brains of the country have delved with little or no success. So certain is he of his premises that he does not deem it necessary to make an argument. He indicts the negro in the issue of Sunday morning last, and then proceeds to try him after first constituting himself Judge and jury.

The assumption that the cause of lynching, burning and mobbing is the result of the general viciousness of the negro, and particularly for assaulting white women, is unwarranted, as statistics show that only 20 per cent of the negroes lynched, etc., during the year 1902 were even charged or accused of this crime, and to attempt to convince a liberal-minded, broad-gauged, justice-loving people, such as dwell in the great State of Oregon, that all negroes murdered by barbarous Caucasians are guilty or even accused of committing an unspeakable crime against women, is not only unfair and reprehensible, but shows a malicious intent with no other object than to injure the negro. Where on the face of the earth will you find a race of people with a more kindly disposition, or one that has shown less vindictiveness and resentment?

We had a splendid illustration of the beauty and grandeur of his character during the Civil War, when the men of the South—who are now loudest in denouncing him—went to the battlefield. They left their property and women under negro control, and those that were permitted to return found their property unmolested and the chastity of their wives and daughters unsullied. No, the negro is no more vicious and criminal than other races, and since it is pretty well established that the criminal instinct runs clear through the entire human family, we are willing to carry our just share of the burden, but object to being made the "marked men" and responsible for all of the crime and viciousness of the Nation.

Same Old Story in Vermont.

New York Evening Post.

Disappointment is in store for those who hoped that a change from prohibition to local option in Vermont would take the liquor question wholly out of politics. For the present the result is quite the contrary. When the towns voted under the local option law, about half declared for license and about half against. The system went into operation about 60 days ago, and now a bitter controversy is being waged by the newspapers of the state as to whether it is a success or a failure. Those who objected to the change declare that Vermont is being engulfed in a flood of drunkenness. Another cause of deep contention has been furnished by a St. Albans clergyman, who asserted in his pulpit a Sunday or two ago that he had seen minors drinking in licensed places, but who refused to make a complaint on the ground that he did not approve of the law and would not be a party to any proceeding under it. The clergyman's ethical standards are severely attacked by the Rutland Herald, but his defender, the Northfield News, counters heavily by recalling that the Herald frequently declared before the law was passed that the prohibition law was being openly violated, but never was known to make official complaint. The Herald admits that there is some drunkenness as a result of the opening of the saloons, but says that summary steps are being taken to stop it.

The Canal May Be an Issue.

Atlanta Constitution.

Should President Roosevelt and the forthcoming Congress fail to do something certain and fixed with the Isthmian Canal matter that question is sure to become a prominent issue in the Presidential campaign. If there is any one great interest of the United States that intelligent men of all parties, Republicans, Democrats, and bobtails, are interested in and impatient about it is the construction of that interoceanic canal.

A great conviction is upon our people that the future interests of our country in the markets of the Orient, where 300,000,000 people are gradually learning to wear shirts, trousers, and shoes, shirtwaists, picture hats, and coffee coats, demand the building and American control of a cheaper waterway than around the Horn.

As to the matter of a route, that is technical. The people are ready to buy, beg, borrow, or sequestrate any old route that can be made, long or short. We have the money to pay the price and the men and machines to do the work. We want that canal and we want it quick!

The dallying that is going on between Washington and Bogota is getting tiresome. Those Colombian grafters should be left strictly to talk their tongues to frazzles over "how we lost the canal and much millions of American gold!"

A Very Sanguine Cleveland Man.

Flickertail (N. D.) Flicker.

It is the firm conviction of the Flicker that the sentiment among all real Democrats in favor of Mr. Cleveland's nomination is steadily growing and that, by the time the National convention is held, the demand for him to become again the standard-bearer of the party will be so strong as to sweep everything before it.

Another Poem by Leo XIII.

Translated into English by Andrew Lang.

Renowned in letters, famed in art,
The age recedes; of many a thing
Won for man's good from Nature's heart
Who will may sing.

The glories of the faded years
I rather, backward glancing, mourn—
The deeds ill done, the wrongs, the tears
Of the age outworn.

Red wars that reeked with the blood of man,
Wide-wandering license, scepters rent,
Fierce guile that threats the Vatican—
These I lament.

Where is thy glory, stainless, free,
City of Cities, queenly Rome?
Ages and Nations kneeled to thee,
The pontiff's home.

Woe; for a time of godless laws!
What Faith, what loyalty abides?
Torn from the shrines, the ancient cause
To ruin glides.

Listen! how science wildly raves
Around the altars overthrown,
Brute Nature, with the world for slaves,
Is God alone!

Not made in God's own image now
Is man—'tis thus the wise dispute—
But sprung from one same cell, they vow,
Are Man and Brute.

O blinded Pride on chaos hurled!
O Night proclaimed where Light should be,
Obey thou Him, who rules the world,
Man, and be free!

He only is the Truth, the Life,
He only points the heavenward way;
He only frees the soul from strife;
If men obey.

'Twas He who led the pious throng
But now to Peter's dust divine;
Of faith to live through ages long,
No empty sign!

Jesus, the Judge of years to be,
Direct the tides, the tempest still,
And make the rebellious people free
To work Thy will.

Sow Thou the seeds of happy Peace,
All evil drive from us afar,
And bid the rage and tumult cease
Of hateful War.

The minds of Kings and Peoples mold,
Thy word may all enjoy with awe;
Be there one Shepherd and one Fold,
One Faith, one Law.

My course is run; long ninety years
Thy gifts are mine; Thy grace retain;
Let not Thy servant's prayers and tears
Be poured in vain.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

In a Good School.

Sieh King-King, known as the Chinese Joan of Arc, is studying in San Francisco.

Let's have a sing-sing
Of Little King-King,
Who tries to get out of the dark, dark, dark:
She goes to San Fran,
Learns all she can-can,
And shines like a Joan of the arc, arc, arc.

Snakes Alive.

The Summer sea-serpent has reappeared upon the Atlantic Coast, this time in Passamaquoddy.

There was an old sailor of Passamaquoddy,
Who swallowed an over-allowance of toddy:
"A blue serpent," said he,
"Crawls on the red sea,"
And the papers reported the foolish old body.

Another Imaginary Interview.

"How is it Portland people growl,
That used to be like sucking doves?"
"I'm sure I don't know why they howl;
No force had ever whiter gloves."

"Some persons say your men are slack,
That you have failed to rule aright."
"There are some trifles that they lack,
But then, their gloves are spotless white."

"And people talk of graft and greed,
And suckers from the farm despoiled."
"Leave all to me—what cities need
Is cops to keep their gloves unsoiled."

"The force, you think, is fine and fit,
And ready to enforce the law?"
"That's doubtful—but you must admit
Such snow-white gloves you never saw."

Milwaukee's Bong Tong.

Golf and Sassiety are inextricably tangled in the Milwaukee Sentinel's account of the Western championships. Thus:

> Aleck Smith made a magnificent drive, the ball falling dead at the feet of Mrs. Dingbat, who wore a beautiful pongee silk and carrier a purple parasol. Smith then found it necessary to loft over a group of society women, whose red hats made a charming patch of color. In attempting to clear a hazard consisting of four picnic parties, the player was unlucky enough to land in a luncheon basket, and was compelled to sacrifice a hole, the owner of the basket objecting to any further interference with the eatables. Smith won the last hole and the match, as his opponent met with bad luck on the green. When about to try an easy put, Miss Flatfoot, who wore a skyblue frock with lace insertions and drop-stitch trimmings, and carried a yellow umbrella, accidentally jostled him. In view of the somewhat unfavorable condition of the course for championship play, Smith made an excellent round. It is estimated that he would have done the course in 1799, or just under 100 strokes to the hole. A "putting tea" was held this afternoon. The handsome trophy was won by Miss Drinkwater, who put away 23 of the cups that cheer but not inebriate.

The hands of the police are clean, at least their gloves are.

To bunko Seattle seems like reading "Hamlet" to Shakespeare.

Have you noticed how generally the drop-stitch is being taken up

Rather than see others dig the canal the Colombians would dig its grave.

"The lone and lovely bride" of England is giving the King an Irish welcome.

"A harsh contract for a fierce act," is about the way the vaudeville case was summed up.

LaCrosse in British Columbia is as much like a game as a Colombian revolution is like an election.

An industrial movement in Coos Bay leads one to the belief that at last the clams are making themselves heard.

Chief Hunt apparently echoes Governor Pennypacker's famous remark, "There are some things that I decide for myself."

A mirage of Milwaukee has been noticed in the neighboring town. Milwaukee has long been famous for the stuff that produces mirages.

From the presidential retreat of Oyster girl from a blazing house. Now the girl has married her rescuer. It is a case in which heroism carries its own penalty.

From the presidential retreat of Oyster Bay comes the story of a careless hotelkeeper, who accidentally upset a lot of beer into an aquarium. All the trout got drunk, thus justifying the wisdom of our forefathers when they coined the phrase "drinks like a fish."

A woman in Armourdale applied to the police for a permit to carry a revolver for protection against the mosquitoes. The city authorities are making an attempt to prove the woman insane, but that may be no more than a subterfuge to prevent the discouragement of prospective settlers.

Two serious accidents due to hot curling tongs and celluloid combs have occurred recently. The victim in one case was the wife of Charles Major, who was called upon to save Mrs. Major from a danger that would have been regarded as a miracle "when knighthood was in flower."

Gray's incense-breathing morn is as naught beside Boston's incense-breathing eve. As the natives gather on their stoops at the twilight hour, every hand waves a burning joss-stick. Points of light describe circles in the shadows, and long streamers of odorous smoke drift above the roofs. It is not that Boston has adopted a new religion; the actions of its people are the ritual of fear. They have discovered that the mosquito, no less than the thousand devils of the Chinese, fly from a burning joss-stick.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Bings—There goes a particular friend of mine. Bangs—Friend o' yours, eh? Well, he can't be overparticular.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Customer—To what do you attribute the great cleansing power of your soap? Dealer—To judicious advertising.—Chicago Daily News.

"I think I'm not hard to get along with." "Faith, naither am I, mum! Whin a misthress is doin' her best, 't is mesilf thot overlooks lots av things!"—Puck.

"Is the prisoner going to plead insanity as his defense?" asked the court stenographer. "Judging from his selection of an attorney," replied the lawyer, who had failed to get the case, "I should say he was."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"I don't like these references," said the housewife. "Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em, jest you go to the people as gave 'em to me and tell 'em so."—Chicago Evening Post.

Mrs. Nexdore—There's a new baby in the house on the other side of you. Mrs. Peppery—Yes. I've heard it. Mrs. Nexdore—Poor little