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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 57; precipitation, trace.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 30.

OUR DEBT DUE TO QUEEN VICTORIA

The correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his article "Our Debt to Russia," is not quite full enough in his statement of facts. Mason and Slidell were taken from the English mail steamer Trent by Commander Wilkes November 9, 1861. On the 26th of December of that year the difficulty was settled by our Government acceding to the British government's demand for the release of the Confederate envoys, accompanied by an apology from our Government for its action. The British government promptly accepted the terms of our apology, not because of Russia, for Russia's little squadron of war vessels did not reach our coasts until late the next year. The trouble was promptly settled simply because Queen Victoria, earnestly supported by Prince Albert, insisted from the first that it must be settled without doing or saying anything to breed war between England and the United States.

It is true that Russia was our friend, just as France was our friend in the American war for independence; she had a bone to pick with both England and France, because of the Crimean War, but neither Great Britain nor France cared a button about Russia, whose naval strength was of no appreciable consequence in 1861. The real reason why Great Britain refused to join with France in recognition of the Southern Confederacy was that Queen Victoria was our friend from first to last. Prince Albert, who died the last day of December, 1861, had made Victoria our friend, and her influence was sufficient with Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell to keep them from proceeding to the extremity of recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Besides Queen Victoria, Disraeli was our friend; so was the Duke of Argyll; so were Cobden, Bright, Thomas Hughes, Chief Justice Coleridge, Charles Villiers, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, James Bryce, Goldwin Smith, and we had thousands of friends among the workingmen of the great manufacturing towns, but it is true that, with the exceptions we have named, the leading Tories and the leading Liberals were against our country, or, as Secretary Seward in bitterness announced, "the whole British nation desires and expects the dismemberment of our Republic."

We owe no debt to Russia save that of good will; we were saved at this critical hour, when all England was eager for war, not because of Russia, but because of the prompt and resolute protest of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Queen Victoria's good will and the good will and good sense of Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, saved us. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell and Gladstone prayed for our defeat. After this crisis was past, we were dangerously near trouble again, following our defeat at Chancellorsville, but the victory of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg two months later saved us from recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Our real debt following the Mason-Slidell trouble was not to Russia, but to Victoria, Queen of England, and her statesmanlike husband.

AS TO THE LIBERAL SPIRIT.

Many persons have been led by the universal expression of sorrow brought forth by the death of the pope to conclude that the world is growing more liberal, and consequently better. That the world is growing more liberal, in matters of religion, is undoubtedly true, if liberal be taken in many instances as meaning lax. Expressions of grief on such an occasion as the death of Leo are not peculiar to this day. When leaders of warring creeds burned their opponents they by no means despised them, any more than in the Civil War leaders of one side despised those of the other. It was to some extent a case of defeating an opponent, the warfare being intensified by a belief, narrow undoubtedly, but also strong, that led to the refusal of quarter. Today there is a feeling that all ways may lead to the same heaven, and there is a corresponding feeling that one's own path may, after all, fail to end as one's guides predict. It is a case of all journeying in brotherly fashion, whether it be to salvation or to perdition.

That is one thing, and an increase of real liberality is another. The world is really much as it ever was. Is the prophet of a new movement received today in a manner different from that of an earlier time? Not in the least degree. The adherents of a new and weak creed or idea are jeered at as credulous or knavish, blind followers of crafty leaders. If the new movement becomes a power, "liberality" steps in and proclaims it to be worthy of encouragement. "We are all infants crying in the night, infants crying for the light," and perhaps these people have perceived the ray. Instances are recent and not few.

The world is much the same as ever in its manner of belief. The facts hailed as signs of a growing spirit of liberality are signs of a disintegration of the old creeds.

THE PAPAL CONCLAVE.

The conclave of cardinals for the election of a pope will open tomorrow morning. Speculation as to the successor of Leo XIII is, of course, interesting, but inconclusive as to results. Marion Crawford, the novelist, a Roman Catholic whose many years' residence at Rome enable him to speak with intelligence, says that the conclave includes divisions of opinion as to whether the next pope should be a political, a theological or an apostolic pope, but that the majority will prefer a statesman to a doctrinaire or a pietist if the papacy is to maintain the level to which Leo lifted it, who saw what Pius IX failed to understand—that the church must keep step with the movement of its time if it expected to compose any of the sacred music of the future.

Of the candidates before the conclave the ablest is Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state for the last sixteen or seventeen years, to whose influence is due the refusal of the late pope to seek any sort of composition with the government of the kingdom of Italy. Rampolla has been the architect of "the Roman machine." Rampolla is charged with designedly building up a party for himself, and his critics quote against him the proverb, "He leaves the conclave cardinal who enters it pope."

Every cardinal but two who comes to the election of Leo's successor has been created by him. They are men whose experience has been ecclesiastical; they have never been cardinals of a church possessing temporal power, as was the late pope for many years before his promotion to the head of the church. A large majority of the cardinals were once taken from noble Roman families, to which all recent popes have belonged for two centuries. Today the majority of the Italian cardinals are drawn from the common people, sons of shepherds and agricultural laborers. Almost two-thirds of the college of cardinals were once of Italy, but today barely half. The conclave elects by a two-thirds vote. No pope can be elected without foreign cardinals support him; none can be chosen without a strong majority of the Italian cardinals vote for him. Half of these Italian cardinals are from Neapolitan and Sicilian Italy and a larger number than ever before are from North Italy. Gotti and Oreglia were born one at Genoa and one near Turin. Rampolla is Sicilian, and Svampa and Vannutelli alone are Roman.

Cardinal Gotti is a Carmelite monk, and is described as one fitted by character and attainments to fulfill the policies of Leo, by whom he was esteemed as both a learned and lovable man. The successor of Leo will be expected, however, to take a forward step, to accept the inevitable, the accomplished fact, to abandon the idle dream of secular power, to drop the masquerade of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and be content to walk the streets of Rome a free citizen, the supreme spiritual sovereign of the greatest religious empire of the world. It is thought that Gotti might be equal to this progressive statesmanship, for in all respects of temper and intellect he most nearly resembles the late pope. Three years ago he was regarded as the most probable candidate had Leo then yielded to disease. Another prominent candidate is Serafino Vannutelli, whom Mr. Crawford describes as an accomplished man of the world, who realizes the need of the church advancing with the world, instead of standing still. He is a scholar and a gentleman. On the other hand, Cardinal Oreglia is a man of haughty, harsh, irritable personality, quite unfitted for the chair of Peter. Cardinal Svampa, archbishop of Bologna, is among the prominent candidates, but he will hardly be likely to obtain a large following.

The question raised by the different candidates is whether the church shall continue to oppose itself to all adjustment to modern conditions, or whether it shall face new changes with a new readiness to do its great work. The progressive men in the conclave, measured by their lives and records, are Cardinal Rampolla, who kept the peace between the French Republic and the church during the war of the "religious associations," and Cardinal Vannutelli, who adjusted the Brazilian controversy in a conciliatory spirit, and on the principles of broad-minded ecclesiastical administration. Cardinal Vannutelli believes that it is possible without conceding essentials to control Italy politically ultimately as Belgium is controlled. It is apparent, therefore, that, if the conclave seeks simply to perpetuate the policy of the late pope, Cardinal Gotti is likely to be chosen; but if a more progressive policy, looking toward some form of composition with the Italian state, Cardinal Vannutelli may be elected. But the record of papal elections shows that the choice of the conclave has seldom fallen upon those whose election had been predicted. The election of the late Pope Leo was unexpected, and so was that of Cardinal Feretti as Pius IX.

While Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state, does not expect to be elected, he naturally desires that the policy he has formed shall be maintained, not reversed, and it is predicted that, rather than see a candidate elected who represented a reactionary policy, he would try to secure a two-thirds vote for an old and neutral cardinal, like Cardinal Capecelatro, and thus defer a decisive solution of the questions at issue. Cardinal Gotti is favored by Germany, and Cardinal Rampolla by France, which fact handicaps them for election, for it is improbable that the conclave will be moved to choose any man inimical to any of the powers with which a pope must deal. Either Gotti or Vannutelli will be chosen, or some aged ecclesiastical "dark horse," as we say in politics.

The New York stock market is being slowly dragged out of the depths into which it has fallen under the top-heavy load of wild-cat speculation. The process of getting it back on a secure basis is necessarily slow, on account of the timidity of investment buyers, who have been frightened out by the events of the past few weeks. As it is the investment buyer, and not the speculator, who imparts firmness and stability to the market, no great amount of strength can be expected until matters are adjusted so that the former will feel safe in picking up some of the bargains which have been made bargains by reason of the scare in less worthy stocks. The investment buyers have been proceeding under easy sail since the scare commenced, and now that many of the speculators have been broken or badly bent, they will loosen up and aid in placing the market back on a good basis.

AMERICANIZATION IF NOT ANNEXATION.

The number of Americans settling in Canada last year was over 37,000, compared with 18,000 in 1901 and 5800 in 1900. If this ratio of increase is maintained, the time is not far distant when there will be enough Americans in Canada to give considerable force to an annexation movement from the northern side of the line. Western Canada undoubtedly has an immense area of very fine agricultural land not yet under cultivation that, available for wheatgrowing alone, is said to approximate 400,000 square miles. The best of this land is not superior to the best wheat land on the American side of the line, and the poorest of it on account of the northern latitudes in which it lies is not so good as the poorer grade of lands in the United States. At the same time it is very alluring to the restless emigrants who are always moving a little farther on in quest of "something better."

These Americans in most cases have a decided aversion to leaving the shadow of the American flag, and had it not been for this love of country, it is not improbable that much of this Canadian land would have long ago been under cultivation by American citizens. Heretofore the American population in Canada has been of such small proportion that any sentiment which might have sprung up regarding annexation was instantly overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. With Americans going in at the rate of nearly 40,000 per year, this sentiment is almost certain to undergo a change. Some of the Eastern papers that have noted this shifting of population from America to Canada profess to believe that the Americans are fully as likely to be Canadianized as the Canadians are to be Americanized, and accordingly see no prospect for any change in the political complexion of our neighbor on the north. It is stated that out of a population of 414,000 previous to the beginning of this rush from America two years ago nearly 250,000 were of British origin, and naturally, under such circumstances, British sentiment must predominate to an extent that Yankee attempts at Americanizing will find an uphill task.

Put the Yankee and the Canadian on even terms numerically, however, and there is every reason for believing that the former would come nearer to converting the Canadian than vice versa. Whenever the annexation matter has been broached in the past, its Canadian supporters were practically all located close down toward the line where they were in a favored position for seeing American methods in their best and worst light. After rubbing elbows with Americans, they grew to like them, and if annexation ever does become an issue of importance in Canada, the warmth of its supporters will be tempered and graded by the distance from the line. The Americans that are now going into the Canadian Northwest are almost certain to do effective missionary work in illustrating to the Canadians in the back districts what their fellow-countrymen down near the line have already demonstrated so effectively that there is an ever-present annexation sentiment among many of the Canadians, who prefer a republican form of government to that under which they are now living.

The eastern portion of Canada is an old-settled region, and in a sense may be said to have attained its growth. Western Canada, however, is nearer to a virgin field for agricultural development than any other similar-sized body of land in the world, less than 1 per cent of the area of agricultural land being under cultivation. Eastern Canada is in a measure shut off from easy communication with the United States by a chain of lakes, a barrier to trade which is missing from Western Canada. The increasing consumptive demand for wheat and the certainty that the limit of area which can be devoted to wheatgrowing in the United States will soon be reached, will eventually take this country out of the list of wheat-exporting countries and place her among the importers. When that day comes, Western Canada, with no lakes or mountain ranges to bar her out, will be the source of supplies for the United States. The large number of Americans now invading Canada may not bring about annexation, but they are likely to bring about Americanization to an extent that will leave a good, wide, open door between the two countries.

A LUMINOUS SIDE LIGHT.

The very name of the Sioux stands in the sentiment of the Middle Northwest for treachery and cruelty, for savage cunning and defiant unprogressiveness. From the National tragedy on the Little Big Horn in July, 1876, to the end of embattled warfare between the Indians and whites at Wounded Knee in relatively recent years this estimate of the Sioux was upheld by events more or less murderous in their character until settlers of the wide section over which these nomadic, irreconcilable people roamed, and which they yielded up slowly to civilization, came literally to believe that the only way to make a good Indian out of a Sioux was to shoot him on sight. In later years, however, since the utter vanquishment of Sitting Bull and the gathering upon the reservations in the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and other states of the Rocky Mountain region of the remnants of the Sioux tribe, this feeling of bitterness has to some extent died out. Or at least there no longer being any occasion for hostile utterance against these Indians, expressions of this bitterness are less frequently heard. Not only so, but students of Indian history, as it left its bloody imprint upon the last third of the nineteenth century in the far Northwest, have found some things to relate of these long-dreaded savages which show that among them were men who were ruled by instincts of humanity.

Doane Robinson presents a short paper in the August McClure's under the title of "A Side Light on the Sioux," which, being strictly historical and verified with names and dates, is of interest, not only because of the incidents that are related, but as showing the tendency to do justice even to the despised Sioux. The record begins with an awful day in August, 1862, when the Santee Sioux fell upon the then most western settlement in Minnesota which was gathered around Lake Shetek, massacred many of the settlers and took captive two women and five girls, the latter mere children. The details of this massacre are part of the Indian history of the time and place, but of the rescue in November of the wretched captives by a band of eleven progressive young Indians of the Teton Sioux a full account is given. These young men—"boys" the chronicler calls them—were not induced to undertake the rescue "by any sinister or mercenary motives, but from sentiments of humanity which would have been creditable to men of the highest civilization." The expedition was of their own suggestion and planning, and it was carried on through the greatest danger to themselves until it resulted in the ransom of the suffering and nearly naked captives on November 20, just three months after they were taken from their homes.

The details of their rescue read like a weird romance. White men could not have conducted the negotiations, for at the first appearance of one of their own race the captives would have been killed. Each captive was claimed as the individual property of some so-called brave, and each had to be bought by her rescuers with horses, blankets and trinkets brought for that purpose. At last, as related by Mr. Robinson, "each of the seven captives was ransomed, but not until all the bluffing, bullying and jockeying of which the Sioux is capable had been exhausted and the boys had been traded out of all their property." They were still in desperate straits. They were more than 100 miles from home, in a Northern Winter, without food or horses. Their little tent barely sufficed to shelter the late captives from the storm that was raging, and the young Sioux kept up a ceaseless march around it throughout the bitter night, both to keep themselves from freezing and to prevent the retaking of the shivering, half-starved women and girls. The march to Fort Randall was begun the following day, and after incredible hardships its protection was reached November 29.

As told by Mr. Robinson, a braver, more unselfish, more hazardous expedition than that which restored these women and girls—seven all told—to their friends was never planned nor carried out. Of the eleven young Teton Sioux who composed it, six still survive. They live upon the Cheyenne River reservation and are men of honorable distinction among their people. On several occasions since that time they have rendered invaluable service to the whites, notably during the Custer campaigns of 1875-76 and when the Messiah craze swept over the Sioux Nation in 1890. The writer who turned this side light on the Sioux concludes his effort by saying: "It is a just reproach to the American people that the services rendered by these men in the rescue of the Lake Shetke captives have never been recognized." Not in appreciation, perhaps, but in its expression, the busy American people at times fall short of their duty. This is a matter of regret, especially when, as in the case of the Indians, such unstinted censure has been given. Perhaps even at this late day the six survivors of this humane expedition—Swift Bird, Strikes Fire, Four Bear, Pretty Bear, Mad Bear and Sitting Bear, would not be insensible to the honor that the white man finds in medals bestowed by the Government as tributes to deeds of bravery and humanity. The cost of such recognition is relatively slight; its influence is far-reaching.

Wheat got away from the bears in the Chicago pit yesterday, and, before it was headed, had scored a gain of nearly 2 cents per bushel. The September option sold at 73¼ cents, which is 11 cents per bushel over the opening prices on that option about three months ago. The manipulations of the operators who persistently and habitually sell wheat short have several times this season resulted in crowding prices down, but the ease and rapidity with which recovery takes place indicates an inherent strength which later in the season may prove very expensive for the bear operators. Locally prices are more than 10 cents per bushel higher than they were a year ago, and are above a parity with the European market.

A jaded state is frequently refreshed by entertaining tales from Baker City. The dull season is enlivened by the story of a city editor being walloped with an umbrella, or, as in the latest instance, of a man confessing to a murder under the influence of hypnotism. Pleasant Armstrong, declares a Mrs. Rockwell, is an innocent man. His confession was prompted by another, and the hypnotic influence was so strong that during the months the scapegoat has been in jail he has made no retraction of his involuntary confession. Indications, indeed, may be said to point to the continuance of the hypnotic state until his crime has been legally avenged, which is entirely proper.

Elastic Pointer won the 2:23 pace at Cleveland Tuesday in two straight heats of 2:06½ each. Joe Pointer at the same meeting won the 2:09 pace in 2:07¾ and 2:05. As the former stepped about 17 seconds faster than his class, while Joe Pointer was only two to four seconds faster than his class, there may be something in a name. Both performances are highly creditable, and show that the blood of old Brown Hal, founder of the "Pointer" family, like the soul of John Brown, "is marching on." From the start that the harness horses are making on the grand circuit, some world's records are likely to fall before historic Charter Oak is reached about a month hence.

Attention has been called to the fact that Smollett, when he wrote "Humphrey Clinker," in 1770, was aware that consumption is infectious, and that blankets and mattresses are a source of danger. Smollett was educated for the medical profession; the hero of one of his novels, "Roderick Random," is a young naval surgeon, and there is nothing remarkable in the fact that an educated medical practitioner should have reached the conclusion that consumption is infectious. Many intelligent nurses long ago held that opinion.

The saloons at Bremerton appear to have been merely scotched, for one persistent proprietor manages to keep open, pending a Supreme Court decision on the city's right to abrogate a license. It is possible that some of the saloons may continue to run until their licenses expire, but the municipal authorities have been too thoroughly scared to play with fire.

Desertions are annoying to the masters of vessels, but they are an unfailing index of good times where they occur.

WHY MILLER WAS EXPELLED.

The statement of the Washington, D. C., Brotherhood of Bookbinders as to their attitude on the question of the discharge of W. A. Miller, assistant foreman of the Government printing office, as given in the Boston Herald is as follows:

"The trouble between the local Bookbinders' union and W. A. Miller originated by a charge being made against him, this charge having been taken under consideration by the committee empowered by the union to adjust all differences arising. A member of that committee was deputised to call on Mr. Miller to hear his side and have him make answer. He refrained from taking advantage of this opportunity to clear himself and spoke to the emmissary of the union in a very insulting manner. No action was, however, taken until Mr. Miller had made every effort to injure the member of the union for doing his duty.

"Our organization does not, and can not, dictate the policy in the Government printing office. The rules in vogue are the same as control all the union shops in the United States. The heads of the divisions in the Government office are fully competent to conduct the affairs of the office, and the union assumes no authority over the methods of carrying out the rules under which the office is governed.

"That Mr. Miller had cheapened any class of work for the Government, and that the cheapening of the same was the cause of his suspension first, and expulsion later, from the union, is not true. His methods were the most unbusinesslike of any foreman ever in the office, and the tactics that he adopted in punishing men under him were of the most contemptible nature.

"In explanation of these charges, it may be said that, as an instance of his demands upon the men, he insisted that they complete from 12 to 14 books known as members' reserve, when our task had previously been placed on the schedule of the union at 10 books per day. This work was full morocco of the first class. He was told that, in order to get the men to try to do this task, he must confer with the arbitration committee, and they would determine what we should do. He refused to do this.

"The result of the examination of witnesses before the arbitration committee was of such a grave nature that charges were formally preferred against him by the committee. A trial committee was appointed by President Barrett, and Miller was given an opportunity to object to any member thereof. He was accorded every right under the constitution of an exhaustive, fair and impartial trial, and on this occasion it is to be noted that he appeared in his own defence.

"The result of the investigation was placed before the union and proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. He had used the vilest and most obscene language against members of the union and officials of the Government printing office, he had attempted to influence legislation by reporting to members of Congress that the men at the office were not doing as much work as they should do; he was found to have secured private papers of the association, and to have given them to a member of Congress to further his own ends, and numerous other crimes against the organization of which he was at that time a member.

"There was no alternative but to expel him from the International Brotherhood, and this was done. We desire it to be understood that the union never requested his discharge from the service of the government, but we do wish to make it plain that our constitution forbids us to work with a man who has been expelled from our ranks."

Cowper, Johnson and Milton.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London, in their latest catalogue, advertise for sale some very interesting Cowper correspondence. It consists of a series of autograph letters of William Cowper, addressed to his friend and schoolfellow, the Rev. Walter Bagot, 1749-1783; together with letters to Cowper from Bagot, Mary Nunn, Lady Haskett, Henry Cowper, William Hayley, the Rev. John Johnson, and other MSS. and papers. In these letters Cowper expresses himself freely on a variety of subjects. Of Johnson, for instance, he says in one of his letters:

That Johnson, who wrote harmoniously in rhime, should have had so defective an ear as never to have discovered any music at all in blank verse till he heard a particular friend of his reading it, is a wonder never sufficiently to be wondered at. Yet this is true on his own acknowledgement, and amounts to a plain confession (of which, perhaps, he was not aware when he made it) that he did not know how to read blank verse himself. In short, he either suffer'd prejudice to lead him on a string, whithersoever it would, or his taste in poetry was worth little. I don't believe he ever read anything of that kind with enthusiasm in his life.

In another:

I will lay you a sixpence that had Johnson lived in the days of Milton, and by any accident met with his "Paradise Lost," he would neither have diverted the attention of others to it, nor have much admired it himself. Good sense, in short, and strength of intellect, seem to me, rather than a fine taste, to have been his distinguishing characteristics. But should you think otherwise, you have my free permission, for so long as you have yourself a taste for the beauties of Cowper, I care nothing whether I have had a taste or not.

In another:

I have lately read, and with more attention than I ever gave to them before, Milton's "Later Poems. But these I must make the subject of some future letter, in which it will be ten to one that your friend Samuel Johnson gets another slap or two at the hands of your humble servant. In another he mentions: I am on the brink of a new literary engagement, and of a kind with which I never meddled before. A magnificent edition of Milton's works (I mean his poetical ones) is about to be published in the Boydel style, with notes Fuseli, the painter, and your humble servant, the editor. Thus I shall have passed through the three graduations of authorship, poet, translator and critic, etc., etc.

Gold in the Trawl.

Boston Herald.

The existence of a cod-liver oil corner, high prices, extraordinary demand for all fish and fortunate pickups of schools on the off shore bank have all combined to fill the pockets of the hardy toilers of the sea in a plentiful manner.

Among the hundreds of Boston boats the Catherine Ellen, the Frances Whalen, Benjamin F. Phillips, Manhasset, Alice Guthrie and Mary E. Cooney have proved to be miniature gold mines for their owners, captains and crews during the past few months.

Eight thousand dollars for a single trip of two days' duration is the wonderful record of the steam mackerel trawler, Alice M. Jacobs, while the sailing vessels named above repeatedly scored $2500 to $3000 on more than one record-making voyage.

One Way to Drive.

Philadelphia North American.

That on or about the sixth day of March, 1902, this plaintiff, Dr. J. A. Bayard Kane, was sitting in a sleigh near the curb on Church street, near Bernard street, in the Borough of West Chester, in the County of Chester, Pa., when a horse and sleigh driven by Arthur Darlington, or, under his express direction and superintendence, by a young woman sitting on his lap, violently collided with his, the plaintiff's sleigh, and thereby threw the plaintiff out into the street.

With this formal legal complaint as a basis, Dr. Kane, who lives in Philadelphia, has brought an action for $1000 damages against Darlington, who is a well-known young man of Birmingham Township. The doctor adds that Darlington's horse was driven by the young woman of the lap in a "wanton, reckless and negligent manner," and that the collision smashed his sleigh and injured his horse. He thinks Darlington ought to be made to pay because of his "aforesaid method of driving."

AMERICANIZATION OF JEWS.

Harper's Weekly.

Dr. Maurice Fishberg, of New York, a well-known anthropologist, contends that in the United States the Jewish face is disappearing, and that, within a few generations, the American Hebrew will be undistinguishable in physiognomy from his Gentile neighbor.

As the medical examiner of the United Hebrew Charities, Dr. Fishberg has had exceptional opportunities for conducting a physiognomical investigation. Some of his conclusions are certainly remarkable. For instance, his examination of over 2000 Jews in New York City has convinced him that there is no foundation for the notion that every Jew possesses a long, hooked nose. As a matter of fact, he has found only 6 per cent of hooked noses among Hebrews. Straight noses constitute 68 per cent, broad noses 12 per cent, and, what is even more remarkable, retrousse noses 14 per cent. He does not deny that Jewish immigrants are easily pointed out, but he insists that they cannot be identified through any peculiarity of facial structure. A foreign look is popularly mistaken for a Jewish look.

Then, again, the Jewish immigrants have what may be appropriately described as the Ghetto face. The Ghetto face, or rather the Ghetto eye, expresses a ceaseless fear and anxiety, or at least suspicion, of everything around it. The same eye is observed among other peoples that have been subjected to agelong persecution, as, for example, the Christian Armenians in Turkey and the Kopts, or native Christians, in Egypt. The Jews who have lived for several generations outside of the Ghetto do not exhibit this facial phenomenon. There is no reason why the Ghetto eye should not tend quickly to disappear among the descendants of Jewish immigrants in the United States. It is true, as Dr. Fishberg says, that there is as much physiognomical difference between the Russian immigrants on the east side of Manhattan Borough and the American Hebrew who is conspicuous in commercial, professional and public life as there is between the Irishman and the German. Yet, beyond a doubt, the ancestors of the advanced Hebrew of today bore a striking physical resemblance to the Russian Jews who are newcomers in this country.

As regards intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles, there is no doubt that they must have frequently taken place in the past, so far at least as the marriage of Jewish men to Christian women is concerned. This is evident when we compare Spanish Jews with German Jews in respect to the color of the eyes and hair.

Seattle Faith—and Panic.

Skagway Alaskan.

Another (political) weakness with Seattle is the fact that the city is in disgrace. It has no moral standing with the people of the State. It has deliberately put a gang of highbinders in the saddle. It has boasted of its "wide-open policy," and has invited the thieves and murderers from the four corners of the globe to make that city a harvest field. Housebreakers, pickpockets, highwaymen, bunco-steerers, confidence men and murderers, ply their vocation without hindrance and without fear. It is known that those in control are hand and glove with the world of graft. These people who manage the city's affairs control the primaries and send men of their own ilk to the Legislature, who hardly wait for the invocation of the Divine blessing on the first day's session before they begin the search for a ready market for legislative votes. For these reasons, those from other counties will make no combinations that contemplate good faith on the part of Seattleites. It is understood that they cannot even keep faith with themselves. The Seattle votes in the Legislature can be handled without giving office to that city. The lobbyists know this, so they figure the city out of representation in the Senate and deal with the individual members in the Legislature.

Where He Can Manufacture.

Winnipeg Free Press.

The Montreal Herald prints the first of the series of letters which is being written by the member of its editorial staff whom it has sent to England to study the state of British public opinion in regard to Mr. Chamberlain's trade proposals. In his first letter, which is written from Liverpool, the Herald's commissioner describes the visit to the model town of Port Sunlight nearby, where the great Sunlight soap works, employing 3000 hands, are located.

He recounts an interesting interview which he had with Mr. Lever, the head of this great concern. Mr. Lever has a branch establishment in Toronto, yet he makes the significant admission that he is not certain but that it would be more economical to supply British Columbia from the Liverpool works. Presumably the water carriage to Vancouver and the low cost of production in England are the main factors in creating this situation. Mr. Lever manufactures in many countries, but to the greatest advantage in free trade England, and he is decidedly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

It will be interesting to see what other British manufacturers will have to say to the Herald's commissioner.

Buys an Empire.

Los Angeles Express.

"Yes, it is true I have just bought 2,500,000 acres of land in Mexico," today said J. D. Wood, of Salt Lake, who is paying a visit to Los Angeles. "Dave" Wood is a name to conjure with up in Utah and Nevada, where the man who bears it is so largely interested in mining properties. "The ranch is called the Wood-Hagenbarth land—Hagenbarth is my stepson—and we propose to develop it, and are putting down artesian wells and building pipe lines for water. We will fence the whole tract, and this fencing will be 550 miles long. The tract is 135 miles long, and from 19 to 40 miles in width, lying along the border beginning about 16 miles west of El Paso. I have already let the contract for building 70 miles of fencing, and when I was down there I put on 800 head of cattle. I have unbounded faith in the future of Mexico. The country is bound to become greater for mineral development and livestock raising.

Twenty Years of Southern Progress.

Manufacturers' Record.

Years.	Pigiron.	Tons.
1880—South produced		397,301
1902—South produced		3,004,574
	Coal.	
1880—Output in South		6,049,471
1902—Output in South		61,396,672

Female Erudition.

New York Herald.

Of "dainty, sweet girl graduates" we read,
In varied honeyed phrases as above.
She is truly up to date in all, indeed,
Excepting in the highest art of love.
She is great at conic sections
And is given to reflections
That Plato to Ben Jowett was unknown,
And decants, with much precision,
On "the prisms of the vision,"
Which is Kamskatchan unto me, I own.

You take her into dinner; she'll insist,
With quite a superfluity of zest,
On rhapsodizing o'er the aorist,
True signal that you never will digest.
She will ask you your opinion
Of the ancient Greek dominion,
And her Egyptolic knowledge is immense,
Which is not the conversation
That will meet with approbation,
Be you possessed of gastronomic sense.

I've met these cultured maidens by the score,
With each the talk in vain I've tried to bring
To current subjects, authors and their lore,
Society and those that act and sing;
But a very stony staring
That upsets your evening faring,
And I'm thoroughly convinced within my mind
That the one who will possess her
Is some stuffy old professor;
By modern men she's gracefully declined.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Fortunately, few of us want to visit Russia.

Hawaii wants to be independent. Where's the Isle of Pines?

Newport girls suffer from the pressure of continual engagements.

Still the salmon keep out of the river? Do they think the cans are not ready?

"Fell the fatted pheasant," is a memorable phrase employed by Mrs. Weatherred.

When Papp is part of the Hungarian Diet—well, the electors must have known that the punster's lot is hard.

To pay the railroads a higher rate on lumber may help Portland millmen, but the man in the street doesn't exactly see how.

Labor Unions declare in Trenton that barbers, and not undertakers, must shave corpses. What in the world, or out of it, are the barbers to talk about?

It is clear that the newly discovered germ of laziness does not abound in Corvallis, where a girl committed suicide because she was not allowed to wait in a restaurant.

Milwaukee has been reveling in a big horse show. It is clearly her first experience, for superficial reading of Milwaukee papers discloses several references to the horses.

A man in Mount Vernon, N. Y., has killed his wife because she often asked him for money. No self-respecting woman should ask her husband for money; she should help herself from his pockets.

With the little Borneo Islands in mind, the time seems ripe for the formation of the International Sign Painting & Preservation Company. Let all islands be plainly marked with their number and street name, and confusion will be avoided.

The clarion call of the New York Sun has produced its effect upon the Smiths, who fell by a tiny majority before the Johnsons of the Chicago directory. Rallying round the anvil banner, they scorned the aid of their offshoots, the Smyths, the Smythes, and the Smithjes. It was the true-blue Smith or none. And nobly did they vindicate themselves. Smiths by the legion swooped down upon the luckless directory-compiling men of Boston and spread their forces, 2600 strong, over 17 broad pages. The usurping Johnsons quailed and fled. Who could face such numbers? Certainly not the Johnsons. It looked like "no contest" until the Sullivans, with the real Celtic fire, hurled themselves into the breach. But what could even Irish valor do against odds of 17 pages to 12? The Sullivans were overwhelmed, the shaken prestige of the Smiths was restored, and the call of the Sun was nobly answered.

At a Seaside Hotel.

"Why do you look so unhappy, Maud?"

"When I was dressing this afternoon I didn't notice that I hadn't taken off my bathing suit and it's wrinkling a little."

Concussion of the Brain.

"There are conditions of the brain, following partial concussion," says a medical expert, "when an object suggests to the sufferer its immediate and practical use. If a spade be found, for instance, he would begin to dig."

When lazy Mike came down the pike
His brother hobos slunk away,
His title proud they all allowed
Was fairly his in every way.
When Mike would eat he'd oft repeat
Complaints that men were treated so,
He thought it odd a kindly God
Had made the grass, not men, just grow.

But one day Mike fell asleep on the track
In front of a passenger train,
And the engine caught him a terrible crack
That concussed what he thought was his brain.
Awake from his stupor the first thing he saw
Was a man with a shovel and a pick,
Two things that he'd formerly looked at with awe,
But now couldn't handle too quick.

It's shovel and dig,
Mike works like a nig,
And gets mad when they tell him to quit;
The rest of the crew
Swear he's tunnelling through,
And will end in the bottomless pit.

And Deacon Cook, of Tillamook,
Who came to tend a convocation,
His people knew was through and through
Of most religious inclination.
His home was barred to booze or card,
And dancing was, he said, immoral.
The things were few his kids could do
If with their paw they wouldn't quarrel.

But one night Cook was heading for his bed
When a sandbag took him from behind,
And the robbers left him on the street for dead,
As a clue the police might find.
A gambler found the deacon on his back,
And helped him his senses to regain,
So that from the effects of his terrible whack
A dealer was pictured on his brain.

So the deacon's a crank
On playing the bank,
And stakes the church funds at roulette;
His fortune he saps
By playing at craps,
And "amen" he has changed to "you bet."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Picture dealer—The artist died before he was 30. Mrs. Greenback—Why, I thought you said he was an "old master."—Chicago Daily News.

Stella—So she married him to reform him? How did she begin? Bella—By spending a lot of money. You know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Gabble—Mrs. Upton has two servants in her house now, I understand. Mrs. Hiram Offen—That's nothing. We invariably have two in our house; one going and the other coming.—Philadelphia Press.

"Have they changed much since they inherited all that money?" "Yes, indeed. Why, they have three names hyphenated now, and they've changed the spelling of their daughter's name from Mamie to Mayme."—Chicago Evening Post.

It is rather remarkable that the hero of a recent novel dies in the middle of the book. But it is an indication that authors are becoming more considerate of the feelings of their readers in ending the agony early in the game.—Atlanta Constitution.

"I believe that policeman is leading an upright life." "It's encouraging to think there are such men on the force." "Yes. He sleeps so much on his feet that it doesn't seem as if he could possibly want to ever lie down to rest."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"And how," asked the Jersey Skeeter, "is the drill team getting along with that artesian well?" "O. K.," said the superintendent of mosquito operations. "The boys have been drilling into that dude's skull for half an hour and have almost struck water."—Baltimore News.

"So you bought your husband a stop watch?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "How did it work?" "Perfectly lovely," was the answer. "Charley took it to the races with him, and he says that every horse he was interested in stopped before it got into the home stretch."—Washington