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.....$0.85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9.00
Sunday, per year..... 2.00
The Weekly, per year..... 1.50
The Weekly, 3 months..... .50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico—
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 30-page paper.....2c
32 to 44-page paper.....3c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscription, or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

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

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy to partly cloudy and cooler; winds shifting to northwest.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6.

FINANCIAL DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The gloomy reports of declining values in the New York stock market continue, and the business of Wall street has contracted to such an extent that the total amount of trading on Tuesday was smaller than that which is handled in a few minutes when speculation is in a normal condition. And yet these reports are causing no great amount of sadness out here in the hilarious West. Conservatism seems to have shifted its headquarters, and the West refuses to indulge in the financial "wild-catting" which began with the development of the trust idea, and has been working overtime, nights and Sundays, since. The trust plan, so long as operations were confined to the amalgamation of interests for the purpose of reducing operating expenses, cheapening output and increasing profits, possessed features of merit. These features were so apparent and the results were so quickly obtainable that the first of the "merged" properties that were put before the public found plenty of buyers.

Money poured in from all directions whenever the stock of a new combine was placed on the market, and Wall street embarked on a prolonged speculative debauch, which is now about to end in a final wrestle with the financial delirium tremens. The West remained in the running up to the danger point, and then made an effort to shake loose from its dissolute companion. There was plenty of money on this side of the Mississippi for all kinds of industrial enterprises which possessed merit, but it stopped flowing in the direction of Wall street as soon as Morganizing began to show signs of getting past the safety point. The West, which had always had a reputation for wild speculation, so suddenly became conservative that Wall street had no opportunity to unload the last batch of trust securities, and was accordingly forced to keep them. It will never be known how many millions of dollars have been swallowed up in the effort to keep the water from being squeezed out of these undigested securities, but it has reached proportions which have brought the strongest operators up against a crisis that promises to revise the commercial rating of a wide circle of speculators.

There is nothing pleasant in the spectacle of this climax which now seems inevitable, but it can be viewed with a fair degree of equanimity out here, where we have stuck to business principles. No sympathy is felt for the trust jobbers and stock gamblers, and the only concern that is felt over their antics is that in their delirious spasms they may disturb the equilibrium of some legitimate business. The "d. t's," financial or otherwise, are not necessarily fatal, and Wall street, after "seeing things," may emerge from the spasm with a clearer head and in a position to get back on a legitimate basis. United States Steel stock touched the lowest point on record Tuesday, and throughout the present semi-panicky period in Wall street it has been one of the most vulnerable securities. John W. Gates, a man whose reputation as a gambler and tricky manipulator of stocks is world-wide, is one of the ruling spirits in United States Steel. Charles M. Schwab, during his brief career as president of the corporation, acquired a similar reputation, both at Monte Carlo and in Wall street.

Conservative men will sometimes follow the lead of such personalities when prosperity trails in their wake, but when a pinch comes, as at present, they are left to fight it out with speculators of their own kind. Wall street is now witnessing a "dog-eat-dog" performance, and the non-professional interests have no particular sympathy with any of the contestants, and would like to see the row stopped, only because the uproar jars on the nerves of legitimate business and frightens timid capital into hiding.

It is seldom that a public officer is called upon to face an ordeal so severe as that which confronted Sheriff Richards, of Asotin County, Washington, when the task of protecting the slayer of his brutally outraged and cruelly murdered young daughter fell upon him. Stifling the grief of a father and the abhorrence of a man for the awful crime that had desolated his home, he appointed twenty-five Deputy Sheriffs to guard the jail where the craven wretch cowered in fear of his life. That the guards were overpowered and the murderer lynched is not surprising, since more than ten times their number resolved to make a finish of him without waiting for legal trial and execution. The crime of which this child, while on her way to Sunday school, was the victim is one which is so revolting, so utterly without extenuation, that it is not surprising that the men of a community in which it is committed spring in sudden fury at the throat of the criminal and make quick work of their self-appointed task. It is to be regretted, however, that the counsels of moderation do not prevail even in a case so aggravated as was this one, since the lesson of quick justice through the courts is a salutary one, while that of instant justice through mob violence discredits not the manhood, but the self-control, of the community and opens the door to possible injustice. In this case no mistake regarding the identity of the criminal was possible, as he acknowledged his guilt. But not infrequently the victim of mob violence protests with his last breath his innocence, and clearly he should be given a chance to prove it.

THE BLOT ON THE 'SCUTCHEON.

The Bangor News says that Mrs. Blaine was greatly disappointed because the friends of her husband in the ten years following his death raised no memorial to his honor. During all this time no attempt has been made to perpetuate the memory of Blaine by a monument upon the lot near Augusta which Mrs. Blaine purchased expecting that the friends of the dead statesman would erect upon it a memorial to his honor. The Bangor News thinks that Blaine's friend, Andrew Carnegie, "can find no better chance to show his respect for a noble man than by erecting a great mausoleum to his former companion in his rides over England and Scotland in the Summer of 1888." The friends and relatives of Mr. Blaine would do well to mark his grave with such monuments as their personal affection suggests, but so far as the American people are concerned, the lack of public monuments to Mr. Blaine will surprise no intelligent, thoughtful man.

Mr. Blaine was not the kind of public man that makes any deep, lasting impression. He was a brilliant debater, a forceful, magnetic politician, but he was not a statesman in any high sense of that word, for he utterly lacked the element of patriotic, public disinterestedness. He was not a noble-minded man, not a warm man. He was like a diamond, brilliant, attractive, but hard and cold in his inner nature, in spite of the fact that, like a diamond, he was susceptible of a high degree of outward polish. It is a serious charge to say of a man of distinction who is dead that as a statesman he utterly lacked the quality of patriotic disinterestedness; but Mr. Blaine's fame is clouded by the fact that, entering Congress in 1863 without any money to speak of, without any profession save that of a country editor and politician, he was as early as 1876 charged with having used his opportunity as Speaker to his own pecuniary benefit.

This stain on the 'scutcheon of Mr. Blaine was never removed. It lost him the nomination for President in 1876 and 1880; it lost him his election in 1884, and probably would have defeated him had he consented to accept the nomination in 1888. When Mr. Blaine died he left a very large property. It is notorious that he had a large wealth at the time he was charged with having used his Speakership for profit in 1876. The Bangor News admits that the Presidential campaign of 1884 cost Mr. Blaine a half million dollars or more, but that after this campaign he still owned his home in Augusta, his fine cottage at Bar Harbor and his splendid mansion at Washington; and he continued to live on the same high scale he had always maintained.

It is pretended that Mr. Blaine subsequently realized $500,000 profit out of his "Twenty Years of Congress." This is more than Grant obtained from his "Memoirs," written with his dying hand, when men of all parties in a burst of patriotic sympathy and good will bought his book, and we do not believe that Mr. Blaine obtained any such sum from his book. But no matter. He was a very rich man before he wrote this book. He was so rich that he could spend money like water for the Presidency in 1884 and still remain a rich man; he died a rich man. All his days he lived like a rich man. He started in 1863 in Congress with nothing. He had no income save that of his place as Representative, and subsequently Speaker. He never explained the scandal of 1876. He kept the Mulligan letters after borrowing them on pledge to return them. Had he been a lawyer of professional eminence, his rapid rise to wealth could be explained, but he had nothing to sell but his official opportunity and influence as Speaker, and the charge that he used it or rather sold it for money or its equivalent is probably true. The bar sinister is on Mr. Blaine's 'scutcheon; and the stain is indelible, and this is the reason why this alert, aggressive, magnetic politician has been dead ten years without any stir among his political friends to erect to him a splendid memorial. Carnegie could afford to do it. Perhaps he ought to do it, for Carnegie doubtless had to thank Blaine for much of the tariff legislation that made him enormously rich.

There is no plausible explanation for sudden rise to wealth on part of a poor man in politics within a few years if he has no working capital save his legitimate Congressional income when "the poor man" in question lives on a scale that poor men like Speaker Samuel J. Randall and United States Senator Hoar could never afford. Speaker Reed was an able lawyer when he came to Congress. He was a constant worker with his pen, but, like Conkling, he had no money to speak of until he left Congress and went to work at the law in New York.

Abler men than Blaine lack permanent public memorial honors. Matt Carpenter, the ablest lawyer, the most brilliant orator that Wisconsin has sent to the United States Senate, lacks today permanent public memorial honors in Milwaukee because there is a stain upon his 'scutcheon. Justly or unjustly, he is deemed a man who grossly lacked professional and political integrity in his public career, and in spite of his conceded great ability the city that knew him best has never honored his grave with a fitting memorial. The blot on the 'scutcheon is as indelible as in the case of Blaine.

The Bangor News may be sure that such men, when they get monuments, will get them at the expense of the family circle. Stout soldiers easily get monuments, but politicians do not get them often unless they are statesmen, too, of high quality. Sometimes men of no great statesmanlike quality obtain public monuments through public sympathy for their melancholy fate, like that of the murdered Garfield, but as a rule a merely capable politician with a blot on his 'scutcheon waits a long time for a public monument.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESSBOARD.

The chess-like character of the game played by European statesmen forms its chief interest for the observer in another continent, and the latest open move, whereby the French knight and the British castle may be said to have joined forces, is worthy of attention. Before considering the possibilities of the present rapprochement, however, the last alliance France so gaily celebrated demands attention, if only as an instance of moving, shrewd while apparently purposeless, toward a definite object in the game. It is but a few years ago that Russia and France openly joined hands, and amid much clinking of glasses declared their intention of fighting side by side in the future. It was easy to see France's object. She was practically isolated in Europe. Her most-hated neighbor, Germany, was increasing in strength, at an astonishing rate, and frail as were the bonds of the Triple Alliance they were as yet unbroken. An ally like Russia would be a very present help in time of trouble. But why did Russia seek the pledge of France? For the empire such an alliance seemed no more than an entanglement. A Russian official has declared within the last few days that his country did not fear a war with any five powers, and we are compelled to believe him. Russian endurance is almost unconquerable. Moscow might be threatened again; her own citizens would set the torch to her buildings. Another army might be thrust into the country; it would be withdrawn and the people would close around it as water around a withdrawn stick. It seemed unintelligible, therefore, that Russia should seek an alliance with France. But now the game has developed and the object of the move is clear. The Russian coup in Manchuria was in contemplation, and St. Petersburg did not know the long-suffering of Great Britain, of Germany, of Japan. The aid of France and her navy in the East might hasten Russian plans by half a century. Therefore the Czar toasted the bourgeois President and sailors hobnobbed under the imperial eagles and the republican tricolor. When the dismemberment of China was threatened as the result of the Manchurian move, France saw her possessions in the southeast already stretch to the Pacific, but the beatific vision was dispelled by the failure of Russia to worry over any spheres of influence but her own.

And now France has been drawn towards Great Britain, the nation most zealously opposed to the designs of her late ally. The movement in this case is more easily understood, for France and her present friend have a number of problems that can be better solved in an amicable than in a hostile spirit—if there is an ulterior motive it appears to be as well concealed as was the case with Russia. Extensive as are the possessions of both France and Great Britain in Northern Africa, Southeastern Asia and the South Seas, there are few points of friction, and surprisingly few serious disagreements. In the National Review Eugene Etienne, vice-president of the French Chamber of Deputies, reviews at length the various matters at issue. Egypt, he believes, will be evacuated—some time, and he evidently thinks that Great Britain will consent to the occupation of Morocco by France on similar terms. French possessions on the Mediterranean littoral and on the Congo have been severed by British occupation of the hinterland, but M. Etienne is of the opinion that his country will have no difficulty in procuring a revision of existing treaties. The French Shore question M. Etienne dismisses as the trivial matter it is, and he plainly hints that France would abandon all her claims for a trifling consideration. In the New Caledonia matter the writer is equally complaisant, and suggests that the New Hebrides be equally divided between Australia and France. As to Indo-China, M. Etienne thinks that France should be given a much freer hand in the valley of the Mekong.

The temperate and conciliatory manner in which these points—all that are at issue between the countries—are discussed by a Frenchman of such standing and so well informed on national sentiment as M. Etienne must be, is the best augury for their final settlement. It may be fairly hazarded, however, that the writer's hopes with regard to Morocco are doomed to disappointment. Great Britain has a traditionary fear of a fortress opposite Gibraltar, and if for no other reason would do her best to keep out a leading power. And in Indo-China the case would be very similar. Unless the partition of Siam were decided upon, Great Britain would be dubious as to the wisdom of letting another nation increase its influence too greatly. As it happens, these are the two most important matters of the six mentioned, but the apparent deadlock is not likely to prove lasting if the statesmen of both countries are as moderate as M. Etienne.

In the meantime the game goes on all over the board.

ADVANCE IN THE HORSE MARKET.

The "passing of the horse" was announced in the agricultural and trade journals, some ten years ago, as a condition the progress of which was well advanced, and which, as the prophecy ran, was to have been practically completed by this time. This view has not, however, but sustained by events. On the other hand, its unsoundness has been clearly shown by a revival of demand and an increase of prices in the horse market which has given a decided impetus to horse breeding. Indeed, according to the Drovers' Telegram, there is an activity in the horse market that has stimulated range men to hold back their best stock for higher prices, and buyers for the markets of the Middle West and for the English cavalry are unable to fill their orders. The result is a threatened deadlock in the range horse trade of the Rocky Mountain section for the remainder of the present year.

A powerful factor in increasing the price of good range horses is the demand from settlers in the irrigation districts of the Rocky Mountain States for horses for agricultural purposes. "A settler here and a settler there do not seem to amount to many," says the livestock journal above quoted, "but in the aggregate they count heavily, and thousands of horses that ordinarily would have found their way from Western ranges to Eastern markets are absorbed at relatively high prices—high because there is no railroad fare and other shipping expenses to be met."

This is the most cheerful feature of the "boom in the horse market." An outside demand, as for first-class horses for the English cavalry or the tough little rangers for South Africa, is at best spasmodic. But when it comes to a home demand created by the reclamation of large tracts of land by irrigation, the accruing profit is two-fold and the demand has the promise of being steady and permanent. The farm horse was never in danger of extinction, but there was a time when the depression in agriculture was so great that the elements in its production fell to bottom prices. The farm horse, like the corn he plowed in Kansas and Iowa, and the wheat and oats he harvested in the Dakotas became "cheap." Electricity invaded the general field of utility in which the horse was a patient burden-bearer, and the demand for street-car uses ceased. Humanity was the gainer in this line, but horse breeders suffered from the falling off of the demand. The prophet of dullness and disaster was abroad in the land at that time, heralding among other coming calamities the passing of the horse, and it really seemed as if this passing was in progress. The reaction has come sooner than the friends of the horse—either sentimental or practical, dared to hope. The range horse is up, and still coming. According to the livestock paper, the poor quality of horses that were of slow sale two years ago at $8 and $12 a head last year advanced to $12 and $15, and are now ready sellers at $18 to $30 a head, while fancy stock sells at prices that make the average dealer dizzy. All of which proves the fallacy of human judgment, when it invades the future, and shows that agricultural and various other industries and enterprises have not yet reached the place where they do not need the horse in their business.

The excitement caused by the alleged discovery of gold on the headwaters of the Molalla is but a repetition of history nearly half a century old. More than forty years ago the late A. F. Hedges, of Clackamas County, led a party of enthusiastic goldseekers into the mountains near where the recent discoveries of gold are reported, formed a mining company and staked off quartz claims, which he and his followers believed to be rich in gold. The enterprise was not pursued for various reasons, chief of which was lack of funds. But Captain Hedges, who had had considerable experience in mines, believed that gold existed there in paying quantities, with the always-present possibility of an exceedingly rich vein. The probability that valuable mines will be located and opened in this district is an exceedingly interesting one, and developments will be awaited with the anxiety that attaches to the discovery of gold, even in the most inaccessible portions of the earth.

Leo XIII appointed sixty-three cardinals, and he saw to it that nearly forty should be of Italian nationality. These thirty-nine Italians of course controlled the election of Leo's successor. This Italian predominance in the Sacred College prompted some Englishman to say that the Roman Catholic Church in England was "an Italian mission." Spain, a country devoted to Catholicism, has but five cardinals; France, with more Catholics than Italy, has but seven cardinals; Austria-Hungary has but five cardinals. While there is but one cardinal for 9,239,166 Catholics in the United States, Italy has a cardinal for every 800,000 of her Catholic population.

Now there's Grover Cleveland and there's William Jennin's Bryan. William Jennin's, in a speech in Urbana, O., yesterday, said that "the trouble with the Democratic party began in 1892, when a 'bunco-steerer' led the party into the net of Wall street." William Jennin's meant Grover Cleveland. Now "bunco-steerer" is not a pretty addition to any man's name. But Grover Cleveland can stand it. He was elected twice. When Bryan took the leadership of the party just recall what happened. Two defeats of Bryan after two elections of Cleveland.

The greatest clock in the world, for the use of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, is under construction at Milwaukee. The dial is to be 120 feet in diameter, and the minute hand will move five feet every minute. The numerals marking the various hours will be 15 feet in length and made of bright-colored coleus. In a broad circle surrounding the dial will be twelve flower beds, one opposite each hour, and each two feet wide and fifteen feet long. At night the timepiece will be illuminated with 2000 incandescent lights.

The Boston Herald thinks that "if illiteracy were made the test of exclusion the tide of immigration would be cut in halves." But do we want the tide of immigration "cut in halves"? Rather isn't there need of people in this country who are willing to work and don't hold themselves above it? "Illiteracy" is a term often misused or misapplied.

It seems a pity that the beaver colony found near Walla Walla cannot be transported to some safe place, where they might build another home. All too fast the fauna of the Northwest are disappearing before the advance of material improvement and before the idiot with a gun.

The suggestion of a correspondent that the penalty for carrying concealed weapons be made very much more severe than it now is deserves attention. It would afford a good means of putting potential highwaymen where they could do no harm.

The City of St. Paul is likely to have an ordinance prohibiting the use of toy pistols, blank cartridges and similar devilries on the Fourth of July. Other cities would be glad to have such an ordinance, but are too lazy to pass one.

Lord Curzon has decided to accept the British government's offer of an extended term as Viceroy of India. The offer is a proof of Lord Curzon's ability and the acceptance a proof of his zeal.

There is not lacking sentimental approbation of adherence to a lost cause, but common sense frowns at the attitude alike of the Jacobins and the "black" families of Italy.

The impression prevalent about Schwab is that he would make an excellent tradesman, but an inferior merchant.

Enigmatic.

Manila Cablenews.

Says "Volcano" Marshall in the Shanghai Rooster: "What few Americans there are in the Philippines who have escaped being boloed by the Filipino or jailed by Taft, are committing suicide or dying of cholera."

No, Volcano. The Great American is in Shanghai, with his 30 suits of clothes and sundry vests. Better be a Shanghai rooster than a Manila mosquito.

HISTORY AND HISTORY-MAKING

Sacramento Record-Union.

Oregon's project for celebrating the Lewis and Clark centenary in 1906 has had the good effect of developing a local historical literature of very considerable volume and of unusual literary merit. Chief among the group of writers who are thus giving to Oregon and to the Pacific Coast the basis of a new literary character is Mrs. Eva Emory Dye, who within the past three years has put forth two very notable books, one entitled "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" and the other "The Conquest." The first deals with the period of the Hudson Bay Company's occupation of the Oregon country, which antedated the American immigration; the second is a somewhat idealized narrative of the very remarkable journey of the Lewis and Clark party from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia River and return in 1804-5.

A specially interesting fact respecting the author of these two notable books is that she has practically no personal relationships with the pioneer conditions or life of Oregon; that she is in fact relatively a newcomer, a tenderfoot, so to speak, whose interest in the themes which have occupied her pen is a borrowed one rather than an outgrowth of native interest and native spirit. It is remarked in Oregon and elsewhere as a curious fact that the chief among its literary exponents should be thus a person holding merely the relationship of an adopted daughter to the country which has so charmed her imagination and inspired her labors.

It is further to be noted in connection with the very active historical spirit which just now makes the mood of Oregon that those who in various lines of study have developed the largest measure of enthusiasm are, like Mrs. Dye, for the most part newcomers. It was a son of Virginia who gave himself the pains two or three years back to compile and present a historical address which summed up the history of Oregon as it never had been done before. It was the son of another Southern state who took upon himself the hard work two or three years ago of putting on its feet the Oregon Historical Society. And so throughout this interesting development of historical and social interests in our sister state the effective enthusiasm and the laboring oar have been held, not by the sons of the soil, who it would seem should have been the natural leaders in a movement of this kind, but by newcomers, "outlanders," so to speak, of generous mind and of eager sympathies.

This experience, we believe, is paralleled almost everywhere. New England has indeed written its own earlier annals, but in every other part of the country this work has been done by some outsider, whose interest has been especially attracted to historical subjects. President Roosevelt, a New York man of Dutch ancestry, has given us by far the most readable historical review of Western settlement. John Fiske, a Massachusetts man, has given us by far the best studies of the early history of both New England and of the states founded by the Dutch, the Quakers and the cavaliers; and so all over the country the historical enthusiast is nearly everywhere, if not a non-resident, at least a man or woman without personal or traditional share in the subjects which engross his especial and devoted interest. Even in New England today the most interested students of the earlier historical life are not native sons in the traditional sense, but a second-growth product of Irish, Canadian and otherwise foreign immigration.

The fact is not vastly important, since it matters not so much who does things as that they be done well; but it is worthy of notice as illustrating a curious tendency. It appears to be easier for a foreign mind to seize upon essential and characteristic interests as related to a particular country than for the native mind, to which everything appears as a matter of course, and to which nothing comes with novel and striking effect. It is notable in connection with the development of this idea that the keenest observation of our California life has been made by strangers; and we may well believe that when the history of California shall find an adequate pen it will be that of some stranger whose attention will be won by special charm and the amazing dramatic interest of the story of California.

The Retort Retaliatory.

Translated from a Dresden newspaper.

In the United States there is at present tremendous indignation on account of the massacres in Kishenef. President Roosevelt has received delegates of the B'nai B'rith and has promised intervention. Great meetings are being held, in which the Russian "animals without souls" are damned in the name of culture, of humanity, of human rights and the liberation of mankind by the Americans. At the same moment a crazy mob kills an innocent negro because town authorities have wrested the guilty negro from its grasp. In the Eastern Hemisphere innocent Jews are killed because they are Jews—and in the Western Hemisphere one makes Nero's torches out of negroes merely because they are negroes. Under these conditions the enlightened Occident has particularly little reason to become indignant over the barbaric Orient—Orient and Occident are no more to be parted. And Alice's father comes under the suspicion that he is looking more for Jewish votes and the strengthening of jingoism than the redemption of humanity.

One can understand all this, but it is not to be excused. Over here and over there the same circle. First you depress a whole people until they are pariahs, deny them civic equality, social recognition, industrial peace, and then when you have made them cowardly, dirty, treacherous hyenas, you kill them as hyenas or pour petroleum over them and let them cook. Good Lord!

Too Many Pampered Criminals.

Eugene Register.

This talk about prison reform would be all right if discussed in the right direction. Those who would make softer berths for the criminals and show greater consideration for the hardened men who stop at nothing when given their liberty, is putting an additional premium on crime. Let the prison be all that its term implies, let it be known as the place next to death and destruction from whence no man escapes who is in for life, nor none get out by escape or otherwise before the time is served and the state's prison will have a much greater terror for evildoers than it now possesses. There are too many pampered criminals in this country. More rigid prison discipline and there would be fewer Tracys and his ilk.

Novelty in Iowa.

Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

We have seen a new one; a dress buttoned clear to the ground.

Pope Leo's Last Poem.

London Daily Chronicle.

The Giornale d'Italia publishes a short poem written by the pope in honor of Saint Anslem on July 6. The verses are said to be the last composed by Leo XIII. They are as follows:

Pubens Becconsi copide se condere claustro
Patricia Anselmus nobilitate parat;
Sub duce Lanfranco studiosus et acer alumnus,
Sub Patre Herluino crescit et usque plus.
Floretem ingenio juvenem ad celestia natum
Quem non perficiat tale magisterium?
Hinc pastor fidei, divino hinc munere doctor
Sublimi in superis vertice conspicuus.

The following is a translation of the above:

When a mere youth, though of noble parentage,
Anselm eagerly desired to seclude himself in the Convent of Bec.
With Lanfranc for his teacher he made a devoted and eager student,
Under Father Herluinus he grew yet more devout.
What talented youth born to a high estate
Would not such teaching perfect?
Hence he became the leader of the faith, hence by the gift of heaven
A teacher outstanding on the topmost pinnacle among the highest.

WHY CRAWFORD DIDN'T DRAW.

New York Sun.

Our esteemed contemporary, the St. Paul Globe, is spotty with tears. It grieves because the public "of St. Paul does not take its amusements or entertainments seriously." Mr. Marion Crawford lectured in St. Paul and "only a handful of people" went to hear him. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry played in St. Paul to audiences "the size of which would make the lover of art—and the lover of St. Paul—hang his head in shame." Lectures on biology, evolution, ethics, literature, cannot lure the Sanctopaulists from their homes. So the Globe accuses them of "mental apathy and intellectual indifference."

These accusations are unjust. The people of St. Paul have the keenness and the clearness of their atmosphere. They are sympathetic, not apathetic. Their intellectuals are wide-awake, and their recent and present want of interest in certain forms of entertainment and instruction are easily accounted for.

Minnesota has a particular fondness for that lively young Westerner from the East, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. She feels in him the fresh zephyrs of the Banana Belt, the wide waves of her innumerable acres of wheat. It is his mission and his happiness to lecture and instruct. Urged by an unconscious monopolistic instinct, he has gradually become the great National professor. History, ethics, biology, sociology, the art of war, naval science, anti-Malthusianism, political economy, the relations of labor and capital, the evils of trusts—these are but a part of his great course of free lectures. Why should the St. Paul folks pay to be instructed and edified? Every morning and evening newspaper enables them to sit at the feet of the kindly and earnest professor, who has taken all sociology for his province. Without fees or the formality of enrollment they are enabled to enjoy the advantages of this unequaled University Settlement.

St. Paul shows a quick ear for the ticking of the Zeitgeist. Mr. Marion Crawford is a novelist of distinction and a charming speaker, but as a lecturer he is parochial, fragmentary, unofficial, incomplete.

SOUTH GROWS RICH.

Remarkable Progress During Recent Years.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record presents figures of assessed valuation of property for each of the Southern States in 1860, 1880, 1890, 1900 and 1902, as the basis of an estimate that the complete figures of the census of 1900 will show the South possessed in that year of more than $14,000,000,000 worth of property of all kinds, only about $2,000,000,000 less than that possessed by the whole country in 1860. These preliminary figures obtained from official sources enable one to trace the growth of material wealth in the South during the past 20 years. The Manufacturers' Record says:

These figures show an increase between 1860 and 1880 in assessed valuation averaging about $26,000,000 a year, the actual increase, of course, having been largely made with the lightening of the reconstruction burden. Between 1880 and 1890 the assessed valuation increased from $3,051,175,098 to $4,659,514,833, or $1,608,339,735, an average of $160,000,000 a year. In the next ten years the increase was to $5,457,553,081, or but $798,038,198, an average of less than $80,000,000 a year. But during the next two years between 1900 and 1902 there was an advance to $5,916,960,712, or $459,407,681, more than half the advance between 1890 and 1900. The total advance between 1880 and 1902 was $2,865,785,614, or nearly 94 per cent.

Material betterment of the South thus indicated is more clearly shown in comparing the true valuation of property in the South with that of property in the rest of the country. The increase in true valuation between 1880 and 1880 was from $6,286,214,108 to $7,505,000,000, or $1,218,785,892, equal to only 19 per cent in the South, while in the rest of the country it was from $39,873,401,360 to $36,137,000,000, or $26,263,598,040, equal to 266 per cent. During the next ten years, with the wonderful industrial, agricultural and railroad expansion in the South, the rates of increase in the South and in the rest of the country became about the same. Between 1880 and 1890 the true valuation increased from $7,505,000,000 to $11,150,532,304, or $3,645,532,304, equal to 48 per cent in the South and in the rest of the country the increase was from $36,137,000,000 to $53,886,558,893, equal to $17,749,558,893, or 49 per cent.

If there were the same rate of increase between 1890 and 1900 as between 1880 and 1890 the true valuation of property in the South for 1900 would be $16,787,816,000. If the actual increase were the same the true valuation would be $14,796,064,608. If the same proportion of assessed valuation to true valuation obtained in 1900 as in 1890 the true valuation for 1900 would be $13,311,104,954. The total in 1900—of farm values, $3,951,631,632, of capital in manufacturing, $1,153,002,308; of railroads, $2,734,888,000—was $7,839,522,000. That sum is 36 per cent greater than the sum of the values of these three leading classes of property in 1890. If that percentage obtained for the increase in the value of all the property of the South during the ten years the true valuation for 1900 would be $15,164,723,933.

Another contributor to Southern wealth is iron. Comparing the production of pig-iron in the South for the first half of 1902 and 1903 an increase of 200,000 tons is shown, more than one-fourth of the total increase in the United States.

The Glorious 33!

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are 33 new Brigadier-Generals.
Think of it!
Thirty-three flashing and dashing warriors in gold lace galore, and with buttons that corruscate like the stars on the robe of night.
Thirty-three doughty leaders of men whose spines are stiffened with dignity, and whose legs are curved with horsemanship, and whose chests are convexed with a sense of the favor they confer upon the public by merely existing.
Happy uniforms, happy gold lace, happy buttons, happy horses that bear these knightly Brigadiers—and long may the goddess of peace keep them unspoiled and intact.
Glorious 33, we salute you!

The Same Old Seltzer Bottle.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

How dear to my heart are the shows of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view:
The stage with one set for the palace or wildwood,
And all of the jokes that my infancy knew.
The joke on the goat that attacked Mr. Casey;
The man who said mothers-in-law were a hoax;
The old seltzer bottle! O, that was a daisy!
The old seltzer bottle they used in the jokes.

The old seltzer bottle,
The glass seltzer bottle,
The big seltzer bottle they used in the jokes!

Today when I wander where the stars are performing
The tears of old memories come to my eyes,
For never a comedy now that's not swarming
With antediluvian jests in new guise.
The goat joke now swings on a person named Clancey—
But just as of old the comedian soaks
His partner with seltzer, in laugh-raising fancy—
The old seltzer bottle appears in the jokes.

The old seltzer bottle,
The same seltzer bottle,
The dear seltzer bottle they used in the jokes!

The whiskers they wear are of pale green and yellow;
The slapstick comes down with the liveliest whack
And brings forth a cheer for the talented fellow
Who gets the unmerciful blows on his back.
And then the gay quip on the humorous chickens
Who crossed o'er the road—how it tickles the folks!
But this makes the audience laugh like the dickens,
The old seltzer bottle they use in the jokes!

The old seltzer bottle,
The oft-tested bottle—
The time-honored bottle they use in the jokes!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

How mad the bloodhounds must be when they hear of another jailbreak.

Bryan now says that Cleveland is a bunco steerer. No honor among thieves.

Mayors have varied duties, but the worthy reformer of Spokane seems to have reached the limit by fixing the rent of "cribs."

Miss Ora Sleeper is a witness against the robber that pounded Lippy's head with the butt of a revolver. Names are deceptive.

Paul Gabel, of Brooklyn, is dead. He was the originator of delicatessen stores in America. The good is oft interred with our bones, but the evil—

Men offered whisky to vote for Rainier as county seat are said to have voted for St. Helens. What does this mean? Wasn't the whisky good, or wasn't there enough of it?

One Mort Woods in the city of Atchison, state of Kansas, has rubbed his bald head with a certain hair "tonic" for the last three years, and still it shines as brightly as ever. Woods is out $180, and he has brought suit for that amount against the owners of the tonic. If he can't make the hair spring, he will at least make the fur fly.

As He Should Be.

Tony Andrews is the father of a bouncing big boy, born to his wife July 25. The boy weighed 9½ pounds.—Lewiston Teller.

Religion in the Capital.

PASTOR E. HEZ SWEM EXPLAINS: "ARE Red-Haired, Freckled Folks Lovely?" Sunday night, 8 o'clock. Preaching, 11 A. M.; short services. Free pews. 24 Baptist Ch. Auditorium, 4th and Va. ave, s. e.—Washington Star.

In Californian Jungles.

First Convict — Terrible lonesome in these woods.

Second Convict—I told you you was foolish to shoot them soldiers; you should have taken them along alive.

Shanghaied!

In this sailors' boarding-house business there is only one thing really clear. White and Smith say they conduct the business in a ladylike manner, but that Sullivan and Grant use really horrid measures sometimes. Sullivan and Grant maintain that they are the ladylike firm, and say that White and Smith are not really quite "respectable."

This is how it is when the "other fellow" does it:

His head was splitting open, and his eyes were starting out.
As Farmer Johnson feebly moved and tried to look about;
His face was near the "ceiling" and his "bed" was two feet wide,
And under some mysterious force it rolled from side to side;
His temples throbbed, his tongue was parched; he feebly tried to think,
But all he could remember was a harmless little drink,
A little drink he'd had some time, seemed like 'twas years ago,
At some saloon in Portland where he'd gone to see the show.
It was a pleasant stranger that had said he'd stand the gaff,
A casual remark it seemed, yet made the barkeep laugh;
And now it seemed he must be dead, and never more would see
The dairy cows a-grazing in the fields of Albany.

At last he saw a dipper, and he struggled out of bed,
To find the floor had swung right up and cracked him on the head.
He staggered to the barrel, and he drank and drank and drank
Until he held more water than was left inside the tank.
It made him feel more lively, gave him strength to look around,
To observe the architecture and to hear the plashing sound
That rippled, rippled, rippled, past the outside of the "wall"—
It puzzled Farmer Johnson, till he heard a fearful bawl:
"Oh, come on deck, you lubber, and look lively right away!"
And the thumping of a marlinspike gave him reason to obey.
He stumbled up the "staircase," and nearly fell with fright—
All round him it was water, not a foot of land in sight!
The mate was so much tickled, and he laughed himself so weak,
He had to lean upon the hatch to gather strength to speak.
Then he spoke to Farmer Johnson, and he said, without remorse,
That for only four months solid he would have to work dead horse.
"Your bill was fifty dollars at the 'home' on River street,
And twenty other dollars for the boots upon your feet;
They may be somewhat leaky, and your bedding may be nix,
But then, you know, the shippers they likes their little tricks.
You'll soon forget your troubles, forget where you were born,
A-furling of the royals in a gale around the Horn."

Poor Farmer Johnson looked around, the waves were leaping white;
He sprang into the water, and disappeared from sight.

'Way back upon the homestead there was none to milk the cows,
While down in old Albina the shippers held carouse.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Viola—Why did they separate? Myrtle—Nobody knows. Viola—How dreadful!—Judge.

She—Do you remember before we were married, dear. He—Why, it's among my happiest recollections.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Who were the first to wear rainy-day skirts, mamma?" asked the little Tessie. "Why, the Scotchmen, I believe, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

The lawyer—Can't we prove an alibi? The crook—Let's see, boss. I've got a alibi—bought and paid for—dat I didn't use last time I was pinched. Will dat do?—New York Journal.

Soaks—Just one more highball and then we will go. Stokes—No, thanks. If I took another I would feel the effects all day. Soaks—Suffering cats! That's why I take 'em.—New Yorker.

Mrs. Oldun—All you young girls nowadays seem to be muscular athletes. Miss Strong