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, 6 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."

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49 Tribune Building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune Building, Chicago; the R. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis street, and N. Wheatley, 813 Mission street.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 229 South Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 205 South Spring street.

For sale in Kansas City, Mo., by Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut streets.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street; Charles MacDonald, 53 Washington street, and the Auditorium Annex news stand.

For sale in Minneapolis by M. J. Kavanagh, 50 South Third street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street; Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam street; McLaughlin Bros., 210 S. 14th street.

For sale in Ogden by W. G. Kind, 114 25th street; James H. Crockwell, 242 25th street; F. R. Godard and C. H. Myers.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second South street.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., Fifteenth and Lawrence streets.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 74; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; cooler; winds mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, SEPT. 21, 1903

GOVERNMENT BY SPASMS.

We do not get the best results in the administration of a city or a port by spasmodic efforts to do in September what should have been done in May, or at any time by arousal of excited attention to tasks which require steady care and persistent effort.

Theodore Roosevelt is at the head of the Federal Government. No man in the Presidential chair ever so signally exemplified the simple honesty of decent citizenship, or exalted to such conspicuous place the idea of righteousness as a guiding principle. It is the consciousness of this throughout the Nation that gives hope and courage to every right-minded citizen. It is, in fact, the knowledge of his zeal for righteousness that has emboldened every official under him to get after the scamps in his employ and correct enormous wrongs that have grown up under more complaisant regimes. Yet there are those who carp at President Roosevelt as if he himself were the cause of these ancient abuses. They forget the splendor of his achievement, as through a microscope they contemplate the necessary limitations of time and rock-rooted tradition under which he labors.

George H. Williams was elected Mayor of Portland as the exponent of righteousness in municipal government. He has made a remarkable exhibit in many lines. The city never showed such material progress, such cleanliness, such prompt and vigorous grappling with problems as fast as they arise. He has resisted the clamors of spoilsmen to take possession, as has been their wont, of the police and fire departments. He went into office a believer in the eradicability of vice, and he has seen reason to change his opinion. He was brave enough to announce the change, and firm enough to stand unmoved by his best judgment in the face of clamor. No one can deny his entire honesty and incorruptibility of purpose; no one should impute to him other than the highest of motives. He prefers fines that go into the city treasury to blackmail levied by officials and applied to their own corrupt advantage.

This course meets the disapprobation of many of our best citizens. With them the question is not one of results in government, but of religious conviction. To these convictions they are commendably loyal, and their motives are above reproach. But it is most unfortunate for them to deny to him the charity they claim for themselves. It is a mistake to judge his purpose and achievements by the necessary limitations which time and tradition and stubborn human nature impose upon him in his effort to do the best thing possible. The intense opposition manifested toward him by those who have hitherto supported him resembles very much the attacks on President Roosevelt because he drinks wine and hangs a nude picture in his dining-room. Mayor Williams will not run the city government by a succession of spasms. "I have been too long in public life," he says, "to be swerved from my judgment by newspaper criticism or popular clamor." It is a word that commends him to the steadfast and prudent mind.

Equally futile are the fits that are being thrown about the improvement at the mouth of the Columbia River. It will not get rock quarried or dredges equipped in August to begin agitation in September. The fact is that these great undertakings are not affected by spasmodic but by plodding and methodic effort. The facts about the jetty have been printed in these columns for a year past. Not a month has gone by but a representative of The Oregonian has visited the jetty or the rock quarries and reported the exact situation. Not a month has gone by but information has been elicited from Washington and San Francisco concerning the alterations in the Grant. Somebody has just found out that rock is being quarried and machinery shipped from the East for the Grant, and the deuce is to pay. Somebody is getting busy about something that should have enlisted attention, if at all, long ago.

Nothing can come of these epileptic undertakings except the gradual enlightenment of those whose ignorance does them no credit. The jetty has been looked after by Government engineers in whose capacity or fidelity there is no question whatever. They are to be commended rather than interfered with and suspected. As for sinister influences, which might be suspected at the dalles, there is no more active and eager promoter of river improvement than the Harriman railroad system.

There is a right way and a wrong way to get results in government. One is by co-operation, the other is by blind interference. No responsible source of complaint against Federal practices will fall of heed from President Roosevelt. No provable charges of malfeasance in office will be laid in vain before Judge Williams against one of his subordinates. No man who knows anything about the jetty and goes at it in the proper manner will be ignored by the Government engineers. We all have ideas about how government should be run; but the judgment in the last extremity must be that of those who are charged with the responsibility for results. The President will be President, the Mayor will be Mayor, the engineers will improve the river; and while criticism is unrestrained in this free country, the well-considered and firmly resolved upon course of action will never, in competent hands, be swayed, "either by newspaper criticism or popular clamor."

SO CONSIDERATE!

There will be no war in the Balkans this Autumn, the dispatches say, because it has been found to be unnecessary. Turkey is really getting along so well that there is no occasion for Europe to fly to arms. Therefore it is that she will not be permitted to occupy the Bulgarian territory. Hence Turkey has nothing to gain by hostilities. Hence no action is contemplated by Great Britain or any other European power. Further successes of Turkish troops were reported yesterday, and again in this morning's dispatches, so there is nothing to cause alarm or solicitude.

Is this enough to satisfy the consciences of Christendom? Turkey, we may assume, is well pleased. A few more villages have been devastated with fire and sword; a few more Christian girls have been murderously violated before the agonizing gaze of fathers and mothers; a few more innocent babes have been cleft asunder with horrible barbarities by the most cruel and bloodthirsty ruffians in all the armies of Europe. Turkey, indeed, is well satisfied. Turkish arms are pleased to report several more successes. It seems that without aid from Christian Europe the Turks will be able to pacify the terror-stricken population of the Balkan states. If the maddened sufferers arise in desperation, Turkey can put them down. The Bulgarian mobilization applies to only a few regiments, and is intended only for reinforcement of the frontier posts. They are too weak to withstand the Cossack fiends. They can only perish miserably in their squalid homes, or at best flee to the forests to be burned by the able and inhuman strategy of the Mussulmans.

Melancholy, indeed, would be the day for London and Berlin and Vienna if these persecuted Christians of the Balkan states should turn upon their age-long oppressors with the frenzy of desperation and sell their lives as dearly as Spartans did centuries ago in the same peninsula where now the crescent floats in lurid fires. If some hundreds or thousands of these Turkish fiends were made to bite the dust; if a new crusade from the modern world should lend hope and money and military genius to the poor wretches of Bulgaria and Macedonia until they drove the Sultan's armies to the Bosphorus and even thundered at the gates of Constantinople, then, no doubt, armies would hurry from the shadow of St. Paul's and the Vatican and Strasburg and Cologne, to restore the Sultan's grasp upon his throne and humble his Christian subjects more cravenly beneath his feet.

There are two things which perpetuate this awful and discreditable situation. One is the money cost of war, and the other is the mutual fear of the great powers for each other. Yet this fear, in its turn, is a question of money, for it is money translated into markets and sales. The commercial instinct is the one impulse that steps in to prevent Europe from asserting the feelings with which its humane people are moved and giving to the Balkan peninsula the freedom and peace which civilization demands for them. It is a depressing thought that this sordid ambition prevails over the dictates of humanity. It is passing strange that while Cabinets are torn with dissension over tariffs and budgets, no one thinks of calling in question the policy which proposes to buy peace for Europe at the price of massacres and outrage unspeakable in detail and almost denied publication through terrorism. It is time for a sonnet like Milton's on the Albigenses or for some Peter the Hermit to preach a new crusade.

AN ANTIDOTE TO ANGER.

Should you, gentle reader, happen to wander in the vicinity of one of Portland's schools and come upon one of Portland's schoolmarms, famed for their taste, with her hands outspread, her mouth open as wide as dainty lips will permit, and her eyebrows raised, do not rashly conclude that something in your appearance has shocked or surprised the teacher. However egregious your appearance might be, the fair women that guide Portland's youth in the paths of knowledge are too well-bred to betray their surprise. The teacher whom you have encountered thus is merely resisting an angry impulse, such as even the best of us might be attacked by if we had charge of a class, and her actions are calculated to make the impulse pass. Presently the hands will relax, the mouth will close into a rosebud, and the eyebrows will sink to their natural position. The teacher will break into a sunny smile, all her angry impulse vanished.

It is Superintendent Rigler who has made the discovery, and, instead of selfishly keeping it to himself, has imparted it to his teachers. Not only anger, but any emotion, he declares, "may be controlled by inhibiting the motor movements that accompany it." When angry, what do we do? Clench our fists, grind our teeth, and frown like gorillas. Therefore, if we open our hands and our mouths and raise our eyebrows, we shall cease to be angry, Little Johnny, having been rude to his teacher, will grow nervous as he sees her face darken, and he will remember past spankings. Judge, then, of his surprise when the arbiter of his fate goes through a series of strange motions and ends by smiling at him. Undoubtedly his views will coincide with those of Mr. Rigler.

Effective and pleasant as this method will be in the schoolroom, a much greater public awaits its application. Suppose you have run two blocks to catch a street-car that starts just as you are about to board it. You feel mad and uncomfortable. What is your inclination? To shake your fist at the vanishing conductor, of course. If, instead of this undignified and fruitless proceeding, you spread your fingers and gently wave your hand in the air as though fanning a butterfly you will have "inhibited the motor movements" that accompany anger, and anger will vanish as rapidly as the car. In a moment you will smile, and conclude that it is, after all, better to wait for the next car.

Mr. Rigler has done the world a service, and in a few months we may expect to meet half our friends with their hands open, their mouths agape, and their eyebrows mingling with their hair.

CORRUPTING A NATION.

A few years ago the idea that a man could earn the hearty dislike of a nation by giving it large sums of money would have seemed too extravagant for a moment's consideration, and yet that is exactly what Mr. Carnegie appears to have succeeded in doing with the Scottish people. The growing number of people who find his intrusions, his advice, his gifts, to be insufferable, has found a voice, and a resonant one, in a writer who contributes to the National Review an article entitled "Will Mr. Carnegie Corrupt Scotland?"

After a passing allusion to the libraries that dot the world, the writer touches upon the organ-giving habit that has lately been acquired by Mr. Carnegie. Once upon a time the strict Scot would not tolerate instrumental music in the kirk, but now almost every congregation is anxious to have an organ, and applications to the giver of organs are far from few. As the writer in the National Review truly says, organs are a luxury, and no luxury should be the result of charity. If a church cannot pay for an organ, let it do without. The few remarks on these subjects, however, merely serve as preliminary exercise for the writer before he attacks the Carnegie interference with Scottish university education.

Mr. Carnegie, it will be remembered, two years ago placed $10,000,000 in a fund to be devoted to the help of Scottish universities and to the aid of poor lads desirous of entering college. The writer in the National Review makes the following points against the scheme as it is disclosed by two years of experience: The control of the fund being entirely in the hands of a Carnegie committee, the universities will more and more fall under the influence of Mr. Carnegie, who will thus be enabled to enforce his own ideas of university culture, a possibility that "runs counter to the very idea of the university system." The writer foresees that Mr. Carnegie may believe he is making perfect the educational system of Scotland, while really engaged in sapping its foundations. "The exceeding pathos of such a predicament," he adds, "gives the onlooker startling pause, and he regretfully recognizes in the modern iconoclast a new Don Quixote inspired and impelled by his grotesque hallucinations."

To placate the "spirit of manly independence so dear to the Scot," the student is informed that he can repay the money he receives, if he is "ever in a position to do so." Thus many a conscientious boy will be saddled with debt at the outset of his career. The "flaccid selfishness of many stolid men and the incipient luxuriousness of their ambitious sons" will lead many to take advantage of the Carnegie aid that do not really require it. Numbers of peasant youths will be led to the universities to their lasting detriment. A boy who needs £8 or £10 a year to complete his education should be of exceptional promise to be diverted from a useful trade that would bring immediate remuneration.

These points are well taken. The Scottish universities, where the "muses have been cultivated on a little oatmeal," have held and hold a high place in the world, and the intrusion of Mr. Carnegie is not at all likely to improve them. The statements that the conscientious scholar will be burdened with debt at the outset of his career is true, and so is the statement that the funds will be used by persons well able to obtain education without financial aid. The famous "Bluecoat" school is an instance of this. Supposed to be maintained for the very poor, half its scholars are the sons of professional men, and so forth. And the force of the last objection is obvious. The peasant boy of 16 should be going to work instead of to college. There are too many poor scholars in Scotland now, and learning is uncertain stuff upon which to depend for parritch. As the writer says, "we may find Scotland beginning to suffer from the natural consequences of Mr. Carnegie's whimsical vagaries, and infested with gangs of unpractical scientists, theologians sadly down at heel, and spasmodic men of letters that are no better than dumb dogs."

SIMPLE LESSONS ON AN OLD TOPIC.

"The small farmer who is not too high-toned to cultivate the land himself will succeed where the gentleman farmer who employs hired labor and sends his children to college will fail, even though the latter may possess ten times as much land as the former and have a few thousand dollars to begin with." This was one of the points made by Commander Booth-Tucker in his recent address before the National Irrigation Congress. The assertion is one that stands for a truth, without argument. It but states a fact that is attested by general observation and by the experience of hundreds of so-called "gentleman farmers." The maxim of Poor Richard, "If you want a good servant, and one that you like, serve yourself," applies more particularly to small farming than to any other vocation. And when this time-honored authority adds,

> He who by the plow would thrive
> Himself must either hold or drive.

he states a fact that every man who has begun life as a farmer and has pursued farming up to middle life, winning a modest competency and making a comfortable living all along the way has duly proved.

The school reading books of a former generation were composed of "lessons" instead of "exercises." One of these, as memory recalls, was the story in McGuffey's Second Reader of "The Old Lark and the Farmer." The story attractively presented to the youthful mind conveyed the lesson that self-help was the only agency that could be depended upon in carrying forward work that concerned no one so much as the individual directly interested. "Perseverance" was illustarted farther on in the series in a "lesson" entitled "The Odd Eagle Tree," and still farther on a chapter headed, "No Excellence Without Labor," conveyed a "lesson" that many successful men and women have recalled in middle life as having been of value to them all along their way. The climax of the first was reached in the declaration that when a man sets out to do his work himself it will be done; that of the second was conveyed in the concluding words of the lad, who, from his task in the fields, had watched an eagle whose nest was "full ten miles from the sea," from which she procured fish upon which to feed her young, return the third time during the afternoon with a fish in her talons after having been forced to drop her catch the two preceding times. Sharing the triumph of the eagle as she reached her clamorous brood and delivered the fish, the boy exclaimed: "I will never yield to discouragement."

The echo of those words, read in the droning tone of the school boy on a hot Summer afternoon of a past century, has come on down through the years, conveying its simple lesson. The third lesson cited had for its keynote the statement that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, though perhaps these words were not used. Memory is not always faithful to details, but the central idea in these old lessons has been a guide to the simple success of many earnest lives.

The words of Booth-Tucker above quoted convey the old lessons by direct statement in the current language of the time. "The man who is not too high-toned to cultivate the land himself" will succeed where the "gentleman farmer who depends upon hired help will fail." To this it may be added, if the young farmer includes early in his equipment a wife who has been bred to country life, and who is an intelligent, cheerful worker in woman's ways, and the two, working as one, bring up their children to help about the house and farm, their success will not only be assured, but it will be perpetuated in the success of their children, while the failure of the "gentleman" farmer will also be in like manner and measure continued.

Applying the lesson to the farm colony scheme of the Salvation Army, Commander Booth continued: "Give the man who is willing to cultivate the land a chance, select him with care and back him with $500 for a start, and he will succeed where the other with twice the equipment will fail." And the recital of the new-old lesson was listened to with interest by an audience composed of experts in agriculture, stock-raising, irrigation and engineering, the object of whose coming together was to devise ways and means whereby the waste places of the Nation may be made to contribute to the needs of a growing population.

Periodically some correspondent struggling to be sensational agitates the cross-roads politicians with reports of Germany's sinister designs in Brazil. Vast colonies of prosperous farmers were described, settled in a rich country, where they were rapidly gaining political control, with the intention of adding another province to the German Empire. How far from the truth these pictures were is shown by a recent report in the Frankfurter Zeitung. Instead of being the chosen home of prosperity, the colonies are in an unsatisfactory condition, and one of the largest is said to be on the verge of bankruptcy. During the whole of 1902, but 500 German-speaking immigrants arrived in Brazil, and that number included many from Austria and Switzerland. Even in the palmy days of the immigration movement, when transportation was free, it was a bumper year when 5000 settlers arrived, and these were of the poorest class, being principally attracted by the free passage. Consequently, when immigration practically ceased and land failed to appreciate in value, the colonists were unable to stand a prolonged period of depression. The correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung summarizes the causes against the development of the colonization scheme—first, the difficulty of securing capital; second, the smallness of immigration; third, the unsatisfactory mode of partitioning the land. In other words, the scheme is not a success, and neither capital nor labor will embark on it.

It is easy enough to find people that will condemn the fashion of wearing bird skins as ornaments, but few are willing to put their sentiments into effect. It has remained for the City Council of New Orleans to pass an ordinance absolutely prohibiting the "sale, keeping or offering for sale of wild, resident or migratory birds, feathers, or parts of such birds for ornamental purposes." And, further, a fine of from $10 to $100, with ten to ninety days in jail, is provided for any person who shall wear a bird or part of a bird as an ornament. Next Friday the ordinance will go into force, and the women of New Orleans will have to go about with featherless hats. Once more we have sumptuary laws, but they are enacted with intent very different from those made by Kings who reserved to themselves a color or a material.

Lord Lansdowne's unflinching adherence to the best traditions of the British War Office was never better shown than by his answer to a question as to whether or not he had received, before the war, some secret service information as to the strength of the Boers. "The matter was never brought officially to my attention," replied the noble lord," as a basis of action, through the regularly constituted channels." It was not for a Lansdowne to receive information that did not come through the regularly constituted channels, nor for a Secretary of State for War to take action on a communication bound with any but the regulation shade of red tape.

Evident Redundancy of Language.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The court-martial of a young Lieutenant serving in the Philippines and the sentence to dishonorable dismissal from the Army for conduct "unbecoming an officer and gentleman" will be a warning shock to many young men in and out of the Army. The youth's offense was using improper language in the presence of a lady. Why not simply, "using improper language?" A man who will use indecent language in the presence of a gentleman is just as foul-minded as he who betrays his uncleanliness in the presence of a lady. If he would insult a gentleman he would be willing to insult a lady. If he doesn't it is because he is afraid of the penalties attached by convention to such offenses and generally enforced by salutary custom.

Editor Has a Girl.

New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Etweed Pomeroy, in the "World Today," calls New York "a loveless city." We do not know where Mr. Pomeroy has been sojourning in town, but it is evidently some section where nobody lives.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

They Have Struck a Tartar.

Eugene Guard.

The Oregon delegation has been thoroughly Hermannized, and Hermann was thoroughly timberized. Now the lumber barons are trying to Hermannize Roosevelt. They will probably realize they are in for a strenuous life before they convert the President.

Mentioning No Names.

Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Portland is to have the next American Mining Congress. Portland is congratulated. In getting the congress she has shown more enterprise than many other Western communities that are recognized as far more important mining centers than Portland has ever been.

Agriculture the Backbone.

Salem Statesman.

The greatest benefit to the state from the fair is the competition and comparison among the breeders of livestock and the growers of fruits, vegetables, grains and grasses. These are the solidest part of the wealth of Oregon. The improvement that has been going on of late years in these fields argues more than any other one thing for the future greatness of Oregon.

This Year They Had Good Luck.

Toledo Recorder.

While there is a general prejudice against the new forestry law, and it has doubtless deterred some ranchers from slashing and burning, there has been a marked freedom from the smoke of forest fires this Summer. That the dry season was unusually short accounts in part for this condition, but the patrol of forest rangers has had a wholesome effect on campers and hunters. Slashings can be burned as readily as before, although permission should be secured of the County Commissioners and notice served on neighbors.

Proud of the Metropolis.

Ashland Tidings.

Portland is flourishing and growing like a green bay tree. According to the estimates made on the names of the city directory the Oregon metropolis has now a population of 123,662, an increase of 33,000 people during the past three years. This magnificent showing has been made by the steady and regular growth of the place, unaided by booming of any sort. With its matchless situation and superb resources there is every reason to believe that the immediate future will show even a larger increase in population and growth in wealth of Oregon's foremost city than the past three years has witnessed.

Astoria Has Been There.

Astoria Astorian.

The lessons of the rate war between the steamers plying the Columbia from The Dalles to Portland were well learned in Astoria. More than two years' experience taught that the larger city benefited and the smaller suffered. The tendency to go to the larger cities to do shopping, far-reaching, and practiced even by the families of business men who should be more patriotic, is encouraged by these low rates. People will find an excuse to go to Portland, under those circumstances, and money belonging by all the equities to local commerce is diverted. The Dalles people should discourage this rate war and thereby bring about a speedy settlement of the differences.

Thanks, Honest Friend!

Corvallis Gazette.

It is plainly evident that the Southern Pacific, or what is known as the Harriman lines, is waking up to the importance of the demand for new railroad lines in Oregon. We are glad to see that it is due to the forceful arguments of The Oregonian the awakening has been possible. Because this paper openly criticised the Harriman policy on the ground that it had lost glorious opportunities, and had not done anything to prevent the advance of the ports of Puget Sound at the expense of Portland. It had also intimated that if Mr. Harriman did not think it worth while to do something for Portland the city knew some one who did. We congratulate The Oregonian on its success in advancing the interests of our great and growing state.

Natural Democratic Disaffection.

Eugene Guard.

Senator Fulton told the Albany Herald man that he would introduce a bill to abolish all forest reserves. Mr. Fulton believes the President is encroaching upon the rights of the state; that the reserve policy is overdone, etc., etc. Is this Mr. Fulton the same suave man who told the people of Oregon that Mr. Roosevelt was a friend of Binger Hermann and desired to see him elected? Is it possible that this is the United States Senator who so loudly proclaimed and told the voters of Oregon that Hermann was on friendly terms with the President, and that he must be vindicated or else an open insult would be offered to the President? Well, the voters were easy. Hermann was elected. The entire Oregon delegation is now after the President. Henry Meldrum, ex-Surveyor-General, said previous to the convention here, that "if Hermann was elected he would give them h—l." It is a pity that in our Oregon delegation we have not a single broad-gauge man.

This Is What They Say.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Portland's new fireboat will be built at home. It will be constructed of wood, because, as they say in Oregon, a steel hull is "too costly." Without doubt the contractor will be a resident of Portland, since one of the conditions of the new call for bids requires that the boat be built within the city limits, thereby practically excluding all but local bidders. It took deep thought and tall hustling on the part of Portand's Executive Board to shut out the competition of Seattle shipbuilders, but those iron-clad stipulations have done the trick. The new fire-fighter, though it will be more expensive and less efficient than a boat constructed of steel in Seattle, will possess the merit of being home-made throughout, save the pumps, which will be of a peculiar make admitting of a fat commission for somebody. In this instance at least local pride, though unjustifiably expensive, is satisfied. Steel hulls may come high, but not so high as some forms of civic vainglory. Much joy to Portland's Executive Board, in its new, wooden, home-made, non-competitive fireboat.

Hear, Hear!

Astoria Astorian.

The treatment General Williams is receiving at the hands of Portland people is positive cruelty, to say the least. The fight waged against him from some quarters is uncharitable, from others, inhuman. General Williams never wanted to make the race for Mayor of Portland. He consented only after his importunists had presented the matter in the light of duty to the morality and general welfare of his home people. General Williams has done creditable service for the Nation and he is an honor to Oregon. He has served this state and Nation well. He has earned a rest. The citizens of Oregon, particularly the younger element, resent the efforts of some Portland people to cast aspersions on his character. There may be room to take issue with his policy as Mayor, but whatever he does will be with honest intent and insinuations and charges that he is standing in with gamblers and conniving with grafters, regardless of the source from which they come, will not be believed by those who know General Williams. They will rather have the effect of creating sympathy for the spectacle of honorable old age battling against unkind, uncharitable, unscrupulous assaults of pretended friends and designing grafters. The ministers who are criticizing General Williams through the press, rather than counseling him in private first, are adding nothing to their reputation for charity, and so far as now appears, are accomplishing nothing in the way of cherished reforms.

NATIONAL ANTHEM AT LAST.

Chicago Tribune.

It will probably be news to most patriotic Americans that the United States has never had a National anthem, officially speaking, until Saturday last, when the Navy Department issued an order declaring "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be the National anthem and directing, whenever that composition is played, all officers and men shall stand at attention unless they are engaged in duty that will not permit them to do so. As to the good taste displayed in selecting "The Star-Spangled Banner" there will be a variety of opinions.

The Navy Department had quite a stock of so-called "National" tunes to choose from, but this did not make selection any easier, for the reason that some of them have only a local application, and most of the others are not "National." There is "America," for instance, a melody of English origin, already doing duty as an English national hymn, set to some rather commonplace lines by the Rev. Samuel T. Smith. There is "Yankee Doodle," of which both words and tune are guesswork so far as origin is concerned, though neither is American. There is "Hail Columbia," which comes the nearest of all to being a National anthem, as its melody is the President's march, composed in 1789, and its words were written by Joseph Hopkinson in 1798, when war with France was expected. It is noteworthy that "Hail Columbia" has always been selected by foreign nations when they wish to salute this country. The melody, however, is thin and commonplace and was worn out long ago. There is "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," but that is English and is known over there as "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean." There are others which only apply to a certain event or period, such as "Dixie," which is thoroughly American, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "John Brown's Body," "The Battle Cry of Freedom" (which has been made a National anthem by Japan), and "Marching Through Georgia."

All of these have been ruled out and "The Star-Spangled Banner" selected, though its melody is English and its antecedents are most undignified. Its melody is that of a drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and was a favorite with a bacchanalian crew which used to meet at the Crown and Anchor in London between 1770 and 1775. Then, set to other words, it did duty in Masonic lodges. Soon it traveled across the water, and its first patriotic setting was made by Robert Treat Paine in 1788 to words entitled "Adams and Liberty." We next find it illustrating another campaign song, "Jefferson and Liberty," and in 1814 Francis Scott Key set the present words to it on the eve of the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

It is fortunate that the sailors of the navy are not obliged to sing it. It is much easier for the bands to play it. It was not difficult for roisterers to catch its abrupt intervals or to execute its singular flights and closing outburst when under the influence of wine or spirits at the Crown and Anchor, but it is a serious business for a patriot to get through it with a serene face. That we should have to take this old drinking song for a National anthem illustrates the poverty of our musical invention as compared with other nations. Better, however, a National anthem which is not National than none.

JUDGE GRAY ON LABOR UNIONS.

Harper's Weekly.

Judge Gray, for his part, is unshakably convinced that labor unions have come to stay. He thinks that they ought to stay, because, so far as his observation goes, they have a marked tendency to bring good men to the front. He was impressed, he tells us, by the fact that the men who represented the strikers in Alabama brought to the discussion which resulted in a settlement an exemplary spirit and a remarkable intelligence. The highly favorable impression made upon him by labor unionists has led him to take a somewhat unexpected view concerning the expediency of employing nonunion labor. It would be quite superfluous on our part to say that the Judge of an important Federal court does not, for an instant, question a capitalist's right to employ nonunion labor; the question raised by Judge Gray is one not of right but of a far-sighted policy. He points out that when an attempt is made to settle a controversy between capital and labor by the displacement of labor unionists and the substitution of nonunion men, the inevitable result is bitterness and restlessness, the manifestations of which may require to be suppressed by force. He submits that, if unionist labor can only be replaced by nonunion labor with the aid of the police, the question for employers to consider is whether they will not have purchased peace at too great a price. His own belief is that employers are coming to see that they will derive more advantage from a peaceful settlement with the old labor to which they are accustomed than by resorting to the rough and provocative method of bringing in new labor at lower wages or under altered conditions. So long as human nature remains what it is, a hasty and defiant resort to force on the part of employers is apt to lead to retaliatory violence and devastation on the part of the employed. Has not unwelcome experience taught both parties to labor controversies that when disagreement has become acute and has been carried to the extremity where work is suspended, the wisest, cheapest and most edifying course is to refer the matters in dispute to impartial citizens who will reflect the common sense of the community?

The Southern View.

Baltimore Sun.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Brooklyn Eagle, tells in its editorial columns of a white father and two sons in a Southern State "who were actually stolen by process of law and set to work for the family of the Justice who sentenced them." It seems that they were accused of setting fire to some pine woods and damaging the property of the owner to the extent of about $50. They were allowed to choose between imprisonment or working for the owner of the damaged property until his loss had been made good by their labor. They were "held in bondage for a month" and credited with paying $3.15 on account of their debt of $50. Then their crops were seized to make good the balance. At this point the authorities intervened. All who were engaged in the discreditable transaction were arrested and will be prosecuted. "The South," comments our Brooklyn contemporary, "is fond of relating to us that it is the home of chivalry, that its citizens are gentlemen and have a knightly sense of honor. What can it think of citizens who prostitute judicial office, oppress the ignorant, steal their provisions, impose hardships on their families and force them into slavery?" With all proper respect for our Brooklyn friends, it is fair to suggest that such comment as that quoted above is unadulterated cant. The South has no better opinion of the rascality cited by the Eagle than the North has. It believes that the persons who engage in such practices should be punished as they deserve. It would be absurd for an organ of Southern opinion to rake up all the crimes which occur in the community in which the Eagle is published and to ask the people of Brooklyn what they think of these foul deeds. The average Southern man has sufficient intelligence to know that the decent and representative citizens of Brooklyn are not responsible for the crimes of the vicious and depraved elements, and should not be judged by them or held responsible for them. A proper amount of common sense in the discussion of such matters would save people who ought to know better from dropping too frequently into cant.

New York Shipping.

New York Sun.

The steamship Snyg, of schooner rig, is in again with Captain Wlig. She's smaller by half than the steamship Taff. Should she get a "biff" from the freighter Sif—four times as big as the snug ship Snyg—the nautical jig would be up with Wlig, and all the crew, including the pig and the ship's dog "Nlg," unless they were saved by the skipper's gig.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Roosevelt didn't mind giving Lipton the absent treatment.

Will the teredos of King County politics destroy the Piles?

Utah has won the Havemeyer cup for beets—sugar beets.

Balfour seems to have beaten Conan Doyle's record of $1 a word.

Tonopah is unique. It has 17 rioters in jail and charged with murder.

Portland thugs will stop at nothing. A messenger boy was held up on Saturday.

The Victoria (B. C.) robbers who are to receive 20 strokes with the cat will do their own miaou-ing.

If all the marble workers would stay on strike there would be less lying in the world—unless epitaphs were painted on wood.

How, mused General Beebe, could a policeman's hands be soiled by graft if he has obeyed my instructions to wear white gloves?

Columbia Slough is described as the fishermen's retreat. But where is the retreat safe from the attack of a man who wants to tell of a big catch?

No, gentle reader, Hutchings and Jabour have not arranged for a series of stereopticon lectures by L. Pease and J. Fleming Wilson, F. R. G. S., descriptive of a night in Albina.

Hillsboro life continues full of excitement. A man has been taken for a burglar in his own house. Next thing will be to have a citizen shoot himself in mistake for a highway robber.

"Ha! a conspiracy!" scented Bugs Holladay as he saw the truant officer dragging Blinky Ward, the pitcher of the Eighth Ward Giants, off to school. "A year of geometry, and he'll be as bad at fielding bunts as Blewitt."

To the Editor: What is meant by the term "graft"? ANXIOUS READER.

The art of grafting is understood by the postmaster as the separation of man and money to the enhancement of the cause of purity in officialdom.

What?
Yes.
Impossible.
Not impossible; merely expected.
The expected never happens.
Only when it's unexpected.
This is not the conversation of two lunatics, but an extract from a late novel.

Strange tales are told of the childhood of the once "Grande Therese" (Mme. Humbert.) She seems to have acquired the borrowing habit in her earliest youth. At school she used to prevail upon the girls in her class one after the other to lend her their jewels, rings, bracelets, and other trinkets, which she would wear for a few days, returning them afterward, however, most faithfully. Asked why she went about in borrowed finery, the child said one day that she liked to be thought and to fancy herself rich. Already at this tender age her mind seems to have run on colossal inheritances, and she used to tell wonderful stories to her schoolfellows of fabulous fortunes which she would some day come into. She appears also to have acquired in her early teens the art of successful bluffing. It is related that though no musician she desired to be thought an accomplished pianist. So she learned to play one single piece to perfection, but never learned any other. When prevailed upon to play she would sit down and perform the morceau in question brilliantly. Her audience would enthusiastically ask for more. Therese would at last consent, but on condition that the lights were put out, as she was so nervous that she could not play if people looked at her. In the darkness the audience would listen to a succession of other pieces, all performed with like brilliancy. But one day a suspicious person turned on the electricity suddenly, and the pianist was discovered to be Therese's music mistress, to whom the girl noiselessly gave up her seat at the instrument under cover of darkness, standing ready to slip back again on to the stool at the completion of the performance.

Food for Love.

Emma J. Liver, of Portland, has begun suit against R. Liver for divorce.

At first she loved and married him,
Without a warning shiver;
But married life her fancy changed
To heart, instead of Liver.

Black Monday.

The sun came lookin' in today,
As fine as I'd been wishin',
I thought I'd tumble out an' play
Before I went out fishin'.

You bet, I put my clothes on quick—
They'd all been nicely dusted—
Tobogganed down the stairs right slick,
An' in the kitchen busted.

"Say, Sis, where did I hide my hooks?
The place I can't remember."
Said Mommer, "Willie, here's your books—
Third Monday in September."

Going on the Stage.

He graduated from a laundry, I am told.—
Edwin Mordaunt.

O, Johnny, leave the laundry,
And come where Mansfield shines;
Instead of mangling linen,
Try mangling some one's lines.

So Johnny left the mangle,
And the tanks of frothy suds;
He abjured the fascination
Of cleansing dirty duds.

But, alas, he found the people
Raised quite as many hollers,
When he tore to shreds their feelings,
As when he tore their collars.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

He—And so you think if women had the ballot they would have minds of their own and be able to give logical reasons for their beliefs? She (decisively)—I know they would. He—But how do you know it? She—Why, because.—Kansas City Journal.

Mr. Slimpurse—But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you? Mrs. Slimpurse—Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder.—New York Weekly.

The mother cat shook her head sadly. "You are a disgrace to our family," she said sternly to the erring son. "Won't you ever lead a different life, Thomas?" "I've been thinking about it myself," replied the misguided feline, "and you shall have your wish. I've got three more left, and I promise they shall be good, quiet lives, every one of them."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mrs. Greene—You are a great stranger, Mrs. Brown. Why don't you call? You haven't been at our house for three months. Mrs. Brown—I know, but it ain't my fault. You know you discharged your cook for breaking dishes? Well, my parlor maid ordered a sympathetic strike against you and won't allow any of our family to visit yours. Mrs. Greene—I thought there must be some good reason for it.—Boston Transcript.

The prospective heirs of the dying miser came silently into his sickroom. The physician is seated by the side of the patient, a finger on his pulse. "How is our dear uncle today, doctor?" ask the prospective heirs. "There is small change in his condition," whispers the doctor. The dying miser rouses himself by a supreme effort. "Small change?" he gasps. "Put—it—in—my—pocket!"—Judge.