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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 50; pre-cipitation, .12 of an inch. TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy; north

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1903

"WE ALL WORK."

The people of Finland have been in hard lines in the last two or three years. First the heavy hand of Russia was laid upon them, depriving them of their constitutional rights. Then came a famine, first in the small grains that they are able to raise in their short season, and again in fish, which is a staple article of food with them. But through all their trials they have preserved their integrity of purpose. A. Watch, a Finnish-American, speaking lately in the Philadelphia Record, "If a man in Finland asks for bread he is given the opportunity to earn it, never the money to buy it. It is this policy, pursued generation after generation, that has made the Finnish people prefer death to begging, as it is

During the sharp pinch of the famine free lodgings were established in ten of the northern balliwicks of Finland. In these warmth and food could be had for the earning. The women and children were taught cookery, knitting and weaving, and the men were provided with work. Everybody works, there being hardly a millionaire in Finland's 2,555,000 inhabitants. Yet in ordinary seasons the people live above want and make no complaint of their lot.

There is a type of people on the New England coast that resembles in this way the Finnish pe expressed by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her touching story, "A Madonna of the Tubs," "not a drop of pauper blood rolls in the veins of these sturdy bodies." Going through one of the villages of these fisher folk after having heard pitiful stories of their poverty, a puzzied philanthropist said: "None of your people seem to be in actual want." "We all work," replied the other simply. If any type of poverty is ennobling it may be held to be that which, leaving no margin for luxury, scarcely any for what is known as the comforts of life, depends upon its individual energies to supply its needs. Manifestly the only way to increase the happiness of people of this sturdy, self-respecting type is to increase their opportunities for earning and their skill in new lines

GREEKS BEARING GIFTS.

We cannot share in the feverish anxiety of certain Republican papers and statesmen to see Senator Gorman, of Maryland, nominated for President. There is something exemplarily sardonic in Senator Cullom's ardent praise of Gorman for having betrayed the Wilson tariff bill to the protected interests. Something much like this Cullom interview we had already observed in the editorial pages of the New York Tribune, as follows:

cented his efforts to convert the deficit creat sented his efforts to convert the deficit creating Wilson bill of 1894 into a practicable piece of tariff legislation have never ceased to charge him with all the accumulated sins of a Congress majority capable of every folly. The idea of his returning to political power when the men who wrote and inappred the Wilson bill have long since perished outside the breastworks is, and will always be, a thorn in the fieth to the free trade ductrinaires and realots who had their soft the present the second control of the congress then to the free trade ductrinaires and realots who had their day and wasted it under the second administration of Grover Cleveland. But, this animosity discounted, we can see no serious obstacle to an acceptance by Democrats generally of Mr. Gorman's availability as Presidential condidate. as a Presidential candidate. Though he me hesitate to urge his claims, there are other who will exploit his many titles to Democrati-leadership. Virtually the only Democrat wh in this generation has shown his capacity to make the Democratic opposition felt in Congress, or to hold it, when a party power, to some reasonable gense of discipline or responsibility, he naturally appeals to voters tired of feuds and factionalism as the one strong spirit equal to composing differences and restoring order. Trained to diplomacy, he stands—or about axand—in grateful contrast to the self-selfed and self-centred pilots who have only guided the party to shipwreck.

Is there, then, a Republican conspiacy looking to Mr. Gorman's nomina. tion by the Democrats? Maybe so, for certainly there would be no man, not even Bryan, more certain of defeat The American people do many queer things at times, but they do not elect their Gormans and Hills, Quays and Platts, to the Presidency. They intrust a modicum of power to these wolves in sheep's clothing, but they draw the line at the Presidency, which has so far been kept for men of honest

purpose and high character. And yet, on second thought, perhaps the Democrats could do no better than to give German the nomination. The empty honor should, in fact, be passed

around among their brainy men, just as the Democrats of the First Oregon District hand out biennially a package of moonlight on the lake to Jim Weatherford and Bob Veatch and Dr. Daly, Let Gorman be nominated in 1904, Hill in 1908, Francis in 1912, Harrison in 1916. This is better. It is a waste of material to run the same man twice in succession. It is twenty-four years since anybody has been nominated by the Democrats for President except Cleveland and Bryan. This is unfair As the nomination is a mere complimentary testimonial, it should passed around. General Killfeather, of Portland, would make as good a run as Gorman, and is better qualified.

SOUTH OPPOSES DEPORTATION.

Attractive as the proposal to establish the negro in a separate state or states of the Union appears to those who view with apprehension the apparent failure of every other device that has been undertaken, it seems destined to be blocked by no less potent an element in the problem than the South itself, which rises up in dread at the prospect of losing the cheap labor with which its great staple crops are gathered. The Atlanta Constitution, for example, says "the proposition of racial segregation is race bigotry worthy of the dark ages," denies that there is at the South an irrepressible conflict and deadly irreconcilability between the races, and undertakes to say that, to all appear ances, the whites and blacks are getting along very well together and are mutually prospering. The Louisville Courier-Journal de-

scribes John Temple Graves' proposal to deport the negroes of this country as one that has no following among th people. Ex-Governor Northen, of Georgla, declares that the schemes for deporting the negro are impossible and absurd, and that the South could not do without the negro, as he constitutes three-fourths of the farm labor. Governor Northen says: "I have spent all my life among negroes, and I want to live in no country where there are none." This is the feeling of the Southern man of the "old school," the school of Wade Hampton, whose dying words were, "God bless all my people, white and black." Governor Northen points out that it would be impossible to get rid of the negro at the South without disrupting every industry in the whole region; they furnish the great bulk of the labor, and are absolutely essential to the South. As for the indolence of the negro, no man will believe that charge who knows that the agricultural labor of the negro has produced a \$600,000,000 cotton crop this year.

Richard H. Edmonds, a Southern man, editor of the Manufacturers' Record at Baltimore, rebukes Mr. Graves for his deportation proposal and for his misrepresentation of the Southern industrial situation. So far from the South presenting any signs of "halted development" because "of the shadow of an unsolved problem." Mr. Edmonds shows that the value of this year's cotton crop is \$600,000,000. Of this cotton the South will consume in its own mills over 2,000,000 bales, and thus add about \$200,000,000 to the value of the raw staple, and the value of the various cotton seed products will be about \$100,000,000. That is, the South this year will obtain for cotton products alone about \$900,000,000, and its other agricultural products will be worth \$900,000,000 more There is no "halted development" in these figures.

This view is supported by an un

prejudiced observer of great ability and

wide range of travel, Archibald R. Col-

quhoun, who belonged to the English public service in India, Siam, Burmah, China, Mashonaland, Central America, Siberia, Mongolia, Java, Borneo, the Philippines and Japan. Mr. Colquhoun thinks the deportation of the negro even to the Philippines is abourd. His onclusion is that for good or evil the negro is in the United States to stay, and that the negro problem cannot be solved by any such drastic measure as deportation. His own view, derived from the success of the British govern ment in its treatment of the emancipated blacks of Jamaica, would be to acknowledge that while the fusion, social or otherwise, of the two races is impossible, there is, nevertheless, no reason why they cannot live side by side without contempt on the one hand or hatred on the other. That is, there is no obstacle to the American negro living with his white neighbor on terms similar to those of the Mohammedan or the Hindoo with the British. There is no reason why the relations cannot be similar to those prevailing in Jamaica, In Jamaica the freed blacks have great ly improved in morality and industry crime is comparatively rare and trivial. The roads and public works are built by the blacks, many of the overseers and foremen being also men of color In Jamaica, as in Cape Colony, it is customary for the Governor to entertain any colored men of standing, and many of the government offices are open to them. There is no restriction in cars, theaters or hotels, and yet there is far less insolence or intrusiveness on part of the negro. The Jamaican negro has not been taught to consider himself as the equal of the white man, but he la bors under no sense of injustice because he knows he will be treated according to his deserts if he rises above the level of his race. Racial fusion is out of the

white and black. In Jamaica the whites and blacks live together, enjoying the same privileges and to a great extent the same opportunities without race fusion and with out race hatred. Mr. Colquhoun would treat the negro frankly as an alien race; would have separate schools spe- the forces in later years that make for cially adapted to the wants of the race training should be to make every boy or girl a better black, and not a closer Imitation of a white." Mr. Colquboun's conclusion is that "the negro cannot be transported; he will not be exterminated; if left alone, he will retrograde and drag the white race down as well. There remains the single alternative to elevate him, at all costs and in face of every difficulty. . . . Treat him as a man of allen race, unfitted at present for self-government or the full rights of citizenship, but treat him notwithstanding as a man, not as a tertium quid between a man and a dog."

question, but on his merits he can raise

himself in the estimation of the world,

It has been announced that in certain New England woolen mills the substitution of cotton for wool is to be greatly increased. There is a method of, treating cotton with caustic soda in a process known as mercerizing, and this makes the cotton fabric look so much like wool that many are deceived by it Now it is said that these New England milis are to engage largely in making a cotton cloth for overcoats, and in this cloth no wool whatever will be used. The reason of this enterprise is the high

price of wool caused by the operation of the Dingley tariff law. The exclusion of foreign wool gives to a few the control of the domestic market, and prices recently have been put so high that woolen clothes for moderately poor people have become too expensive, and hence the demand for a cheap cotton substitute. This is not only a wrong to a great mass of people, but will work to, the injury of the woolgrowers. Whenever a substitute for an article is generally adopted its use is apt to continue. And so the protectors of wool will overreach themselves by their demand for the monopoly of the home market and work themselves injury. In the meantime the poor are denied the right to buy woolen clothing while the rich can supply themselves from Europe.

HO, FOR IRVINGTON! Once more racing is to be attempted at Irvington track, and this time, if never before in the history of the track, the racing events will be on the square, In undertaking to give a race meeting and a fat stock show at Irvington, the gentlemen who are behind the Multhomah Fair Association have assumed a great task. The history of the Portland racetrack has been besmirched with scandal, but in the face of this the officers, all prominent Portland business men of high standing and character, have devoted their time and money to an effort to raise the "sport of kings" out of the slough into which it was cast. How well they have succeeded will be proved by the high class of racing that will be seen during the coming five days.

Of late years several attempts have been made to revive the sport of racing in Poetland but disaster pursued them and it was not until a couple of months ago that men who have worked to bring about the meeting took hold of the colossal task of again bringing racing into good standing in Portland, Irvington track was in deplorable condition the buildings and sheds were little short of wrecks. The Multnomah Fair Association was incorporated for \$10,000 and it took more than \$7000 of this to get the place tenantable. But the money has been well spent, for those who have been in the habit of going to Irvington will not recognize the place. and as it stands today it is thoroughly up to date and one of the most cosmo

After this was accomplished, the next thing of importance was to get a high class of horses, both runners and harness, to race at the meeting. There was not sufficient money left in the treasury to hang up big purses, but to the gratification and pleasing surprise of the officials, they found horsemen willing to bring their horses to Portland as a compliment to the men who were behind the association

These owners have long known that if racing could be conducted on the proper plan Portland would be one of the best cities in the Northwest, and they were willing to bring their horses here this Fall and race them just to get the association started. From a horse standpoint, Portland has everything in its favor. Horsemen know that it is one of the best wintering quarters in this part of the country. The state is naturally a horse state, and for its size has some very fast performers. Irvington is the ideal spot for racing. The track is as fast as any in the Northwest, and if this meeting is a success next year will see a thirty days' meeting in Portland. Inside the track is a splendid steepichase course, and it is the hope of the officials of the association that next year will see the Hunt Club, with a splendid clubhouse, quartered at Irvington. They also hope to have the Driving Club in their fold. Every effort possible will be made to get these two organizations as members of the Multnomah Fair Association. It is the intention of the association to please the public, and nothing has been left undone that will tend to their comfort.

A VANISHING TYPE.

There died at Hoquiam, Wash., a few days ago, at the age of 61 years, a man of familiar name and lineage, who was born and who had passed the entire period of his more than three-score venrs in the Pacific Northwest. Marcus Whitman Walker carried in his name a memorial of the missionary era in which he was born, and, in the restless spirit that dominated his movements through life, the pioneer instincts that sent his parents into the depths of the North American wilderness on their bridal tour in 1838.

A representative of the ploneer mis sionary type, he carried throughout his life a desire to move from place to place, rather than a purpose to settle himself down and accumulate property In conformity with this desire, which crystallized into the habit of a lifetime he moved when past middle life into the wilds of the Northwestern Washington coast and set himself to a task of homebuilding, the requirements of which were primitive in character and abounding in contentment. And still in conformity with the restless spirit that prompted him to change and again change his abiding-place, his body was conveyed after death a long distance for burial. As a man of this mold Marcus W. Walker lived a long and blame less life. Simple in his habits, of mod est aspirations, frequently changing his residence, he accomplished little from the ordinary standpoint of thrift or public service, yet his name, as far as it extended, stood and still stands for

personal integrity. Such a life may be quoted as a con vincing argument of the subtle power of heredity and early environment over what is called progress. As before said, "The whole aim and end of all negro | this man was the product of the ploneer missionary era in the Northwest. He was born amid the most primitive surroundings, of parents who were still full of the migratory impulse and the missionary idea. Content with little, perforce, since they had left the farthes Western verge of civilization far behind them; controlled by a spirit of rectitude in their dealings with those around them; unsettled, in the sense that they were in constant readiness to move at the behest of circumstances, or in obedience to the stern call of necessity, the lives of these people furnish data by which the simple riddle of the life just ended may be read. And in one such a life is not the record of many an earnest and in its way useful life representing what is known as the pioneer

type written? We follow the lines of this simple rec ord with a feeling akin to reverence. It is the record of the lives of men and of women who, in quiet, unostentatious contented fashion, did what they could, in their way, to push the bounds of civilization on into the wilderness; lives with their achievement and did not fret

and worry in the attempt, year after year, to make it greater and ye greater. More nearly, perhaps, than any other class of people in the Western world have ploneers of this type solved the riddle of contentment. The part they played in the drama of civilization was for many years a leading Latterly it has been overshad one. owed by the energy and enterprise of those through whose efforts the blazed trail has expanded into the railway track, and the packtrain into the railway train. But their place is an honored one in the annals of the Pacific Northwest, even as their lives were onorable in the relatively narrow confines within which they were spent.

Representative Hermann's letter on forest reserves, printed on another page this morning, leaves nothing to be desired on the head of perspicuity and discretion. It is aimed, and we should say well calculated, to pour oil on the troubled waters, so far as the land controversy affects various groups of Republican politicians. Throughout it breathes the spirit of harmony and the glad hand. We may take occasion to discuss Mr. Hermann's views more at length anon. For the present it is sufficient to call attention to the letter and bespeak its general perusal. It is clear that the present reserve policy of the Administration can count on considerable antagonism in the new Congress. It is noticeable that Mr. Hermann is much more reserved than Senator Fulton in reference to the present conduct of the Interior Department, and the self-control no doubt does him credit. Controversies of this sort are easy to start but sometimes awkward as they develop in unexpected directions.

A bust of Queen Victoria and memorial tablets to the late Empress Frederick of Germany and the Duke of Edinburgh, were lately unveiled in the little parish church of Craithie, near Balmoral Castle, where the late Queen and her children attended services in the earlier and she alone in the later years of her long reign. King Edward, by whose orders these memorials were placed, caused a number of cairns that his mother had caused to be placed in Craithie churchyard and about the grounds of Balmoral Castle in commemoration of trifling but to her im portant family events to be razed, thus inviting criticism from sentimental people.- It must be admitted by all, however, that the present ruler's tributes to the dead members of his house take a more dignified and appropriate form than did those placed by the order of his mother in her sad and sorrowful age.

Our average tariff rate on Canadian products coming into the United States is 49.83 per cent, or about double the Canadian rate of 24.83 per cent on dutiable goods exported by us to Canada. Yet in the last fiscal year our exports to Canada increased from \$109,000,000 to \$123,000,000, while our imports from that country increased only \$6,500,000-from \$48,076,124 to \$54,660,410. This in spite of the fact that since 1900 British imports are favored with a 33 1-3 per cent preference. British imports have increased, but imports from the United States have grown still faster. The one-sided character of this trade is causing much dissatisfaction in Canada, where more reciprocity is wanted. At present the balance in our favor is settled by imports from England, but the Canadians argue that it would pay us better to get products direct from Canada

An epidemic of eye disease prevails to an alarfning extent among the public school children of the poorer districts of Greater New York. A total of 100,000 cases have been examined by the physicians of the Board of Health, and a hospital for the exclusive treatment of lished. Unsanitary conditions breed this disease, and, being contagious, it bids fair to become universal among the children of the crowded tenement districts. Of all handicaps to endeavor blindness is the heaviest and a munici pality the children of which are threatened by thousands with this calamity may well bestir itself to preventive as well as remedial measures looking to its control.

The new life of James Madison by Gaillard Hunt holds that Madison might fairly share a little of the glory for the purchase of Louislana. It is to his credit that for twenty years before the purchase he had been a strenuous advocate of safeguarding the interests of the United States in Mississippl River navigation and in the frontier generally. He had strongly opposed diplomatic settlements with European powers which cut the West off from the Gulf. Madison, too, as Jefferson's Sec. retary of State, doubtless had some influence upon the decision to accept the Louisiana purchase, the greatest act of Jefferson's Presidential life.

The presence of 10,000 people, "chiefly Americans," at the formal opening of a new \$50,000 bullring at Juarez, Mexico, near the Texan border, last Sunday, is a disgrace to the American name make this American holiday on Mexican soil, six bulls were tortured and slain and a number of horses were killed by the maddened 'creatures before they were finally dispatched. Truly, the instinct of savagery, the leading force of which is cruelty, lies close to the surface of civilization.

The grave and prolonged illness of Rev. Dr. Wise, of Portland, is the occasion of much regret and solicitude on the part of hundreds in the Pacific Northwest who have come to know him not only as a consecrated preacher and masterly pulpit orator, but as an enthusiastic devotee of everything good and true in community life. His recovery seems assured now, and will be the occasion of general rejoicing.

If Parks is thrown out of the Kansas City convention, organized labor will receive, as it will deserve, the encomiums of all fair-minded men everywhere But suppose he isn't thrown out-will the unions accept with equal relish the comment elicited by surrender to a very dangerous and discredited leader?

To De Witte has been intrusted no less important task than approaching European financiers with a view to loans for the Russian government. This is hardly the job the Czar would pick out for a discredited man.

A machinery building of the Standard Oil Company burned at Jersey City Sunday, loss \$60,000. The sad occurrence is mitigated, however, by the fact that that, in the main, were well satisfied turpentine was yesterday marked up 2

SUNDRY DRAMATIC TOPICS. Purpose of Light Comedy.

A. W. Pinero. I have long hoped that the time would arrive when an English dramatist might find himself free to put into the hands of the public the text of his play simultaneously with its representation upon the stage. . Interesting as might be the publication of a play subsequent to its withdrawnl from the boards of a theater, it has seemed to me that the interest would be considerably enhanced if the play could be read at the moment when it first solicited the attention of the playgoer, the consideration of the critic. Such a course, I have felt, were it adopted as a custom, might dignify at once the wright. It would, by documentary dence, when the play was found to sess some intrinsic value, enable manager to defend his judgment, while it yould always apportion fairly to actor and author their just share of credit or of blame. It would also offer conclusive estimony as to the condition of theatrical

work in this country. It will hardly be denied that there exlats in certain places the impression that an English play is a haphazard concoction of the author, the actor and the manager: that the manuscript of a drama, could it ever be dragged, soiled and dog-cared, from the prompter's shelf, would reveal itself as a dissolute-looking, formless thing, mercflessly scarred by the managerial blue pencil and Illumi nated by those innumerable interpolations with which the desperate actors have helped to lift the poor material into tem-

find myself able to present under these

altered conditions is one which in its

designs is a comic play—which essays to touch with a hand not too heavy some of surface faults and follies of the hour. It lays bare no horrid social wound, it wrangles over no vital problem of inextrice appears to be momentarily exposed it will be found upon examination to be question be raised, it is only the old, often asked question—Can the depths be sounded of ignorance, of vulgarity of mind, of vanity and of self-seeking. Even at a time when the bent of the framatic taste is, we are assured, deliberately severe, there may be some to whom the spectacle of the mimic casti-gation of the lighter faults of humanity may prove entertaining-nay, more, to certain simple minds, instructive. There may be still those who consider that the follies, even the vices of the age may be chastised as effectually by a sounding blow from the hollow bladder of the jester as by the fierce application of the knout; that a moral need not invariably be enforced with the sententiousness of the sermon or the assertiveness of the

Adumbration of the Bacontan Craze. Written 25 years before it broke out. Water Savage Landor.

There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber yard. In the timber yard the materials are sawed and squared and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness, now bright burst-ing glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies, now terrific thunderstorms; every-where multiformity, everywhere immen-

Bacon was immeasurably a less wise man than Shakespeare, and not a wiser writer, for he knew his fellow man only as he saw him in the street and in the court, which indeed is but a dirtier street and a narrower; Shakespeare, who also knew him there, knew him everywhere else, both as he was and as he might be In so wide and untrodden a creation as that of Shakespeare's, can we wonder complain that sometimes we are bewild ered and entangled in the exuberance of fertility? Dry-brained men upon the Continent, the trifling wits of the theater, accurate, however, and expert calculat-ors, tell us that his beauties are balanced by his faults. The poetical opposition puffing for popularity, cry cheerily against them. His faults are balanced by his beauties: when, in reality, all the faults that ever were committed in po could be but as air to earth, if we could weigh them against one single thought or image, such as almost every scene exhibits in every drama of this unrivaled

Story of George Ade.

George Ade is a sensitive man. Some years ago the late "Biff" Hall included in the column gossip that he wrote for an Eastern dramatic weekly a joke that was attributed to Mr. Ade. "I understand, George," some one was said to have remarked to him, "that all the bright men come from Indiana." "They do," was Ade's alleged reply, "and the brighter

they are the quicker they come."

The quip was quoted far and wide, both serious and in comic papers. But in ndiana, and especially near the dear old farm where the master of the mo fable spent his guileless, barefoot boy-hood, it created no laughter. Even in In-dianapolis, that important if not bustling center of the Indiana commonwealth, only a few persons with a sense of humor ensented to anicker, and then not in pub-

There were editorials in the papers, and etters from correspondents, remarks from the State Historical Society, and a few words from best friends. Something was said about the "bird that befouls its nest," and altogether it made Mr. Ade very uncomfortable, very unhappy, and newhat unkind in his remarks to those who referred to the joke as being "bully

It took him several months, in fact, to deny the story and to prove that he never, never, never said any such thing.

The Shakespearean Revivals.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

According to present prospects there will be very few important Shakespearean revivals in this country during the coming season. So far as we can learn now, the list will include only these plays: "As You Like It," by Miss Crosman. "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mr. Goodwin.

"Twelfth Night," by Miss Allen. "Hamlet," by Mr. Sothern.
"Othello" (possibly), by Mr. Lackaye.
"Taming of the Shrew" and "Merchant
f Venice," by Mr. Skinner and Miss

The most that can be said for this prospect is that it is an improvement over inst season—a decided improvement. But consider the sad state of an English-speaking Nation of 70,000,000 people which does not see some of its eminent players in "Lear," or "Macbeth," or "Richard III" at least once a year. The play-goers Germany fare vastly better than that,

Notoriously Bad Losers. Minneapolis Tribune. We cannot understand why so much and fuss should be made over the petty

question of a fourth-class Postmaster in Delaware. It is true that the person who has lost a postoffice is a woman, and women are notoriously bad losers, in whatever game they play. But why should big newspapers devote columns of solemn editorial to the subject, and why should high department officials think it needful to defend their routine action at portentous length? This looks like the beginning of Mr. Gorman's elever cammign of pin pricks to exasperate the President, and provoke him to make some fatal break. We observe that all the anti-Roosevelt papers, whether their motive is political or financial, have taken up the cry. It seems rather a plty that the new Civil Service Commissioner, who thinks to win his spurs in this teapot tempest, should be credited to Minne-

THE FASHION OCTOPUS.

Chicago Tribune. "They" have said that women's sleeves shall buige near the elbow instead of near the waist. But who are "they.'s

"They" are "it." But how did they come to be it? In the happy days before trusts were organized "they" became "it" by inheriting or conuering a position among the elite. Today they" become "it" by organizing a trust holding a convention, and issuing ancouncements. Let this process go a little bit further and fashion, which used to be capriciously controlled by les grandes ames for their own diversion, will be arbitrarily controlled by the dressmakers for their own emolument. There was some flexibility about the

old system. There might be rival grandes

dames. There might be parties and fac

tions within the parties. There might be

slight deviations and aberrations from the normal as a fashion worked its way down from Rue Easy to West Three Hundred and Forty-sixth street. The percolation of a fashion through excessive social strata was extremely gradual and quite automatic. Each stratum got it from the stratum just above. The only thing ne was sure of-and what else, after all could one want to be sure of?-was that the person who originated the fashion was one of the indubitable great ones of the Dressmakers were to be regarded earth. more or less as intermediaries. The orignators were thrones, dominions, princi palities and powers, or, at any rate, the female consorts. Hamlet and his breed glasses of fashion and molds of form. The modern organization of industry is bringing a change which strikes chill fear to the heart of every true Jeffersonian mocrat and of every true Thackeryan bb. The dressmakers are forming close associations which reach common agree ments and establish common policies, few years from now the International A sociation of Dressmakers, meeting at Rio Janeiro, will order sleeves to bulge un-

der the armpit. No dressmaker in the world will then allow a sleeve to buige anywhere else. All the old sleeves will be thrown away Millions and millions of ew sleeves will be made. And the purse of the dressmakers will buige all over. If anybody thinks that this prophecy is entirely caused by a jaundiced mind's eye, let him observe the autocratic utterances of the dressmakers' convention now sitting in Chicago. It is true that these utterances are mainly phonographic reproductions of utterances already made in Paris. Nevertheless, they are utternces. They go, Fashions have ceased, in a degree, to

gree, to flood all social strata at the same The two main causes of this are newspapers and fashion conventions. The newspapers merely announce. The fash-ion conventions go further. They formu-

already been developed by the young

The South Against Bryan New York Commercial Advertiser.

is no secret that the South neve liked Bryan, Southern Democrats voted for him in two National campaigns be cause they had to vote for the party's ominee in order to keep the South in Democratic control, but they had a dee dislike to Bryan and his principles. It i not surprising, therefore, to hear that the South is solid against him now, but it is somewhat surprising to hear also that is solid for Gorman. Senator Clay, of said, speaking for Southern orgia. Democrats:

We have talked the subject over among our selves, and we have about concluded that Senator Gorman is not only the stronges an in the party we can nominate, but believe there is an excellent opportunity of electing him. His Democracy, his ability as leader, and his safe views on all the important questions which will figure in the coming can ign will stamp him as the strongest man we but extends from Maryland all down through Virginia, West Virginia, North and South ine Florida Alabagus Tonnesses Mis-

As for Bryan, Senator Clay's observations about him are scarcely decorous He says he does "not wish to be profane," will stop at nothing short of pro fanity in expressing his opinion of him, calling him a "dead card" and saving that the party "has sufficient common sense and business tact to discourage al further attempt to play him off on a prosperous and progressive country." There will be a disturbance in Nebraska when those observations reach the office of the Commoner.

An Unqualified Denial,

Early in August last The Oregonian wrote Will H. Thompson, author of "The High Tide at Gettysburg," a letter inquiring whether the New Orleans Times Democrat was correct in its statement that two stanzas in that remarkable poem were not written by Mr. Thompson, but added by an unknown hand. Mr. Thompson, who has but lately returned from an absence of more than five weeks, replies

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 18, 1903.—The New Orleans Times-Democrat seems to have kicked to a lively mess in regard to the 'High Tiat Gettysburg, manufactured out of whe cloth, every particle of the material out which the fuss comes. The fact is that I ha never intimated to any human being that was not the author of any line or word in t poem, nor did Mr. Charles A. Dana in hi lecture refer to this poem saying jhat it wa unfortunate that its author was unknown No part of the Times-Democrat's criticism ever came of anything but sheer invention by the Times-Democrat's writer. I can only imagine his reason for stating that the authority did not write the two last stanzas in the seem referred to upon the theory that the wis was father to the thought. He is evidently one of the unreconstructed rebels, who is no willing to admit that any rebel soldier would be willing to stand as author of the sentiment expressed in the two stanzas referred to, and therefore has invented a theory of his own and therefore has invented put it forth as fact.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

The Collseum by Moonlight.

Lord Byron. The stars are forth, the moon above the top Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautifulf I linger yet with Nature, for the night Hath been to me a more familiar face

Than that of man; and in her starry shade Than that of man; and in her starry shade of dim and solitary lovelihess
I learned the language of another world. I do remember me, that in my youth, when I was wandering upon such a night—I stood within the Collecum's wall.

'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome; The trees which grew along the brokes arches waved dark in the blue midnight; and the

stars. Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber, and More near, from out the Caesars' palace came The own's cry, and, interruptedly, Of distant sentines the fiftul soung Begun and died upon the gentle wind. Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach Appeared to skirt the borizon, yet they stood Within a bowshot—where the Caesars dwelt, and dwell the tuneless birds of night, amids A grove which springs through leveled battle

A grove which springs through leveled battle ments,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Caesar's chambers and the Augustan

halls Grovel on earth and indistinct decay-And thou didst shine, thou rolling man, and this, and cast a wide and tender Which softened down the hoar austerity

Of rugged desolation, and filled up, As twere anew, the gaps of centuries, Leaving that beautiful which still was so, And making that which was not, till the place. Became religion, and the heart ran o'er With ellent worship of the great of old! The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who

Our spirits from their urns,

NOTE AND COMMENT.

"Central" at St. Paul must have had juite an enjoyable time hearing Chauncey Olcott make love to Mrs. Molineux by telephone, but it is reasonable to expect Mr. Olcott's tones to be somewhat acid when he next asks for "long dis tance."

Jewels From the Diamond.

Brooklyn was out for blood from the rop of the flag and played pennant ball all through the game, says the New York Press. Strang stabbed for a station and purloined a perch. Kling's hurl to nail him at the far turn was so wild that he made third on the misplay. A marvelous heave to the mat by Sigle, after swallowing Sheckard's starseeker, held Sammy on third. Strang scored, however, on a dazzling double by Dobbs. Dobbs was nabbed at third by Tinker, though, on Doyle's dancer-the locust-lifter roosting on the choice-and Dahlen was massacred by

Currie and Chance. The Harlequins still wore their swafting logs in the second round. It was evident they contemplated slaughtering Currie early in the game. Gessler singled and raced to third when Jordan duplicated his performance with the cudgel. Jacklitsch. gave up the ghost at first. Tinker aiding, but the out was as good as if it had been an intentional sacrifice, for Gessler patted the pan while the fielders were busy with the hickory hefter. Schmidt trained a glassy eye on Currie and feazed the slabmaster for a nook. Jordan jotted on Strang's bunt, for which Currie made a gallant effort. Schmidt was nipped at third because Currie was more successfu with Sheckard's attempt and hurled the hide to Casey in grandstand style. Dobbs was an easy victim for the twistmeister, too, as he went out from the box to first,

A Human Packing-House.

Stories concerning the feats of Dr. H. L. Bonner, of Marion, O., as an eater have savored so strongly of Munchausen, the classic prevaricator, that the Sentinel (Parkersburg) has been loath to believe them. Inquiry into the case has convinced it beyond a doubt that the most amazing of these reports are literally true, and that in Dr. Bonner Ohio can boast of a man who can stow away more food at a single sitting than any other man living. A correspondent writes as follows con-

cerning this great eater: "It is strictly, though we can hardly say

painfully, true that Dr. Bonner has been known to eat 25 pounds of grapes between meals of an afternoon, and thinks no more of treating himself to a whole bunch of bananas when he feels that way or incidentally making away with a crate of strawberries or a basket of peaches. than an ordinary person would think of taking two bites at a cherry.

"And when the doctor really gets down to business at a regular meal his bill of fare generally runs about as follows: "One five-pound steak smothered in

mions. "Four dozen hard-bolled eggs.

"Elighteen boiled potatoes. "A quart can of tomatoes.

"Two or three pies, and from six to nine glasses of milk fill in the chinks. "Often when the doctor comes home late

of a Winter night after a long, hard drive he will take a few light 'refreshments' before retiring, in the shape of a four-pound steak, 56 hard-boiled eggs, three and a half pumpkin pies, and a gallon of milk; and we have it as the direct testimony of a personal friend that Dr. Bonner never had the nightmare in his life

"The same friend tells us of a chance acquaintance of the doctor who happened to meet him on the street one day about noon and invited him into a restaurant to luncheon. The doctor suggested that it had better be a 'Dutch treat,' but his new friend objected to that and asked what he would have. The doctor said that if it was 'all the same' he would take a fivepound steak smothered in mushrooms to begin with, and after that he 'wouldn't mind' having three dozen fried eggs, a can or two of tomatoes, a dozen cucun bers, and such little side dishes as there were on the bill.

"The acquaintance thought the doctor was putting up a bluff, but he ordered two five-pound steaks, the eggs and the other things on the list. After the order was served the friend engaged in conversation with a gentleman passing by and turned his back to the table, whereupon the doctor, just for a joke, cleared off everything, so that when his host was ready for his meal there was nothing left but the toothpicks. The host's remarks on this occasion are discreetly left to the imagination.

"It would be wholly unjust to Dr. Bonner to close this account of his extraordinary achievements at the table without stating in all seriousness that he is by no neans a glutton or a man who cares to pose as a great eater. On the contrary, he is a refined gentleman, a graduate of Edinburgh College, a lover of art and literature, and a successful and highly respected physician. Nature seems to have endowed him with an abnormal capacity for food, and he only eats what he craves and what he needs, as other men do. He is a well-proportioned man, his weight being 220 pounds and his age 63 years."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS "I see that old Closefist has begun to wear

"Yes I think he's injured his eyesight looking out for No. 1."-Puck. "I met Kernel Kaintuck a month ago and he was drunk, and I just met him up the street and he's drunk again." "No, not 'again," 'yet."—Houston Post.

Skids-Did your friend, Chesterius McRanter, the tragedian, enjoy his vacation? Scads-I can't say as to whether he enjoyed it or not, but the public did.-Boston Journal.

Angry Father-Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her. Caperton-Well, sir, some one has got to.—Detroit Free Press. The Philosopher-My hoy, if you smoke those

wile cigarettes you will never learn to save. The Boy-Gee whiz, mister: I've got a hundred and fifty coupons now. Philadelphia Bulletin. Maud (at the party)-There's Irene over in Maud (at the party)—There's frene over in the corner, inliking to Cholly Slympate. She has to do something to kill time Mahel—Is that why she looks daggers at the clock every few minutes?—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Jones-Your husband is still very tond of you, I suppose? Mrs. Brown-Gh. yes, but still be isn't satisfied, so be stays away from nome all he can. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder. - Hosten Transcript.

"You resily think Hartrox is a Hart" "The biggest ever. If I knew he was telling the unvarnished truth I couldn't believe him.-

New York Press.

A-That's Jones' daughter with him. She's just about to be married. B-Wb lucky man? A-Jones,-Boston Globe.

"I can't imagine anything worse than a man who never had an opinion of his own." Unless it's a man who has lots of opinions that te thinks are his own."—Philadelphia Press. Stakins-What do you know about Billings? Stating-what do you aim's seed configs.

Is his reputation for veracity good? Thoking
—Well, all I know about Hillings is that he is
the father of a baby that is just beginning
to eay things.—Chicago News.

Tommy—Do you believe in transmigration, pop? Pop—Sometimes. Tommy—Well, from the way I love peanuts I must have been an elephant once.—Chicago News. Mrs. Greene-I knew comebody was coming.

I dropped a dishcioth only ten minutes ago. Mrs. Gay-Thanks. When I know you are coming to my house, I drop everything.-Bos-