The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid in advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$0.85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9.00
Sunday, per year..... 2.00
The Weekly, per year..... 1.50
The Weekly, 3 months..... .50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

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

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

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 59; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, .35 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy, with occasional rain; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, OCT. 5, 1903.

THE STATES AT ST. LOUIS.

All our states, save Vermont, New Hampshire and Delaware, are making preparations to participate in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. These three states may yet do so. All the territories, including Alaska, have done the same. Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii have also made provision for ample representation. For the Philippine exhibit, the appropriation is half a million dollars.

Missouri, of course, takes the lead of the states in the preparation of exhibits, since it is incumbent on her to show to the utmost what she can do for an exhibit held upon her own soil. For her exhibit, the provision made by the Legislature is one million dollars. New York and Pennsylvania have appropriated $350,000 each. California goes in to the extent of three hundred thousand; and Kansas—in despair a few years ago and able to see relief only in free silver coinage and Bryanism—is now so proud of her industrial progress that she has appropriated two hundred and seventy thousand dollars to show it forth to the world. The total of appropriations made by our states and territories for their exhibits at St. Louis is $6,740,000, and there will yet be more. The appropriations made by the Federal Government for the exposition amount to $6,488,000.

The buildings of many of the states are practically completed; others are well advanced. For Oregon's building a reproduction—as nearly as possible—of Fort Clatsop, where Lewis and Clark passed the Winter of 1805-06, is proposed. It will not cost a great deal of money; the site is a fine one, and it is believed such a structure would attract a great deal of attention. Most of the state buildings are in the conventional form of modern exposition structures.

The preparations at St. Louis excel all things hitherto attempted for expositions, either in Europe or America. The expenditure will exceed thirty millions, and may approach forty millions of dollars. An area of two square miles, mostly covered with buildings, is to be devoted to the active purposes of the exposition; and there are single buildings that cover an area of sixteen to twenty acres each. All demands for magnitude and magnificence will certainly be satisfied. All pains have been taken in arrangement of the buildings and adornment of the grounds for artistic effect. The only drawback is that there are no considerable heights within the grounds; though the surface is not a plain, but undulating, with an elevation of perhaps sixty feet towards the middle, overlooking the main entrance upon a fanlike circle, within which many of the principal buildings are arranged.

USES OF A DESPISED OBJECT.

Sympathy loves to interest itself in the friendless and alone. Nothing so appeals to the imagination and the beneficence of the generous mind as the person or the object whose isolation and misery seem the product of universal hostility and disgust. The homeless dog or cat will earn an encouraging word for which the sassy and well-fed might whine or mew in vain; and the more execrable a caged criminal's record, the surer he seems to be of letters, flowers and tears.

We desire to bespeak consideration for an object which hasn't a friend on earth outside the immediate and interested circle of its authors and instigators. We refer to the billboard—that excrescence upon the modern landscape, for which no spectator has a good word, against which the entire press of the country inveighs without reserve or fear of libel suits. The billboard is undeniably bad, but it is not wholly to blame for its character; and it is really no exception to the Shakespearean formula that there is some soul of goodness in all things evil.

The billboard, then, is entitled to rank as a form of literature, and demands recognition from the higher criticism. It has its own peculiar and legitimate clientele. Given largely as it is to illustrations, it supplies the necessary mental pabulum for those luckless individuals of the race whose intellect is unequal to the strain of reading. Let not the arrogance of abecedarianism look down in scorn upon those whose knowledge must be imbibed through picture-writing. There are those, indeed, who cannot read anything in the newspapers and magazines but the pictures. There are those whose minds can derive no instruction or entertainment from the decent and orderly expression of the vernacular. For such the billboard has been created. Let it suffice them. They can understand pictures and colors; they can't understand reading.

It is the sign of mental obliquity or incapacity to impute moral qualities to inanimate objects. The savage execrates the stone upon which his foot has stumbled. The infant angrily beats the hammer which has bruised his inexperienced fingers. But the civilized adult has outgrown this childish folly. Who ever swore at the departing train or hurled the burnt beefsteak at the head of the cook? Therefore, let us calmly recognize that the billboard is not to blame. It faithfully serves as the exponent of the veracious mind that composed its legends; the artistic soul that draped its birds, bulls, bottles, bosoms, buttocks and babies, and the generous hearts of owners who through it express their love and pride in the city beautiful. If it were not for the lovely coloring and refined sentiments with which certain scenic spots of Portland are ornamented through the billboards which fill the range of vision, certain public-spirited citizens, who may now be known at their true worth, might otherwise be mistaken for stingy souls who for so much a square foot would advertise the early rising pellet upon their mother's grave.

SUPPORT FOR THE CONANT PESO.

The instructions cabled to General Wade, in command of the Army in the Philippines, directing him to use certain specific measures in encouragement of the so-called Philippine or Conant peso, may be taken as indicative of a commendable purpose at Washington to stand loyally and effectively by the scheme that has been undertaken to put the Philippines upon the gold basis, avoiding at once the disastrous losses through fluctuation and the impracticable effort to maintain our silver in Asia at 16 to 1. Under these instructions General Wade will make all contracts for services and supplies payable in Conant pesos, and the new coins will also be legal tender from officers and enlisted men without cost of exchange.

These undertakings are probably less important for their direct effect than for their incidental demonstration in the National Government's fidelity to the insular financial programme. In connection with other reasons for encouragement, they afford ground of hope that the Philippine government will be able to straighten out the present currency difficulties there within a short time. The insular authorities have ample authority to make provision for maintaining parity, and have recently sold $3,000,000 in Treasury certificates to constitute a reserve fund in New York City against which drafts will be sold in Manila. This sale of certificates was at 102.4, and interest is being paid upon the money by the Guaranty Trust Company at a rate in excess of 3 per cent. As the certificates run for one year at 4 per cent, the Government thus comes out ahead about 1½ per cent on the money it has borrowed.

The reasons for so favorable a situation are the fact that the certificates are free from all taxation, National, state or municipal, and are received by the Secretary of the Treasury as security for public deposits. It is probable that the effort to keep the new pesos down to the value of the Mexicans has something to do with the wages problem. Laborers will be likely to demand one of the new pesos where they are now getting one of the old, and employers will naturally dislike to pay them the increased gold value. It is optional under such circumstances to make a special contract to pay Mexicans, but employers will doubtless realize that this will be a difficult thing to do.

We need to remember, in viewing the apparently gloomy situation of the new coinage system over there, that the scheme has been very thoroughly and carefully framed by currency experts who are also practical men of affairs and studied the problem on the ground, and of this antecedent probability of eventual success these various precautions, coming to light from time to time, remind us. On the whole, there need be little doubt of the ability of the Government to maintain parity at all times if it pursues an intelligent policy. Possibly by January 1, when the new pesos will be declared sole legal tender, the whole situation will be freed from the difficulties which always attend a period of transition. This triumph of American ingenuity and perseverance, if it comes, will be gratifying in many ways. It will put another nail in the coffin of "bimetalism"; it will set an instructive example to other gold-standard powers which have weakly shrunk from seeking to rescue their Asiatic dependencies from the slough of debased currency, and it will be a rebuke to our faint-hearted ones at home who delight to argue that the American mind is incapable of meeting the problems of "empire."

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

It was the picture of a well-spent day that President Campbell, of the University of Oregon, drew at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association. The question of football on Thanksgiving day was under discussion, and Professor Drew moved that such games be discouraged, as they prevented attendance at church and at dinners.

"I find," said President Campbell, "that I can go to church in the morning, then eat my Thanksgiving dinner, see the football game in the afternoon, and sleep well at night." In view of this well-rounded day, the motion was lost.

The subject of college athletics is usually discussed with heat, if discussed at all, but on this occasion the conference of faculty members was marked by moderation and an evident desire to promote the greatest good of the students. The most important action taken was the organization of a committee to form senior or junior leagues of colleges and secondary schools in the state, and the decision to appoint an authority to pass upon the amateur standing of all players in the proposed league. The benefit to athletics of both these proceedings will be marked, for there is nothing to foster the true spirit of amateur sport like a college league. Here teams meet teams of similar composition and strength, the men are drawn from the same classes, and there is not likely to be any taint of professionalism, especially if the supervising authority is alert. The only trouble that might arise in such an organization is over the subject of qualification, and a hard and fast rule, strictly enforced, will leave no room for dissension on this point. As to the amateur standing of the men, it is desirable that the authorities should not fail to temper their judgments with mercy enough to prevent an entirely technical point from debarring a student who is an amateur at heart, even if a professional by accident and a technicality. As President Campbell stated, some of the boys from the country towns have competed for money prizes at Fourth of July celebrations or country fairs before entering college, and have thereby become professionals. It is evidently unfair that such unwitting offenders should be so severely punished. In connection with the league, it seems to be the intention of the faculties to prevent games with outside clubs. This will not prove detrimental to the colleges, but is likely to prevent the few clubs in this country from obtaining matches, and consequently to kill after-college football.

On the other matters discussed, the members of the association expressed equally commendable views. The division of the control of athletics between the students and the faculties, with the ultimate decision in the hands of the latter, is the only way in which friction can be avoided. The students thus practically manage all the details, while any important question of policy is settled by both in consultation, or by the final decree of the faculty.

College athletics has attained a position in America that is unknown in any other country, a consummation very largely due, no doubt, to the American keenness and the desire to excel that have made the United States first in commercial pursuits. It is part of the university, and is recognized as a force for good if kept from running riot. The promotion of esprit de corps, the training, physical and moral, and the recreation found in athletics are admittedly valuable factors in college life. It is for this reason that the faculty should be identified with the athletic part of the students' life, and when the alumni are also associated therewith, as in the University of Oregon, the combination is of good augury.

WHERE EUPHEMISMS FAIL.

It is not the custom of high society to look with too severe an eye upon the deviations of its devotees from the straight path of sobriety and rectitude. The disgrace of being drunk is perfectly apprehended in case the victim of alcohol has no carriage to go home in, no servants to help him to bed, and possibly no home to go to, but is rarely broached in connection with exclusive circles. The moral turpitude of lying in the gutter or being hustled to jail in the hurry-up wagon impresses itself painfully upon the mind of all delicately reared persons, whose able-bodied man or maid is able to save them from making a show of themselves. The Japanese Consul who recently spent a night in Portland's jail on a charge of drunk and disorderly, erred, we may suppose, merely in the method of his bibulous activity. No offense could have attached to him if he had got under the table after dinner at a fashionable club and been thrown upstairs to bed to sleep off his indisposition.

The old sport and the young sport are not to be condemned by the highest society for their amusing little indiscretions. The old man, it is understood, is given to feeling good occasionally. He likes his nip. He likes his toddy. He is known to become upon occasion a little salubrious. He gets decidedly mellow. He drank perhaps a little more than he absolutely needed last night, at which times his language is forcible and picturesque. He is a little under the weather this morning, on account of lack of sleep. He is a gay old sport. It is so with the young blood. Yes, he is a gay boy. He likes his fun. He likes a good time. He loves a good game of cards. He has a convivial turn. He is a kind husband and father, but he has his nights out. He stayed very late at lodge last night. He had to sit up with a sick friend. He took a few drinks, and somehow they didn't agree with him. He is cross this morning, and what do you think he said to the maid when she tried to get him up? Oh, something shocking! He is a gay young sport. He will have his fun. Oh, yes, he always comes home in a carriage when he has been drinking. He is careful not to disgrace himself. He is very cautious, but he likes a good time.

The divorce court is not an edifying place; but, with all its unpleasantness and misery, it does at least one useful service in tearing the veil of euphemism from the failings of mankind. There is no light comedy about this, no rippling laughter over the defective carrying capacity, no coquettish blushes behind fans at naughty words, no waggish shakes of the head over old sport and young sport. The man was intoxicated. He got drunk. He had to be taken home in a carriage. He had to be put to bed. He had to be dragged out of bed in the morning. His language was vile. He was profane. He was obscene. He was the companion of gamblers and outcasts. He frequented barrooms. He neglected his wife and children. His family were ashamed to be seen with him. He squandered his money. He neglected his business. He was a gambler. He was a rowdy. He ran with hussies. He was a drunkard.

Old Sport and young Sport, there is no synonym for escapades that can take off their disgrace. There is no mysterious spell in the euphemisms of high society that can effectively gloss over the surrender to the lowest appetites. Drunk's drunk—in the marble palace or the Whitechapel dive, at the annual banquet of the club or the rouse on Saturday night in the barroom; under mahogany or on bare floors; in the carriage or in the gutter; in dress suit or overalls; on champagne or beer; married, single, divorced or widowed; young or old, upper ten or lower five; Nob Hill or North End—drunk's drunk.

OBJECT LESSONS IN GROWTH.

October is the month of grange fairs in this vicinity, and more or less in other localities throughout the Willamette Valley. The first of a series was held last Saturday at Multnomah Hall a few miles east of this city, the meeting place of Eastern Star Grange. The scene of many a friendly gathering, of the serious discussion of ways and means, which has not infrequently trenched upon the demain of politics; of social and literary entertainments and of bountiful feasting, the old building, if it could speak, would be able to furnish a chapter of the annals of a neighborhood that could hardly fail to prove interesting when, in later years, folk lore busies itself with the names of pioneers and adds its supplement to history.

It is difficult to realize that a wide area of which old Multnomah Hall is the center, or at least the settlers' rallying point, was a few years ago covered for the most part with timber. Yet this is true, and to those who know by experience, or even by close observation, what it takes to supplant a forest of fir by orchards and vineyards and meadows and gardens, and to dot the site with homes and schoolhouses, the transformation is, indeed, a wonderful one.

Growth, literally speaking, has stamped itself upon these lands and upon those who have subdued them. Specimens of fruit, including apples, pears, quinces, crab apples and grapes as fine as any orchards or vineyards in the world can produce; of vegetables that proclaim in size and quality the generosity of Oregon's soil and the intelligent industry of those who till it; woman's handiwork, showing that the women of our rural life have not fallen behind their sisters in the cities in the production and appreciation of "fancy work," and viands wholesome, abundant and toothsome, attest the growth and prosperity of an advancing age.

We can only appreciate what is called progress by comparison. Take the appearance of the people of any prosperous rural district, for example, and contrast it with that of their predecessors on Oregon farms, and, indeed, those of frontier farming communities everywhere half a century ago. The patient, toiling, clumsily shod, plainly, even scantily, clad women of those times; with broken, discolored teeth, sallow complexions, gnarled hands and stooping shoulders—what pathetic and tender memories cluster around them! In their place, not more honored nor beloved, but eminently better cared for and immeasurably better able to take care of themselves, are the women of some of the rural districts today. Attending one of these grange fairs, you are received by well and suitably clad women, who, in smiling welcome, disclose teeth well preserved by the dentist's art; who, instead of being old before their time, are well preserved, comely and well content. The difference is not, perhaps, so marked in the appearance of the men, they having, even in frontier life, had what, in common phrase, is termed "a better chance" than the women by being brought more frequently in touch with each other and with public affairs. But they have grown, too, and, it is pleasant to believe, are still growing, since otherwise rural progress would be one-sided and pitifully handicapped.

A county or a community that has men who grow, women who grow, children who grow, crops that grow, industries that grow, is to be congratulated. In this view, The Oregonian extends congratulations to the rural communities of the state that have made the most of the opportunities that have come to them in recent years; that have shaken off their isolation, encouraged the "get-together spirit," and gone forward in agriculture, in horticulture, in education and in the undefinable art of home-building. The grange fairs furnish an epitome of rural growth that is at once pleasant and suggestive. Simple, effective, full of promise, they deserve and receive the encouragement of thoughtful, observant people.

The burning of Chewaucan marsh, in Lake County, is a warning of the dangers that must be encountered where waste lands are rendered highly productive. The danger will be as great where arid lands are brought under cultivation by means of irrigating ditches. After the water was drained from the swamp there remained a soil composed of a mass of roots from a few inches to several feet in depth. At a season of the year when this mass was perfectly dry, it required but the dropping of a cigarette to start a fine which no human effort could stop. In less than another quarter of a century, perhaps in less than a decade, there will be constructed in Eastern Oregon great reservoirs for holding freshet waters with which to make the sandy plains bear enormous crops of alfalfa. Happy homes will be built where now there is nothing but an uninviting waste. In the course of time the careless acts of some thoughtless person, or some unavoidable accident, will break the walls of a reservoir or canal and the pent-up waters will rush down to spread desolation in their wake. These are misfortunes that no one wishes to happen, and that no one expects to happen, but once in a great many years they will happen. The possibility of accidents does not and should not retard the development of these latent resources. The burning of one marsh will make owners of such lands more careful, and the breaking of one ditch will be a warning to all irrigators. It is useless to say that the floor of a marsh should not be permitted to get dry enough to burn, and that the walls of a reservoir or ditch should not be suffered to get weak enough to break. When vigilance becomes eternal accidents will cease.

So far as it contemplated a reduction in the number of churches in towns where there are now too many, the resolution which was laid on the table at the Methodist conference was a move in the right direction. Doubtless the church-going population of Salem, where the conference was held, could be accommodated with half, or even a quarter, of the churches now maintained, and certainly this is true of Portland. Each denomination must have its church building and its pastor and all of them must be supported. When a town gets large enough to have one church it soon becomes large enough for two, and the multiplication proceeds. Methodism will not give way to Calvinism, and there is one continuous round of collections, subscriptions, entertainments and sociables for the purpose of raising funds for the support of each of the churches. Often these churches would not be so numerous were it not for the zeal of the missionaries and leaders of the various denominations. The people themselves are not usually desirous of multiplying their burdens, but, once a church has been established, its adherents feel in duty bound to maintain it. So long as those who contribute to the cause are satisfied, no one should complain, yet, to an outsider, it looks as though the religious world has too many isms and not enough Christianity.

Definition is requested by "A Reader" of the following words: (1) Pupil; (2) Student; (3) Scholar. The words, by usage, imply gradation in learning. A pupil is an elementary learner. A student is one who attends and studies at a higher school. A scholar is a learned person, or one of high attainments. Yet, in fact, though with less accuracy, the words are often used interchangeably. Shades of meaning in the ordinary use of such words often are faint; but in critical use the difference becomes apparent.

Raining Atrocities.

Boston Transcript.

Rivers of blood and rivers of ink attest the fact that the Balkan war cloud has begun to let water.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

Man's Province Invaded.

Albany Democrat.

The fish liar will now have to give place to the hop-picking liar, and the sex has changed. Two Marion County women claim to have picked 25 boxes in a day.

Grim Fate of the Truly Good.

Tacoma Ledger.

Mattoon, Ill., has a reform mayor. At present there are only 29 indictments against him. If these pile up so as to really be formidable possibly the gentleman will quit reforming.

Lost Freedom and Lucidity.

Lewiston Tribune.

The Portland Oregonian, where it formerly discussed public matters with freedom and lucidity, has now become about the most abject and cringing apologist for Roosevelt there is in the country.

His Grave Provocation.

Fairhaven Herald.

It has been discovered that President Roosevelt carries a revolver. Why not? He is entitled to some protection from the fool correspondents who require a gust of wind and flap of a coattail to provide them inspiration for a press dispatch.

A Good Character for Old Prob.

Eugene Guard.

Oregon weather this fall has been all anyone could ask. It gave the wheat growers fine weather for harvest. Then the hopraisers had excellent weather to care for their hop crop and now the prune men have just such weather as they desire. The Oregon farmer ought to be happy.

Pierce Anti-Railroad Candidate.

Walla Walla Statesman.

The fact that the holdover Senators of King County who betrayed Harold Preston last Winter are now opposing Sam Piles is the best recommendation that has yet been given that gentleman. If the railroad lobby fights Piles it is proof that they do not believe they can use him. Piles may yet become a popular favorite because of the enemies he has made.

Shake No Gory Locks at Clackamas

Oregon City Courier.

The President rides over the Republicans of Oregon rough shod. He and his private secretary have but little respect for the powers that be in this part of the mortal vineyard. If the leaders and big men and grand "Muck-a-mucks" of the Republican party in this state are as corrupt and worthless as the President and his secretary would have us believe, they are indeed a bad lot.

Heavens, Do They Kick Her There!

Westfall Western Ways.

Mrs. Little-hawk, with several of her daughters and daughter-in-law, were purchasing supplies in Westfall last Wednesday. Mrs. Little-hawk is of royal blood, being the granddaughter of a noted Umatilla chief. We noticed that the roses of youth in all its loveliness had long since faded from the lady's face, usurped by the stern lines of care, characteristic of advanced age, lack of rations and swiftly applied moccasin toes.

Weakness in Sincerity.

North Yamhill Record.

Mayor Williams, of Portland, is meeting with considerable opposition to his policy of licensing violations of law in that city, and has been rather bitterly rebuked for admitting that he cannot control the conditions other than by charging blacklegs for the privilege of violating the law. Of course, everybody knows that crime cannot be entirely stamped out even by the most rigid enforcement of law; but the weakness of the mayor consists in his publicly admitting that he cannot control the conditions.

Should Be Good for an Annual.

Gervais Star.

If railroads choose to honor the president by a donation of special trains upon which to travel, it does not imply by any means whatever that he will be their willing servant now or at any time. It is simply a business proposition. As an illustration: The large number of people who attended the coming of the president during the past year at Salem and Portland were brought about by the railroads advertising the fact. An increased traffic was caused thereby. It's only a cheap game that is being played by a weak opposition for political purposes only.

The Cry of the Farmer.

Forest Grove Times.

Many farmers are putting up signs warning hunters to keep off their premises. It is a good deal of an aggravation the way some hunters do. They break down fences, run over crops, frighten sheep and cattle until they break out of the fields, let their dogs chase sheep and do many other things in utter disregard of the interests of the man whose land they are on. Sometimes when remonstrated with they threaten the farmer and in many ways make much nuisance of themselves, that it is no wonder the farmers are putting up signs and trying to keep them off altogether. In many cases where signs are being put up the owners say that if a man will come and ask permission they would willingly grant it if he will promise not to do any damage.

When Mining Is Not a Gamble

Boise Statesman.

The Ladd Metals Company is doing a great work in one of the Idaho mining districts without having attracted much attention. Mineral is an old district which has labored under great difficulties. Now a company has taken hold on broad lines, and will no doubt make a great success of the district. Mining as a business is as safe as any other, as has been persistently urged by this paper, and all others that understand the facts. When men like Charles Ladd, who is at the head of this company, go into the business it is not as a speculation, but to establish an industry. They realize that it requires large investment in most cases, and are prepared to supply the needed capital. When we find such men taking hold of a district we can feel that the industry there will be placed upon an enduring foundation and that the enterprise will prove profitable.

Now You Know All About It.

Salem Journal.

The course of Portland, and the resulting prosperity of Portland, are worthy of being studied and imitated. The first step toward permanent prosperity and growth of the metropolis was the establishment of the Bull Run waterworks, to supply the city with pure water. The reputation of having the best water supply of any city in the United States, and the next to the best health record of any city in the new world, has been the foundation rock of Portland's growth, and the permanent source of advance in real estate values. The second cause of the growth of the city in all directions has been the policy of public improvements, that has been kept up constantly, under all city administrations. There are three resources of wage-employment—the employment given by the individual private citizen, by the factories, and thirdly, by the municipality. No city can advance at more than a sleepy pace that does not carry on extensive public improvements.

Why Should They?

New York Press.

A woman who knows how to make good bread can lack a lot of brains and her family will never miss them.

Not Quite.

New York Press.

A girl gets as excited over going on a honeymoon as a man does going to the races.

THE HANNA TESTIMONIALS.

New York Sun.

We have been favored with an advance copy of the special campaign edition of the Cyclone-Republican, of Washington, O., to be issued on Tuesday next. The purpose of the broadside is to show the people of Ohio why the Hon. Marcus Alonzo Hanna should again be chosen to represent the state in the United States Senate.

The particular method of persuasion adopted by the Cyclone-Republican is frankly crude, but for that reason, perhaps, not the less interesting to philosophers. The newspaper has been at the trouble of procuring from a number of more or less eminent persons their estimates of Senator Hanna's public usefulness; and it exhibits the same in the form of signed testimonials. First appears the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, saying:

It gives me great pleasure to say that Senator Hanna is one of the most valuable members of the United States Senate.

Not less than 17 other associates of Mr. Hanna in the Senate join Dr. Depew in expressing a favorable estimate of the Ohio statesman's character as a public servant. The phraseology varies, but the substance of these testimonials is the same. Let us see what they say:

Senator Proctor, of Vermont—I should consider it a misfortune to the Senate if he were not returned.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming—The re-election of Senator Hanna would tend to maintain the high character of Ohio's representation in that body.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon—He is a man of comprehensive view and of real statesmanship.

Senator Fulton, of Oregon—His retirement would be a distinct public loss.

Senator Frye, of Maine—He is an able debater, and easily commands the attention of the Senate.

Senator Scott, of West Virginia—He is honest, he is truthful, he is charitable.

Senator McComas, of Maryland—No one cares better for Ohio than he, but every other thought after caring for Ohio is the good of the whole country.

Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire—As a Senator he ranks among the first.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan—His return to the Senate ought to be beyond all question.

Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana—His return to the Senate will be hailed with the utmost satisfaction throughout the country.

Senator Perkins, of California—An honest, able, broad-minded, public-spirited citizen.

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa—His re-election is demanded by every legitimate National interest.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire—His knowledge of men and measures is immensely helpful in matters of legislation.

Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska—Extraordinary ability and honesty of purpose.

Senator Foster, of Washington—He has the distinguished ability of being able to judge the importance of men and of National measures.

Senator Burton, of Kansas—Honest, capable, with a large experience as a business man, in sympathetic touch with labor.

It seems to have occurred to only one of Mr. Hanna's certifying fellow members of the Senate to mention what is undoubtedly Mr. Hanna's greatest title to public gratitude; and the man who did this was a newcomer, whose name is perhaps the least familiar to the general public of those in the list, the Hon. Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla. Mr. Ankeny puts a little blood-warmth into his testimonial:

I earnestly hope the people of Ohio will not turn their backs on the friend of the lamented William McKinley and the man, who, above all others, made his success as President possible.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to write on sudden demand a testimonial that shall be effective without being fulsome, true without being detrimental, and interesting without being fanciful. Mr. Hanna's friends in the Senate seem to have achieved only about the average success of such efforts.

No doubt their friendly opinions, as circulated through Ohio from the presses of the Cyclone-Republican, will have due weight with the voters; but what does Mr. McComas mean when he intimates that Brother Hanna is for Ohio first and for the rest of the country afterward?

Martineau's Independence.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward in the Critic.

Martineau's whole life and activity were a witness to liberty in this sense—the liberty of the spirit, coerced by no external authority, but learning ever more clearly to perceive, and ever more scrupulously to obey, the law within. In his own life and thought he moves steadily onward from the narrow Unitarian position of 1830 to the rich and ordered freedom of his later books. He lets the world and experience play upon his thought; he keeps back nothing from the truth; so that at the age of 65 it is "a relief and surprise" to him that he finds in himself "no tendency creeping over me to shut up my mind from new lights of thought, or my will from new methods of action." His latest book, "The Seat of Authority in Religion," shows the man of 80, who has spent his fruitful middle life on philosophy, going back in the evening of life to put himself to school once more, in matters of Biblical literature and criticism, writing with the freshness of a youth on points debated by the most recent scholarship, finding indeed in the less familiar study a stimulus that even at so great an age can give a new vigor to thought and a new boldness to style.

And while in his own spiritual life he is the prisoner of conscience only, he will have no compromise in action. As a young man, ministering to a Presbyterian congregation in Dublin, he will give up the state payment then made to the Irish Presbyterian, because he thought it a monstrous thing that a nation passionately Catholic should have to pay for Presbyterianism, while her own priests lived on the voluntary pence of Irishmen, and her cathedrals were handed over to Protestants. And later, as a member of the Unitarian body, he fought for freedom from first to last. No Unitarian society should be tied to any distinctive formula, not even to the Unitarian name. "Christian liberty, love, and piety,"—these, he said, "are our perpetual possession; our Unitarianism is an accident of a few or many generations—which has arisen and may vanish without loss of our identity. We were born bondsmen—we will leave our successors free!" On the mountain side at Mentone lies the grave of John Richard Green, marked by words he himself chose before he died. "Say of me, 'He died learning.'" For Martineau also there could be no truer epitaph.

Greatness Thrust Upon Them.

Chicago Tribune.

I know a lot of Dooleys and some Dinkelspiels
and Bowsers,
A bunch of Chimmie Faddens, and some
Katzenjammers, too;
I used to know John Henry and his crowd of
boon carousers;
Some Spoopendykes and Hogans were among
the folks I knew.

And yet I never heard them do this keen
philosophizing,
Or talk on current topics in their dazzling
style of wit;
I never saw them do a thing amusing or surprising,
Nor heard them say a single thing that
ought to make a hit.

Ons reads of all the sparkling jests of Dinkelspiel and Dooley,
And notes the subtle fancy that John Henry
has in print—
Why, there are David Harums all about—but
I say truly,
Of all their mots and epigrams they never
give a hint.

We wonder why it is that they in life are
underrated,
And why these joy-inducing funny things
they never speak
Until by some satuteness they are sold and
syndicated
And put upon the market at a given rate
per week.

Who knows but in the future one of us will
be a feature—
Be fitted with a dialect and manner humorous,
And known the world around as quite a scintillating creature
Because some other fellow will think up our
wit for us?

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Beautiful Willamette.

(Attributed to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of the State Board of Health)

From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a fiend at play,
Blacker, toxic, through the Valley,
Dark Willamette glides away,
Onward ever,
Murky river,
Rolling sewage to the sea,
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Is a child compared with thee.

Typhoid's witchery is planning
Tomb and graveyard for thy tide,
Fever ever haunts thy journey,
Microbes wobble in thy tide.
In the rosy glow of morning,
How thy germy ripples dance,
Germier when the day, departing,
Sees the microbes jump and prance.
Jumping, playing,
Slipping, staying,
Miasmatic, deadly, free;
Always hurried
To be buried
In some man's anatomy.

In thy deeps, with dirt polluted,
Scores of monsters hurry by,
Like the wavering thoughts of hades
Dimly in our dreams that lie.
Filtered seldom, drunk by wholesale,
Strong and treacly on thy way,
Graving tombstones for the morrow,
Breathing death around today.
Doctors wander
Here and ponder,
Here the undertakers dream.
How they ask it:
"What the casket,
Steel or oak?" along thy stream.

On the septic waste of ocean
Soon thy battered germs shall ride,
Save the lucky ones that floated
Into some poor chap's inside.
Oh, thy treacly roll of sewage
Mocks this trembling life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down mephitic paths of Time,
Onward ever,
Murky river,
Rolling sewage to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Is a child compared with thee.

Major Goe seems to have been going it.

Even a highwayman finds a wife useful.

Mr. Balfour is as convincing as a phonograph.

Age does not wither Joe Chamberlain's fighting ability.

Cripple Creek seems to be situated in the Balkans of America.

The best way to avoid tornadoes in Minnesota is to come to Oregon.

Even the Rev. Mr. Kennedy is delivered on bail furnished by Dr. Large.

With an artist as son-in-law, the Bryan family will run more than ever to canvas.

The wagon that ran over Colonel Richard Savage must have been as swift as some of his heroes.

As usual the railroads are face to face with the greatest car shortage in their history. Why don't they turn their backs on it once in a while?

Reports from Berlin indicate that reports of lynching affect foreigners so much that we may soon hear of negroes being chased out of Liberia.

In the "Prince of Pilsen" chorus girls representing various cities appear on the stage, and each sings a descriptive verse. Should the show come to Portland we offer a suggestion free of charge:

Only law in Portland dozes
In the shade of spire and steeple;
Where the people graft the roses,
And the gamblers graft the people.

Peanuts as a cure for insomnia have received the official sanction of the Department of Agriculture. A pint of them before going to bed is declared by Secretary Wilson to be the finest sleep inducer that has ever been discovered. The peanuts must be freshly roasted, and be washed down with big draughts of water. No alcohol is allowed, for that is said to destroy the effect of the cure. A pint of peanuts at bedtime would send some of us into a sleep from which there would be no awakening.

WEX. J.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Naggsby—What brand of tea is the leader with Sir Thomas Lipton? Waggsby—From the man's behavior I should think it was g-r-i-T.—Baltimore American.

"You wouldn't kiss a puppy, would you, Miss Smith?" "Oh, I don't know (edging away from him); but I should wish to choose the puppy."—Houston Post.

"So you decided to try light housekeeping?" "Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "but after we had two or three gas bills we wished we could try dark housekeeping."—Washington Star.

"The more trouble some people have the more they want to borrow." "The more trouble they want to borrow?" "No; the more money they want to borrow."—Kansas City Journal.

Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you? Pa—Except in the case of a farce-comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first, and the frost afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

"That new waitress must go," said the landlord of the select boarding-house. "What has she done?" "Why, when she was to ask the guests if they would have tea or coffee, she said, 'Name yer drink order.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why should I give this man a position?" said the Sultan of Turkey. "Because he may be very useful in an emergency," answered the Grand Vizier. "He knows how to say 'We apologize' in every modern language."—Washington Star.

Hardupp—My wife is sick, doctor. What will you charge for attending her? Physician—Three dollars a visit. Hardupp—Well—er—we don't care to entertain visitors. Couldn't you make it a ten-minute call for a dollar?—Chicago News.

The new boarder had been three weeks in the house. "It is usual," said the landlady with great delicacy, "for my lodgers to pay as they go." "Oh, that's all right," he replied affably, "I'm not going for a long time."—San Francisco Wasp.

"It is hard luck," said one of Job's comforters. "What is your latest suggestion?" was the patient inquiry. "If you had lived a few eras later you might have made a fortune writing testimonials for proprietary medicines."—Washington Star.

Gabriel (urging his suit)—I know I'm dreadful poor, but wealth isn't necessary to happiness. 'Tis love that makes the world go round. Evangeline—I know it, Gabriel; but think of the economy it would take to make $11 a week go round.—Chicago Tribune.

Goodart—Here's a brand-new $5 bill, old man. I'll lend you that— Boroughs—Oh, say; can't you double it? Goodart—Sure. Here goes! I double it—so!—now I double it again—thus. In this shape, you see, it fits snugly in my pocket-book. So long!—Philadelphia Press.

"Ahoy aloft!" "Below there!" "Stand by to cast off!" "Aye, aye, sir." "All clear?" "Lower away, now!" It might have been a dialogue on board a cup yacht. But it wasn't. No, dear reader. It was the cook and the janitor navigating the dumbwaiter.—Newark News.

Village Druggist—I understand the church committee has decided to raise your salary. Village Parson—Well, I hope it isn't true. Village Druggist—Why, man, are you crazy? Village Parson—No; but I will be if I have to collect a larger salary. I have trouble enough collecting the small salary they pay me