# The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.


### THE SIMPLE ANALYSIS.

Mr. Chamberlain attributes his success over Mr. Cake to an assumption that Mr. Cake was not considered "sound" on Statement No. 1, and consequently that large numbers of Statement No. 1 Republicans refused to vote for Mr. Cake and threw their votes for Mr. Chamberlain instead. It is absurd. Mr. Cake's defeat was due directly to the votes of Republicans opposed to Statement No. 1, who voted for Mr. Chamberlain expressly for the purpose of "passing it up" to the Legislature, where they hoped to get a result more satisfactory to them than the election of either Cake or Chamberlain.

Mr. Cake received the votes of Statement No. 1 Republicans in general;—excepting, of course, such as always vote for Mr. Chamberlain for personal reasons, of whom there are considerable numbers throughout the state. He (Mr. Cake) received, moreover, the votes of thousands who do not accept the shibboleth of the "Statement," but nevertheless voted for him through loyalty to their party.

But the great body of the Republicans who marked their ballots for Mr. Chamberlain are opponents of Statement No. 1, did not like the use that Mr. Cake had made of it, wished to give him and those who had directed his campaign "their dose of it," and to send the question to the Legislature to be threshed out there.

All who have good "inside" knowledge of politics in Oregon know these things perfectly well. Mr. Chamberlain knows them well, too, of course. He got the whole Democratic vote of the state, and would have got it as well against Statement No. 1 as for it. But he was for the Statement because it was dividing the Republican party and he saw he could profit by the division. While most Republicans who were for the Statement voted for Cake and many who were not for it also voted for him, the patent and material fact is that many thousands of Republicans, distributed in about equal proportions all over the state—among them the most earnest and purposeful men of the party—voted against Cake and for Chamberlain, under the belief that they were delivering a blow at this method of politics and at the same time were "getting even" with the opposing faction in their own party. This is the whole explanation of the result.

The Oregonian is not talking now of the wisdom or unwisdom of the proceeding, which it foresaw from the beginning of the campaign, as it believed it foresaw the consequence. It is simply stating a fact. In some of the counties there were Republican "bolters" running for legislative and other offices who "embraced the Statement" and supported Chamberlain as a means of helping themselves to the Democratic vote; but the vast bulk of the Republican votes that went to Chamberlain was thrown by "anti-Statement" Republicans. It was known by all who had inside information that they would do it; The Oregonian well knew they would do it, and believed they were making a mistake as to consequences, even from their own point of view; yet it knew it was powerless, and it never expected Mr. Cake to win. It has had some experience in its day with these various Republican factions, and some observation of the consequences of their action; and this was the reason—having been thumped no little by successive defeats when it was contending for "the party"—that caused it to "stay out" of this scrimmage.

Returning for another word to the Holy Statement, which has been used but as an excuse, subterfuge or disguise, to mask or promote the real purposes of factional ambition in both parties, it remains to be said that few persons think seriously of it as even possibly a practical or practicable thing. Thus far it is a factional weapon merely, and after a while will cease even to be that. Three candidates for the Legislature in Multnomah were "anti-Statement" men. Every possible appeal was made for their defeat, but they ran right along with the remainder of the Republican ticket, and one of them (Farrell) seems to have the highest vote of all. "We know in part and we prophesy in part"—an expression which distinguishes knowledge from prophecy. We know that the Statement thus far has been merely the new weapon of faction; it is not a hazardous prediction that after it has finished this work or grown dull in it, and some other weapon is needed, it will disappear.

### THE ALASKA TRADE.

Seattle authorities estimate the value of the Alaska gold output this year at $26,000,000. Making the usual allowance for the source of the figures, it is reasonable to believe that the actual value will easily reach $20,000,000. This is an amount of money nearly equal to the value of the grain crop tributary to Portland. Of the value of the latter as a factor in our trade, there is no question. It is easily the most important among the great influences which give Portland her prestige in the commercial world. Thus understanding the value of the Alaska trade, it seems strange that we make so little effort to get into the business. A number of energetic promoters and exploiters of publicity annually get out of the people nearly enough money for carnivals, shows and other attractions of a similar nature to maintain a regular steamship line on the Alaska run, and with such a line there would be no question about some of the trade of that rich country being diverted to this city.

There has always been a tendency on the part of Portland people to "drift" instead of indulging in the more strenuous work of rowing when they were headed for a commercial goal. The "drifting" process has not resulted in failure, for with it has come more business than could be handled with ease, and the incentive to row for more has thus been destroyed. But Portland is in a position where her business men could handle more trade than is now coming to them without effort, and at present no other trade field before them offers such inducements as are to be found in Alaska. It is not alone the gold output of Alaska that will in the near future make that vast territory one of the most prosperous of the American possessions, but there are other resources of even greater value. The extent of the copper deposits is so great that, when developed, they will by comparison dwarf those of the Lake Superior and Montana mines, and there are also in apparently unlimited quantities coal, oil, lead and other mineral products beneath the surface, with immense tracts of fine timber above it.

Gold was the magnet which first drew American settlers to the Pacific Coast, and in the early days of the discoveries in California it was, of course, the one great factor in all lines of business. But the development of other resources in later years was so great that gold soon ceased to hold its position of importance, and other resources came to the front. Exactly the same kind of a change is beginning to take place in Alaska, and with it will come a greater Alaska trade than gold alone could ever produce. Portland is in a position to get some of this trade by going after it in the proper manner. We produce and have to sell practically everything of which the Alaskans are in need, and in return we could offer a market for coal and oil of which there are immense quantities in Alaska.

### THE GOSPEL OF ROSES.

The old superstition that there is something singularly meritorious in a long face and a sad demeanor is passing away. Portland is perhaps better rid of it than some Eastern towns, but it is going everywhere. Here one may say it is gone and we have replaced it with the gladsome gospel of happiness and health. Portland and Oregon have accepted the faith that it is a good thing to quit work every once in a while and have a play. We have learned that work, business, money-making, are not by any means the whole of life, but that there is another field where merry-making replaces care and jollity usurps the throne of toil. Some time we may carry the new belief to an excess, as we did the old, dismal creed of unmitigated drudgery, but at present there is no danger of it. We may play a good deal more than we do and still have time enough left for serious things. People who devote a goodly part of their days to recreation actually get more work done year in and year out than does the dull, incessant drudge.

The poor drudge is never at his best. His faculties dwell in a perpetual muddle because of their unbroken grind. If he would forget his work, his ambitions, his duty even, now and then, and hie himself out upon the street to gossip with the professional idlers, well were it for him. If he would buy an automobile and learn how to wreath it in roses and bedeck it with streamers for the next Rose Festival, meanwhile cultivating the art of steering it safely through the streets, it would be good for his soul. What we are in danger of as this new gospel wins its way is not too much gaiety, but forgetting that the joy of living is not to be found so much in play for the sake of play as in work which fills and delights the soul. Ibsen's "Ghosts" is often spoken of as a dreary play, but it teaches one lesson which is altogether luminous. It is the lesson that the most genuine and the deepest happiness comes from work which captivates the whole man and exercises all his powers.

Enviable is the man whose lot it is to do work of this kind. To him it is more than play. It makes his life a perpetual festival, not of roses alone, but of all bright flowers and beauteous things. Perhaps the time may some time come when everybody will find work which enlarges his soul, fulfills his ambition and stimulates his powers. But for most of us such work is as much beyond hope as a millionaire's fortune. The majority must earn their living, not by inspiring effort, but by a daily grind; and unless they can escape from it now and then it transforms them from human beings into brutes. It deadens the intellect, it kills the soul. The overwearied man cannot be virtuous. He cannot be kindly until he is rested. Rest and play to the toiler are like night to the world. Through them the heart recovers its sympathies and the mind solves its problems. Nobody's brain is idle at play, nor is the soul dormant.

People do not hatch rebellion during festivals. They do not conspire against law and order when they are pelting each other with roses. Discontent germinates in minds which know neither rest nor joy. It flourishes in the hungry and grows strong in those who toil incessantly. Undoubtedly the Creator made the world to be a happy place. Our mistakes and unkindness to one another have gone far to enthrone misery in place of joy, but we are doing our best in these times of light to remedy matters. It is better to invent a Rose Festival than to preach a sermon. It will do more good, though sermons are well enough in their place. We insist, however, that it is useless to tell men to be good so long as they are unhappy. Make them joyful and they will turn to righteousness as the hart pants for the water brooks. Roses are better than bayonets to cause citizens to love their rulers. Make men happy and you make them patriotic as well as righteous.

The new sect of the Bahaists have a belief that all our economic problems can be solved by first making men pure in heart. We think they put the cart before the horse. Their method has been tried ever since time began and the economic problems are still with us and still unsolved. The better gospel teaches us first to solve the economic problems and thereby we shall give men a chance to become pure in heart. Give them enough to eat, time for play, leisure to love their wives and father their families and you will make good men and upright citizens out of them. Make man joyous and healthy and you will make him righteous. Very likely our Rose Festival managers are evangelists in a new and better way than some who make more pretensions. Their frolicsome gospel inculcates ideals of rest, beauty and gay activity, which are just the medicine this sick world stands in need of. A ton of roses is worth a whole planet of gloomy precepts. One full, complete holiday is better than a year of gloomy asceticism. Let us therefore repeat the Rose Festival every Spring and make each one merrier than the last.

### EXIT THE GHOST.

The subject of spiritualism may perhaps be important enough to merit a few words of comment. For this purpose we shall take as a text Mr. Thomas N. Wagner's letter, which is published today in another column of The Oregonian. Mr. Wagner justly infers that the reports of the Society for Psychical Research will not supply the kind of evidence for which The Oregonian has asked; that is, evidence of spirit communications. The society has published a great deal of matter which proves that wonderful coincidences are more common than most of us have imagined; that at the moment of death there is oftentimes a rather startling transmission of intelligence from dying men to their relatives or friends; and finally that telepathy, or thought transference without speech, is not a rare thing.

All this the Society for Psychical Research seems to have established by credible testimony, but not one iota of evidence has it ever obtained which goes to show that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living, nor does it make any such pretensions. Indiscreet disciples of spiritualism claim a great deal more for the results of the society than it thinks of claiming for itself. In spite of the nature of its work, the Society for Psychical Research seems to be a sane body of men which seeks only to discover the truth. As for the medium whose "demonstrations" in the Women of Woodcraft Hall excite our friend's admiration, we have seen him and his works and we have not been converted. This may convince Mr. Wagner that our skepticism is not honest, but if it does we must make the best of the calamity. The medium in question pretends to read sealed letters and answer questions which they contain. To test his veracity one person wrote the following question in a sealed note: "What was the name of my sister who died?"

The medium picked up the note, fingered it in his usual style, and without opening it gave the answer: "Very fair." He then opened the note, saw what a blunder he had made, and hastily tore it up without further comment. The fact is that this question was of exactly the kind which always traps these deceivers, because it admitted of but a single definite, precise and unequivocal answer. Most of the questions they receive ask for some sort of prophecy, or information about lost articles, or vague advice. To these the medium returns first a hazy response, without reading the note. Then he befuddles the audience with a flood of speech while he opens the envelope and reads the question. Then he revises his answer. If it is a prophecy, of course, nobody knows at the time whether it is right or wrong. The same may be said of information about lost articles. If advice is wanted, why advice is the easiest thing in the world to give.

The medium in question had a number of rather interesting tricks by which he diverted attention and muddled his hearers while he fooled them, but an attentive observer could see through them easily enough. In one case when the medium was being watched a little more closely than he liked he opened upon the annoying critic with a tirade of abuse, just as such people always do when they are likely to be caught. A critical, vigilant observer is the one sort of listener whom they dislike and dread. But, when all is said, it must be admitted that the medium to whom Mr. Wagner refers does undoubtedly possess certain telepathic powers. The use he makes of them, however, is enough to put self-respecting spiritualists to shame.

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Cheap money is not very much in evidence anywhere in the world today. A few years ago the foreigners regarded 3 per cent as a very satisfactory rate of interest, but the figure has been steadily rising, and now it is announced that the new $100,000,000 loan which Russia is asking will bear 5 per cent. As it will hardly be floated at par, it will, of course cost the Russians more than 5 per cent annually to take care of it. That the somewhat strained financial condition of Russia is not responsible for the trouble is apparent when it is remembered that Germany has been asked to pay 5 per cent for her recent flotations. In this country the over-subscriptions to the Pennsylvania bonds would indicate that the situation is fully as easy as it is with our neighbors across the water.

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William L. Higgins is dead. In the Spring of 1843 he first saw the site on which the City of Portland is built. He came to Oregon in the brig Chenamus, Captain John H. Couch, which sailed from Newburyport, Mass., September 1, 1842, and arrived in the Columbia in the early Spring of 1843. Mr. Higgins came on the Chenamus as carpenter of the vessel; from which on her return he landed at Boston, coming back in 1849 to Oregon. He was a contractor in Portland for many years, and superintended the construction of the present postoffice building in 1873-74, and later, the construction of the First Presbyterian Church, at Twelfth and Alder streets. No one now living saw the site of Portland as early as Mr. Higgins saw it. William Johnson, an Englishman, who had an Indian wife, was the only resident here at that day. He had a cabin at a spot in South Portland, about whose exact site there is some dispute. It is known, however, that it was in the vicinity of Caruthers street.

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It is said there will be an effort throughout the West to present the name of John Hays Hammond to the Republican convention for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Hammond is a native of California, is well known in Oregon, where he has been a frequent visitor, and now is a resident of Gloucester, Mass. He has a world-wide reputation as a mining and architectural engineer, and possesses extensive knowledge of commercial and economic problems. He has been a great traveler, and knows the world as well as any man living. The nomination of such a man would be a novelty—that is to say, a departure from the ordinary course of politics, and for that reason, not less than from the worth of the man, would be worth commendation.

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There are still a few small bar iron manufacturers who escaped the dragnet of the steel trust, and some of these have had the audacity actually to cut prices to harmonize with the changed conditions in other lines of business. The steel trust also deals in bar iron, and has been obliged to follow the cut, because some of the trust concerns were being affected. Judge Gary, of the steel trust, however, explains that "it will not affect prices generally, nor interfere with the movement in favor of the stability of business conditions." The "business conditions" he refers to are undoubtedly those of steel rails and other products in which the small bar iron men cannot interfere. If in doubt as to the "stability of business conditions," ask the steel trust.

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Nearly 1,000,000 pounds of wool were sold by the growers at Shaniko, Tuesday, at prices ranging from 9 cents to 14 cents per pound. These figures show a decline of about 37 per cent compared with last year's returns, but the woolgrowers philosophically accepted them in preference to holding for higher prices. They may have profited by the experience of the hopmen, who would not sell when the hops were ready for market last Fall and who afterwards were obliged to accept lower figures. Or it is possible that the woolmen have less gambling blood than is found in the hopmen, who plunged on the long side of the market by holding their entire crop for a figure that was not reached.

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The Albany Democrat nowadays finds a great deal of fault with The Oregonian, which is nothing new, and not especially disconcerting to The Oregonian. But just consider the unhappy plight of the Democrat. The Oregonian arrives at Albany before 6 A. M., and the Democrat appears on the streets ten hours later, as a rule, though the hour varies with the humor of the lone Democrat printer and the industry of the office devil. Before noon, however, everybody has read The Oregonian and nobody need hunt up the Democrat to read the news reprinted from The Oregonian. No wonder the Democrat is troubled and dejected.

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We have long been waiting for a definition, and now we have it. "Life," says a new work on "The Origin of Life," "in its simplest sense consists of metabolic processes and catalytic actions, such as those that occur not merely in radioactive bodies, but in phosphorescent and luminous bodies generally." This looks all right, but we should feel more sure and better satisfied about it if we had the judgment of the people on it through the referendum. Will not Mr. U'Ren draw up the papers?

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"The Democrats," say the Iowa dispatches, "voted in large numbers at the Republican primaries." Shame on them! Who ever heard of such a thing—except in Oregon?

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Everybody will wish Senator Bourne a pleasant journey to Europe, and a long stay. But why not vary the monotony of Senatorial existence by an excursion to Portland?

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"Of course," says Congressman Landis, a friend of Fairbanks, "if the Chicago convention should nominate the President and then adjourn, he would have to take it." Why?

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John Hays Hammond, who wants to be Vice-President, has, it is said, an annual income of $800,000. He's eligible to run on any ticket.

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The returns on the recall amendment make interesting reading, no doubt, in the office of the State Treasurer.

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"Silent" Smith, the New York millionaire, left over $21,000,000 to his heirs. He let his money do the talking.

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Marion County is wet, the Legislature will meet in January, and House bill No. 104 still lives.

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After all, Portland has contrived to show a rose or two.

### IS THIS GOOD EVIDENCE?

**Experience One Man Has Had With Spiritualistic Mediums.**

PORTLAND, Or., June 3.—(To the Editor.)—Your editorial pertaining to a letter which you call scurrilous calls for the writer of the letter to "trot out the evidence." I am not a spiritualist, neither am I the writer of the letter; therefore you are not bound to print this otherwise than as a matter of favor. I have heard what to me seems to be first-class "evidence," and herewith will write one or two instances. By the way, the records of the London Society for Psychical Research have many sworn instances of spirit communication. The last "Quarterly Review" of the Theosophical Society also gives one or two cases, merely to show the evils of such practice. These cases are attested to by "competent observers," but that sort is evidently not what you are after.

You could have saved yourself much vehemence by visiting, free of charge, a certain mediums' demonstrations at the Women of Woodcraft Hall, Tenth and Taylor, during the past month. To watch him at his work an hour, will convert any honest skeptic into an honest investigator. He did not stand in collusion with the audience. I know he does not secretly hire each person in the hall to lie, because he never offered to hire me nor the acquaintance who was with me. I cannot see where his method of answering sealed questions is identical with Hermann's, because Hermann will not stand down among the auditors, while reading, and will not hand back the envelope to the person who wrote it, unopened, after he has read it. The medium of whom I speak picks up the envelope, marked so that the writer recognizes it—does not claim to read it word for word, but says he gets the meaning of it—and answers it to the satisfaction of the questioner. In every instance he named relatives, both living and dead, of the questioner, and these names were never included in the written question. As a rule, the questions were handed back either unopened, or opened only after having been answered. This medium, to prove that there is no secret agreement between him and his auditors, offers at every meeting to give $5000 to anyone who can prove to a fair jury that he produces his phenomena by fraudulent methods. He has just departed for Europe, but if he ever comes back, try to find time to see him at his work. There will be a sufficient number of persons present to witness a contract between you and the medium, to the end that he will pay you $5000 if you will demonstrate where he employs trickery. You could use the money in founding a society for the disproval of spirit phenomena. Slater does no "materializing." I have never seen a genuine materialized spirit, and believe with you that those who claim to produce any invariably do their work by fraud.

The first time I went to see this man at work, he told me in front of a crowd of 300 that I was acquainted in a peculiar business way with a man named Goodnough. Jee Doubleh Oh Dee Enn Oh You Jee Aitch. Without any intimation that I would be paid for saying yes, he asked me if this was so. Goodnough was my music teacher at the time, so I said yes, anyway. Two weeks before the Mystic Shriners held their convention last year, at Los Angeles, he told a lady present at the same meeting with me that she had in mind to attend the convention. He asked her if he was right, and she answered in the affirmative. Then he told her that she might go, but that on the same day her train passed through Southern California there would be a wreck of a trainload of Mystic Shriners from the East. Approximately 35 would be killed, and he said it would happen in Southern California. Your Oregonian file for May, 1907, can stand for proof as to the truth of his prophecy. The lady to whom he told these things about two weeks before the Honda wreck is now back in Portland, and, I am sure, will affirm, if you wish, what I have said. She says that there was a short article in one of the papers here, pertaining to the prophecy, shortly after the wreck.

In spite of what I say, I side with you in this, that the business of "clairvoyance" is, as a whole, a vicious humbug. There are but a half dozen or so of really good clairvoyants in the world. And even they have a hard time to make a living when they wish to work without trickery. That condition is owing to the colossal frauds which are imposed every day on the people, in the name of spiritualism and clairvoyance.

Having written thus far, I feel dissatisfied, as there is nothing in this letter which can be explained only by saying that the spirits of the dead knew the things spoken of, and communicated them to the medium. He, the medium, producing phenomena daily which hundreds of people will witness to be genuine, decidedly places all responsibility for the things he says on the spirits of dead people. Others there are, among them many "scientists" who affirm the genuineness of this sort of phenomena, but place the responsibility on obscure mental and nervous functions of living people, which latter hypothesis is too ambiguous for the dyed-in-the-wool spiritualist.

A very small percentage of intellectual people have written books which among other things support spirit communication as possible. These books say that, considered per se, spirit communication is demoralizing. They would give us to understand that there is a class of souls far in advance of the masses, who are using the spiritualists and spiritualism as a means to an end. And only in this light do they consider it justifiable. Their "end" seems to be, that mankind come to their level by studying and understanding the laws by which these abnormal results are produced. From their standpoint, the spiritualists are, without knowing it, a department held together for their service.

THOS. N. WAGNER.

### Woe of Widowhood in India.

Harper's Weekly.

The Indian papers record a curious case arising out of the terrible custom of infant marriage in that country. The daughter of Justice Mookerjee, a learned Hindu, was married when she was under 10 years of age, and she became a widow two months after the ceremony. Though he could not resist the early marriage custom sanctioned by his creed, the Judge stood out against that other custom which condemns the child-widow to lifelong misery in her dead husband's family, and he determined to have her married again. The husband's relatives claimed and obtained a power of guardianship over the child, but before it could be exercised the second marriage had taken place, and there is to be a legal struggle to determine precisely how the claims of the dead husband's family can be reconciled with the living husband's rights. The Judge's action will have the support of many Hindus who are eager to break down a custom that condemns thousands of young girls to a life that is almost worse than slavery. But the power of the older schools of thought is great, and British lawmakers and administrators, though deploring the evils of infant marriage, must shrink from interference with customs which claim to have religious sanction.

### THE CARNIVAL.

Like the surge of the sea round Sulu's isles,
When the morning sun on Melos smiles,
Was the throng that came, by lure and quest,
To the un-keyed city of the wonder West;
To the city where wealth and culture meet
In gala dress on Commerce street.

The crush was great, the crowd was gay,
Till the sun went down at the close of day.
But ere the sun went down was heard
The thunder feet and the vocal word
Of twelve-score hundred come to greet
The "Spirit of the West" on Portland's street!

DARWIN H. HAWKINS.

## ENGLAND'S DEMAND FOR DUTY ON HOPS

**Unprecedented Demonstration in London by 50,000 Hopgrowers From Various Parts of the Kingdom.**

Cablegrams from London, May 18, contained a brief account of the great meeting in Trafalgar Square, called to show public sentiment in favor of national protection for the hop industry. Following is the report of the Daily Express, which declares that it was the most impressive sight London has witnessed in many years:

"This is not a demonstration against the Government. It is a demonstration to the Government that our industry is sore pressed, and that something must be done to pull it out of the mire."

London has never before seen such a Trafalgar Square demonstration as that from Hopland on Saturday.

Fifty thousand men and women whose livelihood depends wholly or partly on the growth of English hops assembled in the presence of 50,000 spectators, and passed, with great enthusiasm, a resolution demanding a duty of 40s a hundredweight on imported foreign hops.

It was the most impressive sight that London has witnessed for many years—an army of men and women nearly three miles long marching in defense of their industry, and solemnly protesting against the continuance of a system of "dumping," which has already resulted in a loss of millions of money to the English hop industry, in the "grubbing" of thousands of acres of hop fields, in the loss of employment to thousands of farm workers and many more thousands of hop pickers and which threatens to complete the ruin of the whole industry within a few years.

It was unprecedented, for the demonstrators, who came from Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Worcestershire, Herfordshire, Staffordshire and London, were actuated by no party motive; there were Liberals and Unionists marching side by side, seeking to make no political profit, but united in their demand that the Government of the day shall protect their trade against cheap foreign imports.

**Great Object Lesson.**

Its numbers, its sincerity, its immense enthusiasm utterly astonished the enormous concourse of people who watched the progression of the army of delegates from Southwark to Trafalgar Square.

"London is on our side," said Mr. Albert Banister, the organizer and chairman of the London and Provincial Hop Growers' and Pickers' Defense League, as he drove at the head of the great procession along the Embankment. The cheers of the crowds who lined the Embankment justified the claim. From Blackfriars Bridge to Northumberland avenue the procession passed between countless thousands of people, and everywhere the demonstrators were greeted with encouraging cries.

Not the least significant fact of the day was that the balcony of the National Liberal Club was lined with members, presumably supporters of the Government, who waved their hats and cheered the procession as it passed. They evidently recognized that free dumping of hops is not the last word in politics.

But if London was astonished, the organizers of the demonstration were themselves surprised at the wonderful way in which Hopland answered to their call. They estimated that 30,000 people would take part in the demonstration. It is safe to say that 50,000 is a moderate estimate of the actual number who either took part in the march or joined the demonstration in the square. The contingents from the various counties were larger than was expected, and thousands of London hoppickers fell in along the route, or helped to swell the enormous multitude in the square.

**Sun-Tanned Army.**

It was the most picturesque demonstration that London has ever seen. This is how the procession was made up:

| | |
|---|---|
| Kent and Sussex | 12,000 |
| Worcester and Hereford | 2,000 |
| Hampshire | 800 |
| London hop trade | 1,000 |
| South London pickers | 2,000 |
| East London pickers | 3,000 |
| Other London pickers | 2,000 |
| Allied trades | 500 |
| Wagons of women and children | 250 |

No such army of sturdy, sun-tanned countrymen has ever marched through London before. They came in their tweeds and their broadcloth—farmers leading the men of the spade and the plough, old men with grey beards and broad-brimmed soft felt hats, with thick sticks to help them along, young men swinging along with their country gait, unused to the smooth pavements of the town.

There were hundreds of country women, too, as much amazed at the extraordinary crowds they saw as the crowds were to see their round and smiling country faces.

Thousands of the demonstrators had never been in London before, but all seemed to realize the importance of the march they were making to the future of the industry in which their lives have been spent in the fields of Kent and Sussex and the Midland shires.

It was a procession decked with the emblem of its trade. Every one of the thousands of marchers wore a buttonhole of green hop blossom and leaves. Hundreds bore aloft bunches of hops, green or golden, tied to the ends of poles. Hundreds more carried on poles bunches of hop vine roots, "grubbed up" in consequence of the dumping of hops from the Continent and the United States. These were pieces of evidence which told the whole story to the crowds of onlookers without need of words.

But there were hundreds of banners which, by their reiteration, drove home into every mind the purpose of the demonstration. Their common motto was:

"We demand a 40s duty on imported foreign hops."

**Splendid Organization.**

No procession was ever better organized. The main body, consisting of the Kent and Sussex men, and the Borough hop trade contingent, were marshalled in Southward street. They formed up six abreast and stretched from the Hop Exchange to Blackfriars Bridge, with a mile of detachments in other streets waiting to fall in behind.

Captain Simpson, the grand marshal, his ten chief marshals and 100 submarshals, did their work so admirably that not a single hitch occurred, and about three o'clock the head of the great procession moved over Blackfriars bridge.

By this time the whole of the route through the borough and along the Embankment was crowded with onlookers, and thousands of people were already gathered in Trafalgar square.

With bands playing and banners flying the great procession advanced slowly along the Embankment, hedged in by thousands of sympathetic Londoners. Crowds of working men on their way home stood to cheer the marchers.

So many banners have rarely been seen in a march through London before. Each division of a county had its own chief banner at its head, and each district or village carried its own sign, with its name and motto emblazoned for all to see. Thus there was no question where the demonstrators came from.

Kent led the way, and Sussex followed next. Paddock Wood came first, with a large two-handled banner having a painted picture of a hop garden in one part and a grisly skull and cross-bones in the other. In a black-bordered square were the words: "In loving memory of the hop gardens of old England." On a white banner was the phrase: "We want employment, not charity." The local humorists had provided still another banner with a large picture of the old White Horse of Kent sitting decrepit on a chair with a bottle of medicine labeled "40s. duty" held out to him.

Then came the Minister and Monkton men, from the Isle of Thanet, with the device: "We ask the Government for a 40s. duty on foreign hops."

**At Trafalgar Square.**

It was nearly 5 o'clock before it was possible to begin the speaking from the platforms on the plinth of Nelson's column, and even then the marchers had not all reached the square.

The square by this time presented an extraordinary spectacle. Not only was the great space around the column and the statues and fountains full of people, but the roadways all around were packed. At least 100,000 people were within sight of the Nelson column.

Scores of the leading men in the hop industry stood on the ledges of the plinth of Nelson's column. A large banner, with the motto, "England expects that foreign hops will have to pay a duty," was hoisted above their heads against the base of the column. Scores of banners floated over the heads of the multitude in front. In the center was one with the words:

"And shall hops picked by Chinamen
Make England's hop trade die?
Here's 50,000 Kentish men
Will know the reason why."

By this time the great demonstration had all but fulfilled its purpose, and it only remained for the chosen speakers to explain in a few words the demand which a hundred banners proclaimed.

From three sides of the plinth speeches were made. Four men spoke from each side for five minutes each.

**The Resolutions.**

Mr. William Winch, a hop-farmer, from the Weald of Kent, moved this resolution:

"That this great meeting of delegates and representatives of all classes connected with the English hop industry views with consternation the continuous and alarming reduction of the English hop acreage and the ruin of an industry of great national importance. It calls upon the government, without delay, to take steps not only to prevent any further reduction but to help to reinstate the acreage which has already been grubbed, by adopting the remedy of an import duty of 40s. per hundred weight upon all imported foreign hops, which is so unanimously demanded by the industry.

"This meeting wishes to impress upon the government the fact that the hop industry maintains the greatest proportionate amount of labor on the land, and urges that sympathetic treatment be given to those workers from London and other large towns who annually obtain remunerative employment and a most healthful change for themselves and their children in the hop gardens of England. Further, that this resolution shall be forwarded to the Select Committee, the members of the government, and the leaders of the opposition in both houses of Parliament."

At the sound of a bugle the resolution was then put to the multitude and carried with a thundering cheers. Thousands of hats were waved in the air, and people on the steps of the National gallery and St. Martin's church waved their handkerchiefs. Such a spectacle has probably never been seen in the square before.

Then "Rule, Britannia" was sung by the whole multitude, followed by "God Save the King," the music being played by the Southwark Prize Band, which was stationed on the plinth.

Finally the thousands of demonstrators sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Thus ended the most remarkable demonstration held in Trafalgar Square for many years. The demonstrators from the country returned by special trains during the evening.

### A Girl Mentally Reversed.

London Standard.

A girl of 14, who lives in the North of England, has a peculiarity of mental development which is puzzling doctors. She cannot learn as other children do.

Though quick in conversation and at games, she hardly knows the letters of the alphabet properly, though she has been at school for many years. When asked to write she takes a pencil in her left hand, and, starting from the right-hand side of the paper, goes laboriously across it, writing each letter the wrong way about. She declares she cannot write any other way. Also she can pick out the letters of the alphabet easily when they are written the wrong way around, but with the greatest difficulty when they are rightly formed. As with letters, so with figures. She puts them down from right to left, gravely draws a line and proceeds to a desperate and quite hopeless attempt to add. She is not left-hand in the ordinary sense of the term. If she passes anything or anything is offered to her she uses her right hand. Yet when in the schoolroom she was asked where a certain villager lived she immediately pointed with her right hand in the opposite direction, though she knew well where the house was located. Externally this young person is like any other 14-year-old girl, except that her eyes are slightly crossed. She is quiet and obedient and seems anxious to learn.

### French Chemical Scarecrow.

London Globe.

According to recent experiments by Stanislas Tetard, a widely-known French agriculturist, wheat and other cereals can be protected against the ravages of crows, which are particularly fond of the grain when its sprouts are just pushing above the ground, by treating the seeds before they are sown with a mixture of coal tar, petroleum and phenic acid. This treatment, which delays the growth of the seed for a day or two, but causes no damage, imparts an odor which is insufferable to the crows, but which disappears after the sprouts have attained a larger growth, when they are no longer subject to attack.

### Village Scarecrow, 30 Cents Daily.

London Daily Mail.

As he stands out there in the middle of that Suffolk field, there is little to show that he is not the ordinary inanimate scarecrow. He stands motionless for five minutes at a time, and only when a bird is tempted by the fresh corn just appearing above the ground does he show any sign of life. But then it is that the scarecrow moves; he hits an old tin can with the rusty handle of a shovel and frightens the birds and makes them fly quickly out of sight.

So he spends his day, this old, bent man, and at the end he is paid 18 pence (36 cents). He is the village scarecrow.

### TO PORTLAND.

Portland! Dost thou know the favors,
Nature hath bestowed on thee?
Dost thou see the scenic grandeur
With which she's surrounded thee?
White-robed mountains, green-clad hills,
Fertile valleys, limpid rills.

And within thy spacious borders
What a wealth of beauty's there.
Fragrant flowers and brilliant roses
With their incense charge the air.
Home of roses, roses rare,
Portland's roses, none so fair.

Bright, green foliage shades thy homes,
Feather'd songsters charm the ear;
Gentle zephyrs through thee roam
Fanning cheeks divinely fair.
Rosy mornings, waking greet,
Rosy evenings, soothe to sleep.

And thy river, mighty artery,
Nature's highway to the sea,
Bourne upon its deep, wide water,
World-wide commerce comes to thee;
Ships and schooners, sail and steam,
Crowd thy port with busy scenes.

M. MYRTLE DICKEN.

Portland, June 1.