

a simple-minded people, the Chinese have very definite ideas of what suits them, and they will not have, except in insignificant measure, what they do not want.

A NOBLE TYPE.

General Hazard Stevens' biography of his father, General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, Washington's first Governor, is the plain and simple record of one of the many men, hard-headed, indomitable, bustling with energy, full of shrewd common sense, whose personal sacrifices and bravery freed the Northwest from the domination of the red man and made it safe for white settlement.

STYLE.

The writing of the present day will have but a small permanent place in literature. It has historic value as the record of our literary activity, but it is not necessary to the thinking mind in the sense that Homer and Virgil are necessary, Dante and Goethe, Shakespeare and Milton.

For thought, there is no recipe. Only the man born with the passion for study of books or research in Nature, or with both combined, can leave the world wiser than he found it.

Nothing that Poe or Irving had to say is of any concern to a thinking mind today. What thinking they did was little enough at best, and has no bearing on problems of the present day.

There comes a day to every literature when style is everything, and then is the hour of its decline and fall. The enthronement of realism is confession that detail has conquered us.

Says General Joseph Wheeler in a late issue of the New York Independent, in the matter of our trade with China: "To obtain the best success in dealing with the people of China and the Philippines, we must send thither intelligent agents, who will study their customs, prejudices and preferences, and we can then offer them what they want in the shape most pleasing to them, and in the way which best suits their convenience."

best place for the statue of General Sherman, which the members of the Chamber of Commerce are to give to New York City. The spot chosen is in every respect admirable, but the placing of the statue there would require the destruction of several fine old trees, and there was an instant and strong objection to its selection.

Every lover of trees will rejoice in this revival of the spirit for their protection. This sentiment does not, of course, extend to the commercial and business centers of the great city, where every vestige of tree life has long since been stamped out, but it broods tenderly over public parks, where it is held that a magnificent tree, the work of nature during the greater part of a century, is more befitting to the landscape than a monument hewn from granite or molded from bronze to commemorate the deeds of a military hero.

PROHIBITION OF RECREATION. The New York East Conference of the Methodist Church, at its recent session in Danbury, Conn., voted almost unanimously for a resolution requesting the General Conference to strike out of the "Book of Discipline" the specific injunction against members attending horse races and theaters, and against indulging in dancing and card-playing.

Dr. Rice said that many sincere and honest Christians do not agree with the church authorities as to certain forms of amusement; that the prohibition was so repulsive to young people that they hesitate to join the church, and some go to other churches. Dr. Rice held that the conscience of the Christian should alone be the judge of what form of amusement he participated in.

It is possible to dance indecently, to gamble with cards, and present indecent dramatic spectacles; but to prohibit on this plea all dancing, card-playing and the theater, would be as shallow as it would be to forbid the creation of literature because it is possible to write and print immoral or indecent prose or verse, or to forbid the pictorial arts because they are sometimes prostituted to indecent and immoral purposes.

Everything that helps to keep life full of light and from becoming a howling wilderness full of morose misers and hypochondriac monks is stupidly placed under the ban by your Puritan because it has been perverted to base uses and dragged down to the level of the ditch. Reason revolts from this absurd confusion of the use of recreation and the abuse of it.

One of the little organs accuses The Oregonian of "personal hostility to Senator McBride." This is silly. There is nothing against McBride that amounts to serious objection, beyond the fact that he is a cheap little political trimmer who practices the small arts of politics for his own advantage; that

do we allow any man to plead in extenuation of his crimes his intemperance in drink.

THE MAN BEHIND THE OILION.

"The Man With the Hoe" was in town yesterday. He came from "out Yamhill way," and brought a hundred sacks of onions with him. He sold the onions, and in the afternoon returned to the farm bowed down, not with "the weight of centuries," etc., but with the weight of \$650 in shining, yellow gold, which one of the "oppressors of mankind" had paid him for the onions.

The price paid for onions in the Portland market yesterday is the highest that has been reached for many years. The scarcity and attendant high prices are, of course, unusual, but rare indeed is the season when growers do not secure prices which insure them good, substantial returns for the labor of production.

Mr. David Riggetto, who sold the above-mentioned lot of onions, does not place all of his eggs in one basket, but conducts his farming operations on a plan sufficiently diversified to enable him to always have a certain amount of produce which will command good figures.

The propensity of children—boys unable to earn their own shoe leather and girls without household knowledge sufficient to sweep a room or boil potatoes—to get married is a serious one, which all persons, whether related to them or not, should refuse to aid and abet in any manner whatever.

One of the legitimate results of the better knowledge of America on the part of the Japanese growing out of our advent into the Orient is increased immigration of the little brown men into this country. The stopping at various Japanese ports of American Army transports was an object-lesson to the people extremely impressive.

The American ship Abner Coburn has been chartered to carry coal from Moji, Japan, to Hong Kong, at \$2 50 per ton. The Coburn has just arrived at Hilo from New York, with general merchandise, and proceeds in ballast to Moji to load. In this trade the American ship is in competition with German, English, Japanese, Norwegian, Italian, Chinese, and, in fact, with ships of every other nation that has a flag on the high seas.

No one should be surprised that the members of the Chicago Ambulance Corps have thrown off their mask and developed into a fighting organization. Its very composition was enough to indicate its character. The men were all of the violently anti-English type of Irishmen, and had seen service in the National Guard and the Spanish-American war.

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really he is nobody and nothing, and that men of ability and force ought to be sent to the Senate of the United States.

It is possible that a crushing monopoly is going to deprive the people of the diamonds they should have for their fingers and shirt fronts? If the De Beers trust prevents the opening of the new diamond fields, how long will the people endure the denial of their rights? Here is an opening for Bryan that discloses his plea for the stamp taxes on parlor car tickets that are grinding down the toiling masses.

Colonel Colson is the latest great Kentuckian to vindicate the unwritten law of the hair-trigger state that the right to bear arms and use them on one's personal enemies must never be abridged.

It is pleasing to know that Dr. Daly regards his election to Congress as certain. The voters of the First District will at the proper time persuade the doctor to change his mind.

Chicago has no use for Candidate Dewey, but when the time comes she will tender to Admiral Dewey a genuine Western welcome.

THE PERFECTION OF BOSSISM.

Considerable Life Left in the Old Tribune Yet.

One of the marks of modern civilization is the abolition of useless antiquated ways of doing things. Having perfected machinery to perform work, we do not go through the senseless mockery of accomplishing it by hand. No farmer with his reaper and binder pays a tribute to ancient prejudice by employing a dozen fellows to stand about his fields with sickles and give an imitation of old-time harvesting. No railroad company transacts its real business by express train and pays teamsters with wagons to drive about the country to fool people into the notion that transportation business is thus carried on.

But in one sphere of activity people seem to have neglected to adapt practical means to practical ends. In politics we have the political trust, the political steam engine, the political automobile and all the other instruments of high civilization. Yet long after they have performed their work we see the small tradesmen, the horse treadmill and the ox team of politics over the course of their operations, making a senseless mummy with superfluous and idle motions.

The fine, well-oiled and powerful triple expansion engine has done all that, as everybody knows. While in the market of revolution there seems to be a conspicuous omission, on the whole the work seems to be as well done as can be expected of machine-made goods, which in the market are not generally considered up to the standard of old-fashioned, honest hand work.

Going to Cape Nome. J. Gordon Temple.

The Cape Nome fever's got our town, it seems to fill the air; Et they all say as they will, 'twill bring the place, I swear. Bill Jones is sellin' off his things, an' so is Jerry Black; Jake Simpson sez he'll move his store, an' he's got a tenner's worth of goods; The Widder Nott's a-tearin' up, an' sez she's goin', too; The Newby girls hez started there, so what will Jonesburg do? Of course, an' sez all that's left, but he's too old to roam; They'll send him back to Kansas, while the rest go to Cape Nome.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE—X

"The Masque of the Red Death"—Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest-ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste.

The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisators, there were ballad-makers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously throughout the world, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence. It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite.

But in the western or black chamber the effect of the freelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that it stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers performed their evolutions; and there was a brief discussion of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the diddler grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie of meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light shone from the dial, and pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if to their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of 60 minutes (which embrace three thousand and hundred seconds of the time that flies) they came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But to the chamber which lies most westerly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is thick and dark, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the revellers ceased to move; they stood; and the evolution of the waltzers was quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were 12 strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revolved. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had attracted the attention of no single individual before, and which among the presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, or horror, and of disgust.

There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made; and the thought among these seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so neatly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured if not approved by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood, and the hair and beard all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and fro among the revellers) he was seized, and convulsed in the first moment with a strong shudder, either of terror or distaste; but in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers, who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery?" Seized him and unmask him—let me know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements."

He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained to the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the revellers to arms, he despatched a messenger to the outer world, and threw himself into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.