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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Threatening, with possibly showers; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 20, 1900.

Many persons must have wondered at the imposing array of prominent people sprung with such cheerful freedom by the woman suffragists as supporters of their cause.

Most of chairman of county committee of the Oregon State Suffrage Association is the name of Mrs. Bernard Daly.

This development comes from the fact that the very uncomfortable hole, the narrow avenue of escape, to deny responsibility for the mistake, is closed to him, because of his extreme and uniform gallantry.

A circular scattered from door to door about town in the interests of the so-called Citizens Legislative ticket makes violent war on certain Republican candidates.

Sympathy is a good thing, even when based on a misapprehension of the facts, but there are other considerations to be taken into account in the selection of public officers.

In a discussion of the forthcoming census, printed in this column yesterday, the vote of Oregon for President in 1896 was given as 83,000.

A case is soon to be heard in Brussels that illustrates the corrupt policy of the leading "trust" nations.

Mr. Kruger's son-in-law, \$2000 cash, \$10,000 in shares. General Soubert, \$25,000 in shares. General Scott, Vice-President of the Transvaal, \$2500 in cash.

The postal scandal in Cuba points directly to the radical difference between the administration of public affairs there by the Americans and Spaniards.

Mrs. Fischer seems to be a talking delegate. She assures us the Boers do not want the Americans to fight, only to give a declaration of sympathy, which would throw the balance of sentiment in Europe to her people.

out benefiting the Boers, provided enough of us entertained such sentiments, but even then foreign countries would not follow our example unless they were prepared to interfere in the substantial way.

LOUISIANA AND OREGON. Historical error is persistent. Sometimes its reality is due to superficial acceptance of whatever one may see in print.

Attempts have also been made to show that the Louisiana purchase did not include Washington and Oregon. But in point of fact it not only included the area now comprised in those states, but it extended clear up to latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes north.

St. Louis is preparing for a great fair on the centennial of the Louisiana purchase, and the boom spirit is abroad in the land. It is a small feat to jump the summit of the Rocky Mountains and carry the western boundary of Louisiana clear to the Pacific, and yet many are surprised.

There never has been any question about Oregon not being included in the Louisiana purchase in the minds of historical students. Louisiana stopped at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, which was the extreme limit of the French explorations, and such title as was possessed by the Oregon country prior to the discovery of the Columbia by Gray was never in dispute between Spain and England.

There is no question as to the fact that the territory then known as Oregon and now embracing Oregon, Washington, Idaho and a portion of Montana, was not included in the Louisiana purchase. The most concise statement on the subject is given in Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," which says:

Texas was also included in the transfer, but the Louisiana purchase did not extend beyond the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and our title to that large area, which is included in the State of Oregon and in the territories of Idaho, rests upon a different foundation.

The St. Louis fair boomers will hunt a long time before they find any good authority for including Oregon in Louisiana territory. Here is the purchase of Louisiana led to our possession of Oregon. Had not this been done, it is doubtful if Jefferson, the great American expansionist, would have dispatched the Lewis and Clark expedition across the country to the mouth of the Columbia, thus laying the foundation for one of our strongest claims of title.

MAY RAISE OUR OWN SUGAR. A receiver was appointed the other day to administer the First New York Beet Sugar Company.

Sugar is our largest import; we consume more sugar per capita than any other country. We spend a great deal more money for foreign sugar than we receive for the wheat we sell abroad.

ture in 1898 said that the industry could only thrive in regions that are specially favorable to the crop, which were to be found in all the Pacific islands.

THE MODERN ORATOR. The interstate forensic contest at Seattle Friday night, though the first between the state universities of Oregon and Washington, is but one of a number of like contests that have taken place between various colleges in the two states.

We are threatened with the extinction of the orator in the sense in which that word was understood only fifty years ago. The printing press has usurped the function of the public speaker to such a degree that the study and practice of oratory have seriously declined.

The Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, who was assistant pastor with Dr. Channing, in his published sermons was equally as evangelical as his great teacher. Dr. Channing, to whom Daniel Webster loved to listen, preached a beautiful gospel of convincing moral and humane earnestness which this year ago he evolved the slowly awakening conscience of good men against slavery and intemperance.

The real Luther of Emersonian Unitarianism was Theodore Parker, who as late as 1844 was an Evangelical Unitarian and administered the rite of baptism. He was the first great preacher of America to accept the higher biblical criticism as then set forth by the great German, De Wette, and he continued to preach the humane gospel of Jesus, the simple love of God and man, which was Jesus' definition of the foundation of the law and the prophets.

Yet, notwithstanding the substitution of the printing press for the stump speech and the platform lecture, there is an inviting future for oratory, but it must be substantial and logical if the effect produced is to be a lasting one. Our young men who are now preparing for the revival of collegiate debating must learn that substance must receive from them as much attention as style if they would become successful public speakers, and that for real accomplishment in convincing their fellow-men substance is never to be omitted, though the personal graces of the oratorical artist may be.

ANTIQUEY OF THE MORAL SHOW. Exhibitions of trained animals, such as have delighted large assemblages of people in Portland the past week, are, like so many of our modern forms of amusement, relics of remote antiquity.

The annuals of Rome are familiar to all. The old Anglo-Saxon manuscripts contain pictures of an audience in an amphitheater diverted by a musician, to whose music a man in dancing, while another performer exhibits a tame bear that feigns to be dead.

Ben Jonson alludes to the early use of the circus poster. In 1654 Evelyn saw the prototype of the "Happy Family" of the modern circus in shape of "a tame lion that played familiarly with a lamb, a six-legged sheep, and a four-legged goose."

wearing the saddle. The Duke of Burgundy in the fifteenth century kept a giant and a dwarf, and every court in Europe had a monster of some kind.

The American circus dates back to 1786, but it was a feeble plant until 1838, when Purdy and Welch organized a circus of twenty-four gray horses and a full band of eight members.

UNITARIANISM. Today the American Unitarian Association begins at Boston the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary, though the active Unitarian movement in this country is really as old as the present century.

The reluctance of bicyclists to pay the tax levied by special law for path-building cannot mean that the interest in bicycle riding is on the wane, since apparently more persons use the wheel now than ever before.

A bill to appoint General William B. Franklin, lately Colonel of the Twelfth Infantry, and a distinguished Major-General of Volunteers during the Civil War, a Colonel on the retired list has been introduced by Representative Henry of Connecticut, of which state General Franklin is now a resident.

The passage of the so-called "Grand Army" pension bill will not encourage the hopes of those who look forward to a reduction of the pension payments. Among other provisions this bill directs the Pension Commissioner that he shall not refuse pensions to widows having an income not exceeding \$250 a year.

John James Ingalls isn't reporting prizefights just now. He is devoting his time and such literary ability as he possesses to the "good fellow" girl of the period, whom he declares indulges in too much racetrack, midnight reveries, high kicking, skirt dancing, and "coon songs."

Either Aguinaldo has not kept the close watch upon the doings of Congress and the President, or else he is keeping up in his recent "proclama" the policy of deception of the ignorant masses that has been followed from the very beginning of the insurrection. He will find the commission, sent out to establish civil government in the Philippines, sufficiently "official" for the purpose.

The Ohio and Indiana politicians, who are responsible for the appointment of Hanna, Perry Heath was Hanna's man in 1896, and was rewarded with the office of Assistant Postmaster-General. Heath made Neely part of the Cuban postal service. Rathbone, who installed Neely in his position as financier, is another pet of Hanna.

Not every craft that sails for Nome will reach the goal. One already lies on the sands of Point Wilson, and others will be lucky if the water is as shallow when they come to disaster. The Board of Marine Underwriters of San Francisco takes the right position when it refuses to insure craft not passing thorough and satisfactory inspection.

The defense of Mafeking was a more wonderful achievement than that of Ladysmith or Kimberley, hot so much because longer maintained as because of the greater strain upon the small number of defenders. England has good excuse for being a trifle hysterical over the relief.

mal, and as for blood, there never was a time in the history of the state when there were so many promising standard-bred horses as there are now.

The advocates of the shipping subsidy bill will no doubt make the most of the "object-lesson" given to some of the members of Congress by Representative Wacher. This gentleman took a few of the Congressmen around Baltimore harbor, and they were touched by the fact that nothing but British and German steamships were in sight.

As a part of our representative extracts of English literature, we print this morning a portion of Mr. Henry Drummond's celebrated essay, "The Greatest Thing in the World," a piece of writing which has enjoyed a wider vogue than any other modern work of evangelical Christianity.

The gentleman who has a hundred votes under his thumb is around this year, and he is making life a burden for the independent candidates. In the wake of some of the unscrupulous aspirants for office there is a train of him like the tail of a comet. He is so impressive, so earnest, and so convincing that he usually succeeds in melting the independent, who, having no party behind him, doesn't want to make any more enemies than is absolutely necessary.

The repute of manner and dignity of bearing which distinguishes Judge Thomas O'Day when he is not cutting the cord that binds the eagle down on the rostrum have not deserted him, even in this hour of sore need. Indeed, he is working the repose business overtime to the disgust of the fusion nominees, whom he caused to be nominated. Judge Thomas is not fond of work in a campaign. He will go out on the stump now and then, and refer to this glorious country of ours, the oppressors' wrong, the law's delay, the passage of time, the slow approach of the day of office, in measured words and slow, but he is constitutionally opposed to that necessary branch of political endeavor known as hustling. He got the fusion ticket nominated, he reasserts, he bluffed their acceptance through the Democratic convention, now let them get out and rustle for themselves. He washes his hands of them.

The Prohibitionists, defying all the traditions that have been theirs since they began to make war on the inalienable right of the American citizen to become intoxicated, have nominated a full ticket. There is nothing half way about it, either. It is gloriously, completely full. If this ticket does not triumph at the polls—and there are reasons to believe that at least some of the nominees may come perilously near defeat—let us take incoherence and rebuke. The Prohibitionists ought not to put up a full ticket another time. Do they think Mayor Storey isn't able to conduct that kind of a campaign?

The kinetoscopic rapidity with which new candidates have been arising on the political horizon for the past few months is at an end. Nominations for city offices were closed yesterday, and any village Hamlet who, with dauntless breasts, the little tyrants of their fields are desirous of withstanding, will have to wait two more years to do it, for they can't break into a place on the Australian ballot. There were only 49 candidates for the 16 city offices, an average of a little more than three to an office. This will limit the inevitable disappointment to two candidates for every ticket, and though two can divide up between them, so it will rarely be so very hard to bear.

ANTE-ELECTION FACTS AND FANCIES

Two years ago, when Major Kennedy was running against Dan Moore for Clerk of the Circuit Court, he found that a large number of gentlemen whom he had never seen before were so deeply so litigious for his success that they would follow him around town and offer him job lots of votes at bargain prices.

"I'm workin' fur you, Maje," said he. "I've got 100 votes in the North End, and they'll all go your way, provided I kin git about 'em to keep the boys breedin' up proper. Do I git it?" "I suppose you are supporting the whole ticket?" inquired the major. "No, sir," said the broker impressively. "I ain't. I'm workin' fur my friends this time, and there's just three of 'em what 'll git the support of my voters, and them's you an' Ralph Hoyt and Dan Moore."

There is clouds' dirty-looking smoke a-dastin' round the town. A-pourin' in at windows an' a-driftin' up an' our lungs is all chuck full of it, an' all our throats is sore. An' if it gets much thicker, why, we cannot breath no more. It smells some like a garbage plant, an' some like the burnin' tar. An' all of it is rollin' from the candidate's cigar.

It don't come from ole Virginia, where the cotton blossoms fall. For there isn't no tobacco used in makin' it at all. It's composed of scraps of rubbish gathered up from near an' far. An' it costs a cent a thousand, does the candidate's cigar. Just what good the distribution of such air-pollutin' things. To the candidate that hands them to the suffrin' voter brings, is a question can't answer, for a man who'd smoke one up could partake of gall an' wormwood, an' request another cup.

Once upon a time there was a Legislative Ticket, composed of three Republicans that had received the Marble Heart, as a Gift from their Party, and one Democrat, who had got into the Habit of running for Office, and who forgot to swear off New Year's day. They started out to run for office together, but soon the Democrat saw the alleged Republicans were working a scheme to throw him Down, and he registered a Kick. "What are you kickin' for?" asked the Others. "You never had a Chance anyway. What is the good of the Democratic Party in Oregon if it can't be used to Elect Renegade Republicans?" And they kept on Knocking him.

The gentleman who has a hundred votes under his thumb is around this year, and he is making life a burden for the independent candidates. In the wake of some of the unscrupulous aspirants for office there is a train of him like the tail of a comet. He is so impressive, so earnest, and so convincing that he usually succeeds in melting the independent, who, having no party behind him, doesn't want to make any more enemies than is absolutely necessary.

Some think the time may come when two of these three things will also pass away—fall to sight, hope into fruition. Paul does not say so. We know but little now about the future, but it is certain that is to come. But what is certain is that Love must last. God, the Eternal God, is Love. Cover therefore that everlasting gift, that one thing which it is certain is going to stand, that is delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in it that is great and engaging; but it will not last. All that is in the world, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, are but a little while. Love not the world therefore. Nothing that it contains is worth the life and consecration of an immortal soul. The immortal must stand in the world that is delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in it that is great and engaging; but it will not last. All that is in the world, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, are but a little while. Love not the world therefore. Nothing that it contains is worth the life and consecration of an immortal soul.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. An memory near the past, above all the transient pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those around about you, things too trifling to speak about, things which you feel have entered into your eternal life. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure there is. All is said about them and yet, as I look back, I see standing out, above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some slight offering of praise, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good act is visionary. But the acts of love which no man can see, and which no one can ever know about—they never fail.

In the Book of Matthew, where the Judgment Day is depicted for us in the imagery of One seated upon a throne and dividing the sheep from the goats, the test of a man then is not, "How have I believed?" but "How have I loved?" The test of religion, the final test of religion, is not religiousness, but Love. I say the final test of religion is that awful indictment are not even referred to. By what we have not done, by sins of omission, we are judged.

Is the Son of Man before whom the nations of the world shall be gathered. It is in the presence of Humanity that we shall be judged. And the spectacle itself, the mere sight of it, will utterly melt each one. Those who have met and helped; or there the unpled multitude whom we neglected or despised. No other charge than lovelessness shall be preferred. The words which all of us shall one day hear sound not of theology but of life, not of churches and saints but of the hungry and the poor, not of creeds and dogmas, but of shelter and clothing, not of Bibles and prayer-books, but of cups of cold water in the name of Christ. Thank God the Christianity of today is coming nearer the world's need. Live to help that on. Thank God men know better, by a hair's breadth, what religion is, what God is, who Christ is, where Christ is. Who is Christ? He who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, raised the sick. And where is Christ? Where?—whom shall receive a little child in My name receiveth Me. And who are Christ's? Every one that loveth is born of God.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE—XIV

Basis of Christianity Not Faith, but Love—Henry Drummond.

Every one has asked himself the great question of antiquity as of the modern world: What is the summum bonum—the supreme good? You have life before you. Once only you can live it. What is the noblest object of desire, the supreme gift to covet?

We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the religious world is faith. That great word has been the keynote for centuries of the popular religion; and we have eagerly learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong. If we have been told that, we may miss the mark. I have taken you, in the chapter which I have just read, to Christianity at its source, and there we have seen, "The greatest of these is love."

"Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail." It was the mother's ambition for her boy in those days that he should become a prophet. For hundreds of years ago God had never spoken by means of any prophet, and at that time the prophet was greater than the king. Men waited wistfully for another messenger to come, and hung upon his lips when he appeared as upon the very voice of God. Paul says, "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail." This book is full of prophecies. One by one they have "failed"; that is, having been fulfilled, they have nothing more to do now in the world except to feed a devout man's faith.

Then Paul talks about tongues. That was another thing that was greatly coveted. "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease." Consider the words in which these chapters were written—Greek. It has gone. Take the Latin—the other great tongue of those days. It ceased long ago. Look at a few Indian languages, such as Navaho. The language of Wales, of Ireland, of the Scottish Highlands, is dying before our eyes. The most popular book in the English tongue at the present time, except the Bible, is one of Dickens' works, his "Pickwick papers." It is largely written in the language of London street-life; and experts assure us that in 50 years it will be unintelligible to the average English reader.

Then Paul goes farther, and with even greater boldness adds, "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." The wisdom of the ancients—where is it? It is wholly gone. A schoolboy today knows more than Sir Isaac Newton knew. His knowledge has vanished away. You put yesterday's newspaper in the fire. Its knowledge has vanished away. You buy the old editions of the great encyclopedias for a few pence. They know it, but it has vanished away. Look how the coach has been superseded by the use of steam. Look how electricity has superseded that, and swept a hundred years of new inventions into oblivion. One of the greatest living authorities, Sir William Thompson, said the other day, "The steam engine is passing away." Whether there be tongues, they shall vanish away."

Can you tell me anything that is going to last? Many things Paul did not concede to name. He did not mention money, fortune, fame, but he picked out the great things of his time, the things which men thought had something in them, and brushed them contemptuously aside. Paul had no charge against these things in themselves, but he said that them was that they would not last. They were great things, but not supreme things. There were things beyond them. There is a great deal in the world that is delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in it that is great and engaging; but it will not last. All that is in the world, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, are but a little while. Love not the world therefore. Nothing that it contains is worth the life and consecration of an immortal soul. The immortal must stand in the world that is delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in it that is great and engaging; but it will not last. All that is in the world, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, are but a little while. Love not the world therefore. Nothing that it contains is worth the life and consecration of an immortal soul.

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