The Oregonian,

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon,

TELEPHONES. Editorial Rooms 106 | Business Office. REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance-ally, with Sunday, per month....... Sunday, per month., r excepted, per year, unday, per year....

Weekly, per year
Weekly, per year
Weekly, 2 months City Subscribers— F. per week, delivered, Sundays excepted 15 F. per week, delivered, Sundays included 20 POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico: 10 to 16-page paper..... or discussion intended for publication

News or discussion intended for purchased invaria-in The Oregonian should be addressed invaria-bly "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertis-ing, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply. The Oregonian. The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to re-turn any manuscripts sent to it without solici-lation. No stamps should be inclosed for this

Puget Sound Bureau-Captain A. The office at IIII Pacific avenue, Tacoma, Sacoma Postoffice.

Eastern Business Office—43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49

York City: 409 "The

Tribune building. New York City; 400 "The Rockery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper.

Tee Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitta, 1008 Market street; Foster & Orear, Ferry

sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 200 So. Spring street, and So. Spring street. For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., Por sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 17 Dearborn street. For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News IT W. Second South street. On file at Buffalo, N. Y., in the Oregon exhibit at the exposition.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett

use newstand. For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventh street

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem perature, 82; mi TODAY'S WEATHER - Showers; cooler; south to west winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1901.

THE METHOD OF PHILANTHROPY.

Those multi-millionaires who have sums of money to give away are reminded by the New York Press that there are in this country colleges, universities and libraries sufficient for all present needs; but that there are not enough habitable and comfortable homes in the cities for families who want no charity, but are willing to work and to pay for what they get, Improvement of the conditions of life for these vast numbers of people would not be a charity, but philanthropy indeed. The scheme might be made selfsupporting, under efficient and honest administration.

And the Nebraska State Journal pre sents a further practical suggestion These men who do not know what to do with their millions might, it well says, put in reservoir systems at the headwaters of our mountain streams, for irrigation of the great arid country on the slopes of the Missouri, the Platte and the Columbia. Such a work would call into existence a new population of many millions, to occupy and till a vast country now practically uninhabitable. It would furnish them with opportunity for healthful life and self-support-the greatest boon that

man can bestow on his fellow-man.
On the other hand, the way in which Carnegie and Rockefeller are giving away their millions will not reduce the congestion of population in the cities, new opportunities for selfhelpful subsistence in the country. It will not relieve the pressure of the struggle for life, but will aggravate it -since it will merely intensify existing conditions. It is mockery to offer universities and libraries to a people who have small opportunity or none to earn their bread. But give them a chance to earn their brend, help them to make conditions under which they can attain to healthful existence through their own labor, and they will then find ways to get education, through individual effort, through public organization, or both

We fully believe these great university and library schemes, instead of being helpful to the masses of the people, will have the effect of drawing the line of separation more widely between classes, of widening and deepening the chasm between them, of dividing those who may be able to make pretensions to education and position still furthe from those who are forced to toll in the lower walks of life. There never ought to be a school, a college or a library that has not been called into existence by a spontaneous want. Help, indeed, may often be received by such with advantage, but every one in this world, the individual or the community, ought to work for what it gets. To help one to help himself is the fundamental law of a sound philanthropy; and to create nditions under which a people may help themselves and pay for what they get is the only way to offer them means of real improvement. There is nothing that requires so much consideration, as to its wisdom, as any scheme of benevolence, large or small; and there is more to be done for the human race through works like those recommended by the journals we have quoted than by creating universities and libraries in places that are supplied already, or for those who do not need Make conditions, or assist in making them, under which a people can work and live, and that people will do the rest.

The tragtcal death of John C. Leasure ends a life of great activity and personal ambition, combined with a singular lack of steadfast purpose. Covering a space of forty-seven years, it represented many vicissitudes of fortune and unbounded but to a certain extent purposeless energy. Not naturally of a despondent nature, Mr. Leasure's self-inflicted death represented the climax of utter despondency. With an ardent love of home and family, he drifted from place to place without securing a permanent foothold. Essaying olitics, he falled to reach his desire, and thereafter seemed to lose his moorings to his profession, and in a degree abandon his activities. The sketch of his life as written by himself is the plain, unvarnished story of one who as boy and man was possessed of a restless spirit, boundless energy and everything necessary for success in life except fixity of purpoe. The lesson conveyed by it is one that boys and young men may scan with profit, since the picted therein are worthy of emulation,

political maeistrom, leading to despair | ginnings of allegorical interpretation as and death, conveys a warning which they may do well to heed.

SCRIPTURAL ADAPTATION.

It is a familiar ethnic dogma that the Jewish people have no mythology. The idea has been developed with especial pains and attractiveness by Ernest Renan, with his customary solicitude for brilliant effect, and consequent impatience of exactness. To a certain extent the doctrine is undoubtedly true. That is, we have not in Hebrew literature the array of gods and goddesses that furnish forth the history of old Greece and Rome. There is a sharp line of distinction between the best of men, Abraham eyen, Moses, Elijah, and the supreme figure of Jehovah, who, however he upon occasion appeared upon the mount or in the burn ing bush or chasing Moses through the streets, never descended to the familiar and often discreditable relations sustained by pagan divinities to the children of men. Doubtless Renan is correct, also, in ascribing this Hebrew peculiarity to the exalted religious nature of the people and their superior spiritual discernment.

Nevertheless, so uniform is human nature in its constitution that the distinctiveness of Hebrew development may be exaggerated, and as knowledge widens and deepens, racial histories once accounted miraculously differentiated are seen to approximate. And if we take mythology in its broad sense as the record of a people's myths, we shall find evidences already, which time will undoubtedly multiply, that the similarity between creation and deluge legends of Babylon and Judea, for example, extends also to the mythology and especially of allegorism. Some useful hints on this score are supplied in an interesting article on "alle gorical interpretation," contributed by Dr. Louis Ginzberg to the "Jewish Cv. clopedia," the first volume of which has just issued from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. Dr. Ginzberg resents the imputation that allegorism was strictly Helienic; and in his demonstration to the contrary he uncovers a vast array of evidence, which, rationally interpreted, goes far to establish the natural rather than a miraculous formation of

the Scriptures. The origin and reason of allegorical interpretation, as it has distinguished all literary peoples, consist, according to Dr. Ginzberg, in this: Whenever the literature of a people has become an inseparable part of its intellectual possession, and the ancient and venerated letter of this literature is in the course of time no longer in consonance with more modern views, to en able the people to preserve their alle-giance to the tradition, it becomes necessary to make that tradition carry and contain the newer thought as well. Allegorism is thus in some sense an incipient phase of rationalism. As soon as philosophy arose among the Greeks Homer and the old popular poetry were allegorized. There being scarcely a people which underwent such powerful eligious development and at the same time remained so fervently attached to its venerable traditions as the Jews. allegorism became of necessity a prominent feature in the history of their

How allegorism in its simplest form

has fastened on the minds of the pres

literature.

ent generation can readily be recalled by the most casual observer of Biblical criticism. The days in which God made the world are imagined to be epochs of time. The 900-odd years of Methuselah are interpreted as figurative ex-pression of some more credible lifetime. Allegorism is probably all that saved mon's song from being thrown out of the canon, and the violence that has been done to the fine old fairy tale of Jonah and the whale is of contempoactivity. This pretation, however, Dr. Ginzberg shows is very old. Hosea seems to have begun it when he explained Jacob's bout with the angel as an affair of mental gymnastics; that is, of prayer. No one need doubt that the original story had in mind an actual physical encounter. The book of Daniel supplies another instance, when it interprets Jeremiah's prophecy of the seventy years of exile as seventy weeks of years, in order to give hope of redemption from the contemporary tyranny of the Greeks. The Alexandrian Jews early established a school of allegorical interpretation, in order to defend themselves from the derision of the Greeks at some of the crude Bible narratives. As the Greeks read the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato into the pages of Homer, so the Alexandrian Jews, with exemplary zeal and ingenuity, uncovered Athen ian philosophy also in the hexateuch These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely from ancient times all through the Middle Ages until today. The book of Hebrews is continually seeking for mystical interpretations of Old Testament passages; St. Paul tells the Galatians that the story of Sarah and Hagar is an allegory, designed to teach the difference between spiritual freedom and bondage; John's gospel constantly puts Scriptural passages to allegorical use, and Justin Martyr allegorizes the Old Testament entirely away, while holding to the New as ab-

Let the thoughtless smile, if they will at these laborious contrivances of religious zeal. The purpose behind them and the good they do cannot be understood without comprehension of th burden laid upon the serious soul and the solemn pressure of duty upon the prophets and apostles of all ages. The fire of truth and eagerness to serve that burned in Tyndall, Darwin or Voltaire, destroying old errors, is the same that sent Moses to the deliverance, Isaiah to the backslider, Paul to the Romans, the Jesuits to the Iroquois and Livingstone to the heart of Africa. No for deception or for amusement, did priests write out the law, or prophets tell of terrors to come, or psalmist sing or scribe write down the remnants of old masques and liturgles, or Peter tell of the transfiguration or Mary of

solutely historical.

the risen Lord.

Never from lips of cumning fell The thrilling Delphic oracle What underlay this allegorical interpretation of old stories, once believed literally, was a consuming desire to save the present generation from its error and its sin. The need pressed upon the devout coul with awful reality, and he struggled to supply the answer to that need, the dream for the mystic, the creed for the reasoner, code for the man of action. In the light of modern discovery and criticism we are apt to think of those heroic labors as pitiable delusion, or with the arrogance of materialism to condemn them as wicked inventions. But the wise man knows it is not so. He sees in them all that same devotion to the race industry and ambition so simply de- in his strife with error and his endeavor to lift man up from depths of ignor-

far back as the days of Hosea were one in purpose with our highest Biblical scholarship. Then began to be recognized, what we are even now so slow to see, that it is the letter which killeth. the spirit that maketh alive.

WEAK SPOTS IN THE PORTLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL COURSE.

The question of text-books for the public schools of Oregon has again been settled, for a term of years, and this time, in the main, as it seems, satisfactorily so to those vitally concerned The changes involved render, it is said a revision of the course of instruction in the grammar grades of the Portland schools necessary; hence it is proper at this time to call attention to some of the weak spots in the course of study that the pupils of these schools have been pursuing for some years past. Perhaps with the text-book material in hand the City Superintendent has done as well as he could in the arrangement of the course in past years; but it is a notable fact, and one easily verified by a comparison of results, that pupils in the public schools of some other localities go over ground in six years that requires eight years for the pupils of the Portland schools to cover. More surprising than this fact is the further fact that even at this leisurely pace many topics are "cut out" of the grade work that are treated in the textbooks. This is notably true in arithmetic, mental and written; so lament ably true, indeed, that the drill in men tal arithmetic is conspicuously weak, as any one can prove who cares to put the average pupil who has "passed the grades" to simple tests. As to the drill in written arithmetic, ask any pupil 'ready for the High School" to work an example in bank discount, and he will reply, "We skipped that"; ask him to find the difference in time between Portland and New York, and he will answer, "We skipped longitude and time"; ask him to extract the cube root of a number, and he will probably reply, "Oh, I will learn that when I take up algebra in the High School.'

It will be remembered that at the ompetitive examination held in this city a few weeks ago for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis eleven condidates entered. Of these, three were from schools outside Portland and eight had attended the schools of this city. As everybody knows, the boy sent down from the Baker City High School was the successful candidate, while the lad who took second honors was from the Woodstock

Running over the list of questions in written arithmetic we find that there was one problem given in each of the rules above cited as having been 'skipped" by pupils in our grammar schools. That is to say, no boy whose knowledge of mathematics had been gained solely in the grammar schools of Portland could have passed the examination in arithmetic which these candidates were required to take, for the simple but all-sufficient reason that he could not even have stumbled at a solution of three of the problems given, having had no instruction whatever in the principles involved.

Then in the matter of geography. Pupils who have passed the grammar grades of the Portland public schools know so little about this selence that they may be said to know almost noth. ing about it. The reason is not far to seek. They have not had competent text-books upon this very essential branch of common school education while the study of such as they have had has been dropped midway in the prescribed course and has not been resumed. Fancy the utter humiliation of bright boys who took this examination in not being able to make a respectwing in geography! ut one excuse, but it was a valid one "I never heard of those places," said one, referring to the requirement to locate certain cities and islands; and "We never had anything like that in our lessons," said another who "stood high" in geography as it was taught but was mystifled when confronted by simple question in regard to the

'rainless regions of the earth." Is it not sufficiently clear from these itations that some of the prime essentials in a common school education have been tripped over lightly in the Portland public schools? Is it not apparent also that boys from these schools were handicapped in the com petitive examination to which reference is above made by glaring deficiencies in the course of study prescribed for them therein? The Oregonian refers to this matter at this time in specific terms, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but with the earnest desire to promote the best interests of the very large class of our youth whose educational opportunities are confined to attendance upon the public schools. It seems that opportunity to remedy these defects has come through the change in text-books rendering necessary the reconstruction or readjustment of the course of study in the public schools. This being true, the above specifications are believed to be timely.

HIS HUMOR KEPT LINCOLN SANE The recent death in obscurity of R. H. Newell, who under the pen name of Orpheus C. Kerr satirized the incompetency of General McClellan in his "Letters From the Mackerel Brigade," recalls the fact that among those who found momentary relief from the terrible burden of the Civil War in the perusal of the rough ground humor of that day was Abraham Lincoln, who shocked Charles Sumner, Richard H. Dana and the majority of the visiting clergymen by reading to them passage from Orpheus C. Kerr and Artemus Ward. Humorists were scarce in those days, and the few we had were little read save by earnest men like Lincoln who suffered so much night and day with anxiety that they felt it necessary to mental sanity to laugh, to whistle up their spirits in the awful graveyard of American soldier dead that grew wider and wider every day of the long and dreadful conflict. Lincoln, like all men of deep sensibility, was a genuine humorist, a man of wit and wisdom, of sense and feeling. In all great and serious things he was a man of grave mind, and yet he never lost a chance to mingle wit with his wisdom. His saving common sense was always warmed and tinted with feeling; the logic of his head was married to moral sweetness and light of a heart that was at once tender and true. Lincoln was a powerful reasoner and an acute logician, and yet he had much of the soul and temperament of a poet and a humorist. In such men mirth and melancholy march side by side and when they do not, madness easts that today the man of science shows not seldom the grim shadow of its not far distant approach.

Absolute self-repression is not good while the wreck of his hopes in the ance and superstition. The rude be- for gifted men of great natural sensi-

bility, and Lincoln doubtless felt it was not good for him, so he told stories and read jest books when his great heart was ready to break and intense egotists, utterly destitute of humor, like Sumner, and intensely aggressive, imperious administrators, like Stanton, never understood that Lincoln often smiled to call attention from the fact that his dark, deep-set, melancholy eyes were full of tears; that he laughed and jested in public because events were too solemn to be wisely communicated by solemn looks and words of despair. On one occasion at a Cabinet meeting Lincoln read out loud an extract from one of the "Letters From the Mackerel Brigade," the famous description of McClellan's game of checkers, during which his admiring friends were promising a wonderful move that would redeem and win the game, when seemed hopelessly lost, Lincoln's laughter over this description of the military checker-player who is always promising a decisive move and finally makes it only to give away the whole board, enraged Stanton so much that he poured forth a torrent of profaulty subsequently in his private office over the imbecility of a man who was able to "laugh at a funeral." A friend told Lincoln of Stanton's language, and he said in substance, with great gravity and earnestness of manner;

"Yes, they all, from Stanton down, say that I am a shallow, heartless cynic, because I tell stories and read these humorous sketches of Orpheus C. Kerr and Artemus Ward, but I tell you, my friend, during that terrible Winter of 1862 and the Spring of 1863, which include our awful repulse at Fredericksburg and Hooker's costly defeat at Chancellorsville, I seldom closed my eyes at night, thinking of the suffering and sacrifice of our brave boys in the Army, and the grief and anxiety of the people behind the Army. So severe was the stress of my feelings, because of my great responsibility and because of the gloomy outlook of the dreadful Winter and Spring, when it was black defeat at the East and bloody, barren, blundering victory at the West, that I believe I would have become a helpless victim to melancholia, to the point of mental paralysis, had it not been for my native sense of humor, which enabled me to find occasional relief and distraction for my surcharged sensibility and intense anxiety. They made me laugh in spite of myself, and helped to maintain the fleeting serenity of mind

and tottering sanity of my soul." This was the substance of Lincoln's explanation and defense of his habit of taking refuge in humorous anecdote and mirth-provoking satire from the gloomy pressure and stress of terrible events. Poor Newell never fulfilled his early promise; he became the husband of a beautiful and gifted woman of irregular life, the actress Adah Isaacs Menken, and his married life was short and unfortunate. Since the Civil War he had done nothing worthy of his first fame, and for many years had lived in obscurity. His memory will only be rescued from complete oblivion because it is part of Lincoln's history that he found relief from sorrow and mental health for disaster in reading the 'Mackerel Brigade" letters of Orpheus C. Kerr. Compared with Dooley of our day, Newell was utterly inferior in keenness of wit and subtlety of humor, but a Dooley would have been lost in those days of Civil War, for the people were in too, grim a mood for such work. We can laugh with Dooley over a small, distant war like that with Spain and in the Philippines, but in a great civil war that came home to our doors we would not tolerate a Mr. Dooley with any more patience than we endured the brutal cynicism Brick Pomeroy, who wrote of Lincoln's murder that "Old Abe went up like a rocket and came down like the stick."

SUICIDE AND SANITY.

An officer in an Austrian Hussar regiment has killed himself because of humiliation at the loss of his ear, which a drunken brother officer had slashed off with his saber. This sudden act of self-destruction was not due to insanity, for the suicide had just proved his sanity by shooting twice with his revolver at the cruel, drunken fool who had so heartlessly mutilated him. He took his life probably because he had been educated in a school of "military honor" which made it impossible for him to hold up his head among his fellows after enduring such an injury, The incident is of itself trifling, save as an illustration of how slight a thing may provoke one apparently sane man to take his life, while other natures could not be driven by any degree of mental or moral torture to an act of self-destruction. The difference of decision under such circumstances would largely turn upon a question of temperament, early education and environment. While it is difficult to conceive of an officer of the American Army deliberately slashing off a brother officer's ear in a fit of drunken bravado it is still more difficult to think of an American-bred man being driven to suicide in consequence of so gross a

mutilation. An American officer very likely would have shot his assallant to death on the spot; suicide from humiliation he certainly would not have committed, even if he had spared his drunken comrade's life, but in foreign armies there seems to be a code of military etiquette which educates an officer under certain circumstances to suicide. So much is the capacity to commit suicide a matter of temperament that the suicide of a Frederick of Prussia, or of a Napoleon, un der adverse circumstances, would not excite any surprise. It would be the logical thing for a man of utterly selfish ambition, who had risen very high to do when he had fallen very low with no hope to rise again. But the suicide of a Hampden, a Cromwell, a Washington, would be a surprise. It would be so much the unexpected thing that we should suspect genuine insanity, for all these men stood for something far higher and nobler than self, and all was not lost if defeat, capture or death ensued. But to men of low aim, selfish purpose and unscrupulous personal ambition suicide would be the natural thought when defeated, because with the material prizes of life gone, life was no longer worth living. They are like misers parted from their gold, and sulcide is the natural refuge of such fell

There may seem to be small choice in suicides, but it is neither logical nor humane to treat with comparative ten derness the memory of a person committed suicide because of loss of property and worldly honors and then to sneer at a suicide as especially contemptible because he died of grief for a woman. To a man of refinement and reflection, while a decent, sober young fellow who died because he had lost his best girl would in no sense be a hero. nevertheless, other things being equal, there would be a greater feeling of ten-

derness for his memory than for the fellow who took his life, yelling like Shylock chiefly for his lost ducats. The man who weakly dies for so impalpable a thing as the lost love of a woman is probably at least as humane a person as the man who dies just because he has jost his dollars. A dollar can be won that is quite as good as the dollar lost, but one woman unfortunately is not just as good as another to many men not otherwise weak, wicken of worthless. England's greatest naval hero made a fool of himself for a worthless, vulgar woman, and probably would have promptly committed suicide if he had lost her in time of peace. In war time his passionate patriotism and intense thirst for glory might have diverted his mind from self-destruction, Montaigne, a great French writer of the sixteenth century, defended suicide and even so caim and judicial a mind as Goldwin Smith in our day does not distinctly argue that suicide is a sin but rather that it is a great weakness and folly. But the greatest moral philosopher of antiquity, Socrates, and the greatest moral philosopher of modern times, Shakespeare, always speak of suicide as a sin, a transgression of the divine law. Sentimental writers of both sexes idealize the suicide not seldom as the world's crippled, wounded and

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches; Whose hopes burned in ashes away; From whose hands slipped the prize they had

grasped at;
Who stood at the dying of day
Unloved, unheeded, alone.
But this is not the philosophy of the grand old Greek who held suicide to be a transgression of the divine law of our moral being which forbids any man to dodge his duty by committing an act of the grossest moral cowardice. Socrates deemed suicide a sin "because we are placed on earth as soldiers at a post, and we ought not to quit our station without permission from the gods." The obligation to make the best of himself within the possibilities of moral conquest, endurance and accretion we call character is felt by all men of conscience, and suicide is the violation of this obligation by the evasion of the burdens, discipline and responsibilities of life. Socrates and Shakespeare both felt that suicide was a sin, since it is in violation of the divine voice within we call conscience. Shakespeare makes the desperate, love-distracted young Romeo "shake the yoke of inauspicious stars from this world-wearied flesh," but he makes the soberminded Brutus talk of suicide under protest, saying:

I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The term of life; holding myself with patienc To stay the providence of those high powers That govern us below.

"Our Imperiled Sabbath" was one o the themes presented yesterday to the consideration of the "Leaguers" now in convention in San Francisco. It was conceded by the minister who presented the theme that the churches are losing ground upon this point, and he urged every one present to make "Sabbath observance one of the distinguishing marks of Christianity." Since doubtless all present, except perhaps press reporters, were strict observers of the Sabbath, the appeal will be as bootless as are the stereotyped exhortations of the good women of the W. C. T. U. to their members in convention assembled to lives of temperance and sobriety. The Salvation Army improves upon this method of reform endeavor by carrying whatever message it has to people who need it. That is to say, "It calls not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

A movement has begun in Italy for the restoration of the death penalty for murder, which is now punished by solitary confinemnt of the most cruel description. The punishment of solltary years, and the general opinion is that it is infinitely worse than death. Official figures show that of every 100 convicts so punished 17 commit suicide and 19 go mad. Previous to the abolition of capital punishment only 22 of every 100 murderers condemned were actually executed. Of the three anarchist assassins who attempted the life of the late King Humbert and were sentenced to solitary confinement, two are maniacs, while the murderer of Humbert has

committed suicide. Norman J. Colman, Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, says the drouth has caused more losses to the farmers of Missouri than "all of the devastation, the burning and sacking and pillaging of the four years of the Civil War." He says that in all of his fifty years of residence in Missouri he has "never known such deplorable conditions among the farmers throughout the state as exist at this time.' Might it not be possible to induce a goodly number of the people of Missouri to turn their faces from this black picture to the blooming fields and prosperous conditions of our Northwest Pacific States?

The Philippine Commission shows the highest wisdom in relegating back to military rule such portions of the archipelago as have proved themselves unfitted for civil government. Having seen their mistake, the Commissioners are prompt to correct it. But neither their frankness nor their wisdom will attract the observation of the anti. All he can see in the news will be occasion for hilarity that the insurrection is not over, and that with good luck the bandits will be able to kill a few more Americans.

At Duncansville the non-union miners sent word to Shaffer asking if they shouldn't strike. The answer was that they might if they were organized, and their immediate prayer was for somebody to come over and organize them. All of which casts a somewhat lurid light upon the pious pretenses of the trust magnates that all they were contending for was for protection of the non-union men against the emissaries

Mr. Morgan avows that the only basis of the strike lies in sentimental reasons of the strikers. That is, they want their union recognized. But is it a sentimental or other sort of reason that impels the steel kings to deny that recognition? Sentiment, Mr. Morgan, has played a not inconspicuous figure in more than one war, political as well as industrial. It is a thing, however foreign to trust circles, not to be reckoned without,

Bryan is determined to force a third ticket in Ohio, which means, in all probability, Republican success, It tends to corroborate the wild tale that Bryan has always been in friendly understanding with Hanna. If Bryan really wants to do the best thing for his party and himself, he will come out for the Columbus platform and harmony, and profess a willingness to serve in the

WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON.

Once in a while we hear it dropped in charter discussion that we cannot in tue tice bind the future with franchises more than a generation long. But if long franchises are not advisable it is for rea sons of expediency and public economy. The notion that one generation has no right to bind a succeeding one is about as old as Mount Hood, and like that mountain has spent its volcanic force Although Jefferson shared in the notion the Constitution of the United States has been the fundamental law for several generations, and will be for many more Although the generation which framed the Oregon constitution has nearly passed away, we govern ourselves by the same instrument. The Magna Charta, the charters of the Stuarte to the American colonies, the Petition and Bill of Right and many other instruments all bear strong influence on the present. The ger eration which founded the City of Port-land tied it down to this one spot with out consulting us whether we wanted it a mile more to the north or south. It prescribed that we should travel by the lines of Washington and Morrison streets, although we might have chosen easier grades. We have left to our descen the legacy of a city hall and water debt. Our grandfathers have left to us in history the laws of nations and the greatest facts of science, which we must accept whether we would or not. Most impor-tant of all, they have bound us to express ourselves according to certain rules of grammar and by recognized words and idloms. If it is not right to bind the future our fathers and ourselves are un-just and history is a tale of injustice of just and history is a tale of injustice of one generation to another. We agree however, that legacies from the past are positively prizes, else we should have no steam engine, no electric battery and no means of interchanging ideas. The charter now in framing will be a product of experience, just as all things grow out of the past. It will be granted by the state to the corporation of Portland for an indefinite period, and if wisely made will be binding on future generations. It it is economic and expedient for the city to issue a franchise for 50 or 100 years, f is wise, whether Roussenu lived or not. But it is probably not expedient, and for this reason the term of franchises will be made much less. . .

nor is a greater passion than greed of gain. In their political system they would make the first distinction the sole re-ward of superior talent. The most rational of the socialistic school realize that the inefficient many must be directed by the efficient few, and that the few must be distinguished for merit. They think that greed is losing its power, and that the institution of wealth therefore may be supplanted. As evidence they adduce the many public benefactions of rich men. The flaw in this evidence is that greed is satisfied only by the getting of wealth, and the more a greedy man gives away the more he gets and will have Carnegie's greed is more insatiate from his gifts. He prefers to get the money before he gives it away, and not to give it to his steelworkers in wages, because then he would not get it. The value of Carnegle's service to the steel industry is unchallenged, nor is it doubted that his workmen have been benefited by him. But those people who find enjoyment in libraries are a select few, and the steel workmen are victims of injustice in hav-ing to contribute to the pleasure of those Besides, part of what Carnegie gained from a tariff he is giving away to a foreign country. It is unfortunate for the present political system that his greed is so insatiate. Yet this is no argum for socialism. Socialists yet have to prove that Carnegie's rare powers would have been called forth by mere rewards of "honor," that his compensation is out of proportion with his service; that his workmen have not received benefits from his prosperity; that they could get along better without him; and that his achieve ment is so commonplace that it can be repeated on and on indefinitely. They have also to show that medals and pieces of ribbon are more potent means to at-tainment of honor than is wealth, for unless they do so, socialists, by making hon or a motive, introduce into their own sys-tem the necessity of wealth. Wealth is simply a means to power and distinction, and would be equally so in socialism. Thus far Carnegie and other rich men show by their conduct that only the reward of wealth can engage their talents.

Certain socialists think that desire of

The assertion has been thrown out severai times in charter meetings that corporations are abundantly able to care for their own interests. This declaration has happened in discussion of franchise ques tions. The statement may have truth, but it is beside the point. The rights of the people are "sacred," to be sure, but equally so are those of corporations, Quite proper is it that privileges of capital should be hedged, yet our zeal should not overreach itself. When we are put on our guard against greed or capital it is by reports from the East. When w are persuaded into the notion that street-car companies are abusing the public it is by examples from Eastern cities. Chicago and St. Louis companies may no have done their functions with conscience but this does not argue that Portland companies misuse or will misuse their franchises. Besides, Portland companies will not have the opportunities of Eastern companies for many years to mis-use the public, and even if they should do it on a relative scale, the public would not be put to corresponding inconvenience. Ours is a far Western city, and in the Eastern view is hardly more than "little potatoes." Eastern capital has thou-sands of other places of investment be-sides Portland. Every loyal citizen recognizes that we must encourage capital to come here, even though the public may suffer some inconvenience. When this city has accumulated large amounts of capital and has become thereby independent and self-sufficient as are New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, then will be time enough to apply severe checks an balances to corporations. We are now in no danger of suffering from corpora-Capital may be as able to conserve its rights as are the people to conserve theirs, but this is not a matter for agi tation at present.

project for free swimming baths, it may be in place to point out one or two diffi-culties. This is done, however, without the slightest desire to hamper the enter-prise. Free swimming baths will increase the number of swimmers, but prob ably will not decrease the number of drownings. It is granted that the baths must be in one place, either in the city of the river. Wherever they may be the location must be near the center of town for if elsewhere they will not be accessible to outlying districts. But \$5000 will not go very far toward the project, if the baths are established on shore in the heart of town. A bathhouse several years ago was built in the river. If this prece lent is followed a serious objection will arise. The river in the city is so contaminated by sewage in Summer that many parents will be unwilling to let their children bathe in it. If the baths are established in South Portland, where the river is pure enough, North Fortland and Albina boys will hardly ever go to it. Any man who has been a boy knows that boys will not go any dis-tance under a torrid sun for a swim when other water is nearer. Indeed, it is reasonable to say that wherever the baths are boys on a warm day will go to their own place. As said above, these difficulties are suggested not to obstruct the bathhouse project, but to encourage thor-ough discussion of the enterprise.

Now that we are about to undertake

The Governor of Kansas set apart July 21 as a day of prayer for rain. Does this prove or only indicate that the Lord did not want to be bored July 21?

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Knocker.

You may put your whole soul in your work if you will, But the voice of the knocker will follow you You may labor from dawn till the stars ris at night, may try to treat every one justly and

right; You may fray out your nerves doing that which you ought. But the knocker will bring all your efforts to naught.

What you have accomplished will give him no

With an eye microscopic he'll pick out the If you've painted a picture that's won you

fair fame, knocker will point at a scratch on the frame; If you've written a story that's brought you At its length or its brevity he's sure to frown;

He'll tell your employer you've not piled them straight:

If you quietly give to the needy and poor,
He'll may that you seek notoriety, sure.

If you've been piling bricks: with a mar

He always is busy with others' affairs, Your errors to him are the gravest of cares, and whatever omissions he happens across He'll hasten to tell to the ears of the boss. The most in your eye he so often has shown He's completely forgotten the beam in his own;

And he never can see, for his eyes are so small, It's himself he is knocking the hardest of all,

At the Ball Game,

"Yes," said the one in the white hat with the large blue pompon, "I know all about the game, for Tom explained it all out to me the last time he took me, and I'll tell you all about it so you can know when they make the plays."

"What is it they call the diamond?" inquired the one with the blue sun umbrella.

"It isn't the diamond; it's the diamonds, The diamonds are these cunning little squares on the programme we just bought; you see they're shaped like diamonds, You make all kinds of funny little signs in them and all around them to show you which side is winning and how they are doing it. Tom is going to teach me about it when he has a few days off, he says." "Is that the umpire, sitting there on the bench?"

"No, the umpire is the man here in the little box in the grandstand. He holds a very dangerous position, Tom says, for when one side loses a game through his fault they are very likely to shoot him, He just puts marks down, and when they make an inning he puts a round circle

"Well, who is the man who keeps shout. ing 'Strike one' and other things like that?"

"That's the captain; he shouts that way so as the umpire will know what to put down. He'll go out there in the center of the yard pretty soon. When he gets to shouting the wrong way, Tom says, the catcher will hit him if he can reach him, so when he isn't telling the truth about the strikes and things he goes out into the middle of the yard, where the catcher "Which is the catcher?"

"He's the little fellow in knickerbockers who runs up and catches the bats when the players throw them away. He's a very important player, for if one of the bats touches the ground, the striker is

"What do you mean by out?" "Why, out is when he does something that keeps him from playing any more in the game. When three men are out a side is out, and then the game has to stop, or else they have to choose up over again and begin a new game." "Does that often happen?"

"No, not often, but sometimes it does, Tom says that when a game is out that way the audience is out, too, but I don't just exactly know what he means by that.

"Why is that man running so hard?" "He has to run, or they'd throw the ball at him. When a man is on one of those bags they can throw the ball at him whenever they want to, and so he man in the middle of the yard, who has the ball so much, start to throw it at him, he runs as hard as he can. "How do they make a score?"

"You mean an inning. An inning is when a man hits the ball and another man catches it, and then throws it to this man down here, and this man throws it to that tall man, and the tall man throws it to the man up close to the grandstand, and he makes it bounce to the man over there. It's awfully easy to understand when you have it explain all out to you."
"What are they cheering about?"

"They do that to encourage the umpire, Sometimes in the middle of the game he gets afraid that the players are going to make trouble for him, and stops umpiring. They cheer him that way so's to keep his spirits up, for Tom says they couldn't have any game without the umpire." "It must be awfully nice to know so much about the game, but I should think it would be dreadful to remember it all," "Oh, it's easy. I've only been to one

game, and I know all about it, you see. You just watch a while and you'll be able to understand it, too." As the man who overheard them walked away he wondered if Ananias could get another job when Tom went to his just

A Lullaby.

You go to sleep, young feller,
This sin't no time of day
To set up straight an' solemn,
An' stare around that way.
Them monbeams on the carpet
Ain't nothin' you can git,
Them's just to show the angels Has got their candles lit; You want 'em? Well, tomorrow I'll git 'em, ef they keep, But now it's nearly mornin', So you jus' go to sleep,

reward.

No. sir! You can't be hungry, You needn't jerk an' fret. I'm certain sure it wasn't An hour sence you et. There now, I ketched you smilln', You little rascal. Shame! To try to work your daddy
With such a low-down game.
No. never mind explorin; You ain't no call to creep; You stay here an' be quiet, An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder? Well, all o' them is eyes That b'longs to little angels 'Way up there in the skies, An' all them little angels Ain't got a thing to do
But jus' set up in Heaven
An' keep them eyes on you.
They'll see your eyes wide open,
An' starin', when they peep In through the window at you, You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin', Your lingo's Greek to me, But you know what I tell you, That's easy fur to see; An' I'm jus' gittin' tired rockin' you all night, talkin' while you listen, A smilin' with delight, I got to work tomorrow An' 'tain't fur you to keep

To make you go to sleep, There, there, now, don't feel that way, I jus' soon do it, Gee! I know there am't nebody To love you 'ceptin' me. You set up all you want to, You needn't close an eye, Fur dad is mighty sorry He made his baby cry. You need your ma, pore feller, But she's a lyin' deep Beneath the trees out yonder: