

The Oregonian

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 82; minimum temperature, 52; fair.

TODAY'S WEATHER—B; 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.

And the Nebraska State Journal presents a further practical suggestion. These men who do not know what to do with their millions might, it would say, put in reservoir systems at the headwaters of our mountain streams.

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, nor open new opportunities for self-helpful subsistence in the country.

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.

The tragical death of John C. Lesuire ends a life of great activity and personal ambition, combined with a singular lack of steadfast purpose.

Never from lips of cunning 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.

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 satisfactory 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.

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 it requires eight years for the pupils of the Portland schools to cover.

It will be remembered that at the competitive examination held in this city a few weeks ago for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis eleven candidates entered. Of these three were from schools outside of Portland and eight had attended the schools of this city.

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.

Then in the matter of geography, Pupils who have passed the grammar grades of the Portland public schools know so little about this science that they may be said to know almost nothing about it.

It is not so self-evident clear from the citations in a common school education that have been tripped over lightly in the Portland public schools? It is not apparent also that boys from these schools were handicapped in the competitive examination to which reference is above made by glaring deficiencies in the course of study prescribed for them therein?

The recent death in obscurity of R. H. Newell, who under the pen name of Orpheus C. Kerr satirized the incompetency of General Clegg 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 passages from Orpheus C. Kerr and Artemus Ward.

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WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON.

Once in a while we hear it dropped in charter discussion that we cannot in justice bind the future with franchises more than a generation long.

Franchises are not advisable if it is for reasons of expediency and public economy. The notion that one can get as the dollar 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.

But this is not the philosophy of the Oregonian. We are not to be a transgression of the divine law of moral being which forbids any man to dodge his duty by committing an act of the grossest moral cowardice.

"Our Impelled Sabbath" was one of the themes presented yesterday at the consideration of the "Leaguers" now in convention in San Francisco.

A movement has begun in Italy for the restoration of the death penalty for murder, which is now punished by solitary confinement of the most cruel description.

The Philippine Commission shows the highest wisdom in relegating back to military rule such portions of the archipelago as have proved themselves unfit for civil government.

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 some body to come over and organize them.

The Governor of Kansas set apart July 21 as a day of prayer, fasting and thanksgiving, and only indicated that the Lord did not want to be bored July 21.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

You may put your whole soul in your work if you will. But the value of the knocker will follow you still.

You may labor from dawn till the stars rise at night. You may try to treat every one justly and right; you may pray out your nerves doing that which you ought.

"Yes," said the one in the white hat with the large blue pom-pom, "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."

"That's the captain; he shouts that way so as the umpire will know what to put down. He has to run or they'll throw the ball at him. When a man is on one of those benches they can throw the ball at him whenever they want to, and so he just watches them, and when he sees the 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 runs the ball and another man catches it, and then throws it to this man down here, and this man throws it to that man, and the ball man throws it to the catcher, who makes it bounce to the man over there. It's awfully easy to understand when you have it explained all out to you."

"That's 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. The catcher has to be ready to keep his sprits 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 don't 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. When they walked away he wondered if Ananias could get another job when Tom went to his just reward."

"You ain't no time of day. To set up straight an' solemn. An' stare around that way. Them that ain't nothin' can git. Them's just to show the angels. Has got their candles lit. You star here an' there, an' I'll git 'em, of they keep. But now it's nearly mornin', so you jus' go to sleep."

"You see them stars out yonder? Well, all o' them is eyes. That b'longs to little angels. An' 'way up there in the skies, An' 'way up there in the skies, Ain't got a thing to do. But jus' set up in Heaven. An' 'way up there in the skies, They see your eyes wide open. An' 'way up there in the skies, An' 'way up there in the skies, I not to work tomorrow. It's 'way up there in the skies, Me up all night a' tryin' to make you go to sleep. There, there, now, don't feel that way. I jus' soon do, Gee! I know there ain't nobody to love you, you see. You set up all you want to. You needn't close an eye. Fur dad is mighty sorry He see his eyes. You need your ma, perr, feller. But she's a lyn' deep. Beneath the trees out yonder. There, there, now go to sleep. J. J. MONTAGUE.