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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 18.

OUT OF HIS SPHERE.

Warmly as scientists resent the interference of religious opinion into their high and mighty precincts, they make no bones of settling offhand every religious problem. The admirable reticence observed in this regard by Charles Darwin has been displayed by few of his adherents. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, offers a reconcillation between religion and science whose preliminary groundwork, on the religious side, consists of renunciation of about all that the churchman holds dear. The latest venture in this field is that made by Ernest Haeckel in his and a representation, and an assertion, "Riddle of the Universe." He also has a religion, as he calls it, but it is not eligion, unless black is white, Religion undertakes to formulate man's conviction of his relations to the Infinite: but according to Haeckel there is no such relation. Man is a mere grain of sand upon the shore of time. There is no God, no unseen world, no life beyond the grave. Religion, therefore, in his lexicon, is not religion at all. It is simply science.

The fact is that what men like Haeckel aim at is not the reformation of religion, but its extirpation. They don't like it, they don't understand it they want to get rid of it. In Haeckel's book God is accounted a gaseous being; Jesus the illegitimate child of a Jewish girl who was seduced by a Roman soldier; the Bible a mere congeries of "mythological fancy and religions tradition": Catholic saint veneration 'a and varied polytheism that to find the proper tool in the first rlch dwarfs the Olympic family of the place. He who says "loan" when he Greeks." Bellef in God, says Haeckel, means "lend," and "party" for "per-is just as impossible as belief in a per-

in her arms and kissed him, and said: "That, my boy, was conscience-the voice of God in your soul. Always listen to it and obey it." That counsel he followed, and the career of New England's great preacher is largely due to the training of that devout mother, She and he, for profoundly beneficent results, utilized momentous forces for which there is no room in Spencerian or Haeckel's philosophy. God to them becomes a mere eternal law of iron and conscience an instinct developed from our gregarious habit and shared with the brutes. Nor is there room in their Crispi is the only great man Italy has philosophy for Jesus, or Paul, or Moses, or Luther, or Spurgeon, or Theodore Parker, or Phillips Brooks, or Henry Drummond, or John Watson. The work these men have done could not be spared. It must go on and by

the biologist can write Shakespeare he colonial policy which ended in Italy's can save man from his sins.

just such hands it must be done. When

MURDERERS AT LARGE.

The pleasure an otherwise human man takes in correcting his neighbor's misuse of the English tongue is only equaled by the resentment he feels when he is himself the victim of reproof. The man whose sense of humor is keen enough to enable him to laugh at a joke on himself is not more rare than is he who can sweetly smile when apprehended in a grammatical error. Inhuman as this species of torture often becomes, and painful though its effects may be upon the victim, the process is nevertheless a necessary one. for accuracy of speech is one of man's chief ends. Language is an implement of progress, and we want to get ahead with all possible expedition. Its misuse is a source of infinite discomfort, and we must make the world happier. mote the desirability of this earthly pilgrimage than the eradication of verbicide. Therefore, gentle reader, bear with a few surmises.

That man is a public enemy who insists on using all such inelegancies as please his fancy, with the excuse that somewhere or other he has found authority for them. A man can use a hoe to mow grass or carve the turkey or cut his boy's hair; but the wise man does not do this. He selects tools, hoes or words, for their specific use. The man who uses "claim" for "maintain" or "assert" as well as in the proper sense of the word, or he who calls everything a "proposition" from a proposal to a hypothesis, is no wiser or better than one who should insist on paring his corns with a threshing machine because there is no law against it. Call a preacher or a well-formed woman "divine" and the significance of the word is annihilated. A category, and an announcement, and an argument, and a bill of particulars, are all to some of our reckless friends "statements." That one tool, "statement, they use for various purposes for which specially fitted tools have been provided. In this bungling butchery of their mother tongue they take a pride. Over the havoc they have wrought they gloat. They rejoice that some unguarded utterance or omission of the dictionary leaves them free to surge about the gulet aisles of composition like a bull in a china shop.

Most of this running amuck in the streets of language is due to sheer lazipiness. ness. It sults some fat-witted natures use any old word within reach, whether it will do the work well or III. and when the protests of inoffending bystanders rouse them at length to rage, they will spend more time and trouble to hunt up excuses for their crimes than would have been required

sive war to be waged successfully be expansion and enlargement for Italy from Quaker guins. The son of an by the example of Cavour, who, by eminent Congregationalist minister,

making Italy a partner with England Holmes dubbed Jonathan Edwards "that great master of logic and spirit-ual inhumanity," and described the and France in the Crimean War of 1854, thrust the nation forward as a power among the powers. Crispi has doctrine of eternal punishment as nothbeen called the Bismarck of Italy, but ing but the debasement of Christianity he had neither Bismarck's moral force with the old heathen Greek idea of Tartarus; it was the alloy that was nor his vast opportunity. Crispi's inmixed with early Christianity, to make tellectual force and energy were very great, but he had some of the gross it popular and acceptable to the heathen, and he predicted that even vices of the Latin race, and, directly as civilization has outgrown the Bible and indirectly, they served to mar the born belief in witchcraft, so it would record of his greatness. Nevertheless, rapidly outgrow the Christian Tartarus. Civilization had crowded out had since Cavour. He drew Italy away the superstitious legends by the naked, from France and formed the triple alliance with Germany and Austria after individual protest, and would continue the Franco-German War. He urged in to crowd them out. This was the effective part played 1882 co-operation with Great Britain in Egypt. When he became Prime Minis-

by Holmes in preaching the new gospel of rational humanity that has gradually supplanted the Edwards gospel of absolute, unqualified spiritual inhumanity. Holmes sharply resented the name of "moral parricide" applied to him by his orthodox theological critics, for he makes one of the listeners to his lay sermons say: "Think what an army of clerical beggars would be turned loose in the world, if once those ers.

raging flames in the subterranean fire chambers were suffered to go out or calm down." And this is the man that Professor Triggs describes as "irrevering been carefully repaired, reached San Francisco Friday, where awaiting ent and devoid of convictions." Irreverent in his treatment of moribund suher were orders to prepare at once to go to sea, with a course shaped diperstitions he was; but not irreverent in rectly for Panama. The crew of the his treatment of the Christian doc-Iowa is doubtless envied by the "jacktrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Devoid of conies" on every ship in the Navy that is riding lazily at anchor with a soundvictions he surely was not, for in 1857 ron or awaiting orders in port. Think-Holmes, for the sake of his convicing no farther than the excitement attions, defied the good opinion of the tending a possible engagement or a majority of New England's "best solively chase, the "man behind the ciety," both within and without Bosguns" hears with delight that an order ton. To deny that he was a true poet was stupid on part of Professor Trigg, involving the bare possibility of a sea but to describe him as a man "irrevfight has come to the commander of his vessel. It is the hope of an occasion. erent and devoid of convictions" conto be in readiness for which battlevicts the professor of ignorance of Holmes' published opinions. ships are constructed, that keeps the Navy sturdily manned, while it is the

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

More than twenty years ago General generally a deplorable conflict. In gen-Philip H. Sheridan, in his printed "Memoirs," said that the vast increase in the range and rapidity of fire of the rifled musket and field artillery interests will not materially suffer. It would be sure to revolutionize modern warfare; that the great wars of the future would be few and far between, because of their enormous expense; that cavalry, save as mounted infantry, would become obsolete; that attacks in column would be replaced by clouds of troops fighting after the manner of skirmishers. All these predictions of General Sheridan, which were the result of his observations of the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, have already come true, for Lord Roberts, in a recent address, said that since the introduction of long-range, accurateshooting weapons, it would now be merely courting death to venture within 2500 yards of the enemy in the old close formation. At Waterloo the greatest distance between the troops of Wellington and those of Napoleon was 400 yards, and in some parts the outposts almost touched each other. Such a disposition would be an impossibility today, when shrapnel can be used with deadly effect at a distance of at least six miles, and an expert rifle shot can hit any object that he can see at a distance of 2400 yards nine

times out of ten. Wellington's army of about 70,000 troops occupied a battle front at Waterloo of only three miles, while more than once in South Africa a force not so large as that of Wellington was spread over a front of more than twenty miles, and had to commence its attack at a distance of quite six miles. Volley firing is now scarcely prac-

ticable, except when covering an atthe late tack at very long range or defending a carefully constructed position. To be effective at close range against such marksmen as the Boers the modern soldier must be taught to fire with rapidity and at once take cover after each shot, so as not to give the enemy time to aim at him in return. Lord Roberts believes that the fate of battles in the future will be as often decided by the result of this comparatively close distance, rapid, accurate firing at 150 yards or less as it has been by the bayonet charge in the past Lord Roberts says that accurate rifle fire is of such supreme importance under the present conditions of warfare that no other qualifications will make up for inferior shooting. However brave, well drilled and disciplined, however capable of endurance they may be, the men will be valueless as soldiers if they are not experts in the use of the rifle. M de Bloch, in his book "Is War Now Impossible?" holds that the war in South Africa sufficiently demonstrates that no great, decisive war can now he fought between the European powers, owing to the increased resisting force of the defense. Instead of being a race for the initiative, as in former times, neither side would wish to attack, because whichever side did attack would find it impossible to carry the campaign to a successful conclusion. At Waterloo Wellington had some 35,000 men on each mile of ground, while at Magersfontein the Boers with some 6000 men defended twenty miles of front. That is to say, they found 300 men per mile sufficient to hold their lines against attack. With very thin lines, with an inferior total, with training infinitely inferior to that of the enemy, and without organization, the Boers succeeded in repulsing the attack sometimes he was as frolicsome as the of British infantry, perhaps the finest in all Europe for discipline and cool courage under fire. The Boers were ful, versatile singer, Holmes had no able to do this, not because of exceptional courage, but because of the ter rible effectiveness of the modern improved army rifle in the hands of an expert shot. M. de Bloch holds that since France would have 6000 men per mile to defend her frontiers, she is today absolutely safe in case of another make this poetic-minded man a great invasion, for her increased defensive power would enable her so to prolong the contest that her assallant's campaign would finally collapse for economic reasons. M. de Bloch holds that the South African War has proved that against intrenched men artillery fire was almost worthless, as at Paarde burg and Spion Kop. It is an interesting fact that the greatest military critic of Europe has finally reached the same conclusion that was prefigured by our General Sheridan after his return from the scene of the Franco-German War 1871. General Sheridan then predicted that the increasing range and rapidity of rifle fire would revolutionize the tacties of modern warfare; that the increasing cost of making war would make wars few and far between, and now this French military critic holds that under the military, social and the glory of a rainbow or a display of economic conditions of Europe today it

RIVER. OCEAN AND SHORE.

tween the European powers, and that The sea has done much for man, but in any case it must be waged in an Its man has done much for the sea. entirely different way from that of the nessage to the awakened mind has largely past. It is easy to deduce this conclubeen prepared for it by the sion with the startling object-lesson of and inspiring illuminations of the think the Boer War before the eye, but Sherier and the poet. To the cultivated eye dan reached this conclusion in 1871. and ear the things actually heard and a in Nature are but a poor foundation for the ennobling influences that emanate before the army rifle had been finally perfected and universally adopted. Sheridan's clear military eye saw the from them by reason of the meaning with which superior minds have endowed them. There is a pleasure in the pathless possibilities of the improved musicet in the work of the French chassepot and woods and a rapture on the lonely shore intenser far than could be felt before Byron knew them. The clouds that crathe German military rifle at Gravelotte, His own experience in our Civil War with mounted riflemen had satisfied dle near the setting sun do take a sobet coloring for him who has been privileged him that they must replace cavalry The equal slaughter of the French to see them through Wordsworth's ey-Shelley and Campbell are musical in the skylark's song, and Matthew Arnold in cuirassiers and the German cavalry at Gravelotte when they charged infanthe nightingale's. The pines spring more try lines confirmed Sheridan's concluiofflip and vines trail more gracefully and heaven's stately processions move with more solemnity since Ruskin lived. sion that the day of cavalry was over. The fate of attacks in column on in-What awe have Keats and Bryant not im-parted to the groves, what is there to the trenched positions in our Civil War against even the old Springfield rifle flower in the crannied wall but a rehad convinced Sheridan that against minder of the tender philosophy of Ten-nyson, how jocund would the morn sit amiling on the misty mountain top if improved army rifles attacks in close column would become obsolete and be Shakespeare had not seen it, what so-lemnity would have been lost to twilight's replaced by clouds of expert shots fighting in extended order. like skirmishhour but for Gray's immortal elegy, how many voices of the night would be un-heard but for Longfellow's listening ear. The battle-ship Iowa, the scars of how cold the Alpine mountains are since

Milton sang, how remorseless the awful deep of ocean, how ennobled the visita-

This is well. For under obligation as

the obligation of humanity to the ocean

No one can doubt it who witnesses the

transformation its breezes bring to tired

mothers and puny children. How soon the little claw-like fingers of the emaci-

ated baby gather flesh in this strong, sait

gurgle of glee, how soon health comes to sit in cheeks from which all color had

departed! Yet the real blessing is not the

child's but the mother's. It is in Vanity Fair, perhaps, that Thackeray reminds

us how inconsolably the parent grieves

over loss of the infant who would have

forgotten that parent in a few shor

weeks. The disproportion prevails also in life. The child, likely enough, does not

even know that it is sick or that th

mother is distressed, or that its life or

death makes any difference. How differ-

ent the mother! Her whole being seems

wrapped up in that little, fragile, almost

worthless bundle of precarious humanity

How her check is blanched and heart torn

at its suffering, how grateful at every faint sign of recovery! Is there anything

in the world to compare with this su

preme and most sacred of the affections'

There is something in the devotion of a

mother for an erring son that transcends all analysis and baffles all praise. Others

may distrust his motives and despise his

Judge and jury may

guilty, but her loyalty never falters.

ers, the anxious, the sorely

the land are watching this ful Summer over the feverish

of children who will some day,

haps, bring down their gray hairs in

row to the grave! Yet in such a case on

cannot be cruel even to be kind. One can only wish for them all that they might be

given a fortnight among these restfu

scenes, by these ebbing and flowing waves, in these revivifying Pacific winds

But it is not for the many, only for the

few. And this again is equitable, for they

are also few who have done anything for

Never before has the beach-bound trav-

der seen so many strangers on their way

ocean and shore! To them there is

What myriads of

fair.

the sea.

methods-to her he is always brave and

sits beside him in the dock, she follows

to his prison door. Nothing shatters her

confidence, nothing weakens her devotion

nothing alloys her love. O the tired moth-

them

.811

over

fear-

forms

flowing

Der.

air, how soon the little cry turns into the

he ocean is to humanity, heavy also is

tion of blindness!

STUFF AND STUFFING.

My solitary walk the aun did greet With gleams of glory down the forest's floor, Gemmed with Spring's tender flowers, and

vanified o'ver With music which did ays the tale repeat Of youth and happiness, serve and sweet. I wandered by the river's singing above, Its guardian banks, its ripples evermore. Sang of a God of Love, a life complete. Again these woodland ways my steps have

creased; O'er wave and award, beneath th' untimely

Its Winter web of ice stern Nature weaves,

And Autumn's blast, sighing around me, artitizes) De

er Life's flown birds, dead flowers and withered leaves.

A Kipling Parody.

(From an Oriental exchange, called to The Oregonian's attention by Lieutenant-Com-mander A. N. Wood, United States Navy.)

The anniversary number of the Star ontains, besides a story of M. Zola and a very high-falutin' poem by Mr. Swinburne, a parody on Mr. Kipling which we cannot forbear quoting, for its ingenious play on his verbiage. This ef-fort is signed "V. C.," entitled "The Heimiskringia of the New Rime Stingers; or the Chorus of the School of Kiplingites," and is worded as follows:

We have seen the sea, we have lanned the land, we have whirled the world around; We have found our fun awash and aland, and

taken it where we found; We have stied the size of the oceans six, and sworn that they were seven; We have spouted the spumy spindrift up till

it spatied the bars of heaven; We have sugged and hogged by fighalian sands, and degged the dogged cod;

We have banned the bars and barred the bands and given the devil the not.

Thro' the Rudyard kallyard we slinked for lore -Loshi we ha' sibbed ourse! When we gaved the Deity ofer and ofer and boomed the booms of hell.

We were all co'r-sib to the crosshead gib till we turned Matun, the crossnead gib this we turned Matun, the cripple; we live and learn and we ave return to

the verberant verb "to kipple.

We have heard of Su-pi-yaw-lat's him; we have hymned McAndrews' her,

And we swim with vim round the dim sea rim where the coze-deep cables burr, Where the ligers tigue and the niggers nig and the fakirs fake away.

Where the mariner marries the wind-lass blg. and the inscars lask all day We have marked the mark of the seal droves

stark thro' Petropsulovski haze, And the cuttles kipling within the dark arout

the gunnel sprays; We have marched the march of the Birds of Prey, and the d-d old goose-march, too;

We have 'unted conts and pounted punts and way'd the wayds thr

way'd the wayns through, ha' Tommied here, we ha' Tommied there, we ha' tippled the tipsy Tipple, And we still rejoice in the active voice of

the verberant verb "to kipple." We have joined Her Majesty's horse marines

for special chrysanthema, And ever and oft we have theosophed soft phrases like Dana Da; We have rimed the frost and legioned the lost,

and verst the Russian miles.

And the big South Mirk we have met at kirk in Tierra del Puegan alaies.

We yanked the Yankes railway king and railed

at Indian ralls; We bruited the Bengal brutes aboard and tweaked their jungle tales; We Winnipegged out the great wheat belt, and

suffeed the rites of wrome Time was traduled

we treatharco'd over Afric's velit and guriled into Hong Kong. have waved the flags, we have flagged

the waves, till they rippled with a rippling rapple: And early and late we conjugate the verberant verb "To kipple."

We have traded the oldest trade of all, the

oldest art ever sung: We have perched Lalun on the city wall and

'ung the pictures of Ung: And we fuzzy-wuzzed till the niggers busned through the square we made our beast; We were beat in flering, but our flert in

being has carried the morning post;

We have damned the Ganges with Hoos dams, and driven the drifts sky-high, Hooghn Where the wolverine worries the warrigal, and

and the wallaby wallows by.

We have rocked the rockie and ranked the ranker and ball'ad the Bollvar; We have bunked the bunker and anned the

anchor, and, lo! we have berthed a start As rank as herbs we have coined new verbs, with syllables double and triple, And early and late we conjugate the verberant

verb "to kipple."

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, AUGUST 18, 1901.

and was universally regarded throughout Europe as the only statesman equal to the difficult situation in Italy,

for Italy was then in its deepest financial and milltery misfortunes. Within a few years Crispi, who had always been esteemed perfectly upright in all financial matters, was discovered to be the leading spirit of that era of corruption which buried his latest administration in great financial scandals in 1898. When it was proved that the ruin of the Bank of Naples, the Bank of Sicily and the Bank of Rome had resulted from political blackmail and official plunder under Crispi's administration, he asserted that he had used money from these banks for the secret service fund of the kingdom, for elec-

ter he persuaded Italy to enter upon a

severe humiliation in Abyssinia. In

1890 he was at the summit of his power.

tion expenses, and the subsidizing of newspapers. His countrymen, in memory of his great services, might have been disposed to treat these disgraceful acts leniently, had not the inves-

tigation traced millions of live to the private banking account of "Dona Lina," Crispi's wife. This exposure ended Crispi's career. He had been ruined very much as Secretary of War Belknap was in Grant's

second administration, through a beautiful wife, whose extravagance was so great that it could only be satisfied by public corruption under the shelter of her husband's official position and influence. It may have been true in both cases that the wife of Belknap and the wife of Crispi each profited by bribes and corruption without the knowledge or complicity of their husbands, but

they ought to have known all about it, and probably did know all about it, since they did not accuse their wives publicly of abuse of their official good name. The brilliant career of Crispi, with its dark spots, has been compared to that of James G. Blaine. He was for many years a popular favorite with his countrymen, but his fall was terri-Blaine was only distrusted and ble. discredited to a limited extent, but Crispi's exposure was complete and his fall irretrievable. His policy added about \$1,000,000,000 to the debt of Italy

within twenty years. His colonial policy was a failure, and while Italy has not been pushed into the first rank of the powers of Europe, she has made advances in the completion of her rallroad system, in the removal of burdensome taxes, in agriculture, commerce and manufactures that promise well for her future prosperity and hap-

TRUE POET AND SOUND PHILOSO-PHER.

Oscar L. Trigg, the university professor, who characterizes church hymns as "doggerel," denounces Oliver Wendell Holmes as irreverent and devoid of convictions, and is equally severe in his condemnation of Whittier and Longfellow. He denies that the

The result of intelligent efforts in floriculture in the last ten years is seen in the creation of distinct varieties of many magnificent flowers and the improvement of the older varieties until scarcely recognizable. Friendly competition has been a spur to these ef-

mian waters.

forts; the development of Winter blooms, especially, has been wonderful. Great impetus has been given to this movement by the Society of American Florists, the managers of which showed their appreciation of opportunity by holding their annual convention in Buffalo last week. When this society was organized, sixteen years ago, the class of cut flowers now in such demand was unknown. Indeed, the supply on occasions which called for large quantities of any kind of flowers was never equal to the demand. Now they are always to be procured-if those who wish floral decorations have money

conflict in battle and hard service hav-

ardent desire of the Government so to

equip and dispose of its ships of war

as to prevent an always costly and

eral terms, it is safe to say that as

long as the Nation is able to look after

her interests in foreign waters, these

is in demonstration of this ability that

the Iowa will soon cast anchor in Isth-

enough to back the desire.

down the Columbia River. An old-timer The Bismarckian antagonism to an can ride down on the Potter any day and English marriage for a German Crown see, among the hundreds on board, hardly any one he knows. How they are to be Prince, though at one time, curlously enough, shared by the present Emenvied-these untutored ones new to river peror, seems to have abated, since Crown Prince Frederick William seems grandeur in the familiar bluffs of the Columbia's lower reaches, Pillar Rock is a spectacle of moment, and that a river, likely to marry the English Princess Ina of Battenberg. Both are greateven with auxiliary bays, should be twelve grandchildren of Queen Victoria, the miles wide, is a fact of almost incredible magnitude. We have long lost the joys Prince through her oldest daughter, Emt Pein

sunal devil; the moral order of the universe is a baseless dream; sun-worship rests upon a "much better foundation than the anthropistic worship of Christlans"; while monotheism abandoned in the dogma of the Trinity His book abounds in caustic and contemptuous references to about everything that the devout mind holds dear and religion has countenanced.

The followers of Haeckel will doubt less say that he is in advance of his time. Well, is it altogether to a man's credit and advantage to be too far in advance of his time? Does he gain or lose in efficacy and deserts because he addresses words to a generation which can only wound and enrage it? The message that the twentieth century needs is not the message for the thirtleth century, and whoever seeks to anticipate it will have trouble for his pains. Soon, maybe, as Le Gallienne has somewhere finely said, we shall need no service-books, no pulpit, no prophecy or gospel. Not on this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father, but uncerem onlously in spirit and in truth. But that time is not now.

The religious principle in man is too deeply rooted to be eradicated by evidence which Science presents to the physical senses. It is not, though Haeckel seems to think so, a matter for mathematical measurement and chemical analysis. Its realm is not of physical fact, but of spiritual emotion. He who insists upon establishing physical facts by papal bull or Westminster Assembly, whether the facts are of geology or Hebrew history, is not more hopelessly misguided than is he who undertakes to supersede the messages of religion by the experiments of the laboratory.

There is an unreality about religion as there is an unreality about poetry But each is necessary and each reach levels of truth above the plane of scientific research. The men of science who confess that they find pleasure in eliminating God, that prayer seems to them a mockery, and that no hymns have helped them, are not to be envied. suffered by the man to whom Shakespeare and Milton, Ruskin and Dante, are unprofitable wastes of fabrication. Not by bread alone, not by learning facts and forgetting old errors, doth man live, but by the inspiration of holiness that comes only from religlous truth. What we are stretches past what we believe and what we do. More momentous than that man is a physical and an intellectual being is the fact that he is a moral being. We can make shift to do without the Copernican theory or the law of gravitation, but not, it appears, without the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount. There, is no system of scientific ethics that can take the place and do the work of the old and homely gospel of repentance, and renunciation, and prayerful strivings after a higher life. It is related of Theodore Parker that when alone in the wood as a boy he had raised a stone to crush a turtle. when something stayed his hand. To his mother he went for an explanation

"well posted" for "well informed," and "hung" for "hanged," and "balance" for "remainder," and "avocation" for 'vocation," and "stop" for "stay," and "try and" instead of "try to," and "plead" for "pleaded"; who confuses "shall" and "will," and tells of people who "suicide" and "burglarize," can be depended upon as one who would throw his clothes on the floor rather than take the trouble to put them in their proper

It is the glory of the English tongue that it is a living language. Words are constantly acquiring new meanings and losing old ones. But the process if it is to be of real advantage. must be employed with discrimination. What we want is accurate significance, highly specialized adaptability words to their uses. This is a higher law than Shakespeare or the diction-The aim of all who confess a ary. share of responsibility for development of the language is not to see how many uses a word may legally be put to, but rather to how few. That is, we want, If we can get it, a language whose every word has its own peculiar significance. Care in the choice of words, therefore, becomes an important element in civilization. It enables us to see clearly, think consecutively, and to be understood. In adding to accuracy, it promotes honesty. In eliminating confusion, it advances order and comfort. In the light of this principle of

progress, we may see how dangerous is the state of mind that condones shortcomings because they may be found in Scott or Thackeray, or justified by the latest dictionary, loud-heralding its thousands of "new words" and "new meanings." The skillful workman is careful in his choice of tools. It is not his boast how many things he can do with one.

CRISPI AND ITALY.

The recent death of the great Italian statesman, Crispi, marks the close of an era in the history of Italy, his power in the affairs of the kingdom having ceased only about three years ago, af-Theirs is a real deformity akin to that - ter prevailing through nearly a quarter of a century of office. With Crispi's great figure removed from Italian affairs, none but small men are left. He was the last link that united the Italy of today to the revolutionary Italy of Cavour, Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi. Crispi was a Sicilian by birth and breeding, and had Albanian Greek blood in his veins. For his part in the Sicilian Insurrection of 1848 he was forced to flee to England; he was a graduate of the University of Palermo, became an able lawyer and a journal ist. He was a true patriot up to the annexation of the two Sicilies to the Italian kingdom, when he was elected Deputy of Palermo in the Italian Parliament. Mazzini, his old comrade in arms, who had never trusted Crispl, denounced him as a man who had regard only for his own interests and cared nothing for the people, but then Mazzini was an idealist who had always denounced even Cavour.

Crispi averred that he was a practical statesman, a follower of Cavour, of his unseen prompter. She took him and justified his course of continual the aurora borealis by firing at them is almost impossible for a great, deci-

entitie them to the verses of these m name of poet, and deems their work childish, trivial and unworthy of consideration. There is much in Longfellow's earlier work that is trivial; but the taste for it was long ago exhausteđ. There is much in Longfellow's latest work, like his "Morituri Salutamus" that is fine in form and spirit. There is a great deal of noble verse in Whittier, and there are stanzas, like "Ichabod," that are Miltonic in dignity of thought and grandeur of ex-But the severest insult to pression. opular taste dealt by Professor Trigg is his depreciation of Holmes, who has no peer among our poets as a writer of a stirring lyric, witty verses of society

or a poem of pure sentiment and refined nothes Holmes was a poet, a philosopher, a keen yet gentle satirist, a man lumin ous with humor and radiant with kindliness, and he was a great deal more than this; he was a great and highsouled citizen of the world. Like Emerson, he came of clerical stock, and, like Emerson, he rejected the theological metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards for the sweeter spirit and larger wisdom of Robinson, Bradford, Carver and Winslow. His early poetry is the work of a man who had fed in his youth on Byron and Campbell, whose influence is seen in his war lyrics and patriotic poetry. In his poems of sentiment and in his society verses he recalls the grace and tenderness of Moore and the lively fancy of Praed; but in his best work he recalls nobody. "Old

Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "The Steamboat," "The Voiceless," "Brother Jonathan to Sister Caroline," "Under the Violets," "Iris, Her Book," are the echo of nobody across the seas. His best song was his own fresh, beautiful note. Sometimes he sang like a hermit thrush; sometimes like a nightingale; volatile bobolink, or as eccentric in his note as a catbird. As a pure, delightteacher; not only no superior, but no peer.

But there was a vast deal more to Holmes than his beautiful gift of pensively melodious or mirthful song. He was a true and sound social philoso-The teacher that served most to pher citizen of the world in the breadth, generosity and sanity of his sympathies was his profession of a physician, whose daily experience tears the mask from a deal of dally cant and hypocrisy and humbug. Holmes became a social philosopher and ultimately a most effective evangelist in the world of liberal religious thought. In 1857, when Holmes began to write the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," he satirized

in the most incisive yet captivating way religious intolerance and the doctrine of eternal punishment, and at once became the target for denunciation by the theological Bourbons. But he proved an elusive antagonist, hard to reach, because he was not a solemn, formal logician, but an airy, agile satirist. He tickled the ribs of the public to laughter, and it was as difficult to answer him as it would be to dissipate

as Frederick cess through the youngest daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Neither is a child of a consanguineous marriage, hence physiological objections that Bismarck successfully urged against the marriage of the present Kaiser to his first cousin, Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, are not so well placed | thrills of long ago. In this case, and perhaps the young people may be left to follow their own in-We are getting ahead, but with every clinations in the matter

Distressing stories are told of the poverty in which the late ex-Governor Newell died and of the economy in funeral expenses that thereby became necessary. A useful man in his day and generation; humane in purpose and in practice, and public-spirited in modest, unassuming ways, his success in life is not measured by the financial conditions that darkened his closing years, but by the record he left as "one who loved his fellow-men." The man who originated the life-saving service of the Nation has a monument on every point on the coast where life has been plucked from the wrathful sea, the inscription thereon is not and the inscription thereon is not dimmed by the fact that his burial robes were of the plainest and his obsequies the simplest.

There are other harvests in this country than those of the husbandman. though at the present time of year the latter claims the attention of the public and keeps crop experts busy with estimates. Good judges, however, say that the gold harvest this year will add \$100,000,000 to the wealth of the United States, and that by the beginning of 1902 the Treasury will contain \$550,000,000 in gold, while the whole stock of gold in this country at that time will not be far from \$1,200,000,000 These figures represent a bulk and value that can be but dimly comprehended by the mind unused to dealing with the great forces of finance.

The opposing elements in the San Francisco dock strike reject friendly intervention and seem determined to fight out their differences along present lines, regardless of time and cost. In the meantime coastwise trade is suffering, and many collateral interests are embarrassed. It may be hoped, therefore, that "sweet reasonableness" will at an early day dominate the councils of the opposing forces, to the end that the costly contention may be settled amicably and without prejudice. -

Morgan is reported to be formulating plan of profit-sharing as a settlement of the steel troubles. He has the brains to do it, and if he succeeds it will make secure his title to fame. Perhaps it is in his power now to make the greatest contribution of history to the labor problem. It is sincerely to be hoped he will succeed.

Elsewhere appears a fine illustrated article from the pen and camera of Dr. H. W. Kellogg, Portland's well-known pastor. This is a valuable sort of work. and should be extended by Dr. Kellogg and other Summer tourists to points in

they gither on this maiden trip. The bay looks "up hill" to them as once it did to every wondering eye, beauty and mystery sit out between the headlines at the harbor mouth, and where the breakers lift their snowy crests across the bar is realm of enchantment and delight. Tt fit worth something to be reminded of these things, and to renew the memories and

gain there is some compensatory loss. How we used to chafe over the stops at way landings, and how we welcomed the "straight run" to Astoria. But some-thing has departed with those old days hymna describing "Jerusalem, the Golthat one never expected to miss. Now it dawns upon us how much of joy there was in the bright cases on that otherwise eventless journey. The memories of clas-sic St. Helens, the white walls and picturesque bayou of Skamokawa, the fever-ish activity of cannery docks, the groves of Clatskanie and the happy villagers of Cathlamet-all these things are of mere memory now to the busy traveler, and they are things that he needs, if he would be wise, to know. One day a little maid boarded the down-river boat at Cathlamet. Of all she was and all she wore or aid or did, nothing remains in tion but the nosegay she proudly carried. maid, these zinnias, and phlox, and Sweet William and bachelor's buttons and riboon grass and everlasting flowers? To hest of her knowledge and bellef they the had been picked in some one of the happy dooryards of the peaceful valley of El-

okomin, and she fancied them tribute to help brighten with ther own sunny presence the home of an Astoria friend. But that could not have been. Nay, nay, my little maid. These be no flowers of Elokomin; these be the ghosts of posies that grew in grandmother's gar den thousands of miles from here and many weary years ago by the banks of an Eastern river, where apples reddened on ancient boughs in the September sun and where patient-eyed cows came home at night through the pasture bars. From grandmother's posy-garden came bachelor's buttons and Sweet Williams, and these be the selfsame ribbon grass and everlasting flowers that rustle in the and every adding howers that rustle in the wayshide burying-ground over graves as old today as you yourself shall be, my little maid, some day when the coffin closes over your first-born child, and the Resper's sickle keen has gathered in another floweret of lovely Elokomin Val-ley. The winds are blowing free up from the far Pacific as erst they blew when the continent was raised; the river runs on to the sea unchanged and undisturbed; the ripples come and go in tireless rhythm and the branches wave for us as for the old Indian braves and the carly explorers Man only is evanescent and trans He sets his foot upon the ground that shall be here in its place when his name

is forgotten and plants the sapling that shall outlast his children's children. The dreams of youth, the resolves of manhood, the tragedles of hearts and homes, leave no trace upon river, wave or shore. Man-aroth comes forth in his season and Arcturus with his sons, unmindful as une trolled of man. Impotently rolls the sky and relentlessly the waves. Almost as soon as these posies shall wither, little maid, you yourself shall fade and molder in the dust with all the last year's flow-

ers. Shelly says: This world is the mother of all we know; This world is the mother of all we feel.

Yes, but its motherhood is one unfeeling, unsympathetic. We take out of Nature what intellect and emotion have put there for us. She is a salted mine. E. 8. Long Beach, Aug. 15.

Bernard, it will be remembered, who was a monk at Clugny under Peter the Venerable (1122-1136), wrote a poem on "The Contempt of the World," of about 300 lines long, which satirized the corruptions of the age. It would have slept unknown, however, had not the author prefaced it with a hundred lines or so describing the joys of heaven. These lines have appealed powerfully to Christian imagination, and, as edited and rearranged by Archhishon Trench, they have become the source of most of the

den." Barnard's noom is written in Latin and the rhythm is most ingeniously planned, since it consists of dactylic hexameter couplets that rhyme at the ends and also in the middle of each line. So complicated was the device that Bernard believed the form was the result of direct inspiration. Even those who do not know Latin can get a very good idea of its style from the four lines beginning "O Golden City, Zion," literally, "City Zion, golden," which runs as follows in the original: Urbs Syon aures, patris lactes, cive decors, Omne cor obruis, oiunibus obstruis et cor et

OTIL. Nescio, nescio, quae jubilatio, lux tibi qualla, Quam socialia gandia, gloria quam specialis. Dr. John M. Neale, who has translated it, says of this hymn: "It is the most lovely as the 'Dies Irac' is the most sumlime and the 'Stabat Mater' the most pathetic of medieval poems." It is his well-known translation, the first stanza of which, as can be seen, it is a literal translation of the lines printed above, and was as follows:

Jersualem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, oh, I know not, What holy joys are there. What radiancy of glory, What bifas beyond compare

The length of a story may be shorter than that of the sequel. The British in South Africa are still busy with the sequel, although they finished the story long ngo.

The Irish should protest against Kitchner's purpose to end the Boer War so oon. They pay taxes and are certainly entitled to the worth of their money.

Vacation works us very hard, Our peace forever frets; The more we try to make it long The shorter still it gets,

Count Hippolyte Pallovincini will get \$25,000,000 and the Philadelphia heiress will get his name. Fair exchange is no robbery.

The sole purpose of that last period of not weather seems to have been to spite those of us who had had vacations.

'Tis better to have had a mother-inaw and lost her than never to have had mother-in-law at all.

The plano trust has gone flat. It was pitched in too high-toned a scale.

General Uribe-Uribe is at least up to date. He has a ragtime name.

This is the day to be in tune with the infinite, but not to tune up,