The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—

Daily, with Sunday, per month	$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year	7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year	9 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
The Weekly, per year	1 50
The Weekly, 3 months	50
To City Subscribers—	
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted	15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included	20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:

10 to 14-page paper	1c
16 to 28-page paper	2c

Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

Eastern Business Office—43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 469 "The Rookery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 230 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 106 So. Spring street.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 W. Second South street.

For sale in Ogden by W. C. Kind, 204 Twenty-fifth street, and by C. H. Myers.

For sale in Kansas City, Mo., by Fred Hutchinson, 904 Wyandotte street.

On file at Buffalo, N. Y., in the Oregon exhibit at the exposition.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand.

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

TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 72; minimum temperature, 51; clear.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20.

THE COUNTRY'S ARID LANDS.

Mr. George Maxwell, president of the National Irrigation Association, has had an interview with President Roosevelt on the subject of arid lands and irrigation. After an extended conversation with the President Mr. Maxwell has expressed the opinion that he "had at last met a man who knew more about irrigation than himself." Mr. Maxwell added: "The President knows the subject. He has been West, and knows how big the West is. He knows all about the arid West, the semi-arid West and the vast importance and possibilities of irrigation." Hence Mr. Maxwell is confident that President Roosevelt's first message to Congress will be the most pronounced irrigation document ever issued by any public officer; that he will urge Congress in the strongest possible terms to enter upon a general and comprehensive scheme for irrigation, and also for preserving the great forests that store up the water supply.

That these are the President's opinions, and that such will be his action, is known through other sources than the statement of Mr. Maxwell. No other President of the United States has known anything about the arid lands of the great West. The subject is one in which Mr. Roosevelt takes an especial interest, nor is it new with him; he has been forming his opinions and reaching his conclusions upon it through the observations of many years. But since it is an undertaking into which private capital is not likely to be embarked on a scale sufficiently great to show its possibilities, he sees it is necessary that the Government should undertake an experimental demonstration, on a scale large enough to prove its National importance.

It cannot be doubted that the habitable and productive area of the United States may be extended, through irrigation, by millions of acres. A dozen states, containing more than 1,000,000 square miles, offer vast areas which may be turned to highest use for man through irrigation.

DELILAH SUES FOR DIVORCE.

The wife of Lieutenant Hetherington, United States Navy, has sued her husband for a divorce. Mrs. Hetherington, who lives in Wilmington, Del., declares that her husband, now stationed at Mare Island Navy-Yard, California, deserted her three years ago. In 1892 Lieutenant Hetherington shot to death a young English banker named Robinson in Yokohama. Hetherington was a good man, who was married to a vain, pretty woman who was an incurable flirt. Wherever she went, in absence of her husband, she flirted right and left with all the men she met in society. The young English banker accepted her challenge to a flirtation and wrote her some very tender letters, which fell into the hands of her husband. Hetherington brooded over the discovery, and finally, in accordance with the stupid theory that his honor could be washed clean only by blood, shot Robinson fatally in the street. Robinson lived several hours and sent his "forgiveness" to Hetherington, and expressed the hope that the legal outcome of the affair would not "ruin him."

Hetherington's wife, whose folly and wickedness had caused this dreadful affair, behaved like a heartless fool; for, inspite of the remonstrances of Admiral Belknap and his wife, she attended a dinner party given the day after the shooting, and appeared at a party the day that Robinson died, clad in white tulle and diamonds, smiling and greeting everybody with pretty speeches. She remained at the party until late, and departed as happy as if nothing had happened to mar her self-satisfied tranquillity. To Mrs. Belknap's protest against her presence at the dinner this heartless fool of a woman answered: "Why should I not go? He killed Robinson; I didn't." When Robinson lay dying, this woman's shrill laugh vexed the air. This woman gave to him, and he did eat; Robinson, tempted by her flirtation, went to an untimely grave, and the woman, who was then a wife and mother of a child a year old, continued to caper and giggle and flirt as Robinson breathed his last.

And this is the creature that today sues her husband for divorce on the ground of desertion. During the nine years that have elapsed since the murder of Robinson, Mrs. Hetherington's "flirtations" have not ceased, and no wonder her husband has left her. He cannot afford, morally or professionally, to murder a second man on account of a wanton wife. Hetherington came from Iowa, and has always borne an excellent character. It must be a bitter memory to him that he stained his escutcheon with murder for the sake of a most contemptible woman. Of course, a woman heartless enough to attend two dinner parties and be the gayest of the gay while her lover was dying was heartless enough to betray her husband. Hetherington doubtless thought of this when it was too late, and has come to feel a natural moral loathing for a woman who is little better than a murderess. She has "the tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide." Hetherington ought to have left her the moment he was acquitted, for he must have known ultimately that his wife ought to have been the first victim of the bloody code of private vengeance.

CARICATURE.

The evolution of caricature in art is interesting and instructive. Caricature as the art of applying the grotesque to the purposes of satire belongs chiefly to the modern world. Few traces of satirical art are discovered in ancient Egypt. Some drolleries are found, but no purely satirical art. Caricature was perhaps not altogether unknown in ancient Greece. Aristotle, who disapproved of the grotesque in art, condemns the pictures of one Pauson, who is also alluded to by Aristophanes and Lucian. The grotesque in plastic art is seen in the frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and is referred to by Pliny. There is a famous comic statuette of the Emperor Caracalla, but the caricaturists of the ancient world must be sought for not in its painters and sculptors, but in its poets and dramatists. Aristophanes was to the age of Pericles at Athens, and Martial was to that of Domitian at Rome, what Gilroy was to the England of George III, and Daumier to the court of King Louis Philippe of France.

In the Middle Ages satirical intention is detected in the popular figures of Reynard the Fox, the hero of medieval romance; of the Devil, the antithesis of God, and of Death, the sarcastic and irreverent, intrusive skeleton. No fewer than forty-three towns in England, France and Germany possessed sets of the "Dance of Death," in the contemplation of which the people found so much consolation. Death was the great leveler, and the common people seemed to take comfort in his picture and the thought that at his call the rich must give up their gold, the King must lose his crown. Hans Holbein in the sixteenth century produced fifty-three etchings of the "Dance of Death," the first set of satirical moralities known to the modern world.

Caricature in its modern sense was born in the Renaissance. The art of printing stimulated its activity by its quick dissemination of its product. As early as 1499 there were caricatures of Louis XII of France and his Italian War. The Reformation gave us famous caricatures in heads of Luther and of Pope Alexander VI. These heads are the ancestors of the masks that smirk and frown from Punch and Charivari today. Cranach, friend of Luther, published a caricature entitled "Passion of Christ and Anti-Christ," and Callot, a famous master of grotesque in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, anticipated the ironical method of Hogarth. In the sixteenth century there was a famous grotesque published in England, a pen-and-ink sketch of Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland as a mermaid. The cavaliers and roundheads freely caricatured each other during the great English revolution of 1641-46, but in France at that day caricature was sternly repressed. Republican Holland was rich in caricaturists of English political subjects from the Restoration of 1660 to the South Sea Bubble of 1720, and these caricaturists rendered excellent service to William of Orange in his great struggle against Louis XIV of France.

The eighteenth century, however, was pre-eminently the age of caricature, the age of Hogarth and Gilroy. The productivity of caricature began under Walpole, and flourished greatly under the ministry of Bute (1761-63), and since that time its influence has extended without check. With the exception of his famous pictures of John Wilkes, the famous demagogue, and of the poet Churchill, Hogarth's best genius was not displayed in political satire, but as a moralist and social satirist he has never been equaled. His "Modern Midnight Conversations," "Gin Lane," "The Age of Cruelty," "The March to Finchley," mark an epoch in the history of caricature. Gilroy, who died in 1815 in his 58th year, was the greatest political satirist with his pencil that ever lived. For power, depth and grandeur of conception and expression his productions have no peer in English or French art.

The French Revolution of 1789-94 was fertile in caricature, but it was the work of vulgar hands, who were destitute of professional skill. Goya, who died in 1828, was a Spanish caricaturist of the first order of genius, and Daumier, who flourished in the reign of Louis Philippe from 1830 to 1848, was the greatest caricaturist of modern France. The caricature of the eighteenth century, as shown in the work of Gilroy and Rowlandson, was marked by brutality, obscenity and violence of expression. This was due to the terrible political passion of the times, both in England and France. The political caricature of the nineteenth century in England has been represented by Cruikshank, by Leech, Tenniel, Doyle and Du Maurier, and in France by Daumier, Chevalier (Gavarni), De Noe (Cham). In contrast with the savage genius of the eighteenth century, the caricature of the nineteenth century has been humane, decent, kindly. Its purpose has been to excite laughter without brutal assault. The caricaturists of London Punch have been so gentle in their satire that their shafts have never rankled in the slight flesh-wounds they inflicted.

In America there was cheap, coarse, vulgar political caricature from the foundation day of our Republic. Jefferson was caricatured as "Long Tom," and in the campaign of 1828 General Jackson's enemies circulated handbills describing the trial and execution of six Tennessee soldiers by Jackson at Mobile in 1814, illustrated with wood engravings of six coffins. But from the point of view of memorable art there was no superior political caricature until Thomas Nast began to illustrate Harper's Weekly. From 1860 to 1872 Nast was fortunate in his subjects and his wealth of political opportunities. Much of his work is memorable and will always have inestimable value as part of the history of the great Civil War and the era of reconstruction. His caricatures of Horace Greeley in 1872 were powerful, but marked by a spirit of inhumanity and irreverence toward the personality of a great and good man whose trivial infirmities deserved more respectful treatment. From this day Nast slowly but steadily deteriorated, both in power, skill and spirit, as a political satirist. Since his decline into obscurity his place has been occupied by the able artists of the present day, among whom Oregon's son, Homer Davenport, holds a high and honorable place.

GREATER THAN HIS WORKS.

A time has come when the forbidding subject of the Middle Ages seems about to receive the attention they reserve as the ark that bore the precious seeds of ancient learning across the centuries to the modern world. History, indeed, affords no such barren desert in all its pilgrimage from the stone age to the present day. Except for its legends of solitary devotion, its buildings, and especially for the Crusades, its record is one of sad and repulsive darkness. Yet the duty of understanding those thousand years is none the less imperative—how imperative we only begin to know as we apprehend at length how much of all that makes modern life worth living has been borrowed and revivified from the ancient world—religion from Israel and Judah, mathematics from the Nile, law from Rome, and happiness from Greece. It is not enough for the honest soul to know that the Middle Ages transmitted this precious heritage to us; we must know how the charge was kept, under what difficulties and obstacles; through what self-denial on the one hand and perversion of truth on the other, through laborious and consecrated copying and translation, and equally consecrated and laborious changes and interpolation.

Important in this field are two workers—Mr. Saintsbury, whose "Criticism in Greek and Roman Times" is about to be succeeded by his "Criticism in the Middle Ages," and Mr. H. O. Taylor, who now adds to his "Ancient Ideals" a new work entitled "The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages." These enterprises obviously grow out of the modern historical method, built upon the evolutional conception, but they may also be taken as reflecting the growing recognition of our debt to the period in question. Mr. Taylor's book is inadequately described in his title. He has given us much more than a mere description of our heritage. We have an admirable account of the transition from the classical to the medieval period, and of this, too, as affecting not only literature, but also painting, sculpture and architecture. Great as was the change, what impresses us most, perhaps, is the amount of survival of classical taste and ideals in the new development. The discussion centers in the period extending from the fourth to the seventh century, but the preparatory discussion of Greek and Roman literature and art and life is not subordinate in interest to any other part.

Many are the misconceptions which this valuable work tends to correct. The Christian apologist who would fain represent Christianity as a pure and simple reaction from paganism is assured that there was a good deal of preparation for the new Christian faith, especially as nothing was more characteristic of the new paganism than its tendency to emotional quality and expression. The charge of debasing classical literature, which has often been brought against nascent Christianity, does not get any support from Mr. Taylor's exposition. Christianity simply shared intellectually in the pagan decadence. Both in the Greek and Roman world there came to be a sad indifference to the great classics in any large and noble way. As the New York Times reviewer has pertinently suggested, there was great difficulty in satisfying George II with English oysters until it was discovered that he liked his oysters "a little gone." The later pagans and the early Christians liked their literature after a similar fashion.

Perhaps the greatest lesson of these cautions for both the apostles and the enemies of Christianity is in their suggestion of the enormous idea, so popular in all the history of modern civilization, that men and manners are products of religion. He who attributes the darkness of the Middle Ages to Christianity is not less profound than he who seeks in Christianity alone for the sources of the Renaissance. Spain has an intolerant religion and high tariff; but neither is, as has been ably maintained, the cause of her stagnation. Man makes his creed and his economic system. The same Bible serves for Barcelona rioter and prelates in free England. They are pagan in Darkest Africa, but they were pagan in intellectual and artistic Athens. The Christian cloisters of the Middle Ages shared in the general mental and spiritual depression that pervaded all Europe. The life of the people took on one form in the monastery and another in camp and court; but all were alike stagnant and unproductive; and when on that long night the morning dawned, its light shot everywhere with equal ray. While Spain scattered her adventurous spirits over the New World, and Venice "held the gorgeous East in fee," and France leaped forward in art and literature, Germany and Switzerland and Great Britain gave us the Reformation. The awakening was general as the long sleep had been. Man makes his institutions, they do not make him; and, while they react upon his children, especially in the realm of language, it is necessary always to remember that the creature is not greater than its creator, or the stream higher than its source. Man is not made for his creeds and constitutions; and when they cease to serve his welfare they are a clog upon progress.

WALLA WALLA WHEAT.

The Seattle Trade Register, an excellent authority on matters with which it is familiar, but wofully ignorant regarding the wheat business, prints the following:

> The Oregonian makes the ridiculous claim, in an effort to prejudice Walla Walla against trading with the Sound, that "the name Walla Walla is good enough for Portland, Liverpool and San Francisco wheat dealers, but the Puget Sound papers persist in ignoring the proper name for this grade of Washington wheat and using the name 'club' instead." The Oregonian knows, or should know, that all Walla Walla wheat shipped foreign is sold as Walla Walla, and not club wheat, and always has been so sold. But the Sound mills buy club wheat, and do not do the injustice of crediting that grade from all sections of Eastern Washington to Walla Walla, nor would the latter district require such injustice. The Oregonian has blundered.

"Walla Walla wheat" is grown all over the State of Washington and through the eastern part of the State of Oregon. It is sometimes termed "club" wheat, but is never sold in any market of prominence in the world except as Walla Walla wheat. Even the trifling amount of wheat that is exported from Seattle is sold in the Liverpool market as Walla Walla or bluestem, and never as club.

The latest issue of the Liverpool Corn Trade News reports the sale of a full cargo of Walla Walla wheat, which was cleared from Tacoma, and it also mentions eighteen other cargoes of Walla Walla that are afloat from Portland and Tacoma, but not a single mention is made of any club wheat going out of the Pacific Northwest. The Trade Register has blundered, and should at once rectify its error by giving Washington wheat the name to which it is entitled, and by which it is known in all of the big markets of the world.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK.

The story of the early days of Pacific University has one lesson, at least, worth remembering, and that is the real worth of any college, large or small, is its capacity to make men. The greatest teacher is not necessarily the man of the largest amount of learning; he is the man that has the largest and most versatile kind of noble manhood behind his books. And this is the particular tribute paid to the leading spirits in the early history of Pacific University; they were men of absolute integrity, of quenchless faith and hope, of exhaustless capacity for self-sacrifice to the cause of sound education. They were men of spiritual sweetness and intellectual light. When we read the testimony to the fine manhood of these founders of Pacific University as the most memorable thing about them, the most helpful of all their influence for good, we are only repeating the eulogium that has always been passed upon the memorable men in the college world, both in this country and in Europe. The great teacher, who must have rare manhood behind his books, is the memorable man, not the man of exceptional learning and powers of critical scholarship.

If vast learning and genius for criticism could have made a great teacher, Porson would have brought more fame to Cambridge than Dr. Thomas Arnold did to Rugby, but Porson could do nothing for a man save to make him a Greek scholar, while Dr. Arnold could make him a scholar and a humane man, too, if there was a spark of original manhood in his pupil. It was a scholar, Humboldt, that said that the ultimate purpose of education was "to build a man"; and it was a scholar, Wendell Phillips, that said that "Education is not Greek and Latin and the air-pump." The thing which the eulogists of the early leaders of Pacific University dwell upon is not their scholarship, which was excellent, but upon their capacity to exercise a humane influence, at once inspiring of and stimulating to high effort the manhood behind his books, through which the true teacher warms the heart and illuminates the soul of the pupil. The question to be asked of every college, large or small, is not Does it graduate critical scholars? but chiefly Does it send forth into the world soldiers who have at least the desire to show themselves men.

It was President Stryker, of Hamilton College, who said in his last baccalaureate sermon: "You are not tools, but men. If you would be handy in this big world, you must be hearty. Just in so far as you are men, and no further, will your scholarship prove available." When Professor Hermann Grimm, of the University of Berlin, died last Summer he was deeply mourned, because he could talk with enthusiasm, with eloquence and shrewd wisdom to his pupils concerning the conduct of life. He had infinite kindness, persuasiveness and personal charm; he could talk in the same lecture of ancient and modern literature and art; of the everyday life of the world; he was the genius of discursiveness akin to our own Emerson, who as a teacher is both charming and instructive in his divagation. He was professor of things in general rather than professor of anything in particular. There have been many such teachers, large and small, and they are always the teachers that are longest and most gratefully remembered, because the pupil feels that they had the most to do with making him, perhaps not a scholar, but certainly a man.

Huxley and Darwin both recall with particular reverence the memory of certain teachers of their youth, who not only stimulated them to be scholars, but inspired them to be always humane, high-minded men. Moral sincerity, intellectual serenity, personal impressiveness, are the earmarks of these exceptional teachers that are the notable nourishers of manhood among their pupils. They are not men of glib tongue and effervescent sentimentalism; they are serious men, "frosty yet kindly, like a lusty Winter." It is the memory of such men that is most gratefully recalled by the children of the colleges that were struggling to gain foothold and keep it fifty years ago, both East and West. The founders of Pacific University were themselves the children of a poor but sturdy little Vermont college.

Daniel Webster, in his speech in the famous Dartmouth College case before Judge Marshall, said: "Sir, it is but a small college, but there are those who love it." Love it for what? Surely not for the limited scholastic training given by the poor little fresh-water colleges of those days, but for its uplifting moral and intellectual atmosphere, for the high example of upright, self-denying manhood that was behind the books of their poorly paid teachers. The first leaders of Pacific University were all men who had worked their way through a poor but sturdy little college by economy, industry and self-denial, and their first ambition was to found another college in the new state of their adoption. These sturdy, high-minded scholars are remembered today for the best that was in them, for their manhood, their high humanity and morality, for their appreciation of the influence of sound literature; they are remembered gratefully in the same spirit in which Ben Jonson wrote of the days he passed in Shakespeare's company:

> We spent them not in toys or lust or wine,
> But search of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence and poesy,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

The marine columns this morning contain mention of the latest shipping disasters on Puget Sound. The account is from a Puget Sound paper, and is presumably not overdrawn. As will be readily observed, the damage to either one of the steamers mentioned will cost fifty times as much as the damage to the St. Donatien in the Columbia River last week; but will the Seattle Post-Intelligencer print, and the Astorian reprint, a statement that these disasters prove that Seattle can never be a port? The St. Donatien swung out of the channel and struck a log; damage, $250. The Mackinaw swung out of the channel and struck a rock; damage, $25,000. In the case of the St. Donatien, both of the papers mentioned got out their hammers and proceeded to "knock" Portland. Now, if there is the faintest vestige of fair play in the make-up of either of these "knockers," let them proceed to belabor Seattle for attempting to be a seaport when such accidents happen between that city and the sea. Either of the disasters was liable to happen in any port in the world, but if the one was a reflection on Portland, the other was 100 times greater a reflection on Seattle.

John Most has been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary at New York City for the publication of an editorial article in his paper of which the following are specimen sentences:

> We know our enemies; we know them all and everywhere personally. There can be absolutely no excuse if they are again spared. Whatever stands on the other side of the line which divides the camp of the ruling possessors of power from that of the people has come under the ban. Let the people carry out the sentence. The road of humanity leads over the peaks of barbarity. That is once for all a law of necessity dictated by the reaction. We cannot get around it, since we will not give up the future. If we wish to attain the end we must wish for the means, also; if we wish the life of people, we must wish the death of their enemies. If we wish for humanity, we are obliged to wish for murder. We say, "Murder the murderers. Save humanity by blood and steel, poison and dynamite."

The defense of Most was that the editorial was nothing but a reprint of an editorial published fifty years ago in Europe. This plea availed him nothing, the Judge saying that its publication at present, without explanation or disavowment of its sentiments, constituted it an incendiary article in intent and purpose.

Some space-filling correspondent at Astoria has imposed on a number of outside newspapers an ingenious yarn to the effect that in the struggle for a seaport in the Pacific Northwest the Harriman-Vanderbilt and Hill-Morgan railroad groups will enter into a war against each other "that will shake the country from one end to the other." This story eliminates Seattle and Tacoma from consideration, because of the mountain barrier that stands between them and the interior country. Portland is likewise thrust out of the case, because it was not built where Astoria is. This leaves the war to rage around Astoria. The entire fantastic tale is hung upon the statement that the Northern Pacific has offered $3,500,000 for the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad. President Mellen positively denies that there is any truth in this report, and the whole ridiculous story is the poorest of fiction. Why do such tales emanate from Astoria?

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says: "The Oregonian preaches the doctrine that accumulated wealth of great manufacturers represents earnings wrongfully withheld from labor." Not merely so. It "preaches" also that the accumulated wealth of the trust magnates represents, in large part, values extorted through excessive and unconscionable prices from consumers of goods. Further, that protective tariffs, in the benefits of which only a few can participate, together with subsidies and other favors obtained through legislation, have given men like Carnegie this advantage. It is on this basis that The Oregonian protests against trusts and against the conditions that make trusts. It could wish the Post-Intelligencer were closer to the people, so it would protest, too.

James Bradstreet Greenough, distinguished as a Latin scholar and author of Latin primary text-books used in most of our schools, is dead. For many years he was an eminent figure among the instructors at Harvard. The Providence Journal says of him: "Thousands of graduates came within the sphere of his influence and were enlightened and uplifted by his instruction. His attainments were very great. They are not fully illustrated by the text-books which bear his name, or by his other contributions to the study of Latin literature. Beyond these stood the personal inspiration derived from contact in the classroom. It was not to be measured in set terms, but it was very real, and its effects reached into unrecorded lives."

The Seattle Times declares that the census of population of Portland is unfair, because the corporate limits of this city embrace populous suburbs. The paper goes on to mention the suburbs of Seattle, which, if annexed to the city, would give a larger census than that of Portland. It is unnecessary to call attention to the Seattle bluster and deception. That city already has a larger area than Portland. The report of the United States Department of Labor shows the area of Seattle to be 30,720 acres, and of Portland 25,600 acres. Seattle wants an excuse for its annexation of Alaska last year, but cannot find it by looking to Portland.

The report of the Geological Survey that has been in progress in farther Alaska since last Spring will be awaited with interest by a public that has come to regard the name Alaska as a synonym of gold and to represent a marvel in the great domain of nature. Its vastness, the unevenness of its surface, its isolation, its grandeur, are themes that, after all, cannot be brought out in any report of scientific exploration. Still, the survey cannot fail to add much to the world's knowledge of this far northern territory, which but now was a wonderland wrapped in silence and mystery.

The man who forfeits the regards of a woman of his own walk of life by inebriety and then kills himself because she refuses to allow him to visit her furnishes a striking example of lack of self-control, a quality essential to even moderate success in the lowliest endeavor. A woman who succeeds in getting rid of such a man without serious jeopardy to or perhaps sacrifice to her own life may account herself fortunate, even though his body falls at her door and his brains bespatter her hall carpet.

New facts showing the prodigious activity of industrial development in our Southern States are published every day. One of the latest and most significant is a statement by the Illinois Central Railroad that 363 new industries, with a capitalization of over $10,000,000, have been started along the lines of the road and its ally, the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley, within a short time. The greater part of these were south of the Ohio River.

> "The Bible says that if a man puts away his wife, he forces her to commit adultery." Where can you find such a text.—Catholic Sentinel.

Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery.—Matthew v:32.

NATURE'S DUPE THE EGO.

The great enigma exists only for the ego. The amalgam of mystery is said only because of its individual analysis. Behind the gladness of sunshine and the happiness of childhood, behind fancy's blissful excursions to flowers and glinting waters, behind the abundance of Nature's smile and beauty; behind all these resides a melancholy as deep as the eye can see. We gaze on them dimly, but we know full well that it is not them our blind eyes are straining to see, not them alone we cannot understand, but that before us is a form of the great power which itself is the marvel. They are sad only because egoism swerves the individual from Nature's path. And sadness that comes from the individuality of the ego dissipates as the ego vanishes.

The abyss of the enigma opens wide and black. In the unfathomable darkness the ego cries aloud and receives in the echo spurious proof of its individuality. It casts a pebble into the yawning cavern and hears the resounding clatter as answers to its questions. When the mind comes upon a marvel, it is only because the ego has perceived one tiny manifestation on the boundless face of matter. Thousands of marvels more have passed by unperceived. And all that we catch, our reflections and reasonings, our fancy and hope, these are only the re-echoing cry of the ego in the depths of the enigma. This cry declares for us the highest individual existence. But the scream of the eagle, the song of the nightingale, declare the same for them.

In the ascetic enigma the one law absolute, inscrutable, is that of the persistence of the race, the type, the immolation of the individual. All the stores of experience, genius, calculation, certitude and prescience yield nothing more than this one fact. The drop of rain is caught in the whirl of the river and forever lost to its own individuality. Likewise is the ego merged in the infinite flow of Nature's course. And as races and species are units of a larger whole, so is their separate existence lost. Each member of an aggregate works unconsciously for its good, and perishes without knowing why. A certain consciousness seems to distinguish man, but it is artificial. In the great sacrifice, he forgets himself and plunges headlong into the maelstrom of destiny. His ego, an infinite microcosm, becomes one with the infinite macrocosm. His individuality, boundless inward in the atom, becomes boundless outward in the whole.

Nothing is more portentous than this blind law of self-immolation. By this law all creatures are puppets of an unseen force. The power that teaches birds to build a nest, that stirs a crowd to common action, that disposes pitilessly wealth and happiness, that regulates the number of births and deaths, and flowers by the roadside, that binds men to ideas in whose bondage they perish without knowing why, that forms social and economic establishments even before we perceive them; these are all manifestations of the iron-clad law, the law of the whole. The individual knows them not. He only feels that his actions have motives far more complex than he can understand, and that these motives are not his own.

Thus in the enigma of destiny, will, aim and intellect, the most insignificant act of life becomes incomprehensible. Pain and sorrow are nothing. Grief and suffering are nothing. The individual is nothing. The group, the aggregate of groups, and the total of aggregates is the only individual.

Is our own consciousness all of consciousness? If consciousness is as infinite a nature, of what finite degree is ours? Are we fallible creatures, infallible judges of matters of the so-called spirit? Analogies show that there are senses and properties of matter entirely unknown to us, but which creatures under our very eyes possess to a greater or less degree. Sound and light waves do not alone give expression to thoughts and feelings, for we know the mysterious forces of telepathy and magnetic and spiritual intuition. May not the psychical complexities of societies nearest ours in nature, of ants and bees, escape us, leaving only mechanical manifestations? However this may be, the iron-clad laws of nature rule here, there and everywhere, unvarying, unyielding. These laws are reasonable and legitimate; they are of the past, the present and the future. The man ego fights them to perpetuate itself. It succeeds for a minute, an hour, a day, but the individual life flows on to the boundless sea of existence, in which the ego is lost forever. From this vast ocean the dispensing power draws new individualities, whose forces are merged with the infinite depths as before. Nothing is more plaintive than the cry of the ego in this drowning current. But the iron laws are deaf. They stop not, neither do they pity. The one is all and all is the one.

The purpose of this mission, eternally renewed, we know not. But we know that happiness is reached only by conforming to the natural law which we recognize as instinct. The trials of parentage, the most arduous of the world, and into which all others are resolved, are the happiest, because they conform with the great law of being. And when we revolt against them for the sake of the ego, we only annihilate the ego, do not assert it.

The influences and powers about us may be the instruments of an intelligent element above us. This element may not necessarily be divine, nor its knowing power absolute, for we can no more conceive of absolute intelligence than of infinite time or space. Neither does our so-called spirituality necessarily give us preference over the rest of the animal kingdom. We know what gift we have, but of the infinitely more gifts which we have not we know nothing.

And so, out of the hermetically sealed enigma, the great lesson to be drawn is that of the persistence of the aggregate. Immolation of the individual is the duty a precise destiny has set upon us. And whether we would or not, the ego passes into the oblivion of the type, the species the whole, in the shadow of which it spins its own winding sheet. The individual who tries to decipher the riddle, and reacts upon himself with consciousness suffers a penalty. He passes his aim, completes the circle and discovers in the end only the immutability of nature.

A Confederate Welcome.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

And, so, "God bless you, gentlemen of the Army of the Cumberland." The message which every Confederate soldier, and every son and every grandson of every Confederate soldier, sends to each of you is "Welcome," and many, very many returns of the day!

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Baseballe Giveth Way to Footballe.

No more from vacant Corner-Lotte ye hard and whirling Sphere
Now fiyeth forth to smite ye Man who passeth in ye Eare;
No more ye Boyes upon ye Fence sette uppe a horrid Howl,
Consisting of such Words as "Slide!" or "That's a Strike!" or "Fowle!"
No more ye Neighbor's Back Yard Fence is taken quite awaye,
To reappear a Back Stoppe on the Diamond Field next Daye.
For Baseballe, with its wild Delights no longer hath a Joye,
Ye White lined Football Field now claims ye Time of ye smalle Boye.

Ye Suite and Cappe of spotless White, unsolid by Streake of Blood
Hath given Place to quilted Clothes, much marked by yellow Mudde.
Ye wire Maske, ye Oaken Batte, ye mighty leathern Mitte,
Ye Talke of Runnes, and Outs and Blocks, and wondrous Three-base Hitte,
Ye nimble Ladd that held First Base, ye Catcher lithe and smalle,
Ye Pitcher with ye Southwest paw are vanished, one and alle,
No crashing sounds of Broken glass ye Householders annoye,
Ye white-lined Football Field now claims ye Time of ye Smalle Boye.

Now Rachel weepeth sadly for ye Darling on ye Cotte,
Who found ye glorious Footballe Game a Littel Bitte too Hotte.
Now grewsomely ye Coroner doth Rubbe his soft white Handes,
And counte ye Cases in his Care as numbereth ye Sands,
Now lively doth ye Doctor steppe about from Doore to Doore,
Where lie ye Victims of ye Sport, each weltering in Gore.
Old Death hath been no busier since in the Dayes of Troye,
Now that ye Footballe Field doth claim ye Time of ye Smalle Boye.

Story of James A. Herne.

E. J. Connelly, the comedian, who was in Portland last week, told a story of James A. Herne which he says has never seen the light of print.

"While I was in Mr. Herne's company," said Connelly, "we had with us an actress who was very fond of poetry, especially the Ella Wheeler Wilcox variety. One by one we learned that to be in her presence was to be wearied with stanza after stanza out of a book she always carried with her, and when we sought rest in our berths in the sleeping-car at night she would lie with the light burning in her section and read it aloud to anyone who happened to be in the next berth. We finally all protested until we secured immunity, but the stage carpenter, who was especially long on ideas, used to stand for it regularly, and seem to enjoy it.

"One long, tiresome night, she found he was in the berth next her, and opened up on him with her little old book. Mr. Herne, who was in the berth across the aisle, groaned once or twice, but made no complaint. The next morning, as he was sitting on the edge of his bunk pawing around underneath it for his shoes, the lady's voice came from behind the curtain in her berth:

"'I hope you had a good night's rest, Mr. Herne.?'

"'No,' snapped Herne, 'I didn't. How the deuce do you suppose a man could rest when you were reading poetry, reading poetry to a carpenter?'

"'Why, Mr. Herne,' exclaimed the voice, still behind the curtain, 'I am surprised that a man of your intelligence and reading would sneer at a carpenter. You must know, sir, that the Shepherd of Nazareth was a carpenter?'

"'Yes,' drawled the old man, 'I know, but he wasn't a stage carpenter.'"

Contentment.

Ain't never had no brown-stone fronts,
Nor city corner lots,
Ain't never done no grandstand stunts
With million-dollar yachts,
Ain't never backed no famous stars,
Nor owned no copper mines,
Ain't never rode in private cars,
Or drank no high-priced wines,
Ain't never gambled none in stocks,
Nor run no railroad deal,
Ain't never blown no piles of rocks
On high cards, or the wheel.
I just keep peggin' right along
With time f'r work an' play,
An' manage to skeer up a song
On one two bits a day.
A feller ain't no millionaire
That's gittin' one two bits,
But still, I finds I'm pretty fair
Content with what I gits.

And the Trial Proceeded.

Judge Catrill walked into the courtroom, pulled a brace of horse pistols from his hip pockets, drew a knife from his boot, unslung a Winchester 45-70 from his shoulder, and proceeded to the bench.

"Bailiff," he said, "have you gone through the jury?"

"Yes, your honor," replied that functionary, pointing to a table on which were two Maxim guns, a dozen stand of Krag-Jorgensens and a few dozen small arms.

"Have you examined the attorneys?"

"The Bailiff silently pointed to five disappearing-carriage 15-inch rifles in the rear of the room.

"What did you find on the spectators?"

"The arms are stacked up in the yard, your honor," answered the officer, "they consist of one dozen flint-locks, 100 derringers, 75 muzzle-loading mountain Long Toms, a case of dynamite and a catapault."

"Very well," said the Judge, "as soon as I don my armor-proof coat we will proceed."

Signs of Winter.

When the rain begins a-fallin',
Like as if 't 'ud come t' stay,
An' the geese is honkin', honkin'
Overhead t'wards break o' day;
When a few stray leaves is clingin'
T' the sorry-lookin' trees,
An' the branches is a-swayin'
In the restless Autumn breeze;
When the ragged clouds is flyin'
An' a-tumblin' through the sky,
An' the grouse is seekin' shelter,
Whirrin', whirrin', as they fly;
When a sort o' chilly yeller
Lights the glimpses of the moon,
You'd best make your plans accordin',
For the Winter's comin' soon.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.

Gratifying Report.

Kansas City Star.

Surgeon-General Sternberg's report as to the health and sanitary conditions of the Army in the Philippines is a gratifying statement. It shows that the troops are doing well, that there is comparatively little sickness, and that the hospital facilities, both as to nursing and supplies, are ample for any possible demand. This is reassuring news, for it shows that the American soldiers are becoming acclimated, or that they have been gainers through the better sanitary regulations made possible by the distribution of the troops among the garrisons of the islands and their withdrawal, largely, from active field service.

Those Bulgarian Bandits.

Cleveland Plaindealer.

What will they do with the bandit band that troubles the Turk's frontiers?
How will they follow 'em to their lairs, and flatten 'em out on their biers?
They've carried away a lady fair and they will be brought to book.
The Turks must circle the country round and winnow through every nook,
Then if we find naught else will do, and the Turks have found 'em not,
We'll hustle our Funston over the sea and get him to bag the lot.