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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Cloudy, with occasional rain; southerly winds.
YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.—Maximum temperature, 46; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, 0.02 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DEC. 22.

NO FLAME WITHOUT OIL.

The new life of Lowell, by Horace E. Scudder, will hardly satisfy the long-time intimate friends of the poet, like Howells, Higginson and Norton, who knew both his mind and his heart, and his strength. The one figure in American literature that leads Lowell is Hawthorne, who is perhaps the only man in American letters not an echo, faint or strong, of some of Europe's best work. Lowell's "Biglow Papers" has the genuine smack and flavor of American soil in its wit, its humor, its sentiment, and its speech. It is the most memorable bit of original work that Lowell ever wrought; it is worth all the rest of his work, even as Tom Moore's "Two-Penny Post Bag" has far more originality and genius in it than his "Lalla Rookh."

In our judgment, Wendell Phillips and Lowell both became anti-slavery men through their hearts. They were both born to the New England purple; both were men of patrician tastes and accomplishments. Lowell, when in college, satirized Emerson and ridiculed the anti-slavery evangelists. There is no evidence that either Phillips or Lowell evinced any special sensibility to the wrongs of the slave until Phillips was converted to anti-slavery opinions by Anne Green and Lowell at a later date by Maria White. So long as Maria White lived Lowell was a brilliant poet, satirist and the eloquent poet of downtrodden children. Lowell's work from 1840 to 1850 is instinct with this spirit. He was only voicing in his verse the spirit of his beautiful wife. He worshipped at his wife's shrine; he joined her political church, for otherwise he could never have won her. The moment that Maria White died, in 1853, Lowell's muse at once sought retirement, quiet and brooding silence. The radical anti-slavery cause in the abstract Lowell naturally had small sympathy, but for the radical anti-slavery cause, speaking from the lips of Maria White, Lowell would go any length. It will not perhaps be as easy to prove this to be the explanation of Phillips' espousal of the cause of Garrison, because Mrs. Phillips survived her husband, but we believe that the early death of his wife would have had a powerful influence on the lips, unless the pleasure of playing the silver war bugle of his party from the platform had so won upon him as to hold him to his flag.

It was not a natural thing for either Lowell or Phillips to have joined the party of Garrison, for both were men of conservative antecedents, fastidious tastes and patrician temper. Their ancestors were state lawyers and clergymen, and it is not surprising that Lowell, before he met Maria White, was a conservative in religion and politics as Edward Everett. Phillips was orthodox and conservative in religion all his days, and he never showed a sign of political radicalism during his college days, nor after them, until he met Miss Green, who converted him to her cause. If our view is correct, we owe the new-found anti-slavery zeal of both Lowell and Phillips not to their minds, which were conservative, but to their hearts, that surrendered to the influence of the remarkable women they married. One thing is certain, Lowell's poetry never had in it the high note of humanity, the eloquent plea for the oppressed, until after he met Maria White, in 1840, and this note his voice so utterly lost after Maria White's death that, had it not been for the trumpet blast of war in 1861, it is not likely that Lowell would have added much to the high fame he had reached as a poet as early as 1848.

Here again it became evident that Lowell had a nature that needed a personal appeal to command his fullest support. This personal appeal was furnished by the fact that three of his nephews enlisted in the Army and all fell in battle. The fact that the Lowell family were on the firing line at the front stirred Lowell's naturally noble spirit out of its slumber, and he loved her exactly what his love for the beautiful Maria White had done; he loved her deeply, and because he did, came to love her cause. He loved his nephews; his heart went out to war with these three boys, and while the struggle lasted his great power as a political satirist and as a writer of magnificent war lyrics was never so splendidly displayed. But with the close of the war his genius reached its highest flight. His poetic genius could play its finest music only under the inspiration of some present personal emotional appeal. When the armies of the Union struck their tents and fired their flags, Lowell's eye lost its finest poetic light. He degenerated ultimately, by the admission of Howells, his warm friend and admirer, into a mild type of Anglomaniac, The

English Tories loved him and placed a memorial tablet in his honor in Westminster Abbey. Lowell's latest poetry, his published correspondence with titled Englishmen, his latest public speeches, are tinged with a kind of pulling or petulant pessimism that shows his sympathy with English Toryism. Howells says he always wore English hats and coats, talked ceaselessly about England in his latter years after his return from diplomatic service; that his English correspondents always had his heart, even when his body was in America. The genius of Lowell needed a noble cause to feed its flame, and, lacking that, he became degenerate.

INFAMY OF THE EAST WIND.

What has everybody got against the east wind? For he is universally execrated. It was one of the unpardonable offenses of that celebrated scapegrace, Ephraim, that he followed the east wind, and when Jehovah had any special work of destruction on hand he summoned the east wind to execute it. The east wind seemed, in fact, to have been held over from the people of Israel as a terrible threat from time immemorial. The east wind was also unfortunate in his dealings with the Greeks and Romans, compared with his brother, the west wind, who under the name of Zephyrus in Greece and Favonius in Rome became a synonym for everything soft and lovely. To this day if we want to compliment a wind, the highest praise we can accord it is to call it a zephyr.

Doubtless the Romans carried their antipathy to the east wind into Britain with them, for there also its detestable character is a popular and persistent legend. In one place at least Shakespeare adverts to the cold and whitening influence of the east wind; in Pope's "Rape of the Lock" somebody complains that the objectionable east wind is apparently the only one that can blow, and a field of corn has trouble with the east wind in one of Tennyson's poems. Charles Dickens has an interesting character in one of his novels who is always out of sorts when the wind is in the east, and New England is blue and depressed whenever the east wind is doing business. Here, as in Europe, while the north wind is cold and blustering, the south wind is mild and comforting. The east wind is always the breath of Autumn's being, or stealing delightfully into a window lattice at close of day, the east wind is forever playing havoc, and recognized, regardless of latitude and longitude, as an enemy of the human race. Here in Oregon we are fully abreast of the rest of the world, for if the wind is from the east in Summer we sit by the fire, and in Winter we huddle under the covers and shiver.

Scientific research has figured out everything about the winds. They have their laws, it appears. If you can find out how the "high" and "low" stand, you can tell how the wind is going to blow, provided, of course, the high and low don't change the schedule without notice, a right they seem, like the railroads, to reserve. The winds also have peculiar notions about obeying the law of gravity. The wind, when in collision with the clouds, seems to seek the exact spot of the compass that blows, but conspicuously steer a little to the right of it, or maybe it's the left, and all their irrefragable laws are complicated with curious modifications. In general, the wind is always blowing from the cold north and south toward the warm equator, but this principle is modified by the motion of the earth. Again, the wind always blows from the cold sea in the daytime, and from the hot land in the daytime, and at night from the cold land to the warmer sea; but this rule is also modified by local formations of the earth's surface, etc. Ocean currents and mountain ranges mix up the matter so confusingly that when we have learned all about winds, breezes, gusts, flaps, blasts, storms, squalls, gales, tempests, hurricanes, tornadoes, cyclones, mistrals, chinooks, trades, monsoons, and squalls, we are still unable to do much with them, and our moods of Aeschylus, other than to make the best of them once they are upon us. The moral character of the winds was a far easier problem to the ancients than meteorology is to the modern student.

Science sheds no light, however, that we have seen, and if there is any we prefer to remain in ignorance, on the subject of the east wind's malignity. Palestine must have had its east winds from Araby the blest, or near there. The Greeks got them from over the blue Aegean and the Romans from the soft Adriatic. To England the east wind comes over the North Sea, to New England over the Atlantic, and to the Pacific Coast over the peaks and plains of the Rocky Mountain region. No one can pretend that from these diverse origins the east wind could naturally be expected in all places to possess itself of a Saturnine nature. There is some mystery here, and for that let us be duly grateful. Mythology is one of the best of our inheritances from the good old days of yore. The deities of the winds are well worth keeping, along with Santa Claus and Halloween.

BE FAIR, GENTLEMEN.

Throughout the newspaper press of the country, Sampson and Schley have had their devoted partisans. The Sampson men make up in spirit and technical array what they lack in numbers. At every stage of the controversy comment favoring one side or the other has been evoked as fresh opportunity arose. The court of inquiry was O. K., or it was all wrong, according to the previous predilection of the critic. There was right in his minority report (Schley papers), or in error (Sampson papers), etc., etc.

A kind Providence has ordered, however, in all cases that have come under our notice, that every paper had a harmonious staff, all for Schley or all for Sampson—all but one. That exception is the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and rocky has been its road. In that unlucky sanctum dwells an irresistible Sampson man, who in contact with an inviolable Schleyman, the usual method of giving one or the other of two irreconcilable the prerogative of dropping his antagonist's contentions in the waste basket, seems to have been unavailable in this case, and each one has access to the linotype.

Accordingly, on the morning after the court's decision the readers of the Pioneer Press were regaled with two long and vigorous editorials. One led the charge, and the other followed in the top second column in plain view. In one it was conclusively shown that Dewey was the only proper judge, and that his verdict was the real thing; in the other it was set out with equal conclusiveness that the majority report was signed by the whole board, and was therefore the actual decision. This

method of handling the case is desirable in more ways than one. Each man writes what is uppermost in his mind and can write best. Readers can take the article that fits their views, and triumphantly read it to all they meet, as the opinion of the Pioneer Press. All will thus be satisfied, and each of the editors can send a clipping of his article to Sampson (or Schley), and the standing of the paper continue unimpaired in any quarter. We highly commend the Pioneer Press arrangement to the newspaper fraternity as worthy, not necessarily of adoption, but, as President Roosevelt says of the reciprocity treaties he is in doubt about, of "careful consideration."

P. S.—Since putting the foregoing commendation in type, we have received a copy of the Pioneer Press of Wednesday, which somewhat violates the entirely fair policy to which the paper has hitherto adhered. At the end of a red-hot editorial supporting Ramsey and Benjamin against Dewey appears this addenda from the Schley editor:

"These criticisms are, no doubt, correct. But I am not sure that Dewey is big enough to make his own precedents. And as long as the people are on his side, what does he care for the opinions of Naval officers?"

A GRAVE PROBLEM.

There is something appalling in the confession of the boys, Amacher and Burke, lads of 17 years, who deliberately planned and carried out the robbery of Leo Beutman a few evenings ago. The latter was a boy of about their own years—an industrious, honest lad, who worked while they planned to despoil him of his employer's money, and who was utterly helpless in the hands of the idle, thieving vagabonds. The example of the two young men but a few years older than themselves now in jail in this city, who added murder, unintentionally, as they assert, to the crime of robbery, and who now stand in the shadow of the gallows, is a terrible lesson to the reckless, predatory, idle lads. They early joined the ranks of those who act upon the assumption that the world owes them a living and who proceed to exact the toll, impudently claimed, from honest industry.

Back of the question "What shall be done with boys of this class?" is the other question, "How come they to be what they are?" Does heredity play a leading part in their make-up, or is environment wholly to blame? Are they victims of parental neglect, or are their parents earnest strivers in the orderly life of the community, suffering unmerited disgrace through the acts of their defiantly wayward sons? These searching questions involve the public mind in a labyrinth of doubt from which it is difficult to emerge. The fact is present with us—dark and conclusive—the cause exists, but it is elusive. Whatever the cause, it is clearly too late to correct or eliminate it from the life of the individual after it has borne fruit in robbery and murder. Prevention has not been applied; cure at this stage is practically impossible.

The solution of the problem embodied in youthful criminality is in prevention. There can be no doubt of that. Is there not then some philosophy in the plan as outlined in The Oregonian a few days ago by C. H. English, of the Children's Industrial Farm Association, of St. Louis? "We do not believe," said he, "in waiting for children to get bad enough to need reform schools or houses of correction, but we take them before they get old enough to require severe restraint. We consider it cheaper to rear the children properly than to prosecute and imprison them when they grow up, and to that end, the industrial farm has become a shelter for a large number of waifs, who had started on the downward road, although very young. Children cannot be expected to love the farm unless they are brought up on one, and towns waifs that are permitted to become street gamins will always hang around the city, while they might have become useful members of society if they had been taken in time. We think when a youth has become a subject for a reform school, chances of reformation have become slim."

This estimate is certainly corroborated to a great extent by observation, experience and common sense. But since it applies and must apply, in the main, to children of the street—children practically homeless—it leaves untouched the great problem of youthful criminality as applied to boys who grow up in order, and who are well brought up and only waiting the chance of a few years to become the Wades, Daltons, Amachers and Burkes that prey upon society until from some special act of lawlessness they are landed in jail.

AN ECONOMIC QUESTION.

Official inquiry into the matter in Germany has developed the fact, long known to intelligent observation, that habitual beer drinking, pursued throughout the working hours of the day, makes men slow in their movements, sluggish mentally, especially toward the close of the day's work, and inaccurate when it comes to details. That is to say that it has been found that the beer drunk regularly upon German factory premises is appreciably detrimental to accuracy in workmanship and the amount of product. The German Emperor, himself upon occasion a heavy consumer of beer, has been brought by inquiry into the matter to induce measures for the correction of a practice so detrimental to the industrial interests of his empire.

There are two habits indulged by working men and boys that, though not assessed among their vices, are detrimental to their own and their employer's interests. Cigarette smoking and beer drinking during working hours have been found, wherever they exist, not only to reduce the capacity for labor of those who indulge them, but to a few a handicap upon their skill by blunting their perceptions. Though these facts are well known, employers have not taken pronounced action against the vices or habits that they represent, further than to decline to hire those who are known to indulge in such practices to excess. The careful, observant man of business does not need to make inquiry upon these points when men and boys seeking employment present themselves in his office. The sober, industrious and sluggish movements of the one, and the stained fingers, pursing lips, sallow complexion and watery eyes of the other, tell the story, and the applicant is dismissed with the statement, "No more men needed at present."

Upon no point are men more resistant

ful than upon criticism of habits that have to a greater or less extent undermined their capabilities for usefulness. This being true, the prudent business man, not desiring to antagonize his employees in a body, or even individually, makes no comment upon the habits which render beer-drinkers and cigarette-smokers undesirable because unprofitable as wage-earners. He merely takes in the situation and dismisses the applicant by the most convenient door.

German manufacturers are face to face with this question; their employees in vast majority are habitual beer drinkers, taking both a morning and afternoon recess for drinking. They consume often as much as ten pints of beer a day per capita, the average being about one gallon. Sudden prohibition of beer among this class of workmen is, of course, not to be thought of, as it would arouse extensive opposition and possibly induce costly strikes. The effort to eliminate beer drinking during working hours must be pursued along educational lines to avoid offense and maintain order. Some measure of success has already followed this plan. The result being that the morning and afternoon beer recesses have been discontinued, an increased product of 10 per cent per man has been secured. Part of this increase is due to time saved, but the major portion is due to a greater physical and mental activity of the worker.

The temperance lecture embodied in these findings is not given in the stilted course of the reformer, but in the accurate calculations of the business man. They show that the workman whose sensibilities are blunted by beer indulging is not a profitable factor in industrial enterprise. Following such a showing, workmen of this class will in due time be eliminated from the industrial life of Germany, just as drinking men have been worked out of transportation business in the United States. The process must necessarily be a gradual one, since the temperance lecture is a mighty host under the dominion of appetite and ready to take up the cudgels, literally speaking, in its defense. But business interests carefully engineered will in the end win the day and score a victory for temperance that pathetic appeal in the name of morality, economy and thrift has never been able to secure.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

Yesterday in all the great cities of the East and Middle West "Forefathers' day," the anniversary of the landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers," who began the settlement of New England at Plymouth, Mass., was in the cups of their descendants freshly remembered. The annual dinner of the New England Society is the finest anniversary banquet of the season, not only in Boston, but in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere. The speakers on this occasion include not only famous men of New England blood, but famous men whose ancestors held the ancient Puritan civilization in considerable hostility and contempt. There is no lack of eloquent panegyric of New England, of exaltation of her influence, past and present, on the destiny of this country, on the part of the children of New England. The New England strain of blood is the leaven of the whole Northern lump, and patriotic people, whether born East or West, can afford to swell the chorus—

Hurray for old New England, and her cloud-captured granite hills.

A piece of the famous Verulam stone, owned by the Shah of Persia, and one of the only four meteorites which have been found after they were seen to fall, has been placed in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. The piece weighs about two and one-fifth pounds, and Professor Whitfield, curator of the geological section, says it is worth considerably more than its weight in gold. Analysis shows that the fragment contains 42.3 per cent mineral and 57.7 per cent metal; the metallic analysis shows 92.05 per cent iron, 6.96 per cent nickel, 73 cobalt, 10 phosphorus, and 15 sulphur. Where in the great laboratory of Nature it was compounded is a question that staggers the wisdom of science itself and lays heavy tax upon the imagination of the simply curious.

The inclusion by several insurance companies in the Eastern cities of the Christmas tree among the extra hazards which vitiate fire insurance, though a measure of undoubted prudence, is not likely to reduce the number of these magic fruit-bearers. It must be admitted that the Christmas tree, with its resplendent boughs alight with tiny sputtering candles, has been a prominent factor in causing fires in recent years, and insurance men cannot be blamed for looking out for their interests. But their edict will not shut the tree out of homes where eager children await it. Parents might yield, but the children will insist upon their rights and papa will pay the added insurance tax whenever exacted.

While our Washington dispatches this morning undoubtedly reflect the panicky fear concerning Schley and Miles prevalent in Republican circles in Washington, that fear is beyond all bounds of sense and reason. Miles undoubtedly has some popularity, but it is the lower order of popularity that Schley, Miles is regarded as a good Indian fighter, but a vain man without serious relation to public affairs. Neither he nor Schley has the remotest prospect of being nominated for President, much less of election. Secretary Root has done well in rebuking Miles for a palpable indiscretion.

Lieutenant-Governor Higgins, of Montana, is likely to figure as a mid-night assailant in a prosecution brought by his victim, now lying in a Missoula hospital recovering from the effects of a severe beating that he received at the hands of the state official and his fellow-conspirators. His act, whatever the provocation, is a disgrace to the state through the office that he holds, and the decent thing for him to do would be to resign and bear the odium of his lawless act as a private citizen.

General Miles is a brave man. That fact is beyond dispute. But he is also an indiscreet man. He talks too much. As a result of this shortcoming, he is again proving the truth of the proverb which says: "He who meddles with strife that belongeth not to him is like a man that taketh a dog by the ears."

Of course Secretary Long approved the majority verdict of the Schley court of inquiry. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that he would do otherwise. Equally of course he will not sanction a reopening of the case. Congress probably will, however.

In law, literature, politics, statesmanship, medicine, science, mechanical genius, the pulpit, New England has contributed more men to the first rank than any other section of the country. There is no New England statesman the equal of Hamilton, no New England orator the equal of Patrick Henry, no New England soldier the equal of Lee, no New England naval commander the equal of Farragut, but in the number of eminent men contributed to all great and worthy callings of high and useful endeavor, New England easily leads the list for the whole country.

The explanation of this fact does not lie chiefly in the strong original quality of the Puritan stock; nor is it due directly to the fact that they were men of earnest piety and religious enthusiasm. The Pilgrims were not chiefly idealists. Their so-called religious exodus was largely a commercial one, with a view to developing the resources of the New World and of profiting in a thrifty way by an exchange of its products with those of the Old. Commercialism in its modern sense was largely a governing principle with the founders of the Plymouth Colony. The great qualities of New England civilization were due largely to the fact that their Calvinism included the foundation and nourishment of free schools, and to the sternness of their environment. The climate was severe in Winter; the soil was poor, the Indian wars cultivated the virtues of military hardihood; the wars with French Canada and the War of the Revolution perpetuated it. The original Puritan stock was good stuff, and the stern struggle of 150 years with nature, the Indian and the French nobly educated these men, whose religion led up directly to free homes, free speech, to a "church without a bishop and a state without a King." Suppose this same band of "Pilgrim Fathers" had landed at Jamestown, Va., or Charleston, S. C.; does it seem probable they would have been able through the agency of their early theoretic government to have made an identical social and political civilization in either Virginia or South Carolina?

Under the comparatively bland climate of the South, with its different soil and agriculture, a different social and political civilization would have been established. New England had a hard time when she was young, and her first two centuries of struggle made her children frugal, thrifty, energetic, industrious and very various of money-getting, as everybody is who has to work very hard for small reward in his youth. The early establishment of schools, presence of the only decent colleges in the country, the supreme influence of the ministers, who were men of scholastic training, account for the superior literary fecundity of New England. In the South, plantation life and slave labor created a different social and political civilization, but the intellect of the South found expression only in law, arms or politics. For this reason, New England outran the South in its literary product. Because they were Calvinists, the founders of New England believed in education; the schoolhouse was as characteristic a feature of every New England settlement as the meeting-house. The founders of New England loved liberty and hated slavery. The New England strain of blood is the leaven of the whole Northern lump, and patriotic people, whether born East or West, can afford to swell the chorus—

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WHAT NATURE TAKES, SHE GIVES.

The tides, the waves of the ocean, move because they seek a level. Likewise the tides, the waves of infinite nature, seek a level in the seas of time and space, and in the flowing bays and estuaries of individual beings. That level is the equilibrium, the harmony of forces. Whatever goes above that level signifies an event; whatever shakes the pole in human life is a sign of some achievement. Thus all the triumphs which the human mind has scored have been abnormal, as proceeding from some overheated brain or from some overdeveloped faculty. This means the great tasks of the world are done by men whose mental and whose physical forces are blended perfectly. In fact, each act of life which lifts us to the dignity of thinking, rational beings is departure from the level of all natural forces. Not by searching on that level do we find out the Almighty unto perfection, for that perfection is above and below, as high as heaven and deeper than hell, and the measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea.

The reservoir of forces has unchanging volume. Measures of it can be made smaller or larger, but only measures, and the equation always has the same value. So it is with each human being. Every man is a miniature of the whole, with a given fund of vital energy. Parts of this fund may be increased, yet always at the expense of others. Man is a complex creature. His three elements—mind, body and spirit—are, if you are a materialist, his three functions, are in interaction and interplay. Add to the one and you subtract from the others.

The law of the equation is the law of compensation. As the great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change, this law is the great enigma of life. Give us the solution and every phantom will lend place to cause and effect, and mystery will clear away like clouds from the sun. Give us this key and we shall have the law of the atom and the whole of nature's comprehensive scheme of ethics. Wisdom no more will linger; progress no longer will crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve. Our days will no longer be as a handbreadth, nor every man at his best estate to his own vanity. Graves will cease to be men's works and death their gain.

So balanced is the compensation between the three elements that the one is strengthened or weakened at a gain or loss to the others. When one is abnormally developed, the harmony of the whole is impaired, with dangerous results. Our systems of physical and mental and religious training in great degree ignore this. Ideals exist only in the mind. Perfect humanity is one of them. But we are working toward an avowed ideal in the body, the mind and the spirit, and it is impossible to reach the same goal by three diverging roads. The ideal, however, is not harmonious, for no two conceptions of it are the same. Even, therefore, if man is the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time, nature seems to have imposed a penalty upon the conscious effort toward perfection, thereby making evolution as blind as before.

Our artificial striving toward perfection, therefore, foils the evolutionary process. It does not develop all the human faculties together. The composite ideal is the only one for us to follow, for we are not in that ethereal state where intellect labors without improving the body, the mind and the spirit, and the affections. This ideal is as far as we can dip into the future, as far as human eye can see. It is the one increasing purpose that through all the ages runs.

This ideal is not perfection of the individual, but perfection of the race. It is impossible to elevate the race by elevating the few to exceptional attainments. Individuals are but as chaff in the blast of destiny. Improvement of the race has to be accomplished by bringing up the many to the plane of the few. The distance between the two levels is only widened by development of such men as Samsons, Herculeses and Sullivans, Platos, Barons and Herschels, Wesleys, Xaviers and St. Bernards. The proper ideal is, instead of the intellectual man, the intellectual, strong and religious man all in one.

Divergence of ideals may be the cause of the seeming reversion since ancient times. Conscious evolution may have unfolded the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be, but it has not enlarged human capacity, and may even have lessened it. Knowledge has come, but wisdom has lingered. We have clung to all the present for the promise of the future, but the promise has not been fulfilled. Plato, Philias, Homer, David, Isaiah, the author of the book of Job, Pericles, Alexander, were greater than any man since. Was Bacon superior to Plato, or Newton to Thales, or Shakespeare to Homer? Read the white world's annals and take her wisdom for your friend.

Human virtue is the harmony of the three elements of human being. Every act of life is an example of compensation. Every movement has its price, and each movement is one of give and take. Add to the brain and you take from the body. Add to the body and you take from the brain. In the sense of individuality, all nature is a thief. In the sense of ethics, all nature gives its compensation. The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction robs the vast sea. But the mighty Columbus pays back the debt.

The hangings of the starving, the lacerated bonds of affection, the cry of the sailor as heaven drowns his supplication in the oblivion of eternity, seems to reveal an unnatural nature, but that is because we do not know. Nature hoards the vital force, not the individuality. The power that makes for righteousness' twist man and man is only nature humanized, whereas the final power is nature itself. Nature cares for men, not man. Justice works out, not as justice of man to man, but as justice to nature.

When we open ourselves to this truth, light brightens all our perplexities. Our soul is no longer cast down nor disquieted within us. Our hopes, our ambitions, which would stay the impetus of progress, are seen to be better crushed beneath its course. The unifying cavalcade of time may awaken our sympathy as it overrides devotion and nobleness. The slow operations of infinity are dark, because we cannot see beyond them. Nature seems so careful of the type, so careless of the single life, that, whereas before we would find life from the agony of the world to coldly our souls, now we reign our souls composed. The agony is in ourselves. The ethics between man and man are not those between man and nature. Nature is not cold except to our touch. Blood is not red except to our sight. Grief is not bitter except to our taste. Cruelty is only in only in his mind, only in his own hate.

Of course Secretary Long approved the majority verdict of the Schley court of inquiry. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that he would do otherwise. Equally of course he will not sanction a reopening of the case. Congress probably will, however.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Christmas.
Christmas in the windows,
Christmas in the alleys,
Christmas in the bundles
That are hurried everywhere,
Little trees and big trees,
Greens in many styles,
Festivals wreathed in holly,
Faces wreathed in smiles,
Boys on good behavior,
Girls they're happy, for
Term of their probation
Lasts but three days more,
Mothers half distracted,
Fathers feasting
See the stores and wonder
What the bills will be.
Sunday schools of glowing
Trees decked out with flags,
Popcorn balls and candy in
Mosquito netting bags,
Salesmen drawing seven
penny dollars per
Blow fifteen or twenty
On a look for Her.
Worn and weary postmen,
Fed but little change,
Thank the Lord that Christmas
Comes but once a year,
Think, blushing maidens,
Carefully, you know,
Find that they are standing
Nath the mistletoe,
Christmas the feelings tender
See them lined up,
Wonder why they haven't
Got the new red and
Christmas in the teacher
That sounds along the street,
Christmas in the rushing
Of many thousand feet,
Let's forget our trouble,
Lay aside our cares,
And join the song of Christmas,
Christmas everywhere.

Touchstone Is Unseemingly Merry.
The melancholy Jacques sat on a log in the forest of Arden and contemplated the noble stag.
"This creature," said he, "is the monarch of the forest."
"Ah," observed Touchstone, "who had overheard the remark, 'he must be then a reign deer.' And his moody made a long jagged streak through the forest as he retreated in advance of the missile the philosopher hurled after him.

Realism.
Hear the wild and howling tempest burst in fury on the stage.
Hear the clatter of the housewife, and the rolling thunder of the rug.
See the falling, flashing lightning glaring through the window white,
To reveal the villainous villain, lamping from the dark outside.
While the rain is pouring, pouring, and the here, warmly clothed,
Fastes his head in the threshold to observe that he is soaked.
See the canvas houses tremble in the fury of the gale,
And the shivering, poor creature, look all terrified and pale.

Oh, the dread of those dark moments, there and that awful din,
Which is shaken by a stage hands from a few square yards of tin.
Oh, the terror of those vivid sheets of blinding lightning, which seem to be
Are produced by quickly turning off and on a rubber switch.
But the hero weathers safely all the fury of the storm.
Braves the shot that makes the rain fall, and escapes quite dry and warm.
While the villain, like an Ajax, gives the thunder, and the villain, like an Ajax, gives the thunder, and the villain, like an Ajax, gives the thunder.

How the solemn curfew ringing at the tender close of day,
As the molten notes go floating o'er the hills and far away,
See the solemn curfew ringing at the tender close of day,
The rosy twilight's glow,
Lying to the bell's soft ringing as along their way they go.
How the solemn curfew is carried till it thrills the very air,
And o'ercomes those simple people as they stand bewildered there,
What a perfect emotion that melodious music brings,
As it's hammered from a crowbar that's suspended in the wings.

Now the foaming charger gallops till he almost comes in sight,
By the cavern doorway gateway—almost, mind you, not quite,
His no doubt, would lightly enter the center of the stage,
And his third in yonder fountain realistically in the play.
But, although you hear him coming very often in the play,
He's a habit of remaining quiet persistently in the rear