

The Oregonian

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

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (Postage prepaid), in Advance: Daily, per month, \$3.00; Daily, per year, \$30.00; Sunday, per month, \$1.00; Sunday, per year, \$10.00; The Weekly, per year, \$5.00; The Weekly, 3 months, \$1.50; To City Subscribers, 50c; 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, 10c; 15 to 24-page paper, 15c; Foreign rates double.

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

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscript sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be included for this purpose.

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 400 "The Rockery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 238 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Oleson, Ferry news stand.

For sale in Los Angeles by R. F. Gardner, 259 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Halnes, 106 So. Spring street.

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

For sale in Omaha by Barklow Bros., 1512 Farina 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 C. H. Myers.

For sale in the Oregon exhibit at the exposition, Charleston, S. C.

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

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kenrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Generally fair, with fog in the morning; mostly southerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 35; minimum temperature, 29; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29.

HOW THEY SAVED US.

If any supposed that the dastardly attempt of the Union Pacific to interfere with Northwestern development, in custody of the Great Northern, as described in a recent treatise of Mr. J. J. Hill, would escape the attention of Mr. E. H. Harriman, he will be powerfully undeceived by the Union Pacific's annual report.

Only by comparison of Mr. Hill's treatise with Mr. Harriman's annual report does the truth appear in its different and complementary aspects.

We had it from Mr. Hill, who is an honorable man (so are they all), that the lively movement of Wall street a few short months ago were prompted by the desire to protect the persons and property contained in the Pacific Northwest.

In the Union Pacific Mr. Hill's eagle eye had discerned an enemy to these great states hereabouts, and in their behalf, and in the behalf of a few old gentlemen of 70 to 90 years, Mr. Hill and his associates had nerved themselves for the contest—a contest in which he battered and trampled them down.

There had been a lively mix-up, but the country was saved.

Mutatis mutandis, Mr. Harriman and his associates, we learn from their annual report, were engaged in the same laudable and self-sacrificing undertaking. In Mr. Hill's plans Mr. Harriman's eagle eye discerned an enemy to these great states hereabouts, and at considerable inconvenience he and his associates set out to rescue the persons and property contained in the Pacific Northwest from the attacks aimed at their welfare.

This is why Southern Pacific stocks and Northern Pacific stocks were acquired. Thereupon Mr. Harriman felicitates the country upon its salvation from the machinations of its foes, and modestly awaits a medal or vote of thanks for his service.

History records few, if any, parallels to this teaching story of counterparts. Those who have been inveighing against the soullessness of corporations may stop here to contemplate the spectacle of two great rival groups of financiers lying awake nights to worry and tremble over the welfare of unconscious us of Oregon and Washington. Let no one say that the age of faith has gone. No miracle-worshippers of the Middle Ages ever showed more able-bodied credulity than do the trusting authors of these twin legends—vicious sacrifices on the part of Wall-street manipulators.

ANOTHER CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

Mr. Richard Lewis Howell favors us, under date of Washington, D. C., with an opportunity to share in a laudable undertaking on behalf of the "World Union," whose object is lucidly portrayed as "the erection in Washington of a house of Prayer and Praise regardless of sectarian lines, by means of small contributions from the people of the United States and elsewhere to erase the sectarian lines which divide the religion of Christ into so many factions."

Mr. Howell has all of our disengaged sympathy, but while we share in his desires, we fear he is working in the wrong way to realize them. What the religious world needs is not so much more establishments opened for communists from all denominations as it is the elimination of about two-thirds of those already maintaining a precarious existence in a distressing strife with stronger rivals.

The churches universal are already too numerous by far. They are grandly conceived, but like the new parties that are every once in a while organized to sweep the country, they fall to pan out and the country is still unwept. A man once organized a church universal out of himself, his wife and his hired man, and at last accounts his membership was still unimpairer either by addition or subtraction. Most of our grand, all-embracing schemes of religion and politics meet some such fate. Everybody is for harmony, but he wants harmony along the lines of his own ideas.

The most promising suggestion in the way of denominational unity that has appeared lately is that offered by a Methodist preacher of Portland who came out for an ecclesiastical treaty to embrace all denominations and seek to eliminate wasteful struggles in disastrous competition. How often do we see half a dozen small churches struggling in a village or a suburb where one would suffice. Better a small church well filled than three big ones but sparsely occupied. If the various de-

nominations could pool their issues, as it were, in such cases, and agree to combine on one church in the village or suburb, the services would be better, the work done would be more effective, and the preacher would be better paid. Every state ought to have a religious clearing-house of this kind, with a representative from conference, synod, association and so on, with power to act in suppressing superfluous churches and uniting several struggling ones into a single strong one. If Mr. Howell will come out to Oregon and promote a trust of this nature, we will open our columns to him and confess at last that there is one trust we can heartily approve.

UNCLE TIM'S TALE OF WOES.

We made room in yesterday's paper for a two-column dissertation by the Hon. Tim Davenport, of Silverton, sent out by the American Free Trade League, labeled "Tariff and the Farmers." We did so partly out of regard for the minor but highly esteemed members of the Free Trade League, and also on account of the Silverton Band; but a careful perusal of the essay persuades us that the Free Trade League has been banished. The effect of the arguments offered is too confusingly general to be of much avail in forming the public mind in the Cobden mold.

Davenport is down on the tariff. Everybody that he is down on. Admitting that his remedies are contradictory and hazy. He is opposed to the National bank system because the Government has no business to provide people with capital. But this theory, logically executed, would retire Government paper and substitute bank notes. He is poison on the competitive system, but repudiates socialism as a substitute. He denounces farmers because they declare themselves non-partisan, and later he advises them to break party ties for free-trade candidates.

Mr. Davenport seems to take a very pessimistic view of things in general and of the farmer in particular. He intimates that at the close of the fiscal year the farmer cannot make both ends meet. This is not the rule in these parts, and people are generally fat and "easy," except those who are temporarily hors d' combat from mince pie and plum pudding.

We advise the state Silverton philosopher, who resembles a good fellow reproduced in his famous son Homer, and not at all a misanthrope, not to take his politics so seriously. Gloom is a good thing, when properly used. But when laid on too thick it becomes repugnant. Some things, perhaps most, ought to be different, but they're not. So sit still and look pleasant.

Tim is not a good bait for the Free Trade League to use to catch the Oregon farmer. They like him immensely, but his diabolical politics only makes them grin.

A VANISHING GIFT.

Henry A. Beers, in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly, under the caption, "Literature and the Civil War," confesses that while "the literary result of our Civil War is unimportant and disappointing," nevertheless thinks that Walt Whitman was a true prophet when he predicted that "a great literature will yet arise out of the era of those four years, those scenes—an era compressing centuries of native passion, first-class pictures of life and death—an inexhaustible mine for histories, drama, romance; indeed, the verities of poetry and art for all future America."

In our judgment, Mr. Beers is wrong. It is not hard to find the best poetical product of our Civil War we are likely to get. Excellent historical work we shall doubtless get; possibly some really fine historical romance of the school of "Waverley." "The Three Musketeers" and "Henry Esmond," but thus far the popular romances of the Civil War have not risen above the level of Churchill's "Crisis," in which the great figures of Lincoln, Grant and Sherman are absurdly made subordinate to an ordinary love story. The book sells because it is a love story, but as an ambitious attempt at an historical novel no man who ever read Scott, Dumas or Thackeray could feel anything but contempt for "The Crisis" and compassion for its author.

Lugging Abraham Lincoln into a love story, in which he plays about the same part of philanthropic friend and counselor that Friar Laurence does in "Romeo and Juliet," is about as gross an outrage on sound art in fiction as would be to make a man charged with the grave and terrible purpose of Hamlet mouth sentimental rhetoric like Claude Melnotte.

The grave history we are sure to get when the vast materials have been sifted; the fine historical romance may yet be ours, but it is not at all probable that any better poetry will date from our Civil War than has already been added to our literature. It is true that love and war have furnished between them half the poetry of the world, but it is also true that the best war poetry we have has been uttered before the heart of the peoples who waged the war had become comparatively cold to the issues involved in the struggle.

England fought Napoleon twenty years. To an Englishman it was a patriotic struggle. The best poetry that dates back to the days of Homer, of Campbell and Byron. Byron wrote of "Albion, Telavara and Waterloo" when they were the glorious events of his own day and generation; the memory of his own kinsman who had fallen at Waterloo was with him when he visited the field in 1816. Byron was half a Scotchman, and he wrote of the heroism of Scotland's sons in that great fight with not only the imagination of a poet, but with the ardor of a man of martial spirit and provincial pride. So Campbell wrote his "Martyrs of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic" with cheers of England's victorious tars ringing in his ears. Eighty-six years have elapsed since Waterloo, but nobody has written any verse concerning the Napoleonic wars on sea or land that compares in merit with that of Byron and Campbell. So in history.

The "history" of Wellington's campaigns in Spain is not only a very able history, but it is full of passages of admirable eloquence descriptive of battles, sieges and leaders. It was the eloquence of a man who bore a part in the great drama he described. Nothing since Napier compares with his book, which in style has the glow and heat of an antirachic fire in spots. So in the Crimean War, Kieglaek, who had the imagination of a poet and the eye of a military engineer, wrote so eloquently and powerfully concerning what he saw that nothing since has been added to it. No poetry concerning that contest is as good as the verses that were extorted at once by its heroic events or pathetic incidents. It is so of all the great wars of modern times. The poet must strike his lyre while his own heart is hot, if

he would obtain from his war bugle its finest notes. Our Civil War gave us the best work of Lowell and Whittier. Holmes has written few poems finer than "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," "The Flower of Liberty" and "For the English Soldier's Service"; Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Walt Whitman's "My Captive" have a high and noble strain in them that no later poet is like to feel and utter, and there is a grandeur in Will Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg" that nobody who was not of the generation that fought the Civil War is likely to equal.

The literary bequest of our great Civil War is not large in bulk, but it is so fine in quality that it is not likely to get anything better in the coming time. The situation that extorted it from both Lowell and Whittier is gone never to return. These poets idealized much that no later poet possibly could successfully invoke to feed his fires, and for this reason, if for no other, we are not likely to see anything of value added to our poetical literature whose inspiration comes from the Civil War. But there is another reason why we shall not see our valuable poetical literature increased, and that is that the creative poetic imagination is correctly described today as "a vanishing gift."

An age whose passion is the application of the discoveries of science to the commercial exploitation of the world and the multiplication of millionaires will surely not be an age of poetic productivity; or, as somebody put it, "an age of promoters will not be an age of poets." The political and civil history of the great war for the Union will be rewritten and attentively read, but the best poetic legacy of that fateful contest was written while it was in progress, or at least before the sound of its last shot had ceased to echo through the land. The best poetry of the Civil War is with us today; we shall never swell its volume. The mood of the war is extinct, and the high poetic quality is a vanishing gift.

LIVED BY HIS WITS.

Though Mr. W. Curtis Wakeman, of South Framingham, is in the East Cambridge jail on the charge of having defrauded residents of that and other places through certain mining enterprises of which he is the promoter, the London dispatches announce that he has nevertheless leased Dutton Park, near Windsor, for the coronation year. The place is a magnificent mansion, surrounded by a broad, deep moat, which is crossed by a bridge, through an arched gateway. A park of 300 acres surrounds the residence, which was the home of the late Duchess of Buccleuch.

It is to be hoped that the trifling inconvenience of being in jail will not deter Mr. Wakeman from enjoyment of his Windsor castle, nor from the prosecution of other mining and real estate transactions commensurate with his talents.

The country needs men who can thus rise superior to the ordinary conventions of organized society, and do things that need doing, whether it is handling mines that have no minerals or buying immense English estates without any money. There are always persons who are anxious to cooperate in every such venture. A captivating address and a glib tongue will loosen purse-strings that are proof against safe and conservative business enterprises or the appeal of deserving charity.

Yet Mr. Wakeman's luckless Christmas in the Cambridge jail at the very hour when his London exploit is given to the world reminds us that there are unfeeling creatures who look with envious disapproval upon such displays of genius, and that people with money incline to be disobedient to the hypnotic vision once the spell is gone. The one most eager to get in on the ground floor is often the most relentless of persecutors when the bubble bursts.

President Hutin was a fine fellow as long as he seemed likely to sell the Panama Canal for three times its value, but when the bottom dropped out of the deal no stockholder in all France was poor or patient enough to do him reverence.

It is never safe, in these things, to be found out. The world is full of Wakemans selling worthless mines, buying things they can't pay for, painting rainbows for deluded followers. Their road is not usually long and in any event its end is dismal. They have had fashions, these easy ways to live—disgrace and misery, prison, or maybe suicide. It is only the path of the just that is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

A TEST OF HEROISM.

All accounts agree that the condition of the Boer noncombatants in the concentration camps in South Africa is shocking and the death rate appalling. Opinions differ, however, as to the prime cause of this state of affairs, according to the source from which they come. Boer sympathizers, pure and simple; men and women who assert that England should abandon her position in South Africa, and who glory in the spirit of resistance displayed by the Boers, arraign the British war authorities for the suffering of Boer women, old men and children in these camps, and declare that the victims are not in any way responsible for their wretched condition and fast-coming doom.

On the other hand, agents appointed by the British Government to inspect these camps and report upon the condition of the inmates, with causes thereof, assert that the appalling mortality of the last half year, and especially of the last three months, is directly due to the ignorance, obstinacy and filthiness of these inmates themselves. Those who have followed both sides of this contention—that of the Boer sympathizers, who declare that these wretched, squallid, diseased creatures have absolutely no chance for their lives in the situation in which they have been placed by the British military authorities, and of those who, after careful personal inquiry, assert that these ignorant, superstitious, unclean people have carried with them into the camps habits and practices that are at variance with all laws of hygiene, sanitation and enlightened common sense—can scarcely fail to decide that the latter are in the right of it. This decision, of course, does not touch the question upon which these camps were established. That is entirely another matter.

It is simply whether the British authorities are doing the best that is possible under the circumstances that is at issue, or whether the latter are themselves largely to blame for the filthiness and disease that are threatening their ranks so frightfully.

It may as well be conceded that the Boer women of the class in these camps

are ignorant, unclean and in obtinate frame of mind. They have had no opportunity to be otherwise than ignorant; their mode of life when at home is most untidy, and it is but natural under the circumstances that they distrust and distrust the English. The great clans thereof attempt to mislead them and their children in sickness. That they are paying the price inexorably exacted under all conditions of life for the violation of the rules of health—chief of which is cleanliness—is evident.

A few years, it is said, at the present rate of mortality in these concentration camps, will eliminate Boer women and children from the problem that the British are trying to solve in South Africa. Pitiful in the case of these women, and doubly pitiful as is that of their children, there is no relief for them short of the capitulation of the Boers in the field—an end not yet in sight. It is idle to ask that an exigency of war yield to a plea for humanity. The fighting Boers are masters of this appalling situation. Patriotism has with them degenerated into obstinacy, and while the elements of their conditions in the concentration camps will not greatly improve, since the causes that lead to them are inherent in the very nature of the Boers. The results are intensified by the herding together and determination of these people not to be ruled, even in matters of life and death, by British authority.

The spectacle presented by these camps is a shocking one; their odor, wafted across oceans and continents is a stench that makes the very air of the world over; the pity that they exhale is expressed by the plaintive notes of children's voices sharply attuned to suffering. The voice of war has no harsher tones than those that tell of the miseries of noncombatants, hopeless except through the acknowledged defeat of the weaker party when driven to extremity. The most heroic chapter in our Civil War was that written in the surrender of the Southern leaders in behalf of a suffering people, when there was no longer a promise of victory for their cause. The stronger will not yield in such cases. The weaker must. This test of true heroism confronts the Boers. It is for them to accept the situation and relieve their women and children from conditions that threaten annihilation, or to continue in hopeless warfare until their helpless ones vanish from the earth, victims to the efficiency into which their patriotism has degenerated.

A POOR IMMIGRANT BOY.

The late United States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, was born in Ireland in 1835, and came to this country a poor orphan boy when he was but 15 years old. He sailed several voyages as a sailor on merchant vessels, but finally left the sea and settled in Chicago.

When the Civil War broke out he joined the Union Army as a Captain in the Fifth New Jersey Regiment; became Colonel in October, 1862; commanded a brigade at Chancellorsville, where he made a very brilliant charge and was badly wounded. He was again wounded at Gettysburg, and came out of the war with the rank of Brevet Major-General. Returning to New Jersey, he became engaged in railroad work.

Three years ago, a member of the State Senate, April 3, 1895, was his presiding officer; and he was elected to the United States Senate in 1891; was again elected to that body in 1895, and was re-elected for the term beginning March 3 last. He was a man of great business ability, of remarkable political sagacity and of superior military talents.

This record of United States Senator Sewell, who landed in America a poor Irish orphan boy in 1851, and died in 1901 having been elected to the highest honors of business and political trust in the gift of the people of his state, is remarkable, but it is by no means an exceptional performance on the part of Irishmen in the United States.

Mayor-elect Low, of New York City, has just appointed to the head of the correction department of New York City an Irish Roman Catholic who came to this country a poor immigrant boy fifty years ago. Patrick A. Collins, who has just been elected Mayor of the great City of Boston by 18,000 majority, is a Roman Catholic who was born a poor boy in Ireland. The late Sidney Dillon, famous in the history of the Union Pacific, was a poor Irish boy who worked his own way upward from the brake to a directorship. General Thomas A. Smyth, who was mortally wounded at the head of his brigade at Lee's army, April 8, 1865, was an Irish immigrant, who, by his rapidity in his military talents and courage to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, General Smyth was a coachmaker before the war in Wilmington, Del. General P. H. Sheridan was a poor boy born of poor Irish immigrant parents.

There is nothing remarkable in the fact that men of Irish birth or blood were conspicuous in our early National history; for political and social many educated and accomplished Irish came to America, like the famous lawyers Sampson, whose talents and learning would command success easily in any civilized community. But the class of Irish immigrants to which United States Senator Sewell belonged stood for poor, bright boys of limited education, in a strange land owed all their advancement to their own unaided abilities and industry. The fact that so many of these poor boys rise to eminence and wealth in America is proof that no race or religious prejudice bars the upward way to any aspiring, ambitious, poor immigrant boy who commands success by deserving it, who grasps the tools by popular approval because he can use them. Religious prejudice is so small in this country that the Protestant City of Boston elects a Roman Catholic Mayor by the greatest majority in its history, and this, too, in a state where less than fifty years ago an anti-Catholic party elected a Governor and a Legislature. Truly, a country where a poor immigrant boy finds no bar of race or religion between him and high political honors is a country worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for.

Last week the chess expert Pillsbury played sixteen games of chess simultaneously on boards which he did not see, and won nearly every game. This feat in playing chess has been performed before, for Paul Morphy more than once played seven or eight games of chess simultaneously when he could not see the games, and other players have done the same.

Nevertheless, it is an astonishing feat for the game of chess is that, while it is a favorite game with intellectual men, nevertheless some men of great genius,

like Napoleon, played a commonplace game. Napoleon played so badly that several of his courtiers could beat him without any difficulty. The only man of superior intellectual powers who was a very superior chess player was Thomas Henry Buckle, the historian. The greatest chess players of history have none of them been men of more than respectable intellectual powers in the ordinary walks of life. Morphy, the greatest chessplayer in the world, undertook to study and practice law, but met with such poor success that he became depressed, his health declined and he died before he was 40 years of age. The capacity to play chess well does not seem necessarily to imply the possession of superior intellectual powers in any other field of effort. While it is true that men of superior brains are fond of both whist and chess, it is quite common to find a man of brains playing very poor whist and very weak chess, while some comparatively mediocre men play good whist and strong chess. Hence the expression, "He is a man of brains, but he lacks card sense."

There is to be no more indiscriminate, universal "shaking hands" with the President at public receptions. It is a senseless, disgusting practice, and it is a matter for surprise that it should have survived so long. It belongs to that period of development in public manners when everybody at a funeral passed the corpse in review and stared at the face of the dead, whether the nearest friends of the departed, his meanest enemy or the vilest stranger.

Why anybody should stare at the face of the dead who was not in the circle of the friends of the family bereaved is not easy to understand, and why anybody should pump the President's hand in public, who did not enjoy his private friendship, is about as difficult to explain. Churches are gradually growing in public refinement of manners, so that all the partners of the rite of communion do not use the same cup, and Presidential receptions will be robbed of their chief terror with the abolition of the universal handshake. In the days of Charles II the touch of the King was deemed a cure for scrofula, so the poor in those days always presented their diseased children to be touched by His Majesty, but in our day we do not attribute any healing quality to the President's touch, so we have no excuse for torturing him. Furthermore, in a large crowd there may be persons with whom contact would be wisely avoided, upon the same plea advised by Coleridge in his "Devi's Walk," when he says of his Satanic Majesty: "He gave to the poor what he took from the rich; 'For he shook hands with no Scotchman, 'For he was afraid of the Itch."

Among the newspapers of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions that issued Christmas editions, the Montana Daily Record, of Helena, is entitled to special mention. The cover, in colors, representing Montana's riches in mining and sheep husbandry, and a glimpse of Rocky Mountain scenery that has made the state the wonder and delight of tourists, is especially attractive. After a year and a half of energetic existence as a daily newspaper in the history of Western journalism, the Record lately began, in addition, the publication of a weekly newspaper, which cannot fail to be of value to the farmers and ranchers of the state. The purpose of its managers is first of all to make a newspaper. After that, being staunchly Republican in politics, it will doubtless be a power in the next political campaign of the state. Whether or not it succeeds in the purpose first to stem and afterward to turn the political tide in Montana, the Record represents commendable energy and enterprise in American journalism.

The upheaval in Washington due to the death of Governor Rogers and the succession of Governor McBride bids fair to be a tremendous one in a political and official sense. The interests of the state are likely to suffer by it, however, since official responsibility restrains personal resentments and forbids the substitution of capable men for those less capable for purely political or individual reasons. Charges will be made over there—there is no doubt about that—but they will be more likely to add to than to detract from the efficiency of the state administration. The new Governor has a record to make for himself and his party that will compare favorably at least with that of his conscientious predecessor. There is reason to believe that he will use the material that is effective for that purpose within his party lines with prudence and discrimination.

There is no particular significance in the semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent voted by O. R. & N. preferred shares by the Union Pacific directors in New York Thursday. This is a regular thing since the O. R. & N. has been out of the hands of a receiver. There is \$11,000,000 of O. R. & N. preferred stock outstanding, of which about \$10,000,000 is owned by the Union Pacific, which also owns practically all the O. R. & N. common stock. The preferred dividend of 4 per cent on this preferred stock calls for \$440,000 from the O. R. & N. Co., less eleven-twentieths of which goes into the Union Pacific Treasury.

The announcement of the serious and probably fatal illness of Brigham Young, oldest son of the great Mormon leader, sounds like a paragraph from ancient history. A mere child when the Mormons pitched their tents in the then remote and arid wilderness of Utah, he has lived to see the desert blossom and bring forth fruit, a stately, busy city spring out of the sands, and the holiest rendezvous of the prophet and his followers come into close touch with the civilized world. His life is significant chiefly because of the period that it has covered in history.

It looks stormier than ever on the South American coast. The massing of German warships off Venezuela may not mean war, but there is an ominous look about it which is likely to bring the Monroe Doctrine to the fore and make trouble for diplomats.

An error made The Oregonian says yesterday that the Albina water plant "could not be duplicated for less than \$72,000." The figures should have been \$172,000.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer is still strong for the improvement of the Columbia River, which it declares vessels cannot safely enter.

The Schley case is a "closed incident," so is the Boer War.

MRS. EDDY DIGESTED.

Once upon a time a man bethought him to teach his horse to live on sawdust. He had almost brought the beast around to the diet, and a great economic triumph was nearly in his grasp, when, all at once, the stubborn creature died.

Now, there is really no difference between bran and sawdust, for both are matter. If the animal could just have seen that hunger is an attribute of mind, not of matter, the beast would be alive today, and doing well on sawdust.

You respond that when you were a barefoot boy you stubbed that toe of yours against a stone in the road? You say a nest of wasps resented your spurt? But, friend, that really does not fretze us. Your mind, nothing else, was pained by the stone and the wasps. Come, now, let us have no more dalliance. Let us dress up this subject so you will know it. Let us array it in the robes of its dignity, and though we sin against words, let us invoke its sovereign majesty even with catachresis by addressing it "Christian Science." And, kind friends, bear with us yet a while. Permit us to introduce the exalted founder and apostle of the science, that siren of metaphysics, who is all matter and mind, the Rev. Mrs. Mary Morse Baker Glover Patterson Eddy. That's the full title, out at last, provided we have not forgotten any of it.

Christian Science is a very fine science. It tenets gather for Mrs. Eddy a deal of obedience and a store of hearty good-will. "This the mind that makes the body rich," says a poet. This poet could not have known Mrs. Eddy better had he been acquainted with her. Science and health go hand in hand, for a good, fat income is very healthy, and the means of getting it are truly scientific. When her first spell comes over you, you give her \$3 for her health reduced to a science. For the second spell you buy her photograph and her "course" or two. For the third spell you purchase her famous sovereign spoon. The lady is a genius at blending in heavenly harmony her idealism with the material and mortal substance. The book, the picture, the spoon, are only material, that is true; but the thought bound up in them—that is intensely spiritual. And let us not forget the profits, for there's where the science and health comes in.

What is he that? Did a voice say the profits belong to the realm of thought? Here, you iconoclast! You don't know the science and health of prosperity, for that is the key to everything on earth, including the Scriptures.

Therefore, dear friends, for the sake of a nice old lady, let us not mix up Christianity with Christian Science. For her sake, let us forget that Jesus did not charge the sick for "treatments"; that his services and those of his apostles were free as the air; that they never understood the case which they did not cure; that Jesus said: "Heal the sick. Cast out devils. Freely ye have received; freely give"; that when Elisha cured Naaman of leprosy and Gehazi secretly received two talents of silver from the patient, Elisha punished Gehazi with the same disease; and that the apostles sought holiness, not profit. Since Mrs. Eddy has an improvement over Christianity in her Science, let us not remember these things.

Now rub your spectacles and look at this: "It was not myself, but the divine power of truth and love, infinitely above me, which dictated 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures.'"

I should blush to write of "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," as I have written it of human origin, and I apart from God, its author.

Such miscalled metaphysical systems (Lebanon, Deseret, Phoebe, Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant) are reads shallow with the wind. Compared with the inspired wisdom and infinite meaning of the Word of Truth ("Science and Health"), they are as moonbeams in the sun, or as Stygian night in the kindling dawn.

Although Job had bolts, the following refutes their existence: "You say a bolt is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The bolt simply manifests your belief in pain."

In the interest of Science, we should also forget the good Book speaks of other diseases besides boils, among them palsy, leprosy and consumption; that lepers were secluded and meat-eating restricted for reasons of science and health; and that the Israelites had systems of treatment and preventives for many maladies. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." "The leaf thereof for medicine." "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish and wine unto those of heavy heart." We infer that Christian Science conflicts with Christianity only in so far as the latter is not a science. The sickness of Daniel and Hezekiah was not scientific. Neither was that of Lazarus, nor were the words of Jesus regarding it. Neither was Paul's prescription to Timothy, "a little wine for his stomach's sake." Paul, Jesus and the others must have been dead sinners.

And, inasmuch as even Jesus enjoyed prayer in the personal sense, the following is an impeachment of his godliness: "Petitioning a personal duty is a misapprehension of a source and means of all good and blessedness."

Prayer to a person affects the sick as a drug that has no efficacy of its own, but borrows its power from faith and belief in matter.

Here, mothers, is advice from Mrs. Eddy on the care of your children: "The condition of the stomach, bowels, food and clothing and so forth, is of no serious moment to your child. . . . The daily ablation of an infant is not more natural or necessary than to take a fresh fish out of water and cover it with a dirt upon a day, that it may stink better in its natural element."

Mrs. Eddy also has novel advice for athletes: "Because the muscles of the blacksmith's arm are strongly developed, it does not follow that exercise did it, or that an arm less used must be less flexible. . . . The triphammer is not increased in size by exercise; why, not, since muscles are as material as wood and iron."

If you don't take a bath, become a disciple of Mrs. Eddy: "Bathing and rubbing to alter the secretions or remove unwholesome exhalations from the surface, receive a useful rebuke from Christian Science."

Pure Christianity is said to be impractical. If it is so, Mrs. Eddy should be hailed as its champion, since nothing can be more practical than science. The seeming inconsistencies of the science with Christianity are all in our minds. That Jesus ever was on earth is in our mind. The more we reflect on it is all in our mind, the more he would be alive in this day. Mrs. Eddy really exists only in our mind, but she is quite content to live there, since it is a very comfortable place and attended with a very scientific profit.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

A Few Well-Chosen Words. We shall not write this simple lay, because it is so plain and so unobscured. It's far more dignified to say, 'We take our pen in hand.' We went to work reluctantly. Upon the sole condition, 'We should not take the job, when we accepted the position, that we should be paid for our work.' We learned the wisdom long ago. When other men were dead, Of never being like them, though We've often been retired.

And now we feel constrained to teach These rules to all our success: Don't ever talk to a man, unless A well-prepared address.

Remember that the wedding guest Was very much admired. Don't ever say the bride was dressed, But tastefully attired.

Allude