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TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy, with showers southerly winds. WEDNESDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 50; minimum temperature, 44; precipitation, 0.14 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JANUARY 5.

VITALITY OF ROMANTIC FICTION.

New and expensive editions of Scott, Thackeray and Dickens have recently been put upon the market in England and America, and it has just been announced that the publishers of these books are the eye of handsome republicans in England. These facts illustrate the vitality of the romantic school of fiction, whose highest expression is found in Shakespeare. When the world ceases to read Shakespeare, it will cease to read Scott and all the great modern masters of the heroic school—the men who paint the highest possibilities, the aspirations and the heroic stature, would be filled with nothing but squealing dudes and simpering dolls.

The cheap novel has had its day. The intelligent reading world is slowly but steadily going back to the romantic school of Scott, who nobly tells a noble story and tells it decently, but declines to people his books with persons who, as Charles Lamb said, "go on forever encouraging each other in mediocrity." Fiction wrought by the school of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Reade will always be read with recreation and profit so long as heroic poetry is read with recreation and profit for its wisdom and its inspiration. If romantic fiction is to be derided without discrimination, then we might as well deride all literature that is not content with bald facts and the hard-boiled, romantic, non-heroic, depressing people, who, being self-made, worship their own creator. Mr. Howells is never weary of saying that the heroic type of humanity sketched by Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Charles Reade stands either for an obsolete expression of humanity. The fiction of the future Mr. Howells would fill with what he calls realism, substituted for what he calls the idealism of the heroic and romantic school. The argument is that Walter Scott becomes obsolete in modern life, where there is no heroism save when the man is morbid. American life at its best is only prigs and snobs when it is not Elias Laphams or Bartley Hubbard.

The prigs and snobs of Mr. Howells for peopling his fiction with the unheroic or imbecile in American life, rather than the heroic that not seldom comes home to his eyes in his morning newspaper. So we have a dreary, depressing realism in his fiction that stands for the living death of the best of human nature; it is instinct with nothing that stirs or warms and rebuke we find stanzas in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," or for the inspiration and aspiration we find in "The Cloister and the Hearth." We get the dreary dribble of the petty social world, where the men are all colorless snobs and depraved dandies, or vulgar, coarse, boastful American doubles of Mr. Bounderby. Mr. Howells is a charming essay writer, but when he attempts to criticize the romantic school of fiction by writing a series of realistic, non-heroic novels he failed, for his fictions stand for echoes and lights from a world of moral and mental opacity and fatuity; for folly without blood, and selfishness without brains; for sentimentalism without soul; for superficial refinement and social languor without good feeling; for a very gross materialism whose delicate hands and soft voice do not make its wooden head invisible.

This is American life which Mr. Howells sketches in exposition of his theory that Scott and Thackeray were all wrong; that romance is really rot, and heroism only the diseased action of morbid minds, that systematic selfishness is the very-day guide, philosopher and friend of the best American life. This insipid, forceless, yawning, feeble, frivolous, silly social life, peopled with nothing but feather-headed dolls and cackling dudes, has, of course, a real existence among us, for it is in any large sense American life, for it is the non-talkative, non-brooding, non-sentimental, non-morbid American common people that are always surprising us by heroic action and chivalric conduct. Real heroism is the characteristic of healthy minds and bodies, not morbid organizations. Morbid minds may, under the influence of superstition or monomania, be capable of self-

toriture, but heroic unselfishness and unflinching devotion to duty, when expressed in deeds rather than words, in the exploits of a healthy man, is a morbid mind, whether you find it in a humble miner or a high-bred Prince. The sentimental affection of heroics, the garrulous enthusiasm of perennial cranks, never crystallizes into a life or death of genuine heroism or self-sacrifice, but it is the healthy, plain people of the world's great races, not their maniacal, fanatic, sentimental folk, that oftentimes without effort rise instantly to the level of heroic self-sacrifice.

Men of all ranks and conditions of life, of different degrees of intelligence and culture and circumstances, illustrate frequently how the poet's dream, the novelist's ideal of the heroic possibilities of humanity, are made part of the glowing actualities of existence. The dream becomes a deed; the ideal hero is constantly bursting out of the ground in unexpected places, like a gnome in the forest, or coming up like a lovely fairy out of the dark bog, whose slime we had scarcely suspected hid in its depths a soulful shape of beauty. The great artists of the romantic school of fiction are legitimate objects of admiration, but romantic fiction will always appeal most strongly to popular taste and feeling, because it is human nature to worship ideals in life and to be captivated by them in literature. The other extreme is Zola with his disgusting realism. The best answer to Howells' depreciation of Scott is the fact that the "spook-story" tales are the only ones growing by the wayside, and are during popularity, and this is because they are written in the spirit of Scott; they are picturesque, dramatic and non-didactic, and are the only American novels that ever excited and held the admiration of the great English critics save the psychologic romances of Hawthorne.

THE REWARDS OF HEAVEN.

Captain Leary's life was strangely eventful, and about his death there hangs a peculiar pathos. He was entitled to promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and this long-hoped-for but still-delaying honor was the one thing, it seems, that troubled him in his last illness. Daily he asked for the expected appointment, and day after day it failed to come, and he grew more and more impatient in the matter, and there was a little stir in the Navy Department. The appointment was made out, signed by the President, and rushed on to Chelsea. But it was too late. Another messenger, he of the Pale Horse and silent tread, had entered Captain Leary's chamber first and borne him beyond the reach of red tape and official cliques. When his brother-in-law, Dr. Irwin, returned from the funeral, he found the appointment in the mail.

"Nobody had anything against Captain Leary's promotion. The honor he wished to pass on to his survivors would have taken no credit or emolument from any jealous comrade. It was just that somebody didn't think. And how noble his tragedies are due to no weightier cause than some well-meaning person's thoughtless procrastination. The letter that wasn't written, the kind word forgot to be spoken, the hand with aid in need that was meant to be outstretched, but was not lit too late—have all scattered sorrow and disappointment on the one hand, and remorse on the other. All the world knows now that Leary died a Rear-Admiral, but the one who most wanted to know it died and never knew. It is a common story. Many a word is said above a lifeless form and printed in obituaries that would have gladdened the now dead heart when alive. Forgiveness and atonement are often intercepted on their way from its generous giver to needy recipient, and trains are rushing on this morning with anxious occupants, who will be too late for deathbed reconciliations to which they have long looked forward.

The dream of humanity has been of another world where all these mistakes shall be made clear; that after the night of death there comes the morning of immortality. Listening Love, said Ingersoll, can hear the rustle of a wing. There the wrongs of earth shall be righted, its doubts set at rest, its mysteries revealed. There the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. There shall be no night there, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. If it is a delusion, it is the most persistent delusion of history. If it is only a dream, then it is the most beautiful of dreams, the dream of immortality. It has warmed millions back from the ways of sin and consoled other millions in the dying hour. Nothing could be more worthy the soul than its aspiration to come some day into the presence of its Maker with his approval. The hope is one that ornaments character. Even on grounds of public policy one need not wish to see believers in immortality put to shame by the order of Nature, which has raised man to his noble stature of body and mind. Is man nothing more than the beast of the field, the grass that withereth, the tale that is told?

Material conceptions of heaven, however, have done much to discredit the belief in a future state. If Captain Leary, for example, realizes that he cannot see his Maker, what is the good will it do him? There are no natives there, he can be sure, and rank will be an impossibility where all human institutions are unknown. We like to think of the great man as pursuing his achievements beyond the grave, but of what avail, there, will be his history, and seventeen languages, and political economy, poetry and philosophy, botany and numismatics? What we long for in terms of earth—it is depressing, but undeniable—will be impossible in heaven. The rich man can feel no sense of poverty, and the poor no sense of riches. The earthly lazy will not have to work, and the weary can know neither weariness nor rest. How much is left for delighted when the things of sense are stripped away?

Beauty of sights and sounds, sunset and shore and sweet music, household voices and the embrace of love—these are of the mortal frame and perish with the eye and ear, heart and brain. We have refined a little upon the African who expects a hell of ice, the Eskimo who looks forward to walrus and snow in infinite profusion, and the happy hunter-ground of the Indian; but we are all apt to adorn the future state with furniture as essentially earthly as the bow and arrow with which the Indian is expected to greet the other world. The wrongs of earth may be made right in heaven, but not in the coil of earthly virtues. What the disembodied spirit, bereft of government, science, law and family ties, will require for its highest enjoyment, its greatest pleasure, our data, unfortunately, is inadequate. The critics are finding

fault with the Apocalyptic celestial dimensiveness; but their evidence is no more trustworthy than his.

COME AND WELCOME.

It seems that the complaint of French masters against the cost of sailors in Portland harbor is taken very seriously in the East, whose newspapers are calmly discussing the prospect of a powerful French fleet coming here to stop such proceedings. If a purpose of this sort is really entertained at Paris, we sincerely hope it will be perished in. Some years have passed since a warship added to the attractions on Portland's water front, and a whole squadron of French battle-ships and cruisers would afford objects of unusual interest and diversions. People would come from miles around to see them. Travel would look up, and business in general would receive a decided stimulus.

As to the issues in hand, they could be readily arranged, and the stay of the squadron could be made pleasant all around. In return for so distinguished a visit, all hands hereabouts would promise anything. The seaman's abuse committee would spread a sumptuous banquet to the officers of the fleet, at which Consul Laidlaw, Larry Sullivan and Mons. Labbe would bury their differences and agree to furnish able seamen at nominal rates. Incidentally a little spirit might be infused into the French character, which would forbid the French sailor to allow himself to be treated "like cattle" as the complaining documents have it. The French seem to need a little enlightenment on the sailor's true inwardness, which has come to be apprehended with reasonable accuracy by the British authorities.

It is to be regretted, however, that the major has attained such publicity; for it will not serve an end to the ports of Puget Sound to get a hostile squadron of their own. Seattle would massacre every Frenchman in King County for the sake of selling the squadron what coal and other supplies it would need for Portland, look out for blood along Seattle's water front.

THE LATEST SHIPWRECK.

Too often to the story of shipwreck is added that of the selfishness, insubordination and brutality of the crew in putting off from the doomed vessel with the boats and life rafts, leaving the helpless, terror-stricken passengers to their fate. To the honor of American shipmasters and sailors be said in record seldom follows the wreck of an American ship. The latest disaster on the Pacific Coast, by which the steamer Walla Walla was sent to the bottom by a blow from an unseen vessel, showed no exception to this rule. The brave captain—as competent as brave—went down with his ship, but later was released by the breaking of the deck above him, and lived to tell a story of suffering and rescue that has its counterpart in a thousand tales at sea. His call to the stranger that ran his vessel down to "stand by" him was unheeded; he veered off into the all-engulfing gloom of night and fog, was lost to sight, and his ship went down in thirty-five minutes after receiving the fatal blow.

Though not so disastrous in point of the number of lives lost, the wreck of the Walla Walla is similar to that of the Pacific, which many years ago went down from the effects of a midnight collision off Cape Flattery with the American ship Orpheus. The Pacific, overlaid with living freight, sprawling like a sentient thing, went swiftly down, but the survivors of between 200 and 300 souls, tell the awful tale. There was simply nothing to be done in this case but to go down with the ship, so inadequate were the lifesaving appliances on board, and so quickly did she disappear. With but little more time, the boats of the Walla Walla were launched, and of 160 souls on board less than a fourth of the number—perhaps less than a fifth—were lost.

We are disposed to think upon impulse that nothing can mitigate the horrors of a shipwreck, especially if this occurs in the darkness. The record of the excellent discipline maintained on board the Walla Walla while it was certain that she was rapidly sinking, and of the humanity displayed by the officers and crew, and the humane disposal of the passengers and each other, deserves the widest publicity. Contrasted with the scenes on board the French liner La Bourgoigne, that went down on the Newfoundland coast some months ago under similar circumstances, the incidents of this latest wreck prove that there is worse and better even in disaster at sea which involves great loss of life. Horror in the face of the sea is overcome by the success of the rescue procedure. In the other it is softened by the admiration that heroism and devotion to duty everywhere inspire. Pity for the fate of the unfortunate ones who lost their lives by the disaster is not the less abounding because of the admiration aroused by the calmness, the discipline, the heroism, the humanity, that combined so marvellously to overcome the appalling odds in the face of probability. In the other it is softened by the admiration that heroism and devotion to duty everywhere inspire. Pity for the fate of the unfortunate ones who lost their lives by the disaster is not the less abounding because of the admiration aroused by the calmness, the discipline, the heroism, the humanity, that combined so marvellously to overcome the appalling odds in the face of probability. In the other it is softened by the admiration that heroism and devotion to duty everywhere inspire. Pity for the fate of the unfortunate ones who lost their lives by the disaster is not the less abounding because of the admiration aroused by the calmness, the discipline, the heroism, the humanity, that combined so marvellously to overcome the appalling odds in the face of probability.

WAKING UP AT LAST.

The Willamette Valley appears at last to be "getting a move on." It is doing nothing very wonderful, to be sure, but for more in every material way than at any former time—always excepting the very earliest time when the simplest manifestations of progress were marvelously truly. But for the first time since wheat-growing for export first attracted the energies of the Valley, more than a quarter of a century ago, there is through its length and breadth a new spirit, an unwelcome stirring of the blood. It means that the time has come when the various colonies of Great Britain will tend inevitably to gravitate toward the United States. Every one of these colonies has adopted the American constitutional system and rejected that of the old country. There is no established church in the British Empire outside of Great Britain. The colonies are all paid for their services. The English land system has never been exported, nor the English House of Lords imitated in any of her colonies. The ties of kinship, the force of tradition and sentimental loyalty are probably sufficient for the present to keep the British colonial to their allegiance, but this sentimental loyalty will not stand up to a good dose of strength. The railroad crowd, who don't want any canal at all, are all going for Panama.

about so quietly that the change has escaped general notice. But comparing conditions in this respect with the conditions of some years ago, the change is a radical one, and it is a change of mighty significance in its relation to the industrial and economic life of the Willamette Valley and of Oregon.

Another significant fact: Almost daily there is chronicled in the local newspapers some special instance of comradery or personal prosperity on the basis of some new industry or some revival of an old industry. Here somebody has made a small fortune on his season's apple crop; there an old creamery long abandoned has been started up by new enterprise or the pressure of the expanding milk production; here a whole neighborhood is full-handed because of good fortune in the hop season; there a farmer has made a sale of his season's goods with results unheard of; here another has sold his prunes and paid off a long-standing mortgage; there a new man from Iowa or Minnesota or Illinois has come into the neighborhood, bought some old and neglected place, and with new energy and modern methods is giving the local community an object-lesson in how they do things in other countries; here a farmer long barely able to "keep up his interest" and hold his head above water is building a new house with the profits of a fortunate crop. And, better still, every now and again there comes a report to the effect that some up-to-date new-comer or some enterprising old-timer—for it is not always a new-comer—is looking out a fresh path, has inaugurated some novel and profitable line of productive effort.

There is in all this a tremendous significance—nothing less than that the rich and long inert Valley of the Willamette is at last coming into its own on the basis of new ideas and modern enterprise. It is a consummation long waited and long hoped for. For reasons partly due to its position as an unlovely character, and partly due to its curious tradition and habit, it has lagged in the march of industrial progress. It has seen the Puget Sound country, the Palouse region, the great country of which Spokane is the center, and the equally great country of Eastern Oregon, rise up from the wilderness and in a sense pass it by in the race of progress. There have been reasons for all this, but they have always been obvious, and it has long been the fashion to make odious comparisons and upon the basis of contrast to belittle and deride the Willamette Valley. This has never been generous or wise; and events which are rapidly bringing the Valley to the fore in many material ways will soon make it ridiculous.

In the large value of its potential conditions the Willamette Valley is far and away superior to any other section of this fine country, and a few years under the present rate of progress cannot fail to mark an advancement of which very few now even so much as dream of. The larger progress of Oregon, as these columns have many times declared, is due to the awakening of the Willamette Valley, and the beginning of that movement is plainly at hand.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE.

An Englishman, W. T. Stead, in the current number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, quotes Cecil Rhodes, Andrew Carnegie and the great lawyer, Hiram Maxims, as agreeing in the conviction that the political unity of the English-speaking race is the great problem of the future. They are agreed that in order to secure the unity of the English-speaking race we must recognize the fact that the center of unity has shifted from London to Washington. Mr. Rhodes said that his one idea about the future of the world was that it was "the same as the table and the chair, a dispensable Americanization of our institutions." Mr. Carnegie thinks that the triumph of democracy will not be finally attained until the whole British Empire has merged itself in the American Republic. He thinks that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would cut up nicely into eight states, each of which would be about as populous as New York or Pennsylvania. He looks forward to the time when the American Republic will become the Federated Republic of all the English-speaking peoples; when monarchy, aristocracy and established church will disappear in the political union of the whole English-speaking world organized on a republican basis.

Rhodes, Carnegie and Maxims agree that this profession of the English-speaking world is supremely desirable in the interests of the peace, prosperity and progress of the world; they agree also in believing that America has succeeded the United Kingdom in the leadership of the race, and that the only possible basis upon which the race, which has the same language, the same laws, the same religion, the same literature, the same life, the same moral ideals, can be reunited is a broad, elastic, federal system which finds its most complete expression at present in the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Carnegie is quoted as believing that an overture on the part of Great Britain would be welcomed with outstretched hands by America, but Mr. Stead admits that certain American journalists tell him that "Cecil Stead is now too big a fellow to care about entering into partnership with John Bull." Mr. Stead admits that the immense majority of the English people in England would today recoil with horror from the suggestion that they should sacrifice their independent political existence in order to secure a permanent place in the great federation of the English-speaking people, but he points out that in less than 100 years the position held by Austria in 1815 has been usurped by Prussia and the German race has been unified under the scepter of the Hohenzollern. He thinks it highly probable that the English-speaking race will undergo the same revolution in the twentieth century that the German underwent in the nineteenth. He anticipates that one by one the various colonies of Great Britain will tend inevitably to gravitate toward the United States.

Every one of these colonies has adopted the American constitutional system and rejected that of the old country. There is no established church in the British Empire outside of Great Britain. The colonies are all paid for their services. The English land system has never been exported, nor the English House of Lords imitated in any of her colonies. The ties of kinship, the force of tradition and sentimental loyalty are probably sufficient for the present to keep the British colonial to their allegiance, but this sentimental loyalty will not stand up to a good dose of strength. The railroad crowd, who don't want any canal at all, are all going for Panama.

The reward in the Dalton-Wage case, whoever is entitled to it, should be paid promptly and made an end of. The litigation menaced by opposing claims filed with the County Court would be discredit to all concerned.

ada to the mother land, for the Boer War has taught the highly intelligent people of both these great colonies that they need no longer have any apprehensions of an invasion, or conquest, by any foreign power. These great British colonies no longer need to believe that but for the shelter of the British fleet they might be annexed forever to Germany, France, Russia or Japan.

The new Australian commonwealth has established a protective tariff which excludes impartially from the colonial market goods of the mother country and those of foreign states, and America can, through reciprocity, purchase reductions on goods imported into Cape Town and Melbourne by reductions of the American tariff on colonial goods, while the English have nothing to give the colonist in the way of remission of duty. The immense and increasing wealth of the United States will ultimately attract to the American colonies a great colony, beginning with those like Canada and the West Indies, which are geographically within her orbit. This is the forecast of an Englishman that Great Britain is destined to see one after another of her great colonies leave her to join the United States. Mr. Carnegie years ago said: "The only course for Great Britain seems to be to remain with her grand old and hold his head above water is building a new house with the profits of a fortunate crop. And, better still, every now and again there comes a report to the effect that some up-to-date new-comer or some enterprising old-timer—for it is not always a new-comer—is looking out a fresh path, has inaugurated some novel and profitable line of productive effort."

The late Captain Leary, first Governor of Guam, was a somewhat eccentric character, but withal a man possessed of the courage of his convictions. As Military Governor of the little island of the Pacific he ruled the easy-going, happy-go-lucky people as he would the men of his ship. According to his terms of service he was to be a "King Lear" in government—command and obedience. He sought to break up immorality among the natives by compelling them to marry; to eliminate laziness from the native constitution by calling upon men for a certain amount of work every week; to induce thrift by prescribing the minimum number of poultry which should be maintained by each family, and to keep the natives from unnecessary idleness by the ringing of church bells within distinct limits. Though a conscientious man, he was not popular, and soon had the Government in a mild sort of ferment with the natives, whose habits and traditions he took in hand so boldly. He was in due time relieved of his command and ordered to report. Yet he was a gallant sailor who had been in the service for nearly half a century, having entered the service from Maryland in 1850. Throughout his long service he never shirked what he conceived to be his duty, and when the end came a few days ago, in the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, he was laid to rest with honors befitting a faithful servant of his country.

The Oregonian heretofore has reported a sample or two of the burlesque biographies of notable persons that are amusing London, under the head of "Lives of the Lustrous," and herewith it gives another: Alpton-Sir Thomas Johnstone, the King's cupbearer, was born at Sandringham, which he chose for that honor upon account of his last syllable. After serving for some years as an Admiral of the Ceylon Navy, he returned to this country, a master of seamanship. In spite of a course of study, he has not yet left the America cup, but he has conceived the opinion that a finer set of gentlemen than those who made it, who won it, who protect it, and who write about it, could not be found. It is confidently conjectured in sporting circles that the good Sir Thomas will win the cup in 1920 with Shamrock XXX. Sir Thomas's address is 10, West End, City Road, and Ham Common. His motto is: "The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

These burlesques upon the names in the "Dictionary of Natural Biography" are having an immense run in England. Each of the two editors of these biographies makes it a personal request that persons having a grievance for this sort of treatment will call on the other editor.

Yellow fever has been completely stamped out at Havana. Not a death occurred there from it during the month of November. Within the long period of 140 years there has been no parallel to this complete extermination of the rigorous sanitary measures enforced by the United States, and to means employed for protection against the "yellow-fever mosquito." That this disease is transmitted by the bite of a variety of the mosquito is now accepted as a sure truth of physiological science. It is one of the most wonderful of recent discoveries.

In the estimate of state expenses for the year ending December 31, 1901, there is manifest an oversight. There is no specific provision made for music for the Deaf-Mute School, magic-lantern shows for the blind, or candy for the inmates of the Reform School. Perhaps, however, these items come under the head of "improvements" contemplated for these institutions, or "contingent expenses," for which reasonably liberal estimates appear.

There seems to be an oversupply of Rear-Admirals in the Navy. Almost every day we hear of Rear-Admirals on the active or retired list whose names are new to the history of their country. How did we get such a crop of Rear-Admirals? In Shakespeare's time the word "Captain" had become so common as to be as cheap as the word "occupy," on which some gag was then running in London. Let us now substitute "Rear-Admiral."

No actor who comes to Portland is more welcome than Mr. Fred Ward, not because of any transcendent genius he possesses as actor or producer, but because of his conscientious methods, his admirable character and his lovable personality. It is to be hoped he brings us that beautiful play "The Mountebank" this time around, for at his last presentation of it here some of its most effective parts were missing.

The State Reform School buildings were not, it appears, intelligently insured against loss by fire. For this oversight on the part of somebody who was supposed to know better the state is out in the value of the industrial building that institution recently burned.

IT'S WOMAN'S WAY.

"Two women placed together makes a cold weather," says Shakespeare. A compound of Susan B. Anthony and Ida Husted Harper is a very frigid element just now. Mrs. Harper, in carrying on a war against a wicked world and a downtrodden sex, has got into a dispute over a physiological question pertaining to women. If the weather were not so cold, the argument might get heated. But now the winter of Ida Husted Harper's discontent, and the mercury is so cowed that it dare hardly peep above the freezing point.

The force where the forces of argument until their energy is the "modern woman" and the decay of family life. The battle has been on for the past month. It is a stirring episode in the "emancipation" of women. The amazon in the fray is equipped with a magazine of venom which she draws upon so volubly as to show she has not yet effected her own "emancipation" from the frailties charged against her sex.

If the poet was right who said that "to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue," he was not acquainted with Ida Husted Harper. "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women," observed Voltaire. "Very learned women are to be found in the ranks of the female warriors." The opinion of the biographer of Susan B. Anthony appears to be such a sentiment. Although woman has always borne the burdens of the world, and although our amazon warrior speaks ponderous and every word stabs; although the lady has emancipated herself, she has not altogether made herself free, according to the intrinsic evidence. She rather finds herself in the place of other slaves, suddenly come to their freedom, who do not know how to use it. It is said in "King Lear" that there never yet was a fair woman who did not make faces in a glass. Let us trust that the glass of Ida Husted Harper is not notorious.

The battle was started by the Rev. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Rochester, N. Y. In an address several weeks ago he made some very plain remarks, which caused no small sensation. Seemingly he loose words of a fool, for a violent storm has been raging ever since. The object of his remarks was the American college woman. He said: "It is a very clearly established law that the more a woman is educated, the fewer chances she has for becoming a mother. A woman who has about ten to fifteen chances of being married, and if married of being a mother, than if she were a Digger Indian. But the reverend gentleman unbolted himself still more. He let himself loose in language which, although containing a certain grain of truth, was improper and shocking to many prudish people. Here are the words, reprinted with such apologies as are due: "More than ever before does the young bride go to the altar with the distinct purpose never to become a mother, but to devote herself to a life of lust and pleasure, even more inconsistent with the perpetuation of society than the life of her less charming and less guilty sister of the pavement."

The fault of Mr. Hendricks was, perhaps, not so much what he said as how he said it. He pronounced in a bold way what thoughtful people have been talking about for a long time. Many things are said nowadays about the decline of family life. Much of what is said fails to get into print. The debate on divorce in the Episcopal convention brought out many things which will not be reported. Dr. C. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, has pointed out the failure of education of women to cope with the social problem. All physicians and scientists of repute point out that culture and education are a physiological disadvantage. The proof of this is irrefutable. No wise person would dare to attack it.

Now enters upon the scene Ida Husted Harper. She denies the established evidence. She does not attack Mr. Hendricks and Dr. Hall squarely, and in the smoke of battle gets mixed up and supports the enemy. Here again she has been unable to anticipate her own fate from the reputation of her sex. She denies that motherhood is the highest achievement of woman, even though she herself, the heir of all the ages, for whom the world has waited ever since it began, had a mother. She declares that woman has an individuality of her own, which she is entitled to enjoy without danger to her life and comfort, even though her own mother harridanous. She asserts that the "expense and responsibility of bringing up children are out of all proportion to what they were a century ago," and "when the family is large it means for parents in moderate circumstances a lifetime of self-denial." "Think," she says, "what it means for a woman to give the care of her life, the beautiful years between 20 and 45, the time when the mental powers are at their best, when enjoyment in the pleasant things of this world is keenest, to the exacting demands of the nursery!"

If there is any argument that can dam such a flow of selfishness, we do not know of it. If there is any method whereby we can preserve our comfort and our individuality without paying back to our mothers what they gave for us, even Ida Husted Harper cannot suggest it; even she who imagines herself the final outcome of Nature's triumph. When we be hold such a travesty on Nature as she, we exclaim, "Frailty, thy name is woman," even though the name should belong with equal force to man. Forget there is a world before us, and we have no world to follow. Remember how the world has come of agony and pain, of peace and joy, and we do honor to our mothers' memories.

In the language of Ida Husted Harper, the "modern woman" wants herself. Thank goodness she can have herself, and she is getting herself. But immortality, the only kind given to man, that every person wants, who is not given wholly to self-love, she will not have.

Women have ambitions. They desire a wider life. They are encouraged in their ambitions, and will as much as possible get all the intellectual advantages there are. Civilization requires education of women. The gabbie of such women as Ida Husted Harper is proof that some women need more education. But there are recognized dangers which increase as culture and refinement advance. So-called reformers will not refute them by denying them or magnifying something else into a grievance. Intelligent women will not fly in the face of physiological facts. They will rather try to meet those facts with remedies. Unless they can do so, culture will be like vanity, and as a shadow that passeth away.

In Hard Luck. Tattered Thomas—Youse look sick Mouldy. Mouldy Murphy—Well, no wonder. I had 'er nothin' to eat all day but cold health food.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Lament of an Ignoramus. I do not know. The square of 27 plus six; I cannot show. How one triangle may be made to equal three. I cannot tell. At what degree of best white lead will boil, you can't best tell. The men who first set foot on Zulu soil. I have not heard. What merit in disposition Homer had, and not a word. Can I repeat of all the Iliad.

I have no ground. For speculation as to Job's content, And never found, Or tried to find, smooth, what Browning meant. My dull mind lacks The rom's ability to think John Halifax. The greatest lesson taught with printer's ink. I never find My fancy on the works of Sophocles, And have not read A single page writ by the late Thucydides. I don't believe That Wagner's music is sublime or grand, And do not grieve Because Chopin I fail to understand. I cannot see The merit in Chaucer's shady song; No use to me Are German bands with names ten inches long. And that is why, As I have been reminded o'er and o'er, I'm not decease high In the esteem of her whom I adore.

I'm but a fool, And willing that the world should call me such, But, as a rule, I think that modern maidens know too much. It Floored Audrey. "Touchstone," observed Audrey, as they left the wings and started for their dressing-rooms, "what's the difference between the stage carpenter and the author who was back here just now to look at the stage?" "Too many for me," said the Fool. "One set the scene and the other seen the act." "Audrey!" exclaimed Touchstone, "the next time you endeavor to perpetrate comedowns, you will do well to remember that your education has been sadly neglected as to grammar. But here is one for you to untangle: What's the difference between Edwin Booth and Lago?" "Lori!" said Audrey, "what is the difference?" "One played Othello, and the other worked him. When you get that doped out, come back and I'll give you another." But Audrey didn't report in again that night.

By the Sounding Sea. This is the side of the sea. The breakers come roaring and booming. In with the turbulent tide, the whitecaps to sea and sea. And pointing and wheeling afar, o'er the crests of the moon-making billows, The gulls are lamenting the state of affairs that close borders on famine. This is the side of the sea; but where are the youths and the maidens; where is the soul-moving dress of white flannel. Crowned with a halo of hair that the breeze delightfully ruffles. Speaking such words as "Ah, no; I fear you address me useless; My moth would never consent to a wedding and dance of such circles. Sitting upon a high stool, with her ear wired up to a switchboard. You'll find her today, if you seek, calling constantly, 'What is your number?'" Where is the marble-browed youth with a golf club out of intricate patterns. He who said, "I was advised by my doctor to seek recreation. Far from the worries and cares that distract a mind and divide the heart. So I reluctantly left the duties that needed me sadly. And for a few weeks or so will recuperate here by the sea." Go to the great marts of trade, where the clearance sales now are in progress. Behind a long counter piled high with ribbons and dresses of such circles. You will behold the same gem, and if you attend to the matter. The voice that so magnificently told of the heart-broken work at the office. Will rise in a well-practiced shout, and the words it will say will be "Cash, girl!" This is the side of the sea, but lonely the stern-bathrooms; Silent the shuttered hotel, and abandoned the wash-shed and the bath. This is the side of the sea, but the time of the year is midwinter.

A Man to the Front. Telegraph editor—There has been another terrible naval battle. Managing Editor—Good. I will send a man to Washington at once to interview the participants and get the names of the probable members of the court of inquiry. The Song of the Office Boy. "Oh, sing us a song full of peace and rest." They said to the minstrel pale, "I have a song that will stir the breast. But a placid, soothing tale. The minstrel's face looked pale and bored, And with manner proud of joy, He struck a harp-shop minor chord, And sang of the office boy.

"His pace is slow and his face is sad, And his fastest gait's a creep, And when you are needing him very bad, He's hidden away deep— A dreamland sleep out of which no man His soul would pry. For an up-to-date, masterly sleeper you can depend on the office boy.

"He reaches his work exceeding late, And makes but a fleeting stay, For his listeners he slinks and compensates, By going to a roomy away. When the lack of ink and the want of pasta, The accounts much annoy, To stoop, with faint approach of haste, You can count on the office boy.

"And when the morning mail is late, And you're needing it right off, quick, You may calmly settle yourself to wait For the office boy is sick. But hurry, my only affect the heart, And all turn to destruction. Is ever the only useful part. That's played by the office boy.

A Premature Interruption. Professor—If you will go away back—Class