The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain; brisk and possibly high southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 51; minimum temperature, 38; precipitation, 0.23 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

CHARITY THAT MAY BE IMMORAL.

Every year the New York Times prints a summary of gifts and bequests to colleges and libraries. The record for 1901 has just appeared. It excludes the ordinary denominational contributions for educational, benevolent and religious purposes, or state and municipal appropriations to public and sectarian institutions, and the grants of Congress for various measures of relief. It includes, on the other hand, all gifts and bequests naturally connecting themselves with books—contributions made to non-sectarian institutions of learning, to schools, libraries, colleges, academies, museums, art collections, and for similar objects. The list is long and interesting. Its most striking feature is the large beneficence of the few great givers. Within the year Mrs. Leland Stanford consummated her long-planned endowment of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, which is now the wealthiest educational institution the world has ever known. Andrew Carnegie gave to colleges and for public libraries more than $31,000,000, and at the close of the year had conditional offers pending of several millions more. J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Helen M. Gould and other men and women noted for their philanthropy continued to promote the interests with which their names have long been identified.

Mr. Carnegie, of course, holds first place on the list. Of the $107,000,000 total, his part is, as has been said, $31,000,000, and of this $13,813,000 went for libraries. This sum was distributed among 153 places in thirty-three states, Porto Rico, Canada and British Columbia, the largest individual items being $5,000,000 for branch libraries in New York City, $1,000,000 to St. Louis for the same purpose, and a like sum for the endowment of the Carnegie libraries of Bradford, Duquesne and Homestead, in Pennsylvania. It should also be borne in mind that it was in 1901 that Mr. Carnegie made gifts for library purposes in Great Britain amounting to over $800,000.

There are two things to be said about these enormous benefactions. One is that the chance to acquire and bestow large possessions is a necessary incentive to large careers. The great mind can only be moved by great rewards. It takes more coal to start the ocean liner than it does the lighthouse tender. The reason why we have such careers as Carnegie's or Rockefeller's is that for their tremendous exertions there are promised tremendous returns.

The other thing to be said about these colossal fortunes is that they are too large. They represent undue profits and money withdrawn both from labor's share and from taxation that must be scattered either by charity or else by heirs. Whatever part of Carnegie's fortune has been acquired at the expense of labor or of public treasury needs, or of consumers through unnecessarily high tariffs, could have been denied him and still leave sufficient incentive for the exercise of his exceptional talents. Whatever of Rockefeller's fortune has come to him through abuse of transportation routes and immoral war on independent refiners could have been denied him and still leave him enough to compensate for his prodigious labors of organization and execution.

The world would be infinitely better off if the spurious excess of the Carnegie and Rockefeller possessions had dwelt with labor in higher pay and with consumers in lower prices. It is far better for the workingman to buy books and subscribe to libraries with money he has earned than to bring these things to him through the medium of ill-gotten gains dispensed as charity. Culture that is self-gained is ennobling. Culture that comes in the form of alms is apt to be degrading.

ORATORY IS NOT DEAD.

Competitive trials for candidates to participate in the intercollegiate oratorical contest soon to take place recall the fact that while Lord Rosebery is not England's first statesman, he is always sure of a very large audience when he speaks, because he is easily England's most finished and accomplished orator. Not a successful party leader, he is exceedingly popular through his exceptionally fine powers of a public speaker. This fact shows that it is not true that the printed page of the modern newspaper has entirely filled the place of trained oratory.

There never was a day in England or America that a really fine orator was not always sure of a great audience. Gladstone owed nine-tenths of his public success to his eloquence, and so did John Bright. The great incomes earned at the bar by Rossoe Conkling and Robert G. Ingersoll were largely due to their forcible and inspiring speech, their mastery of diction, articulation and gesture. Of course, a mere trained elocutionist will never make an effective orator, for with fine elocution must go magnetic presence, earnest conviction and impassioned utterance; there must be a soulful man behind the trained elocutionist, and yet many a soulful man has robbed his speech of its highest effectiveness from lack of trained elocution.

Edmund Burke was by far the greatest, the most soulful man of all the famous speakers who denounced Warren Hastings, but by far the most brilliant and effective orator was Sheridan, whose training as an actor had made him a finished elocutionist. If to the understanding and imagination of Burke had been added the matchless elocution of Sheridan, Burke rather than Chatham would have been the greatest orator of his century. He was the most eloquent thinker, but his voice was so badly managed and his whole elocutionary methods so defective that a comparatively cheap man like Chatham could surpass him in the power to thrill and sway an audience to tears, to mutiny or rage. The New York Times in a recent article notes the increasing tendency of the public schools to abandon elocutionary training, and earnestly protests against it as follows:

> Nothing is comparable to oratory in its inspiring effects upon a people of sentiment and feeling. The schools should not only return to the old idea of commencement day, with its original oratory and its declamatory efforts, but elocution should have an important place in the daily training of pupils.

AN AWFUL INDICTMENT.

The telegraph brought the news the other day that two dancehouse girls had committed suicide at Nome. A day or two before two young women died in the McMinnville telephone office from self-administered poison. The week before two young men were hanged in Portland for highway murder. Last week two girls started on the road to ruin by an escapade from Portland with two men who they knew had no intention of marrying them. A school on the East Side is terrorized by a gang of young hoodlums, whose highest idea of honor is to protect each other in their lawlessness. Every day or two some policeman rescues a young girl from a life of shame in an infamous resort, and often the best that can be done with her is to lock her up in some place of detention or correction.

It is a shocking state of morality and the cause is not far to seek. It lies in lack of moral training from childhood. There is a critical period in the life of every boy and girl. Lessons written then on plastic minds are made with pen of iron and the point of a diamond. From his mother's knee the boy should be trained to honor and respect his parents, to protect women and children, to scorn a lie and abhor meanness as he would a deadly plague. From her mother's knee the girl should be taught the binding necessity of virtue, the self-destruction that lies in weakness, the pride of honor and respectability. When these lessons are properly ingrained in the young mind, a moral shipwreck of the life is almost impossible. The young girl that is found in the North End is likely to have had a drunken father. The young man on the gallows bitterly recalls his lack of parental training.

One trouble is that parents shirk their duty. The mother mostly forms the child, and so she is mostly to blame. But the father is not guiltless if his own life is at fault or if he is blind to any lack in the mother's teaching and discipline. Many a woman's moral nature is debauched by an unprincipled husband. Many a weak woman neglects her maternal duty for no other reason than that the husband is not man enough to insist upon its performance. Sometimes we see a mother who is so ful of clubs and missionary societies and art classes and refuge homes and card parties and mothers' meetings and Humphry Ward and camera exhibits and mountain whites that she has no time to train her children. She has no cause to complain if some day her boy dies of delirium tremens or her girl commits suicide.

It is not nearly so important for a child to have "good blood" as for it to have wise training. They who go astray come from genteel residences as much as from the homes of the poor. Perhaps it is better for a boy to have parents who are forced to care for him as Lincoln's did, or Franklin's, rather than to be reared in the lap of luxury. But whether rich or poor, the conscientious mother is the real arbiter of her child's destiny. The juvenile vice and crime, lawlessness and suicide, with which the time is rife, make up an awful indictment of the American home.

A STUDY IN CRIMINOLOGY.

Roy Sutton Garlick, of Tacoma, recently arrested in San Francisco for passing bogus checks, is wanted in Portland to answer similar charges. His case is a peculiar but not an exceptional one. He is the son of the cashier of the Puget Sound Savings Bank, of Tacoma. He is about 20 years of age, was a student of the Tacoma High School up to the 26th ult. He does not drink or gamble, but has a passion for fine clothes and jewelry. His parents are excellent people, who are heartbroken over his criminal conduct. His brother is a perfectly upright, promising young man. Young Garlick has committed several thefts in Tacoma which have been settled by his relatives. He is popularly regarded as a degenerate whose condition cannot be explained by either heredity or environment.

A similar case was recently described by the Springfield Republican in the person of Horace A. Cheney, of Waltham, Mass., arrested for burglary. He is described as "a man of wealth and fashion, married, and the scion of an old and respected family." In April last this man robbed five houses in Waltham of their wedding presents, chiefly silver. Cheney is 23 years of age, and both his parents are dead. When he was 17 years of age he was convicted of breaking into a factory and sent to the Concord Reformatory for ten months. At the time of his arrest he attempted to shoot his captors. He married after his release, and received large sums from the estate of his deceased parents, so that he did not need to steal, but stole, nevertheless, seemingly from pure love of the hazard. Suspicion was excited against him because of his bad record, and he was arrested. His house was searched and much of the stolen property recovered, although some of the silverware he had sold in Boston. His wife is a thoroughly good woman of excellent family who married him in utter ignorance of his first criminal escapade. Here we have a wayward boy who seems to have been of criminal bent from his youth. He becomes a convict at 17, but his service in the reformatory does not cure him, and at 23, with plenty of money and married to an excellent young wife, he deliberately becomes a burglar.

Out of such unaccountables the worst and most dangerous criminals are recruited, for they deliberately elect to become the lawless enemies of society, impelled by no stress of necessity and in spite of excellent acquired advantages of scholastic and social education. And yet these obscure unaccountables have their doubles in strange depravity in some famous historic personages, who were "moral incompetents." Francis Villon, the maker of France's most exquisite ballads, was a housebreaker, a thief, a murderer and a vagabond. Paul Verlaine was a drunkard and a vagabond. Goethe, Heine, George Sand and Beethoven broke all "the moral laws" that stand for social purity; so did Thorwaldsen, Liszt, Alfieri, Wagner. You cannot account for Benedict Arnold nor Judge Jeffreys by heredity or environment.

ARMY LIFE.

Captain McIver, United States Army, finds Oregon and Washington good recruiting ground for the regular Army. His success is not surprising, for to a healthy young man a few years of Army life in the Philippines ought to be an agreeable experience. The soldiers of the regular Army are well clad, well fed, well instructed and disciplined, and no soldier who does his duty need fear other than good treatment. Life at an Army post in one of our old states in time of peace is not attractive, but active military service in the Philippines to a young man of good health, good sense and good habits is an opportunity not to be despised, compared with the dull, humdrum, sleepy life of a listless country village. Shakespeare said: "Homekeeping boys have homely wits," and the experience of two or three years in the Philippines in active military service ought to be worth a good deal to a bright young fellow. The voyage from San Francisco to Manila and return via the Hawaiian Islands and Japan ought to be an interesting experience to an active young man who has seen little or nothing of the world save what he has viewed in the rural districts of the Pacific Coast.

Soon or late every young fellow has to endure the attrition of rough life away from his native village. Only in this way does he learn the habits of independent mental and moral self-reliance and obtain physical hardihood. He must be a very dull boy indeed that would not be greatly improved by two or three years of active military service in war time. The drill sets him up in physique; he gets rid of his slouching gait; he moves briskly; his figure is improved; his vocal enunciation becomes more distinct; he becomes vastly bettered in looks, bearing and manners. That is the effect of two years' service upon the raw recruit in the German army, and there is no reason why equally good results should not be obtained in our own regular Army. Two years in the German army converts a shy, awkward, slouching, shambling peasant youth into an erect, clean, graceful young soldier. The habit of obedience is taught; the necessity of system is enforced, and the quality of executive energy developed and cultivated.

The charge that the life of a regular Army soldier makes him peculiarly liable to contract the vice of alcoholism is without foundation. There is no reason why a young man who is not intemperate when he enters the Army should become drunken any more than if he joined a band of loggers, or miners, or factory hands, or any other class of men associated together in considerable numbers in any particular industry or calling. No man who is already intemperate can be enlisted for the regular Army. The official punishment for intemperance in military service is swift, sure and severe. The active, outdoor life and excitement of service in war time does not favor the drinking habit. In campaign no opportunities for obtaining drink occur. In and about Manila, of course, it is possible to obtain vile alcoholic stimulants, and so it is in Portland, in Seattle, in any considerable city of the land, but there is no more incentive to intemperance in the regular Army in the Philippines than there is in the regular Army in the United States.

There is just as much alcoholism among the soldiers at Fort Ethan Allen, in the prohibition State of Vermont, as there is at Fort Vancouver, in the State of Washington, and there is probably not as much alcoholism among the soldiers at either post as you could find in the same number of young men herded together in civil life. Out of the thousand or more students at Harvard College there is probably in the course of the year quite as much occasional intemperance as you would find among a thousand soldiers during a year of Army life. These college students are not, of course, habitually intemperate, but anybody who has seen the alcoholic antics of college students after an intercollegiate football match, or rowing contest, will testify that they outdo any performance witnessed among soldiers on payday. Soldiers are under severe restraint, and are subject to punishment which young men outside the Army neither feel nor fear. There are, of course, drawbacks to the life of a soldier, but it is false to say that there is any more temptation to drunkenness than there is in the ordinary pursuits of civil life in which young men are associated together in any considerable numbers.

Thousands of men led lives of absolute sobriety in the Army of the Potomac during four years who had been very intemperate before enlistment, and these men found it easy to be sober in the field, because no liquor was carried with the Army, save for hospital purposes. The Army was never inactive, save in three months of Winter weather. The severe marching, the hardship, the drill, the simple food, the regular hours for meals and sleep that were enforced, made Army life in the field the best possible tonic for the nerves and brain of an alcoholic. A man who wills to drink will find drink somewhere, but if he does not wish to drink he will find more help than hurt in the experience and environment of active military life.

Archbishop Keane, of the Catholic Church, succeeded in persuading the majority of the saloon-keepers of Dubuque, Ia., to close their saloons last Sunday. The attitude of the Catholic Church toward intemperance has always been that illustrated by the efforts of Bishop Keane. The church severely condemns drunkenness and puts the ban of disrepute upon the business of saloon-keepers. A plenary council of the bishops in this country in 1866 exhorted the priests to work against intemperance, and enjoined them to "frequently warn their flocks to shun drinking-houses" and to "repel from the sacrament liquor dealers who encourage the abuses of drink, especially on Sunday." The church has never hesitated to urge all Catholics engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors to "choose, if possible, some more honorable way of making a living," and to refuse to "sell drink to minors or those likely to go to excess." This attitude of the church has been so effective that in the City of Washington, D. C., there are few, if any, Catholics engaged in the business of saloon-keeping. The church never fails to commend those who pledge themselves to total abstinence as the most prudent rule of life. There is a National Catholic Total Abstinence Society, of which Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, is secretary. Archbishop Ireland has for many years been one of the most eloquent and able advocates of temperance in America. Bishop Patrick A. Ludden, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently issued an order that hereafter there shall be held in his diocese no party, fair, or any like entertainment at which dancing and drinking shall be allowed.

United States Senator Hawley, for the committee on military affairs, has reported a bill for placing General William B. Franklin on the retired list of the regular Army as Colonel. General Franklin graduated at the head of his class at West Point in 1843. He commanded the rearguard of McClellan's Army during the retreat to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, in 1862, with great ability. He in vain urged McClellan to renew the attack on Lee's army the morning after Antietam, and had General Burnside adopted the advice of General Franklin at Fredericksburg, where Franklin commanded the left wing of the Army, he would have made his main attack upon the enemy's right instead of butting his head against the impregnable position of Marye's Hill. General Grant, who was his classmate, thought so highly of General Franklin's abilities that he urged his appointment to a very high command in the Army of the Potomac in 1864. General Franklin resigned from the Army in 1866, is now about 80 years of age, is in feeble health and reduced circumstances. General William F. Smith several years ago was placed on the retired list upon a similar appeal, and it would be only decent to restore General Franklin.

General Miles, it is said, is strenuously opposed to the location of the new Army posts near great cities, on the ground that "such location could only be construed as a menace to organized labor." Is this the buzz of the political bee that is popularly supposed to be hived in the Lieutenant-General's bonnet? Had he entered his protest in the name of morality and decency, founded upon observation of the physical disease that follows in the train of moral delinquencies, which overtakes soldiers quartered near great cities, he would have earned the gratitude of thousands of soldiers' mothers, who, in giving their sons to military service, have found in this menace their greatest apprehension and in its reality a grief more poignant than that which follows a great battle, with its sickening fatalities. Truly, if the mothers of men had a voice in the matter, the new military camps would not be located near great cities. It would have been to the credit of General Miles if, in entering his protest in this matter, he had voiced the cry of morality and humanity rather than that of the political demagogue.

The death the past week of two physicians of the Northwest—Dr. Jeffries, of Salem, and Dr. Ostrander, of Olympia—removed from scenes of long and faithful service two men who had performed well their part in their day and generation. Removed for some years by the infirmities of age from active practice in their profession, each still held an honored place in the community he had so long served, and was, indeed, regarded with affection by a multitude to whom he had come in times of suffering with the arts of healing. The going out of these men simply rounded out lives made sturdy by endeavor, gentle through sympathy and noble through self-sacrifice.

England has had enough of Wei Hai Wei, and will abandon her previous purpose of fortifying the port. Enormous expenditures in South Africa necessitate a reduction of expenses in other quarters. Hence the withdrawal of British troops from the Chinese port and the abandonment of its government to the civil authorities. A retrograde step is contrary to British policy or disposition, hence the assumption that the withdrawal from Wei Hai Wei is dictated by economic conditions.

Commissioner Jones is right. A man wrapped in a blanket, with long hair streaming about his face, cannot be expected to work. It is a pleasant governmental fiction that Indians can be taught to work. Before this can even approach reality the blanket must give way to clothing that will permit the free use of the limbs, and the long hair must be shorn. In the maze of theories that have been woven about the Indian problem it is gratifying to find at last something practical.

The extensive improvements planned for the Southern Pacific and O. R. & N., announced on another page this morning, deserve all praise. They afford timely and welcome evidence that the Harriman combination expects to do business in Oregon and wishes to be prepared for it.

Restrain your laughter. County Commissioner Mack has sued The Oregonian for damages to the amount of $50,000!

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long,
From boyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.
—Joaquin Miller.

PORTLAND'S RIVER ACCOUNT.

With the facts of Portland's part in the development and maintenance of ship channels in the Columbia and Willamette Rivers plainly before the world as they are, it passes understanding that there should be those to continue to assert that Portland's attitude toward river work is selfish and unfair. Ignorance, possibly, has something to do with it in most cases. But there are instances of an aggravated kind which cannot be explained in any way creditable to those who give voice and repetition to open and manifest slander. For example, take the case of a Representative of the State of Washington, who no long time back in a burst of jealous rage declared on the floor of Congress that it would be economy for the United States Government to move the City of Portland bodily to "deep water," rather than to continue the expenditure required to maintain it as a seaport.

The facts which refute all such false and ridiculous assertions are easily available, and no man with the first claim to reasonableness and honesty could disregard them. Something more than 10 years ago, as all the world ought to know, Portland took upon herself the work of maintaining the river channels essential to her character as a port for deep vessels. She appealed to the Legislature for authority to tax all the property within her boundaries for this purpose. The result was the creation of a corporation—the Port of Portland—which, with funds provided by Portland, has regularly and continuously prosecuted the work of creating and maintaining the channels. In 10 years sums aggregating close upon $1,000,000 have been expended in this work, and it is to this expenditure we owe the fact that, while formerly at times of extreme low water vessels of only 16-foot draft could reach Portland, today vessels of 24-foot draft regularly come and go. Portland has made the channels eight feet deeper than formerly; and in doing this she has done much besides for the convenience of commerce.

The tax has been severely felt at times, for not all times during the past 10 years have been good times with us, but it has been cheerfully paid. It has been and is recognized that Portland owes it to herself, and to the country which creates the products upon which her commercial character is founded, to maintain conditions in the rivers essential to commercial traffic. Furthermore, Portland has practically assumed responsibility for the future of the river channels; she has asked those who speak for Oregon at Washington to say that if the Government will look after the other parts of the river she will make the ship channels between her docks and the river's mouth her own special charge, and will provide whatever the cost may be through taxation of her own citizens.

Exposition in detailed form of the financial operations of the Port of Portland may assist the reader to appreciation of the part which Portland has taken in this work of river development, and to this end we give below a complete summary of disbursements up to September 30 last. Much of the work, it will be noted, is of a very costly kind. Not all of it, it is right to say, has been entirely effective. A good deal of money has been put out in experimentation, in the purchase of costly apparatus, in learning how to do and not to do things. There has, too, been some investment in mistakes; but all in all a great work has been achieved. As set forth above, an increased depth of eight feet has been made on the river bar, and in doing this it has been demonstrated that a still greater depth may easily be attained and maintained. It is simply a matter of putting in the money, and this Portland is willing to do.

The disbursements of the Port of Portland for the last fiscal year are as follows:

Dredge Portland account	$ 44,362 25
Expense account	2,022 30
Barge Iwaco	960 11
Barge Clatsop	874 59
Special committee	327 33
Interest account	18,445 52
Drydock	57 92
Insurance	260 00
Repaid temporary loan	5,478 68
New dredge, No. 2	940 01
Balance due from James Steel	2,339 54
Total	$ 76,008 35

The financial statement of the Port of Portland from its organization to September 30 last, receipts and expenditures, is as follows:

Bonds	$350,000 00
Premium on bonds	16,641 50
Accrued interest on bonds	1,833 72
Taxes	419,967 27
Borrowed on note	20,000 00
Private dredging	7,267 47
Insurance	5,720 00
Sale of city dredge	2,650 00
Sale of Vaughn's boilers	254 00
Sale of engineer's furniture	97 00
Sale of old iron	15 76
Sale of old rubbers	12 70
Sale of old Hassalo	10 00
Canceled warrants	41 45
Unclaimed wages	4 08
Payment from Employers' Liability Company	193 70
Rent of scow	58 97
Damage to plant	119 00
Temporary loan	1,612 98
Total	$826,759 60

DISBURSEMENTS.

Bond expenditures	$ 1,261 77
Interest	149,739 88
General expenditures	11,934 37
Dikes—St. Johns, 4000 linear feet; Postoffice, 6500; Walker's Island, 12,000; Snag Island, and repairs to, 19,700; total, 43,000 linear feet	268,135 24
Dredging by city dredge—Portland harbor, East Side, 16,347 cubic yards; West Side, 7626; Swan Island, 193,511; St. Johns, 43,196; Postoffice, 59,249; mouth of Willamette, 40,293; St. Helens, 32,630; Martin's Island, 82,225; Hunter's Point, 48,570; Mount Coffin, 42,100; Walker's Island, 37,994; Cathlamet Bay, 33,101; total, 666,758 cubic yards.	77,771 38
Dredging by the W. S. Ladd—Hunter's Point, 30,735; Walker's Island, 23,398; total, 44,138 cubic yards	2,049 00
Dredging by the Portland—Portland harbor, East Side, 207,213 cubic yards; West Side, 298,429; West to East, 111,865; Swan Island, 66,809; St. Johns, 247,979; Postoffice, 479,755; mouth of Willamette, 559,035; Willow Bar, 741,808; Martin's Island, 451,555; Hunter's Point, 212,228; Slaughter's, 298,067; Eagle Cliff, 58,039; total, 3,622,782 cubic yards	122,240 92
Extraordinary repairs to city dredge	9,256 20
Insurance	310 64
Dredging plant	70,722 73
Balance due from James Steel	2,339 54
Drydock	57 92
New dredge, No. 2	940 01
Total	$826,759 60

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper, He, amid the flood,
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
Our earth is not His equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Doth ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He.
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
—Martin Luther (translated from the German by Frederic Henry Hedge).

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

The dogma of the infallible Bible is the besetting sin and golden calf of the idolatrous worship of the churches.

This is the bomb that Professor C. W. Pearson, of Northwestern University, has exploded. It is accounted blasphemy, and he will probably have to withdraw from the university. The immediate charge against him is that he has declared the Bible fallible while he is occupying a chair, supported mainly by members of the Methodist church.

It is not necessary here to argue to a verdict in this matter. The absurd significance of the case may, however, be alluded to. It is logically inferred from the pretext of the charge that the university would retain the errant professor, had he bottled up his conscience and taught what the institution wanted. Nor would the institution have felt bound to ascertain his conscience and free him from his perfidy to himself. All the institution desired was that he teach what it wished, even if he was mercenary in his opinions or not.

But there is an even greater sophism involved. Either the university authorities are insincere or they are dishonest. They pretend belief. But belief cannot be a conscious act. It is the effect of a cause, and the cause is the evidence which induces it. Whenever it is voluntary, brought about by conscious act, the individual stultifies his mental integrity. But this is the only way that Christian belief is meritorious, since it is a sin to open one's ears to evidence. Hence, belief is worthy of reward only when it is dishonest, and, therefore, when it deserves punishment. Consequently the detractors of Professor Pearson are either insincere or dishonest. Should such a sophism be attributed to Jesus? Yet theologians do it all the time.

The episode extends its significance still further. It is a precedent for something like this:

"Mr. Preacher, our sect has heard the secret of God, and retains wisdom to itself. Although we are not the first men to be born, and although we were not made before the hills, all before us was wrong and likewise will be all that comes after and differs from us. Mr. Preacher, you may preach, but you must preach what we tell you. Bother your conscience! We pay you money; is this not conscience enough? As for truth, we pay you to preach the truth—our truth. As for a better truth, we shan't listen to any."

Such doctrine as this—is it Christianity or theology? Does it reveal the pure word of the Great Teacher or the artificial word of a sect?

Men do not dispute the precepts of Christianity. All controversies are about creed and dogma. Does the storm raised by Professor Pearson reveal Christian precept or the shell of the precept? If the precept, why the noise, when all are agreed about the precept? But perhaps the racket comes from those who are purer dogmatists than Christians.

The real truth of Christianity is under its accretions. When we throw them aside criticism, reason and science have no terrors. Intelligence never runs counter to Christianity; only with theology that pretends to be Christian.

Professor Pearson does not attack the foundation of Christianity. The religion is not based on miracles or inspiration, but on the inherent energy, the supreme wisdom, the perfect character of its morality. Reverence for the teachings of Jesus will last as long as the world. He is the highest type of the intellectual, spiritual and philosophic character that has been given to us. The nearer we get to his precepts, the nearer we are to Christianity. To do this requires high exercise of reason. This is what Professor Pearson meant when he said:

"If the church today is to meet the business men of today, it must meet them fairly upon the plane of their intelligence."

The very purpose of creed and dogma is to do away with the need of thinking. But the more religion can dispense with these substitutes for real moral and spiritual truths, the more exalting will be the effect on all classes of mind. Is it good not to think? Is it not better to do away with the dogma? With many people the dogma vouches for the truth. Is it not better to have the great Teacher vouch for it?

The test of the morality of the Bible is the test made by reason. If the book controverts our moral nature, came it from God? We have to judge whether its words are true for us. Otherwise we have no need of intelligence. Is anything that makes us blind, that stupefies our reason—is any such thing moral?

Although Professor Pearson upheld the Bible as the most precious of all books, as the profoundest basis of virtue and happiness, and as the grandest epitome of history, biography, morality, poetry and romance, he ran counter to a dogma more precious than the book, or its morality, or its precept. The issue is therefore between Christian dogma and Christian precept.

Looking on the Bible from a purely historical, literary and ethical point of view, we gain in clearness of vision. We are no longer affrighted by our own unconscious doubts. Although miracle and revelation are no longer credited as such, their true significance and influence are at once realized. The Bible is no more the infallible word of God. But it contains the spirituality of the wisest and devoutest men with whom He has held communion. Its truths do not have to be perverted to have power. The purity of Jesus and the piety of David and Job still remain sublime. The book is just as potent a guide in daily life as ever. Just as much as before, it furnishes support in death, consolation in sorrow, rule of duty and trust in God. Its authority of infallibility is gone, but its authority of moral rectitude remains.

Devout minds can accept this view without qualms of conscience. Inspiration of the Scriptures is denied only in the sense of absolute infallibility. The minds of the writers of the 66 books of the Bible were infused with religious zeal as of no other men before or since. As men these writers had their limitations. Interpretation of them calls for exercise, not passiveness, of intelligence.

Theological conservatism lingers in seminaries. Everywhere else, it is going rapidly. In the world at large, reason has supplanted creed and dogma as the test of truth. The preacher who rejects the modern spirit stores up forces for a violent revulsion. The only way to meet criticism is face to face, since in honest doubt there is more truth than in half the creeds.

Only intolerance fears criticism of Bible theology. By resenting research, it divides itself from Christianity, and falls in the wake of progress. Christian precept is transcendent truth, entirely distinct from theology that opposes investigation. Such theology the world regards as superstition. And when doubt percolates thoroughly into the sacred confines of superstitious theology, as it must do, the reaction is disastrous within the sacred circle.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Spectacle of Spectacles.

Fiercely roars the raging fire, engines dash
from all around,
Flames shoot out from every window, with a
snapping, crackling sound.
Yet no crowd, in wild excitement 'round the
building rocks and sways,
Breathing groans and moans of horror at the
sights that meet their gaze.
Not one lone spectator shudders at the havoc
of the heat,
For the people all are gathered at the dog
fight up the street.

Far away our gallant soldiers fall like tenpins on the field,
Fighting till the last shall perish, or the enemy
shall yield.
On the board upon the corner dreadful bulletins
are spread,
Telling of the awful details, setting forth the
lists of dead.
Yet no eager throng waits breathless to peruse
each later sheet,
For the crowd, of course, is gathered at the
dog-fight up the street.

In the theaters the actors play to rows of empty chairs,
Vacant is each office building, for the inmates
are downstairs,
Empty every store and warehouse, lifeless
every market place,
In hotel, and shop, and gimmill, is no sign of
human face,
Not a single stolid copper is patrolling on his
beat,
Every one, perforce, is gathered at the dog-fight up the street.

There's no spectacle so thrilling in this world
of wild alarms,
That a crowd will not desert it for a dog-fight's subtle charms.
Death and war, and business failure, marriage,
love, or politics,
All are sidetracked till the people shall discover which dog licks.
Nothing else can wield a power so enthralling
and complete,
So profound and soul-compelling as a dogfight
up the street.

Ready to Receive Prince Henry.

Yuma, Ariz., Feb. 7.—The citizens of this city held a meeting last night and voted enthusiastically to invite Prince Henry to our fair city. Both of them are of German extraction, and have seen the Prince in their youth. Our climate is our only attraction, but as there is only one other locality that can equal it, we hope it will be a strong inducement to the distinguished visitor.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—An effort will be made to explode the rest of the town on the occasion of Prince Henry's visit. A salute of forty buildings will be fired in his honor, and the pyrotechnics will consist of the destruction of the stockyards by dynamite.

Victor, Colo., Feb. 8.—If Prince Henry expects to see the real thing in the way of the strenuous life he must visit this city. We refer him for recommendation to the present tenant of the White House.

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 8.—No visit of Prince Henry's will be complete without a look in on our fair municipality. We will arrange to have our distinguished fellow-townsman, the editor of the Commoner, limit his address of welcome to three days, and devote not more than three-quarters of it to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, in order to enable him to see the Courthouse, the golf links and other points of interest.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., Feb. 8.—We hope that the language in which the name of our city is written will not deter the royal visitor from dropping in on us and talking politics in a friendly way with ye scribe of the Howler.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 8.—The city is festooned with frankfurters, steins adorn every gatepost and the scent of Limburger and sauerkraut fills the air with subtle perfume. We are going to make the Prince feel at home. If he desires to air his knowledge of English while in the city, we will have an interpreter brought from Boston, where, we understand, the language is spoken.

When * Starts to Talk.

The bull-voiced baby, in surprise,
Will cease to voice his mind,
And opening his wide, blue eyes,
Look suddenly resigned.
The servant girl in her complaint
About the food will balk,
And act as if she's going to faint,
When * starts to talk.

The wind that howls above the roof
Will speedily subside,
The bad small boy, suppression-proof,
Will slink away and hide.
The "smarty" little girl will cease
Her sister's beau to mock,
And all the rest will hold their peace
When * starts to talk.

There is no sound of earth or sea,
Or singing spheres, or sky,
That will not hush up instantly,
Nor ask the reason why.
No matter what she's up against,
She'll win out in a walk,
When once sweet * has commenced
To talk her little talk.

*Any female name of two syllables that will fit the meter will do to substitute. We're not taking any chances, ourselves.

Why Adam Was Silent.

Adam sat at the breakfast table and scowled gloomily over the steam that arose from the coffee. Stirring his spoon about with a weary air, he tasted the beverage, gulped it down and again frowned at his spouse, who sat timidly at the table and looked at him with that half hopeful, half defiant air which proved beyond question that she was but a novice at housekeeping.

"What seems to be the matter with it, Ad?" she finally inquired, as her husband continued to regard her in moody silence.

But Adam said nothing. Twice he had started to speak, but each time he remembered that, being without maternal ancestry, he was unable to compare the decoction before him to the aromatic nectar formerly manufactured by his mother. It was a cruel thought, but it was the only one he had to think.

And that is how the ancient Egyptians came to be the first to put that classic complaint into its present form.

Only Smoke.

There's the clattering roar of the wheels,
And the flight of the landscape outside,
And the coach that you're in rocks and reels
Like a sloop on an uneasy tide.
There's the face of the prettiest girl
As she sits all alone in the car,
And you look at her—there in the swirl
Of the smoke from your half-burnt cigar.

There's the crowd at the theater door,
When the opening act's at an end,
And alas you have caught from the score
With other fond memories blend.
There was one who sat over the aisle
That you know you will never forget,
You can see her blue eyes and her smile—
In the smoke of the slim cigarette.

There's the song of the murmuring stream,
And the stretches of sunlight and shade,
The riffles that dance past you gleam,
As the wind rustles soft through the glade,
The leaves are beginning to fall,
And the rose-pods are ruddy and ripe,
You may hear, you may look, at it all—
In the smoke of a well-seasoned pipe.

Tobacco, thou treacherous friend,
Like Judas, too eager to please,
Who else in creation could send
A spell that is like unto these?
J. J. MONTAGUE.