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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with probably showers; southerly winds.
YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 52; minimum temperature, 42; precipitation, 0.17 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 9.

THE LAW AND THE PENALTY.

Laws especially made to protect the President of the United States from assassination are not likely to come to fruition, practically for the reason that the mental and moral degeneracy which prompts crimes of this sort is not subject to restraint through fear of penalties. Neither Czolgosz nor Galtzou cared what might follow his act, and probably Booth was equally regardless of consequences. What was done by these wild beasts would have been done under any and all circumstances of the law. The threat of the law and of punishment would not have held them back. Every sovereign, the President of the United States with the rest, is in the very nature of things exposed to a special hazard as to his life. And equally in the nature of things it is impossible to devise means of certain protection. The best that can be done for the President is to enforce the general police regulations, which guarantee the safety of every citizen, and to so simplify and expedite the proceedings of courts as to make the operations of justice certain and swift. This will do more to suppress the spirit which now and again flames out in atrocious crimes like the assassination of McKinley than any possible system of especially designed laws. Indeed, it may be questioned if such special provision for the protection of the President might not operate to put evil suggestions into minds of a disordered and malignant type.

The looseness of our criminal procedure, its scandalous delays and its flaring publicity are responsible for widespread demoralization in connection with certain infirm types of mind. The Durrant case in San Francisco, for example, became the inspiration of a half score of murders, among them the hideous crime of young Montgomery near Brownsville, in this state. The trial of Galtzou, which it will be remembered was highly sensational and dramatic in features, long drawn out under the District of Columbia procedure, and published in its details broadcast over the country, was responsible for an epidemic of murders and criminal attempts. In fine contrast, the trial of the assassin of McKinley was merely a thing of a day or two, with no development of useless and sensational testimony, no protraction under proceedings of appeal, and the least possible exploitation through the newspapers. Its promptness and the quietness with which it was accomplished were matters of fine moral effect. There was no opportunity for the assassin to pose before the country, no excitement for morbid minds, and there followed no train of crimes owing their inception to influences set in motion by it. Similarly the promptness of the recent Wade and Dalton trials in Multnomah County, and the promptness of the procedure followed them, have done much to clear the atmosphere and to repress criminal impulse.

If in every similar case the same swift and resolute justice could be enforced, it would do wonders in the prevention of crime by making the very thought of it terrible. And it might easily be done if the legal profession would undertake the reform of our criminal procedure. First and foremost there ought to be reform in the laws which enable a criminal to make a protracted "fight" in the courts, and so delay the ends of justice even where he may not defeat it. The fact that a man with money or a man with "friends" can hold back the execution of the law is a scandal of the most demoralizing kind. It is to the discredit of those who make our laws, and of the legal profession as well, that even in matters involving life and death we have one system of procedure for the rich criminal, and another for the poor. If Wade and Dalton, confessedly guilty as they were, had had money to pay for appeals following upon appeals, who can doubt that while probably they would not have been able in the end to escape justice, they would be alive today? The chief means of delay are the facilities which our system affords for appeals upon technical and even trivial pretenses. English law affords no such protection to guilt, and it is a shame upon us that the same may not be said of American law.

It is not, we repeat, in special laws that the best security for the President of the United States is to be found, but in a generally better adjustment of the procedure of trial and punishment, operating not alone in relation to the President, but to all citizens as well. Who can doubt that if in every case the

penalty were made to follow instantly upon the crime, if there were no ways by which money or influence could delay and balk justice, if the procedure were so speedy and direct as to make impossible all forms of posing, not alone the President, but every other citizen, would be more secure than under conditions as we have them?

BOHEMIA MINES AND THE RESERVE.

The move to eliminate from the Cascade forest reserve four townships of the Bohemia mining district is based on a desire to open that section to industrial activity. The petition for setting out those townships recites that the district is of vastly more importance for its minerals than for its timber, that the process of mining development has proceeded so far as to leave no possible doubt of the richness of the ledge, and that the rules regulating mining operations within forest reserves do not permit sufficient freedom of action to meet the necessities of an active mining camp. Transportation facilities are an imperative necessity, and capital cannot be induced to build railroads under the restrictions that apply to reserves. For these reasons it is requested that this tract be set out of the reserve in order that the operation of the mines may proceed unimpeded.

Townships 21 and 22 south, ranges 1 and 2 east, constitute the tract sought to be set out of the forest reserve. These townships are in the mountains at the west edge of the reserve, in Lane County, toward the border of Douglas. The middle fork of the Willamette passes through their most northeasterly corner. Elimination of those townships from the reserve would leave a notch in its western edge that would be undesirable, because of the irregular boundary line it would produce. However, the district is adjacent to the unreserved land of the Willamette Valley, and the withdrawal of the reservation line so as to include these four townships would not involve any geographical incongruity, and would impose no hardship upon any one.

There is room to doubt the wisdom of a policy that may result in whittling down our forest reserve to comparatively small dimensions. The pressure to make and then unmake these reserves by extending and then withdrawing their boundary lines is one that should be withstood. Yielding to this pressure lays the foundation for headland abuses and frauds too numerous to mention and too insidious to prevent. Therefore there should be close scrutiny of applications either for adding to or subtracting from the reserves. In this case it is believed the circumstances will warrant the action asked for. That is a well-known mining district, and a considerable degree of development has been reached there. Prospecting methods will no longer suffice. The several mills that have been in operation are old and dilapidated, and it is doubtful if they will be replaced. The men who own the mines are desirous of operating them on a large scale, but they find an obstacle in the fact that the district is in the forest reserve.

It is probable that more harm would result to the reserve from retention of such tracts as this in its limits than from exclusion, for men will go where gold is, and they will use the means necessary to get it. Government inspectors would not be welcome, and their presence would be sure to give rise to friction. And the number of districts so well developed and so easily set out as the Bohemia district is not likely to be so great as to threaten the integrity of the forest reserve as an institution. The demands of legitimate industry must receive due consideration.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

William Allen White, in the current number of McClure's Magazine, writes of President Benjamin Harrison. The conclusion of Mr. White is that Harrison was a man of great ability, but that his "treacherous vengeance" of Roosevelt's bosom whom he had offended; that he was always "a courteous, dignified, Christian gentleman," who was malevolently denounced as "cold" by his enemies. This picture of President Harrison is painted in colors that will not wash. President Harrison was an able man, a lawyer of the first rank; he had conspicuous virtues in public and private life, and he had some very great intimacies of temper. He was ungracious even when he granted a favor; he was a cold, critical man, ambitious and selfish; he had a rasping tongue and a bristling, repellent manner.

Harrison was John Quincy Adams over again in his virtues and defects of character, allowing for the fact that he grew up at South Bend, O., instead of Quincy, Mass. Adams had the advantage of large foreign residence and travel, and Harrison had the advantage of his youth. Harrison was a Presbyterian and Adams was a Congregationalist. The diary of Adams shows that he hated all his contemporaries, and Daniel Webster, who was a supporter of Adams, says that his manner was most repulsive; that General Jackson, in dignity and urbanity, was completely his superior. Adams excelled in invective; everybody admired his ability and his accomplishments, but nobody loved him, not even his every body positively hated him, not because he was a bad man, but because he was a cold-blooded, selfish man with a bristling temper; the incarnation of intellectual cold pickles. Adams was able, upright in his morals, incorrupt, but irascible, ambitious, selfish, sarcastic, sour, cold, ungenerous. When the Potomac was frozen in the winter President Adams would have a hole cut in the ice and take a plunge, just as he did in summer. Of course, that kind of a man would hardly be likely to inspire affection.

Benjamin Harrison was very much like John Quincy Adams. He did not love anybody very deeply, save himself, and nobody loved him. He generally made a new personal enemy every time he had an interview with anybody on official business. Probably no Republican could possibly have defeated Cleveland in 1892, the year of labor's insurrection against the Republic's party, but no man was weaker before the people than Benjamin Harrison; he was weak not because he had offended "Boss" Platt, but because he had managed to offend "Tom" Reed and every other prominent leader. It was not "Boss" Platt, but "Tom" Reed, who called the Harrison car "the ice wagon." In a superficial sense, President Harrison was, we suppose, "a Christian gentleman," but in the sense that Washington, Lincoln, Arthur and McKinley were gentlemen, President Harrison is not a person of historical distinction.

The immediate cause of the present outbreak in Spain was the govern-

ment's new levies of taxes consequent upon the Spanish-American War. Catalonia, with its chief city of Barcelona, was the focus of the outbreak, for, with one-tenth of the population of Spain, Catalonia pays one-fourth of the taxation. There is this contest all over Spain, which is governed through a corrupt bureaucracy that treats the various provinces as the Governor-General did Cuba and the Philippines, herds in which to grow enormously wealthy, as did General Weyler, at the expense of the people. The people of Catalonia differ in language and race and temper from the Castilians. They resemble the people of the south of France, and are distinguished for industry, enterprise and manufacturing skill.

THE PORTLAND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

After a general overhauling and rearrangement, the Portland Public Library will tomorrow open its doors as the Portland Public Library—free to all comers. In this new character it will enjoy some advantages over its old status as a private collection. At the same time it will have to meet some new problems. It will have ultimately more money for the purchase of books, but on the other hand the demands upon it will be vastly greater than before. The old Library Association has notoriously been poor for a long time past. It has not been able to supply its shelves, as they should have been supplied, with new publications of a solid and costly kind, and the collection in some respects is therefore far behind the times in its general character and range.

In years gone by the library was fairly well supplied with standard books, but time, usage and the hazards which beset every collection open to public hands have worked many mischiefs. One has of late had only to look at the shelves of the old library to see that it was sadly "run down." In very many instances volumes in series have been worn out or lost, and in some cases there are wide gaps or wholly blank spaces with respect to subjects where fullness and completeness would naturally be expected. Only a little while ago, for example, it was found upon inquiry that the library did not contain the books essential to a complete exposition of the historical facts of the career of Prince Bismarck; and another inquiry developed the even more remarkable fact that the library did not contain a complete series of the George Eliot novels. A multitude of similar instances might be given to illustrate deficiencies which for long to come will prevent the library from being what a collection of its pretensions ought to be. It is certain that the library cannot at once answer the demands likely to be made upon it, for it has not the range or the completeness sufficient to its needs, and it lacks the large amount of money to provide the shelves as they should be provided, and as means are not at once available, dependence must be upon time, the economical handling of a moderate income and prudence in selection.

There is a standing problem in the management of every library as to its policy in the matter of ephemeral as distinct from permanent literature. A vast majority of the patrons of every library call for fiction, much of it of a kind which is the fashion this year and neglected forever after. The old Library Association has catered to this class of readers, for it has been assumed to be necessary to answer the demands of the novel-readers in order to keep up the income from subscriptions. The exact figures are not at hand, but in a general way it may be said that the call for popular or current fiction has far surpassed all other demands upon the resources of the collection. Nothing is more certain than that when the doors of the library open next week on a free basis the demand for the new fiction will be overwhelming, and it is almost certain that cannot be answered to the general satisfaction of novel-readers unless the interests of the more limited but more solid class of readers and students are neglected or abandoned. To illustrate the case: Last year, when the use of the library was limited to its relatively small list of paying subscribers, fifteen copies of "The Crisis" were not half enough to go round. This year fifteen copies of the same book are five times too many, and next year in all likelihood fourteen of the very same book will be collecting dust on neglected shelves. The books have served a transient purpose, they have filled a demand, but they have taken the money of the association without permanently enriching its collection. So far as the future is concerned, the money expended for them is just so much money lost, whereas the same money expended for a dictionary, an atlas or for standard books would have been represented permanently on the library shelves.

Under the new conditions, with the doors open to all, the situation with respect to current and popular fiction is bound to be one of some embarrassment. It will be impossible to answer even half the demand without giving over the whole book fund to the fiction room, and this is not to be thought of. Passing over the question of propriety involved in the use of public money to supply mere entertainment to novel-readers, there is another limitation which the library trustees are bound to respect, namely, that suggested by the demands of other classes of readers. How to do justice all round is no easy matter; and there is little to be gained toward this adjustment. Mr. Putnam, of the National Library at Washington, and the highest professional authority in such matters in this country, holds, and justly, we think, that it is no proper part of the function of a public library to supply readers with merely ephemeral fiction. He would not exclude fiction, but he would limit it to works of approved and permanent value; and of this kind he would put on the shelves of a public library no book of fiction not at least one year old. There is much to commend this plan, but it is not in the judgment of those familiar with the reading habit of Portland practicable here at this time. To enforce so severe a rule, it is believed, would make general disappointment and from the start make the public library unpopular—a thing practically not to be thought of. Another suggestion is to buy as many copies of each popular book as the funds of the library permit, to be given out in the usual way, and in addition to supply a number of extra copies which may be taken out upon payment of a small fee—say 5 cents per week—during the period when the book is in universal demand.

Under this plan the extra copies will presumably pay for themselves, for in the course of a few weeks or months the purchase price comes back in the form of fees for usage. The obvious objection to this plan is that it establishes a charge in connection with an institution which is presumably free; but it is not a serious objection in any rational view, since it serves the convenience both of those who are in haste for the book and for those who must wait for it, the first being able, by payment of a nominal fee, to get it almost at once, and the second being able to get it sooner than otherwise through elimination of the class of eager competitors who are willing to pay. This plan, or something like it, will probably be adopted if the demand for popular and ephemeral fiction shall run, as it is expected to, out of all reasonable proportion to the resources of the book fund.

The rearrangement recently made in the library building will go far in the way of promoting convenience of library patrons. There will be space and light for readers; there will be a catalogue, by the aid of which any book in the collection may easily be found, and the arrangement of the shelves will be at once simple and convenient. A separate room under the care of a special attendant has been provided for children. In these and in other ways the general facilities will be better than before. It remains to bring up the collection to a complete and up-to-date condition, and this will unquestionably be done in time. There is genuine enthusiasm in the work, both on the part of the governing board and of the immediate administration, and there is no reason to doubt that in a few years the Portland Public Library will be all that such an institution should be. But those who use it must not expect too much at the beginning, for the deficiencies are many and serious, and there is no means for their immediate and wholesale correction. Patience and the "sweet reasonableness" which comes from patience may be depended upon to work out the best results in time.

ROME AND RATIONALISM.

The recent celebration of the 924 birthday of the pope and the twenty-fourth anniversary of his accession to the throne recalls the fact that his reign, upon his being so gloriously inaugurated, has been so glorious. He entered upon his pontificate remembering that only a few days before the body of the late pope had been stoned by the rabble as it was carried through the streets of Rome on the way to its burial-place. He knew that revolutionary and anti-religious ideas were rife throughout Italy, his temporal powers so restricted that he could not protect by the force of arms. And yet so successfully has he played his part as a purely spiritual sovereign that today, at the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of his reign, the Catholic church is stronger than it has been at any time during the last two centuries. In non-Catholic countries Catholics have increased in numbers, while the old-time ignorant prejudice and bitterness against them have decreased in a remarkable degree. Protestants co-operate with Catholics and respect their beliefs as they never did before, a change due to the veneration inspired by Leo XIII's personal character and wise statesmanship.

When Leo ascended the papal throne nearly all the powers of Europe were alienated from the Vatican and the church. Today the czar and the Lutheran Emperor of Germany have representatives accredited to the Holy See. Mr. Gladstone, said Mr. Errington to the Vatican, and the relations of Great Britain are entirely amicable and sympathetic. In the United States the pope is held in high respect because of his liberal views of the Fairbault case, his co-operation in the Philippines. In Spain the influence of the pope has held up a crumbling throne. In France the pope has sustained the republic by his policy of urging adhesion to the established government. Leo XIII's record of a reign of twenty-four years that began in gloom and has expanded into a glorious day of full-orbed sunlight for his church is fitly honored as a papal jubilee.

Nearly twenty years ago Bishop McQuaid, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, N. Y., published an able article on "The Decay of Protestantism," whose argument was that for three centuries since the Reformation private interpretation of the Scriptures had been the basis of Protestantism. The course of Protestantism since the Reformation the bishop compared to a ship at sea without a pilot, that has been discharging its cargo to escape shipwreck, until there is nothing left to throw overboard, and the cry of distress is heard as the ship shows she can no longer hope to make port or ride the seas. The Protestant ship was sinking, argued the bishop, because her sailors are no longer able to keep her aloft under the leadership of their captain.

Bishop McQuaid argued twenty years ago that infidelity, irreligion, agnosticism, naturism, rationalism, are all the logical ultimate of Protestantism; that Protestantism in America has reached this ultimate, and is decaying, or rather dying rapidly. The widest latitude of interpretation of creeds was permitted in all the Protestant churches. The drift of Protestantism was to the religion of humanity rather than that of Jesus Christ, and the supreme authority of the church. This view of Bishop McQuaid, enunciated twenty years ago, has recently been elaborately set forth by the Englishman Mallock, who holds that there is no middle ground between Rome and rationalism; that a return to Rome is all that can arrest the decay of Protestantism, and his ceaseless drift to religious indifference, agnosticism or absolute infidelity, against which he insists that the Catholic church stands, the only thoroughly organized, enthusiastic army, the only wall of brass against an insistent and insidious enemy.

Since Bishop McQuaid published his vigorous indictment of the drift of Protestantism twenty years ago he has lived to see his prediction verified in the attitude of the great church schools of Protestantism in America, whose leaders hold that divine authority is not in the Bible alone, not in the church alone, but also in the reason. Bishop McQuaid has lived to see two of the theological seminaries of Calvinistic Protestantism declare their departure from the old doctrine that the Bible is the supreme rule of faith and practice; revolt against which he predicted; through the guidance of the theory of verbal inspiration; treat miracles as having no value as convincing Christian evidences and believe "in progressive sanctification after death." Bishop McQuaid twenty years ago insisted that it was Rome or reason, and preferred

Rome. Bishop McQuaid twenty years ago predicted the coming of Dr. Briggs and Lyman Abbott, the ultimate Protestants, and they are here.

It is useless to deny Bishop McQuaid's conclusion that Protestantism is decaying by saying that it has only become progressive. It is doubtless true that the world is better, and not worse, because Evangelical Protestantism has drifted in the direction of religion as expounded and applied to the conduct of human life, and has borne noble fruit in purer lives, sweeter manners and juster laws. It is easy to say that the shell has been shed, but the real kernel of the Christian faith is with us, viz., the humanity of Christ in creed and example, in life and death. It is doubtless true that human life is more sacred, human liberty larger, human charity wider, human philanthropy is more practical, and practical than it ever was before; the oppressed go free; the prison cell has more light and hope in it; the hospital more beds, and religious toleration and reverence for human rights under law has never so great as at present. But to grant all this is no fair answer to Bishop McQuaid's conclusion that Protestantism—that is, the evangelical, old-time, orthodox Protestantism of the churches—is decaying.

On the contrary, Protestantism is being replaced slowly and steadily by rationalism, and from this point of view the bishop is right; but that growth which ends in rational religion rather than in irrational theology is to many minds progress, not decay. What is called decay is only the death of an obsolete discipline of form and ceremonial, and the dropping of non-essentials of tradition for the essentials of holy living that make serene and devout living. Nevertheless it is useless to pretend that the Protestantism of Emerson, Parker, Frothingham, Colver, Swing, Dr. Thomas, Heber Newton, Phillips Brooks, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Felix Adler, Lyman Abbott and John Fluke is the Protestantism of Luther, Calvin or Jonathan Edwards. Protestantism has long ago burst Luther's dike and Calvin's dam and has become rationalism. That is its clear drift, and those who do not wish to go with the swim of rationalism will have to go back to Rome. Whether we march with rationalism and with Rome, there will always be devout-minded people who will need to hang on the lips of a preacher, or, as Emerson said:

"The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare's words, nor shall glorify in the words of Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall speak and act with equal inspiration. For knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom."

It is true in a sense, as Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, declares, that irrigation is no longer an experiment. That the intelligent application of water will make every acre of the West fertile, and that it will relieve the farmer in any situation of one great element of uncertainty in his business, are facts fully demonstrated. But irrigation upon the vast scale proposed in the Newlands bill is an experiment in the sense that no man yet knows by experience the most effective and most economical ways of going at it. Every engineer has a theory, and with opportunity, no doubt, many engineers would be able to work out successful results, but nobody has ever yet done it practically. The Government experts understand this, and that is why they wish to proceed upon an experimental basis rather than at first to go at the work upon a wholesale plan. It is easy for a member of Congress who wants money for his district, and wants it quick, to pooh-pooh the cautious counsels of those who know more than he does about the physical problems in the path of irrigation enterprises, but he is not likely to help along the cause of irrigation by exhibitions of aggressive ignorance and selfishness.

Despite all the juggling of those interested and the explanations from various sources it is reasonably clear that there has been for some years past wholesale trafficking in state timber lands that ordinary official vigilance would have checked. Of course, the consequences to the nation of the loss of these lands are incalculable. The fact is that the irregularities will protest their innocence, and, having pocketed or banked the proceeds, endeavor to shift the responsibility. The facts in the matter, however, remain, and though many of them have skillfully avoided the records, they are yet so plain that he who runs may read. With the lax administration and supervision in years past of our Land Department, the temptation to appropriate land by hook or by crook large areas of timber lands was greater than men of lax conscience and some legal craft could resist.

There will be two Republican tickets on a single ballot in the primary next Saturday. One of them will be the Simon ticket—the "regular" ticket—because Mr. Simon's supporters at present control the Republican party organization. The other will be an "independent" or anti-Simon ticket. The Oregonian will print both tickets in full as soon as they are filed, and will print them again, under their proper designations, on the morning of primary day. They will be given by precincts, so they may be well understood. Many other "Republican" tickets doubtless will be filed, but they will have no significance. The main motive in filing them will be to produce confusion.

The old-time negro minstrels are fast dying off. Among recent deaths are those of Billy West in Chicago, Billy Emerson in Boston, Johnny Queen and Nell Bryant in New York.

Now that Prince Henry has circumnavigated the "ice" and hominy" belt, he may be able to change his imperial brother's views as to the character of American pork.

Major-General Lloyd Wheaton, United States Army, will be retired for age July 15 of this year, and Major-General John R. Brooke will be retired July 21.

Failed to Impress Him.

Chicago Tribune.
"What kind of ducks are these?" asked the visitor in the ornithological department at the museum.
"Labrador," said the attendant. "We paid \$1000 for those two specimens."
"Gosh!" exclaimed the visitor, turning to his wife. "He says they paid a thousand dollars for 'em. I've bought finer ducks for half a dollar many a time. What have you got 'em in that glass case for?" he inquired, addressing the guide again.
"See that fellow there? Those birds were shot in 1856. Labrador ducks are now extinct."
"He says," explained the visitor, turning to his wife, "that they put 'em in that glass case because they haven't a pleasant odor. And I don't wonder at it. They were shot in 1856."

FEAR OF THE DARK.

"Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark," says Bacon. "And as that natural fear is increased with tales, so is the other."

Yet it may be doubted that the fear of death, however natural, is one of the primary instincts of man. It is rather a product of the human faculties of observation and reflection. Religion has used it as the greatest means of power over credulous men. Closely allied with it is the superstition of the immortal soul. This notion is one of the peculiar working forces of Christianity. With Christian peoples the fear of death and assurance of after life are stronger than with any other.

The effect on Christian peoples has been stimulating. There is about them a belief that the idea of individuality, which has ruled in Christian nations in religion, as well as in politics, has been a potent incentive to that activity for which these nations have been distinguished. Nothing differentiates man from his brute kindred more than this dread and this superstition. But for the conscious study of fellow-beings, we should be as blind to death as are the beasts. If it were not for the spectacle of a deceased parent or friend we should live forever, since we have no means of knowing whether we are alive or dead, except by objective examples. It is very probable that what we should see as death is an illusion, and that we should have lived eternally if we did not die. The death that comes from the intellectual qualities that alone belong to humankind. It is not, however, in the category of prime instincts, that come from secondary elements of the mind. Permit a child to grow to manhood alone on a desert island and it may be seriously doubted that he would fear death, since it is probable that he would not be conscious of it. Such a person, in all probability, would think himself immortal, for doubt might not be suggested.

Here, therefore, comes an anomaly. Belief in immortality is engendered, not by conviction, but by doubt of future life.

Another anomaly is the alliance between the superstition of immortality and the fear of death. An immortal soul cannot, logically, fear death. Neither can that of a criminal, since immortality is life infinite, and no offense of a finite being can merit infinite punishment.

The brute fear death, it is true. But it is not the fear that belongs to intelligent beings with conscious powers of reflection. It is rather an emotion, akin perhaps to the feeling we call fright. No brute owes its fear to an analysis of the consequences of danger any more than do we in the reflex action of a scare. At such times we are not actuated by fear of death, but by the fear of danger and the instinct of self-preservation. Death does not come to the mind of a terrified man. Fright of animals may be comparable with that we feel in nightmares, wherein, freed from intellectual attributes, man is subject to the vague, irrational promptings of his animal ancestry. In dreams when the human powers of understanding and reason are dormant, man perhaps descends to the level of kindred animals, nearer than in conscious life.

The instinct to shun danger has come by a long line of ancestry. To what extent the discovery of death has become hereditary is not known. That it is hereditary to a degree, there is no denying. The fear of extermination belongs entirely to man and it is probably of such comparatively recent origin that as yet it is only weakly transmitted. But there is much spontaneous action in man, as in brutes. This is shown by momentary fright, by involuntary closing of the eyes when they are in danger, and by the strange phenomenon of the mob. It is seen also in the persecutions of brutal and irrational religions. The motive of religion is the fear of death. Religion has gathered fancies and superstitions from beyond the threshold of this life, and these have incited to murder, rapine and war.

Here, then, is a second anomaly. Fear of death has built social institutions that meet it only with death. This anomaly is nowhere more startling than in Christianity. Dread or at least apprehension of the hereafter is the elemental motive of Christian belief. Adoration of valor is based on the same motive.

Men who fear death admire nothing more than courage in the face of death. In all ages, from savagery to civilization, bravery has been the admiration of men. Mighty warriors have been worshiped. Heroism has been apotheosized above all the virtues. In this day we admire a murderer who does not flinch on the gallows. Even if his crime is horrible, we look upon his courage as a virtue that atones for it.

The Christian religion ever keeps before its subjects the fact of death. Other religions, such as Buddhism and Jainism, do not teach immortality of the soul, and fear of death with their adherents is weaker than with Christians. Those two religions do not consciously engender hero worship as does Christianity. It therefore appears that fear of death has led to exaltation of heroism and encouragement of war. It does this even in the most civilized societies.

Thus again is another anomaly. Fear of death incites the highest courage. Because Christianity has excited personal valor by fear of death, it has been essentially a religion of war. That this religious doctrine, professing the gentle precepts of its founder, should make the strongest arguments for war, appears indeed strange. Passiveness and non-resistance in doctrine have been potent forces to the contrary in action.

The last anomaly, however, is fading slowly in recent times. Fear of death is growing to be more of a social and family incentive and less of an individual one. Personal heroism is looked upon nowadays, more than it used to be, as a relic of every day life. The virtue is now the virtue, instead of brave fighting. Men are coming to recognize themselves as merged in their communities and associations. Moreover, the tendency of institutions is to turn men's attention from the dread of death to sympathy with those who survive. One of the most important life insurance companies in the world is the importance of individuality in itself and increases it in the perpetual interest. It fosters the incentive of gain, but it does so for the interests of survivors instead of for selfish personal reasons. Neither does religion harry its subjects with the terrors of future darkness. Science shows that the passing is not a torment, but a natural function. The religious lessons of human association and sympathy teach that individual lives are as absorbed in common interests that individual fate is not a matter of grievous concern to him. Bacon's "thou put 'em in that glass case because they haven't a pleasant odor. And I don't wonder at it. They were shot in 1856."

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Lament of the Grizzly.
In a dark and dismal lair sat an aged grizzly bear.
With a morbid expression on his face,
And in language strenuous he expatiated thus
To three adolescent members of his race:
"I was something of a dub as a raw, unworldly cub,
And I thought that I'd become an also ran
If I did not recollect to expand my intellect
And eat upon the Seton-Thompson plan.
So I bumbled up on the lore of the bears who
went before,
Heard the sermons in the stones and running brooks,
Studied botany and Greek (that which Arktos used to speak),
Till I talked like one of Seton-Thompson's books."

"Subsequently I began on the abstruse subject, 'man,'
Learned to spot his habitation miles away,
Knew a hunter from New York as a shot was on the pork;
I could crawl around his wickup all day,
But when I saw him I came to the mountains after game.
And with reference especially to me,
I was a cub to be found very distant from the ground,
In the dense and grateful shade of some tall tree."

"I sought out the sulphur springs, found the roots and herbs of things
That were good for grip, neuritis and the gout;
Learned with certainty to know by the foot-prints
The religion of the hunters who were out.
Something in me would reveal the proximity of steel,
I could always find and spring a lurking trap,
And so much I came to learn that a fund of brains to burn
I had always handy by me and on tap."

"But as I to be hardheaded grew and meandered
From the forest to the mountainside,
All the lady bears, I found, fought shy of me,
'Don't come round us,' they would say, 'with that educated way.'
And I'd promptly vanish up the nearest tree.
For conscience we don't care; what we want is just a bear.
Would you come floating from the branches far above,
You distinctly will not do, for you don't know how to woo;
You are a study less of Greek and more of love."

"Then, alas, it chanced one day as I journeyed
On the buckskin pasture from my lair,
That I saw a cub to face in late, sequestered places,
With a hulking ignoramus of a bear.
Though I knew far more than he of man,
Of the ways of the world, of the ways of the game,
And could not be by traps or firearms be tricked,
He could beat me out of sight in a common, vulgar fight."

"And he left me with my wisdom, badly licked,
'So, you bears, who yet have youth, learn from me this simple truth:
Do not let this Seton-Thompson turn your head,
Let it be your only care to be just a common bear,
Or you'll turn up some fine morning good and dead.'"

Not Yet Too Late.
The joke reeled out of the stage entrance and fell prone across the endman's trunk, which the property man was just then lowering gently down the incline.
"Alas!" it muttered, when the fresh air had revived it somewhat, "I am too old and feeble to work longer in the minstrel show."

We were shocked at this astounding news, but after a moment's reflection we felt able to speak words of encouragement.
"Cheer up, old fellow!" we said, soothingly; "there are still comic operas to be written."

At this the joke jumped up excitedly, and was soon on its way to the railroad office, to inquire the price of a ticket to New York.

Useless Information.
I know of a post who wears short hair,
And a plumper whose bills are small,
And a sailor who has a beard like a lion,
And says to you nothing at all.
I know of a maiden who goes to the sea
And bathes in a lengthy skirt,
Who always is shorter than her companion,
And never is known to flirt.
I know of a farmer who comes to town,
In attire new and neat,
Who has a shattering cold, a withering frozen
As he passes him on the street.
But if I would write for fame and pelf
I must keep this knowledge to myself,
For suited best to the public mind,
Are the jokes of the good old-fashioned kind.

One on Polonius.
Polonius, behind the arras, heard the clanking of Hamlet's sword, and began to shake.
"At this the Prince laughed merrily,