The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon as second-class matter. REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance-Daily, with Sunday, per month.) Daily, Sunday excepted, per year. Daily, with Sunday, per year. Sunday, per year. The Weekly, per year. The Weekly, 5 months. To City Subscribers-Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included 20c POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:

Foreign rates double,

News or discussion intended for publication
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TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy, with probably an occasional shower; slightly warm-er; westerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum temperature, 66; minimum temperature, 46; pre-cipitation, 0.06 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1902.

TWO POINTS OF COMPARISON.

Mr. Chamberlain is a "good fellow." This much is universally admitted by friend and foe. Nor are pleasing social qualities to be sneered at or despised. But on the other hand, excessive good fellowship, carried into public affairs, has often proved a menace to a community and sometimes to the entire assemblage of communities that constitute the Union.

This dangerous side of genial amiability was notably exemplified in the career of that prince of good fellows. William Jennings Bryan, Rapturously hailed everywhere during his campaign, even his former adherents, forced to it by the logic of events, now admit that his defeat was a blessing in disguise. Such may perhaps be the aftermath of public opinion when our own local good everything but the iron, for a road up fellow is also defeated.

William Jerome, who occupies the position of prosecuting attorney in Greater New York, as Mr. Chamberlain does here, is not considered a good "fellow," as the phrase goes, but a stern, uncompromising, uncongenial adversary of municipal abuses within his jurisdiction. He aggressively proclaimed his lack of good fellowship during the campaign preceding his election. Tet he was elected in spite of or perhaps because of his forbidding traits, and has wince kept his pledges to the letter. In season and out of season, he has relentlessly hunted down evil-doers in high or low places, and persistently scoured the slums of New York at great inconvenience and risk of personal violence in pursuit of the vicious and criminal classes. These things he has done of his own initiative, without waiting for putside information or complaint,

But has George E. Chamberlain, nudoubted "good fellow," as he is, been equally diligent, or actively diligent at all, as prosecuting attorney for this disfriet, in attempting to check the orgy of lawlessness and vice prevailing in the "badlands" of Portland-the North End?

Unwhipped of justice, practically unmolested-one might almost say encouraged in its practices—this section has spread, during his term of office, into a moral blot upon the fair name of Portland, that is viewed with amazement and disgust by strangers and with shame and apprehension by respectable citizens. There is a wide distinction between a closed town, which no sensible man desires, and such wide-open hellishness as exists in these purlieus.

William Jerome, not a good Yellow, would have abated the nuisance and compelled crime at least to prey upon itself, and not upon the innocent or over-confiding. He would have returned from a political canvass to hound down and punish the brutal assailants of Faith Stewart, if it required the closing of every suspected dive in the North End to secure their surrender and punishment.

On the other hand it may be admitted that W. J. Furnish is not a "good fellow," according to the vernacular. He is not magnetic, not a fluent speaker, and does not arouse emotional outbursts of applause on the platform. But he is a good citizen of broad views, and clear powers of discernment, a success ful business man, and enjoys a full measure of esteem and confidence in the community where he resides, as has been proven by his several elections to office, due to his satisfactory administration of public and private trusts committed to his charge.

Take the principles of the two candidates, the walls against which they are expected to stand and meet the enemy. Mr. Chamberlain, "good fellow," but perhaps not quite a candid fellow, disclaims the possession of either principles or walls. Every time he makes an address he claims to be the representative, not of a party or a platform, but of every man who has a vote, and boldly affirms that there is practically no difference between the principles adopt-

state conventions. Honestly, now, can them in mutually advantageous even good fellowship quite excuse such suits. Oriental despots find that they flagrant insincerity as this, when one platform flatly declares for the retention of the Philippines, and the other as flatly demands their abandonment, to ed in this missionary work. A comparsay nothing of other points of variance? atively bloodless revolution was brought

tion than verbiage, pleads guilty to the possession of principles and a wall to stand against. He declares briefly that he stands on a Republican platform, that he is unqualifiedly in favor of holding the Philippines, and supports President Roosevelt in his assault upon the trusts, and his patriotic determination that the flag shall stay "put." Principles and men; which camp

makes the better showing?

MERELY A SUGGESTION. Mr. Harriman is coming to this city at an excellent time for observations regarding the wheat traffic which has made the profits of the O. R. & N. Co. the admiration and wonder of the railroad world. Dropping in on us at the tall end of the season, when the returns are about all in, he will find that the position of Portland, and incidentally the O. R. & N. Co. has been reversed, and we are not handling the share of this rich traffic which properly belongs to the port with the down-hill haul. The figures at the close of the season July 1 will show Tacoma and Scattle to have shipped well up towards 60 per cent of the total wheat shipments of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, while Portland has dropped back toward 40 per cent.

It will not offer Portland any vast amount of consolation to be told that this heavy increase in the business of rival ports and corresponding decrease in our own, is due to a phenomena crop in the territory of our rivals, and a poor crop in our own territory. We are alightly familiar with this phase of the matter, and it does not trouble us. What Portland would be pleased to see is a move made by the O. R. & N. Co. toward hauling as much wheat out of Northern Pacific territory, as the Northern Pacific hauls out of the O. R.

& N. territory.

Between 6,000,000 and 10,000,000 bushels of the wheat which was shipped from Puget Sound during the season now drawing to a close, came out of the Big Bend country. This rich region might as well be in the valley of the Nile, so far as affording the O. R. & N. Co. and Portland any revenue is con-cerned, and yet a hundred-mile stretch of easily constructed railroad would make that vast wheat region directly tributary to Portland, and pay big dividends on the investment. If Mr. Harriman is afraid of losing money by building that spur, Portland citizens will build it for him, whenever he will agree And so Shakespeare never heroizes to give them satisfactory traffic arrangements.

Another 4,000,000 bushels of wheat, barley, flax, etc., are produced up in Idaho every year, and hauled out to market by the fearful grades up Potlatch Canyon, and thence over the Cascade Mountains. Mr. Harriman has the grade, right-of-way and nearly Snake River to that rich country, and he can haul that freight out at a profit at a rate which would make the mo tain grade road a heavy loser. Mr. Harriman undoubtedly knows his own business, but Portland is similarly situated, and has a desire to enlarge the scope of her operations.

PRACTICAL MISSIONARY EFFORT. Notwithstanding all the interest and sympathy excited throughout the land by the capture and ransom of Miss Ellen Stone, says the Boston Horald, "it is doubtful whether the stirring incident has contributed a whit to any increased respect for the methods of the regulation type of missionaries, or their narrow dogmatic effort." With this plain statement as a preface, that journal goes on at some length to contrast the methods designated and Illustrated by the work of Miss Stone in foreign fields with those pursued by Sir Andrew Clarke, who died recently and who is characterized as the greatest missionary of modern times, "because the most enlightened as well as the most benevolent." If, it is added, "the worth of a missionary's task is to be estimated by the numbers of his fellow creatures he has lifted from the last extreme of poverty, tyranny, idleness, disease and fatalistic despair, to an encouraging standard of well being, health, industry and belief in justice and good will, then Sir Andrew leads the American board, and all other missionary boards." Specifying further, this journal says:

"Take up the map of Asia and briefly study the position of the Malay penin-sula, stretching down 1000 miles from the south of China to the Malay archipelago, and terminating in the British settlement of Singapore, opposite Sumatra. Through these straits lies the grand highway of commerce to the Orient, and once their shores were lined with nests of murderous pirates. A more wretched population and a more jungle-choked, majarious region than the peninsula presented can hardly be conceived. Yet by patient administrative effort, and the use of as little force as possible, by mainly setting a series of striking object lessons of the gain of every kind that would come to the miserable inhabitants and their tyrannic rulers alike, from the resources of modern civilization, he at last succeeded in uniting them into little confederacles of states, largely administered by them-

selves, under the protectorate of British official residents. This was brought about, first by respecting their prejudices, customs, habits of life and their religious or superstitious faiths. He thus avoided arousing against himself and his plans the most inveterate passions of the human heart. How could they help being in dolent, fatalistic and without hope, plundered as they were of the faintest show of prosperity and isolated from one another by impenetrable jungles that made it a week's work to get from one village to another? Sir Andrew did not blame them for the palpable results of their environment, nor did he for a moment think that a change in their religious belief would overcome this environment and the conditions that grew out of it. He did not prescribe a certain scheme as necessary to their salvation from present and future ills; neither did he expect utterly to transform their natures. The cure for the isolation of the jungle was good roads cut through them. Theological dogmas were not introduced, Sociability and

human good will were engendered by

bringing them face to face, trading with

can get larger tithes out of prosperous, happy, contented subjects than out of those who are poverty-stricken and miserable; hence their favor was enlist-Mr. Furnish, per centra, a man of about on these lines in thirty years by "some words," although stronger in ac- a handful of Englishmen, guided by Sir Andrew Clarke.

As detailed in an article in the April Forum under the head of "The Example of the Malny States" we find that where in 1875 there was not a mile of cart road, there are now 1500 miles, and or than a good deal of the literature over 1000 miles of bridle-paths, and before this year is out there will be 364 miles of railroad in working order. Education under native rule was so scant that a Malay who could read and write was a curiosity. There are now 193 vernacular and state-aided schools, with 8092 pupils. Hospitals were unknown. There are today government free hospitals throughout the reclaimed states, exclusive of jail hospitals and insane asylums. Cholera and smallpox, that ran riot among the natives, have been practically extinguished and population has increased 60 per cent in the last ten years. Revenues have gone up to millions; security of land tenures have been established for peasants and substantial justice is administered in the

courts Here, indeed, is missionary effort worthy of the name. True it leaves the Malays still Mahometans. But surely to make them peaceful, happy Mahometans ought to be regarded as one step toward what constitutes the fundamental idea of Christianity, which is generally understood to mean the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth,

WHAT IS A BAD PLAT!

There is a deal of cant and nonsens written about the evil influence of the stage, about good and bad plays, but the real test of the evil quality of a play is not its superficial coarseness, but its pervasive immoral spirit. To illustrate: Few of Shakespeare's plays are free from occasional lapses into coarseness of language, and even indecency of illustration; but none of them are immoral in the teaching of their plet and final catastrophe. The incldental coarseness of Shakespeare is found in Cervantes and Montaigne, but it is the utterance of rude health, like the gambols of a frollesome colt in a pasture: it does not suggest a mind mildewed with fifthy vices. The general drift of Shakespeare's thought is manly and instinct with moral sense. He looks at life in a large, genial, generous and heroic spirit. He never devotes his art to the morbidities and monstrosities and eccentric obscenities of existence; he knew that while there is an indecent and obscene side to life, a deadly nightshade to human nature, nevertheless this is not the rule, nor ultimate of life. vice, never gilds shame. He is so clear in his moral perception of the serene heights of human nature that he nobly paints nobler women and more heroic men than he ever knew in his own day, unless he knew Sir Philip Sidney or Sir Humphrey Glibert.

It is easy to convict Shakespeare of occasional indecency, but it cannot be fairly said that the spirit and atmosphere of any of his plays are immoral. Falstaff, who utters a vast amount of wit and humor, tarnished with indecency, is infinitely amusing, and yet in the final catastrophe his vices and his folly deliver him over to the withering contempt and denunciation of his sovereign. Women of evil and dissolute lives and brutal men who tie their futures to their shame meet terrible retriand the King in "Hamlet." Antony, a creature of nobler parts, is a terrible picture of a great warrior spirit becoming the tool and fool of a wanton woman. He is a Roman Hercules helping an Egyptian Queen Omphale spin until his thread of life is exhausted. What a powerful lesson is told here how a man with a head of gold, but feet of clay, can be rapidly and hopelessly

ruined by stooping to be the slave of a wanton woman! In no play of Shakespeare is there any absence of rakish folk, of able and artful villains of both sexes; and yet in no play is there any whitewashing of vice or any plea in abatement of villainy. The virtuous lovers, like Romeo and Juliet, like Hamlet and Ophella, like Othello and Desdemona, are not always either happy or fortunate, but guilty lovers, whether they die within or without wedlock, die most infamously, most wretchedly, whether they die crowned or discrowned. The most astute and intellectual of Shakespeare's villains die draining the cup of retribution to its dregs. Shakespeare's moral metal rings true. He was clearly no Puritan in speech or habits or man ners, but he was a man of clean hands and a nure heart; it is safe to say that while Shakespeare might have been an honest courtler to Queen Elizabeth or even to her grim father, he could never have been obsequious to such an un-

clean beast as Charles II. So much for the argument that mere incidental coarseness or indecency does not make Shakespeare's rankest plays in any sense bad plays. Now, let us turn to the modern popular French drama and see how a play that is not baldly indecent in speech and is full of eloquence, may be a very bad play, an evil play; we mean the play of "Camille," by the younger Dumas. In this play, Marguerite is to be redeemed from a vicious life by a love for one only Armand. Then when she yields to the prayers of Armand's father to sacrifice herself for the good of Armand, and his sister, who is about to marry into a worthy family, she makes Armand give her up by destroying his faith in her. She does not simply make Armand be lieve she was the mistress of another without being such in reality, but she does in fact become the mistress of another. In this play a charming woman of noble qualities, who had been re deemed from the life of a courtesan by her love for one man nobler than the rest-at the last in what is represented to be a supreme act of self-sacrifice tried to save him from a ruined life, by becoming in fact the mistress of another man, with the motive of destroying her true lover's faith in her. This shocking immelation, not of a noble woman's love for the worldly welfare of her lover, but of her nobly redeemed self, is his childhood invested him with a cerwhat makes this play evil and corrupt. A story in which there is such a perverted moral sense is when dramatized a most immoral play, in spite of its noble, tender and touching passages. Shakespeare's plays include immoral women who remain such to the end, like Cressids, and immoral women, who

wild passion such as Cleopatra mani-

never wrote an utterly rotten play like which it is charitable to hope he has that of Dumas, in which a woman is eloquently heroized for sacrificing not her love for lover to serve his welfare, but for sacrificing her redeemed self. Of course nobody can than one luckless matador, will be make the stage decent save the public. We have no censorship of plays, but public opinion is a powerful censor, and plays which are not simply indecent and vulgar, but which absolutely seek to make the worst and most inexcusable kind of self-surrender an act of heroic and admirable self-sacrifice, do a deal more harm than "Tom Jones" that Mr. Anthony Comstock stigmatizes as immoral.

PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

The shooting of thousands of pigeons, trapped and let loose for the purpose at an Interstate tournament on Long Island a few weeks ago, and later at a like bloody carnival at Kansas City, has aroused humanitarians to protest that may, it is hoped, be carried to the Legislative halls of such states as have not laws against this cowardly and brutal pastime. Ralph Waldo Trine, the author, is bitter in denunciation of such tests of marksmanship. He declared at the close of the Long Island tournament that "such a carnival of slaughter is a disgrace to a civilized community," a statement which not only every lover of birds but every lover of fair play in short must cordially indorse. Of necessity, such rapid shooting as is denoted by the score in these tournaments resulted in wounding many birds that were not retrieved, but died by slow torture, while the piles of the dead creatures numbering, it is said, at least 18,000, at Kansas City, and nearly twice that number at the shooting grounds on Long Island, Illustrated a sickening

tale of slaughter. In a more primitive stage of existence man did not kill beasts and birds as a pastime, or simply in order to demonstrate his power over them, but merely for purposes of self-defense, or to serve his needs of food and clothing. In the early transition from barbarism into comparative civilization, the hunting down of wild creatures developed into sport, which eventually became one of the perquisites or relaxations of royalfy. Being debarred from these sports, semibarbarians took to cockfighting and bull-baiting, and, strange as it may seem, the dawn of the twentieth century has witnessed a revival of these brutal pastimes which the kindly instincts of American civilization of a past era frowned upon and practically refused to sanction. In proof of this we have only to refer to sundry gory bullfights that have taken place on American territory in recent months, and to an announcement only last month of cockfighting in Missoula, Montana, so persistently cruel that the police was called upon to interfere and break up the exhibitions.

Protest against this spirit of wanton cruelty has been made in behalf of what is known as game birds and song birds in various sections with such effect that laws for the protection of these two classes of our feathered friends have been enacted. Unfortunately for pigeons, they are not included in either class, hence their wanton destruction in the name of sport, as witnessed within a few weeks past in the center of two widely separated communities, one of which stands for the civilization of the East, and the other for that of the great Middle West.

Untold thousands of these pretty, gentle, harmless creatures, with cruel premeditation bred for this sacrifice, have thus been killed that men might boast dreds have fluttered away to die of starvation. The shock to the sensibilities of humanitarians was not lessened by the presentation of many of these dead pigeons, to the poor and the sick, to be used as food. It is the wanton and uncalled for sacrifice of these creatures upon the altar of so-called sport that has aroused indignation and protest-the taking of life that could be avoided, and the same tests of marks manship secured by using clay pigeons

as targets. Cowardice is unmanly under whatever pretext it is indulged. And certainly it is a most cowardly act to place timid, harmless birds in traps, liberate them suddenly in direct range of the guns of men skilled in rapid firing and bring them down without giving them a chance for their lives. Sportsmen should be called upon to show that live they die without moral shame, and the birds are necessary as targets in order to prove their skill as marksmen; failing to do so, the legislation desired by humanitarians for the prevention of the ruthless slaughter of pigeons in such tournaments should be enacted.

> Oregon can no longer lay claim to youth. Willamette University, historic in name, in fame and in endeavor, will celebrate its 58th commencement during the first days of the coming June. The history of this our oldest university, if written, would fill many thick volumes. Of its history that cannot be written, but which is the very essence of Oregon's life for nearly three score years, no adequate estimate can be made. Go ing outward over its portals, ambitious young men and capable young women have passed in the long procession of the years to link their endeavor, if not with the name of the state, with her worthy, industrious citizenship. The roll-call of this old university in teachers, patrons, students and graduates would give voice to many names that have been written high in the annals of the state, but which have long been given to marble and granite in her scattered graveyards, as well as to many others that would meet still with the hearty response, "Here," as they fell from the lips of the caller. Historic Willamette, in honoring thee, the people of Oregon honor themselves,

The Spaniards have a striking religious form by which they designate the boy king who yesterday took the oath of office before the Cortes as constitutional monarch of the realm. They describe him reverently as the only child born a king since the birth of the Christ child in Bethlehem. His birth after the death of his father, when the advent of two princesses had left the succession in doubt, endeared him to his subjects, and the rare glimpses that they were allowed of the slender lad in tain sacredness that appealed both to their affection and their loyalty. They have moreover taken great pride in the special training that he was receiving for his career as constitutional rules and approved the methods of the Queen Regent in his bringing up. Throughout his boyhood, nothing worse has been seem to rise to the level of a certain said of him than that he flinched and begged to be taken away when he saw ed by the Republican and Democratic them dancing with them, uniting with fested for Antony; but Shakespeare his first buildight-a squeamishness

quite outgrown since in the list of his coronation fetes are fifteen builfights, at which 100 bulls and nobody knows how many horses, with perhaps more

Advocates of the irrigation bill now

slain.

pending before Congress assert that the irrigation data furnished by the census of 1900, just closed, is practically valueless, as it does not bring the facts in the premises anywhere near up or down to date. For example, the President in his message stated that over \$200,000,000 is invested in irrigation enterprises in the West, whereas, according to census data, these investments do not exceed \$60,000,000. As indicating the importance of bringing the census returns down to date, it is cited that the area under irrigation in Texas and Louisiana since the census of 1900 was taken has increased not less than ten-fold. Census compilers can scarcely be blamed for not closing the reports of the ten years ending with 1899 with statements of increased development in this line that followed in the succeeding two years. The promoters of irrigation, however, are to be congratulated upon the industry with which they have compiled and the energy with which they have presented these facts, whether they are regarded as supplementary to the last census report or preliminary to that of the next. In either case they are very properly and profitably set out in conjunction with the efforts of the irrigation committee to get the facts before Congress, to the end that the irrigation question may be properly understood and intelligently voted upon.

Among recent deaths is that of General Charles H. T. Collis, a gallant Irishman, who entered the Union Army as a private soldier and came out a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At Fredericksburg he was Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsyl vania Volunteers and won a Congressional medal for gallantry. He fought at Chancellorsville, and at Spottsylvania he was made a Brigadier-General. At Petersburg, April 2, 1865, he personally led a charge of six regiments against the works at Fort Mahone and captured them. For this service he was made Major-General by brevet. He thrashed two Hungarian officers once in Vienna for insulting a woman, and the British minister, Sir Andrew Buchanan, gave a dinner in his honor. He was Commissioner of Public Works of New York City under Mayor Strong, and displayed great administrative ability.

Bad weather this Spring has cut down the catch of the Victoria sealing schooners to such an extent that much higher prices are being paid for the skins taken. It is over seventeen years since the American schooners were driven out of this business by the American Government, the prediction being freely made at that time that the continuation of a fleet of any consequence in the business would result in the speedy extinction of the fur-bearer. The seal catches in good weather, however, continue about as large as ever, and when bad weather shortens the supply the increased price makes up for the shortage in the catch. The sealing industry is of nearly as great importance to Victoria as the salmon fisheries are to Astoria, and statistics have not yet shown that the seal is in any greater danger of extinction than is the salmon.

The monument to the soldiers and sailors of Indiana that was dedicated it a science. Our one distinct American in Indianapolis Thursday of last week | field sport ought to have been maintained their skill in the use of guns. Hun- is a magnificent tribute of the living to for amateurs. In England men play and the dead patriots of the state. The cost of the monument was \$598,218. Its corner-stone was laid thirteen years ago, and its completion marks the end of much labor and many discouragements. but for some reason young men, when in securing funda. Let us not despair of our soldiers' monument. Movements of this kind have periods of growth and depression and lasting memorials to the dead are proverbially of slow growth. Even the great Washington monument was but little more than a pitiful ruln in its incompleted state, for more than a generation, when a tidal wave of woman's patriotism came in and carried it swiftly to completion.

The return to Cuba a fortnight ago of Tomas Estrada Palma as President of the Island that he left twenty-five years ago in chains, is one of the most romantic events of recent history. He was exiled as the penalty of resistance to Spanish misrule; he returns the exponent of self-government to try its theories in the practical affairs of the Cubans. Whether or not he will succeed depends upon the Cubana themselves, not upon their chosen President. since there is every reason to suppose that he will administer the affairs of the island wisely if permitted to do so

The country schoolma'am is not, it seems, always the inoffensive damsel of song and story. Here we have in Baker County the necessity of placing under bonds, pending trial, two of them for assault upon a justice of the peace. Sad, indeed, that the majesty of the law should thus be assailed! Since the assault was committed-if committedhowever, we may at this distance timidly hope that the young women made a masterful job of their undertaking.

The famous Lisbon earthquake of 1755 by which 70,000 persons perished, is made an episode of one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poems, "Agree," in which the mistress of Sir Harry Frankland rescues him from death, and in gratitude he makes her his wife.

What guardon shall repay
His debt of ransomed life?
One word can claum all wrongs away,
The sacred name of wife,

By reason of his experience in all

branches of his profession, Mr. W. C. Elliott, Republican nominee for City Engineer, is peculiarly fitted for the Few men in the Northwest stand higher in his calling than Mr. Elliott. His work, of whatever character, has always been faithfully and exemplarily done *******************

MUSINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

If the managing committee of the proposed Lewis and Clark Fair are wise, they will choose, other things being equal, such a site as is best provided or can be readily supplied with transportation facilities. Wherever the location, ninety per cent of those who attend will ride there and a few minutes longer on the trip will cut small figure. The problem will be not to get the people to the fair without delay, but to get them back promptly. Every night just before the gates are shut there will be a crowd eager to get home at once, and on special nights, with good weather, a big crowd Make them wait half an hour for conveyance when they are tired out and they will shrug their shoulders the next time some one suggests another visit. It would seem that a site which combines rall electric car and river transportation should be chosen to meet the reasonable

There has been much unnecessary worry (among those who have not subscribed to the stock) over the question of a big fair. Portland does not propose to duplicate the St. Louis exposition. For the sum of money which is certain to be raised we can get together a novel and attractive exhibit. If Portland could surpass St. Louis, we would still have outside the fair walls attractions greater than those within. Throw out of consideration Oregon's incomparable scenic beauty and we have for the stranger's comfort and pleasure the long twilights and cool evenings to be found nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains. When you are away from home on business or pleasure, the evening meal disposed of and the lamp lighted, is not your first thought, What shall I do tonight? Generally, you will say, what shall we do tonight? And almost always you have the M or 50 cents or the dollar to do it with, and are anxious to let go of the

Every visitor will ask himself or his companion the same question, and there will be a variety of rutional answers. Shall it be a steamboat ride up or down the river? No, tonight we will pull or sail a boat to Ross Island, Tomorrow night, let it be the band concert on Portland Heights, or Willamette Heights. We've taken the river ride to Oregon City; let us see Vancouver this evening. The theater? Yes, I had forgotten that one could be comfortable in a playhouse in July, and I like comic opera. Let's stay three days longer. I'd like to take a dip in the ocean, and we must not miss the ride to The Dalles. We haven't been extravagant and \$3 is cheap for a horse and buggy to Riverside. We'll have to take that in.

And try to figure out how many visitors from ? in the evening until 9 will take pleasure in walking the streets and getting into touch with our gardens and their wealth of roses. These rational enjoyments are not at the expense of the fair management. Private enterprise may be depended on to supply the demand for "amusement" in every form. Revenue from admissions will come in great meas ure from our home people. To induce them to go often to the fair, the executive committee must locate the fair where every transportation facility may be made available and the returning crowds moved with the least possible delay. This is the prime requisite.

Baseball is once more with us and we shall have it in spots until the Fall rains begin. As one who saw the game in its infancy, 25 years ago, I regret that it has undergone such evolutions as to make enjoy cricket up to 60. Here we abandon baseball on or before graduation day. Throwing, catching, batting and running are not beyond the average school boy they have seen professionals, abandon the sport. From participants in manly, healthful exercise, they change to spectators, and far too many become "fans." Is this bit of slang an abbreviation for "fanciers" or "fanatics"? Anyway, to quote Dan Quin, they get plum locoed on

This country needs more outdoor athletics. True, we have imported golf, which furnishes field exercise of unques tionable value for persons of either sex of middle age and a bit beyond, but it is not destined to become popular. Tennis has been laid hold of by only a few Bicycling has been dropped by many of those who took it up as physical exercise, Only the well-to-do in cities can afford horseback riding. Football can be played only by boys and trained athletes. the latter, it has degenerated into com-mercialism. Oh! for a return to primitive baseball, with straight-arm pi the hands or armor for the breast; all afternoon for a game and the score any-where from 25 to 110! I mean a game to be played by the populace for sport, not by hired men.

Blahop Scarborough has said to the dlo cesan convention of the New Jersey Episcopal church that he disapproves the growing custom of women appearing hatless in church. If the feminine members of his diocese have a spark of the spirit of their ancestors, they will answer "Hands off:" when he cries "Hats on! Physically it is burdensome to wear decorated headgear when one is in a sitting posture, and women have enjoyed the respite enforced by statute for theaters. He who would try to deprive them of the privilege in a place of worship is behind the age.

> Ground for Suspicion. Philadelphia Press.

"Mary," said the young matron's mother, "It seems to me you were very cold to John this morning?" "Yes," she replied, "I'm beginning to The idea! You have no reason to, I'm

"Haven't I! I dreamed last night that I saw him kissing another woman."

Martinique had two interesting claims o distinction, in that the Empress Jose-hine was born there, as was Madame de Maintenon, the latter passing her girl-hood on the island as Francoize d'Au-bigne. At Fort de France there is a marble statue of the Empress Josephine.

IS THERE ANY REASON

For surprise at the course of Democratic Senators in traducing our Army and trying to make political capital by encouraging Filipinos to acts of violence, when you consider that the Democratic party has for 30 years based all hopes for success in National politics on force, fraud and deflance of law?

TO VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

Is to sanction and encourage that which is repugnant to every impulse of patriotism.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The "Dostards,"

Eyes ahead! steady tread! Oh, to be a soldier! To fit a molded uniform and swagger on parade! Shoulders square! martial air! Oh, to be a soldler!
The hoross that we cheer for and whose fame

But pack 'em in the steerage of a reeling, rocking ship, And feed 'em beans and bacon all the long, heart-breaking trip,

shall never fadel

And hike 'em through the rice marsh in the sizzling, broiling sun, Where Flipines pet 'em from behind the trees They earn the execuation of their pious fellow

And it's murderers, not heroes, that we're free to call 'sm then. Khaki torn! spirits worn! Who would be a soldier? swelter through the tropic night, and breathe the poisoned air? Sick and hot! God-forgot!

To die with never loved one near-beyond the reach of prayer? To plod through foul and recking swamps, to wallow and to wade,

To stumble into ghastly traps a coward foe has To make a camp where fever fills the mist that breathes around, To long through all the sleepless night for re-

Who would be a soldier

veille to sound.
With broken ranks and broken hearts, to sail for home again, There's never any cheering crowd to call them

Fleer and leer! Scott and sneer! See the caitiff soldier! e thirsts for glory, though his weary steps may lag.
Gruff and grim! Down with him!
Crush the cruel soldier!
me the brutal butcher who is following

the flag!

Deserved His Name,

"Yes," said the old man, pensively; we called him Oregon." "Because he rolled high once in a while." suggested, for we were familiar with the works of William Cullen Bryant.

"No," said the old man; "because he had two seasons-wet and dry-when he was broke and when he wasn't." Not having the gift of repartee, our only comment was "Oh!"

A Grasshopper.

Jus' smokin', smokin', smokin', When April skies was blue, When April rain an' sunshine Was makin' natur' new. When other men was plowin' An' harrowin' the field, To earn the golden increase The soil an' toll will yield.

Jus' smokin', smokin', smokin', In Summer's rosy glow, blinkin' at the cornstalks, An' watchin' of 'em grows When other men was busy Through all the bot July, Preparin' for the harvest They'd gether bye an' byet

Jus' smokin', smokin', smokin', When harvest time hed come, A layin' In the wheat field To hear the thrashers hum. They gethered in the harvest, Them kindly farmer folk. An' bought him more tobacco Fer him to smoke an' smoke.

An' now his pipe is empty, His dirty pouch is lost, It's somewhere in the pastur' That's white, these days, with frost, An' him? I couldn't tell you, But anyway I'll bet That where he went, down yonder, He's jus' a smokin' yet.

Origin of a Famous Expression. "My dastard uncle," said Hamlet, "has killed my father. Let me consider a suitable punishment.'s

Just at that moment a 10, 20 and 30 actor came out of the stage door of the theater across the street and hastened to. ward a neighboring sandwich parior. "Aha!" muttered the astute Prince, "I'll make him sit through a melodrama!" and suiting the action to the word he proceeded to prepare for the wretched King

the most horrible torture known. It was the dramatic critic who wrote the show notice of that performance who originated the expression, "There's something rotten in Denmark."

A Real Tragedy.

Them boys that lives across th' street, They want me t' come out an' play; They've got some gluger snaps t' eat, An' they'll jus' have a time, they say, But I can't help but sit an' cry-It seems as if I can't let up.

I jus' keep thinkin' how we'd lark An' how he'd wag his tail an' bark, An' I 'ud jus' pertend to skeer, I almost 'd rather lose my maw, Than hal' to have to give him up. An' I just hate the nascy law That let the pound man git my pup.

Sites for the Fair.

After mature deliberation and earnest conversation with various promoters, wa are prepared to submit the following lists of suitable sites for the Lewis and Clark Fair, with the reasons for their sutta-Tatoosh Island, because it is a long way

from Portland, and at the end of a highly scenic journey. Skagway, for much the same reason. The top of Mount Hood, because if the

fair were located there it would be necessary to build a railroad to it, and a railroad would be a good thing. Crater Lake, because if located there the fair could not be any deeper in the hole after it is over than before it begins,

The North Pole, because in that event it would have to be discovered. Mount Pelce, because then we should be able to give our guests a live time.

Astoria, because it is so cheap. Tacoma, because something should be one for the town.

Third and Alder streets, because it is within the reach of so many street car Heaven, because then we can all go there,

A Difference. When I was nearly four years old, And you were only two, I well remember what untold Contempt I had for you. For I was very big and strong, And you were very small; And I snew all my letters long Before you talked at all. I'd go to bed, as good as gold, They find to sing to you,

When I was nearly four years old,

Now I am twenty-four years old, And you are twenty-two. The universe can hardly hold The fear I have of you. For with that autocratic frown And air of chill distrust, You pull my fond air castles down, And bumble me in dust. And never more dare I be bold, Or lord it over you, Now I am twenty-four years old And you are twenty-two.