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TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness, followed by showers; northerly winds, shifting to southerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 84; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1902.

THE FORWARD NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

The address delivered by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, as president of the American Historical Association, at the latest meeting of that association, held at Washington, D. C., has been expanded by him and published under the title, "An Undeveloped Function." It is a rapid review of the forces that have been making for our National development, with certain illustrations and generalizations from the philosophy of history. The argument culminates upon the inquiry what theories are to be used in dealing with the dependencies, colonies—call them what you will—for which we have become responsible under the events and consequences of the last four years.

Mr. Adams, it seems to us, contributes something to this inquiry. He holds that the rule which should guide the United States in dealing with alien races, probably inferior, or being as yet undeveloped or else in a state of arrested government, is simple. The capacity for self-government, he says, and, consequently, the consent of the governed, should be assumed until, as the result of experience, a negative is proved; after that the interference should be the least necessary to arrest decay or to secure stability. It seems to us that these tentative efforts may be made with great promise under the system of territorial government and administration with which our country long has been familiar. It gives a high degree of local self-government, yet reserves the sovereign power to the United States.

Mr. Adams is by no means an aggressive expansionist. On the contrary, he approaches the subject of expansion with much misgiving. But we have taken a new step forward, and a long one, and he does not see how we are to recall it. There may be reason to conclude, he intimates, that a profound law of National life, at last involving us, has long been, and now in our case is, evolving results. It is one more phase of natural evolution working itself out, as in the case of Rome twenty-five centuries ago, through survival and supremacy of the fittest. So, as Mr. Adams remarks, "when all is said and done, that unreasoning instinct of a people which carries it forward and over its theories to its manifest destiny amid the despairing outcries and long-drawn protestations of theorists and ethical philosophers is a very considerable factor in making history; and, consequently, are to be reckoned with."

Undoubtedly; and this is the case with us now, in our relation to the Philippine Islands. It is the force, beyond calculation, beyond present reason, through which superior political development, superior civilization, gets forward, and either dispossesses peoples of lower grades of culture or transforms them slowly into higher. There are political and ethical theories that hold this movement back and refine it; so, doubtless, they are useful; but there is no getting on without it. It is a movement which, under the guidance of nationalities affected by the English spirit and jurisprudence, has especially marked and ennobled extensive barbarian countries with the impress of its own character. It is in our hands now, for the first time in our history, and there is no escape from the responsibility it imposes on us. To shirk it is impossible; to run away from it would be cowardice. And it is in every way more consistent with freedom that we should stay than quit. The world is not much concerned for the preservation of savage liberty, and there is no liberty worth the name which does not have its roots in the character of the great race which forms the main stock of the people of England and the United States. There needs, then, be no alarm about liberty, for liberty remains in the house of its friends.

The story of "how the tulip wrecked Holland" has often been told, and is again repeated in London Amateur Gardening. It is recalled that in 1634 the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who are popularly supposed to be the most unsentimental people on earth, absolutely lost their heads and wealth in buying and collecting tulip bulbs. A single bulb of one of these plants not infrequently brought as high as £250 to £500. The craze seized all classes—rich and poor, learned and ignorant—though, of course, the rich pursued the tulip quest with the greater avidity, only to find themselves ruined when the bulbs dropped to their normal value, which was but little more than that of the onion. As everybody desired to possess the rarest and greatest collection, as much as £10,000 is said to have been given for forty bulbs. The tulip is coarse, ephemeral and withal wholly without fragrance, and even the most ardent lover of flowers is at a loss to account for this rage to possess it. The craze abated as quickly as it came, but it prevailed long enough to induce a financial crisis in Holland even worse than that which prevailed in England when the South Sea bubble burst, and it remains today one of the utterly incomprehensible mental contagions in the history of what in modern times is called "a craze." Impalpable as air, yet strong enough to subvert human judgment, are the carriers of mental contagion that at various times throughout history has swept nations, and fortunate indeed are the people smitten with mental disorder for which the specialist has as yet no scientific name, when its germs feed upon tulip bulbs, as was the case in Holland in the middle of the seventeenth century, rather than (to compare great things with small) upon blood, as in France toward the close of the eighteenth. Of similar type was the Klondike excitement that bore on its unreasoning breast a few years ago thousands of gold-seekers to the Arctic zone to perish in its midwinter snows. "A craze," says the puzzled alienist, and dismisses the subject until compelled to take it up again by some startling recurrence of its weird potency.

LOSE THE FIGHT AND WIN THE CROWN.

The advantage is with the British—that is, if you are thinking only of the terms of surrender; but as for glory, that is with the Boers. Who ever thinks of hanging wreaths of immortelles over the chariot of the conqueror? No; they are for the graves of those who lost. The song of the vanquished is the song that reaches the heart, though the poet who wrote one was pleased to imagine it otherwise. Mankind has chaplets and ballads for those borne down in the battle—the victor can take care of himself.

Perhaps it is some obscure expression of the sense of humor; perhaps it is a development of our common instinct of perversity; perhaps it is only the pleasure we take in cheating ourselves with fiction ornamented in the guise of truth; but certain it is that glory most brightly gilds the tomb where sleep the champions of a vain and foolish cause. History says that Europe, as a reasoning being, could not endure the anarchy that made Poland almost uninhabitable; but tradition knows only the poet's tribute to Thaddeus of Warsaw. No Briton has ever won glory in enforcing the empire's rightful sovereignty over Ireland; but Robert Emmet is immortal in song and story; and "unhappy Ireland," along with "unhappy Poland," will carry to generations hence an increment of honor and rectitude, given through sheer sympathy with their just but tragic fate.

The glory of the Civil War, even at the North, as the generation that fought it passes away, is with the South. Because it is the "Lost Cause," men sigh and shake their heads mournfully, regardless of the principles established in spite of it, and regardless of the merits of the shot at Sumter. Perfunctorily we recognize the Blue, enthusiastically we sing of the Gray. The poems that touch the patriotic soul are not of the North, but "Under the Sod and the Dew," or perhaps something of Timrod's, or Father Ryan, or Theodore O'Hara. They are poetry, to be sure, but the memory of the Southland's fate touches with added pathos every military piece written below Mason and Dixon's line. This is the history of lost causes generally. Germany got the indemnity in 1871; France gets the glory, and poor Alsace-Lorraine, moved about the map like a piece of bric-a-brac, has a place near the heart of every dreamer. The Six Hundred rode back without effect at Balaklava. The column stands at Thermopylae, and Byron's lines ring in the corridors of every cultivated mind; but over the dead bodies of Leonidas and his brave Three Hundred the myriads of Xerxes marched on into Greece.

So it is with the Boers. There are orations and poems for their gallant defense of their fields and firesides. Their prowess is the admiration of every military people on the globe. The pathos of their defeat wins more applause and earns a higher glory than all the formal recognitions of Britain's victory or the cause of human progress, which could only come to South Africa over the ruins of Dutch "republics." So it may be with the Filipinos. Mr. William Vaughan Moody has sung their song and hit our soldiers some uncomfortable licks, but nobody is singing the praises of the Americans who are enforcing their rightful sovereignty. The South was wrong, say you? Oh, yes; but it's the "Lost Cause." The Boers were wrong—oh, yes; but the heel of the tyrant is on their neck. They lost! The Filipinos are in rebellion against rightful sovereignty, but they are being overwhelmed. Not what is right or best, but what is wrong, provided it is hopelessly in the wrong and turns up its ineffectual toes to the sun of progress, is certain of generous tears and a glowing epitaph.

"FLAT SALARIES."

There has been a mighty deal of talk about "flat salaries" of late; much of it flat nonsense. The Constitution of Oregon provides flat salaries for certain state officers. Here is the provision, viz:

> The Governor shall receive an annual salary of $1500. The Secretary of State shall receive an annual salary of $1500. The Treasurer of State shall receive an annual salary of $800. The Judges of the Supreme Court shall receive an annual salary of $2000 each. They shall receive no fees or perquisites whatever for the performance of any duties connected with their respective offices; and the compensation of officers, if not fixed by this constitution, shall be provided by law.—Art. xiii, sec. 1.

There you have flat salaries. No language could be more specific or exact. If words mean anything, all compensation for these officials, beyond the sums so exactly specified, is illegal, unconstitutional; must be illegal, unconstitutional, until the constitution itself shall be changed. For the reason, however, that long ago the salaries thus "fixed" were felt to be insufficient the Legislature began to provide additional compensation, under various devices of "fees and perquisites"; which, however, are strictly forbidden also, and in direct terms.

The proposition now is that the Legislature shall ignore the constitution altogether and fix the salaries at figures which it may deem just or adequate—cutting off all fees or indirect compensation. This is what they call the "flat salary" scheme. But it can be reconciled with the constitution upon no fair interpretation of that instrument. It would, indeed, be no more clearly unconstitutional than the method that now prevails; for unquestionably it was the intent to hold the salaries down to the figures fixed in the constitution—to the "flat" salaries named therein. The language precludes any other possible construction or interpretation. "The compensation of officers, if not fixed by this constitution, shall be provided by law." But in these cases they are "fixed" by the constitution—"fixed" specifically. The salaries so provided are very small. It was the intention to prevent them from being larger; else they would not have been so expressly limited, and clinched by the further provision as to "salaries not fixed by this constitution."

We are violating the constitution in these particulars now, and have been doing so these thirty years and more. But let us not set up the pretense that we shall not be violating it when we vote "flat salaries," as the term goes, in direct violation of specific constitutional limitations. It would be a new thing in our legislation to find the Governor calling a special session with express purpose of recommending to the Legislature distinct and direct violation of the constitution of the state.

NEW PRESBYTERIAN CREED.

It need surprise nobody who apprehends the nature of the conflict over religion that rages in the worldly mind to see that those who have most vehemently denounced the Presbyterian church for the Westminster Confession are to be found today mocking at the revised creed that has just been adopted. There is not a thing in the world the Presbyterian church, or any church, could do to win approval from its hostile critics. It is to be hoped it knows this, and is content to go on its way without special effort to order its course in compliance with the desires of its foes. Doubtless it will apprehend the Greeks bearing gifts. Doubtless it will recall the storied attitude of certain early opponents of Christianity: "John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a glutton and a winebibber!"

The aim of Presbyterian creed revision has been to hold fast the fundamentals and eschew the erroneous conceits that time has disapproved and increasing knowledge rendered ineligible for useful service in moral and religious effort. The great difficulties have gathered about the doctrines that come in conflict with scientific discovery on the one hand, and with literary criticism on the other. Added to these have been such quaint beliefs as that the pope is Antichrist, and that some infants are born but to be damned. Not to be lightly passed over, also, is the mooted question of eternal punishment. It is evident that an increasing number of believers find it more and more burdensome upon conscience to assent to declarations which they believe to be essentially unsound. The creed is not enforced upon laymen, it is true; but laymen are reading more than they used upon these grounds of conflict, and young men are pouring into the pulpit with friendship and common faith with Hillis and Gunsaulus, and with no sympathy for the persecutors of Briggs. The ends thus aimed at, it is unquestionable, have been measurably achieved. For example:

WESTMINSTER.	NEW CREED.
There is no other head of the church but the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be head thereof; but is that Antichrist, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the church against Christ and all that is called God.	The Lord Jesus Christ is the only head of the church, and the claim of any man to be the vicar of Christ and the head of the church, is un-Scriptural, without warrant, in fact, and is a usurpation dishonoring to the Lord Jesus Christ.
By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed. . . . The rest of mankind God was pleased . . . to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath.	Of Election.—We believe that God from the beginning, in his own good pleasure, gave to his Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation; we believe that all who come to years of discretion can receive this salvation only through faith and repentance.
Works done by unregenerate men, although for the matter of them they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, yet . . . are sinful and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God.	We believe that God requires of every man to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God; and that only through this harmony with the will of God shall be fulfilled that brotherhood of man wherein the kingdom of God is to be made manifest.

The tone of the old form is exclusion; the spirit of the new is invitation. This is a welcome change to all except those who would amend theology only to make it less acceptable. Other achievements of the new creed are equally noteworthy. The assertion about the Bible is that it is "the faithful record of God's gracious revelations," and "the only infallible rule of faith and life"—declarations to which Briggs and McGiffert would gladly subscribe if they were permitted. So of future punishment. "At the Last Judgment," says the new creed, "the wicked shall receive the eternal award of their sins." What that award is the new creed does not say, though at Westminster it was held that the wicked "shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." There is room on such a platform for almost any evangelical Christian. A large stumbling-block has been removed from the path of many earnest souls.

It goes without saying that this new creed will instantly supplant the old. The dwindling body of conservatives will protest and grieve, but they are powerless. The attractive puzzle is, of course, What effect will the New York declaration have on the relative status of the Presbyterian church? Such effect as it has, of course, can only be for good. But whether it can to any great extent alter the spirit of Presbyterianism is problematical. In the last analysis, of course, creeds do not form believers. Believers form their creeds. A bad religion is the product, not the cause, of a backward people. What differentiates the denominations is not so much their creeds as an indefinable enveloping atmosphere or informing presence. The Episcopal creed is like the Presbyterian, but what the world understands by Calvinism is not in the Episcopalian concept, where geniality and latitude have long prevailed. There Heber Newton unmolested dwells. Thither fared forth Briggs from his inhospitable home at Union. No church has more iron-bound exactions of belief than the Catholic church, but the Pharisee is a rarer bird in the Catholic church than even in the Episcopalian. There is nothing in written Methodism about evolution or the higher criticism, but its preachers are carefully formed not to offend the modern thinker. The beneficent effect of the new creed, therefore, may not be great at first, and may be hindered or perverted by contingencies unforeseen. But it is certain that the pulpit recruited from seminaries abreast of modern thought will preach a broader and more effective message than ever came from the generation of Presbyterian preachers now passing off the stage. The very indefiniteness of the new creed will emphasize the relative unimportance of forms compared with sincere purposes and honest deeds. Behold, to obey is better than confessions, and to hearken than the rites of sacraments. Worship is a day's march nearer the time when it shall be offered, not with stated rituals and formal adherence to old dogmas, but unceremoniously in spirit and in truth.

INCURABLE AND WORTHLESS INDOLENTS.

The Turner's Falls (Mass.) Reporter has a vigorous article commenting on the drifting, shifting young men of that prosperous manufacturing village, who give little promise of ever taking part in the industrial activity of their time save in the ranks of unskilled labor. Turner's Falls is on the Connecticut River, which here furnishes ample water-power for manufacturing. This complaint that many boys upon whose schooling much money has been spent do not seem to have any ambition to rise above the ranks of unskilled labor is natural, and probably has some basis of fact, but it is not likely there is any more ground for criticism than there was fifty years ago, for there is not a town in the country that has not always had its quota of boys who are indolent, shiftless, dissipated and thriftless, without ambition even when given considerable schooling. There was no lack of ne'er-do-wells of both sexes in the old colonial times, as is shown by the records of the selectmen of these towns. What a crop of famous criminals, cranks and charlatans this New England rural civilization produced many years ago! Out of the small mountain towns of New England came most of her famous religious quacks and cranks and criminals.

It is not likely the percentage of indolent, dissolute, shiftless and thriftless young fellows without present ambition is any larger today than it was fifty years ago. It is doubtful if it is as large in proportion to population. There is less encouragement for idleness; intemperance is far more discreditable, and there are more diversified opportunities for men and women willing to work. You cannot account for indolent, non-ambitious, shiftless folk by environment altogether; there is truth as well as wit in the saying that "some folks are born constitutionally tired."

The class of young fellows described by the Turner's Falls Reporter are after all not necessarily the most hopeless or worthless or most corrupt and corrupting idle class in the country. Why? Because if worst comes to worst a good many of them may eventually sober up, pull themselves together and consent to join the ranks of some class of useful labor before the loafer side of them becomes a bright consummate flower of criminality. That is, these idle young fellows have not been educated above labor so far as to despise manual industry; they have not been educated entirely above the social tastes and sympathies of wageworkers. When they are face to face with the necessity of going to work or leading the lives of criminals, a good many of these idle young fellows will work fairly well.

The most worthless, the most hopeless, the most corrupt and corrupting class of idle young fellows are those who are the thriftless, shiftless, dissolute, idle sons of rich men, the gilt-edged calves of golden bulls. It is just as true of America as it is of England that a good many men born to a life of possible indolence not seldom become licentious dandies and dissolute brutes. In England this class is largely recruited from the aristocracy, while in America they belong chiefly to the so-called plutocracy. When these idle, thriftless, dissolute sons of the rich finally become bankrupt or exhaust the patience of their parents so completely that they are turned out of doors and are disinherited, they constitute the most worthless and hopeless class of indolents in the country, because not only they have never been bred in boyhood to work, but all their so-called education has been limited to the acquirement of expensive tastes and habits which are inconsistent with the knowledge and persistent practice of any kind of useful industry. Some of them can't work if they would, and a good many of them wouldn't work if they could.

Their superficial education makes them despise work in manual callings, and they are incapable of intellectual professional work. They cannot get a "soft sit," they will not accept hard work among what they deem vulgar surroundings, so when they do not die rapidly by dissipation or suicide they are forced to live by their wits. Some of them turn gamblers, or check-raisers, or "confidence men" of some sort. Some of them who are superficially well educated and naturally intelligent become dangerously successful for a considerable time. Out of the ranks of these "black sheep" of the plutocracy have come some brilliant criminals, who have become at least notorious, if not famous, in both America and Europe. They are the devil's unaccountables, the world's irreclaimables. But even when these idle rich are not robust enough to wreck their lives through dissipation, they are quite as worthless to the world and infinitely more tiresome as yawning dabblers, barren dreamers, or snobs in art and literature, or as amateur sports who give to outdoor pastimes exclusively all their brains and a good deal of their money. Two young men who are heirs to an estate of $8,000,000 were recently described by a New York newspaper, one as "a prominent whip and automobilist," while the other is "the noted polo-player and cross-country rider." As mere coincidents all this is well enough, but if that is a rich, educated young man's only title to public distinction, he must be a fellow of very barren mental and spiritual endowment; he is nothing but a rich man's booby son.

Sometimes the rich man's booby is an idle man of letters, who mistakes scholastic learning for sound knowledge, and pedantic scholarship for statesmanship. These idle, purposeless, barren-minded rich indolents are always hopeless when dissolute, and useless when abstemious, for they have never learned anything of American life by touching elbows with the plain people in work or play, in poverty or prosperity, in joy or sorrow; they know human nature through books instead of through outdoor life and observation. They all have the narrow conceit of those whose sympathies with the many have been educated out of them by the very ease of their existence, which permitted them to ignore the life and despise the opinions of all men with less cheap culture and scholarly sheen than themselves. Such fellows ought to worship the memory of George IV, the only drunken dude, licentious snob and coward that ever was permitted to occupy in peace the English throne.

Charles Ely Adams gives in the June Forum an estimate of the "real hobo" that is at once ingenious, concise and true to life. He says:

> As a character, the real hobo is totally unable to foresee wants and make provision for them. Consequently, as an industrial factor he lacks the essential element of stability. Thus deficient, he is incapable of any function, no matter how humble, whose recurring duties must be discharged punctually and without deviation. He drifts from one place and its employment to another, with no other object than to make a change. He is improvident, aimless, without an anchorage, and seemingly with no desire for one, and undergoes hardships for the sake of vile pleasures afterward. Hence, in his phases, the hobo is to the sociologist a problem, to the clergyman and philanthropist an example, to the criminologist a scapegoat, to the professional humorist an opportunity; by turns a theme for argument, an object of charity, quarry for the law, target for the barbs of ridicule and buffoonery; alternately discussed in books, fed at free soup-houses, mauled by the police, "rescued" by the Salvation Army, laughed at by the enlightened and elect.

This writer, however, still sees in this creature a question that is not unanswerable. His condition is traceable to his own ignoble fallibility. Being human, he struggles, but that which to others is the attainable is to him the unattainable, because in his endeavors he lacks intelligence. The solution, according to his estimate, is the "compulsory education of all the people—their liberation from the bondage of utter ignorance." In this obligation are involved the essential moralities, and to this task Professor Adams believes the higher energies of governments will be addressed until in his adaptability and his proficiency, his discrimination, foresight and his moral regeneration the hobo of today will find ultimate effacement. Doubting humanity can only ejaculate, "So mote it be."

Macaulay's New Zealander, who is to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from one of the broken arches of London Bridge at some time in the depths of the future centuries, if he will extend his visit to Portland, Or., doubtless will find the old shacks of today, like those on Sixth street, or at First and Washington, still holding the ground, their owners still protesting against every improvement, and still defying, because permitted to defy, the ordinances of the city as to repairs and sidewalks; still evading their taxes; still sitting in sordid indolence, and still exacting the last possible dime in rents for their old, tumble-down rat-holes and fire-traps. Do you wonder, when you think of these lazy and sordid citizens, what is the matter with Portland? Men who are content merely to live and breathe never do anything for a city. How many lots and blocks owned by this sort of people, with the stretches of street adjoining them, will present their beauty to visitors in 1905? You will be proud of your city, will you not?

The wretched, disgusting deformity that has been stationed from day to day for the past week at the corner of Third and Washington streets, holding in her twisted stumps of hands lead pencils which she offers for sale, should be removed from the public gaze for the public good. As a spectacle this creature is revolting to persons of ordinarily strong nerves; to the weak and timid she is frightful. If poverty-stricken, she should be placed in the poorhouse in the county to whose charity she is by residence entitled. If a professional beggar, she should, under the ordinance that applies to such cases, be taken off the streets. Any enlightened physician can give reasons for her sequestration that appeal directly to humanity for indorsement. Let the poor creature, with her pitiful pretense of trade, be taken off the public streets.

Reports of the condition of the order submitted to the Washington State Grange at its fourteenth annual meeting, held during the past week in La Center, show a net gain in membership of 526 during the past year. More gratifying even than this increase in membership is the further statement that the receipts of the order increased 60 per cent. This is an index of agricultural prosperity in Washington that may be taken to represent prosperity in all lines of business throughout the state.

General Dewet makes clear in defeat, as he often did in strife, his right to be hailed a brave and noble man. Addressing the inmates of a concentration camp recently, he urged the defeated, heart-sore burghers to do their utmost to show Great Britain what good colonists the Boers can make. Meeting the conditions imposed by the change in their government in this spirit, the Boers will, as the years go on, become a more prosperous people than ever before, and in due time a contented people.

Governor Geer takes occasion to compliment himself under cover of congratulations to Governor-elect Chamberlain. After alluding regretfully to circumstances that made the election of a Democratic Governor possible, his excellency concludes with the hope that the new Governor will leave the executive branch of the public service in as good condition as he found it. To such a strait as this is a disgruntled chief executive driven in the attempt to appear amiable.

The Oregonian will greatly mistake the spirit of the majority of the Legislature that will sit next Winter and elect a Senator of the United States if any disgruntled and treacherous Republican shall receive consideration there. The leaders and representatives of the selfish and vengeful clan who "put the knife in" are well known and will be remembered.

The whole world will be glad to learn that the young Queen of Holland is rapidly recovering from her late severe and unfortunate illness. She will pass some weeks at Castle Schaumburg, in the valley of the Lahn, where it may be hoped she will be secure from domestic strife and fully recover her health and given another chance for her life.

McKinley's Ambition.

From an Address by William F. Hurdell before the Dayton Bus-Fus Club.

The President had just one ambition after he was done at Washington and was back in Ohio. He confessed it one day to Governor Nash. "George," said he, affectionately, putting his hand on the Governor's arm, "before you quit the Statehouse I want you to appoint me on the Board of Trustees for the Ohio State University." He was ever mindful of the youth of the land.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE

This inquiry came to the Questions and Answers department the other day, and was handed to me:

> In addressing their elders should children be taught to say "Yes, ma'am," or "Yes, mother," etc.? MRS. C. N.

Before entering on this subject, I wish to disclaim jurisdiction over it. Furthermore, not to disappoint those who may expect a decision, let me announce that I have only taken the case under advisement.

Every mother must decide for herself what to teach her child in the way of social amenities, essential and non-essential. "Yes, ma'am," is amenable to the charge of being old-fashioned; having babies is also old-fashioned, but the custom is likely to abide. "Ma'am" is an abbreviation of "madam," a word of limited circulation in this land of the free and home of the brave. It won't do to substitute the stiff original for the shorter and less dignified word. Can any one find fault with "Yes, mother," or with what many good folk consider a more tender appellation—"mamma"? No, no particular fault, still, "Yes, ma'am," has its votaries by the million. Leave it to a vote of mothers who read The Oregonian and I venture that "Yes, ma'am" will not be so far behind as was Furnish last Monday night; this, too, in the face of the fact that schools, private and public, for nearly 10 years, have fought "ma'am." Why?

To the minds of many right-thinking parents, use of the words "ma'am" and "sir" savor of servility. Every American resents the idea that his child is not the equal of every other man's child. While he may regard as theoretical the first of the self-evident truths set down by Jefferson in a document that will be 126 years old next Fourth of July, he makes it practical when he considers his own offspring. Is the habit of speaking the words "ma'am" or "sir" as an adjunct to the short adverb likely to produce in the mind of a child a feeling of inferiority? Were your parents, or grandparents, chargeable in the least degree with servility? And yet it is a bet of any money you happen to have in your pocket against a pint of peanuts that they said "Yes, sir," when they addressed their elders. Has human nature changed in the last half century? Go into an unfamiliar neighborhood and ask some lad of 12 playing on the sidewalk: "Is this Mr. Worth's house?" If he answer "No, sir," he creates instantly a good impression. If he happens also to touch his cap, you will likely say to yourself: "Here is a boy who has been well brought up." What will be your impression if he answer without gruffness: "No." A Baltimore matron who recently took up her residence in Portland remarked to her husband: "I have a high opinion of Mrs. B——." With some surprise the husband replied: "Why, you've never met her," to which the far-seeing wife answered: "But I know her daughters."

A crusade against "ma'am" and "sir" has been waged in the schools of the country, public and private, here and elsewhere, for the past 10 or 12 years, and there are many children nowadays who never use the words in conversation. In one Portland boarding school their use is forbidden. In one academy, the words are gently suppressed the first day. When the pupil says "Yes, ma'am," the teacher confidentially tells him that she would much rather hear him say: "Yes, Miss Smith." He never needs to be told more than once. The other children say: "Yes, Miss Smith," and he doesn't want to be laughed at. A child often learns amenities away from the household. However, the public schools respect "home rule." If, as no inconsiderable number do, the child says "yes" or "no" without trimmings, no reform is attempted, but if she uses the tabooed "ma'am" or "sir," she is given to understand by indirection that she is committing a solecism. She doesn't relish being laughed at, and it doesn't take her a week to learn to say: "Yes, Miss Jones." While no ordinance of prohibition has been published, the common schools have "discouraged" the two words into desuetude. With all the schools aligned against "ma'am" and "sir," the next generation is likely to see them consigned to oblivion.

It is easy enough to teach children to add "father," "mother, "Mr. Smith," "Mrs. Jones," etc., to their "yes" and "no"; but what about strangers? Your son is going to rub up against the world when he grows older. How will he address a man or woman whose name he does not know? I put this question to a friend of 40 who is bringing up his children after the 20th century plan. He answered decisively: "Keep away from 'sir' and 'ma'am.' Be polite always. If I ask my boy whether he will have another slice of watermelon, let him answer: 'If you please,' or 'No, thank you,' by the time he is 21 he will be able to meet any inquiry without using 'sir,' and yet be well-mannered." If a stranger enters a certain office in Portland and asks: "Is this Judge Blank?" the answer is: "I am he," as the Judge rises from his seat. After the introduction, the Judge uses "Mr." or "Colonel" or "Judge" prefixed to his caller's name, but you never hear him say "sir"—not even to our newly-elected Mayor, for whom he has the greatest respect. No doubt George Washington used "sir" in addressing Thomas Jefferson. It is certain that Theodore Roosevelt avoids it when he speaks to John Hay, while the chances are even that he said "sir" the last time he held conversation with General Miles. Environment sometimes modifies the form of salutation. Now, over there in Harney County, Oregon, where the principal industry is cattle, the people oppose equally the use of "No, sir," and "No, Mr. Chamberlain." A Democratic candidate for Constable, when he was out rustling for votes in the recent campaign, and did not happen to know the elector's nickname, greeted him with: "Hello, old five-spot! Darn your soul, how do you come on?"

Suppose that Mrs. X., of Nob Hill, were to receive a visit from her rich bachelor brother, aged 50, living in Central Illinois, whose father campaigned it with Lincoln in '58, and who learned to say "Yes, sir" to his elders and practiced it all his life and expected it from his juniors. Suppose that Mrs. X. knew that her brother had made his will and could divine the legatees. I wonder whether she wouldn't suspend the rule and instruct Vivian and Ethylinda to say "sir" during the period of their dear uncle's stay.

After all, are not the schools and what is called the upper classes mistaking terms when they taboo "ma'am" and "sir"? The mother who discountenances "no, sir," commends "No, Mr. Smith." Well, what is "mister" but a corrupt form of "master"? Does she wish her child to bend the knee to her next-door neighbor or to a stranger? What is "Mrs." but the abbreviation of "mistress," a woman having power, authority or ownership; a woman who exercises authority, is chief, etc. (see Webster), corrupted into "Missus"? Society has made "Mr." and "Mrs." titles of courtesy. Cannot "sir" and "ma'am" be so regarded? Opinion on this point is undergoing a change. If you think their use indicative of servility (this is not exactly the word to employ, being too harsh; but it fairly carries the meaning), forbid their use. If, in the spirit of 50, or 30 years ago, you regard "sir" and "ma'am" as showing respect, so teach your children. The one risk you run is that you may be considered neither fashionable nor up-to-date. L.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

His Occupation Is Gone.

I've subdued the bloomin' Paythan through the 'ole of 'Industan,
I 'ave tamed wild Fuzzy Wuzzy, an' made peace in the Sowdan;
The Egyptian 'e's a model of extreme civilitee,
An' I've even dragged politeness from the 'aughtiest Chinee;
I 'ave got the bloody Sultan where 'e's feelin' mighty bad,
An' there isn't any prospect of a row with Adam Zad.
An' it's poor ole Tommy Atkins, it is mighty 'ard on you,
Now the Transvaal war is ended, for there's nothin' left to do.

In the list of 'eathen countries that you find upon the 'map,
Ev'ry one has got a friend or a protector right on tap.
If I cast my eye on Cuba, she don't give a tinker's dam,
For she only needs to 'oller hout for 'elp to Uncle Sam.
An' if on the burnin' isle o' Martinique I take a chance,
She will hit the red 'ot cable for a battle-ship from France.
So it's poor ole Tommy Atkins, it is mighty 'ard on you
Now the Transvaal war is ended, what is left for you to do?

In the days that I remember, every way I looked around,
Some fat bunch o' 'elpless 'eathens there was always to be found,
An' I kept my country growin' while my army all the time
Was recruitin' with the sons of many a new an' furrin' clime.
But I've got so many lately that the rest is gittin' shy,
Till there ain't one left without some strong protectin' nation by.
An' it's poor ole Tommy Atkins, what is left for you to do,
For the Transvaal war is ended, an' ain't left you nothin' new.

So I sits, like Alexander, an' I wipes my weepin' h'eye,
'Cause I can't scare up no conquest, never mind 'ow 'ard I try,
'Cause the bloomin' royal ensign on the battle-field is furled,
An' there ain't another country that is free in all the world,
An' I don't need Rudyard Kipling an' I don't need little "Bobs";
All I need's a few lawmakers an' of course 'is royal nobs,
An' it's poor ole Tommy Atkins, there is nothin' more in view,
An' it's bloody 'ard to figure what's the bloomin' use of you.

Foiled Again.

"Villain," said the blonde and petite heroine resolutely, for she had at last pierced his disguise, and knew that she must pass him up effectually or live unhappily ever after, "you are a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Bah!" said the villain.

But this attempt to prove himself a sheep did not land, for the heroine, being a stage heroine, was not born yesterday or even 23 years from yesterday, and she knew a villain when she saw one. Consequently the hero came for her in the fifth act, the audience hissed the villain off the stage, and the curtain fell on the union of two hearts that beat as one.

All Wrong.

Trout is risin' in the pool,
Birds is nestin' now,
Spendin' all the day in school
Don't seem right, somehow.

Trout an' birds ain't to be found
Any time of year,
School hangs on the hull year 'round,
It's jus' always here.

School can't be where boys belong,
Ain't no kind of rule
Can make it beat the thrush's song
Down there by yonder pool.

Notes of the Stage.

Richard Mansfield, it is reported, has arranged with J. P. Morgan to have special railroad tracks built to all the cities he plays, so his private train will not have to accommodate itself to the vulgar traffic of freight and passengers which now often discommodes him.

The report that N. C. Goodwin was to play Portia proves to be without foundation.

Clyde Fitch is in Europe recovering from the strain of several hours he spent week before last without writing a play.

Henry Irving has taken up the study of English and may hereafter present a play in that language.

Mr. S. E. Gross, of Chicago, is thinking of bringing suit to establish his right to be known as the author of "Richard III." Mr. Gross once wrote a play in which a man draws a sword in the third act. A parallel of this is found in the play in question.

J. P. Morgan may go on the stage. He has several acquaintances who, it is reported, have invited him to witness their performances from the wings.

Lincoln J. Carter will have the Coronation dramatized in time for production the week the event comes off.

A Treetop Lullaby.

Green are the branches that o'er thee are swinging,
Pale is the sky that is bending above;
Sleep, little robin, thy mother is singing,
Singing the wonderful song of her love.

Soft is thy nest with her downiest feathers,
Safe from the hawk it is hidden away,
Warm and secure in the roughest of weathers,
Sleep, little robin, sleep on till the day.

Father will guard while his darling is sleeping,
Guard from all harm with his sheltering wing,
Mother will answer that timorous peeping,
And how with the morning light father will sing!

Sleep, little robin, the shadows are falling,
Falling like feathers above thy warm nest;
Sleep little robin, the twilight is calling,
Calling away to the Country of Rest.

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Mr. Harriman at School.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Mr. Harriman has just returned from an extensive tour of the Union Pacific system, in which he has talked about the plans of the management with great frankness and a spirit wholly new in the exclusive territory of that corporation. These plans include judicious extensions and energetic effort for development of the country; scientific encouragement of emigration, invitation to industries, special facilities for commerce and all the modern devices by which railroads increase their ultimate earnings by increasing the prosperity of the country. People of the regions exclusively served by the Union Pacific first stand aghast at this announcement of novel purpose; then spring to their own work of industrial or commercial development with a new ardor and elated spirit. Now this is just the way the Northern transcontinental roads have developed their country and increased their business. They have done this no less to compete with each other than to compete with the Union Pacific, which always has thought it could neglect development of the country for the through trade which fell into its lap without effort. Now that through trade is threatened by the Northern merger, and the Union Pacific has been aroused to give some thought to local development. This promises to Oregon at its Western terminus and to the interior states along its line something of the industrial aid and commercial opportunity that the more energetic policy of the Northern roads has brought to the State of Washington. They are half delirious with joy over the prospect.