The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

To City Subscribers-

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.11 Dully, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20 POSTAGE RATES. Inited States, Canada and Mexicon

of any individual. Letters relating to adve tising subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian." The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to re-

turn any manuscripts sent to it without solici-tation. No stamps should be inclosed for this Enstern Business Office, 48, 45, 45, 47, 48, 41 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith

Special Agency, Eastern representative.
For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Pal-ace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Brox., 226 Sutter street; P. W. Fitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Comper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis street, and N. Whentley, 513 Mission street, For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner.

200 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 200 So. Spring street.

For sale in Sacramento by Sacramento News Co., 429 K street, Sacramento, Cal. For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street, and Charles MacDonald, 207 Workshop Street, 200 Charles MacDonald, 207 Workshop Street

3 Washington street. For sale in Omaha by Barkslow Bros., 1612 eet; Megeath Stationery Co., 1808 For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News

Co., T7 W. Second South street. For cale in Ogden by C. H. Myers. For cale in Minneapolis by R. G. Hearsey & Co., M Third street South. For cale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett Mouse news stand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kandrick, 905-912 Seventeenth street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., 15th and Lawrence street; A. Serles, Sixteenth and Curtis streets; and H. P. Ha

TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy; south TESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum ten

perature, 84; minimum temperature, 50; pre distation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1902.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH.

'A writer in one of our magazines pre sents a plea for a new English transla tion of the Bible, for the purpose of adapting it to the modern forms of speech. It is argued that the version so long in use, since it does not be long to the language of our time, is suited to ordinary and common use for the present day, and to many is even scarcely intelligible. It oes, indeed, abound with a peculiar phraseology and with single words long since abandoned, and its style is main tained nowhere else in our literature but these are precisely the features that make it impressive, concentrate attention upon it, and give it the sacred character is possesses. Through this translation the Bible means more to readers of English than to those who use any other tongue. The general antique color of the diction perpetuates this translation as the literary representative of our sacred speech. In the literature of any other language there is nothing that corresponds to it

It is not too much to say that there

is no possibility of supersedure of this version by another. It is a part, and no small part, of the intellectual, moral and religious culture of all Englishspeaking peoples. The forms of expression in which the text is rendered have sehold words unto millions, and the change of a word or a syllable would produce a jar to many ears as harsh as dissonance in music As a work of literature, this version is a transcript of the religious and intellectual energy that produced it. Its downright, sinewy and idiomatic Engour literature, is strong, where a new version would be diffuse and feeble. From the same type of mind that produced this version flowed those innumerable tributary streams that fed the mighty sea of Shakespeare. To substitute another version for this one would be to abandon one of the strongest clews to the entire living existence, moral, intellectual and religious, of all who inherit the English tongue. Of course, therefore, it cannot be supplantin words of compass and power, part of the daily life and growth of multitudes. No substitution of another version for

it, nor even any material change in this one would be possible; or, even were At possible it would be a positive loss to literature and history, and would tend to impoverishment of the soil in which the moral and religious ideas of a great people have their nourishment and growth.

Here is the genlus of the English tongue at its greatest and best, flinging its full strength upon a task which at the time lay close to the heart of the English people. The English Bible is the masterpiece of our prose, as Shakespeare's work is of our poetry; it beats not only with the divine impulse of its original, but also with that immense vitality of religious life in the days when to our ancestors religion and life were identical. In this version we have that tremendous reach of emotion borne on a style majestic and clear. which has been and will continue to be one of the great forces in the movements of history. This English Bible is among the greatest of the agencies in spreading the English language throughout the world, and in extending the principles of liberty and of juris prudence, that go with it and find their expression through it. This view shows that missionary work carried on in the English tongue throughout the world has a field vastly wider than propagation of mere ecclesiastical dogma. It is introductory to and part of a greatly wider field of effort and progress. Its potency lies in the fact that the religlous feeling is the most powerful of the forces through which men are moved, and in all times has been the underlying force in the expansion of civiliza tion. This is not to say that it has not been abused, or has not run into errors, or at times even into crimes, some of them colossal. Nevertheless, without the religious impulse the world never could get on.

There are two sides to the labor riots that have recently disturbed Pawtucket, R. I., and the predominance of public opinion is with the strikers. The last Rhode Island Legislature enacted a ten-hour law which applied to the big corporation known as the United Traction Company. Instead of obeying the law, this company tried to evade or The men were notified that if they would work under the old sched-

ule they would be guaranteed legal protection against enforcement of the tenhour law, which the corporation declared could be proved unconstitutional. If the men insisted upon the ten-hour schedule, the corporation would insist upon a proportionate reduction of wages. The men rightly refused this proposition and insisted upon the enforcement of the ten-hour law and resisted a reduction of their wages. Hence the strike. The United Traction Company has refused to obey the law of the state and has treated the Legislature that enacted the law and the Supreme Court that must construe it with contempt. Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that popular sym pathy in Pawtucket has been with the strikers. The Town Council of Cumber land, R. I., passed resolutions denounce ing the United Traction Company for its refusal to obey the law, and extended its "sympathy to the striking employes who have refused to work until the company complies with the

BEAUTIFICATION OF PORTLAND.

All these incidental and ephemeral projects for making Portland attract ive in 1905 are in the highest degree mmendable; and not only that, but there should constantly be borne in mind their relation to the larger and more abiding problem of the City Beau-

It would be hard to overestimate the importance of the artistic spirit in the metropolitan life. "If there is one thing necessary for a great city," it has been wisely said, "it is beauty. The great cities of history have been beautiful cities. Men and women love to go and to return often where their sense of the beautiful has been chained and charmed. Who that has seen the noble piles and monuments of Washington, the restful slopes of Druid Hill at Baltimore, the stately stone structures of Fifth avenue gleaming through the foliage of Central Park, the pensive retreate of Greenwood and Mount Auburn, the cathedral aisles of New Haven elms, the shapely lawns of Evanston sweeping down to the shore of Lake Michigan, does not often, in the moment's leisure of his busiest day, long for the peace and uplift of those scenes of beauty, and in fancy transport himself again beneath their restful influ-

Yet it seems always too late to beautify any large city. It is laid out when it is small, and by the time the errors of ignorance or selfishness are discovered, the streets are irrevocably fixed, the water-front occupied, the green spots relegated to landlord and tenant. In our great cities, complaint is general. The last Architectural Record upbraids New York bitterly, while pointing out Philadelphia as a pattern, but in the Philadelphia Times we find this counterbalancing assertion, which is of interest and pertinence in Portland also:

It is customary to ascribe the relative decline of Philadelphia, as compared with New York, to the latter's advantages in commerce. This is true enough; but New York much earlier learned the necessity of municipal adornment, and it is today, or is rapidly becoming, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is the attractiveness of the city itself that draws the crowds who go there to transact business crowds who go there to transact busine which might more easily be done here. In the increasing competition among the cities of this continent, those whose prosperity will endur-and whose influence will extend will be those that take most thought for their wise aftern nt. The early Philadelphia, with its disc hitecture, its shaded streets and open spi and with its unspolled rural surroundings, was really a beautiful city. Ignorance and careresness and insteless stupidity allowed its anty to be lost, and with it the city los tractiveness and its dominating influence was neglected by the country because it neg-

lected itself. The feature of municipal adorument which needs most attention because, unlike pavements and parks, it seems unable to take care of itself, is its arch itectural arrangement. The secret here is not so much style of structure as adequate room for its display. Tail buildings with narrow streets are fatal to any artistic effect. A building can lish, coming to us from the best age of | be tall if there is space enough before it for the eye to take it in with ade quate comprehension of its whole content. One of the most beautiful spots in Portland is the view of the Portland Hotel. The hotel itself is not at all beautiful, but the space in the Postoffice Square and in Mr. Corbett's grounds gives the hotel when seen form a proper angle a setting of something like adequate space. Imagination can readily comprehend how pleasing the effect would be if a structure surpassed. It makes the highest ideas, clothed ingly beautiful in itself occupied the square where the hotel stands, or even

the site of the Postoffice. The new Custom-House, with its pleasing exterior and generous internal proportions, affords, with the green Summer setting of the park blocks, a hint of what could be done here, it wider streets or open spaces in the center of the city had been provided for in the original townsite. Philadelphia gets such an effect by building its City Hall at the head of a street, where its massive proportions form an impressive picture in the mind of every visitor. The new Washington is to be full of such artistic arrangements made possible by the fact that the Na tional Capital, alone among American cities, was laid out with a view to Its future greatness. As Portland grows, no present possibilities of space should be sacrificed. Probably we shall never be able to do as they are doing in Boston, buy a large tract of city land at public expense, lay out the ground adequately on new lines, and then sell the remaining lots at a profit. But we can, and we must, hold on to the park blacks, both south of Salmon and north of Ankeny, facilitate by public sentiment every proposed widening like that of Seventh and Grand avenue, and whenever opportunity offers bring about some grouping of important bulldings.

It is a most ismentable pity that ou most creditable buildings, such as the City Hall, Public Library, Custom-House and High School, are so widely separated that they can never be brought into a comprehensive scheme of municipal adornment. If we had a large public square with one of these buildings, or better ones, facing each side of it, and our gift fountains and historic monuments grouped within it, the monumental effect would be of inestimable value to the city in a commercial sense. Our short blocks and narrow streets, our absence of broad avenues, and especially of sweeping curves, are drawbacks that seem insurmountable now, but may be somewhat ameliorated by chance opportunity as time goes on. Portland is favorably situated from a scenic point of view, and the bindrances spoken of are just such as every city is called upon to encounter at some time or other in its history. The opportunities are generally found when the citizens are eases discover or create them, and the

Interest in arboreal and floral under-

the part of our people in the esthetic side of municipal life. No great work of enrichment or adornment can be carried out without great labor and selfsacrifice. As long as we have miles of sidewalks so loosely put together that life and limb are unsafe in treading them, the path to municipal loveliness is encumbered by many obstacles.

GENESIS OF ANTI-ISM.

If any doubt remained that anti-imperialism is an idiosyncrasy, it could not survive the revelation carried in these lines from the New York Even-

Why cannot American statesmen and Army officers speak publicly such words of generous appreciation of a conquered enemy as those we are hearing every day from British mouths? King Edward loses no opportunity to praise the heroic constancy of the Boers. General the heroic constancy of the Boers. General Kitchener addressed one of the surrendering contingents of the Boer army, and told them that, if he had been one of them, he would have been proud to have had such a record for unfinching valor as they had. We wish we could parallel such magnanimous language from any of our addresses to the Pilipinos. If there are any parallels we cannot recall them. A strange superstition seems to have made ou public men tongue-tied.

The British soldiers and public mer are noble, the American soldiers and public men are pusillantmous-that is the only explanation of the phenomenon, if the premises assumed in the two cases are equivalent, for nobody is

tongue-tied; all are talking freely. The pusillanimity of American soldiers and public men is not to be taken for granted. If they do not acknowledge the Filipino warriors as foemen worthy of their steel, other explanation must first be tried before we accept, as the last inescapable resource, the aspersion of the American name. The Boers are recognized because their methods and spirit deserve recognition. They would not get the praise and good-fellowship they are getting if they massacred systematically under flags of truce, disemboweled captives alive, dismembered corpses of their fallen foes.

It is thoroughly anti-istic to accept the sterling qualities of the Filipinos, interchangeable with those of the Boers, as a matter of course. There is not a single anti-imperialist dictum concern ing the Philippine insurrection that is formed from evidence or has been modified by evidence, or is based on any thing whatsoever except preconceived notions derived from intuitive con-

The Filipinos are entitled to the same tributes the Boers are receiving-why? The only reason is a preconceptionthe evidence is that their warfare is totally unlike that carried on by the Boers.

The Filipinos are fighting for independence-how do you know? Because we like to assume so-the evidence is clear that they originally had no thought of independence, and that to this day they have no accurate conception of it. Liberty in their eyes means license to pillage, burn, torture and blackmail.

The Filipinos stand in the same rela tion to this country that the American colonies held to Great Britain-why? Because it is a pleasing assumption, easy to treat sympathetically. facts are that the colonies rebelled against specific acts of misgovernment, while the Filipinos rebelled before we had established government.

The Declaration of Independence is as

fitted for the Philippines as it was for

the American colonies-how so? Be

cause it affords a convenient base of

hostile criticism. The fact is that the Declaration set up a categorical list of outrages in justification of revolt. Not the Declaration or anything else ever established the doctrine that secession territory from rightful sovereignty is justified by a state of mind in the seceders. They must have grounds more relative. They must show, as the colonists did, how the home government has abused and forfetted its authority. . Such ready acceptance of the pusil-lanimity of the American character must spring from minds that are somehow wrongly constituted. Notice the difference between the anti position and the flerce denunciation of the British Navy just indulged by Lord Beresford. Nobody will question that Beresford is a thorough patriot, though he holds the Admiralty up to scorn and estimates the warships at a very low valuation But the hostility of our anti-imperialists to the United States Army is a very different thing from Lord Beresford's hostility to the British Admiralty. wants the Navy improved so it can better win its battles. Do our antis, in their denunciation of our officers at every breath of accusation aim at improvement of the Army, so it can the better win its battles? No, they are only the more exasperated at every American victory in the Philippines. They are determined, if possible, exalt the character of our foes and discredit the character of our own. They were wont to say they hoped the Tagal hordes would drive our soldiers into the sea, but since this is no longer compatible with the retiring disposition of the Tagals, the antis are content to assert that their sympathies are with the Filipinos, to rejoice at every American defeat, to gloat over every fault or error discovered in our representatives, and to make as odious as possible the homecoming of every gallant officer who has led our columns through the unspeakable hardships of Luzon and

Mindanso and Samer. The common people are not learned in the niceties of anti-imperialist distinctions, but their heart is sound, and their instinct true enough to discern a copperhead when they see one. They know when the object of a propaganda is the humiliation of American soldiers and the embarrassment of the American cause. Their rugged patriotism to not to be beguiled by the specious reasonings and pumped-up hysterics of antiimperialism. Such aid and comfort as they have to give are for the ranks that march under the American flag, and for no other, savage or civilized, British or Bostonian.

A PROMOTER OF GROWTH.

The week just ended has been one of memorable activity in this city along social and fraternal lines. Commercially also it has been notable, if we may judge by the crowds that have thronged the department stores, the street-cars, the restaurants and the hotel corridors. The social feature was, however, the most prominent in this, the most dietinctively "get together week" in the history of Portland. Shall we say that the spirit shown presages success to the Lewis and Clark Fair? It certainly indicates a breaking-up of the isolation the seclusion of our people, the spirit of which has been a bar to the growth of the state in population, and to the wholesome friendliness that is the subtle essence of all real progress,

Portland does well to invite thither

takings indicates a lively interest on the Indian War veterans; to meet them cordially and feed them bountifully. It does well also to extend all possible courtesies to the delegates of fraternal and beneficiary associations that come here to hold their conventions; in gen erous patronage of the rose show, and in interested attendance upon the graduating exercises of the schools, particularly of the High School. Any effort that has a tendency to cultivate the fraternal feeling along higher lines is worth while. Business interests follow these movements, multiplying at every step. When Oregonians come to know that isolation is stagnation and sociabillty is a promoter of growth, they will have taken a long step to meet the development that they have so long and vainly ogled at a chilly distance. This lesson, judging by the events of the past week, they are learning rapidly, and clearly to their profit.

> A NEW ROLE, BUT AN OLD PLAY. Jerry Simpson, the Populistic Kansan of a former distressful period in the history of the Sunflower state, has changed his base of operations, and has taken to a money-getting vocation in New Mexico. Once the eloquent champion of the people, scorning the luxury of "socks" and by this sign proclaiming himself "one of them," Mr. Simpson is now a cattle baron of New Mexico, and lately was abroad in the Rocky Mountain States in the interest of the cattle trust. To complete the transition from Populist to capitalist, Mr. Simpson has taken to wearing socks, of which important fact he assured an audience at Helena a short time ago, as preliminary to an address in which he urged stockmen to organize. Of course, Jerry disclaimed all indersement of the "trust"-that monster of hideous mlen at which, under the names of corporate power and soulless greed, he was wont to hurl anathema in the old days when he was the standard-bearer of Populism in Kansas and in Congress.

Hear him: "In urging upon you the wisdom of organization, I do not wish to say that I am in favor of trusts. I have come to the conclusion, however, that such combinations of capital are only a natural result of the conditions that prevail at this period. It is an age of economic evolution and the men who are organizing combinations of capital are work ing out these problems of industry in the way they deem best. I believe that the stockmen should organize for their own good. If they do not took after their own interests, others will not do it

In other words, what was at one time an aggregation of greed-a coalition of capitalists, the result of which was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, is now merely a feature of "economic evolution," "a natural result of conditions," and the men who are effecting combinations of capital are en gaged in the laudable enterprise of working out problems of industry in the way they deem best."

Truly all depends upon the point of Jerry Simpson, politician, and seeker after Congressional honors in an agricultural state in a period of great agricultural depression-sophistical and sockless-saw the problems of industry in a very different light than that which illumines the brain of Jerry Simpson, cattle baron of a grazing ter ritory, which hopes soon to become a state, and as such have seats in the United States Senate to give out. The combination of capital in order to work out industrial problems was from the one point of view monstrously iniquitous in an economic sense; shifting the view, such combination becomes not only desirable but necessary to the inigent solution of the "problems of industry." Championship of the "people's rights' from the first view point landed Jerry Simpson in the National House of Representatives, Pursuing the topic after an enormous wheat crop attended by high prices of that staple shifted the popular vision from depres sion to prosperity, he made a hopeless struggle for a seat in the United States Senate. This defeat aroused him to the necessity of the abandonment of his old observatory, if he would again se curs recognition in the political world, and now after several years we find him a wealthy cattle-owner of New Mexico, fully equipped with arguments befitting his new point of view, and in full career for the United States Senate when that territory shall be added to the list of the grazing states of the Union. As becomes a wealthy cattleman, urging his class to avail themselves of the benefits of combination, he wears socks and announces this fact to his audiences as before he proclaimed himself to be as sockless as the most grasshopper scourged farmer of Kaneas. As he himself says, this is only a natural result of prevailing conditions. Under conditions that prevailed in Kansas ten years ago, he posed as the people's champion and landed in the House of Representatives. Under conditions prevailing in New Mexico at present, he appears as champion of the cattle-men, hoping no doubt to land in due time in the United States Senate. As a politician, Jerry Simpson is to be admired for his sagacity. It is only when he poses as a reformer and champion of the abstract rights of the people that his pretensions excite amusement or contempt.

SUPERVISION OF FORESTS.

The benefits of National forestry conducted by the Government for the good of the whole country are readily discernible. That which is everybody's business is nobody's business, and while we may all assent readily to the statement that our timber supply is under the menace of practical extinction under the slip-shod methods that have long prevailed in regard to it, this conviction does not, and has not, protected our forest lands from being ruthlessly denuded of timber by the axman or by fire The best schemes that can be devised for forest protection are, however, carried out with much difficulty. The chief enemy of these schemes is the common enemy. Its comprehensive, though in elegant name is "the political pull." A Washington correspondent of the New York Post has this to say concerning

"The General Land Office is wholly under far Western control, which means that, however excellent the broader plans and purposes of a Secretary of the Interior, the administrative atmoophere of the forest reserve system can not be of the best. The decrepit or lazy or incompetent ranger, appointed be cause he is a Senator's father-in-law or a Representative's cousin, or a Cabinet member's nephew, will still be held in office and continue to neglect its duties at a distance of two or three thousand miles from the center of disciplinary authority; whereas, under command o an officer who takes a scientific pride in annual reunion, the pioneers and in the work of forest conservation and

would be shamed and professionally discredited by failure, we might fairly hope to see a different order of things prevail without any greater ultimate cost to the taxpayers."

As has been said, all well-informed persons agree in the utility of forest preservation. Only those who are not well informed regard the unsupervised use, and the consequent ruthless destruction of our forests with indifference. To conduct forest supervision successfully it must be in the hands of competent men-men who take a National interest and honest pride in their work. It follows that such men can be had only through selection upon other than political grounds, or through personal or family favoritism. In brief, men who are competent to carry out the intent of National plans for forest preservation must have some kind of training for the work. A woodsman, thoroughly schooled in practical knowledge of the forest, in love, so to speak with trees and inspired by intelligent seal for their preservation, will make a valuable ranger, regardless of his political or family affiliations. There can be no argument upon this point. The practical road to the desired end is in the appointment of forest care takers upon evidence of special suitability for the work required. A change in this direction cannot come too soon Its approach, however, is still unher alded, though the enlistment of popular feeling in the matter gives some promise for the appointment of competent men as forest rangers in future.

spicuous during coronation week by a settled, defiant attitude of unhappiness, It has proclaimed coronation day day of mourning in Ireland," and this the Irish people are urged to observe in a manner befitting the crowning of the English King, "to whose government the people are so much indebted for famines coffin-ships, coercion and Castle rule." From this point of view, the league certainly makes out a doleful case. To the extent that it is based in real grievance intelligent Americans sympathize with the feeling while they doubt the expediency of thus express. ing it. The simple fact is that it can do no good. Unhappiness may not be without cause but it is doubly distress ing when it is without effect. The counsel of Irish leaders is exactly opportie to that of Boer leaders who earnestly counsel the defeated, sorehearted burghers to win the favor of the government by exemplary conduct. is too much to expect either the Irish people or the Boers to join heartfly in the cheers that greet King Edward as their crowned ruler, but they should at least observe a decorous, dignified silence, for the simple reason that angry protest is of "no use."

The United Irish League will be con

The proposed bill providing for the removal of the wreck of the battle-ship Maine from the Harbor of Havana is approved by the Navy Department, It would be unwise to revive, in connec tion with this work, the issues raised by the destruction of this vessel. Hence every effort will be directed toward the removal of the hulk as an obstruction to navigation merely, and for the further purpose, indorsed by natriotism, of the recovery of bodies of the American sailors believed to be still in the hold. The revival of the old cry, "Remember the Maine!" at this time would be both olish and irrelevant, since the issues upon which it arose have been fully settled by the arbitrament of the sword and the ratification of the treaty of peace. While, as a matter of news, the American people may be glad to learn from the disclosures of the wrecked ves-sel the nature of the explosion that sent her to the bottom of the harbor, these disclosures, of whatever nature, should now arouse no resentment and little indignation.

Public sentiment in Paterson has at last responded to the call of law and order. A determined effort will be made to rid that city of anarchists whose pernicious activity in hatching vain empires has long been a menace to the public peace, and a discredit to the Nation abroad. The "reds" will be induced to leave the city quietly, if possible, but they will be assisted in their departure by a vigilance committee if necessary. One could almost wish for the latter process, as it is, all things considered, the surest, and has the incalculable advantage of being permanent. The men dealt with by a vigilance committee in San Francisco in a troublous period of its history did not return to vex and plague the municipality. The need was great, and the work in dealing with it was thorough. Peace followed, and with it security of life and property. So it will be in Paterson if the vigliance committee is forced to help anarchists to leave the city.

Martinique, visited now by fire and now by flood; scorched now by flery gases and again enveloped in scalding steam; its rivers boiling, and the ocean receding from its shores to return again and overflow them, is a place terrifying to the imagination, and one that must be more dreadful in reality than "fables yet have felgned or fear conceived." The abandonment of the island as a human habitation seems inevitable.

Homeseekers' rates on the Great Northern Rallway will be resumed July 1, continuing on stated days until No vember. This will give men of this class a chance to see the Pacific Northwest in its harvest season, including that of grain, hay, fruit and hops; the exhibit can scarcely fall to impress practical agriculturists and horticulturists favorably.

We received the other day two bulky pamphlets containing newspaper comment in opposition to Cuban reciprocity This renders somewhat mystifying the complaint of Senator Burton, anti-Cuba, that the press has published only one side of the case

Thomas Carew.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose;

The golden atoms of the day; For, in pure love, heaven did prepare Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale when May is past;

She winters, and keep warm her note, Ask me no more where these stars light. That downwards fall in dead of night, For in your eyes they sit, and there

For in your sweet, dividing throat

Fixed become, as in their sphere. The phoenix builds her spicy nest; For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Large attendance marked the Ploneers Reunion on Wednesday, and no sharp vision was needed to see increased interest in the one distinct Oregon day. The second generation now holds the stage, and strain our eyes as we may in the assemblage, we can pick out no more of the prominent original pioneers than can be counted on one's fingers. Pioneer names are plentiful, but they are borne by men and women not far from 50 And the pioneer spirit is not less strong than it was when the association formed, a quarter of a century ago. Here and there you will see grandsons of those who came the plains across in the '40s taking hold of affairs, and it will not be long until from the third generation will be chosen the grand marshals, the presidents, the crators and the historians of future gatherings. No fear need be felt for 50 years at least, that these reunions will be perfunctory. On the contrary, as time advances, kinship with those who founded this commonwealth will be regarded as a patent right to nobility Where pride of ancestry based on merit is involved, the social importance of ploneerdom is certain to grow.

Oregon. It had a hold in California, hotably in San Francisco, but unfortu nately few of the distinguished pioneers have been succeeded by worthy sons. In the southern part of the state there are only a handful of people who came prior to the '60s. In Washington, outside of the counties bordering the Columbia, and a few spots on Puget Sound, it is entirely lacking. Tacoma and Spokane were hardly on the map 30 years ago. In Seattle, you will find a few men whose fathers aided Henry L. Yesler, the founder of the town, to repel the Indian attack of 1886, but probably not more than 3 per cent of the population have the pioneer spirit. There is a little of it at Olympia and over Gray's Harbor way. Walis Walla may be considered one of the coun ties bordering the Columbia. Here there is centered the memory of the first sac rificial tragedy and of such heroic plo neer effort that the spirit can never die.

pioneer spirit live in such strength as

The ploneer spirit is planted deep down In Oregon soil, and no waves of immigration will uproot it. In six months a stranger can get citizenship in this state but not fellowship. Coming with estab-Robed character, his way will be no harder than in other sections of the country where righteous living prevails, but he must get into the Oregon spirit at once if he aspires to leadership. Every Portlander can recall more than one man of brains and moral backbone who failed here only because he attempted the im possible task of engrafting on the community a spirit that grows elsewhere This is notably true of ministers of the gospel, who could not grasp the broad spirit of tolerance that the first mis sionaries planted and the ploneers and their descendants fostered. The stranger who comes here to win spurs must first prove himself, and this takes time. Unlike the State of Washington, Oregon does not pick out her Judges, Congress Gevernors or Senators from carpetbaggers,

A hundred years hence, when Oregon has-shull I say?-3,000,000 people, will there be annual reunions on the 15th of June? Perhaps not, but there will be dinners after the fashion of the New England Society. McLoughlin will never fail of toasts. At least 20 men of later date are worthy of eulogy. To make a list i easy, but a precedent has been set by those who founded the American Hall of Fame that the name of no man who has not been dead at least 10 years shall be inscribed there. Some of Oregon's most distinguished pioneers have died since 1892, and there are still living four ploneers whose service to Oregon will not be forgotten by the speakers of the next cen-

Whenever a rich man dies in California the public watches eagerly for extra wives, and children who wear the bor sinister, to begin suit for their alleged share of the estate. Not often in the public disappointed, but a few days ago the yellow journals treated their readers to something new in the line of posthume sensations. Herman A. Tubbs, vice-pres ident of the Tubbs Cordage Company was killed in a runaway accident last Sunday. His relatives, ignoring his consort, sought to take charge of the fu neral arrangements and subsequently of his estate. They had been opposed to his marriage, and though he introduced Mrs. Tubbs as his wife wherever he went, and showed her all the respect and gave her all the love and protection she could ask he fold his sisters and other relatives that he was not married to her; hence their movement looking forward to the Probate Court. The sensation developed two days after his death. It was proven by indisputable documentary and personal testi mony that Mrs. Tubbs was legally his wife.

Not all the men who went gunning after Tracy and Merrill were minions of the law. Among those who joined in the Clark-County hunt was E. C. Johnso manager of E. J. Bowen & Co.'s seed house, in whose veins flows Saxon blood, He is a man of considerable means, has a wife and three children, and is credited with being a well-disposed, level-headed citizen. But the "Berserker rage" was evidently aroused in him, and he shoul dered his rifle and joined the posse, stay ing with them three days. He had chased and teen chased by Apaches in New Mexico and he considered pursuit of the outlaws neither more strenuous nor dangerous. He gave no hint of his destina tion, but when he returned he related his experiences in the man hunt and then remarked: "What a blank fool I was." I.

The Poetry of Dress.

Robert Herrick

A sweet disorder in the dress Kindles in clothes a wantonness— A lawn about the shoulders thrown Into a fine distraction An erring lace, which here and there Enthralls the crimson atomacher— A coff regiectful, and thereby Ribands to flow confusedly— A winning wave, deserving note, In the tempestnous petitions— A careless shoe-string, in whose tie I see a wild civility— Do more bewitch me than when art Is too precise in every part.

Song.

William Shakespeare. How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle but and staff, And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady, He is deni and gone; it his head a grass-green turf, At his heefs a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain suou Landed with sweet flowers; Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers,

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Comedian in the Country. ng down the curtain on the closing day, The stars are almost ready to come on; And set the second act in somber gray.

With dark green for the wood wings, and the

lawn. This rooted tree, that over me is spread, Can never be reset and used again; Although once Birnam Forest, so 'tis said, Did follow forth its route to Dunsinane The grass that grows within this cooling shade Is part and parcel of the very land, Nor will it roll up tightly, to be made To fit the stage of every one-night stand.

For, far away from theater or stage, From ancient fairles, and from senile elves, I read the lines from Nature's glowing page, And heed the prompting of the stars them-

This calm asytom in the mountains set Has for its heart a pleasant, shady dell, As old as that of our esteemed soubratte, Like hers, abiding in a padded sell.

I love this truly rural state of things, No frost is here, and only snakes can hise, The graveyard, 'neath the maple yonder, brings A cheering vision of ghost-walking bliss

And on the back-drop of you paling sky, Without a wrinkle, stretching I fancy as I look at it that I Can see an angel back of ev'ry star. Nowhere on the Pacific Coast does the

But, backward country, actors should collect.
Whole barrels of back-royalties from you.
We taught your farmer all his dialect. Our lines are read long ere your breezes blew. The passes in the mountain over there, These files, those stalls, we had long years

ago, we fade your Summer pallid on hot air, And build far better whiskers than you grow. What drop was that? The long-expected ghost? like it not, although I know 'tis dew Ah, Nature! you have played the trusting host, So, au revoir! I will not say adieu.

Alas! the countless ties that intervene Twixt me and where I join the rising sum, foo distant are to skip the one between, Too closely lie to step on every one.

So exit I, and that the world may see The sort of candid player that I am, I'll deeply carve upon this spreading tree:
"Here rested, not F. Bacon, but A. Ham."

The Pessimistic Clam

Once upon a time there was a very small Clam which sat by the sobbing Sea and sighed and sighed, for it could never understand why the Tide was full only when it had not been out all night. The Sea was bound by a golden Shore, but the Tide was not bound although it was ... Tide, and that was another thing the little Clam could not understand, so it continued to sigh and sigh. At length one Day a large fat Clam came along and, observing the little Clam sitting so disconsolately on the beach, said to him: Sigh no more, little Clam, for on your

Interior is a very valuable pearl." "Pooh!" said the little Clam, "I don't see where I get off in raising Pearls for Women to wear, when they give me Appendicitis." For the little Clam was something of a Philosopher, and he continued to sigh.

The following day a Crab arrived, walking backwards. He was due in Unalaska July 4, and was already ten Years late, and was growing later every Day. "If you were like me, little Clam," said the Crab, "you might sigh with Cause, for the farther I go the farther away I get," and the Crab chuckled at his Originality. "Ah, co," said the little Clam, "for if I were like you I would one day be made Salad," and he was about to draw an explanatory Diagram with his Boot on the Sand when the Crab moved off in the opposite Direction from that in which

he was going. At last, as the little Clam sat and sighed a Man came along and gathered in all the Clams on the Beach into a large Sack, all except the little Clam, which had dug deeply into a Hole and escaped.

"Sigh no more, little Clam," called one of the fat Clams in the Sack, "for if you

"What matters that," sighed the little Clam, "since I am now in the Hole?" And he continued to sigh. Moral-Be pessimistic and you will be happy.

A Texas Lullaby.

Look here, you little bunch o' howis, Does you all feel secure, A-hootin' like a pair o' owis That's crazy past all cure? Don't you all know that ev'ry sheep Out yonder on the plain Is puttin' in his time in sleep With all his might an' main?

You mind that thar coyote, what Considered it was fun To kinder rouse my slumbers, not A-thinkin' bout my gun? Well, jus' you look around the bed That you're a-sleepin' in, Au' you will find that that long-fread

Why, Dead-Shot Jake got drunk one night An' come around an' made, To put my peaceful dreams to flight, That's been three months ago an' more.
I mind you had to cry Fur me to take you to the door To see the hearse go by,

There ain't no man o' six foot three In all this boundin' West That thinks about disturbin' me When I lays down to rest. An' you, that ain't quite two foot high. An' never packed a gun, You keeps me settin' up till I Says "Mornin'!" to the sun.

I'd like to hev you figger on The chances you'd of had With me along about the dawn. If I'd got good an' mad, With me a sleepin' like no man. Kin ever try to tell, Why you just suddenly began To set up that thar yell. I knowed there wa'n't no Injune out, But I'd a shot for true, If when I turned an' looked about

I hadn't seen 'twas you. An' you! you seen me grab my gun, An' just set there an' grin, As if you thought that it was fun To see a fight begin.

Well, p'raps you're right, your ma ain't here To fight with you no more, An' you all sin't no call to fear The ole man's out for war. For howlin' low or howlin' high, I ain't got much to do O' nights but singik' lullaby, An' singin' it to you.

Answers to Correspondents. Anxious Wife.-Smoking is injurious as practiced by Mount Pelce and we have been assured that the Mount will abandon the habit as soon as it finds an ac ceptable substitute.

inquirer.—The word posse in German means a farce. There seems to be reason for accepting that meaning. Sport.-We understand the club won a game once, but all record of it has been lost, and the offense will not be repeated. Real Estate.-The Island of Cuba is not owned by J. P. Morgan-yet. Summer Girl.-There are many ways, but the best one is to charter the minis ter and take him along.

Just Around the Bend, Just around the bend the stream Is tossing rainbow spray, And there the happy sunbeams dream Through all the golden day. There the birds are merriest, Flowers brightest-hued; There is peace, and calm, and rest. And no rough winds intrude On we wander up the stream, But our journey's end Finds that spot of which we dream

Just around the bend.
-J. J. MONTAGUE.