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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; warmer; northwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 69; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1902.

CRITICAL STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

If the religious unrest of today is not so profound as it was from twenty to sixty years ago, the fact is due to the growing acceptance of the historical method in dealing with the concepts and traditions of religion. Many of the chief difficulties have been cleared away, and where they have not been wholly cleared away ground has been established for advance or inquiry on a rational basis; so that the human mind begins to see a reasonable method in the treatment of the great problems of life and spirit. This result is largely due to modern critical study of the Bible itself. The unrest is working its own cure. But it is establishing a new basis for the estimate of the progress of the religious spirit in man.

No one who pays any attention to what is going on in the religious world can fail to see that the one great question now before it is that relating to the Bible, its nature, character, history and authorship. Nearly all the controversies, discussions, doubts and speculations which today so largely occupy the attention of the churches have been inspired by modern critical study of the Bible, and can find their ultimate solution only in the settlement of the questions raised by this criticism. The so-called progressive theology movement in the Congregational churches, the controversy over Christian eschatology, the recent revision of the standards of the Presbyterian Church, the Broad Church movement in the Episcopal Church, and the remarkable growth of liberal ideas and of a questioning spirit in all denominations, have their origin in and derive their strength from that spirit of investigation which has been fostered by modern biblical criticism and by scientific methods of research. A great array of facts has been brought to light, which, if admitted—and many of them must be admitted—utterly overthow the old theories of the verbal inspiration, the infallibility and the inerrancy of this remarkable literature. Many of the conclusions of the criticisms have already been tacitly accepted by the churches, both Christian and Jewish; indeed the consciousness of the age is deeply tinged with the new thought about the Bible; and it is evident that the process is destined to go on indefinitely, in spite of the frantic efforts of the conservatives. Individuals in the churches who adopt the views of the critics doubtless will be disciplined still—though in decreasing numbers. But no ecclesiastical machinery can arrest the movement of which they are the product. Whether for good or evil, it is working its way into the very heart of modern Christianity.

For modern criticism has established its right to exist by what it has done. True, its conclusions are not always sure, but the work points to truth as its result, and the traditions of the church and the conclusions of critics must be tried before the bar of truth and fact, presided over by the rational and historic spirit. The old dogma which forbids any examination of the Bible, or any rational judgment in regard to it, is out of harmony with the historical fact that the present books of the Bible were gathered together by the exercise of the very same rational weighing of evidence which is, by that dogma, forbidden. In making up the present Scriptural canon, fallible men did exactly what the critics are doing now; that is, they used their reason to weigh the facts and evidence, in accordance with which they decided that certain books were "inspired," while others were not. And on this very point there always has been a dispute, which is to be settled at last only by acceptance of a rational definition of inspiration.

If criticism has a right to examine any part of the Bible or any inherited opinion about it, it has a right to examine every part and every opinion. No half-way method can be enforced. The object of the criticism is to find out what the Bible is and what it claims for itself, as opposed to the great body of criticisms and interpretations which tradition has gathered about it. In this view the study of the Bible is simply one branch of that science of history whose object is to make the past real to the present. Christianity itself is both a history and a literature, and is subject, therefore, to the laws of historical inquiry and of literary criticism. To divorce the Bible from history and humanity, and to turn it into a mysterious Delphic oracle, is to destroy its essential character.

This scientific and historical criticism has revolutionized the old conception of the Bible. It has introduced the element of historical perspective, and has taught the necessity of discrimination between the various parts. It has made actual to us the Biblical past, in its real aspects. It has brought out the ideas of development and of religious evolution which so mark the history of the Bible. It has laid the foundation of a sane exegesis in opposition to the fantastic "squatter sovereignty exegesis," as some one has happily called it, which formerly dominated the minds of theologians and pulpiteers. It has taught men to weigh and sift that which tradition, often ignorant and nearly always over-credulous, took for granted, and thus has ruled out of court the appeal to blind credulity, which from the beginning has done so much to arrest or to turn aside from its true course the orderly and rational development of religion. It has done much to settle the question of authority, by showing that it is a variable quantity, depending on testimony, probability and truth. It has brought out the law of discrimination, in estimating the value of different portions of these books, and has done much for their rational interpretation by reconstruction of the conditions under which they must have been produced. It gives weight to probable evidence, which in all departments of thought is the very guide of life.

Here, for example, are the first five books, the Pentateuch, or six, the Hexateuch, including the Book of Joshua. What are they, and how were they composed? It is now the universally accepted judgment of competent scholarship that they are a composite of narratives and laws belonging to the history of Israel, covering a very long period, made up of materials altered, adjusted and reset at different times, to suit changing conceptions in the national and religious life of the people. Of the various documents wrought into these books, some are older than others by many centuries; the seams upon which they were united are everywhere plainly visible, and it is possible to ascertain from study and comparison at about what time the work of the later editors was done and what was the purpose of it. Thus, what is called the Yahwistic document was composed in the north Israelite kingdom within the ninth century, B. C., or quite at the beginning of the eighth; while the elohistic document was written in the same kingdom by an author acquainted with the other document, and who must have lived about 750 B. C. Both works were known and received in Judah, or the southern kingdom, also; but they could not satisfy permanently the existing and gradually unfolding requirements of the latter kingdom, and both alike were accordingly so expanded and recast that in the second half of the seventh century distinctively Judean editions of both had come into existence; which again at some period later than 650 B. C., thus supplemented and worked over, were combined into a single whole. The continuous redaction of the Hexateuch is a fact accepted by the scholarship of the world. Upon this problem more labor has perhaps been expended than upon any other in literary history, and though there remain some differences of opinion as to minor details, the general result is placed beyond the bounds of dispute. The work was brought gradually into its present form, to meet or suit the changing religious consciousness from which it emanated. Much of the matter, moreover, is in historical contradiction with the setting that holds it; for it is a record of an effort to reconstruct the history of past times on a basis to meet the supposed wants of the present and future. Each of the divergent accounts has its distinctive language and characteristic turns of speech and style. Indeed, the narratives differ so widely in this respect that even without reference to their contents scholars are able to place diversity of authorship and differences of time above the reach of doubt, merely by noting the divergencies of form.

Study of the Bible, therefore, is a literary and historical problem, subject to the general canons of literary and historical criticism. The result does not diminish the value of the contents, but it changes from tradition to reason, from the unscientific to the historical spirit, the grounds of authority for judging them.

A SECRET OF AUTHORSHIP.

The first requisite of authorship is something to say, but almost equally essential is knowledge how to say it. Many a worthy intellectual enterprise is wrecked because navigated with bad grammar and unseaworthy vocabularies. This important truth is suggested by the appeal of a correspondent:

> Authorities here differ as to the correctness of this expression: "Which of the places, London, Brighton or Leeds, will be the most convenient for you to reach?" Some say "and" should be used rather than "or." What says The Oregonian?

One of the expressions used is wrong and the other is right, and perhaps the right one is, after all, the more objectionable of the two. We shall not say which, because it is not worth while. There is no choice between two abominable expressions. Say, Would London, Brighton or Leeds be most convenient for you to reach?

Multitudes never learn that the object of language is to make progress in thought between speaker and hearer, or between writer and reader. Whether we aim to charm or to instruct, or to edify, the purpose is the same—to reach the understanding most effectively. To run that race we must cast aside every weight; and there is no more grievous weight than the habit of compelling the reader or hearer to stop every little while to wonder if the sentence in hand is not incorrect. If you wanted a man to stop your runaway horse, you would not address him in such terms as would leave him long in doubt as to your meaning. You would want him to understand at once and act forthwith. Something less urgent, perhaps, but no less direct, is the purpose of every spoken and written word. The aim is to effect some mental or physical action, or both, and anything that interferes with that end is objectionable.

It is not enough, then, that a sentence should be grammatically correct. It should so avoid all appearance of evil that even the finicky reader will not constantly be diverted from the thought by a question of accuracy and an investigation then and there. If you say, A group of men was seen surrounding the broken vehicle, half your readers will begin to wonder whether "was" shouldn't have been "were." No such question would arise if it had been simply, said that the broken vehicle was seen to be surrounded by a group of men. Carelessness in the choice of words not only sets readers to speculating about grammatical accuracy and elegance, but often leaves them in doubt as to the writer's meaning. Clearness and conciseness are the great objects in style. To confuse the reader is fatal to effective impressions, to distract his attention from the thought to the form of expression is to lose him by the wayside. Here is a secret of authorship. The great writer carries his readers along with him to the end of the chapter.

NO STANDARD OF STATUEHOOD.

Notwithstanding the force of the antagonistic criticism which Mr. Charles Francis Adams has stirred up by his proposal of a statue for General Lee, and without abating anything The Oregonian has said in opposition to his encomiums of the Confederate leader, it may be conceded that Mr. Adams has arrived at a perfectly correct conclusion through most lame and impotent processes of reasoning. What he predicts about a statue to Lee will probably come true; but all the steps by which he is persuaded of its verity must be cast away.

A very moderate amount of historical knowledge and penetration should have shown Mr. Adams the impossibility of estimating one man from the career of another, however numerous the points of superficial resemblance which ingenuity may supply. The great man's place in history is determined to a very limited extent by his own character. It depends very largely upon the exigencies of his time and the public sentiment with which he has to deal, and it is most profoundly determined by the fate which time and chance visit upon its remote consequences.

Nothing more pertinent can be asked of the great man's career than this: What is the net result of his life upon the course of history? Time and chance have identified Lincoln with the overthrow of slavery and the death of secession, both of which were National movements that would have found another exponent in his absence. Time and chance have identified Washington with the achievement of American independence, whose debt to him is greater than the Civil War's debt to Lincoln, but not such that without him the record would have been otherwise. A man like Cromwell or like Bismarck, who contributes of his own personality to distract direction of the course of history, shares in a class whose ranks can never be entered by a defeated leader like Lee, however pure his purposes or amiable his character. Cromwell destroyed the divine right of Kings—a stroke in comparison with which Lee did nothing at all. Perhaps even Napoleon will some day occupy a lower place in fame than Cromwell will, for, though he personified on the Continent that spirit of democracy which Cromwell had represented in Britain, his work, stamped indelibly on France, departed from Europe in general, except as it built up in Germany an opposition to France whose harvest was not fully gathered until two generations after Trafalgar saw the German armies in the streets of Paris.

No dispute like that which has followed the Adams address should be withheld from the test of that chief producer of controversy—confusion of terms; and it affords the suggestion that the difficulty with Mr. Adams and his critics may after all be that they occupy different premises as to the qualifications for statuehood. This was certainly the trouble over the Frederick offering from Emperor William. Some thought its acceptance would register an indorsement of monarchy, and others that we should merely acknowledge a courtesy. Admit all that Mr. Adams' critics say, they agree to his characterization of Lee, and if they will only concede that statues with National approval may be raised to such a man as he describes positively and such a man as they delimit negatively, then all ground of argument is removed. Assuredly no statue to Lee will ever give him rank with Cromwell or Washington, Lincoln or even Grant, but some day a statue will doubtless register the pride posterity feels in the memory not only of Lee, but of half a dozen men who fought on the Southern side. Time will never make slavery adorable or secession right; but statues to men of Lee's eminence and character will multiply in many cities, South and North, if not at public expense, with public approval and to public edification. The marble quarries will not be exhausted until the level of our public men is noticeably raised.

A LARGE ASPECT OF LABOR CONTENTION.

There is always this grave danger in disputes between capital and labor like those now vexing the local industry of Portland, namely, that through the stubbornness or passion of one or both sides to the quarrel the productive power of the community may suffer some permanent diminution. This must certainly follow if in the settlement which, first or last, ends every strike, labor and capital do not reach some ground of complete and cheerful accord from which as a basis they may go forward in cordial spirit. When, after a period of mutual irritation, one side or the other through superiority of resource, "wins out," there is almost certain to develop an arbitrary and haughty temper on the one hand and a sense of humiliation and injury on the other. Fires may be rekindled; work may go on; but the co-operative mood through which—and through which only—greatest results are achieved, is lost. And with this loss there is unfailingly a decline in moral force and ultimately, if not immediately, in individual efficiency and in general economic power.

There is another form of loss, always serious and often permanent and ruinous, when a settlement is enforced in the interest of class selfishness. Every man observant of industrial facts has witnessed the decline of certain trades because they have been carried on in ways fatal to the interest or the character of the workmen who operate them; and everybody has seen the degradation of those trades in which, through a whimsical effect of the union principle falsely applied, the productive capability of the least efficient has been established as the standard of duty. England has lost to Germany her old preeminence in the cutlery trades because the Sheffield operatives were forced to endure conditions fatal to their health and skill. In some parts of the United States the mason's trade, once of special dignity and profit, is losing its character under a rule which prevents workmen of special aptitude, spirit and skill from putting forth the full measure of their working powers.

Contentions between employer and employed long pursued and at last crystallised into permanent class hatred have brought British industry to a position where it can no longer meet the world's competition. Both sides exhibit unmistakable signs of moral deterioration. The "master"—as the phrase goes there—has lost his old generosity, his old willingness to venture his capital; the "man" has lost the quality of intelligent and persistent industry. The fine combination of industrial forces which first enabled England to beat Holland in her own arts and finally to conquer the commerce of the world no longer exists and apparently cannot be restored. British capital will not create the costly modern plants necessary to maintain an all-round competition with the United States and Germany because it is afraid of the labor element; and there is reason in this timid policy, for in many parts of England the men cannot be induced upon any consideration to work the week through. Mutual hatred has supplanted the sense of mutual duty and the spirit of good will upon which the great fabric of British industry was built up. The productive and economic powers of the nation have declined, not because their opportunity is less than formerly, but as a consequence of the moral decay and the economic waste of a quarter-century of contention with its effects of business paralysis and class ill-will.

The lesson of British experience applies with as much force to one side of our labor quarrels as to the other. It is no part of our business to judge between employer and employed in the matters over which they are now contending here at Portland, and most certainly we shall not attempt it. But we venture this word of counsel and warning, namely, that long quarrels make long and bitter enmities, and that long and bitter enmities between the forces of industry lead inevitably to personal deterioration all round and to the destruction of economic power.

GAB, AND OTHER EVIDENCE.

The only way in which the New England Anti-Imperialist League can be satisfied as to the fitness of the Filipinos for independence is to have some of the chiefs come over here and "inform us what they want, that we may judge whether they are fit for the high responsibilities of citizenship." This is the utterance of Mr. Bourke Cockran at Faneuil Hall Friday night, when a petition to Congress embodying that request was circulated and signed.

How fitting and altogether lovely it is that Mr. Cockran, especially, should propose to judge the Filipinos by some words their orators might utter upon appearance here. Mr. Cockran is an orator himself, and doubtless has the true oratorical faith in words. Many minds survive, even in this day of popular education, in which the beautiful pictures that a glib talker paints of his desires and purposes are legal tender for the reward of service actually performed. The world may be roughly divided into the posers and the performers, and their numbers show that each path leads to success. Men continue to be taken very largely at their own valuation. We give them their desires in sheer admiration of their address and effrontery.

Yet it may be pointed out that there are other ways of ascertaining Filipino capacity beside listening to harangues from their great chiefs, even if the testimony of our soldiers and sailors and judges, Dewey, Wheaton, Otis, Taft and the rest, is to be cast aside as valueless. Our early colonists learned as much when, after moving addresses, subsequently disguised as "supposed speeches," the great chiefs sallied forth to massacre and burn. Mr. Cockran's information is really lying very near, so near and simple that we doubt if he will see it, or, seeing, apprehend. It is this:

> Manila, June 27.—There is no positive proof that the four American teachers of Cebu, Island of Cebu, who have been missing since June 10, when they started on a day's outing, have been killed, but there is little doubt that they were murdered, as members of the constabulary, who killed a man for resisting arrest, found on his person a revolver, watch and chain, which had belonged to Mr. Thomas, one of the teachers referred to.

This is quite as pertinent to Mr. Cockran's inquiry as any speeches the great chiefs would deliver here, even though prepared in Boston by Edward Atkinson and Erving Winslow.

One of the most moving appeals against our Philippine policy is the course of Great Britain in enforcing her sovereignty in South Africa. Though it has nothing to do with the case, it nevertheless is a powerful contributor to disaffection in this country. How much would be left of anti-imperialism, outside the sentimental circles of Eastern centers of light and leading, that is, of darkness and scuttle, if "Down with England and up with Ireland" could be drawn out of it?

STRICTLY TELLERIAN.

Nobody can tell what the people of Colorado will think of Teller's speech on Cuba, but at this distance it looks as if the sacred beet-sugar cause had been dealt by him a very damaging blow. He says two things that have a very ugly look. One is that beet sugar doesn't need the excessive protection its representatives are contending for, and the other is his assertion that they are ready to accept the House bill with the Morris amendment striking out the differential on the refined product. He says:

> When you get ready to take 20 per cent of duty off steel and iron, I speak for my people when I say we will agree to a reduction of duty on sugar. We can make all the sugar necessary for the United States in this country if we are given only equitable protection. There is a reciprocity in protection that must be maintained, and that we are going to insist on.
>
> We are prepared to take the bill as it came from the House, and we will take it now.

It is doubtful if there is an intelligent man, woman or child in the United States, with even a slight acquaintance with the Cuban negotiations and debate, who will believe these assertions. The Oxnard people are too well known, both in ambition and in methods, to admit of the theory that if they can only secure equitable reduction on tariff protection now given iron and steel and allied industries, they will gladly join in giving justice to Cuba. It is also well known that the Morris amendment struck its most effective terror, not in the Havemeyer but in the Oxnard camp. It was the Oxnard interest that made the Senate safe against the House bill, and, Senator Teller to the contrary notwithstanding, it is the Oxnard interest that still holds up Cuban relief of any sort.

Here we have the man who wept over the dastardly crime contemplated against the people's money at St. Louis in 1896, who dwells in plaintive tones in the Senate upon the toiling masses and the man with the blistered hand—now standing up in the Senate to make a dishonest bluff and a spurious plea for tariff reform. Alas, that so young and vigorous a state should be unable to shake itself from the dominion of so old and disreputable a demagogue!

The story of the captivity of Miss Ellen M. Stone among Bulgarian brigands, as told by herself in a series of articles in a popular magazine, is both romantic and realistic. It is safe to say that hundreds of thousands of mothers will read with intense and sympathetic interest the recital of the conditions and circumstances under which the babe of Mrs. Tsilka—Miss Stone's companion in captivity—came into the world, and of the trying incidents that followed that event. The bed of straw in a dark and narrow cabin in the wild and rugged mountains, upon which the young mother lay, having spent ten hours previous to the birth of her child in the saddle; the old crone brought from some unknown quarter to assist the mother; the coarse swaddling clothes in which the infant was wrapped; the lusty cries by which she proclaimed her right to life and nourishment; the tender awe with which the brigands regarded the infant, and the diligence with which they sought to provide for her needs; the journey of the young mother on the second day in a box strapped to the back of a horse over steep mountain trails; the shifts and makeshifts to which they were driven during the seven weeks of captivity that continued after the babe's birth, to keep her clothing clean and dry and her little body warm, are some of the features of this story of motherhood and its cares and anxieties under most untoward conditions. Miss Stone is herself a heroine in this story, though Mrs. Tsilka is the heroine of this part of it; and the recital of her part in the events detailed will command for her greater admiration than the history of her endeavor covering a long period of years as a theoretical missionary. Manly men will instinctively honor and womanly women love this brave woman who, wholly inexperienced but tenderly sympathetic, ministered devotedly and unselfishly to this sister woman in the stress of maternity far from home and friends and professional care.

Why it is that the Democrats in Congress are so watchful of every opportunity to disport their idiocy offers the curious a perennial source of speculation. Congress is about to adjourn, and, lest their other follies might possibly escape attention, they hurriedly rush into caucus and thrust upon the waiting land a declaration which culminates in this arraignment:

> That the Republican majority in Congress is dominated and controlled by the trusts and monopolies, which have the great industries of our country in their grasp, is shown by its action in passing an anti-trust bill through the House of Representatives of the 56th Congress in the closing hours of the session, and the Senate refusing to consider the same, as a subterfuge to tide over the election of 1900.

The only practical way of strengthening the hands of the Government to deal with the trusts, as recognized by Bryan as well as by constitutional lawyers, is to amend the Constitution. A bill to that end was offered by the Republicans in the House in 1900 and was defeated by the Democrats, 134 to 131, the necessary two-thirds being lacking. Only five Democrats voted for the bill. Has the Democratic caucus ever heard of that?

It is in accord no doubt with the rule of politics, in practical operation, that the events which carried Walter F. Matthews to the head of the party organization in Oregon should carry him also into one of the important Federal offices. He is a competent man for the position of United States Marshal, and may be expected to perform its duties with intelligence and fidelity. There are vicissitudes of fortune in politics, and not every man gets his innings, but Matthews this time is fortunate. As in the case of every person who has taken active part in the organization and management of party politics and campaigns, he has had his opponents, critics and enemies, in his own party as well as in the other. These things are matter of course. But Matthews will drop out of the active work of politics now, and he will be found a straightforward and capable official.

Rural mail delivery is growing in favor with the citizens of Oregon; the postal authorities promptly respond to requests for its extension in suitable localities, and such localities are being constantly discovered. What with suburban electric-car service, rural mail delivery and bicycle paths, wide sections of the country have in recent years been brought into touch with the city, and rural neighborhoods with each other. If the drift of rural population toward the cities is not checked by this means, political economists and sociologists will have to look anew for the cause of this drift, since clearly it cannot be the result of isolation and its deprivations. The "human touch" through these channels cannot be otherwise than helpful and inspiring.

The Carnegie Steel Company has voluntarily increased by 10 per cent the wages paid to nearly 15,000 unskilled laborers in its service. An event of this kind in the labor world attracts very little comment beyond the merest mention. A reduction of 10 per cent in any instance, on the contrary, is heralded far and wide, met by a strike, and perhaps followed by a boycott. We all know something of the tendency of human nature to remain silent in the presence of generous deeds and to speak out in loud condemnation of those that are even seemingly ungenerous. If proof of this tendency were wanting, this citation would furnish it.

The Portland baseball team is putting up a good fight, both with voice and muscle. That it has failed for some time to win a game is not due to an abatement either in skill or effort. It has simply played in hard luck.

The steamer Portland is frozen in the Arctic Sea and drifting on its way north. If it has the pluck to which it is entitled by its name, it will discover the North Pole. Which is fitting.

From the Depths.

From the depths, the deepest sea-depths ringing,
Sound the bells of evening, faint and low;
On their chimes the wonder-tiding bringing
Of the mystic city there below.

Sunken far beyond the flood-tide dashing
There the ruins of the city sleep,
Golden glimpses of its towers flashing
From the mirrored surface of the deep.

And the sailor who has seen that vision
In the dying daylight's golden glow
Steers forever toward that post Elysian,
Heedless of the threat'ning rocks below.

From the depths, the deepest heart-depths ringing,
Sound those bell notes far and faint and low;
On their chimes the wonder-tidings bringing
Of the love that crumbled long ago.

Sunken deep below the flood-tide dashing,
There the ruins of a love-world sleep;
Golden glimpses of its Eden flashing
From the mirror of my dreams so deep.

Then my weary self in ocean flinging,
Fain I'd plunge beneath that mirrored sheen;
In my fancy, angel voices singing,
Call me to that far-off wonder-scene.

—Wilhelm Muller.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Cleveland, Hill and Bryan each "spoke a piece" recently, and thereby furnished a theme for discussion. One paper refers to the "hypnotic spell of Bryan's impassioned and foolish speech at Chicago in 1896." The verdict of the country is that this speech won him the nomination for President, but there are a few facts in connection with his personal victory that may be worth setting down six years after their occurrence. On that eventful day, July 9, the Democratic National Convention by a vote of more than two to one, defeated the platform presented by gold Democrats, killed the resolution indorsing Cleveland's administration, and adopted the free-silver platform. Early in the session there had been a demonstration for David B. Hill, which, according to the press reports, lasted 18 minutes. A "demonstration" is an exhibit of lung-power of the same mental and spiritual quality that we see at a baseball match, when Swipesey, of the home team, in the last half of the ninth inning, with two men on bases, lifts a ball over the centerfield fence and brings in the three runs needed to win the game; only in a National convention they have features of flags, state banners and mottoes manufactured on muslin in a paint-shop the day before in anticipation of the great spontaneous outburst. Also, they have the marching of delegates down the aisles with far less decorum than the Salvation Army observes. Influences far removed from reason often sway the minds of men assembled in large numbers for a lofty purpose.

After the demonstration by the Gold Democrats, the free-silver delegates, who were largely in the majority, and had the sympathy of most of the 20,000 spectators, waited their opportunity to outdo the Hill men in the expenditure of lung-power and pedestrianism. The natural place for it was after the address of Bryan. He was listened to with great interest, cheers greeted him frequently, and when he concluded with the famous phrase, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," there was a generous outburst of enthusiastic applause. This died down as Bryan took his seat and silence followed. Then began the wild free-silver demonstration. Compared with it, the Hill demonstration a few hours before was a Quaker prayer meeting. It would have taken place in any event, and was not consequent upon Bryan's speech. The idea that his oratory aroused the convention to 30 minutes of irrational, continuous ebullition is not based on fact.

A correspondent asks: "What is the meaning of 'yellow' in journalism?" To answer in one sentence, it means doing nearly everything that is not and neglecting everything that is legitimate journalism. Perhaps the chief fault of the "yellow" newspaper is palming off highly colored fiction for fact. Exaggerating commonplace occurrences, manufacturing sensational stories out of the most slender material, garbling news so as to make it more salable on the streets, exploiting crimes in which women are involved, making heroes out of prizefighters, invading homes and opening graves in search of food for a certain type of unregulated mind, and violating every rule of ethics, are chargeable to the "yellow" newspaper. It has no conscience, and does not see things in their right proportion. It affects contempt for the rich and devotes unlimited space to a record of their minutest doings; theirs and their man-servants' and maid-servants'. It takes a low view of life, and has no serious purpose. If a rich man happen to be proprietor, it is as likely to make lavish expenditure of money for low-down service as for creditable undertakings.

To illustrate: A New York "yellow" paper engaged ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, to write up the prizefight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and plumed itself more over this "enterprise" than over sending Richard Harding Davis to Cuba as war correspondent. It gave more prominence to a signed article by a pugilist on how it feels to be knocked out than to a sermon by Lyman Abbott. Within three months, one San Francisco paper gave up more space for several days to the murder of an obscure woman than to all other news. If Mrs. George Gould's coachman were to elope with her nurse-girl, the "yellow" journals of New York would likely give it the entire first page, with copious illustrations of the "contracting parties," the entire Gould family, the team which the groom drove regularly, the cradle in which the eloping nurse rocked her charge, its cloak and cap, and the room in which it slept. And most of the pictures would necessarily be "faked," but this would not detract from the paper's "enterprise." A San Francisco gentleman, who visited Portland recently, and was discussing the newspapers of that city with a party of friends at the dinner-table, made this remarkable statement: "Whenever I read in any of our papers a story reflecting on the integrity of a reputable citizen (and I have to read them often), I make up my mind at once that it is not true. It has come to this pass: Publication of sensational stories by the San Francisco press stamps them as false."

A shameless piece of work was an interview by the representative of a New York paper with the Queen of Spain, about two years ago. Beginning under false pretenses with a bishop, he secured a letter to the pope, and through him an audience with the unhappy Queen, who spoke from her sore heart. "Only interview ever given to a newspaper by the Queen of Spain obtained by the Blower," were the headlines, and the correspondent unblushingly told, and the paper published the whole story of the fraud he practiced to get the audience, and confessed that the poor woman implicitly believed she was speaking confidentially to a sympathetic friend.

Occasionally these "yellow" newspapers set out to get genuine news and succeed. Some of them have been the initiative agency in securing reform of local abuses. The pity of it is that they do not exert their energies in the wholesome direction all the time, instead of devoting them to what at best is merely sensational. But there are only a few "yellow" newspapers after all; less than a score which have a large number of readers. Boston has only one and Chicago one, while Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis and the other cities of the Mississippi Valley are free from them. It is believed by genuine newspaper men that "yellow" journals have seen their most prosperous days. L.

Heartsease.

Walter Savage Landor.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you—
Heartsease—of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Trust.

See the kind, benignant trust,
Butcher trust,
Admit its right to profit ev'ry cold outsider must.
See the prices rising, rising, higher, higher, ev'ry day,
Till it would not be surprising
To see fathers fond advising
That their progeny eat hay.
While the trust, trust, trust,
In a manner wise and just,
Pulls inch by inch upon its cinch
And gathers in the dust,
For the trust, trust, trust, trust, trust, trust,
For the hooted, persecuted butcher trust.

See the suffering and anguish of the trust,
Fuel trust,
How the President's activity consumes it with disgust.
Why should anybody worry if it sells a ton of coal
For the figure that the av'rage mortal sets upon his soul?
How it spouts and fumes and rages,
At the thought of paying wages
That will cut into its roll.
Oh, the trust, trust, trust,
It is talked about, and cussed
And the public will not yield to it their last remaining crust,
To the trust, trust, trust, trust, trust, trust,
To the groaning and the moaning fuel trust.

See the labors and the struggles of the trust,
Railroad trust.
How the cold and heartless Government its merger seeks to bust.
See its penniless attorneys prowl the precincts of the court,
With affright in their demeanor, asking justice of some sort,
See the presidents and managers, cast down and sorrowful,
Try to sidetrack the injunctions with their fine athletic pull.
Ah, the trust, trust, trust,
All its rolling stock will rust,
And the Sheriffs get the tariffs and the coaches coat with dust,
If the cruel courts persist in this unjust attempt to make
Ev'ry railroad give its shippers, one and all, an even break;
If the fare, fare, fare,
Is to be upon the square,
Go to work with pick shovel ev'ry poor official must
Of the trust, trust, trust, trust, trust, trust,
Of the busted and disgusted railroad trust.

What Adam Was Doing.

It was midnight. Suddenly, in the Adam residence there was a cry, then a series of howls, and one of the neighbors, passing by, heard the head of the house use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of Heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand.

"Oh," replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. "It requires strong language to raise a child like that."

And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history itself.

Two Letters.

To Gr-v-r Cl-v-l-nd:
Betrayer of your party, with alarm
Your self-assumed dictatorship I view,
The cross of gold for you has subtle charm;
'Twill wreck the cause to make a boss of you.
When I consider of the things you've done,
I feel compelled to beard you in your lair,
I see you gloating o'er sixteen-to-one,
And warn my well-loved party to beware.
—W. J. B.

Lincoln, Neb., June 22.

To W. J. B.:
Vacuous prattler, fatuous fool,
Loquacious vender of trite metaphor,
Dull sophist of a long-exploded school,
Unsound logician, irritating bore,
Mendacious meddler, voluble mistake,
Cheap sciolist, embalmed garrulity,
Think not with blatant blethering to make
A quadramanus (look it up) of me. —G. C.

Buzzard's Bay, June 25.

Anent the Glorious Fourth.

NEW YORK, June 28.—Thomas A. Edison refuses to talk about his latest invention, but it is understood that he has nearly perfected a bomb which has a capacity of 12 14-year-old boys and 24 7-year-old girls, or if preferred will reduce four men to ashes in one explosion. Every city which has heard of the invention is striving to get it for their Fourth of July celebration.

PEKIN, June 28.—Burn Hi, the eminent doctor of science, has perfected a rocket which on test elevated 84 coolies to a height of 2000 feet. When they landed they evidently felt fine, as they covered three cantons. Dr. Hi says that hereafter no American inventor can claim that he has outdone Chinese fireworks in destructiveness.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—It is reported that General Frederick Funston has been reprimanded for stating in an after-dinner speech that the suppression of the Filipino rebellion cost more lives than the small boys of the country lose annually to the Fourth of July festivities. Such an exaggerated statement, it is felt, will do much toward making the public believe that war corresponds to General Sherman's definition of it.

BOSTON, June 28.—Dr. Nort E. Charleston has suggested that it would be economy to move all the youth of the country to Martinique for the Fourth of July, as the gases from the mountain effect a painless death, while the noise and the display are almost equal to that of the average celebration. Dr. Charleston also points out that lingering deaths from lockjaw only run up doctors' bills, and says that this method would be far more humane, and just as efficacious.

HADES, June 28.—King Herod remarked this afternoon that if he had known about the Fourth of July he would have deferred his historic massacre till some time after the Declaration of Independence.

A Prisoner.

If I could only talk, I guess
I'd make my cruel mother fear
The things I'd do to her, unless
She comes and lets me out of here.
They've built a gate that's two feet high
Across the porch to keep me in,
And it does, too, for all that I
Can get above it is my chin.

And when I come out every day,
My mother comes along, and brings
My blocks and toys, and says: "Now play
Here, baby, with your pretty things."
And just as soon as she is gone,
Those little boys across the street
Come out and run around their lawn,
With railroad cars, and things to eat.

And lots of dogs come running past,
So if I just could get away
I'd follow after very fast,
And catch one for my own, some day.
But I must stand here with my face
Pressed hard against these dreadful bars,
And see those lucky children race
Along the sidewalk with their cars.

I see all sorts of things I need—
The flower pot and garden hose;
I know I could be good indeed
If I could get my hands on those.
With all my strength I pound and shake
The gate, but it won't move a bit,
It's just so mean it will not break,
And I cannot climb over it.

Some day I'll be a great big man,
And then that gate won't be too strong,
And I'll be happy, for I can
Have things I've needed for so long.
And when I've had a good long play,
I'll go and get some other men,
And we'll go off somewhere and stay
Until it's supper time again.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.