The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year 2 00
The Weekly, per year..... 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months..... 50

To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico;
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
14 to 28-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

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

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 65; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1902.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

A single copy of a sheet printed at Boston in 1689, bearing the title, "The Present State of English Affairs," mentioned yesterday in The Oregonian, has been preserved. It is 9x13 inches in size, and its contents consist of letters or excerpts from letters written by Rev. Increase Mather, of Boston, then in London. Some say this is the first newspaper ever printed in English in America. It might, indeed, be called a news sheet, but no second issue of it can be found, nor any reference to a second or further issue. As the idea of a newspaper involves continuous and stated publication, this could scarcely be called a newspaper.

If this single sheet, with its one issue, be refused the title of newspaper, then it will appear that there was not a newspaper in the English colonies of North America till April 24, 1704, when the Boston News Letter appeared. This was printed on a half sheet of pot paper, with small-pica type, folio. It contained an account of "The Pretender, who stiled himself James the 8th of Scotland," who was "sending popish missionaries from France into Scotland," by which "the kingdoms of Scotland and England are endangered." This article, with the Queen's speech (Anne's) to both houses of Parliament, a few articles under the Boston head, four short paragraphs of marine intelligence from New York, Philadelphia and New London, and one short advertisement, formed the whole contents. The advertisement was that of John Campbell, proprietor of the paper, as follows:

This News Letter is to be continued weekly; and all Persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farmes, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares or Merchandizes, &c., to be Sold or Lett, or Servants Runaway, or Goods Stoll or Lost, may have the same Inserted at a Reasonable Rate; from Twelve Pence to Five Shillings, and not to exceed: Who may agree with Nicholas Boone for the same at his Shop next door to Major Davis's Apothecary in Boston, near the Old Meeting House.

The imprint is: "Boston: Printed by B. Green; Sold by Nicholas Boone. All persons in Town or Country may have the News Letter Weekly, upon Reasonable Tearmes, agreeing with John Campbell, Post Master, for the same."

Bartholomew Green printed the News Letter for Campbell until November 3, 1707. No. 180, November 10, 1707, is "Printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane, near the Post Office, and there to be Sold." In No. 190 Campbell informs "All who have a mind to encourage this Letter of Intelligence" to agree with him, "Post Master of New England at Boston." Campbell published the paper till the year 1722, when Bartholomew Greene took it up. The paper was continued by one and another till 1776, when the publication ceased and never was revived.

Several other newspapers had been started in the meantime. The Boston Gazette appeared December 21, 1719, and continued till 1762. The New England Courant made its appearance in Boston August 17, 1721, by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin, and was continued about six years. James Franklin at a subsequent period moved to Newport and established the first press in Rhode Island. This paper was the Rhode Island Gazette. It was started September 27, 1732, but was discontinued after a few months. In September, 1758, James Franklin, a son of the publisher of the Rhode Island Gazette, started the Newport Mercury. This paper is still published.

In Philadelphia the American and Weekly Mercury was started December 22, 1719, by Andrew Bradford. It was continued till 1746. The second newspaper in Philadelphia was the Pennsylvania Gazette, the first number of which appeared December 24, 1728. At this time Benjamin Franklin was in Philadelphia, in partnership with Hugh Meredith in the printing business. Franklin already had formed the design of publishing a newspaper, but was prevented by the sudden appearance of this Gazette. Soon, however, he and Meredith, for a trifling consideration, obtained possession of it. The Gazette, under their management, obtained reputation and became profitable. Meredith and Franklin separated in May, 1732, and Franklin continued the Gazette. Imprint: "Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, Post Master, at the New Printing Office near the Market. Where Advertisements are taken in, and Book-Binding is done reasonably in the best manner." The paper was continued by Franklin during a long period. It was put into mourning October 31, 1765, on account of the stamp act passed by the British Parliament, and for a time the publication was suspended. It reappeared February 6, 1766, with the name of David Hall, who had been a partner with Franklin, as publisher. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, in the Revolutionary War, it was again suspended, but on the departure of the British was again revived. The name was changed subsequently, and the Saturday Evening Post, still published, is the lineal successor of Franklin's paper.

New York's first newspaper, the New York Gazette, made its appearance October 16, 1725. Thus it will be seen that Boston and Philadelphia had newspapers earlier than New York. The Gazette was published sixteen or seventeen years. New York's second newspaper was the Weekly Journal, started October 5, 1733. It was published till 1751, when the following pathetic notice appeared, signed by the publisher, John Zenger:

My subscribers are earnestly desired to pay their arrearages for this Journal, which, if they don't speedily, I shall leave off sending, and seek my money in another way. Some of these kind customers are in arrear upwards of seven years! Now as I have served them so long, I think it is time, ay, high time, too, that they give me my outset; for they may verily believe that my every-day cloathes are almost worn out. N. B.—Gentlemen, If you have not ready money with you, still think of the Printer, and when you have read this Advertisement and considered it, you cannot but say, Come, Dame (especially you inquisitive wedded men, let the Batchelors take it to themselves), let us send to the poor Printer a few Gammons or some Meal, some Butter, Cheese, Poultry, &c. In the meantime I am yours, &c.

This appeal did not save the paper. It perished a few months later. Several other papers were started in New York before the Revolution, none of which survives.

Of newspapers started before the Revolution, there are but two which are still published under their original names. One of these is the Newport Mercury, heretofore mentioned, which was started in 1758 by a nephew of Benjamin Franklin; the other the Massachusetts Spy, begun at Boston March 7, 1771, by Isaiah Thomas. This paper, fiercely patriotic, was transferred to Worcester in 1775 to escape British censorship or suppression, where it is still published. The oldest newspaper in any of our Southern States is the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, which was started in 1786. For the size of its town, it is a good newspaper.

The first printing done in America was by Spaniards in Mexico. Printing presses were at work there before any English colonists had settled in America. The first English press was erected at Cambridge, Mass., in 1638. It was brought over from England by Rev. Jesse Glover, who died, however, on the voyage, and the press was the property of his heirs. His widow married Henry Dunster, who was elected the first president of Harvard College. One of her sons, John Glover, had a suit at law with Dunster about the press and the other printing materials, but failed to recover the property. Stephen Daye was employed as printer. He had been engaged by Glover to come to New England and conduct the press. Cambridge then "was as much settled as Boston"; and it was the place where the rulers of both church and state then and for many years afterward held their assemblies. For upwards of thirty years printing was exclusively carried on in that town. Daye's title to celebrity is that he was the first man who printed in English in America.

THE FRENCH SHAKESPEARE.

Recently a Chicago Judge and jury decided that Balzac's works were "immoral." This decision was absurd. Balzac is the French Shakespeare. If Balzac is immoral, then Shakespeare is "immoral," and his works are to be stigmatized by American courts and juries as "immoral" and unfit for circulation. The defect of this Chicago decision is that it is rendered by prurient prudes who are incapable of distinguishing between a book that is written, published and sold for the sake of making a deliberate appeal to the animal passions and a book that contains coarse passages incidental to a description of the manners and customs of the times. "Tom Jones" is far more open to criticism than any of Balzac's works, and yet "Tom Jones" is so great a book that James Russell Lowell delivered a eulogy upon Fielding, its author, in Westminster Abbey. The English Bible, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Montaigne and "Don Quixote" contain passages of equal coarseness. There is no character in "Tom Jones" that talks such rank, ribald speech as Falstaff in "Henry IV," or as Lucio in "Measure for Measure," or as Iago in "Othello," but every man of sense knows that the primary purpose of Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Montaigne or the writers of the Old Testament was not obscenity or lubricity. The coarseness was merely incidental to the character, to the manners, customs and civilization of the time.

A nude picture or figure is not necessarily obscene, while a picture or figure that is not nude may be clearly lewd, obscene and indecent in attitude and expression. "The Greek Slave" of Powers is a nude figure, but nobody but a fool would call it an obscene statue. Allowing for the difference of time, manners and taste, "Tom Jones" is no more an obscene book than Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Byron called Fielding the prose Homer of human nature. The great English historian, Gibbon, speaks of Fielding's genius in equally complimentary terms, and the great English critic, Coleridge, said that "a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited, by this novel is already thoroughly corrupt." Coleridge, himself a man from youth to the grave of chaste life, hit the nail on the head when he suggested that nobody could be injured by these great works of fiction that were not already rotten beyond redemption. A famous New England college president, an eloquent minister of the Congregational church, once bluntly told his college pupils that he despised "expurgated" editions of the classics; that milk was diet for mere babes, while meat was the food for men; that he would as soon think of pleading for an expurgated Old Testament as for an expurgated Shakespeare or a deodorized Horace or Ovid. And this stalwart old New England Congregationalist clergyman, this preacher and teacher, was right, for "Tom Jones" is as much a part of the great permanent literature of the world as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Montaigne and Cervantes.

A man of sense who is worth anything to the world knows the difference between a decent mother suckling her babe and a bawd buttoned up to the chin leering lewdly from her window at the passers-by. Thomas Carlyle, in his contempt for gross prurient prudery, once said that he hoped the popular expurgation would spare the Bible; that an expurgated edition of the Bible would not be thought necessary by those religious reformers whose theory of making people good was to furnish them with an expurgated literature from Homer down to Robert Burns. The virtue that has to be coddled by reading expurgated classics, expurgated Shakespeare; that can be undermined and overthrown by such knowledge, is not worth saving. It is but a fair-weather garment at best, for virtue and morality do not turn on reading this or reading that.

The healthy mind does not need an expurgated literature to keep it clean. A healthy man fit to be of service to the world doesn't need the world expurgated of temptation before he can hope to behave himself. This philosophy of the world's education that would expurgate the world's literature is identical with the attempt to make men virtuous, not by teaching them the free choice between good and evil, between wisdom and folly, but by hermetically bottling up the possible sinner and keeping him in ignorance of evil, instead of warning him of the consequences of sin. Balzac is the French Shakespeare; his defense as an artist rests on his method and his intent, not on his verbal propriety.

GUESTS OF THE KING.

Half a million people, denizens of the London slums, were fed last week at the expense of King Edward. The viands provided were substantial, and the cost of the feeding was enormous. It is doubtful whether a similar sum of money ever provided more genuine enjoyment than that which accompanied this expenditure. Men, women and children by the thousand partook of the King's bounty, appreciating as only the hungry can appreciate the unwonted luxury of a good meal.

Promiscuous giving, if it promises repetition, is an evil, since it saps the endeavor of the recipient, weakens his self-respect and turns him sooner or later into a hopeless mendicant, satisfied to live upon dole, and insistent in demanding it. But a free coronation dinner is quite a different matter. It comes but once in the life of a monarch; there is no hope of its recurrence. It furnishes no man an excuse to abate his endeavor. If the one good, square meal of his lifetime, it is accepted and enjoyed with a full measure of gastronomic delight. Never was there a better time to propose the health of the King than when 500,000 of his subjects, poor to poverty's last pinch, but with full stomachs, arose from the ample feast that had been served them by his orders.

The full-fed man is the good-natured man. The submerged one-tenth of the great British metropolis, we may well believe, was good-natured to a man, to a woman, to a child, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, representing the King, made the circuit of the 400 halls, parks and gardens in which the free dinner was spread.

Feeding the poor to the full upon this occasion was a gracious act and a politic one. These people do not represent the bone and sinew of King Edward's realm, but they represent an element that it is well to conciliate by acts of kindness, well to remember suitably upon a great occasion, and a pleasure to feed to full at least once in a lifetime. Much will be said and printed about this great dinner, but its real history, as applied to myriads of pinched, dwarfed, starved human beings, will be forever unwritten. To the larger number, clamoring, demanding, insistent, the dinner meant but one thing—a good meal for which no fee was exacted. But to the smaller class—the men and women who struggle, and, holding their wan children by the hand, strive to rise—who need more than all else the encouragement that follows the touch of even casual human interest, the coronation bounty of the King assumed the guise of a sacrament at once subtle and far-reaching in its effects. The guests of the King upon this occasion numbered half a million; if the kingly guests, as measured by this standard, numbered half a thousand, his bounty was well bestowed.

BREAD WANTED—NOT A STONE.

The Boston Post, a Democratic newspaper, refers to the fact that the class oration at Harvard was delivered by a colored man, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, the son of one of the few men of the colored race who ever sat in the United States Senate. This distinction was won from his white classmates by this colored student's merits and accomplishments. The Post remarks that "it is a high standard of conduct and merit that Harvard has set in this matter. It is the standard of brains, of character, without discrimination on account of color."

Of what consequence is this fact that there is no color line at Harvard in the matter of class honors and distinctions when we remember that there is a color line drawn against this educated, cultivated negro the moment he leaves Harvard and seeks to earn his bread in any calling on a level with his culture in New England? The most worthless white graduate of Harvard, measured by his manners, his morals or his mental equipment, has a better chance to secure desirable employment after graduation than the most scholarly and reputable negro. It is a pity that this is true, but it cannot be fairly disproved. It is true that there is no color line in a number of Northern colleges in the matter of college or class honors, but this is a barren concession to the negro when we remember that he is instantly met by an inflexible color line at the North the moment he leaves the college walls for a struggle in the wide world for his bread. It is not wisdom; it is not philanthropy, to send a negro of scholastic ability to a Northern college, where he becomes a man of intelligence, considerable culture, literary taste and acquirements, a man of refinement in his social manners and habits, and then turn him loose on the world only to discover that his diploma carries with it no power to break down the color line, either North or South. He can teach, preach, practice medicine or law, North or South, but his pupils, his congregation, his patients and his clientage will have to be obtained among his own race. It is not kindness, but cruelty, to endow a negro with the culture and accomplishments of Harvard or Yale unless he expects to be content all his days with the expenditure of his acquirements in the society of people of his own color. The ablest and most scholarly bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church a few years ago were refused entertainment at the public dining-room of the leading hotels of Boston. They could obtain food and lodging at certain second and third-class Boston hotels of shady reputation, but these colored clergymen were men of fine culture, excellent manners and refined habits of living, and they naturally resented the necessity of resorting to a cheap hotel and association with low, ignorant company.

The discussion which this exclusion of these colored bishops from first-class Boston hotels excited drew out the confession in the leading papers of New England that a colored graduate of Harvard of excellent credentials as to character, scholarship and morals could not obtain employment in any line of mercantile business, in any first-class law office, in any doctor's office. Personally the great merchant or man of business, the leading lawyer or doctor, did not feel any prejudice against a reputable man of color, but he knew the coarse, commonplace, vulgar white public did, and he was as subservient to his public as a clergyman of high instincts and large intelligence is obliged to be to the gross ignorance and intolerance of his pews. The leading papers of Connecticut confessed that a colored graduate of Yale of the highest character found he could not obtain and retain decent employment among whites. The color line is not only drawn at the North, but it is drawn in the New England working world. It is not drawn in the colleges because the colleges are controlled by exceptionally high-minded men, who have risen above the tyranny of the color line and the aristocracy of skin, but it is drawn in the every-day working world, North or South. In certain sections of Indiana, which has a larger percentage of colored people than any state of the West, no negro is allowed to work or live. In Adams County it has been decided that no colored person shall be allowed to live in the county, which has a population of 30,000, and recently a few negroes who were employed as domestic servants were beaten and run out of the county and their employers compelled by the mob to promise that they would never again employ negroes for any purpose. In Orange County, Indiana, the negroes employed as waiters at the hotels in two famous health resorts have been mobbed and driven into flight. Orange County is Republican, as is Saline County, Illinois, where the whites have mobbed a school for the education of black children, at Eldorado, and warned the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church to leave under penalty of death. In a recent address at Oxford University on "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind," Mr. James Bryce confessed that "the passions of a racial conflict sweep all but the gentlest of natures away." This was illustrated by the fact that Caesar, who was the most humane great soldier and statesman of antiquity, in his treatment of Romans and Greeks, had no mercy for barbarians.

A TYPICAL "POOR FELLOW."

August Schieve, the murderer of Shulkowski, who has been hanged at St. Helens, was without doubt unfortunate in his birth and environment as well as vicious in intent and action. The ignorant, stolid son of an ignorant, stolid father and of a mother who has since his early boyhood been an inmate of the insane asylum, he was as a child, boy and man handicapped by a weak though vicious mentality. Courage of the brute type was necessary in order to enable him to waylay his victim upon a lonely mountain trail and shoot him to death; courage of this type Schieve possessed. Cowardice was a requisite element in his character to cause him to lie in ambush for his victim and shoot him from cover; a coward of this type he was. Utter lack of sensibility and inordinate cupidity were necessary in order that he might rob his victim in the depths of the wood and drag his body to its hiding-place still further from the lonely mountain trail. These characteristics combined to make a human brute, a monster whose power for evil was not recognized until he had taken a fellow-creature's life, but who upon this ghastly evidence was proclaimed insane.

One may well pity a human being so poorly equipped by Nature to live among his fellows as was this man, August Schieve, but it is difficult to see how, in justice to the community, his life could or should have been spared upon a plea of insanity thus based. Sinned against in the beginning this man undoubtedly was. It is not unlikely that he was more sinned against than sinning during the greater part of his life. Admit this and acknowledge the baleful influence of his blood, birth and environment, and still we have a human creature whose life is a menace to the community, and one who by a most atrocious crime fell under the ban of the law and fitly suffered its penalty. "Poor fellow," says the pitying public, not failing, however, to breathe a sigh of relief that the menace of his irresponsible life, dominated by vicious tendencies, has been withdrawn from earth.

The plan formed by a number of County School Superintendents in Western Oregon to hold their annual teachers' institutes in close succession has much to commend it. The purpose is to combine the institute funds so as to be able to secure the services of the best educational lecturers for all the institutes in the circuit. Acting separately, the several counties are able to employ only local talent. The move to bring in outside educational workers is no reflection upon Oregon men who have been prominent in institute work. Such men as Ackerman, Campbell, Robinson, Rigler, Ressler, Hawley, Grout, Beatty, Churchill and others have rendered invaluable service in teaching the teachers of the public schools of this state and the results of their experience, research and thought will be needed in our educational system for many years to come. But there is also a place in teachers' institute work that can best be filled by Eastern men who come here with entirely new ideas, who have gathered the best thoughts of the educational workers of their own states, and who can bring with them the spirit of educational movements in distant parts of the country. There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are new ways of teaching what is old. The introduction of one Eastern lecturer of National reputation to work in our institutes along with local educators should not only add new interest to these teachers' meetings, but also prove beneficial to our school system.

The Masonic fraternity in France is described not as an anti-religious, but as a political organization. Its members are resolute evangelists and propagandists of republican ideas. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels are equally eligible for initiation. Monarchists are not, for the order in France is inexorably republican. The Grand Orient (Freemasonry proper) of France has 400 lodges and 22,000 members. The present head of the Grand Orient is a retired pastor of the Reformed church, and the order includes a large number of Protestants. All the diverse opinions of French Republicans, Moderates, Radicals and Socialists are exemplified in the lodges of French Masonry. At the recent general election many Masonic candidates were opposed by other Masons, but no candidate could command a Masonic vote who was not an upholder of republican institutions. Membership in a Masonic lodge is accepted as proof of republicanism. Freemasons were excommunicated by Pope Pius IX, and the Masons of France were vigorous supporters of the law enacted by the influence of the late Premier, Waldeck-Rousseau, against those religious associations which had exercised educational functions, but it is not true that only infidels or agnostics are eligible for membership in a Masonic lodge in France. Neither were all Freemasons supporters of M. Waldeck-Rousseau at the late general election. Freemasonry proper in France is represented by the Grand College of Rites and the Grand Orient. The Grand Orient, which comprehends all the active members of French Freemasonry proper, avoids all reference to the existence of a supreme being, while the so-called Scotch Masonry, naturalized in France, allows its lodges and brethren to recognize, if they choose, the existence of a great architect of the universe.

There is nothing sensational in the movement now to be made by the city government for the suppression of open gambling and for the retirement to less conspicuous quarters of the shameless courtesans who have long openly solicited for their vocation on Fourth street. Hence we may hope that the effort will not be spasmodic, but will be conducted calmly and reasonably along the feasible lines designated. It is idle to say that the law in regard to gambling, so far as it applies to running skin games boldly under police protection, cannot be enforced. It is equally idle to say that the vice of prostitution cannot be made to hide its head, whether "diminished" or not. To the extent contemplated by Mayor Williams, these evils can be controlled, as everybody knows. It is convenient, easy, and (unless the police department, as it has long been managed, is grievously belied) lucrative in certain quarters to hide behind the stereotyped phrase which declares that "these things always have existed and always will exist," and thus sheltered, let the gambling hell flourish behind flimsy screens and the scarlet woman sit grimacing and beckoning at open windows on a public thoroughfare. This official pretense of helplessness, coupled with an assumption of official virtue, deceives no one. Within certain limits these evils can be controlled. To purge the body social and politic of them utterly is impossible, but they can be kept under surveillance of decency that will diminish ten-fold their pernicious effects upon the young and the unsophisticated. This is demanded in the name of morality, decency, justice and municipal responsibility. The reputable portion of the public has faith to believe that it will be accomplished by orderly, persistent and determined effort along the lines indicated by Mayor Williams.

There is something exceedingly shocking to human sensibilities in the term "man-hunting." It calls up the specter of a wild beast in human form, weary to the point of exhaustion, wary with maniacal alertness, hatless, unshaven, hungry, now facing his pursuers with his finger upon the trigger of his unerring rifle, and again crashing through the tangled underbrush in desperate shift for a hiding-place. The pursuit of such a creature, even were the rifle eliminated from the picture of the hunted, would be revolting, were not the pursuers urged on by a sense of duty based upon public safety which commands them to take this creature, alive if possible, dead if he cannot be captured without further loss of life. In any case the situation is one to cause a shudder and to bespeak a feeling of profound relief when the death of the hunted ends the desperate, dangerous game.

History, to be history, must be impartial. Individual opinion based upon favoritism can never pass current under this name with just and loyal people. The legislators of Louisiana have decreed that the text-books on history used in the schools of that state must give credit to Admiral Schley for the victory over Cervera. A detailed and authentic account of that battle, without attempt either to add to or take from the credit of Schley or Sampson, is history. All other recitals of the events of a day ever glorious in the history of the American Navy should be discarded as unworthy the Navy and the American people. The two Admirals have, and perhaps always will have, their partisans, but it is not the part of the compiler of text-books of history for schools to glorify one at the expense of the other.

It sounds like ancient history, the recital of labor riots in Russia, based upon hostility to labor-saving machinery. Yet such riots are now in progress in one of the southern provinces of that vast empire. A large amount of machinery has been destroyed and troops have been called out to protect manufacturing plants from the insane fury of those who would supplant flying shuttles and whirring spindles by the hand looms and spinning-wheels of antiquity. The call for the destruction of all machinery in the interests of the laboring masses is a far cry that calls for a moment the rusty sickles, silent flails, ancient spinning-wheels, clumsy looms, heavy warping bars, clicking reels and malodorous dyepots out of their dim past, only to hurry them back into the shadows with due thankfulness.

Three hundred and sixteen thousand immigrants were landed at the port of New York during the first half of the present year. Having reached a place in our history wherein quality rather than quantity is the important point in our immigration problem, we can only hope that this horde of newcomers was intelligently passed upon as to the ability of each to make his or her own way in the world according to the accepted standard of thrifty, reliable American citizenship.

The toy pistol and the mischievous bomb were in evidence all over the country as usual on the Fourth of July. Lockjaw will be in order a week or ten days hence. This demonstration of cause and effect goes on from year to year, with little variation in the number of victims. Indulgent parents learn nothing from the sad experience of other indulgent parents, and medical scientists have no new remedies to offer for tetanus.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE

In the current number of the local Club Journal, a contributor has an article headed "Annual Address of W. S. F. W. C." It reviews the work of women's clubs, but nowhere in the three pages is anything to show what these five initials represent. Why do so many well-disposed but thoughtless folk nowadays fall into the bad habit of using in public print meaningless abbreviation for genuine names? This is a new vice that ought to be stamped out. In the clubroom or the lodge among yourselves, employ capital letters or cabalistic signs to your hearts' content, but don't inflict them on the uninitiated through the newspapers or class publications. Every intelligent person knows what you mean when you say a man belongs to the Masons; few, outside of the order, are familiar with "A. F. and A. M." A name stands for something always, and when you substitute for it a mere sound, you defeat the purpose for which the name was called into existence. The Woodmen is a secret order that has attained large numbers in recent years; much larger, I imagine, than if it had attempted to float "W. O. W." as its name. "Christian Endeavorers" is not euphonious, but is immeasurably better than "Y. P. S. C. E.," with which the society was handicapped at the start. It means just what it says.

Perhaps the time will never come when Americans will be weaned from inventing short and popular abbreviations. In the large cities, elevated railroads will no doubt always be "L." We falsely imagine that life is too short for us to pronounce three syllables when two, or one, will convey the information. "Y. M. C. A." is permanently fastened to the country. This is partly excusable; the complete name is a mouthful, but it is doubtful whether "Y. W. C. A." will ever roll out as glibly. It takes longer for the outsider to think of the initials in proper sequence than to speak the four-handled name. We have amputated two syllables from "telephone" and we "wire," not telegraph, our messages. In the Middle West, the rising generation has shortened and corrupted the dignified City of Cincinnati into "Cincy." If we must abbreviate let us have "nicknames" rather than initials that convey no information. In a widespread, attractive advertisement of a Pacific Coast limited, exploiting electric lights, bathtubs, etc., with which the train is fitted, mention is made of the M. C. B. coupler. After several inquiries, I learned that it was the Master Car Builders' coupler. Safety in travel is a paramount consideration, yet I doubt whether M. C. B. as a prefix to coupler induced many thousand people to buy tickets over that line.

Locally, we ought to be able to act rationally in new nomenclature, if the official naming is in the hands of those who have some regard for the fitness of things. Whatever may be the incorporate name, the proposed electric railway to Washington County will be the Hillsboro line. Mutations in the name of the Oregon City line are almost ludicrous. First, it was the East Side railway; then the Portland City & Oregon; (I wonder whether "Portland and Oregon City" was thought to be misleading); later, it became the Oregon General Electric Company, and last week this empty name was changed to the Oregon Water-power & Railway Company. All the while the public has been content to call it the Oregon City line—a title likely to abide. Before Tyler Woodward and associates began construction of a horse-car line on Third and old G streets (now the City & Suburban), they must have lain awake nights to think of the supremely inappropriate name first given to the enterprise—the Transcontinental Street Railway Company.

In this age of commercialism, it is remarkable to see so many men making a start in trade or manufacture, wasting coin trying to attract public attention into impossible directions, and forgetting the money value of a name. On half the delivery wagons in town, you will see "Telephone Purple 10,009" or some other shade and number, as if the men and women of this community had nothing else to do but remember colors and figures when they want to order wood and bacon, send their linen to the laundry, or have the drainpipe cleaned out. A Washington-street plumber has his telephone number in rich gold and blue on his plate-glass show window. These tradesmen and artisans ought to know that at least 90 per cent of telephone subscribers must consult the book for numbers. In order to buy or send in a request for services, the subscriber need only remember the name. The book and "central" do the rest. Confectioners understand human nature. The young woman doesn't care much what variety is in the box, just so it came from Blank's. It is well known in her circle that Blank makes good candies. And the young man doesn't bother his mind with Blank's telephone number. It is in the book whenever he has the four bits to invest. The name, not the telephone number, should be kept before the public.

In Chicago, the minds of school children run to things that do not interest Portland youngsters, and are not referred to by local teachers. A creditable weekly paper, the Little Chronicle, is published at the corn-belt metropolis in the interests of the public schools. From the issue of June 28, the following announcement is clipped:

Commercial Conundrum.—When will pork be highest? One set of speculators think that the top price on hogs and pork will be reached in July, and another think it will not be reached until September. Upon what reasons do they base their opinions? (Answer in next issue.)

As the days advance and no bad symptoms appear, it is a reasonable hope that King Edward will be restored to health. Some months ago, Mr. Dooley was discussing appendicitis with Mr. Hennessy, and remarked in conclusion: "Ol'd rather wear patched pants than patched intestines."

L.

Cleveland's Slight Upon the Antis.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

We extend our sincere condolences to the "antis" in the presence of Mr. Cleveland's latest speech. He has done them a cruel injury by leaving out of it utterly all mention of imperialism, or of the Philippines, or of Cuba. Why, only last week a luncheon was held right here in New York with Carmack and Carl Schurz and other leading "anti" minds, held to demonstrate that the only way by which the Democratic party could march to victory was by hanging like grim death to the issue of anti-imperialism. Was that food all wasted? Did not Mr. Cleveland know that there were fully eight men at that gathering and that out of it came a two-column demand upon Congress for another Philippine investigation, this time on the spot? Is the man deaf, or indifferent, or heartless, or has he sold out? Nothing that has happened within a week has given the best minds that we have among us stronger reason to "despair of the Republic" than this. We look for a moral scarifying of Mr. Cleveland that will shake him and the land like a Martinique eruption.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Modern Senate.

Under the Capitol's broad roof
The Senate chamber stands.
The Senators are mighty men,
With hard and heavy hands,
And faces and extensors that
Are strong as chilled-steel bands.

Their heads are long, and often hot
Their reach is like the crane's,
And each is known to rent or own,
A palace where he trains,
And educates the muscles that
"Sub" for the weary brains.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear the seconds shout,
You can hear the solemn referee's
Decision called in doubt,
As 'neath a solar plexus blow
A Senator goes out.

And crowds that fill the gallery
Look down at the flowing gore,
They love to hear the din, and see
The crimson claret pour,
And if the fight is called a draw
They wax exceeding sore.

They go on Sunday to the club,
These brawny, nervy men,
And there the member from New York
Will gamely wager ten
That Beveridge won't last three rounds
When Bailey fights again.

He needs must win that ten, he says,
Because, more bold than wise,
He lost when Tillmnn's left hook took
His colleague by surprise;
And with a million-dollar bill
He wipes his weeping eyes.

Sparring, sidestepping, countering,
Onward through life they go,
Each session sees some fight begun
That lasts ten rounds or so,
And some one from the sunny South
Gets in a knock-out blow.

Thanks, many thanks, our worthy friends,
For the lesson ye have taught,
Thus in this era strenuous
Is legislation wrought.
Away with trifling eloquence!
Let great debates be fought!

The Triumph of Learning.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Professor Cultus, the deep student and the world-famous author of "My Superiority Over Milton," has startled his class by proving beyond question that Shakespeare was a mere dub in literature, and knew absolutely nothing about the English language as it is now taught in Chicago University. The professor has pointed out seven grammatical errors in one scene in "Hamlet," while many examples of faulty construction and ill-chosen words have been found in other plays. He says that he can sit down and write a better play than "Henry IV" with his right hand tied behind him, and asserts that Falstaff was merely a witless clown, using expressions which would not be tolerated for a minute in any of the university classes. A Cultus Club has been formed, and will at once proceed to disseminate the professor's writings, in order to correct the grave popular error that Shakespeare was really a poet.

St. Louis, July 5.—Erastus Ruling, B. K., lecturer on "Trusts and No Trusts," in the Bacon Business College last night issued a pamphlet in which he proves beyond question that Napoleon Bonaparte looked like 30 cents as a General when compared to Sir Redvers Buller. He shows that Bonaparte won only a small number of battles compared to those spoken of in "Fourteen Weeks in the World's History," the text-book used in the college, and explains that the Corsican knew nothing whatever of modern ordnance, with which Buller is thoroughly familiar. This advanced theory will undoubtedly have a tremendous effect upon the study of history, and may revive another Napoleonic discussion in the magazines.

Mason City, Ia., July 5.—Professor I. M. Itt, of the High School here, has demonstrated that Sir Isaac Newton knew no more of the laws of gravitation than he did about Aguinaldo. Professor Itt has a $15 laboratory, where he has been conducting a series of experiments which practically overturn all the world has believed for so long to be accurate science. He has made deep researches into the history of natural philosophy since his graduation from the Iowa Agricultural College, at Ames, last year, and is prepared to refute all the assertions made in the works of Darwin and Huxley, whom he pronounces mere smatterers in their lines. He will at once write a work upon his recent investigations, and the world will wait its appearance with bated breath.

July.

Pneumonia
Stalks through the air,
The wind is raw,
And everywhere
It looks like snow;
Ice water falls,
And full of woe,
The wet crow calls,
The dead leaves blow,
The flowers die,
And so we know
That 'tis July.

Brutus' Little Joke.

"Brutus," said Cassius, when Marc Antony had mobilized two or three corps of legions, and got his eight-inch rapid-fire guns into play, "I have no longer any stomach for war."

"Well," replied Brutus, after his customary five minutes for thought, "having no more casus belli, we might as well lay down our arms."

And it took Cassius another five minutes to figure on the deadly entendre that lay in the words of the noblest Roman of them all.

To a Trout.

Thou solitary tenant of my creel,
Thou only victim of my feathered hook,
Though "skunked," I scarce could more disgusted feel
Wert thou still swimming in thy native brook.
For thee alone I've walked ten weary miles,
And, what is worse, must walk them back again.
For thee alone I've crawled through stinging brush
And clambered over harsh barb wire stiles,
Slept troubled slumber in the ice-cold rain,
And soaked myself in grasses, all too lush.

And what art thou, thou slim and speckled mite?
Scarce large enough to save thee from the act
That makes it crime for five-inch trout to bite,
A worthy "speckled beauty," for a fact!
Where, tell me where, were all thy sluggard kind,
That I could not inveigle them to rise?
In all the Summer season they will find
No more persistent fisherman than I,
No bait more tempting than my high-priced flies,
Yet thou alone art here. Dost thou know why?

And now my tired footsteps must I turn
Along that hilly road that homeward trends,
And, spent and footsore, bear with unconcern
The jibes and jeers of all my loving friends.
For once they cast their scornful eyes on thee,
Thou smallest of thy kindergarten school,
They'll take a keen delight to point me out.
For all the mocking, scoffing world to see
As that weak-minded, idiotic fool,
Who fished two days, and only caught one trout.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.