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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy and occasionally threatening, with possibly showers; cooler; southerly winds, shifting to westerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 95; minimum temperature, 65; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1902.

THE BICYCLE ANARCHY.

Prosecution of deputies for enforcing the law and threats of $10,000 damage suits show pretty clearly how keenly appreciated are the paths constructed for the bicyclists. And this episode is only one in the long category of lawless proceedings which ornament the history of this beautiful and indispensable piece of mechanism. Two bicycles run into each other and the less disabled rider feels entitled to address such words or blows to his antagonist as occur to him in the heat of the moment. There is no way to keep a bicyclist off your sidewalk but to swear at him or turn the garden hose on his retreating form. If a reckless expressman runs down a peaceful wheelman, there is no recourse for the injured but blasphemy and loose granite. If a bicyclist jars a non-bicyclist off his or her equilibrium, with whatever damage, etiquette requires only that he get away as soon as possible without identification. An able-bodied deputy will collect fees from all bicyclists who are not fleeter or abler-bodied than himself.

That is to say, we are, so far as this means of transportation is concerned, in a primitive state of society, wherein every man cuts out a path of action for himself. We Americans are wont to pride ourselves upon our ready adaptability to new conditions, but here is a new vehicle whose status, conduct and regulation are still the subject of uncivilized strife; yet it has been in use these ten years, and nobody knows whether a bicyclist is a pedestrian or the driver of a vehicle; whether he has any rights that he can maintain or whether others have any rights they can maintain against him. Even peace officers and courts seem in doubt whether the new machine and its manipulator occupy any such subordinate relation to the law as the pedestrian and wagon have had disciplined into them by thousands of years of hard knocks. How many centuries will it take us to evolve a bicycle common law, which shall measurably supersede the present regime of adjudication by individual prowess?

A WAY OUT.

We trust that every farmer and shipper in the whole Columbia Basin has followed with fidelity the 15,000 words or so that have come from Rome, Washington and London the past few days in re the Philippine friars; for therein is embodied with great plainness the way to get a deep channel forthwith at the river's mouth and thereby augment the facility and cheapness of transportation for some 150,000 square miles of productive territory.

Observe the flying colors with which Secretary Root emerges from the diplomatic engagement, and especially the impressive package of hot air handed him and Governor Taft by the Vatican at the closure of the incident. There is the "liveliest satisfaction" at the high consideration in which Root holds the fitness of the Vatican's proposals, with incidental reference to the "deep political wisdom of the United States"; the "happy influence of the holy see"; "homage to the very great courtesy and high capacity" of Taft himself, etc.

Observe more closely that the Vatican expressly characterizes the final agreement as the proposal of the United States. "In conformity," he says, "with the proposals made to the holy see in a memorandum." Of course, the fact is that the agreement to settle the controversy at Manila through a representative of each side is just what the United States did not want and what the pope has been contending for all along. So while adjuring Taft to stand firm, Washington has nevertheless instructed him to yield. You propose a postponement and settlement at Manila, do you, says Root. Aha! Not on your life! This Government will not be bullied. You are required to accept at our hands as an ultimatum, postponement and settlement at Manila! Thereupon this ultimatum is graciously, almost humbly, accepted by the holy see, bouquets are ordered for all the American negotiators, and the useful and victorious cardinals are semi-officially rebuked for their stubbornness. Nothing more, obviously, could be desired. Who would grudge the game to a competitor who actually congratulates you on your victory?

It is clear from this plain tale how Portland should proceed to get attention to its river channels. There is no use petitioning. We must resort to diplomacy. Get up a bureau of diplomats and open up pour parlers with Secretary Root, who can't think about the Columbia's mouth because his officers must attend the naval review and maneuvers. We take it that the intellectual astuteness and polite accomplishments of three or four Portland gentlemen whom we could name, acting in unison, are equal to this manifest duty. We call upon the military, the Arlington Club and the Chamber of Commerce to open up a jollying match with the War Department, whose object shall be to secure at length in due diplomatic deliberation and sweetness a formal denial of everything Portland wants, coupled with an ultimatum of immediate work on the jetty and the instant employment of a deep-sea dredge. No words, phrases, clauses, compound or complex sentences, foreign quotations or punctuation marks, should be spared on the ground of economy in so laudable an undertaking. For the final note of felicitation to the Secretary upon his complete victory, The Oregonian will tender the services of four dictionaries without reservation upon the use of a single word.

TOO TRIFLING TO MENTION.

All Paris is agog over a personal encounter between a Prince and a lawyer in which a lady's name is involved. It appears that the lawyer, a Maitre Barboux, produced in court the picture of a veiled lady, and asserted that Madame de Gaste had served as the model for it. This Madame de Gaste, a widow, is affianced to Prince de Sagan, whose brother married Miss Helen Morton, of New York. He thereupon gives the lawyer a light blow, having a duel in view, and the lady herself conceals a horsewhip in her sunshade to punish the lawyer in a way befitting his conduct and conforming to Parisian standards of dramatic propriety.

We are given to understand, by inference only, that there was something discreditable in the picture itself, the attitude or habiliments of the subject, or else in the fact that Madame had so posed, admitting for the moment that she actually had so posed. Why it became necessary for Maitre Barboux to advert to the picture at all or introduce it in evidence or in argument is not explained. We should say that this is of no consequence whatever in Paris. The spicy scene in court, the encounter between the men, the horsewhip in the sunshade, the impassioned speeches of the undoubtedly pretty widow, the prospect of a sensational if bloodless duel—all these are matters of such moment as to justify resort to the cable to the extent of several hundred words.

But what we should be particularly pleased to know is, Did the lady so pose as alleged? To this there is no answer. One could suppress with comparative ease the desire to know why the picture got into court, if there were only some hint as to the facts of the Barboux allegation. But in all the narratives the cable brings there is not a sign of interest or knowledge as to whether the lawyer's assertion was true or false. Clearly, it makes no difference. What place has truth, anyhow, in a Parisian scandal? What are facts in the presence of that supreme thing—sensation?

SPEECH AND ACTION.

Hiram F. Stevens, a prominent lawyer of St. Paul, Minn., in a recent address before a New England college, severely criticised Charles M. Schwab, president of the Federal Steel Company, because at a banquet he said: "I do not believe in a college education for a business man, and I have noted how few successful business men have received such an education." In our judgment Mr. Schwab was right in the limited sense that a man who is equipped by nature with brains enough to become "a captain of industry" cannot afford to surrender four years of his youth to the academical training of a college. This is not impeaching the worth of the college; it is only saying that the loss of time could not be afforded by a man whose ambition and native powers and tastes are those of a Commodore Vanderbilt, a Carnegie or a Schwab. Loss of time means nothing to mediocrity, but it means a great deal to a man who, to reach the head of a great business, must start at the bottom of the ladder and work himself up. In this sense a man with the ambition and peculiar powers of a Schwab, a Carnegie or a Vanderbilt could not afford to give up four years of the best of youth to obtaining the academical training and culture of a college. Mr. Schwab did not say that a college education was without value; he only said that for a man with such powers and purposes as he possessed a college education demanded a fatal sacrifice of time.

The truth is, colleges do not rest their plea for support upon their ability to make a man more successful in the world of action than he would have been without a college. We do not send our boys to college because we expect them to become abler men of affairs, more profound jurists, more eloquent orators, more successful in the art of money-making, more supreme in the world of commercialism and manufactures than they would be without a college. It would be difficult to prove that the majority of the eminent men of Europe or America in law, statesmanship, science, literature or the world of business affairs owed much of their usefulness and success to any college. The brief college training given a youth has small influence on his fate if he is naturally a man of eminent parts. The real justification of a college is not that it doubly arms the youth for a battle with the coarse utilitarianism which is behind all the life of the business world, but that it stimulates his spiritualities; it enlarges his humanity; it clarifies his taste for sound literature; it teaches him that the ultimate of every sound human life and effort is not bloated pecuniary success, but a sweet and high-minded character. If there is another life in which we live and move and have our being, we shall not bring to it any of the riches we have won here, save enlarged spiritual wealth, and if there is not another conscious life we shall enlarge the happiness of our fellows by behaving as if the path of duty is the way to glory. This is what the college on the whole teaches as contrasted with the apotheosis of mere wealth for wealth's sake, or mere brutal power for power's sake.

Mr. Schwab, then, impeaches the colleges for not doing what they could not possibly do and be true to their highest philosophy of education. They do not promise to make a pupil a successful money-maker or "captain of industry." They simply say, We shall try to make a man of him in the highest and noblest sense; we do not agree that he shall become rapidly rich or generally a winner when he plays the "slot machine" in Wall street, within or without a "trust." And yet, on the other hand, Mr. Stevens and the other critics of Mr. Schwab are wrong in attempting to whistle him down the wind and pretend that the college does do for a man what it does not promise to do for him and what nobody can do for him but himself. Brains of supreme quality always have been and always will be sufficient unto themselves. Benjamin Franklin did not found the University of Pennsylvania because he expected it would increase the productivity of superior minds in America. He founded it because he knew that its influence would serve to help humanize and cultivate the people of Pennsylvania; he did it for the sake of the amelioration of the mental and moral mediocrities that are always in large majority in every clime and every time.

The critics of Mr. Schwab seem to imply that Shakespeare and Burns would both have been benefited as poets by the academical training of Harvard or Yale; that Cromwell even would have left a more portentous military name if he had been a graduate of West Point. Colleges, outside perhaps of purely technical schools, are of small consequence to men of supreme ability whose career is that of men of action. Bismarck lamented the years he passed in the University of Gottingen as so much invaluable time lost, but this was because he was a man of Napoleonic genius, an intensely practical rather than a contemplative mind. Bismarck and Schwab are both right that men who seek to be captains of states in tempestuous times or "captains of industry" against fierce competition cannot afford to devote four years of their young manhood to a college. There has always been this war between the utilitarian and spiritual forces of human nature. The ambition of Mr. Schwab, Carnegie, Vanderbilt and others in ancient times would have given us only the commercial glory of Tyre and Corinth, while, on the other hand, the nobler ambition of ancient Athens gave us literature and art; the nobler ambition of ancient Rome gave us law, civic government and military science. The mark of Athens through her literature and art; the mark of Rome through her laws, art of government and military science, is immortal, while Tyre and Corinth are merely names of rich merchant ships wrecked long ago.

THE GREAT INTERPRETERS.

An article on recent American historians, expressly exclusive of John Fiske, should not expect favor at Boston, whence that writer hailed; yet we find that it does; and the reasons given by Professor H. Morse Stephens in the World's Work—that Fiske was not a searcher of original documents, appears adequate to the Boston Herald, at least, for refusing to Fiske a place among the great makers of history.

This is a severe yet not unfair test. Professor Stephens declares that "the newer scientific conception of history demands that narratives of what has happened in the past should be based upon the careful examination and appreciation of documents." He thus rules out as authority for the historian personal memoirs, contemporary chronicles, inaccurate diaries, collections of letters or biased newspapers. All the latter may be employed, but they must not be relied upon. The historian of the first rank must base his history upon something better. With this rule laid down, Professor Stephens finds five modern Americans who are in the forefront as regards historical writing. They are Henry Charles Lea, Captain A. T. Mahan, Francis Parkman (who is included, though not living), James Ford Rhodes and Henry Adams.

The name of Fiske is excluded, and for the reason that he cannot fulfill the conditions of the test. He is not a historian who goes to original sources for his authorities. Mr. Fiske wrote for the general public, and was not careful to qualify himself for a more select audience. Professor Stephens compares him to the late J. R. Green, of England. Both fascinated readers, and Professor Fiske certainly not the less of the two. The latter did not obtain a place among what Professor Stephens calls the "great masters" because he did not seek it. It requires greater wealth than Professor Fiske possessed, or greater self-denial than he sought to put in practice. He might have been all this, but he preferred the other sphere. It will not do to say that he was not equally useful in it, and, as the Boston Herald is disposed to conclude, no one who has read his histories will be likely to risk the assertion that they are less readable and attractive than those of the best of his contemporaries.

Between the great originator and the great interpreter, one might have some difficulty in choosing. The thoughts of Herbert Spencer have been filtered for American readers through the clear and beautifying minds of John Fiske and Henry Drummond. For themselves they discovered nothing, created nothing, but there is so much they made plain! American history was unearthed and perfected by original research, but the man who chiefly put it into the American mind was Fiske. The world of thought is full of such phenomena and it is an interesting question whether one should prefer to quarry the stone or dress it for the edifice. Thousands have read Emerson for whom the original reflections of Plato have no interest or availability. Darwin is as little read as Spencer, and their discoveries and theories have been popularized by many interpreters. Niebuhr is the great mine of Roman history, but it is with the more fascinating pages of Gibbon that readers are concerned.

Like all questions bearing on human life and character, the complexity of this study must hold in check the passion for generalization. Sometimes the interpreter is greater than his original. Shakespeare is worth more than all the translations and old plays from which his materials were drawn. When we consider the errors into which historians like Prescott were drawn, the labors of Fiske in correcting them bring him up to a place, in serviceability at least, beside Parkman, whose combination of charm with accuracy raises him to an inaccessible eminence of his own. Oftentimes the warmed-over viands of the clever interpreter are preferred to the originals. Such are Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets From the Portuguese" and Longfellow's beautiful lyrics "From the German." In Arnold's "Light of Asia" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and even in such translations as those of Pope and Bryant, it is impossible to dissociate the creative from the imitative, as it is certainly impossible to deny imaginative work to the interpreter.

Perhaps the difficulty arises from our insane predilection for comparisons. There is a vindictive streak in us all which finds delight in glorifying the idol of the hour in the disparagement of some one else. Why is it that we can't praise Thackeray without denouncing Dickens, or exalt Jefferson without incidental discredit to Hamilton, or appreciate Watson's ode without carping at poor Austin's, or lay a wreath on Whittier's tomb without shying a brickbat at Poe's? These things belong to the age of unmitigated war, and should have no place in a pretentious civilization. Is it anything against St. Paul that he was doing his best to expound the truth he had received from another? Is old Omar to be less esteemed because an equal or perhaps a greater introduced him to the modern world? There ought to be a sort of freemasonry in the literary world that would forbid internal strife and enable its devotees to present a solid front to the barbarians of trade and machinery. But it is mostly authors who denounce authors. The field of thought and learning is the only place where the defensive resources of the trust and the trades-union are not understood.

THE REAL FOE OF WILD FLOWERS.

The Springfield Republican and the Boston Transcript both commend the organization of a society in Boston for the protection of native plants from the reckless devastation of school children and still more wanton grown-up collectors. The organization of this society we predict will be of no avail, for civilization, not the children and the other reckless flower collectors, is the fatal exterminator of many beautiful native plants. We have before us a scientifically prepared list of the wild plants of New England, published as long ago as 1841. Outside of the New England mayflower, the trailing arbutus, we believe there is not a fine, delicate flower on that list that has been extinguished by the depredations of flower collectors. The only fine flowers that have grown scarce are certain swamp orchids and other bog plants, which have disappeared with the draining of the swamps. So with orchids that grow in dry pine woods, like the red lady slipper, when you cut off the timber the flowers disappear with the forest. So in rocky woods the large yellow lady slipper disappears when its natural habitat is violated by reform; so in tamarack swamps the white or showy lady slipper departs when the swamp is drained.

With the exception of the New England mayflower, which would hardly survive the removal of the pine thickets in which it grows, and the bog orchids and other plants whose numbers have been lessened by the drainage of lands, we do not believe that there is any choice New England wild flower that is in any danger of extermination by the hands of flower collectors. Colonel Thomas W. Higginson long ago pointed out that civilization, with its ax and drain, was the real enemy that appreciably extinguished the number of our choice wild plants. Five years ago a comparative stranger could find about Brookline, Mass., the rue-anemone, the rhodora, the cypripedium acaule, the flowering dogwood, the spiranthes cernua, the calopogon, the "ragged" orchis, the habenaria tridentata, the habenaria psycodes, cardinal flower, azalea viscosa and clethra alnifolia. If this was the floral situation around one of the oldest suburbs of Boston, there is not much danger that wild plants will be extinguished, save by civilization.

You can chide the children and the reckless flower collectors as you will, but the deadly extermination of wild native plants is the draining of swamp lands and the clearing of forest lands. The Boston society might as well disband; it cannot cry halt to civilization effectively, any more than the pope can issue a bull to any purpose against the comet. Fortunately for the peace of mind of these flower-lovers of New England, there are a great many charming native plants that cannot be exterminated by the woodman's ax, or by drainage, but Colonel Higginson was right when, a quarter of a century ago, he predicted that civilization, with its reforming hand, would prove quite as deadly a foe to some flowers of New England as it had to many Indians.

It will be a great comfort to a number of foolish folk to learn that the imported foreign weed, the ox-eye daisy, or marguerite, is indestructible. There is danger that civilization, through ax and drain, will destroy the calypso and all other beautiful orchids that dwell in damp places, but those infatuated flower collectors that are in love with the malodorous marguerite may rest assured that, like Tennyson's brook, she is likely "to go on forever."

A SUGGESTIVE BULLETIN.

A late census bulletin on manufactures in Massachusetts discloses that state as a "humming workshop of prosperous industrialism." It is recalled in this connection that the state is not one of many or great natural resources. Time was, in the not distant past, when the fishing industry was its greatest source of revenue, a stinted agriculture making up the small balance. The fisherman's boy looked out upon the sea as the source of his livelihood, and the farmer's boy looked upon the soil as his only means of support, chafing at its meager promise. But the haddock and cod fleets and the whaleships in yearly dwindling numbers stand for an outdated industry, while the cry of "deserted farms" has gone up from the interior, telling of the decadence of the state's agriculture. The developed skill of the community has, however, proved a vast resource, and in the manufacture of such staples as boots and shoes, rubber goods, cottons and woolens and fine grades of paper, Massachusetts leads every other state in the Union. Manufacturers have here risen grandly to meet opportunities that they were sagacious enough to recognize and energetic enough to multiply to meet the growing commercial demands of the Nation and the world. The record quoted shows a billion dollars' worth of manufactures in the single year 1900. Even in the steel and iron industry, the death of which, in Massachusetts, was seemingly foreshadowed some years ago by the closing of the Norway Steel and Iron Works, of Boston, the product increased in the ten years following 1890 one-fifth.

The panic produced in the New England textile industry a few years ago by the growth of textile mills in the South, where nearness to the raw product of the cotton fields and the abundance of cheap labor would, it was thought, undermine this industry in the North, is well remembered. But the record shows that in 1900 the cotton manufacturing industry of Massachusetts surpassed that of Pennsylvania, her nearest rival, by nearly $60,000,000 in value of output, and added to its equipment 2,000,000 spindles, which was over 40 per cent of the whole country's increase. In the single decade closing with the last year of the century the army of factory wage-earners of Massachusetts increased 50,000; aggregate wages, $23,000,000, and manufacturing capital nearly $200,000,000.

The record is one of which any commonwealth might well be proud. It is one of creative energy; of closing with opportunity; of the production of wealth by skill and the judicious investment of capital. Great natural resources, except as to location and consequently unrivaled transportation facilities are not elements in this mighty result. The cotton and vast bulks of the wool that feed the looms and keep the spindles of the immense factories whirling are the products of other states. The coal that feeds the furnaces of the great industrial plants, and the iron that is transformed into steel and implements are transported thither. The industrial growth of Massachusetts proves beyond everything else the economic value of good training; the available power that may be developed through the conjunction of brain and muscle that is known and hailed throughout the world of industry as "skilled labor."

While it is high time, no doubt, for the old Army uniform to be displaced by a uniform made of modern materials, in accordance with modern ideas, the retirement of the old "Army blue" in favor of "olive drab" will occasion some regret of the sentimental type. "The boys in blue" have been endeared to the American heart through dearly-bought victories and bitter defeats upon many historic battle-fields. Sentiment will shrink back and take flight when we come to speak of the "boys in olive drab." Still, there is not much sentiment in war waged with modern weapons and according to modern methods, but stern reality instead. This demands that the uniform of the soldier shall correspond in color as nearly as possible with the hues of the surrounding landscape. Possibly "olive drab" will more nearly answer this purpose than any other tint. It is a fact beyond dispute that the red coats of the British soldiers have been answerable for more fatalities in the British Army than any other single cause, and it has been said that the heavy losses in British officers in the Boer War (the soldiers were clad in khaki) were in a great degree due to their glittering uniforms. If England has learned her lesson properly, this will not occur in her next war. On the contrary, her army officers, like the rank and file, will be made inconspicuous by uniforms of some neutral tint, thus giving them at least a chance equal to that of a private soldier to escape the unerring aim of the enemy's sharpshooters.

The Chautauqua Assembly, that closed its annual meeting at Gladstone Park yesterday, gave occasion during the ten days or more of its continuance for a blending of the social and educational elements in community life in a quiet, rational and enjoyable manner. The fact that man cannot live by bread alone finds expression in an opportunity of this kind that intelligent people have learned to improve. Whether Chautauqua appeals to the "outing" habit that has become fixed upon the American people and here meets response in the family camping party; to the mildly religious instinct that finds food in the discussions of the Ministerial Association; to the temperance idea that finds encouragement in loitering about the W. C. T. U. tent and listening to laudations of Frances Willard and her work; to the sectarian bias that finds expression in a Baptist tent and furnishes pleasure to all who find pleasure in creeds and delight to make Christianity wear the regalia of denominationalism; to people anxious to hear and see and learn by contact socially and educationally with their neighbors, it was an occasion of unstinted pleasure. Above and beyond all this was the higher educational opportunity that it offered. A chance to hear Henry Watterson upon "Lincoln" and John Sobieski on "The History of Poland" was eagerly improved by the multitude. If the association had not carried on its programme any other educational features, these two lectures would have justified its purpose and crowned its effort with success.

Nothing truer has been said about the World's Fair location than that there is grave objection to every site proposed. The City Park comes nearest to the desideratum of being a place where the bulk of the local population might be expected to drop in at odd hours, especially evenings, but the transportation problem menaces its eligibility. East Side locations may make up in accessibility for transportation, therefore, what they lack in easy access for foot travel. Nothing is clearer than that with all its merits the site chosen will have serious drawbacks. The "ideal location," of which we have heard so much on all sides, does not exist. Doubtless the railroads can get to the park if they desire, but they do not, and they will not be ignored.

The patience of the directors of the Lewis and Clark Fair is only equaled by the perseverance of men who have locations to boom. Busy men and men of affairs, they give unstinted time and, to all appearance, unwearied attention, to the matter, anxious only to select the site that, all things considered, will prove to be the most suitable. The question is a perplexing one, and much depends upon the way in which it is decided. Both the committee and the public will be justified in feeling that a most important matter is disposed of when the selection is finally made, which will probably be within the next week.

And now it seems that a diplomat cannot, with safety to his reputation and without placing his position in jeopardy, comment adversely in a confidential letter to his wife upon the Government's Cuban policy, or intimate that there is not the best posible stuff in Cubans for United States citizens. Of course, much depends upon the wife, as some women are discreet enough to avoid quoting sharp points on official matters from their husbands' letters, even to close personal friends. Some, again, as appears from the dilemma in which General Bragg finds himself, are not.

It is proposed to build a fireboat simultaneously by private enterprise and by special tax authorized by the Legislature. This is the clumsy programme that defeated a drydock so effectually in 1899. Who is so opposed to the fireboat that this perfect instrument of its failure is devised with such unerring acumen?

Chicago has no use for Mary MacLane. That unsentimental young woman frankly declared that she was not interested in the stockyards and flatly refused to visit them.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

A correspondent asks: "Should a gentleman raise his hat to a lady in an elevator?" It depends on the gentleman, the lady and the elevator. So many conditions enter into the problem that a yes or no answer without qualification is difficult, if not impossible. Where is the elevator? In the Portland Hotel or the Chamber of Commerce building, or a department store? Is the lady an acquaintance or a stranger? Does the correspondent seek to learn whether good manners require that a man entering an elevator containing a woman or women must raise his hat as an act of deference to the sex in general and to no woman in particular? This also depends on circumstances, and no inflexible rule can be laid down. A well-bred man will raise his hat to a woman whom he knows wherever he meets her. He will seldom uncover his head to a stranger of the opposite sex.

An eelvator in a business building, like a street-car, is a public conveyance. What would be good manners in one would not be bad manners in the other. To raise your hat on entering a street-car simply because woman passengers were aboard would be apt to raise a suspicion of mental unsoundness. In a public elevator, the women would probably charge you only with excess of politeness. If a woman acquaintance or friend be recognized in either conveyance, raise the hat; not to the assemblage, but to the one person. Now, a hotel elevator, unlike a street-car, is not a public conveyance. Its service is limited to guests and visitors. The hotel is, in fact, the home of those who stay there the year round, and must be regarded as the temporary home of transient guests. Except in the office, which is a public place, a man naturally indulges the fiction that he is in home surroundings; therefore, if, on entering the elevator, he sees a woman or women, he instinctively raises his hat. This, then, seems a safe rule: Remain covered in a public elevator, except when you wish to give such salutation as you would give on the street. In a hotel elevator, imagine yourself in a residence.

If we accept the highest Greek philosophy, manners are the lesser morals; but we know that environment influences manners quite as strongly as ethical training. At the Galt House in Henry Watterson's town you cannot fail to notice this. It is a stately building of solid stone, with elevators of the size of a bedroom, that do not move with the speed of trolley cars, and have upholstered seats around three sides. Suppose 10 men are seated when the cage stops on the fifth floor to admit a gentlewoman. Ten men rise as one man, remove their hats, keep them removed and remain standing until the woman is seated. Still the men of Kentucky, I am certain, are not more manly than the men of Oregon, but it seems that they are more skilled in the technicalities of manners toward women. If Chicago were situated south of Mason and Dixon's line, and if first, last and all the time every man was not bent on trading and boasting of the trade in the corn belt capital, women would likely be the grateful recipients of many little courtesies so dear to them. Their sisters of Louisville get these in abundance.

Yesterday's dispatches announce that 730,798 immigrants came to the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902. Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Finland contributed 457,715. Would injustice be worked if every immigrant intending to make his home in this country were required to furnish a certificate of good character?

The other day an interesting story came to me touching the acerbity between Admiral Dewey and General Thomas M. Anderson. Though the old Colonel of the Twenty-first is now on the retired list, he has not suffered the hero of Manila to be the only witness to testify concerning the capture of that city. True, he did not appear before the Congressional investigating committee, as did Dewey recently, but he went into print with his version and showed, or tried to show, that the Admiral's memory was faulty. The fact is, the sailor and the soldier have "had it in for each other" these four years past. Not being in either arm of the service, hence immune against possible rebuke from the White House, I am free to give publicity to an incident which has been known and discussed privately since August, 1898. It came to me from an officer of the Second Oregon, who heard the language employed.

After Anderson arrived at Manila Bay with 2500 men, including the 1400 Webfeet, he wanted to get on the first page by doing something. He visited Dewey on the flagship and proposed to take the town. Dewey dissented to the proposition. Anderson suggested that perhaps Dewey was not the only pebble on the beach, or words to that effect. The Admiral mildly hinted that the battle of May 1 had given him some distinction as well as authority, to which Anderson, who is given to plain speech, rejoined: "H—l. All you did was to come in here and smash a few pewter ships." This remark disestablished the "entente cordiale," and they haven't played together since. L.

The Maid of Neidpath.

Sir Walter Scott.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden,
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Tales of Today.

Have you heard that O'Reilly DeVille,
The talented, young, leading man,
Has gone in an automobile
To the shores of far-off Ketchikan,
Where, 'neath a tall totem pole's shade,
Lulled to rest by the song of the tide,
Is the dusky and proud Indian maid
Who's to be the great leading man's bride?
Such, believe, is the int'resting truth,
The story in detail, you'll find,
Is being created, forsooth,
In the up-to-date press agent's mind.

Do you know the great opera queen,
That lovely divinity who
Worships nightly, alone and unseen,
At the shrine of a stuffed kangaroo?
Who only has tapers to light
The shrouding and shadowy gloom
That enfolds, like the wings of the night,
The wealth of her rich dressing-room?
The story is true on its face,
To doubt it were really unkind,
The worshiping really takes place
In the up-to-date press agent's mind.

Have you read of the dainty soubrette
Who won twenty million plunks, cold,
From the head of a trust, on a bet
That she wasn't quite sixteen years old?
And who took all the coin she thus got
And, like a game girl, put it up
To build a new single-stick yacht
To defend the America's cup.
Such, indeed, you will find is the case,
The yacht is already designed,
And it soon will be sailing the race,
In the up-to-date press agent's mind.

No longer thieves break through and steal
The gems of the great player folk,
For the papers are wont to reveal
That such gems both are paste and in soak,
No longer are actresses sought
In marriage by Princes of rank,
For Princes are prone to be caught
By girls with accounts at the bank.
The old yarns are faded and gone,
But better ones daily unwind,
In hues like the roseate dawn,
In the up-to-date press agent's mind.

Story of a Wire Mattress.

Bronson had never taken a wire mattress to pieces, but he always thought he could. The mattress was too big to go up the stairway of the new house, except on the installment plan, and it had to go up there, the thing being so ordered by Mrs. Bronson. Bronson examined the mattress, and found that it was composed of four modified scantlings, framed together by bolts and kept firm by the wire web. He diagnosed the case as one requiring a monkey-wrench, and after he had searched half or three-quarters of an hour, he found the wrench. He noticed that the nuts on the bolt turned hard, but said that they were rusty, and a little patience would conquer. When the nuts finally came off the two end frames flew together like long-lost sisters, and shut Bronson up in the folds of the web like a salmon in a gillnet. He got out after a while, and when he had expressed himself succinctly, carried the mattress upstairs, where he set about putting it together again. To his great surprise, he found that the web had shrunk about four sizes, and that the frames refused to resume their former positions. He tugged and hauled for a while, but the sticks had an irritating habit of wrenching themselves out of his grasp and joining forces, and he always happened to be in the trajectory of one of them. At last he nailed two of the scantling to the floor and began drawing the other two into their places. Mrs. Bronson here entered the struggle, but still further reinforcements were required, and the children came. The family lined up along one stick and pulled till Bronson strained his wrist, and let go. Then the web got in its work, and two children were thrown violently to the ceiling, while Mrs. Bronson, caught by the escaping frame, was knocked breathless. Bronson said a few things, gathered up the children and renewed the attempt. But the esprit de corps was gone from the community efforts, and after a few further trials, in which the list of injured was like that of an excursion train accident, Bronson summoned a neighbor. The two men toiled all the afternoon, and then the neighbor let go of the straining web at the wrong time. It was Bronson's jaw that suffered. Bronson thought he did it purposely, and the two fought earnestly and convincingly for half an hour, at the end of which time the neighbor's wife came and called him to supper.

"My dear," said Bronson, that evening, when the doctor left the house, "I think if the second-hand man will give you 25 cents for that mattress, you had better take it. I always despised that second-hand man, and this will be a glorious opportunity to show my ill-will toward him."

Where the Woods Is Deep.

What's the use o' talkin'
'Bout the growin' heat?
What's the use o' walkin'
Down the dusty street?
Ain't the brook a singin',
Where the woods is deep?
Ain't the winds a bringin'
Tunes that lulls to sleep?
Ain't the riffles flashin'
Where they jines the pool?
Ain't the water splashin'?
Ain't the hull woods cool?
Let's get shet o' moanin'
'Bout the heat o' day,
Let's let up on groanin',
Lets jus' hike away,
Take the trail that's leadin',
Where the woods is deep,
Find jest what you're needin',
Rest, an' peace, an' sleep.

A Coronation Programme.

The date of the coronation having been set for August 9, we beg leave to submit the following programme, which we believe will be both entertaining and inexpensive:

Reading of Letter of Regret from P. Kruger.
Presentation of Million-Dollar Bills to the Maddening Crowd—J. P. Morgan.
Reading of Ode—A. Austin.
(During the reading of this ode, His Majesty will kindly order that the audience be excused.)
Reading of Real Poem—R. Kipling.
Subject—"The Laurels That I Wrote for Went to Alf."
Presentation of House to Gen. Kitchener.
Reading of Protest on the same from Admiral Dewey.
Presentation of Double Cross to Gen. Buller.
Reading of entire editorial page of New York Tribune by Whitelaw Reid.
Reading of Timely Advice to Eddie from Nephew Wilhelm.
Omission of the Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mark Twain.
Coronation.
Nuts. Cigars. Cognac.

Those Pants.

You got t' mind me, dolly,
'N' run, or jump, or dance,
Fer if you don't, by golly,
I'll make you wear these pants!

My papa, he once wore 'em,
But years 'n' years ago,
When he fell down 'n' tore 'em,
Ma cut 'em down fer Joe.

'N' then, when Joe outgrew 'em,
'N' wore the knees all slick,
'N' punched big holes clear through 'em,
Ma patched 'em up fer Dick.

'N' Dick, he ripped 'n' frayed 'em,
Till by-um-by ma said:
"Let's have them pants!" 'n' made 'em
The size fer little Ned.

'N' then, when Ned growed taller,
My ma she took, 'n' she
Jus' cut 'em down still smaller,
'N' clapped 'em onto me.

So now, if you don't mind me,
'N' do jus' what I've said,
You'll get 'em, 'n 'they'll find me
A livin' in my bed.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.