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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUG. 3, 1902.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

In one sense of the word it would be puerile to speak of the Bible as in grave peril; for what it has withstood is evidence of what it can still withstand; and when we say that the Bible is in grave peril, the real danger is not so much to the Bible itself as to the service the Bible may render, if wisely used, to the human race. This being borne in mind, it is necessary to say that the Bible is in peril from two opposite sources-its sagacious foes and its short-righted champions. There are those who would make it a mere bundle of negligible myth and error, and there are those on the other hand who seem determined to destroy its usefulness as an influence upon character by insisting upon the impossible in its applica-

The greatest minds among unbeliev ers have had no quarrel with the Bible. In this field of controversy, as in all others, the imperfectly understanding and smaller-motived pupils pursue crit. icism beyond any point ever dreamed of or countenanced by the masters. The unbelieving great mind, like Voltaire's, or Renan's or Matthew Arnold's or Herbert Spencer's, is not hostile to religious truth and not irreverent to the Bible. They are wise enough to distinguish the truth from its erroneous environment, and they are magnanimous enough to revere the religious principle in man wherever and however mistakenly it may have found expression. to whatever unlovely conclusions it has been led, to whatever crimes it has been its adherents or advocates have com-

mitted it. It is in the hands of men like Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll that religious truth finds hostile treatment, and even then not so much religious truth itself, perhaps, as the molds and forms in which religious truth has been cast for temporary purposes. The half-educated critic of the Bible rails against actions recorded and ideas avowed in certain Old Testament writings-judging them by the standards of our time. The great mind judges them by the standards of their own time, and commends them as adapted to their time. The errors of translators and copyists, the errors even of religious zeal, denounced by the half-educated as the burden of the Bible, are forgiven by the great mind who sees in them well-meant if stumbling efforts to protect the preclous seed of faith and hope and love across the ages.

The other hostile camp into which the Bible has fallen is the camp of literal interpretation. Having failed to establish the Bible as an authority, the churches are now seeking recognition for the Bible as literature. Its use in schools as desirable material for reading is being urged by those who have been wont to resist the literary view of the Bible as heretical. This demand is significant of the change that must come over the attitude maintained toward the Book by its ostensible custodians. If we are to take the Bible as literature, we must apply to it literary standards. We can no longer ignore its composite and often unknowable authorship, the marks which the vicissitudes of centuries have left upon it, the sources from which its ideas and its expressions have been drawn. The Bible as literature is not the Bible as

a penal code.

Whether we have more to gain or lose in this transformation of the Bible from a divine inspiration to an intensely human book, although the most preclous book in the world, is a hard question, and one which it is fortunately not necessary to answer. The old authority is gone, and the new appreciation has come. Worship is succeeded by admiration, to the manifest impairment of a certain rigorous mandate that compelled a measure of moral rectitude. But there was no resisting. It is of no use to say, If it is a delusion, still let me cherish it for the good it does me. Delusion cannot stand against the consuming spirit of modern inquiry. There was no choice. However lovely and of good report, however uplifting, inspiring and ennobling, error has no chance today with truth. The sword of, scientific investigation pierces even to the joints and marrow and to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. There is no staying psychology, any more than there was biology, or astronomy, or geology, or Luther, or Galileo, or Co-

Studied as literature, the Bible dis covers to us ite infinite variety of authorship, of origins, of points of view, of of Poe's relative power and place, the transmissions, of gains and losses from fact that he made a more marked imaccretion and abrasion. History and press upon the manner of those British

and folk-lore, dreams and rhapsodies, fiction and fantasy, diversity its wonderful pages. The learning and the fables of the ancient world-Chalden, Syria, Egypt-entered into its early scrolls. The ideals of Elohist and Jehovist clashed through its infant histories, the view of death underwent constant modification in different hands, a new Isniah built his sublimer structure on the fabric of the old, Israel warred against Judah with pen as well as sword, talented scribes projected themselves into the past and wrought out annals and laws and stamped them with the date of hundreds of years agone-all with burning zeal for Jehovah and the salvation of his people Hard as it is to study alone in its original or in any modern translation, when lit up with the light which science and language and contemporaneous scriptions and textual criticism have shed upon it, its pages reveal themselves as the most fascinating and instructive that human records afford.

The danger in taking the Bible as literature is that in so doing we are apt to forget its infinitely greater aspect; for the Bible is not only a book like other books, but it is a book unlike other books, if not in kind yet infinitely in degree, because it is a force in the world. It is to read, but much more than that, it is to act upon. There are those who advocate the Bible as literature for no higher motive than that in so doing they hope to escredit it as an influence upon mankind. To all such the sufficient answer is the Bible itself as its influence upon history and its present impress on the mind of man reveal it. No book has so profoundly moved upon man and still moves. For whether we take counsel of its worldly maxims, or solsce in its songs of aspiration, or joy in its promises, or chastening in its awful warnings, or ecstacy in its passionate dreams, one rises from its perusal with a weighty sense of having drawn near to the Infinite. And it is equally certain that in those sacred pages one is drawn as near to the Infinite as is possible for the mortal-mind, Nowhere else in all the archives of human thought, nowhere in all the archives of human thought that are to be can the religious principle in man. which has its seat in the soul's deepest and most sacred depths, find so ade quate and satisfying expression as in this noble monument of the ancient Hebrew race. They who cling to the old translations because they awake blessed memories of childhood, knowing they are wrong, and they who love them for their enthrallment of strong old idioms that the language needs are all in danger of losing the Bible as a living force in the world, in their devotion to its superficial qualities of

POE'S PERMANENT PLACE.

sound and pleasurable stir of memory.

The "revival" of literary figures of the Victorian age is something due, no doubt, to the poverty of recent production; but even this negative testimony does not do full justice to the real merits of men like Dickens and Whittler, to whose message the world returns with new avidity ever and anon be cause of a perennial need. In all these periodical revivifications of old achievements there is none more frequent or compelling than that of Poe, the shipwrecked life joined so strangely to what able and dispassionate criticism has pronounced the most original force in our literature, Although scarce ten years have passed since the last wave of Poe enthusiasm swept over the sea of literary thought, two many-volumed editions of his works are announced with still others consisting of "selec-An interesting commentary tions," upon this phenomenon is contributed Mr Al ews to the current ever debasing or misleading influences Issue of the New York-Times Saturday Review, which the interested reader is urged to seek and enjoy.

If must have been a source of polgnant if secret regret to every Poe admirer that the popular estimate of the man's work has shown a curious and lamentable persistence in clinging to his poetry to the neglect of his prose His tales and criticism embody his best thought and the fullest exhibit of his art, and it is upon them that his permanent fame must rest. Mathews says in his illuminative critique, it is only when we pass to a contemplation of his prose that we find the true poet Poe-the poet in his fullest freedom, vigor and variety. Paradoxical though it seem, it is none the less true that we find this most zealous devotee of form, and the writer who has more than any other affected form in trans-Atlantic verse creation, himself "only attaining profoundest poetic utterance for the almost infinite sea of poetry that was surging in his consciousness, when he cast off poetic form altogether and employed for his expression the flexible, unfettered medium of

potential prose." For the blindness of the American public to this fact there are two reasons. One is that Poe's criticism, with all its acuteness and its confirmation by time, made him enemies among the formers of public opinion, and the other is that the gospel of pure art and ideal beauty and unalloyed truth fell upon the stony ground of Puritanism and among the thorns of Yankee thrift and sordidness. When we remember how hard was the way that Hawthorne's even less abstracted treatment of New World themes fared in his time, it is easier to understand the difficulties that arose for the aesthetic and psychic aims and processes which Poe called into being as the discoverer of a new world. As for criticism divorced from personal and commercia, ends, as for worship of pure beauty and 'ite creation as an end in itself, as for the apotheosis of musical form and the weird region of intellectual mystery-"he was the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

The American prepossession with materialism and theocracy is, then, the source of Poe's long eclipse. That is litical and military service. The fact why he was hardly taken seriously here when Europe idolized him. And now an accomplished critic, whose chief the romantic deed, the romantic philprovince has been the observation and osophy exhibited in human conduct, has chronicling of the literary tendencies an immortal life, of his time-Edmund Gosse-comes for-ward and tells us that not one or two, but all of the English poets of the time, reveal the influence of Poe, and that he more than any one poet of the past has affected their technique and resultant music tone, as well as, to some extent, their mood. And Mr. Mathews draws the cognate conclusion that the history of literature, taking constantly a larger cognizance of those writers who exert upon an age a formative influence, must admit as a strong element in th making of the fuller and final estimate

other man of his generation. The service to his own land is not less pro nounced, for it is concluded that the masterful way in which he preached the doctrine of beauty-not as a dry philosophy, but artistically, poetically, as was done most of his work-marks this as a service second in importance to none that he performed, and the fact that he was the first who officiated in this high service of esthetics in America accentuates its significance and emphasizes the obligation that we owe the author as one also owed to a ploneer, who, like the ploneer in all ages and all provinces, is entitled to especial honor.

There is not a name in literature whose eminence in contemporary thought could afford a more resistless answer to the indictment of commercialism, captiously brought against American life today, than the name of Poe. All that blossoms about us roday in the form of fearless criticism and entrancing lyric, and artistic tale, owes a debt to his dauntless spirit. All the half-supernal beauty uncovered to our senses in the mystic cadences of sorrow, and the haunting presence of unavailing regret, and the sweet though painful symphony of the bereaved chamber and the midnight tomb, are but the echoes of notes first sounded by his genius. These various minor chords of weird and soul-compelling solemnity, as they have come to us in the pages of Bret Harte and Sidney Lanier and Bourke Marston and Mr. Aldrich, as well as in Swinburne and Baudelaire, were strung by his master-hand at the terror-girt couch of Ligeia, the sepui-chral vault of Ulalume, the halls where Berenice played, the spot by the sounding sea whence Annabel was reft, the catacombs of Fortunato, the shadowed chamber that still perchance is visited by the lost Lenore, the window niche where Helen stood, the vortex of the southern pole, the crashing towers of Usher, the lute of Israfel, and the Grand Canal of Venice-"the wide windows of whose palladian palaces look down with a deep and bitter meaning upon the secrets of her silent waters. Who shall measure and who requite

the obligation of humanity to the harassed and darkened soul that amid all its imperfection of will and weakness of moral fiber persevered to people the magination of all succeeding time with these countless visions of solemn beauty and unearthly sadness and unutterable awe? Who that looks upon the boiling ocean can fail to hear there the shrick of Poe's Maeistrom and feel the touch of the Spirit of Eld? Who that has loved and lost, but derives some increment of solace in his melancholy from the raven's shadow and the legend of Annabel Lee? Who that sits by the lone couch of death cannot hear in fancy the tapestries of the haunted chambers and feel the spell woven long ago by the gifted and unhappy author who furnished in his life a moral as impressive as the artistic splendor of his handiwork? That there are discerning ones in increasing numbers to rescue this man's memory from the neglect to which his own sins and the coldness of his time had conspired to consign it testifies to the capacity of our American insight and the confidence in American justice with which these appeals to the record are submitted. The great debt to Poe is that sustained by the fields of poetry, criticism and art. The way is open for it to be paid by their devotees in grateful praise and recognition. What the world owes to the great man it must chiefly learn from his disciples, and if he lacks fitting monument of contemporary or posthumous fame, theirs are the failure and the shame.

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On the 27th ult. Garfield Wheelhouse saved Miss Huldah Anderson from drowning at Jamestown, N. Y., but was so exhausted by his efforts to keep her affoat until help arrived that he sank before he could be drawn on board the

steamer. This incident stands for one side of human nature, but the hideous, selfish side was displayed at a recent fire in Philadelphia, where two men saved themselves by pushing a girl away from a window and saving themselves by seizing the ladder she was trying to reach. One of the men grasped the girl in his arms and threw her back. Both of these men saved themselves by the sacrifice of this little girl, accord-

ing to the testimony. In a great steamboat disaster on Long Island Sound many years ago there were a number of frantic brutes who tore the life preservers from the women and children in order to save themselves. Men of this sort ought to suffer the fate that overtook the wretch described by Whittier in his fine ballad of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." Skipper Ireson malignantly left a ship to founder when he could have saved the crew, but he never has peace henceforth, for by night or day, sleeping or waking, he sees that wreck, he hears the cries and curses of the wretched sinking crew that he cruelly refused to rescue. The men that in a great marine disaster leave women and children to drown ought to see their specters night and day for the rest of their lives they love so well that they are afraid to risk death to save drowning women and children. Such men ought to live a great while, for they are certainly afraid to die doing good, and certainly not fit to die.

It is to the honor of human nature that while deeds of impulsive self-sacrifice are of daily report on the part of many humble, obscure people, deeds of brutal selfishness like that reported concerning the Philadelphia fire are of very rare occurrence. Bismarck once put his life in great peril to rescue a servant from drowning, and to the end of his life was prouder of the medal he received for his courage and conduct than he was of all the splendid decorations he subsequently obtained for pothat acts of self-sacrifice of this sort always win admiration is proof that

The average man is a dull, seifish. non-inspiring creature in thought and purpose, but for all that humanity always did and always will take off its cap to the romantic, unexpected, heroic fellow, whether in fiction or real life. The great novels that are sure of more than transient life are all of this sort. Humanity would rather worship its own image idealized than look at its own image hugging the dirt. This is why a man who is a great humorist rather than simply an acrid satirist catches the ear of the world and holds its heart longest.

Few people can read Swift, a satirist of enormous genius, compared with prophecy, poems and dramas, cantatan poets succeeding him than has any those who read Addison, Fielding, cult to conceive that sensitive natures, issled as ever?

humor relieve each other. The man of sentiment, the humorist, rules the human heart, and because this is so the romantic novel will always include the immortal fiction. The heart of humanity in its best moments aspires to nobler deeds than the average man ever does; it is optimistic; it hopes for better things, and it feels anger and disgust for the artist who is always taking snap shots at his fellows and ineisting that the worst man has ever done is the best he will ever do.

CHILD BEGGARS.

The streets of Chicago, according to a recent dispatch, are to be cleared of child beggars. A beginning in this direction was made a few days ago, when police officers detailed for this purpose rounded up and carried to the Harrison-street police annex scores of little waifs of both sexes, ranging in age from 4 to 7 years; who are regularly sent into the streets to beg. Brought up to beg from their earliest years, these children become adepts in the vocation, and through it they become associated with all of the lower forms of

vice and degradation. Infantile begging is the school in which the tramps of the country get their first training—their first lesson moral and personal trresponsibility. It s a marvel that it is allowed to be carried on upon the highways of a great city unchecked, and even encouraged. by giving into the tiny hands outstretched to receive it the dole that shrill, piping, childish voices have begged. Recognizing the fact that the simple arrest and detention for a few hours in the police annex would not prove a remedial measure, the Chicago officers who have taken this matter in hand will hold these little beggars pending an investigation in the case of each by the Visitation and Ald Society. This plan will give intelligent, humane people an insight into the workings of a system of family vagrancy that, from sending babes to beg on the streets to the equipment of the youth for the road or the young girl to a life of infamy, keep up the supply of vagrants and criminals.

We are accustomed in thinking of child begging and other forms of juvenile training in lives of social and industrial worthlessness and crime, to regard them as afar off; as belonging to public and family conditions that differ greatly from our own. We hear of these things shudderingly, thankful that we know of them only through news reports from other and more populous cities. Would it be startling to be told that the germs of child beggary have been and are being cultivated among us, and that the plants of this pernicious seed have already taken root upon our streets? Perhaps so; but this is indeed true. A well-known woman, having occasion to cross one of the plaza blocks a day or two since, was accosted by a boy apparently about years of age, who in the tone and with the manner of a beggar who had had his schooling, demanded of her "a penny." Pausing, she said: "My little ad, are you not ashamed to beg? Don't you know that a boy should earn his pennies, and not beg them?" His only reply was to reiterate his demand in a more importunate tone. Reciting the incident to a former member of the police force, the latter said: must be the son of -," speaking a familiar name-"a boy about 12 years old, who has been in the business long enough to be considered a professional." To the response that this lad was much younger, the man, who had had excellent opportunities to study children on the street corners and in the parks, could only say that the cases were sim-

So, it seems, child begging has already gotten a foothold in this city. A thing monstrous in its possibilities for evil, it should be checked in its incipiency. The tale of the urchin weeping on the corner because he has lost his nickel and "It is too far to walk home" should not move any mistaken philanthropist to supply this alleged loss and pass hurriedly on his way. The boy last mentioned is said to have made noney off of this tale every day for weeks by simply changing his location and pumping up tears to give color of probability to his flimsy lie. A little ime given to the investigation of a tale of this kind would be well spent. As for the child who begs outright, stator whatever as a reason for asking for money, means should be taken to dis cover his parents, and these should be told of his transgression and warned by the proper officer to keep the child off the streets under penalties provided for the infringement of the statute covering the case. Let it be stated in plain terms that child begging upon the streets of Portland will not be permitted, and then let measures be taken to stop it. The most efficacious of all means is in the hands of the people themselves, and can be used without coming into disagreeable contact with the parents of the little beggars. It is simply to refuse the dole asked, supplementing the refusal by a warning that a second offense will be followed by disagreeable consequences, "Waiffinding wagons," carrying in a single hour forty children between the ages of 4 and 7 years to a police station of a great city for begging, form an object-lesson in easy-going philanthropy that should warn the people of a smaller city, where child begging is in its infancy, to throttle the evil while yet it can readily be taken in hand.

The austerities that are still practiced in the name of religion find their most severe expression, in this country at least, in the case of the Carmelite nuns, small bands of whom are closely cloistered in various places. The quarters of one of these bands in Philadelphia are thus described by the Ledger of that city:

The nums' bedsteads consist of pipe boards aid on a trestle a few inches above the floor. Joon this is laid a sack of straw and a hard The sheets are woolen. They wash om a brown bucket on the floor. In addition to this, they have in their room a little table, a brownstone jug for drinking water, brown soap, a brown toothbrush mug-and scarcely anything else. In Europe still, and formerly n this country, the Carmelites denied them

When it is added that these palefaced nuns rise at 4%5 in the morning and spend most of their waking hours ; in prayer; that after their cloister is formally sealed no one is permitted to enter the cloistered part of the convent, and visitors, even nearest relathe nuns save through bars that separate them perpetually from the outside world, the dreary, monotonous life to which they are dedicated becomes

Lamb and Burns, in whom satire and duly wrought upon through the emotions, may come to see in this constrained and bare existence the very essence of plety and devotion to duty, it passes all comprehension that intelligent men and women, in touch with the world and its beauty, its possibilities for happiness and its opportunities for practical usefulness, can encourage or even permit such pitiful sacrifice of all that raises life above the dead level of existence.

> Diligent investigation of the recent mine disaster at Johnstown. brought out much evidence tending to confirm the statements that many miners ignore the rules against handling open lamps in the mines. To an infraction of these rules the explosion, so disastrous to life and property, was in all probability due. The lesson presented thereby is not a new one. It has, on the contrary, been repeated again and again, its grewsome illustrations drawn from the suffocating depths of wrecked mines in the blackened bodies of miners, who have met swift death because of the heedless ness of their co-laborers. The story la indeed, as old as the indifference or recklessness of men who, having become familiar with danger through its daily touch, cease to regard it as imminent. No power or device has ever been found that can be relied upon, at all times, to protect men from the results of carelessness or imprudence when working with the destructive forces of Nature. A careless turn of the hand, a moment's lapse of memory, a brief disregard of the rules that in sure human safety in handling the mighty forces that man has harnessed for his use or placed in subjection in the pursuit of his plans is sufficient to release an energy charged with destruction that before moved in harmony with his will. Up to this point man, through his ingenuity, is in control. Beyond it the sway of force is absolute,

> It seems that at last there is a law against hazing at West Point, that neither political nor personal influence can subvert. Cadet Pendleton, found guilty of hazing, has been dismissed from the Military Academy, though he was in his last year. The member of Congress whose appointee young Pendieton was, in trying to secure his reinstatement, was informed that the law covering the case is very explicit, and that neither the Secretary of War nor the President can turn aside its penalty. This is well. The country has had quite enough of Booze trials and their scandalous developments. A law that would expel without hope of reinstatement even the President's own son caught in the brutal sport of hazing has long been needed for the government of West Point. Now that we have it, and the assurance that it will be enforced, the atmosphere of the Military Academy ought to be much improved. Those who conduct themselves as gentlemen should need have no fear of it. Those who do not ought not to have the benefits of West Point.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Port land citizens are frequently prone to subject their town to rather critical analysis is that they feel she can stand it-that her virtues are so numerous and her strength so unmatchable that no criticism can do her harm. A man occupying an invulnerable position is not offended by hostile examination; he whose position is weak seeks to conceal that fact by pretending great strength and shouting it all the while, However, it may be questioned whether Portland is not greatly injured in the eyes of those not well acquainted with her by the free habit of some of her citizens to make light of her strengt and to commend ephemeral qualities of other towns, as if Pertland's lack of them were fatal. The man who won't stand up for his own family, his own town, his own state, his own country-the man who befouls his own nest -what of him?

With the passing of Mrs. Abigail Atwood, a woman of gentle, conscientious life and endeavor has finished her earthly career. Mrs. Atwood had been for many years a resident of this city. Her seat in the Unitarian Church was seldem vacant on Sunday morning during all these years-never, indeed, except by ceason of Illness. As dependable in other respects as in her attendance upon church, her character for ing his desire for candy or firecrackers generosity, kindness and sympathy was well established and greatly admired. Mrs. Atwood lived to the venerable age of four score and three years, a model of cheerfulness in age as she had been of energy and thoughtfulness in her earlier years. Her obsequies, held in the Unitarian Church this afternoon, will complete in tender, hopeful, remyet gentle and blameless life.

iniscent strain the record of a forceful The circumstances of General Smith's arrival in San Francisco are of pathetic significance. Others had come triumphant from the very exacting service in the Philippines and with something of the glory of conquering heroes. He came to find his long career as a soldier ended in a dark shadow-to receive judgment that he had dishonored the flag that he had often risked his life for. He had failed in the test of responsibility, and justice demanded that failure be written in terms that could not be misunderstood where others simliarly tempted should see it. The man must suffer for his mistake because he earned punishment, because the good of the service, the honor of his country and the cause of humanity required it.

Count Castellane, son-in-law of the late Jay Gould, has at length agreed to pay (out of his wife's inheritance) for the \$400,000 worth of bric-a-brac and curios purchased from an antiquity dealer of London, in the first flush of his suddenly acquired wealth. His sagacious brother-in-law, George J. Gould, who is trustee of his aister's patrimony, will dole out the amount on the installment plan out of the income from the fund. The Count had his fling, and it was a costly one. His wife's relatives on this side of the water, from prudential reasons, will see to it that he does not have another.

Suppose the President should write the message the antis want him to write, denouncing the Army and the whole people for standing behind ithow would it sound? Would it alter the status of the Philippines or the Filipinos? Would it be likely to conlives, are not able to see or speak to tribute to the efficiency of the military arm of the Government? Would it in any sense teach patriotism or seif-respect to the American people? Would it draw respect from abroad? Would not the antis themselves be as dissat-

STRIKES AND PUBLIC RIGHTS.

This article is by Samuel Compers, presiden f the American Pederation of Labor, who will peak in Portland tomorrow evening.

In connection with every strike of any noment, though not, we have observed, in connection with lockouts or blacklisting, a certain portion of the press takes up the cry of "public rights." What, it is asked, becomes of the rights and interests of the "third party" to a labor-capital controversy, the great, helpess public? The workmen have the right to strike for any reason whatever, good or bad, wise or foolish; and they claim the right to boycott those who have offended them. Employers have the right to discharge men at will, and thus precipitate difficulty. Have the bystanders, the consumers, no rights that the classes named are bound to respect?

Thus runs the argument, and it is plaus ible. As a rule, those who make it wind up by advocating some form of compulsory arbitration or state regulation of wages, hours and conditions of labor. We are not going to discuss the general question of compulsory arbitration, as our position has been made sufficiently clear in previous articles; but it may be pointed out in passing that those who advocate that remedy in the interests of the "third party" are really proposing a radical, a revolutionary change in the law and poli cy of the country.

They have a right to their opinions; but they must not confuse issues arising under existing laws with implications and deductions from principles that are peculiar to the philosophy of industrial relations, principles that have not been ac cepted or recognized.

When they talk about public rights, they must confine themselves to rights under the present politico-economic system, not under a conceivable system which has not been adopted.

From this logical and proper standpoint, It is plain that the "third party" has no standing in the forum of law, equity and reason, in any case where neither capital nor labor oversteps its constitutional bounds. A great strike entails inconvenlence and hardship; but what of it? Is the public entitled to insist that a man shall work on terms that are unsatisfactory to him, simply because it needs his product?

Men work or engage in business to earn a livelihood, not from motives of altruism, They may stop when they please, just as the farmer may refuse to raise crops without regard to the needs of the consumers. The "public" does not provide for the wage-workers; it leaves them to pursue their interests as best they may, and all

respect for the law. But, of course, in addition to legal responsibilities and limitations, there are the less definite moral responsibilities. Not everything that is lawful is expedient and reasonable; "the extreme of law is the extreme of injustice," it has well been

Now, it is certainly pertinent and im portant to ask whether organized labor has shown itself reckless of these moral obligations to the public, whether it has nsisted in any considerable number of cases, on the letter of the law regardless of all considerations of propriety and reason in a comprehensive sanse of these terms.

We have had many strikes of late, some of them of a serious character from the public Manapoint. Which side was it which defiantly and

cornfully disregarded public opinion, and talked about "managing its own business in its own way?" Which side declared that it was imperti-

sent and impudent and outrageous for "third party" to make its influence felt for peace and adjustment? Which side said that the law was all-

sufficient, and that other considerations were mere foolish sentiment and harmful In the strike of the anthracite miner

The presidents of the coal-carrying ratio roads said it. Who offered to accept arbitration of the strictly impartial kind? The representa-

who said "no concessions, no arbitration?"

tives of the 147,000 miners. The operators and railroads opposed the efforts of the conciliation committee of the industrial department of the Civic Federation; and even the suggestion or President Roosevelt's intervention under a supposed statute,* discovered to have been

as dangerous and vicious. And all this in spite of the fact that railreads enjoy exclusive and valuable privileges from the public, and that the coal-carrying roads were notoriously parties in an illegal monopoly, as shown by the plain statements of the Industrial

repealed, was resented and characterized

If moral obligations are operative anywhere, they are surely operative in cases where the industry affected by a strike is National monopoly, where franchises have removed the natural check of supply and demand.

In Chicago there was a strike of teamsters employed by the big packing com-panies, which are under public accusation of unlawful monopoly. The strikers deof unlawful monopoly. The strikers de-manded recognition of their union, an increase of pay, and some other things. The packers declined to "deal with strangers" or to recognize the union in any way. The people of Chicago were practically all against the packers, and they had to yield; but they, not the teamsters, at first rejected arbitration and friendly mediation. So perverted are the notions of illiberal and short-sighted employers that when the simplest truth is stated it sounds like a

It is forgotten that the workman, too has his "business" to manage, and that, to say the least, his part in production is

as essential as that of capital. When workmen insist on certain terms, they are not seeking to control the employer's business, but to lay down the nditions of their own participation in that business.

Too many still assume that the em-ployer is to be thanked and regarded as a benefactor for paying wages at all and giving his employes work!

This miserable fallacy is back of every arrogant claim put forward by capital. But for it, everybody would see that if the workman has something to arbitrate,

so has the employer.

In fine, a candid examination of the facts will satisfy reasonable men that the interests and rights of the public are seldon disregarded by organized labor, and that the obstinacy, superciliousness and bigotry of certain types of employers are re sponsible for the number, duration and character of strikes and labor contests. Assuredly, no sane man will ask workme to accept any terms employers choose to

grant them. What more can labor do than to agree to accept meditation and arbitration?

What more does consideration for the 'third party" require?

Let, then, the champions and spokesmen for the public, address their protests and appeals to the backward and short-sighted mployers whose name, also! is atl; legion. Organized labor needs no converting. It Organized labor needs no convert n. It is ready to do the right thing at the right

*In 1896, when the so-called railroad arbitraion law was under consideration, am objections we interposed was that the bill re-pealed the investigation of such labor disputes as the one now under consideration, and such as were investigated in 1804.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

The observant stranger in Portland-he is here in large numbers at this season of the year-usually asks how it happens that the chief commercial city of Oregon is situated 110 miles away from the ocean, and not near it. If he has visited California, he has in mind the geographical wition of San Francisco and Sacramento and their relative importance. He eces these reversed in Oregon, and naturally wants to know why. Should he put the question to a pioneer, he would likely receive a correct answer, but few visitors get in touch with old-timers, and our feeble guidebooks are silent on the subject. After the visitor learns why Portland became the commercial city of the Northwest Coast he is still puzzled to know why Portland for 50 years has been the chief seaport, with steadily increasing ocean trade, domestic and foreign, greater this year than ever before. Without attempting an epitome of early history, I shall set down one fact in connection with the founding of Portland. Creation of a city so far inland was not an accident but the result of intelligent design.

About 57 years ago, a Yankee doing busness at Oregon City, the commercial, political and social center of the territory at that time, bought a claim in what is now the heart of Portland; then the densest forest in the Willamette Valley. Some six miles west of this claim, beyond the hills, lay a considerable prairie which in that early day was cultivated, and produced wheat. This Yankee, Frank W. Pettygrove, conceived the idea of building a wagon road from the river westward over the hills to Tualatin Plains. A survey made at his own expense showed such road to be feasible, and from his own funds he built the road. He established a wharf and store at what is now the foot of Washington street and diverted to that point trade which hitherto had taken a onger route to Oregon City. At the very start, the buying of agricultural products, the selling of supplies to settlers, the importing of merchandise and the exporting of grain were carried on practically under the same roof. Trade, river navigation and deep-sea shipping were interlaced here in the earliest days, and they have grown together since. The town followed Pettygrove's lead. He first brought the farmers' product and the deep-sea vessel side by side.

It was not long before steamers succeeded flatboats. They plied up the Willamette and up and down the Columbia. Portland was their home port. Sailing vessels, coast and foreign, discharged and loaded cargo here; so with coasting they owe the public, legally speaking, is steamers. For more than a generation every pound of merchandise that came into Oregon and Eastern Washington, every bushel of wheat that went out, and every traveler passed through Portland. With the advent of the railroad, only the method of conveyance was changed. Commerce continued in the lines which the steamboat ploneered, with Portland as the center. As in Pettygrove's time, products of the soil and the ship meet side by side in our harbor today. Another fact: For four miles in front of Portland, the Willamette River is a natural harbor with a minimum depth of 40 feet.

"But Portland surely must have had rivals," is the almost invariable comment of the observing stranger. It would take all your fingers to count them. A shoal and a bit of swift water at the mouth of the Clackamas prevented Oregon City from being the metropolis of this young empire. All the other rivals were, like Portland, upstarts, but they failed because they had not planned to bring the products of the man who wanted to sell into the warehouse of the man who wanted to buy. This is what Pettygrove did for Portland. If he had been less restless after he laid the foundation and had staved here instead of removing Townsend, he might by this time have a public monument.

Notorious May Yohe is breaking into print again. Because she happened to strike the fancy of a fool with a title who married her, foreign press agencies seem to regard her as a person of consequence. Best for her, for disreputable Captain Strong, and for the public, is oblivion.

Tracy's flight through the State of Washington has served one good purpose. Everybody reads of his movements, and these cannot be followed intelligently without a map. I imagine that more than one family atlas will be opened today for a study of the geography of the Northeastern section of our sister common-

Lesson Taught an Eavesdropper. Kansas City Journal.

Telephone party lines have their amuse-nents as well as their discomforts. When the telephone rings for a neighbor across the way, it is the greatest temptation in the world for some women quietly to take down the receiver and hear what is going on. One woman who has been quite an noying to the other people on her parts ine got a lesson the other day she will doubtless remember. The telephone rang, and, as usual, she went to it and quietly took the receiver down so that the two who were trying to talk could hear each other only indistinctly. "Hello, hello, Mrs. Brown. Oh, dear,

somebody's got down their receiver. Can you hear me? Oh, I wish they'd stop that!". The woman who was listening heard her distinctly "No, I can just barely hear you," came

the answer, indistinctly. "It's so provoking, isn't it? Now, I want you to come-"
The rest of the sentence was lost rest of the sentence was lost. "Hello, Mrs. Brown-hello! Can you hear me now?"

"Yes, a little-that woman across the street has got her receiver down-that's Mrs. M., you know. I guess she rushes to the telephone to hear what I've got to say every time my 'phone rings."
"Indeed, and I don't do any such a thing," came the third voice, and the two women who were trying to talk heard

the receiver go up with a soft "I guess she got excited and forgot hersald Mrs. Brown. "Yes, I rather think she did," came the

The party line of that neighborh works better since the incident.

Farewell, Life!

Thomas Hood.
Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light-Like the advent of the night; Colder, colder, colder still Upward steals a vapor chill; ong the earthy odor grows-I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives! Strength returns and hope revives; Cloudy fears and shapes fortorn Fly like shadows at the morn; O'er the earth there comes a bloom; Sunny light for sullen gloo Warm perfume for vapor cold-I smell the rose above the mold!

The Silent Voices. Alfred Tennyson.

When the dumb Hour, cloth'd in black, Brings the dreams about my bed, Call me not so often back, Silent Voices of the dead. Toward the lowing ways behind me, And the sunlight that is gone? Call me rather, silent Voices, Forward to the starry track Glimmering up the heights beyond me

On, and always on!