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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with showers. Slightly warmer. Westerly winds. Fair and warmer Monday.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 65 deg.; minimum temperature, 53 deg.; precipitation, .42 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17.

THE BLACK MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A convention of "educated negroes" held last week at Atlanta so far confessed the failure of education as a panacea for the grievances of the black race in America as to call for new and expanded schemes of intellectual culture and to protest against the attitude of the country toward the educated man of color. There were addresses innumerable before this convention, which ran in several sections through several days, but, as we find the proceedings reported, there was but a single suggestion—and that coldly received—that the better fortune of the black race in this country is not to come through its entrance into the higher spheres of life, but through acceptance of an industrial career, with increasing efficiency in it as the result of experience and training. This is the view of the negro question taken by Professor Washington and reasserted by him at Atlanta for the hundredth time, but it finds small favor among the "educated" section of the black race, whose ambitions still turn toward the unattainable.

The failure of intellectual education to improve practically the condition and status of the negro is due to two general causes. First, the negro, broadly speaking, has yet to acquire the foundation of moral qualities which would enable him to make head in competition with the white race, even if social conditions and traditions did not raise an impassable barrier against him. No race taken from barbarism and carried through the stress of several generations of slavery can have the qualities, moral and mental, required to meet successfully in general competition a body of people like the Americans. The thing is out of reason. Now and again there rises among the negroes a superior man, like Fred Douglass or Booker Washington, but this proves nothing, since the capabilities of a race are not to be measured by its exceptional, but by its average man.

But if the negro were entirely capable, if in every way he measured up to the quality of the white man, he would still fail in the so-called higher spheres of effort by reason of the social bar imposed by his color. There is, in truth, no place in our system for the educated negro. The professions are closed to him, for not even his own people will employ a black lawyer or a black doctor. A general business career is closed to him because business men will not give him fellowship or the credit which is essential to a successful career in business. No employment involving authority over others is open to him, since white men will not take orders from a black man. The large field of the salesman is closed against him because no storekeeper would risk putting black men behind his counters. The mechanical trades—at least in the North—are prohibited to him because white workmen will not accept him as an associate. It is easy to say that there is no justice in all this, that it ought not to be, that a man's a man for a' that. But this does not alter the fact, it does not open doors that stand closed, it does not make a place for the black man. And, curiously enough, there is practically least room for the negro in that part of the country where talk of justice and abstract rights is loudest. New England, always ready to defend the rights of the black man on paper, debars him from all but the so-called menial pursuits; and the very philanthropists who denounce the carpenter and the plumber for not making place in their own ranks for him would be shocked and indignant if it were proposed to employ a black professor in Harvard College.

And, since there is no place in the so-called higher occupations for the black man, it is manifestly a mistaken policy to prepare him by education and the cultivation of his tastes for these occupations. To go on year after year turning out classes of black men and women trained for professional duties and ambitious in professional lines when there is no work for them to do, no possible chance for them to exercise their skill or find response to their hopes, is both ridiculous and cruel. And yet this is precisely what a mistaken philanthropy is doing in many parts of the South. The Southern people, who know the negro best and who have to bear directly the burden which his presence creates, have counseled and protested against this folly in vain; the bigoted and willful Northern philanthropist heeds not this protest, but persists in a course which increases the pretensions of the negro while doing nothing to enlarge his opportunities.

Booker Washington alone is on the right track. His aim is not to make a scholar or a professional man of the negro, but to qualify him for the work which lies immediately at his hand. The road to public respect and consideration, he says, lies through individual efficiency. No man and no race, he points out, will stand long discredited and unrecognized if it is able to give to the community in which it lives something requisite for its comfort or well-being. And upon this basis of theory he urges the negro to learn and practice the simple domestic arts which make men—black as well as white—useful and necessary, even though humble, members of society. His advice to his own race is to abandon pretensions of social equality which can yield nothing but disappointment and bitterness, and to be content with the privilege of earning a livelihood by such labors as fall to their hands, taking care that thoroughness and fidelity shall mark every day's work. Better counsel than this could not be conceived. It is founded upon a sound understanding of the character and position of the black man and upon a wise consideration of his opportunities and his welfare.

AGNOSTICS AND ESTHETES.

The Protestant world seems to be divided between the drift to agnosticism and an increasing tendency toward medievalism. The great scientific investigator and teacher, Professor Huxley, coined the word agnostic, one who does not know, to express his attitude toward orthodox religion. Neither affirming nor denying the existence of God or the validity of the claims made for Christ and his miracles, Huxley held that faith in God or Christ is without foundation, inasmuch as it is incapable of positive proof. Replying to a letter written to him by Charles Kingsley, Huxley said:

. . . To begin with, the great doctrine you discuss, I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing in it, but on the other hand I see no means of disproving it . . . The longer I live the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and feel, "I believe such and such a thing to be true." . . . The universe is one and the same throughout; and if the condition of my success in unraveling some little difficulty in anatomy or in physiology is that I shall rigorously refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, I cannot believe that the great mysteries of existence will be laid open to me on other terms. It is no use to talk to me of analogies and probabilities.

In spite of this letter, Huxley retained all his life the warm friendship of Canon Kingsley and Dean Stanley, of the English Church. He opposed the burial of George Eliot in Westminster Abbey on the ground that "those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters." Huxley's standard of life was expressed in his epitaph upon Henslow: "He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character enough to do it." It is clear from this description of Huxley that the great agnostic was in no sense identified with epicurean sensualists, who are mere indifferents so far as religion is concerned, for Huxley was the most upright, most humane and unselfish of men at home or abroad. "If I am to be remembered at all," he says, "I should like to be remembered as one who did his best to help the people." He loved art, music and literature, and, although the child of no college, he could read Homer and Dante in the original, and Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley were as familiar to him as household words.

So great and beneficent a life is sufficient answer to those who speak contemptuously of the great agnostic as a man without faith; he had faith enough in the worth of all noble things that are difficult, but he would not pretend to affirm what he could not prove, nor deny what he could not disprove. Thousands of thoughtful men, both within and without the ranks of church-goers, doubtless stand today with Huxley, reverently confessing that they do not know. Such a thinker as Huxley is invaluable when, in his controversy with Mr. Gladstone about the story of the devil's entering the swine, he said it was not a question of the swine, but whether men of the nineteenth century were to adopt the demonology of the first century as divinely revealed truth or as degrading falsity.

The influence of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and Tyndall in developing the drift to rationalism within the Protestant Church during the last half century has been very great, and is not yet nearly exhausted. It is offset somewhat, however, by an increasing tendency toward medievalism within more than one of the Protestant Churches. Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal diocese of Central New York, in a recent letter rebukes his clergy for their rising sympathy with the so-called ritualistic party, or the party in the church which is approximating to Rome in its doctrine and practice. This ritualistic party holds to the doctrine of the real presence, believes in the administration of the viaticum and use of incense. The Roman Catholic clergy reproach these ritualists with inconsistency, insincerity and self-stultification. These ritualists hold that the holy communion described in the thirty-nine articles is a veritable sacrifice, and not a mere commendation of Christ's death. That is, they believe in the real presence, "the body of our Lord is a true object of worship." Their numbers and relative strength in the church is increasing. The popular drift, too, is toward a splendor of ritual. The Roman Catholic critics condemn these ritualists as religious outlaws from the Episcopal Church, and bluntly tell them that if they want to be Catholics they will have to go over to the Church of Rome without reservation.

The Rev. Dr. Da Costa, who a few years ago left the Episcopal Church for that of Rome, holds to the same view, but the great body of the increasingly numerous ritualistic clergy remain and defend their position as sustained by rules, doctrines, usages and traditions of the Episcopal Church. Doubtless these clergymen are sincere enough, but the increasing popularity of the splendor of ritualism shows a seeming religious tendency to medievalism whose impulse is probably drawn largely from estheticism. A sincere theological student might be as sincere a ritualist as Pusey or Keble, but ritualistic features, which have been introduced even in Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, are popular with a great many persons who are more sensitive to the appeal of estheticism than they are to the stir of any new and deep religious convictions. It is a noteworthy fact that not only is ritualism growing rapidly in power and social prestige in this country, but so is the Roman Church. The sanction of wealth and fashion is already with ritualism in the Episcopal Church, and is coming rapidly to the Church of Rome in America.

The prediction of Cardinal Newman is coming true: Protestantism is becoming divided into agnostics and ritualists, and the sincere ritualists are sure ultimately to go over to Rome. The insincere ritualists, who are only esthetes or religious indifferents, will maintain gilded pagodas for the entertainment of rich and fashionable congregations.

THE MODERN CIRCUS.

The modern circus in its size, variety of entertainment, excellence of organization and admirable transportation arrangements is a gradual evolution from very small beginnings. The exhibition of wild beasts matched in combats with wilder men was a kind of popular entertainment greatly relished by the brutal populace of Rome, and its modern survival is found in the bullfights of Spain. Chariot races were of very great antiquity in Greece and Rome. The illuminated books of the Middle Ages include dancing bears, and in more than one of his plays Shakespeare refers to "the dancing horse" whose intelligence seems to have equaled that of the "learned pig" seen so often at rural fairs in our own day. Shakespeare makes Trinculo in "The Tempest" say that if he had Caliban in England every holiday fool would give him a piece of silver to see him, since there the people, "when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

At the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, in the sixteenth century, on holidays the spectacles included wild beasts from Asia and Africa belonging to the Duke. There were giants and dwarfs and clowns, too, in the sense of professional jesters, like Costard in "Love's Labor Lost," like the clowns in "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," and the fool in "Lear." Tricks of sleight-of-hand and legerdemain were performed at these old-time fairs; acrobats and contortionists were common. There was hardly any single feature of the modern circus that was not displayed to the public, but there was no combination, no aggregation of wonders of all sorts, such as we find in a first-class modern circus.

The modern circus in its organization and variety of detail belongs to the nineteenth century. England's first great modern circus was displayed by Astley in the years following the close of the Napoleonic wars, and Franconi was the first to give Paris a circus of modern variety of excellence. The exhibitions of animals and circus performances were small and trivial in America until about 1830, when the first American circus of modern quality began to travel over the country. Of course, the best American circus of even Barnum's day was not equal to the best American circus of the present date, for the vast improvement in railway transportation makes a more finely appointed circus organization possible, and the stocking or restocking of a menagerie is a thing of far easier accomplishment.

The popularity of the circus is due to the fact that it is attractive to all classes of people, from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. The pious and sedate delight in the menagerie; the volatile and profane find comfort in the feats of horsemanship, in the acrobatic and gymnastic feats and in the horseplay, wit and humor of the clown. People are always seen at a circus that never visit a church, or a political meeting, or even a theater. The explanation is found in the fact that it is much easier to persuade a man to pay a shilling for amusement than it is to make him pay a penny for instruction or information. This is due something to the frivolity of human nature, but quite as much to the desire of weary people for pure diversion which does not oblige them to think hard. Something of the charm of the circus is due to the passion of humanity to see the unusual, the unexpected; to see something done that only the exceptional man can do; the passion for the circus is akin to the interest taken in wonder books, sensational stories, etc. Everybody goes to the circus. People that have not been seen in Portland for a year will be as numerous at the circus as toads in the grass after a rain. The circus is a magnet that draws the most confirmed hermit of the woods out of his hut and persuades him to make an annual pilgrimage to the canvas palace that seemed to him in his youth a wonderland inhabited by rough riders witching his eyes with noble horsemanship. Everybody admires a fine horse and fine equestrianism, and so the circus appeals to more sides of humanity than any other form of entertainment.

It doesn't take any learning to appreciate and enjoy a circus; the most illiterate as well as the most intelligent man can enjoy it. Pious or profane, good or evil, ignorant or intelligent, young or old, man or woman, the circus by its versatile combination of amusement with instruction manages to please them all. Its universal popularity is proof that in the wisest and oldest of men there always survives something of the child.

AN OUTRAGEOUS INFLATION JOB.

In this day of expansion in capitalization great things are looked for, but the financial readjustment of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad is a little in advance of any other expansion deal yet suggested. Here was a railroad system with a face capital of $75,000,000. By recent manipulation the price of the stock was pushed up to 200, though it would not stay there. Taking this extreme valuation as a basis, the real capitalization of the Rock Island could be counted at $150,000,000. It would not have been regarded as much out of the way if an adjustment had been arranged recognizing the true value of the property at something like $150,000,000. But even that would have represented a great amount of inflation and a heavy discounting of the future.

The people who control that admirable railroad, however, conceived and carried into effect the audacious plan of putting the property on a basis of $202,500,000—a clean lift of $127,500,000. To do this they organized a holding corporation in New Jersey, the political effect of which move will inevitably be to weaken the railroad in the consideration of the governing forces of the states in which it does business. It will no longer be regarded as a local enterprise, but as a foreign trust. The new adjustment is so planned that the old owners of the railroad will retain control, even after selling the property as represented in stocks and bonds for more than they paid for it, for ownership of but $27,000,000 of the total face capital of $202,500,000 will be sufficient for control. Aside from the exorbitant inflation represented in the new arrangement, the most notable feature is the ease with which it enables the old owners to sell the road and still retain it. Of course, the immorality of the device is not permitted to weigh against it—provided the public can be induced to buy the stock and securities.

THE IMPENDING COAL FAMINE.

There is sure to be a coal famine on the North Atlantic seaboard this Winter. The Pennsylvania state inspectors report that a full resumption of coal mining is not possible within this year, even should the strike close at once. The tendency of coal prices will be upward instead of downward far into the Winter, for the mines as a rule will be able to produce little coal for at least two months after the resumption of work. Some of the mines will require four months of repairing before coal can be turned out. The coal operators refuse to recognize the union, and refuse to arbitrate through the Civic Federation. The public call upon the operators to start up the mines, but the mines continue idle, for the operators rely on the needs of the men to bring the strike to an end. These combined coal operators are in possession of the fuel supply needed by millions of people in the cities of the Northeastern States. They have refused to arbitrate their dispute with their miners; they have forced the present strike; they make no effort to resume the mining of coal.

The present situation is most deplorable. The people are helpless before this private monopoly of a necessary of life, and the Government, state and National, is powerless to relieve the people from the tyranny of corporations which the Government has created. And this situation is likely to continue and to be repeated until the people have pluck and brains enough to assert the paramountcy of the public welfare and enact compulsory arbitration. When both parties to a great labor quarrel refuse to favor compulsory arbitration, it makes the public ejaculate, "A plague on both your houses."

The very latest news from New Zealand is that its compulsory arbitration experiment is being extended, so that the act now includes labor engaged in the distributing trades, such as sailors, carmen, tramdrivers, etc. As the result of this extension, some eighty-five industrial unions have been registered the past eight months, the workmen in the distributing trades hastening to entitle themselves to the privileges afforded by the enlargement of the scope of the compulsory arbitration law. This action of the workingmen of New Zealand, where compulsory arbitration has had eight years of legal life, ought to be an instructive lesson to the labor leaders in the United States, who are hostile to this method of settling industrial disputes. The corporation that has a private monopoly of an article of fuel refuses to arbitrate, refuses to work its mines; the miners, who are being starved into surrender, suffer; the public welfare, which is paramount, suffers by the refusal to mine coal, and the only effective cure for this situation, both for the workmen, whose offer to arbitrate has been refused, and for the public, who are threatened with a coal famine this Winter, is compulsory arbitration.

If English-speaking workmen welcome compulsory arbitration after eight years' experience in New Zealand, surely American miners need not fear to give it a trial in a land where the workingman's ballot creates directly or indirectly the judiciary, high and low. The corporations will always be successful despots and extortioners in their attitude to the workingman and the public until they are forced by law to arbitrate their industrial disputes with their employes.

SOLDIER AND JESTER.

A notable man died on the 6th inst. in Brattleboro, Vt., in the person of Colonel George W. Hooker. He was not without distinction in military or civil life. He was in every great battle of the Army of the Potomac, from Antietam to the final operations before Richmond, in April, 1865, when, as Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of General Devens, he organized the Union column that occupied the city; he had previously served on the staff of General George J. Stannard at Gettysburg and Cold Harbor. The notable thing about Colonel Hooker during his four years of service in the Army was that he was always at his place on the firing line; was not seldom wounded, and always came up smiling, no matter what happened. He was a perennially light-hearted, bubbling jester; a splendid soldier in action.

Good fighters are not seldom men of keen wit and bitter jest, but Hooker was a kindly, tender-hearted, amiable man bubbling over with pure fun from morning to night; he never took anything seriously in peace or war, except the happiness of his wife and child, to whom he was devoted. He never quarreled with anybody; never uttered words that wounded anybody; he was a generous man of open hand and lovable nature. When there wasn't any fighting that called him into battle, he was the irrepressible jester of his army corps. At Cold Harbor June 3, 1864, Colonel Hooker, who had recklessly ridden a white horse all day, fell, struck by five bullets. While lying on a stretcher waiting to be transferred to the cars, Hooker was recognized by a party of passing officers, who inquired "How are you?" "All right, boys; three years in the service and only just got a benefit." This allusion to his five wounds being like an actor's first benefit night illustrates the elastic and irrepressible humor of the man, which was his salient characteristic in the dread business of war or the calm world of peace. In this respect he seemed more like a gay French Captain of the sixteenth century, such as Dumas loved to delineate, than like a modern New England Yankee. Shakespeare's supreme jester, Falstaff, is always first at a feast and last at a fight. Mercutio is the only one of Shakespeare's heroes who is always a keen fighter and always an irrepressible jester. The combination is rare, and because Colonel Hooker fully represented it he seems to us to be a notable man.

After the Civil War, business success and political prominence came to Colonel Hooker, but he was still the same man, the same laughing philosopher. Everybody, high and low, laughed at his sallies, and everybody, high and low, loved him for his warm, generous heart and open hand, and his sweet, gentle spirit, for there was never any sting in his speech. He was a member of the Republican National committee, member of the State Legislature and sergeant-at-arms of the House in the Forty-seventh Congress. Whatever he earnestly desired he generally obtained because few people could resist the fascination of his fine temper and delightful, charming humor. His reputation and acquaintance was national through his official political associations, and his several years' residence in New York and Washington. In war he rose to popularity and preferment, first through his captivating mercurial temperament, and then his smiling courage under fire enabled him to hold his ground and win promotion, but he owed nothing to superior military aptitude or taste for tactics. Had he remained in the line, he had neither the patience nor the military aptitude that would have enabled him to have risen to a field officer's place. He was a man of joyous, brave, free spirit, who was ready to chaff King Death if time and place was given him, but he was like one of Charles Lever's gay young Irish dragoons, to whom life in war or peace was nothing but a frolic, a subject for constant laughter rather than for tears. And in peace Colonel Hooker won his way as he did in war, by his social talents. Hooker was never severely disappointed nor unduly elated, no matter what happened, even if it happened to him. He got a great deal of pleasure out of life, and he always wanted to make it pleasant for his fellow-men. If brilliant courage makes a hero, he certainly was a heroic soldier, and if the capacity to go into battle with a good-humored jest on your lip and to come out of battle still jesting makes a humorist, he was a remarkable and exceptional humorist. He will be mourned and missed by many who have enjoyed his cheerful personality and merry humor, by many who knew his worth as a soldier, and most of all by those to whom he was a kind and generous friend in sunshine and storm for the sake of old comradeship in the Army of the Union.

A SOUND AND GRACIOUS PRACTICE.

With two exceptions, every one of the President's appointees of principals and alternates to the West Point Military Academy was the son of an Army officer. The exception among the principals was the son of Senator Harris, of Kansas, who was an eminent Confederate engineer officer under General Lee, and the exception among the alternates was the son of a Washington pension agent. This action of the President deserves hearty commendation. Other things being equal, the son of a veteran Army officer will make a good soldier. He belongs to a military family and feels a natural pride that the record of his father should be fairly well sustained by his own conduct and career. The son of gallant General Worth, of the Mexican War, sustained his father's reputation for gallantry in the assault upon the enemy's lines before Santiago, and the sons of General E. V. Sumner made admirable officers. The gallant General Guy V. Henry was the son of an Army officer, and many other instances could be cited. One of the sons of General Ord was killed in the assault on San Juan Hill. In order to keep the Army full of good military blood, there is no better way than to appoint to the Military Academy the worthy sons of gallant veteran officers of the Army. In the ashes of the fathers generally glow the children's fires. Furthermore, it is impossible for an Army officer, unless he marries a rich wife, to make much provision for a large family, and the appointment of a son to West Point is a sensible relief to a father anxious to see his son well settled for life.

A material falling off in the salmon pack of Alaska and Puget Sound is reported coincidently with the news of an exceptionally large pack on the Columbia River. While the figures for the Columbia are not yet reliably settled, it seems reasonably clear that the large catch of this season is due to the propagation that has been a part of the fish policy of Oregon and Washington for several years. The very decided losses at Puget Sound and in Alaskan waters may be partially ascribed to overfishing, but other factors contributed to the unsatisfactory result. The season has been generally unfavorable there. It is gratifying to see the industry doing somewhat better than holding its own on the Columbia River. There is no fish like the royal chinook of the Columbia.

At last the Republic mining district of Washington is to have rail transportation, for the want of which it has been languishing for five or six years past. The mineral formation of that country is such that the ores must be taken out and treated in connection with ores of another character, and it was impossible to do this before there should be adequate transportation facilities. The Washington & Great Northern, giving direct connection between Republic and Spokane, will be formally opened for traffic today, and we may expect a healthier development in the Republic camp hereafter.

Alaska may now be regarded as definitely installed at the Government appropriation trough. The first harbor work in that territory is to be done in Wrangel Narrows, a survey of which has been authorized. The commerce of Alaska is of sufficient magnitude to justify Government attention to the navigation channels, and it will pay to remove some of the dangers that menace ships in those waters. Alaska, which has already become a political factor of some pretensions, may be expected to come up for regular ratioes hereafter.

"On the Iowa Turnpike" is the title of a cartoon in the Minneapolis Journal which represents Speaker Henderson in a light road wagon driving an elephant, the latter exhibiting every mark of panic over the appearance of an automobile marked "Tariff Revision," with Governor Cummins at the lever. "Hi, there!" shouts Henderson, "you're scaring my elephant." Cummins shouts back as he goes blithely ahead, "The elephant'll have to get used to it." All of which is very much to the point.

John W. Mackay's will is chiefly notable for its entire lack of charitable bequests. It is said that his charities during life were large, and that he directed them personally. This is preferable for many reasons to post-mortem benefactions. Still, it is so unusual for a man of Mr. Mackay's vast wealth to leave absolutely all of which he dies possessed to his family that his will excites some surprise and much comment.

Albina offers timely and reasonable protest against the plan to put the tanks of the Standard Oil Company where they will be a menace to private property. Surely some place can be found where the tanks will not put other property in hazard and reduce its value.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

It is more than surprising that Portland, with all the opportunity in the world, did not create one distinctly handsome residence street, for example, like Summit avenue in St. Paul. To those whose business or pleasure carries them east over either of the northern lines running into the Mississippi River terminus, let me commend, without reservation, Summit avenue. If you take the favorite trains, you will have nearly four hours in St. Paul before you can proceed to Chicago and you can dodge carriage hire if you are fond of walking, after the trolley car has set you down within a squirrel's leap of James J. Hill's mansion. Three days' of cramped existence on the rail makes walking a keen enjoyment. Bayard Taylor, who devoted several years to foreign travel, went on record about a generation ago with the statement that Euclid avenue in Cleveland was the handsomest street in the world. This antedated the creation of St. Paul's finest street. Were the author of "The Song of the Camp" alive today, he would with no hesitation pin the blue ribbon on Summit avenue. In architectural beauty Portland could not hope to have a street equal to Summit avenue for the reason that our dwellings, with few exceptions, are of wood, but if only one-half of the handsome homes in Portland were stretched for a distance of a mile and a half along a broad, well-paved street which commanded a distant view, we would have a wealth of scenic beauty that St. Paul cannot match.

We have had too many independent residential "movements" in the past 30 years to permit of concentration. There were a dozen localities, each more advantageous than the other, in one or more qualities, involving comfort, convenience and pride. Each was seized and improved. Twelve years ago came the electric car, practically annihilating distance, and new ideal situations for homes presented themselves. After Portland outgrew village proportions, Fourth street, north of Stark, became the fashionable residence section. This year we see its transformation into a wholesale business district after two decades of characterless existence. Joe Holladay's mule-propelled bobtail car line on First street, poor as it was, opened South Portland for occupation by the well-to-do and the rich, as witness the residence of the late S. G. Reed, now used as a sanitarium. For commanding view of the river as well as the incomparable landscape to the east and the north, this district can not be matched. Fifth street, south of the Post Office shows well today where another early "movement" began, while the notable residences on Jefferson street mark the limit of 25 years ago. West Park street, south of Yamhill, has been in great favor for 20 years. If, when the late Bernard Goldsmith was mayor, his recommendation that the seven occupied park blocks between Salmon and Ankeny be bought by the city, had been heeded, Portland would now have one street whose praises would be on the lips of every observant stranger. A parked highway 200 feet wide and two miles long might have been, with a little forethought, our peerless possession now.

It is less than 20 years since the big movement began north of Washington street and west of Sixteenth street. Electric railroads carried it to the foothills about St. Vincent Hospital and a few years later one man's enterprise pushed it across a canyon to Willamette Heights. Every dwelling, but one, on King's Heights, is of recent construction. Portland Heights has enough pretentious houses to make a considerable street if they were placed side by side. All the while the district west of West Park and south of Morrison to the hills was filled up by hundreds of handsome homes without any particular "movement." A long chapter could be written on the "movements," old and new, on the East Side of the river where activity just now is very marked. A newcomer, who has $10,000 to $20,000 or over to put into a home, will be pointed to at least seven residence districts, each one the very choicest, all things considered.

Perhaps it is best, after all, that Portland has no residence section, like Summit avenue, which overshadows all other neighborhoods. Though they are not entirely free from "ragged spots," the recognized desirable locations are certain to improve in "tone" as time advances. It may not be long before a Summit Avenue shall be laid out on the wooded crest of the northwestern range of hills. Nature has done her work. An electric railroad to parallel the future avenue, say 300 feet away, and a "movement" are all that is necessary. Maybe we shall see it started within 10 years.

The tragic death, in France, of Charles L. Fair, who had lived an idle, dissipated life, is another reminder that only two of the noted rich Californians were succeeded by useful sons. Charles F. Crocker, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, who died five years ago, felt the responsibility of great wealth and rose to it. James D. Phelan, ex-mayor of San Francisco, is now the one young man of that state who inherited a very large fortune and put it to good use. He is a good all-round man, clean in every way and has the confidence of all classes. He has racing stables, operates no steam yacht, reports no country house in Newport, devotes no time to fashionable fads, courts no celebrities and wastes no time in foreign lands, wherein he differs from other young Californians who were born with golden spoons in their mouths.

L.

The Lessons of Nature.

William Drummond.

Of this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:

Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with color'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair, dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

To His Love.

William Shakespeare.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON.

Random Notes from Lewis and Clark's Journal.

No treasury of human achievement has richer stores than the Journal of Lewis and Clark. This is said advisedly, for the writer realizes it is a sweeping assertion. But we may go over the entire record that the past has left us and not find a story of courage and devotion, abounding in such wealth of anecdote, episode and nature study.

For the scientist in all the ramifications of his study, for the historian, for the fiction and romance weaver, for the poet, and for everybody, from the merchant to the scholar and the statesman and the diplomat the Lewis and Clark Journal is a thesaurus which has to be tapped only with the wand of admiration to pour forth its streams of wisdom, knowledge and fancy.

Lewis and Clark will be unique in all annals. No man will ever do again what they have done, partly because he will never have opportunity, and mostly because their pre-eminent genius belongs to an age that is past. We may say confidently that no two men ever carried more intelligence and self-possession through equal hazard.

Lewis and Clark were not scholars, but they were better than scholars. All our modern, technical education will never produce their peers. They were learned in courage, and in nature's works. As such, let us call them what best accords with the dignity of their fame—men in the truest and highest sense.

We shall build a monument to Lewis and Clark. We shall place it on the western slope of Portland, where it will look out upon all Oregon; Old Oregon, the Western land of promise, which they, the harbingers of a race to come, were first to trace with white man's art.

Although Lewis and Clark were the first whites to penetrate the Oregon country, they found here frequent evidences of Indian intercourse with the superior race. These were trinkets and utensils which had come from traders from the East and South and West. Such things always preceded the advent of the white man in the expansion of the Nation westward. In the trade of the Indians among themselves these objects often traveled hundreds and thousands of miles. And although a few Oregon Indians had seen white men before Lewis and Clark came, the explorers were entirely new creations to the native tribes.

Among the Chilluckittequaws, Indians living below the dalles, was one who wore his hair in a queue, and had a round hat and a sailor's jacket. These articles, he said, he had obtained from natives below the rapids of the Columbia, who had bought them from the whites. In one of the houses of this tribe the explorers found a British musket, a cutlass and several brass kettles. These houses, by the way, were the first that Lewis and Clark had found west of Illinois.

The explorers ate a midday meal on an island near the mouth of the Willamette River, November 4, 1805. They were visited by a number of Indians, who displayed scarlet and blue blankets, sailors' jackets and trousers, shirts, hats, muskets, pistols and tin powder flasks. Here Lewis and Clark ate their first wappatoes, a famous article of food in early Oregon history.

The journal says the Indians were not agreeable companions. "While we were eating, they stole the pipe with which they were smoking, and the greatcoat of one of the men. We immediately searched them all, and discovered the coat stuffed under the root of a tree, where they were sitting; but the pipe we could not recover. They showed their displeasure in the only way which they dared, by returning in an ill humor to their village."

The aboriginal natives of Oregon, like the natives of today, had poor teeth. The explorers record that decay of teeth was peculiar to inhabitants of the Columbia. Some natives had teeth worn down to the gums, and many of both sexes had lost them entirely. Lewis and Clark ascribed as a probable cause the way they ate their food. Oregon Indians were great root-eaters, and not particular whether the roots were free from sand or grit or not. Mastication under these circumstances may have worn the teeth away. The explorers were not aware of the absence of calcareous matter in Oregon soil.

Four miles above the mouth of the Klickat River dwelt an august chief. He was lord of the Chilluckittequaws. He was a big warrior, and he had a great medicine.

This medicine was a bag hung in the middle of his lodge. It was very sacred; so sacred, in fact, that nobody dared touch it, save the chief himself. But the great medicine was really inside the bag. Did he object to showing the medicine? Not at all, and Lewis and Clark saw it. Was it mysterious as it looked? Well, no; it wasn't, but it was far more disgusting.

Inside the bag were roots, pounded dirt, etc., and 14 human forefingers.

The chief withdrew the fingers with great exultation. This ceremony was accompanied with a monologue and a harangue, in praise of his own great exploits. He said the fingers were relics of the same number of enemies whom he had killed in battle. Then he replaced the grewsome trophies among the valuable contents of the bag.

When Xenophon and his 10,000, after their long, painful quest, saw the goal of their hopes, they cried: "The sea! The sea!" When Lewis and Clark and their men saw the Pacific Ocean, they cried: "The sea! The sea!" And the journal itself bubbles over with happiness, for it says: "Ocean in view! O! the joy!"

Captain Clark was not an emotional man, but his pen betrays his feelings: "Great joy in camp. We are in view of the ocian, this great Pacific Octian which we have been so long anxious to see, and the roreing or noise made by the waves brakeing on the rockey shores may be heard distinctly."

This was November 7, 1805. Shall we remember it November 7, 1905?

Love's Omnipresence.

Joshua Sylvester.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thought of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honor of my love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.