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TODAY'S WEATHER—Unsettled and threatening, with dense smoke; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 60; minimum temperature, 54; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 14, 1902.

PLUTOCRATS NOT PHILANTHROPISTS.

A Southern woman, who is giving her time and strength to the cause of education and the abolition of child labor in her state, writes the New York Evening Post that she considers Booker T. Washington the "Moses of his people" and "the greatest man in the State of Alabama," and this in spite of her Southern prejudice against the negro race in general and the colored man in particular. "It has long puzzled me," she continues, "why your Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Astors, and all the rest of your multi-millionaires should be blind to the vast importance of the work that Booker Washington is doing and neglect to extend to him large financial aid that his work demands and richly deserves."

Booker Washington will get small aid from these plutocrats, who are never philanthropists in any broad sense of the word. These men are of too coarse fiber, too worldly-minded, too non-spiritual in their aspirations and attributes to care a button about Booker Washington and his unselfish efforts to dissipate the black cloud of ignorance, illiteracy and indolence at the South by the industrial education of the negro. These plutocrats always give liberally to their own church; they give liberally to colleges that are already firmly established; they spend money like water for personal self-indulgence of various sorts, but their sympathies are too narrow to prompt them to aid so important a mission as that unselfishly undertaken and most wisely prosecuted by Booker Washington. The efforts of this man have won him the personal friendship of men of great ability and culture in this country, like President Eliot of Harvard University, Edward E. Hale, Thomas W. Higginson, President Roosevelt, Bishop Potter, and have opened to him hospitable doors of welcome among the leading members of the court society of Great Britain. The greatness of his undertaking and its wisdom at once commands the respectful attention of enlightened men of the English-speaking race.

There are 10,000,000 of negroes at the South. They cannot be forcibly deported; they are not disposed to emigrate to Africa, and the South does not wish them to depart. The purpose of Booker Washington is gradually to furnish these negro millions with a sound education, believing that when they become a useful, intelligent, industrious people they will increase in worldly possessions and in public esteem. The appeal of Booker Washington for aid in his great work is far more worthy of generous assistance than many of the sectarian foreign missions which obtain a great deal of money but comparatively few converts, because of the peculiar repulsion which our Christian doctrine of eternal damnation for the heathen who did not die in the Lord has for the Hindoo or the Chinaman. The negro is already nominally a Christian, and under the industrial scheme of Booker Washington would easily become a devout worshiper. But the plutocrat is seldom a philanthropist except in a very narrow way. What can be expected of an Astor who expatriates himself and in England exceeds the native-born snobs in snobbery; what can be expected of the Vanderbilts, who are lawless speeders of automobiles through New York and New England; who gave recently a ball and theater party at Newport that cost $100,000 for the evening?

Such people do not care a button about a Christian solution of the negro problem at the South. They would not give a dollar to Booker Washington, whom they probably detest because he is a colored man who has obtained higher social recognition within the court society in England than any of them could easily obtain tomorrow. To them the negro is a human creature bearing the worst possible bar sinister, that of race, color and poverty. They would not lift him up to the verge of intelligent manhood if they could; they do not care what happens to him now or hereafter, provided he will keep out of their sunshine and not come between the wind and their gentility. Of course, this is not the view of a thoughtful, humane, intelligent man or woman, but plutocrats are never statesmen or philanthropists. They are educated to self-indulgence; they practice despotism so far as they dare upon the public; they have no interest in the political or social weal of the country, except so far as it affects their personal comfort or the security of their investments. If the negro wanted bread, they would bid him "go eat grass," as Foulon told the hungry mob of Paris, and the hungry mob soon murdered him and stuffed his mouth full of grass.

If there were a desirable Winter resort established near Tuskegee (Ala.) University, the plutocrats would spend a good deal of money to make the university move to make room for them, but they would not give a dollar toward making two upright, useful, industrious, intelligent colored men to exist at the South where there was only one before. "After me the deluge" and "the devil take the hindmost" is the quality of the plutocrat's social philanthropy and the measure of his patriotism.

INADEQUACY OF THE TOO SIMPLE.

We regret to see a disposition in some quarters to carry the tariff-reform remedy against trusts to greater length than the facts will warrant. The President's studied avoidance of the unnecessary support given the protected trusts by the Dingley schedules can only be deprecated, and as much has repeatedly been said in these columns. But as a cold matter of fact the proposal to put trust-made products on the free list is not at all the panacea it is accounted by those old enough to know better. Thus, the New York Times:

> The lowest trust persimmon hangs about 15 feet high. President Roosevelt stands under the tree jabbing and thrashing away at it with a nine-foot pole. You see the pole bend and you hear it whiz. But it fans the empty air. He never touches the persimmon. Of course not. You can't bring down a 15-foot persimmon with a nine-foot pole. So long as the President continues his assault upon the trust persimmon with the nine-foot pole of a Constitutional amendment the owners of all the persimmons on the tree will continue to regard his operations with amused indifference. But if he should take up the long and effectual pole of tariff revision you would see them all begin to jump up and down and holler.

In the general fabric that supports and perpetuates trust abuses, unjust and unnecessary tariffs form an important part. But tariff reform touches the trust problem only incidentally. There are many trusts that receive no "protection." There are others that would be enabled by free trade in their productions to drive independent competitors to the wall. There are other lines of production, again, notably sugar, where free trade is forbidden by considerations of revenue; and there are still other departments of industry where total withdrawal of tariffs would subject independent producers to foreign competition to which they cannot as yet be subjected with justice. To crush the trusts in these lines would be to crush the whole industry.

It is important to remember, also, a converse proposition, namely, that the trust problem touches tariff reform but incidentally. So small a figure, indeed, does the trust aspect of tariff reform affect the general subject that it may well be doubted whether in the construction of a tariff reform bill the trust question could be more than passingly considered. The tariff is in many places iniquitously and burdensomely high, and the correction of it must be conducted with primary reference to the need and the encumbrances and the injustices, and only secondarily with reference to the presence of trusts in any particular field.

The most that can be said for the occupation of any given industrial field by a trust, so far as tariff reform is concerned, is that such occupation offers prima facie evidence that the need of protection in that field has been outgrown; and a conclusion to that effect will be facilitated in every case where the trust is organized for export business and does actually sell a large surplus abroad in the teeth of foreign competition. We do not regard this working hypothesis as a safe and uniform guide; for the need of protection and the safety of its withdrawal constitute an economic problem by no means so simple as the mere enactment of free trade.

There is a disposition in Congress to shirk both the tariff and the trust questions. But there is an equally mischievous tendency in current discussion to substitute an easy generalization for circumstantial inquiry. To put trust-made articles on the free list will not solve the trust problem, nor will it meet the demand for tariff reform. A conclusion to either effect is born of intellectual laziness as dangerous as outright dishonesty. Unjust tariffs must be removed, however the removal may help or hurt a trust. Every discrimination in the laws that gives undue power to the trusts must be withdrawn, but tariff discrimination comes very far from covering the whole field. The reason for tariff reform is its justice, not its capacity to injure anybody or anything. And to offer the withdrawal of duties on trust-made products as a solution of the trust problem is inadequate to the point of judiciousness, to any one who has delved below the surface of modern industrial development.

NOT CREATIVE GENIUS.

The English poet, Swinburne, in his critical estimate of Dickens and his vigorous reply to the depreciation of the great novelist by Matthew Arnold many years ago, and recently by Andrew Lang, says much that is both true and just. Mr. Swinburne goes to the meat of the matter when he admits that Dickens had gross faults, that his sentiment was not seldom tawdry, his pathos exaggerated, that he was addicted to the kind of melodrama that captures the vulgar "gods of the gallery," but he fairly argues that he was a very great writer of fiction in spite of these faults. Mr. Swinburne does not pretend to admire "Dombey and Son," nor "The Old Curiosity Shop," nor "Little Dorritt," nor "Our Mutual Friend," but he names "David Copperfield," "Barnaby Rudge" and "Great Expectations" as works which show Dickens at his best and make him as sure of literary immortality as "Tom Jones" has Fielding.

Mr. Swinburne is correct in his conclusion that nowhere in English literature outside of Shakespeare's plays is to be found so rich, varied and striking a gallery of characters as in the pages of Dickens, but it seems to us this fertility of Dickens is not correctly described as "creative genius" in the sense we mean when we speak of Shakespeare's great creations of Hamlet, Othello, Falstaff, Shylock, Lear, Prince Hal, Macbeth, or any of his great women, like Isabella, Catherine or Cordelia. Dickens was a man of genius as a great humorist, but he was not a man of genius as a creative artist in the Shakespearean sense. Dickens was a man of genius trained as a reporter, so that nothing escaped his eye of external observation. He told admirably what he had seen and been a part of, and that is what makes "David Copperfield" his masterpiece, for it is largely the story of his own early life at school and subsequently. Micawber, Traddles, Steerforth and many other of the leading characters were taken from life. Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House" was Leigh Hunt; Mrs. Nickleby was Dickens' mother; the selfish old fellow in the debtors' prison in "Little Dorritt" was the father of Dickens. It would be easy to multiply these examples from "Pickwick Papers" down to "Our Mutual Friend."

Dickens had a genius for observation, for superficial description of exteriors; he was a great genius as a humorist; he was a caricaturist or an illuminator when he dealt with his memory of men or women he had met, and whenever he attempted to do more than this he failed, because he was not in the sense of Shakespeare or even in the sense of Walter Scott a great creative artist. His figures are trivial compared with the best work of Scott, because his only permanent figures are comic or grotesque. Out of his long list of various characters none are of more permanent color than Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Mark Tapley, Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, Uriah Heep, Micawber, Harold Skimpole and Mr. Pickwick, and they all stand doubtless for persons whose rudimentary figures Dickens had found in real life. This was the limitation of Dickens. He could not sketch a heroic figure, for when he attempted to paint a man or woman of heroic quality he generally degenerated into melodramatic sentimentality. His comic figures are excellent, because they are pictures from life by the hand of a reporter of great genius, but his serious creations are sentimental, melodramatic figures, the stuffed properties of his literary stage.

This is not said in depreciation of Dickens as compared with his rivals in his own generation, for outside of his great historical novel of "Henry Esmond" Thackeray drew his most celebrated characters from his personal experience. Foker, in "Pendennis," was so vivid a picture of a certain dull aristocrat about town that the original recognized it and resented the action of the artist. Colonel Newoome was Major Carmichael, a relative of Thackeray's; Fred Bayham and the Rev. Charles Honeyman were also pictures from life; so was Major Pendennis, Lord Steyne, Sir Pitt Crawley and many other striking figures in Thackeray's works. The great master of Thackeray, Fielding, is said to have sketched the portrait of his own wife in the beautiful heroine of his famous novel "Amelia." Outside of Scott, none of the great English novelists appear to have had the pure creative genius which was exhibited by Shakespeare, who was a pure artist of "imagination all compact," not a literary photographer, or caricaturist, or India ink illuminator. We can conceive that Shakespeare's picture of the frantic, ferocious Prince Cloten in "Cymbeline" may have been drawn from life, for he is described as having "snatches in his voice and a burst of speaking," but we cannot conceive that Shakespeare ever met anybody whose quality suggested Shylock, Iago, Othello, Romeo or Hamlet.

Bret Harte could tell admirably what he had seen and been a part of in California, even as Kipling could write admirably of what he had seen and been a part of in India, but neither Harte nor Kipling ever did anything equal to the work they wrought before they left the land of their youth and feeding ground of their first literary productiveness. And this fact illustrates the distance which separates the great English novelists of the Victorian period from Walter Scott, who was a great original master in fiction exceptionally endowed with the Shakespearean faculty of creative genius. Dickens was a great humorist, a great caricaturist, a great illuminator of faces he had met, but neither Dickens nor Thackeray can be correctly called men of creative genius in the sense we use the word when we speak of the great creations of Shakespeare or even Walter Scott.

THE REAL STRUGGLE IN WASHINGTON.

Of the important aspects of the Tacoma platform we have spoken elsewhere; but of the convention's work as a whole there is due a word of felicitation and encouragement. It is especially gratifying to read Governor McBride's manly and cheery utterances, printed in our Seattle dispatches of yesterday. His air of confidence and harmony is very generally shared, we believe, by the Republicans of the state. The subordination of differences, the attractive nature of the ticket nominated and the menace of Senator Turner's vigorous campaign for re-election are evidently conspiring to put the party throughout the state in splendid fighting trim for the campaign.

It is plain that the real battle in Washington this year is to be over the Senatorial succession. The possibility of defeat for Judge Hadley or the three Republican nominees for Congress is very remote. It is doubtful if the Democrats could scare up the men to beat them, even without having a normal Republican majority of 12,000 or such a matter to overcome. But on the members of the Legislature there will be a fight. There will appear whatever differences exist within the party, and there the Democrats will center their efforts, aided and in large part directed by Senator Turner himself.

At the outset of the campaign The Oregonian hastens to say that whatever part it shall take in the struggle will be for the election of a Republican Legislature and for the overthrow of Senator Turner, whose abilities are recognized and whose antagonism to the best interests of the Pacific Coast is by those very abilities rendered more dangerous and more necessary of destruction. There is not a National policy that vitally concerns the State of Washington towards which George Turner does not occupy a position hostile to the welfare and the convictions of the Pacific Coast. The office which he holds and craves, moreover, is the very one of all others in which he can do the most harm. There are thousands of voters in Washington, we take it, who could vote for a Democratic Governor in good conscience but who would never think of helping to send a man to the Senate of the United States to oppose the gold standard and Pacific expansion. As a relic of the Bryan mania, Senator Turner should be superseded by a Republican.

It is fortunate, to this end, that the state convention has been able to steer its perilous way without much disturbance to the plans of the various Senatorial candidates. Mr. Humphrey's nomination has a certain geographical embarrassment for Mr. Preston, but the prestige of Governor McBride's triumph cannot be lightly set aside, not only for its moral effect, but also for its demonstration in political capacity. Mr. Wilson, meanwhile, has cause to felicitate himself upon his bright prospects as a Prestonian legatee, and if he has not succeeded in doing anything for the railroads, he has at least the satisfaction of seeing them in a position to require his further services. As for Mr. Ankeny, he is likely to gain rather than lose from any growing identification of Wilson with railroad influences. It has always been an inexplicable phenomenon of Washington politics that a man of Mr. Ankeny's high personal character and large private fortune should be depicted, in apparent seriousness, as the invertebrate creature of certain railway officials whom he could buy and sell ten times over.

The death of A. R. Shepherd, who served as Governor of the District of Columbia in the early '70s, calls attention to the peculiar and eminently efficient form of government that experience has evolved for the District, although its citizens are deprived of the elective franchise, so dear to the American people. The District of Columbia is under the exclusive control of Congress, and its affairs have been conducted by officers appointed by the President or chosen by Congress. The people have no voice even in the selection of their School Boards. Ever since the beginning of the vigorous and successful administration of Governor Shepherd the government of the city has been above criticism. The laws are faithfully executed, competent subordinates are employed, and the government is for the people if not by the people. In recent years the merit plan of making appointments and promotions has been followed, with the best of results to the service. Not the least of the advantages that are gained by this mode of conducting municipal affairs is the entire freedom of the city from those internal dissensions that arise in every municipal campaign in the ordinary American city. The people of the District of Columbia are never wrought up over Mayoralty contests, and the city employes are never organized into a political machine for the purpose of continuing themselves in office. While it is not practicable to have every city governed as is the National capital, it would seem that in this case popular government is not essential to an efficient administration of public affairs. "Consent of the governed" is pre-eminently ignored in the District of Columbia, and not even Bryan is heard to protest. It is important to remember, also, that this result is an evolution from more "liberal" to territorial forms.

Fire wardens may be ornamental. Clearly, they are not especially useful, else why the fires that are now literally ravaging the country throughout the greater part of Western Oregon? The ordinary settler, anxious to secure a "clean burn," may not be wise enough or prudent enough, or responsible enough, to withhold the torch from his tinder-dry slashing until such time as it is safe to apply it. But the fire wardens ought certainly to be able to give such instructions about weather conditions and the danger of applying the torch too early as will insure some protection to contiguous grain fields, barns and farmhouses, and prevent the wholesale destruction of timber and the oppressive atmospheric conditions that now prevail over a wide area. Literally speaking, the settler whose purpose it is to carve a home and cultivated lands out of an Oregon forest must bring fire to his aid in clearing land for the plow. This fact is admitted. But surely it is not too much to ask that he use this necessary means with care. If he will not, there should be a compelling power behind him, with regulations governing the time and conditions under which such fires may be set, with a penalty for violation that he will not care to incur. "If you please" does not answer the purpose of a command in such cases, nor is "so sorry" adequate restitution for an act of wanton carelessness in firing a slashing that carries in its train such disastrous results as are now happening all over Western Oregon. The titles "forest ranger" and "fire warden" were supposed to insure some protection from this sort of thing. Perhaps there is not power enough behind them to compass the object sought. If not, it would be well to increase it before another "dry spell" renders everything out of doors highly inflammable.

The Prussian Government has refused to permit the establishment of crematories, but in spite of this the practice of cremation is growing, and that rapidly. This is evidenced by the fact that the Berlin Society for Cremation has petitioned for a municipal urnal hall, where the ashes of the deceased can be placed. It appears that two halls erected for this purpose at Treptow and the city cemetery, Friedrichsfeld, hitherto used, are crowded. Halls similar to the one asked for in Berlin are to be found at Gotha and Milan. This practical interest in cremation in Berlin has grown despite the fact that the Prussian Government has refused permission to establish crematories, so that bodies must be taken to Gotha and Hamburg for reduction to ashes.

Forty years ago Company B, First Oregon Cavalry, was organized at Salem in response to a call from President Lincoln. Yesterday there was published a call for a reunion company campfire to be held at Salem September 19. But few of those who answered their country's call in 1862 are left to respond to the commands of First Sergeant C. B. Montague, the ranking officer of the survivors of the company. Though little has been heard of the First Oregon Cavalry in the years that are gone, their valiant work in Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho has not been forgotten. May their reunion be attended by all the survivors, and may the meeting be a most happy one!

The new constitution of Virginia prescribes in effect that to be a qualified voter a man must be able to "understand and explain" any section of the constitution which an election officer may read to him. A correspondent of the Norfolk Pilot says: "Some unscrupulous registrars adopt the plan of reading the most complicated portions of the constitution to the negroes and the easiest parts to the white men." Another Virginia newspaper expresses affected astonishment in the remark: "You don't say so."

President Roosevelt shows proper appreciation for his predecessor in office and for the calamity with which the country was face to face a year ago, in requesting that memorial service be held for President McKinley at Oyster Bay on the first anniversary of his death. Such services will be more or less general throughout the country today, though the official request is limited to the President's own church minister at Oyster Bay.

Viscount Kitchener's new peerage is granted with a very unusual remainder. It goes first to his male children, next to his female children, and in default of both to his two brothers in succession. The title of Admiral Nelson, the great naval hero, who left no legitimate children, went to his brother, who was a poor clergyman. Lord Kitchener is unmarried.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

The Issue in Washington.

Yakima Washingtonian.

The question is, Shall a Legislative ticket be elected favorable to George Turner? This is not a Turner year. Washington state is for expansion; George Turner is opposed to it. This is the single issue.

A Young Man of Much Promise.

Aberdeen Sun.

The nomination of Will E. Humphrey marks the entrance of a new figure into Washington state politics. Humphrey has entered politics to stay. He has all the qualities to become a party leader of more than ordinary power and activity. He is of that kind that makes many friends and his friends are faithful to him because they find him reliable and deserving. The state will hear much of this young man in the years to come.

Facts Better Than "Boom."

Marshfield News.

"J. M. L.," staff correspondent of The Oregonian, who has been visiting the Bay section, has contributed some remarkably good articles for his paper, anent the resources, shipping facilities, etc., of this portion of the state. He has been diligent in acquiring knowledge; seems to grasp the situation here as it exists, and his truthful portrayal of facts will accomplish more in calling the attention of capitalists to the opportunities presented for investment than all the fictitious boom articles that could be written.

Ancient Order of Childhood.

Castle Rock Press.

On Tuesday of last week the Women of Woodcraft gave a children's party in their hall. Woodmen with their wives were also invited, and the affair was a success from beginning to end. The little folks were made to feel that it was their party and not a grown-up one. They sang and recited, they played games and ate cake and ice cream, and it is safe to say that no little ones ever had a happier time. This is comparatively a new departure, only it is a right one. The mothers go from home once a week, and it seems only right and just that the babies should have an occasional outing too. Mrs. Scholz and Mrs. Bailey, who have no children, worked just as well and hard as did the mothers.

Vigilance Committee Needed.

Grant's Pass Courier.

One of the worst kind of miscreants known is a melon plugger. He is so much worse than a chicken thief that there is but little need of a comparison. There are a number of melon pluggers at work in the melon fields down the river below Grant's Pass. Evidence is conclusive proving them to be hoppickers who take delight in visiting the near-by melon fields after nightfall and plugging the big melons, cutting open great fellows that will weigh 35 or 40 pounds, knocking them off the vines and doing other similar acts of devilry just for the love of being mean. There is no need of telling such people that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for 10 chances to one they don't know enough for that. It might be in order, however, to state that if they don't stop soon, some prosecutions are very likely to follow.

Rejoicing Mixed With Gall.

Spokane Chronicle.

It was a grand victory, and in the triumph first honors must be given to the man who for eight months has bravely led the fight—the man who is to be ranked no longer as a mere successful politician, but as a statesman—to Governor Henry McBride. But beside him, in the front of the battle, fighting steadily and skillfully, stood Spokane men—taking the place this city's representatives should take, as foremost champions of the rights of the great Inland Empire, of which Spokane is queen. That there were a few delegates from this county who were false to their trust—men who betrayed the people, defied the positive instructions of the convention that named them—fellows who turned traitor, and not content with skulking in the rear tried to stab those who were faithful to their trust—that is to be regretted, but not to be deeply mourned. They brought confusion on themselves, not on their county—their disgrace is their own, not their party's and not Spokane's.

This Seems to Be Invidious.

Aurora Borealis.

From a good, if not exactly an authoritative source, we learn that an extra session of the Legislature will be called to meet in December. That is why the advocates have become so suddenly silent—Governor Geer has been convinced that it is his duty to make the call, but does not desire agitation of the subject at the present moment. We hope this information is false. If it is not then the Governor will be displaying weakness in the Senatorial race, and showing that his only hope to recover lost ground is by making a grandstand special session play. The people are not fools and will interpret such an act as clear evidence that Governor Geer knows he has little to lose in the event of a fiasco, and everything to gain if the special session should, by some lucky throw, make him out a hero. Therefore, if Governor Geer has no chance of election as Senator from the present outlook, let him, for the sake of individual aggrandizement, by all means call a special session of the Legislature.

Judge Hadley's High Attainments.

Olympia Recorder.

For considerably more than a year past Judge Hadley has performed the duties of Supreme Judge under the appointment of Governor Rogers in compliance with the law for the temporary increase of the court. In that period of time the Judge has shown himself to be an ideal member of that court. Added to legal attainments of the highest order, he is a man of wide knowledge in the practical affairs of business life, neither of which essentials should be overlooked in determining one's qualifications for the judicial office. More than this he possesses in a high degree what is known as the "judicial temperament"—that is, the mental quality which enables its possessor to view clearly and without prejudice causes submitted, ignoring the personality or power of the parties, and deciding cases without fear or favor. He has been conscientious in the discharge of his official duties, to which he has given the untiring assiduity and care of an enthusiast. During his brief service upon the supreme bench he has won the admiration of the bar, who have been quick to recognize his eminent fitness for the place.

The Simple Truth.

Seattle Times.

One of the burning political questions of the campaign this Fall is that of reciprocity with Cuba. It has the "right of way" in all of President Roosevelt's public utterances and it is one upon which he intends the party shall declare itself in the coming elections. He declared his position upon it before Congress last Winter and the Republicans in the law-making branch of the Government turned him down, but the evidences are cumulative that the popular sentiment of the country is with him. It is a live question and one that should be mentioned in every partisan platform that is submitted to the voters. It is the National question at issue, and when the people elect Congressmen they are expected to select men who will assist or oppose the President in his dealings with the new Cuban Government. In the matter of Cuban reciprocity the Republicans of Washington are utterly indifferent; their platform contains no reference to the subject. The explanation for this remarkable oversight of course lies in the fact that Congressmen Cushman and Jones had succeeded in working a combination by which both were to be renominated, and all of this in the closely associated recollection that both of them are pronounced opponents of the President's reciprocity policy.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Within the past month we have had in Portland no small number of parades that attracted, entertained and amused large crowds. Love of pageantry is as strong in the multitude at the beginning of the Twentieth century as it was when the first barbarian King returned victorious from his first conquest, long before men began to record history. It may be a file of elephants and open cages of African animals, a cavalcade of Wild West centaurs, regiments of men representing the dignity of American labor, carnival Queens with their attendants, or brightly uniformed members of a popular secret order; each lines the route of march with approximately an equal number of spectators. But there is one kind of parade that for human interest overshadows them all: the men in blue with rifles.

When you see men of your own blood, or bound to you by ties of friendship and love, marching to war, then you behold the utmost glory of street pageantry. As the Third Regiment passed in review last Wednesday, I was reminded of another parade, when two battalions made up of the choice of Oregon youth marched forth at their country's call, closely following the first battalion which had preceded them only a few days. In the peaceful procession last week I noticed more than one man who on a bright Summer day, May 16, 1898, with a sprig of Oregon grape in his campaign hat, marched down Sixth street to the Union Station—the first American troops in half a century to engage in foreign war. I contrasted the careless crowd on the sidewalk in Carnival time with the earnest, sober populace of four years ago who gathered to hail and say farewell to as brave a band of civilians as ever enlisted to defend their land. Smiles there were between tears, and personal good-bye greeting along the entire line of march. It was no time for police proprieties. As the column of fours swung into Sixth street—a straight line thence to the cars which bore them away—the crowds broke from the sidewalk and filled the roadway on both sides from curb to the soldiery in the center; an anxious, straining mass of humanity wrought up to a high pitch of devoted patriotism. From the heart of every man, woman and child composing this irregular but spontaneous escort, tendrils of love stretched to some heart in the ranks, nor did a watery expanse of several thousand miles the next few months loose the hold.

No. This is not the worst weather Portland has experienced; not the smokiest by a long ways. In 1883, we had more than three months of it. Forest fires began to rage early in June. Until the second week in September no rains fell heavy enough to put out the fires. Occasionally there would be slight relief for a day or two; then the smoke would get denser and closer to the earth and hang over for days at a time like a pall. There were times in August when men working in offices were obliged to light the gas at noon. Not a star was visible for two months, and you could look at the sun any time of day without blinking. It was a ball of pink fire. Oftentimes standing on a wharf you could not see half way across the Willamette River, and you would hear people talking about ashes and cinders inches deep. The smoke was particularly trying to folk with weak eyes and in many cases they "leaked" from morning till night.

Henry Ward Beecher was one of many noted visitors that year. He delivered three lectures here the first week in September. Interviewed by an Oregonian reporter as to how he liked the scenery of the Columbia River, the great preacher, not trying to conceal his disappointment and disgust, answered: "For all I saw, I might have come through in a mailbag." It was the year of the completion of the Northern Pacific, our first transcontinental railroad. The last spike was driven at Gold Run, Montana, Saturday, September 8. Portland had prepared for the greatest celebration in her history and was to entertain Henry Villard and his guests—four special trainloads of titled foreigners and distinguished Americans, including General Grant. The date was Tuesday, September 11. Up to Saturday night, everybody was hurling maledictions at the smoke and wondering how we could "square ourselves" with the Villard party. Sunday morning a soaking rain began to fall and it continued for about 24 hours without interruption. Then it suddenly ceased, the sun came out in brilliancy and we pointed out to the intelligent and observing visitors our incomparable scenic environement. That day Portland had a double celebration; one on its own account and one for the railroad.

But in 1883 the old timers remarked: "This is nothing; you ought to have been here in '62,' 'and they told of forest fires, an unbroken conflagration from the mouth of the Columbia to Coos Bay, from the summit of the Coast Range Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. They related that smoke lay so heavy and low at the mouth of the Columbia that for weeks no vessels, steam or sail, could find their way in or out of the entrance. Still there were only a few people in those days and the aggregate discomfort was much smaller than it is today.

And one bit of comfort is to be extracted from the present situation: We are not likely to complain over our normal September weather. The cynic who described Oregon meteorology as "the rainy season and August" may now reverse himself. Meantime, let us pray for rain. When it comes there will be still another celebration. L.

The Solitary Reaper.

Wordsworth.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen; for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battle long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending—
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Oregon's timber has two bad habits—it drinks and it smokes.

If you don't like the heat and smoke, better mend your ways.

If you don't like the site, keep it to yourself. If you're a friend of the town and have any patriotism, stand up for it.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," sang the poet, inadvertently neglecting to add that everybody else lies about us the rest of our lives.

Our compliments to the—
Seattle Post-Intelligencer,
Spokane Spokesman-Review,
Chehalis Bee-Nugget,
Centralia News-Examiner,
Oregon City Courier-Herald, and
Dalles Times-Mountaineer,
Together with our thanks for their consideration in not being triplets instead of merely twins.

The pitiful inadequacy of statistics is strikingly exemplified in the news reports of Oregon's devastating fires. A loss of $1000 in the city is "nominal." But when it represents the house and barn, team and crops of a farmer, who has lost his all, it is a calamity. Fortunately in Oregon no one need to go hungry for food or suffer from an inclement Winter. Man and Nature are kindly and hospitable.

Wordsworth, it is said, was wont to make his faithful wife get up out of bed nightly to set down some happy phrase that occurred to him in a wakeful moment. The arrangement progressed to his delight, but to her increasing disaffection, and finally one night, when she was unusually tired, he cried out: "Oh, I have thought of a good word!" She replied, testily, "Well, I have thought of a bad word!"

In the "Bivouac" for June, 1885, Major J. M. Wright, describing West Point before the war, tells of meeting at Vancouver Barracks before he went to the war, Grant, Ingalls, Alvord, Barnes and Macfeely and "a little Lieutenant of the 4th Infantry whose ambition was to get into the cavalry, and whose heart was gladdened by giving him 10 mounted men and sending him on a scout. He must have weighed about 90 pounds, but his skin was cut for his later size, and lay about him in wrinkles." He displayed considerable strategic ability in an attempt to capture with a file of the guard a drunken cook who was wildly roaming the dark woods, just in the rear of the garrison. "But neither on that occasion nor any other of that period would Sheridan have been counted among the probable great military leaders of the next 10 years." There, too, he met Quartermaster Jordan, who, "knew everything and was willing to teach it," and Halleck, who approved of nothing and ever and always looked more like a stout lawyer than a General, and who went to Washington "and in due moderation kept on disapproving things so long as he commanded the Army."

Some recent ebullitions of ignorance and narrowness concerning the Osaka exhibit have apparently reached the eye of the Salem Journal, which fears lest any should suspect it of somnolence at a moment of such pregnant opportunity for displays of the small soul and the woodenhead. So it says:

> It appears that Governor Geer has appointed Mr. Dosch to be commissioner from Oregon to the Japan Exposition. It is not said whether Mr. Dosch will take with him the old exhibit that he has been hawking around the United States or not; but his expenses will reach about $5000. Whether Oregon's big red apple will induce any more Japs to come here we cannot say, but we hope not. We have all the Japs we need. Will the Legislature sanction this proceeding? We trust not.

As nobody proposes to bring any more Japanese here, and as no such idea was entertained in Colonel Dosch's appointment, but the aim is rather to gain markets for Oregon products in Japan and attract attention to the Lewis and Clark Centennial, the Journal's remonstrance is chiefly comforting as showing that its head is as serenely impervious as ever to light and progress and its heart still beats vigorously in the wrong place. It is impressive to see on what highly moral and intellectual grounds all appropriations not spent at Salem become iniquitous and unwise.

Upon the mere technical labor aspects of the drydock issue between the local unions and the Port of Portland Commission we forbear to pass; but as to the wrath against Vancouver, lest it have some business, we distinctly demur. If Vancouver is a suburb of Portland, as it is, and if Portland correctly apprehends her prosperity as bound up in the prosperity of her environs, as she is supposed to do, why all this hullaballoo over Vancouver's getting a good thing? If the drydock is built there, and then brought into the Willamette River, nobody is going to conclude that Portland doesn't need a drydock, can't float one or can't build one. Mr. Wakefield is a heavy property-owner and taxpayer in Portland, and if he decides it is best to build the dock at Vancouver, depend upon it, he has good reasons for it, and reasons that do not involve material injury to this city. Whatever the grievances of organized labor are in this matter, we wish they might be adjusted without resort to the rather ungenerous expression of chagrin that Vancouver should stand a chance of a piece of work which, after all, amounts to very little in the grand volume of Portland's industry. It looks a good deal like the story of the rich man and his poor neighbor's little ewe lamb.

The Lyric's Lover.

I love the drama's glowing page,
Where strength and beauty shine;
Where hope and joy, despair and rage,
Inform the perfect line.
With Lear to rave, with Hamlet fret,
With Rosalind to jest,
Are dear unto my heart, and yet
I love the lyric best.

I love the epic's joy and fear,
Where Greeks and Trojans die;
The words that came to Milton's ear,
The scenes to Dante's eye.
Brave deeds of old and far away,
I make their memory mine,
But homage from the heart I pay
The lyric's lowlier shrine.

I love to bow beneath the bell
Where Pope and Wordsworth preach;
I love to learn the lessons well
My Emerson doth teach;
With Browning ponder, Bryant grieve,
In Wisdom's ways divine;
But slowly for their truths I leave
The lyric's loveller line.

Give me gray ocean's threnody,
The south wind's sigh from far,
The midnight's murmuring melody
And twilight's steadfast star.
The lyric of Spring's glad release,
Of Summer's cloudless shine,
Of Autumn's prime and Winter's peace—
The lyric shall be mine.

Give me the hymns of holy days,
The dirge o'er Honor's grave,
The charm of childhood's earliest lays,
The peans of the brave.
Sing me of love that wins its own,
Sing me of love's despair,
Tear down the drama from the throne
And set the lyric there.