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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with rising temperature; probably frost in the early morning; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 62; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, 0.. inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

TWO SIDES—AND A THIRD.

On the square issue of veracity, the advantage seems to lie upon the side of "labor." That is to say, the numerous reasons given for the construction of the drydock at Vancouver are not the reason. Mr. Wakefield's acute desire is to get himself and his drydock outside the jurisdiction of the Portland unions, where he can do the work and get it done within the specified time. He doesn't want to take chances on seeing his contract vitiated and his time and materials wasted, by finding himself, when the dock is about half done, confronted with a strike, because the boy that carries water is in arrearages on his union assessments or because an unfair jackplane has been found in somebody's tool-chest, or because some skinflint contractor in Portland or Skamokawa has got into a row with his anarchist workmen.

In this resolution Mr. Wakefield is supported by a considerable body of public sentiment affiliated with King's Heights, Nob Hill and the Arlington Club. You go ahead, Robert, and stand your ground, is the slogan. You are right, and we'll stand by you. This thing has got to be fought to the finish. A man must know whether he can finish a job or not, or there's no use in his taking it. A business man has just got to know where he is at. Somebody must make a beginning in this matter, and it's up to you. Something must be done or else the town will simply be in the grasp of these labor agitators, and there'll be no doing business at all. If the unions want to drive capital away, they are going at it in the best possible way. The first thing we know, all enterprise will be brought to stagnation here, because a man can't tell when he undertakes a contract whether or not he will be permitted to complete it.

On the other hand. You can find out from any alert union man that the drydock episode is only a link in the chain which organized capital in Portland is forging to bind organized labor hand and foot. They have no objection to the principle of organization among workingmen, bless you! No! They can't stand for more pay or less hours, or concerted action of any kind, but the union itself is irreproachable. They rather favor the union, wherever and whenever its operations do not take any tangible shape looking toward practical results. With the moral, esthetic, educational, ornamental, spectacular, ritualistic and religious aims and practices of organized labor they are in full accord. It is only when it ventures outside the sphere of a Sunday school picnic or the Young Ladies' Debating Society that they raise any objections.

The capitalists, the union man can tell you, are trying to do us up. They want to cripple our organization at every point where it promises to enable us to help ourselves in an emergency. They will stand together in a crisis to help out their weaker members, but their sense of justice is outraged at the idea that we should stand together in a crisis to help our weaker members. The drydock is to be taken away just to punish us, and to imbue the community with the idea that we are its enemies when we seek to enforce our reasonable demands as to hours and pay. This we resent, and whatever we can do to unmask the hostile batteries aimed at us will be done. The more bitter and determined the onslaught made upon us the firmer and more effective must be our undertakings of defense.

That is the situation in Portland, just as it is, put in words which will please neither side in the controversy, but will at least uncover it so that he who runs may read. Nothing is ever gained by covering up slumbering fires of explosive material which may in a moment break into devastating conflagration. It is important for this community to understand that two giant forces are marshaling for a combat to the death. It is the heavy casualties certain to fall upon non-combatants that fill every observant mind with apprehension. It is the ominous menace to the community's peace, order and prosperity that directs increasing attention to and lays increasing hope upon some form of compulsory arbitration which will force the embattled ranks of masters and men to declare their cause before a legal tribunal and will produce a verdict having the weight and force of a judicial decision. It is time to put away the fiction that the maintenance of public peace and prosperity and the aversion of public calamities are none of the public's business.

If charity begins at home, it is a lucky thing for the fire sufferers that it does not end there. For we see that in the present fine movement in aid of the fire victims visiting actors and actresses are taking a conspicuous and commendable part. The Neill company and the Neill stock company, two separate organizations of much artistic strength, have united to give a great benefit next Tuesday afternoon at the Marquam and Baker Theaters, and the proceeds, which will doubtless aggregate several thousand dollars, are to be turned into the relief fund. It has been well known heretofore that Mr. Neill is a fine actor, but it was not known that he possessed in so generous a degree the qualities of the gentleman and the philanthropist—doubtless because the opportunity was not before given. The local management of the theaters, too, including Mr. Shields, of Shields' Park, are entitled to much praise for their activity in behalf of the relief fund; and the Musicians' Union, which gives a concert today, should not be overlooked.

HENDERSON'S SIGNAL SERVICES.

How fine and just is the keen irony of fate which brings upon General Henderson the wrath of the very element in the Republican party to which his dramatic appeal was made! It is a revelation at once of the partisan slavery in whose chains the faithful party man is bound, and of the hold which enlightened tariff views have taken on the Nation's brains and character.

Hendersoniana fall into two divisions. First, there are the tariff reformers who praise his courage and deprecate his views. Second, there are the high-tariff men, who support his views but abominate his withdrawal. It was to the high-tariff men that he appealed from his committee, from his state organization, from the President. With my declination boldly flung in the teeth of the tariff reformers, he said to himself, and with my trusty shibboleth about free trade, I will take my appeal from the tariff reformers to the stalwarts, the old-line protectionists, and they will lionize me as I deserve. So he asked them for a verdict. And he got it quick as lightning in the shape of a good, swift kick. And in it was the foot of an all-wise Providence.

When George McBride was elected United States Senator from Oregon, he gave to a newspaper man an interview on National questions. A thinker read it, and he said to a great politician, gleefully, "Good! Why, he stands on the Minneapolis platform!" "That is no news to me," replied the old politician, grimly. "Ask me George McBride's opinion on any topic of our politics and I can tell you what it is by merely referring to the last Republican National platform." Henderson has heard from the George McBrides of the Nation; and their universal voice is that the Iowa platform was Henderson's platform. It was good enough for him. He had no business to have any other. If he didn't believe in it, no difference. The party needed him and didn't want a hullabaloo, least of all over the tariff. It was his duty to make the run, and the platform concerned him only in the capacity of a trustworthy guide for the ascertainment of his own views.

This Calvinistic conception of political creeds and the individual conscience has produced another inescapable corollary. It wasn't the platform that worried Henderson. No platform utterance would affect my party allegiance or incommode my automatically adjustable convictions, reasons Mr. Thick-and-Thin; ergo, if Henderson is disturbed, we must look elsewhere for the cause. Unfortunately, there is too much corroborative evidence for this hypothesis, uncomplimentary as it is, to be rejected. General Henderson's own partisanism has illustrated the type of mobile opinions and Gibraltar "Republicanism." It is significant that the early outburst of enthusiastic approval, yielded by independent minds that took him at his word, is apparently to be put to flight by the sardonic philosophy of his party associates.

Between the upper millstone of tariff reformers who repudiate his paleozoic doctrines and the nether millstone of strict partisans who stigmatize his independence as an assumed virtue, the Speaker seems to have let himself out of public life through an exceedingly small aperture. His coup d'etat issues in a faux pas. It is an impressive warning against the insufficiently considered assumption of the lion's skin as an article of wearing apparel. It is a happy omen that God has not forgotten the world, when an ecstatic devotee of High Protection is seized upon by his fellow-worshipers while in the very act of kneeling at the shrine, because his copious tears have washed off some of the paint on the figure and betrayed its terrestrial origin.

THE IRRIGATION SCHEME.

The scheme of irrigation, comprehending the study of the water supply which can be utilized for distribution for the benefit of arid lands, storage by means of reservoirs so that the largess of Winter precipitation and Spring overflow can be prevented from running to waste; the cost of such reservoirs, the positive limit to the acreage that can be placed under cultivation through the systematic use of water available for this purpose, and the examination of watersheds to determine the best location for reservoirs, are among the preliminary steps that are necessary before the actual reclamation of arid lands under the law passed by the last Congress looking to this end can be begun. To decide upon these matters hastily is manifestly impossible. Fortunately, however, much of this preliminary work has been done by the division of hydrography under the United States Geological Survey, and, as set forth at some length in telegraphic report from Washington a few days ago, years of time will thus be saved in putting the new reclamation act into operation.

For more than ten years the study of the water resources of the great plateau has been in progress with special reference to a time more or less remote, but sure to come, when irrigation would become a question of National importance, and hence would be taken up by the Government. The wisdom of this forehanded policy is apparent in the fact that the geological survey, into whose hands has been placed the engineering and construction work of the reclamation law, has been able to set at work at once upon the basis of facts ascertained in advance of Congressional action on the irrigation question.

In the very nature of things work of this character must proceed slowly. A scheme so elaborate and so costly must be guarded against engineering mistakes that would cripple and defeat its purpose, and bring it into discredit through partial failure and the waste of funds. It will be necessary for those who are busy with arid land schemes to possess their souls in patience, since irrigation plans under the reclamation act will not be pushed in advance of knowledge based upon engineering skill. The "new homestead law," as it is called, will in time become operative upon a basis that will insure the homes that it provides from water famine. The preliminary steps have been taken through years of careful investigation of resources by the hydrographic section of the Geological Survey. Proceeding upon the knowledge thus acquired, the engineers will go on, not hastily, but with the prudence that the importance of a National irrigation problem demands, to the end that when arid lands are reclaimed under the new law they will not be in danger of again reverting to the desert.

OLD AGE.

The Des Moines (Ia.) Register has this genial word concerning old age:

It is doubted if a man ever feels truly old. The spark of youth somewhere within us burns to the end, and feelings and desires belie the face in the looking-glass and the pitying looks of friends. No matter how slow, stealthy and insidious the approach of the Pale Pretorian, when he comes he is unexpected, unlooked for. As long as life is in him man is filled with the thrill of living.

It is natural to moralize about the flight of time and remind each other that to the churchyard we are creeping year by year. But there is a better philosophy than this longing for length of days and bewailing the flight of time. This philosophy need not be the epicurean idea of a short life and a merry one, but let it be a decently useful and vigorous life, whether it be long or short. Youth to the boy is a joyous season, because, aglow with abounding health, he longs for manhood and what he fondly thinks is the desirable felicity of its enlarged personal freedom and social privileges; while advancing years make the old man, if he has led a kindly, decent life, recall with tender melancholy the sweet visions of his innocent and merry childhood.

But if the old man has led a mean, low, selfish, hard life, old age is to him, soon or late, only a time to mutter curses over the early decay and death of his best powers of body and mind. Than such a mean and miserable old age, better the short steps of a noble life that never reaches to the appointed age of man. Better a brief but blessed life than a century of selfishness that is sometimes associated with the rudest health. The short lives, if they be full of distinct and soulful purpose, have this compensation; we can all always fill out the shadowy years to be with what had been their sure destiny. Such natures are not blighted, are never dead, but always alive to us through the atmosphere left behind by an aspiring and inspiring life; we are grateful that they came and went. If the best fruit of life be character, let no one deprecate the value of such short lives because of their brief career.

Who can put out the motion or the smile,
The old ways of being noble, all with him laid by?

Better a child dead in the brilliant bud of early promise than that same child dead at 80 with a life of hideous selfishness and guilty sorrow behind it, a bloated beast, a sordid, cruel Shylock, a misanthropic mourner over the consequences of lifelong animalism or luxurious indolence. The best proof of a sound, sweet heart is the childlike spirit from youth to old age; the spirit of honest sensibility for the rights and wrongs of others; the spirit of innocent mirth; the speech of truth and the impulsive, generous hand. Life is worth living just so long as there is a spark of this childlike spirit in us—not longer, which means that when we do not care for the joys and sorrows of others our room will be unanimously voted to be better than our company.

No man who lives rightly ought to die other than by so gradual, almost imperceptible decay of the bodily powers that the man simply drops his head gently upon his breast as the angel of sleep is married to the angel of death. That is, the man of harmonious body and mind, who has lived wisely, should die of no particular disease. He should slowly flicker out like a splendid fire whose backlog is burned out, whose fuel is not replenished and whose glowing coals go out slowly one by one until all is ashes where once the flames of youth filled the world with warmth and light as they shot up aspiringly to the sky.

AN ANCIENT ABUSE.

The persecution of the Jews by Roumania, against which Secretary Hay's note to the powers signatory to the Berlin treaty protests, is the survival of an ancient abuse, which once disfigured all Europe, but which survives in its worst form only in Russia and the Trans-Danubian States that are subservient to Russia in their public policy. There are lines of bitter abuse of the Jew in Juvenal, the famous Latin satirist, but there is nothing remarkable in this, because the Roman in his egotism held all other peoples in contempt. The European prejudice against the Jews doubtless started with the Crusades. When St. Bernard of Clairvaux was arming all Europe for the second crusade, a cruel persecution of the Jews broke out in Germany upon the pretext that their sympathies were with the Mahommedans of Syria. The beginning of the first crusade had been marked also by a fearful persecution of the Jews which raged all over Europe. St. Bernard denounced this persecution in a fierce and cogent indictment as earnest and more eloquent than that used by the great Roman Catholic Cardinal Manning at a great public meeting held in London under Gladstone's second ministry to protest against the mobbing of Jews in Odessa and other Russian cities. The Jews lent the crusaders large sums of money to equip themselves for the Holy Land, and some of these crusaders excited anti-Jewish riots to relieve themselves from exacting creditors and written evidences of debt. Under the Norman Kings of England the Jews were fairly well protected up to the accession of Henry III. In the reign of Edward I 16,000 Jews were banished, and this decree was not revoked until Cromwell ruled England.

The Jews were expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Jews had been in Spain for centuries, and had been distinguished for military skill and valor, in the wars against the Moors. They were driven out of Spain by the hostility of the church, even as they had been in England. The Jews expatriated from Spain took refuge in France, where many of them have risen to great distinction, as they have in England, Germany and Austria. During the Middle Ages the Jew was not only the best man of business in Europe, but he was the physician, the scholar, the student and the man of science. Up to 1846 there was an English law compelling the Hebrews to wear a distinctive dress. They were at that time prohibited from holding land and debarred from serving either in the army, the civil administration or in Parliament. These disabilities had survived since Cromwell's day, who invited the Jews to return to England because he regarded them as the most intelligent and efficient commercial agents in Europe. Since 1846 all the civil disabilities of the Jews have been repealed in England. Hebrews of eminent ability have sat on the English bench, have been members of the House of Lords, and the great English Prime Minister Lord Beaconsfield was a man of pure Jew blood. It is a noteworthy fact that Gladstone in his youth vigorously opposed in Parliament Macaulay's efforts to remove the disabilities of the Jews.

The popular notion that the Jews have not been in modern times a warlike or patriotic race is utterly without foundation. On the contrary, in proportion to their numbers the Jews in every country have been conspicuously patriotic. During our American Revolution there were eminent Jews in Philadelphia who spent their money like water for the cause of the colonies. The Jews in Portugal and Spain before their expulsion proved themselves abundantly patriotic, the Spanish Jews taking a most gallant part in the defense of the City of Toledo against the Moors. The German Jews were notably gallant soldiers against the first Napoleon in 1813-15, and the French Jews were always patriotic citizens and soldiers of their adopted country. During our Civil War there were probably not more than 100,000 Jews in the country, but there were Jews in both armies who fought with distinction. Secretaries Benjamin and Memminger, of the Confederate Cabinet, were both Jews The list of famous persons of Jew blood include Spinoza, Heine, La Salle, Karl Marx, Disraeli, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Auerbach, Rothschild, the famous English singer, Braham, Sara Bernhardt, Rachel, the great soldier Massena, Schumann, Schubert, Achille Fould, Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir George Jessel and the French sculptor, Bartholdi.

The ancient prejudice against the Jews was originally due to religious bigotry. The old-time Kings protected the Jews because of their usefulness as money-getters and loan-makers, until the church became too strong for the King. Then, when the prejudice originally due to religious bigotry and superstition was suffered to abate, the Jews became the victims of the natural jealousy of a race remarkable for superior business capacity and material prosperity. A stupid, thriftless man always hates his prosperous neighbor. The farmer who cannot keep his farm hates the banker who lent him the money and the lawyer who foreclosed the mortgage. Rich and successful men always suffer by the tongues of the poor and unsuccessful. The prejudice due to this kind of hostility still survives in Russia, in Austria and some parts of Germany, and taints small circles of vulgar public opinion in America. It is unreasonable and unjust, for hatred of the Jew is generally excited by his racial virtues, which are peculiar to himself, and not by his vices that he shares with the Christian. For art, music and the dramatic stage, for medicine, law, science, philology, general learning and scholarship, the Jew has done so much against such difficulty that no intelligent man ever speaks of the race with disrespect.

So far as our present remonstrance is concerned, it will be heeded if Russia approves, not otherwise, for Russia sets the pace for such wretched countries as Roumania. If Russia should actively support our remonstrance, Roumania would reform her treatment of her 400,000 Jews, but nothing will be done, for Russia needs reformation herself. The only effect of Secretary Hay's note is to convince Europe that Uncle Sam is sure to speak out in meeting, whether his pocket is picked or his heart touched.

The Oregonian correspondent who attributes the lynching of the negro at Marshfield to what he terms the "inadequacy of the law" does the mob too much honor. In every Southern State where negroes have been lynched for identical crimes the legal penalty is death. Mobs murder prisoners not because they fear the law will not punish them, but because they enjoy the sport of murdering a wretch who has no friends. A mob is a coward, a brute and a fool. Capital punishment is the penalty for rape in Louisiana, North Carolina, Alabama, Missouri, Delaware, Georgia, Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, Florida, Arkansas. Yet in spite of this fact men accused of rape have been burned at the stake in several of these states. Mob murders are not due to the "inadequacy of the law," but to the desire of the mob to murder when it is safe to murder for the fun of it.

Elsewhere in today's paper appears a masterly discussion of Speaker Henderson's resignation and announcement from Representative Tongue, of the First Oregon District. His assertions are impregnable and his reasoning cannot be answered. Mr. Tongue has already put himself on record as a sound and consistent tariff reformer in the interests of justice, of the protective principle itself, and of the Republican party, for a letter embodying these views was printed last year in the organ of the American Protective Tariff League. Mr. Tongue's clear vision and resolute stand upon this issue give Oregon just such an admirable representation in Congress on the tariff question as Senator Dolph gave us on the money question. Again, let us say, Mr. Tongue's position is beyond the possibility of successful attack.

The grand jury of Attala County, Mississippi, under instructions from Judge Stevens, has indicted twenty-five white men for the lynching of two innocent negroes. About a month ago, in the northern part of Attala, two negroes were taken about noon time by a mob, chained to a tree and shot to death. About 100 men participated in the crime, but the ringleaders are the only ones so far indicted. About twenty-five or thirty of the crowd formed a semicircle around the two negroes, and at a command from the leaders a volley was fired into the two bodies. The negroes were killed for a supposed insulting remark made by them about some white men in the community.

Every day adds to the terrible strain induced by the coal miners' strike. Disaster seems imminent, and want is only withholding its sharp pinch until the frost king takes a hand in the proceedings. Yet the coal barons say they have "nothing to arbitrate," and thousands of miners through their representative, President Mitchell, declare that "nothing but arbitration will relieve the situation." Did ever reasoning creatures present themselves before the world in an attitude so utterly at variance with all reason, all toleration, all common sense?

HENDERSON'S APPARENT COURAGE.

San Francisco Bulletin.

David B. Henderson has proved himself one of the greatest men in this country by declining a renomination for Congress on the ground that he did not concur with the platform of the Republican state convention, inasmuch as it recommended the curbing of trusts by removing or modifying the tariff on trust-made articles.

Henderson's declination will deprive him of the Speakership of the House of Representatives, the most important and influential office in the United States except that of President, and will retire him to private life. He has served his district in Congress 10 terms, or 20 years, and is admitted to be one of the ablest statesmen in the country. His declination of renomination is proof that he is a statesman, indeed, and not a mere politician.

The question of abating or abolishing the trusts by modifying the tariff must be faced sooner or later by the Republican party, but whether Henderson is right or wrong in his adherence to high-tariff principles, his renunciation of office for the sake of those principles is a sort of self-immolation of which few men in politics at the present day would be capable. Politicians of this generation are selfish and practical creatures for the most part, who would accept any platform on which their party pleased to place them, and who would cheerfully subscribe to any principles or policies which they deemed good vote-getters. The idea of declining a nomination for the sake of a principle when acceptance would mean election is quite beyond the intellectual powers of most politicians, and doubtless many of Mr. Henderson's fellow-members in Congress will shake their heads and tap their brows when they read of what Mr. Henderson has done, and will sincerely believe that the Speaker has gone mad.

But to a large number of American citizens Mr. Henderson's stand will be cheering evidence that the age of political honesty has not quite departed, and that there are a few great Americans left to pull their country out of the ruck of opportunism, commercialism and political dishonesty. Mr. Henderson is not of that mean stripe of legislator who is moved by every wind that blows, and who takes his opinions ready-made from the party platforms. He belongs evidently to an older school of statesmen—the school which stood fast by its opinions and held to them in weal and woe. Henderson's retirement may keep him out of the public eye for a while, but he is too great a man to be permitted to lie fallow long.

Evidence of Tariff-Reform Sentiment

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Speaker Henderson has declined his recent renomination for Congress by the Republicans of his district because of his belief that he does not truly represent their views on the tariff question. This is the most startling political event of the season. For it is an impressive recognition by Mr. Henderson of the strength and earnestness of the Republican sentiment in Iowa in favor of abolishing or reducing duties no longer needed to protect American labor, and used only as a shelter for monopolies and monopoly prices. Mr. Henderson himself is stoutly opposed to any movement for the revision of the tariff, and, like others of his school, regards any modification of the tariff schedules to adapt them to existing conditions as "free trade in whole or in part." On the question of reciprocity he stands with the most conservative of the old-fogy element. He is so firmly wedded to these views that he has ceased to be in touch with the dominant sentiment of his Republican constituents. He has had the good sense to recognize the fact and to decline the renomination which was enthusiastically tendered him. This will enable the Republicans of his district to put forward a candidate more fully identified with the prevailing Republican opinion.

No Effect on Cushman.

Tacoma News.

It is safe to say that Congressman Cushman will hold his own in any House of Representatives, regardless of the question as to who may be Speaker. He does not depend on favors, nor does he court antagonisms. He has acquired influence on his own account by force of merit and ability. His constituency, the people of the State of Washington, have already profited by his brilliant and effective work in Congress. It is safe to say that Congressman Cushman will not gloat over Speaker Henderson's determination to retire. By sending Mr. Cushman to Washington, this state secured a capable, fearless, indefatigable and successful Representative. He will probably serve more conspicuously in the 58th Congress than he has so far in the 57th. It will make little difference who is Speaker, for any speaker of the House will necessarily recognize Mr. Cushman, of Washington, as a man of mark and a growing favorite in the House and throughout the country.

The Manana of Reform.

Eugene Register.

There is much sound logic in Henderson's position, and the country generally will hold to his views, which are in accord with Roosevelt's policy and that of all our ablest party leaders, Iowa Republicans, like Washington Republicans, need to revise their political creeds to conform to the new National policy on the trust question, which must be handled by proper legislation, leaving the tariff out of the question in connection with that issue. Republicanism will never indorse the fallacy of free trade, although there will come in time revision of tariff schedules where such revision can be made without injuring the business of the country.

A Case of Oil and Water.

Chicago Chronicle.

If Governor Cummins is a representative Iowa Republican, David B. Henderson is not. The former is a progressive and enlightened man, who stands for ideas which seem to be peculiarly appropriate to his state and its people. Mr. Henderson is unyielding in his advocacy of principles which find favor in the East, but which many Western Republicans are disposed to modify.

Strange If You Think So.

Dalles Times-Mountaineer.

Senator Mason and Speaker Henderson were all right with the Republican party for a long time, but now they are all wrong. One can't agree with the trusts and the other can't endure tariff reform. It's strange how parties will thus disagree with their politicians sometimes.

Mr. Roosevelt's Americanism.

Chattanooga Times.

Those who heard President Roosevelt's address at the Auditorium yesterday could not doubt the superb quality of his Americanism. He is coming more and more to typify the genuine American character—honesty, fearlessness and common sense—a definition he himself applies to the general average of the people of the Republic. His references to the soldiers who wore the blue and the gray were manly, not maudlin. He didn't slop over, but expressed the greatest admiration, the most genuine esteem, for both, because they had both exhibited those traits of heroic devotion to principle, those qualities of fearlessness and daring and those sterling habits of performing duties well, regardless of consequences, that should characterize not only the soldier, but the citizen who would really carry on his shoulders a part of the burdens of maintaining a free and mighty republican government. Not a thoughtful man who listened to the President but who felt that under the guidance of this sturdy young American the Government at Washington will live, stronger if not better than ever, and that every institution of the country will be fostered and sustained with a loyal heart and a strenuous hand. Of all his many admirable traits, none appeared more forcibly, more naturaly, and none made a more lasting impression upon his auditors than the sincerity, the breadth and the enthusiasm of his love of country—East, West, North and South.

THINGS LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

No one need be alarmed over the announcement that a combination has been formed between the Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania railway lines involving 20,000 miles of road. This new deal is merely a formal plan of going ahead with a policy that has been pursued informally these 20 years by the two great companies. Practically they control the East and West carrying trade of the five great states lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River, the Lakes and the Ohio. Each has kept within its own field. The one did not seek to increase its revenue by invading the other's territory, but by fostering in every legitimate way the industries which had been established on its own lines and by encouraging new industries wherever active, practical men wanted to plant them.

Twenty years ago Ohio, Indiana and Eastern Illinois were ramified by independent local railway lines running from Somewhere to Nowhere, or from Nowhere up a squirrel track. These roads were a burden on the backs of farmer and manufacturer. Unable to stand alone, they were of little benefit to him who raised or made something to sell. One by one these orphan roads were bought or leased by the Pennsylvania or the Vanderbilt system. Then the territory that they served came into as close touch with the principal markets of the country as if it were on a trunk line. When the coupling process was finished Columbus, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., were not nearer to New York or Chicago than towns 50 or 75 miles away from the state capitals, nor were the river towns at the extreme south and the lake towns at northernmost limits at a disadvantage.

These colossal companies were not in the townsite business, and did not get into Western politics. They set out to increase the earnings of the adopted branches, and incidentally the main lines, by getting more freight and passengers to haul at reasonable rates. They provided wider markets for Indiana's "hogs and hominy, hoop-poles and pumpkins," and their freight bills did not eat up the Grangers' profit. They allied themselves with the man who turned common clay into drainage tile and the skilled artisan who converted a finer clay into $25,000 peach blow vases. They made common cause with those who started furnace fires in the natural gas belt and helped to drive many foreign manufactures out of the country. Because these great railroads instead of "taxing the traffic all it would stand," chose to accept fair compensation, they changed "two streaks of rust and a right of way" into profitable property. If any one harbors a suspicion that they milked the country, let him look over the census returns and note the unparalleled increase of wealth in the Valley of the Ohio from 1880 to 1900.

To assert that the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt railways are responsible for the prosperity mentioned would be rankest sophistry, but no one will deny that two powerful corporations operating the many railroads of the Middle West as part of a system on strictly business principles served the country better than 30 or 40 weak, independent companies could have done. Somebody must be paid for hauling freight, and it is best for all hands that the money should go to men who devote themselves exclusively to railroading and who are satisfied with legitimate traffic earnings.

About two weeks ago, Henry Watterson created a sensation by an editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal attacking New York's so-called "400," or the "smart set." He was answered by nearly all the papers of Gotham. In his paper last Sunday, Editor Watterson renewed the attack in a three-column article, which was telegraphed all over the East. His theme is the growing licentiousness of the vulgar rich. He goes a short distance into the history of New York society and contrasts the Coopers, the Duncans, the Rhinelanders, the Hewitts, the Garners and the Thorndikes, who were rich and vied with the Astors in lives singularly clean and habits wholly unostentatious, with a crowd at Newport, "the abode of luxury and alimony," according to Mr. Dooley, "where the husband of yesterday inthradooces the wife that was to the wife that is, or ought to be." Mr. Watterson writes so there can be no mistaking in his meaning. He says:

The sea-going palace; the modern auto; the struggle for equivocal notoriety; the strife for title; the eating from the tree of forbidden knowledge; the aping of the manners of the foreign swell and the fancied great; the marriage as an experiment and the marriage of convenience; the hot pursuit of pleasure at home and abroad—in short, the constant striving after the ostentatious display of wealth inevitable to the sun-worship of Money—these are among the features that distinguish the Four Hundred from other rich people, who do not need to affect anything, who heartily despise such proceedings, who, with fortunes secure and social positions fixed, live without scandal and travel without adventure, but whom the wantons of the Smart Set describe as the "bourgeoisie."

In separating the sheep from the goats, and properly ticketing the goats, shall one be accused of blasphemy?

"All of us, your ladyship," Lord Brougham once said to a famous society leader, "all of us, as your ladyship knows, have committed adultery. But we must draw the line somewhere; and, for one, I fix it at murder!"

The New York Sun, commenting on Colonel Watterson's second attack, says: "He takes the 'smart set' too seriously, and by so doing gives to this very limited social circle an importance it has not, as an American social development. Moreover, if he thinks he is hurting its feelings he is very much mistaken. The 'smart set' will be flattered by the distinction he gives it. If these people are not serenely indifferent to such assaults, they are gratified by them. They like to be published abroad as deliciously wicked."

Verifying Mr. Watterson's charge the Sun paints this revolting picture:

Mr. Watterson is justified in attributing moral degeneration to the women of this society. Undoubtedly, looseness of speech has gone to an extreme with some of these women, which is not much exceeded in feminine ranks frankly disreputable. For example, not long since, at a fashionable dinner, a man of the older school sat next to a young woman who had lately "come out." Across the table her mother, a notable social figure, entertained her neighbor with loud language and inferences so "broad" and even positively indecent that the gentleman was amazed, and, more especially, that a mother should keep up that sort of talk in the presence of her young daughter; but, glancing at the girl, he discovered that her face showed only signs of amusement. Profane expressions once supposed to be confined to men and to vile women are now poured forth from feminine mouths of this set. Little of the flavor of pure and romantic sentiment can remain in such surroundings.

And the "smart set" asks, "What are you going to do about it?" L.

Lord Kitchener has hit on a happy phrase prophetic of South Africa's future. At the presentation of a sword given to him by the corporation of Cape Town, though the formality took place in London, in his speech of thanks the General said: "You have the makings of nothing less than a new America in the southern hemisphere." The English papers seize upon the phrase, "the new America" for their headlines.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Bobbie's Air Castles.

I wish my papa was on the police,
With a great big club and gun to keep
the peace;
With his elegant, tall hat,
And bright buttons, and all that,
In his uniform arrayed,
At the head of the parade,
And his long coat ironed out without a
crease,
Oh, I wish my papa was on the police!

I wish my papa was a motorman;
We'd have the finest car that ever ran.
I'd put on all the power,
And run forty miles an hour;
All the old slow pokes would find
They must take the car behind.
He's so rich that if he wants to be he can.
Oh, I wish my papa was a motorman!

I wish my papa was a fireman bold,
With a shiny uniform of red and gold.
I'd sit by him on his seat,
As we dashed along the street,
And we'd drive right through the crowd;
I'd be happy and so proud,
While the whistles tooted and the big
bells tolled;
Oh, I wish my papa was a fireman bold

I wish my papa was an engineer,
Running trains across the country, far
and near;
You bet he'd let me ride
In the cab up by his side.
How I'd make the whistle yell,
And he'd let me ring the bell.
I could ride a mile a minute without fear
If my papa only was an engineer.

Hurrah for the Portland team, anyhow! They can't beat us for fourth place.

If the tariff is the Ark of the Covenant, are the parties to it the protected trusts and the Republican campaign committees?

University Park rejoices in its proximity to the Centennial grounds. If it isn't the Fair site itself, it's the next thing to it.

"Mr. Reed, don't you know Mr. Wright?" asked one of the three occupants of the elevator. "Reed and Wright," said Wright. "And," said Reed, indicating the introducer, "cipher."

The service rendered by persons who stop incipient panics by their promptness and firmness is only understood when we encounter the panic that was not quelled. This is the most comforting reflection obtainable from the Birmingham tragedy.

Some men can extract a whole lot of fun out of very slender material. The Easton, Pa., Democrats have just finished 100 ballots taken to nominate a Congressman in a district where two men out of every three are Republicans.

Great preparations are being made in Dallas, Tex., for the reception of Rear-Admiral Schley on Saturday, October 18. One feature of the entertainment is to be a gathering of the school children, every school, public and private, in the state having been invited to join the schools of Dallas in making the day a notable one. On Monday there will be a military parade, a public reception and the presentation of a testimonial, followed in the evening by the inevitable banquet.

There is to be one more monument to the Pilgrims. The Massachusetts Legislature this year appropriated $25,000 for a monument on the outer point of Cape Cod to commemorate the adoption of the Pilgrim compact of government. This was made contingent upon the contribution of an equal amount by the association on or before July 5, 1905. It is proposed to erect a rugged obelisk 200 feet high, placed upon an eminence on the outermost point of Cape Cod, where all passing at sea may see it.

In accepting their $250 second prize for the sake of harmony, and now devoting it to the fire relief fund, the Tacoma Elks have contributed much more to the cause of sweetness and light than did the original award. A strict interpretation of the tournament's conditions undoubtedly justified the Tacoma protest. Everybody seems to have felt that the Salem Lodge made the most creditable showing, but the first prize was not offered for a "characteristic" display. If we were to have another carnival, the rules should certainly be amended.

Alfred Davis, an English member of Parliament, was at first indignant and then amused at the questions he was asked by customs officers in New York on his arrival there recently. Among the queries were these: "Can you read and write?" "By whom was your passage paid?" and "Have you ever been in prison?" To the first he answered by writing in the blank "This is a specimen of my handwriting," to the second "No one was kind enough to pay it for me, so I paid it myself," and to the third, having inspected many European jails, he answered "Yes."

Up at Salem one day last week two little Italian boys were playing on their violin and harp and passing the hat. They did this on an electric car, to the delight of a rural gentleman and his female companion, whose unaffected joy and circumspect deposit of a dime in the contribution hat diverted the passengers as much as the orchestra itself. When the conductor came around for fares, the aforesaid R. G. announced that he had paid his fare. "Not to me," said the conductor. "No; I gave it to the boy with the violin." And the fare was collected with difficulty, but amid increasing gayety.

Camille Flammarion has secured the support of 20 members of the French Chamber of Deputies for a bill to make a new, and, as he calls it, "rational" calendar compulsory in France. The astronomer would start the year with the vernal equinox and have a year of 364 days. The odd day he would make a fete day independent of the year. He would name the months after the stars. Flammarion points out that the main advantage of his plan lies in the fact that the same dates rrecur on the same days of the week, so that there would be no need of changing the calendars every year.

At the recent racing season in Saratoga William C. Whitney noticed at the track one day a young fellow for whom he had a strong liking. Knowing that the young man was none too rich, Mr. Whitney gave him a few tips on what he regarded as good things. One or two of them turned out very well and the youth came every morning for a tip or two. Mr. Whitney's judgment proved to be very poor, so near the close of the meeting he hunted the young fellow up and asked: "How have you come out?" "About $40,000 to the good," was the surprising reply. "You see, Mr. Whitney, I wasn't long in discovering that you don't know much about horses, so I coppered all your tips and bet against the ponies you fancied." The millionaire stared for a moment and then had a hearty laugh.