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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 52 deg.; minimum temperature, 36 deg.; no precipitation.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness, probably followed by showers during the latter part of the day. Winds mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOV. 23, 1902.

To his other achievements, Homer Davenport now promises to add the distinction of a lecturer of the first order. Major Pond's encomiums are not, it is to be feared, wholly disinterested, but here, where Homer has been known and loved, boy and man, these forty years, his press agent is certain to be met by a confiding public more than half way. It takes a peculiar sort of quality to succeed in the declining realm of the lecture platform. Learning and even oratory cannot insure against failure. Perhaps the open sesame is only afforded in an engaging personality, and if so there is room at the top for our Oregon celebrity. No man can so thoroughly invest the commonplace with charm. Nothing dry or tedious or uninteresting ever escapes from his lips, because there is something in that great big way of his that imparts to whatever he says an indefinable piquancy and charm. When Homer remarks that two and two are four, the utterance crashes through the consciousness of all hearers with the weight and momentum of a Copernican or Newtonian discovery. When Homer observes that it is a lovely day all nature seems to strike up her symphonies and flood the soul with melody. Surely so happy a personality as that should find opportunity for edifying as well as entertaining his fellow creatures from the rostrum; and if his talks are to be accompanied with pictures from his clever pencil and enriched with true Homeric anecdote, their charm would be unique and compelling. It is the peculiar lot of our Oregon Homer that good stories seem to grow up about him by spontaneous magic. Poor old quiet Silverton bestirred itself in some mysterious way to furnish a veritable Iliad of quaint humor and fascinating romance, which in Homer's captivating phrase deserves immortality. New York is a great and wonderful city, but it contains nothing more to be desired than an hour of Davenport's entrancing stories of his boyhood days.

It would be absurd for anyone not thoroughly informed as to the conditions in the anthracite mines to declare positively that a uniform scale of hours, wages and basis of measurement is practicable, yet we shall hazard the opinion that the indisposition of the operators to consider this uniformity proceeds, not so much from physical obstacles in the way as from a perception that to resist uniformity is a most prosperous way to defeat the miners in their plans of organization. It is perfectly certain that a serious impediment to a successful anthracite union, or to a successful combined anthracite and bituminous union is the present infinite variety of labor arrangements throughout the anthracite region; and it must be equally clear that most if not all of these variations are purely artificial and could be reduced to a minimum if the operators were so disposed. The unifying and harmonizing capabilities of the trust process are sufficiently potent to achieve this uniformity if it were sought with half the zeal devoted to perpetuation of the present inequalities. What the operators are apparently determined to bend all their energies toward is the destruction of the miners' union. If they are wrong about this, or about their ability to destroy the union, it is evident that they are indulging a course of action whose cost to them will be great in many ways, not excluding the loss of much sympathy they might otherwise have. It is not to be supposed that conditions in the comparatively limited area of the anthracite region are more prohibitive of union organization than they are in the case of the railroad brotherhoods, for example, where general increases of wages are now being made. Few will believe that a uniform wage or piece system in the coal mines would make profitable mining impossible. It would simply call for a readjustment of the other factors in the problem of cost, or possibly a slight advance in the selling price.

On another page of today's paper appears another chapter in the series of letters from a staff correspondent on the public men of Washington. The series has now included Governor McBride, Senator Turner, Levi Ankeny, Harold Preston and Representative Jones, and will be extended to include John L. Wilson, Representative Cushman, Representative-elect Humphrey, and probably others. The close attention given these men and their methods by a trained and fair-minded observer has tended to bring them into relief as men of great native force and high character. They are all self-made men, who have come to their present influence and eminence by dint of their own exertions. This morning's letter puts Representative Jones in the list of distinct Senatorial possibilities, and his strength is evidently not of a sort to be trifled with. He would make an acceptable Senator and, equally with Mr. Ankeny, would be alert to the meaning of Columbia River improvement for Eastern Washington. Mr. Wright's letters have also set a high estimate upon Mr. Harold Preston, the Seattle candidate, in whose behalf the King County delegation is at work with its usual shrewdness and vigor, and it is believed that Mr. Preston's fine qualities would absolve him from any sectional narrowness in the Senate. It is The Oregonian's desire to treat all these candidates with respect, fairness and even generosity. Its utterances relative to Mr. Ankeny were solely aimed at rebuke of unfair attacks upon him and only by perversion could they be made to appear as championing his election as against any other deserving candidate. The position of Representative Jones acquires interest from the probability of his forming the most available successor to the Ankeny strength, in case the latter should fail of election. Mr. Preston's manifest difficulty lies in the direction of satisfying at once the railroad sentiment of Seattle and the anti-railroad demands of Governor McBride—a problem not greatly simplified, apparently, by the struggle over the presidency of the State Senate.

Are the children of the poor healthier than the children of the rich? On the one hand it is observed that they run about bareheaded and barefooted in all kinds of weather and grow fat on exposure that would kill the more tenderly reared. Poor children are often dirty. They are frequently housed in close quarters, sparingly clothed and insufficiently nourished. Hence we have the ideal picture of the rugged, robust, never-sick children of the poor, contrasted with the tender, anemic offspring of the rich. Unfortunately, however, this fancy picture is not realized in actual life, for poverty any more than anything else, is not the royal road to health. It is a mistaken idea that children of the poor escape with a low rate of sickness and death. A multitude of helpless little ones are carried off each Winter by the ailments that are bred by insufficient air and food and unsanitary habit and surroundings. The ravages of disease among the poor of great cities in Summer are appalling. Riches and poverty have peculiar possibilities of good of their own, but they will not achieve their benefits unless discriminatingly applied. Plain food and open air exercise are better for the child than sweetmeats and close confinement, and these are oftener found in humble homes. But the blessings of cleanliness in habit and dress, medicine and nursing, are more apt to be with the rich. Fortunately, in the West, the best conditions of each lot are within reach of the overwhelming majority. Pure water, especially, is an ever-increasing agency of health and vigor. Poverty is to be prized for the strength that comes through struggle, wealth for its wider opportunities. But each has its temptations to be guarded against. The poet has wisely taught us to beware at once the squalid tenement and the cares of the envious palace. From neither place do we derive the forceful figures of our National life; but from those homes that are poor enough to teach habits of industry and self-denial and yet comfortable enough to be clean and healthful. The poverty from which greatness springs keeps its face clean and pays its humble way.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

The violent attack upon Premier Sagasta in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies on Thursday by the opposition speakers goes far to indicate that the Liberal Ministry, of which Sagasta is the head, cannot long hope to remain in power. Sagasta's Ministry began in March, 1901. He has been confronted during his term of office with the settlement of the religious question in Spain. The religious congregations have increased and multiplied so rapidly that the people desired to restrict their extension and power, but Sagasta, although anti-clerical in sentiment, has found the problem beset with so many difficulties that he has not been able to solve it. He has not dared to attempt the drastic measures that have been enforced by France, because public opinion in Spain would not support him, and in Spain at present it would be impossible to find a substitute for the educational work performed by the religious congregations, for the few secular schools are greatly inferior to those conducted by the religious orders, and the government is justly hostile to the abolishment of the best educational establishments in Spain. These religious orders do a benevolent public service in the matter of mitigating the suffering of convicts and lessening the growth of crime.

Under the circumstances, Sagasta has not attempted to adopt in Spain the radical methods of dealing with religious associations that have been enacted and enforced in France. After holding office 19 months, Sagasta confessed his inability to solve the religious problem which confronts Spain and tendered his resignation. He was requested to retain his post and reconstruct the Cabinet. The present disorder in the Chamber of Deputies will probably be followed by a second tender of his resignation by Sagasta, and in that event he will be succeeded by a Conservative Premier. The Conservatives, it is expected, will be able to deal more successfully with the question of restricting the religious associations than has the Liberal Anti-Clerical Cabinet. The Spanish people favor the imposition of certain limitations upon the growth of the religious orders, but they are in entire sympathy with the educational and charitable work done by these congregations.

Another question which the new Cabinet will have to settle is that of Spain's future foreign relations. The Sagasta government officially denied that a defensive alliance with France is contemplated, but it is certain that the subject has been officially discussed in the Cabinet. If Spain succeeds in negotiating a military convention with France providing for reciprocal aid in time of war, she would execute the first really statesmanlike act that her government has performed since the fall of Napoleon. Spain is without a decent navy, while France is the second naval power in the world. With her ports secure from bombardment through the aid of a French fleet, Spain would be entirely able to organize and put on its feet a formidable army.

If France and Spain had been allies in 1898, Spain would have felt no fear of our American squadron, and would not have parted with Cuba. The alliance of Spain would be valuable to France, as it would secure her, in event of war, the freedom of her ports on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and France's Spanish frontier would be secure. Spain as an ally could rapidly march a stalwart army to the aid of France through the Pyrenees. Such an alliance would be but natural, and would be advantageous to both the contracting parties.

RUDIMENTS OF THE LAND QUESTION.

There are two kinds of public land in Oregon, Government land and state land. After all the rush that has taken place in the last two years for cheap public land, plenty remains for those who are seeking homes or investments. Of course the best and most easily accessible has been taken first, but much of that which remains will in the next few years be as desirable, relatively, as that which has been taken in the last few years. All the recent agitation over public land matters serves to remind us that in the disposal of these lands many problems have arisen and will arise, which are of importance not only to the people who wish to secure cheap land but also to the people of this state who are interested in the development of our natural resources.

Generally speaking, the Government lands are classed as agricultural, timber, desert and mineral lands, according to the manner in which they may be obtained. The state lands include all these different classes, but are obtained by purchase regardless of the character of the land. Government land is obtained through the local land offices at Oregon City, Roseburg, The Dalles, La Grande, Lakeview or Burns, while state land is secured from the State Land Board at Salem. The settler or purchaser must be a citizen of the United States or must have declared his intention to become such. In order to secure Government land he must be 21 years of age and to secure state land, 18 years of age.

Agricultural lands may be secured from the Government under the homestead act alone, and, in the intent of the law, only this class of lands can be obtained under this act. Briefly stated, the homestead act gives to every settler 160 acres of land, requiring no payment therefor except certain fees amounting to about $22. Actual residence upon the land for a period of five years is required, during which time improvements such as buildings must be made and cultivation must be continued. No certain amount of improvements is required nor must a certain proportion of the land be put under cultivation. The requirements vary, according to circumstances, the purpose being to require the homesteader to make such improvements as will indicate that he is a settler in good faith. Within two years after the expiration of his five years' residence, the settler may "prove up" on his homestead and secure a patent from the Government. If he wishes to do so he may make his final proofs after fourteen months' residence and cultivation, provided that he also pay $1 25 per acre if his land be outside the limits of a railroad grant and $2 50 per acre if it be inside. This is called commuting the homestead.

Timber lands may be secured from the Government under the timber laws, each purchaser being allowed not to exceed 160 acres. The land must be chiefly valuable for the timber upon it; must have no valuable mineral deposits and must not be susceptible to cultivation. The applicant must make an affidavit setting forth these facts and publish a notice of his application for a period of sixty days, when, if no adverse claim be made, he will be given a patent upon his paying the required $2 50 per acre. Land chiefly valuable for the stone found upon it may be secured upon the same terms and in the same manner as timber land.

Desert land may be secured by persons who wish to reclaim it, not more than 320 acres being allowed to each person. The applicant must make an affidavit to the effect that the land is arid, that it will not, without artificial irrigation, produce remunerative agricultural crops, and that the applicant has provided a source of water supply sufficient to water the land and make it productive. The affidavit of the applicant must be accompanied by that of a witness, setting forth the same state of facts. Upon the application being approved, the first fee of 25 cents per acre must be paid and the purchaser is at liberty to proceed with his reclamation. He must make reports at the end of each year for three years, showing that he has made improvements to the cost of $1 per acre per year, and when the $3 per acre has been expended and one-eighth of the land is reclaimed and under cultivation, he may secure a patent by paying an additional $1 per acre for the land, making the amount paid to the Government $1 25 per acre. If the land be located within the limits of a railroad grant the price is $2 50 per acre, in accordance with a general requirement.

Mineral lands may be secured under the general mining laws, by locating a claim, having the claim recorded, and making a certain amount of improvements each year. When improvements to the amount of $500 have been made, a patent may be secured.

State land consists of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in each township, commonly called school sections. These are sold by the state at the uniform price of $1 25 per acre. No residence or cultivation is required and the purchase price may be paid in five annual installments or sooner if, desired. The deferred payments draw interest at the rate of 8, 7 and 6 per cent respectively. The purchaser receives a certificate of sale at the time of making his first payment and this certificate is assignable by writing the transfer, duly acknowledged, upon the back of the instrument. Any assignee of the certificate may secure a deed by returning the certificate and paying the balance due.

The state sometimes has for sale what is known as lieu land, which is Government land taken in the place of school sections lost to the state through the creation of a forest reserve, or because of its mineral character, or for some other reason. Lieu land is particularly desirable because the purchaser may select it anywhere he can find vacant public land in the state, and like school land, no residence is required. The price of lieu land, except that selected upon mineral base, has been fixed at $5 per acre. Land selected upon mineral base will be sold at $2 50 per acre. As the state does not now own lieu land, the only way to obtain it is first to secure the base. This may be done by finding a mineral school section that was known to be mineral prior to survey, or that has been since ascertained to be mineral, and after adjudicating the character of the land, have lieu land selected in its place. As this proceeding is not practicable to any but those who are experienced in the work, lieu land is generally secured through private individuals who make a business of procuring base. Should a forest reserve be created in the Powder River Mountains, as now contemplated, the state will have some 20,000 acres of base with which to procure lieu lands, and this will be sold at $5 per acre.

One of the requirements which applies alike to Government and state lands is that the settler or purchaser wants the land for his own use and not for the benefit of some other person. The applicants are required to make an affidavit to the effect that they have made no agreement to sell or transfer the land to any person. This and other provisions of the laws are often violated, but always at the risk of a loss of the land as well as punishment for perjury.

The forests of Douglas County are soon to pay tribute to industry and commerce. Vast timber areas in this section of the state are as yet practically untouched. Eastern capital will be brought to the development of these forest resources, and Western labor will find in this investment of money opportunity to win its share in profits. Capital and labor go hand in hand in such development, and if wisely managed a basis of harmony will be established between them, without which the one is liable at any time to be held up by the other. The construction next Spring of two or three sawmills and the employment of 1000 men to operate them in the various capacities of the lumbering industry will mean an era of substantial prosperity for the section of the state invaded by this industrial enterprise. There is timber enough on the Umpqua and its tributaries, say the experts, to last a generation at the rate at which it is now proposed to convert it into lumber. This estimate follows the statement that each of the three mills soon to be built will have a daily capacity of 75,000 feet, with arrangements that will permit this capacity to be doubled whenever it is deemed advisable to do so. This means an onslaught upon the "forest primeval" that would be protested against but for the fact that it represents a commercial proposition which is strictly legitimate and has nothing to do with sentiment. So long as our forest supply is intelligently used, not wantonly wasted, its commercial development will be looked upon with favor.

The Stratton estate is regarded as legitimate prey by people who base their claim to a slice in it upon the fact that the millionaire had money—more than he seemed to know what to do with—and had not been successful as a family man in securing harmony in his home. One of the late claimants is Mrs. Clara E. White, of Denver, high priestess of a communistic order of "Emetha Chavah," who says that Stratton promised to give her $2000 with which to publish a book explaining the new religion which she has founded. Of this sum she says there is a substantial balance of $1950 yet unpaid. Mr. Stratton, according to this claimant, was very much interested in her religion and her book. This may be, since it is generally believed that he was a man of unanchored mind, but the truth probably is that he gave her $50, the sum she has magnanimously credited upon her claim of two thousand as an easy, and as he probably thought, a cheap way to get rid of her, she having, as she says, visited him four times to press her need of money to carry out her project. Of men of wealth only those who lead reputable family lives and have reared children to inherit their accumulations can afford to die. Thwarted wishes, broken wills and perhaps damaged reputations follow the demise of all men of this class, whose lives do not follow in the line of domestic rectitude.

The United States Government very sensibly declines to give asylum in this country to a colony of Doukhobors. The elements that go to make good citizenship are conspicuously lacking in these people. A republic wants citizens. It has no use for fanatics who refuse to obey human laws and set themselves up as favorite children of God. Divine right, whether applied to rulers or people is not an accepted doctrine of republican faith. Monarchies can deal with these people much better than can a republic. Freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience is guaranteed to all American citizens, hence the wisdom of shutting out a sect that makes religion a plea for such antics as these Doukhobors have been playing up in Manitoba within the past month.

Three years ago the Wisconsin Legislature passed a stringent law prohibiting transportation companies from giving, and public officers or candidates for office from receiving, free passes. It is said that the law has been thoroughly enforced, and the railroad companies have been eager to observe it. Fear that it might be repealed led the supporters of the law in the last Legislature to submit to the people a constitutional amendment embodying its provisions in the fundamental law of the state, beyond legislative repeal. The voters of Wisconsin passed upon the amendment at the recent election, and it appears to have been carried.

Late advices from Guatemala City indicates that one son of his father was out of place in official life. Godfrey Hunter, Jr., son of United States Minister Hunter, figures in a murder case there to the scandal of the service and possibly to its great embarrassment. The dismissal of Dr. Hunter from his post is foreshadowed by the details of the affair, in which his son was conspicuous. If this is all the way out of the difficulty will be easy.

The long suspense and cruel anxiety of the wife and friends of Mr. J. W. Fuller have been ended by finding the body of the unfortunate man. Such consolation as a case so distressing admits is found in the fact that his sufferings were not protracted by exposure and want, but were evidently ended within a very short time after his disappearance. An estimable man, a worthy citizen—his sad fate is sincerely deplored.

Seven years ago David Rothschild, of New York City, who failed in the panic of 1893-94, was penniless and owed nearly $700,000. Although legally freed of his debts by the bankruptcy act he has paid them all and is today president of the Federal Bank of New York City, which organized about a month ago.

It is too much to expect that the anthracite controversy can be settled just yet. The lawyers have conducted their "brilliant" cross-examinations, but have not yet offered their eloquent, convincing, etc., summing up of the evidence.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

First Half Eliminated.

Cottage Grove Leader.

Governor Geer does not propose to have but one game of Senatorial football this time. No preliminary contest for him. One down is all he asks.

Justice in Timber Matters.

Albany Herald.

A good motto for the Government officials who are to investigate the alleged timber frauds in Oregon would be to let no guilty man escape, and also let no innocent claimant suffer.

Roosevelt Did It.

Heppner Times.

After all has been said as to the reason for the Republican landslide, the fact remains that it was due in a great measure to Roosevelt. His splendid character and the course of his Administration appeal to all Americans.

Give Him Time, Brother.

Colfax Commoner.

If President Roosevelt would go after the trusts with half the strenuosity he displays while hunting bear, the country might look for speedy relief from the extortions of these competition-destroying combinations.

Broad as They Make 'Em.

Waitsburg Times.

The spectacle of a Republican President going down to Memphis to join in the welcome to a Democrat, Vice-Governor Luke Wright, of the Philippine Islands, is an illustration of the breadth of the present occupant of the White House.

The Transparent Game.

Aurora Borealis.

An inquisitive exchange would like to know "who would be to blame should the Legislature tie up on the Senatorial question and delay the Lewis and Clark appropriation and other needed legislation." Assuredly, the Multnomah delegation. Let the members of this body go to Salem and ask for nothing but the appropriation until they get it. We hear a smile.

More Hotels Needed.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer.

What is Portland going to do with the big crowd that is expected to be there during the 1905 fair? At present it has not hotel accommodations for a little crowd like that which attended the irrigation congress this week. It is about time Portland were casting aside its infant's robes and putting on the clothes of a full-grown city, at least in regard to its hotels. If it proposes to entertain on an average of 10,000 visitors a day in 1905 it must get a move on itself and provide some place for them to sleep.

They Protest a Great Deal.

Boise News.

It will impress itself upon the mind of the average reader of the statements submitted to the arbitration commission by the coal-road presidents that they devote more space to affirming their unalterable determination not to recognize the union, nor permit the commission to use it, than is quite consistent with a determination not to recognize it. In point of fact they are giving the most formal kind of recognition, though perhaps in the way best calculated to prolong the trouble which led to the strike and kept it alive for five months.

No War Among the Members.

Eugene Register.

While the work done by the irrigation convention was not of official character, much light was thrown on the necessity for irrigation throughout the state, which will have quite a bearing in making intelligent use of the Government funds to be expended for that purpose. The greater benefits will naturally accrue to Eastern Oregon, but the western half of the state realizes that what benefits Eastern Oregon adds to the growth and development of Western Oregon. We want a strong right arm to assist an equally strong left to give us a well-balanced state.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Chehalis Bee-Nugget.

Next Thursday will be the annual Thanksgiving day. The people of the United States have more reason than ever before to be thankful, and our own citizens of Lewis County are no exception in this regard. In fact, we have much more reason to be thankful than many others. We are living in the best climate that is; our people are prosperous and every mother's son who wants a job has all the work he can do; the farmer has money in the bank or corded up in his woodshed; we have health, happiness and prosperity on every hand. Why not be thankful?

Oregon Destined to Be Great.

Harrisburg Bulletin.

That Oregon is destined to greatness and is now taking rapid and direct steps on that road needs no philosopher to foretell. The country has the resources. Capital and labor are finding out their opportunities here. Home people are displaying an interest not heretofore kpown. The promoters of transportation have taken up the work of disseminating throughout the Eastern States what we are, what we have, and what they can do out here, and when all these forces are well organized and thoroughly at work the whole state will hum with the activities of regeneration.

Prosperity in Willamette Valley.

Oregon City Enterprise.

The most encouraging reports are coming from all up and down the Valley in regard to the growth of towns and the settlement and development of the country surrounding them. Woodburn is growing and prospering. The town of Gervais, badly damaged by a fire that swept away its main business district, is beginning to build up, and will be a more substantial place than ever. Silverton and Dallas and all the towns of the country surrounding Salem are going ahead. We are entering upon a period of expansion, and the whole Valley and the whole state are beneficially affected.

The Lieu Land Complication.

McMinnville Reporter.

The Oregon forest reserve is now larger that a good many Eastern States of the Union, and desire for more continues in the minds of some of the land officials. There is a strong suspicion that ulterior agencies are at work and that the proposed conversion of these extensive and valuable timber lands into a forest reserve has been inspired for the purpose of selfish gain by someone. A thorough investigation of the situation should be made before the Government acts on the suggestion of the Land Commissioner. If frauds are being committed through irregular timber land locations they can be defeated by other means than forest reserving and without putting other vital interests in jeopardy.

Curious View of Loud.

Hillsboro Argus.

That Eugene Loud, of San Jose, Cal., has been defeated for Congress is a matter of much pleasure to those country newspaper men who have watched that Congressman's policies in the lower house. Loud has always worked against the country newspaper—not because he despised them, but because he was working for the big news agencies. Everything he could do against the country publisher was his forte. Petition after petition at each session of Congress has found its way to Washington asking members of Congress to look out for Loud and his various bills against the country newspaper. Loud lived in a district where the country newspaper was overshadowed by the bigger papers, and he was not fearing the weekly paper. His defeat is sufficient balm to many a country publisher who is dissatisfied with the way the elections went in North Carolina and Pennsylvania.

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

NO. 9—COWPER'S "TASK."

"The Task" is Cowper at his best. While its title suggests restraint, the work itself is delightful, among other reasons for the freedom and breadth of its range. Here is opportunity for the expression of wide classical scholarship and judgment, for minuteness of observation and sublimity of thought and diction, for graceful narration and characteristic excursive moralizing, for philanthropy without narrowness and morbidity, and for cheerful piety. And the love of nature and rural retirement animates the whole production. Whatever the subject, it is looked at from a restful point of view, and enjoyed by the reader without risk of irritation and annoyance, that is, if he has the good sense to be content that the poet speak his own thought, never mind how harsh the expression at odd times. And I, for one, love this easy-going discursive essay in correct and musical blank verse, written with art consummately cultivated and therefore without affectation, none the less that occasionally it gives an incidental glimpse of a man, spite of his greater self, whom, if his sad life did not deprecate even a just degree of severity, one might describe as at times narrow, waspishly satirical and too rudely in earnest. But the "poetic pains," as he called them, engaged in "The Task," have, as a rule, the glad spontaneity of one speaking out his whole mind with love unhindered, excepting here and there, by the influence of meddlers with his religious and social life. Alas, for an unmanly absence of self-assertion when this was needed the most! But to be just to the friends who conscientiously did their best to make Cowper's life miserable, while they intended only loving service, we do well to remember that while they and he (sometimes) saw the truth in false perspective, as we think, both their religious vision and his comprehended the most exalted doctrines and ethics of the Christian faith. These are presented by Cowper with greater distinctness and beauty than by any other writer of the school to which he was supposed to belong. He was immeasurably greater than a mere sectarian. His genius enabled him to shrine imperishably in the verse of his masterpiece, a convincing expression of the harmony between Nature and Biblical revelation, and of the hope and anticipation of a glorious millennium. In the composition of this great poem the eagle was master of his powers of easy and graceful and strong and soaring flight, and we see him drop now and then with the assurance that he will again rise with undiminished powers.

The smile of a lovely and gracious woman inspired "The Task" she set him to perform. Thus it was begun under an influence of which he knew sadly too little. Lady Austen was not Mrs. Unwin, but this Puritanical widow survived the influence of her brilliant competitor in the simple poet's regards, and as a writer tells us: "Before 'The Task' was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney (where Cowper lived at the residence of Mrs. Unwin) without any intention of returning to it." The publication of the poem in 1785 set the reading world agog. It signified virtually the beginning of the natural school of poetry, as distinguished from the often far-fetched affectations which disfigure the otherwise conspicuous merits of several generations of poets preceding the date given.

Such a passage as this was delightfully new to the reader of 1785:

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restoro
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his sounding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and animate the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please nightly for their sake.

In their way no less pleasing are pictures of Winter's within-door, quiet enjoyments:

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

I am tempted to quote the after-going description of a newspaper:

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?

But I forbear, forbidden by want of space.

He speaks of evening as

Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers; not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

This is, to my mind, a choice bit culled at random from many of the same general quality of thoughtful reflection:

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler, too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature, in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?

Cowper of "The Task" was an optimist. It were vain to regret that his powers, which were but intermittently relieved in their operation of mental trouble and insanity, accomplished but little, in proportion to their very real and exceptional greatness, of the quality which gives "The Task" a leading place in English literature. Dwelling on the good time coming, the poet surpasses himself. He sees that

What, remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
. . . . . .
O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal Spring.

And in glowing language he proceeds to see the triumph of the church when

Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love.
. . . . . .
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.

The sonorous sweep and swell of this grand verse, surely suggests a return to the good, old habit, in homes of cultivation and refinement, of reading "The Task," by William Cowper, Esq.

HENRY G. TAYLOR.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A rushing business—football.

A street crossing is where the street crosses the walk.

The cook is now modiste to the turkey by special appointment.

The San Francisco Examiner is now hotly discussing the question whether Carnegie's life is a success. Thus quickly does political preferment lead Mr. Hearst into jealousies and bickerings.

An editor who runs a notes and query column received the following: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find two or three lying on their backs, toes curled up, never to rise again." The editor replied as follows: "Your hens are dead."

Now comes the horrible story of the shipwrecked sailors who, after days in an open boat, drank each other's blood. This is pitiful. Had these thirsty creatures lived ashore they might have gorged themselves on human hearts and founded universities on the strength thereof to the edification of the world.

Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, telling how healthy his section of the state is, remarked: "A mountaineer, aged 92, and his wife, aged 90, were returning from the funeral of their oldest child, who had died at the age of 71. They were both deeply grieved. As they were discussing their loss the wife said:

"'I always told you, John, that we would never raise that child.'"

There is an old story which was revived the other day apropos of Water street. It runs that a man was trudging along up to his knees in mud, when he saw a head bobbing just above the surface of the road. When he got within hailing distance he discerned the face of a man, and in genuine chivalry cried, "Hello, can't I help you out? You seem to be in a bad way."

"Don't worry about me," came the cheerful answer. "I'm riding in an express wagon."

Some befogged scientist is now discussing what to do with old men. For some centuries the question has been: What to do with young men? Now it is supposed that the young man can take excellent care of himself, and the man with white hair has outlived his usefulness. This conscientious scientist is very young, and in time will discover that old men are those who keep the world in the channels of righteousness. Age does not imply debility any more than youth implies lack of thoughtfulness. There are no possible statistics comparable in value to the mature wisdom of the man who has lived and accomplished. Let youth figure with the pencil of hope, but the balance will be struck by experience.

Two little girls came to the Marquam late yesterday afternoon and wandered around as if they had lost something. After some delay and peering about at various signs they tackled a man and asked him: "Is it a children's matinee today?"

"I don't know," was the response; "but I suppose you can get in if you pay."

After some further hesitation the two mites went to the doorkeeper and proposed to him that he let them in to "look a little while for 6 cents." Inquiry showed that these two matinee fiends possessed but a nickel between them. The manager's attention was called to this, and he decided that five pins was the admission for standing room in this case, and the two maids of tender years were permitted to see the last of "The Belle of New York." Although a reporter tried to get an authorized interview after the performance they refused to talk, alleging that they had extensive shopping to do on the abundant nickel.

All his life the elder Dumas, author of "Monte Cristo," "The Musketeers," and many other famous works, was taunted with his negro descent; the caricaturists and lampooners, with execrable taste, made the crisp hair and lean calves of the quadroon the subject of innumerable gibes. A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding once took the liberty to question the romancer reather closely concerning his genealogical tree. "You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" he began. "I am sir," replied the author. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "A negro," hastily answered Dumas, whose patience was waning fast—too fast for him to trouble about accuracy. "And may I inquire what your greatgrandfather was?" "An ape, sir!" thundered the great man—"an ape, sir!" My pedigree commences where yours terminates!"

The young man with the poetic looks and the newsboy voice took the trumpet from the hook and yelled "Central!" Without waiting for a reply he roared a number and turned disgustedly to the men in the office and denounced profanely the idiocy of expecting a woman to understand that a business man wished things in a hurry. When his harangue was appropriately concluded by some more bad language, he shrieked again, "Hello, Central!"

— — —

"What? If this isn't Central, hang up, you fool."

— — —

"Is this the Pandemonium office! Certainly, it is. What do you want?"

— — — — — —

The young fellow wiped perspiration from his brow and for 10 minutes explained to her that he had not been talking to her, but to a dog in the next room. Central had given him the right number and was avenged.

In a book published lately is exemplified the distinction between the author and his work. Richard Harding Davis is probably the best-hated man in America among those who brook his acquaintance. As a consequence the critics have been bending admiration for his undoubtedly good work with rancorous criticism of the man. Those who say a man and his work are identical err, as far as the cold, passionless people who assert that the author and his book have no connection. The truth lies between. No man is so consistently an idealist, so thoroughly alive to the high impulses of life as the man who sits him down to paint into vitality the vision of his heart. But the plain fact that it is his heart forbids careless exposure to all. Snobbishness, conceit, even ribald license are the refuge of those who feel that the tenderness of a soul cannot live in the glare of common life. Mr. Davis stands for manfulness and courageous deed. That is his true nature. It is his misfortune and his defense that in ordinary life his words and acts breed hatred. Genius will always be lonely. He who presses on to a high calling must too frequently trample under foot what he loves only less than his art.