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TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy; slightduring the

TESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum temperature, 45 deg.; minim deg.; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1903.

THE USE OF THE HORSE.

Again there is a lively demand for the horse, at good to high prices. Which means, of course, that horses, especially good ones, are scarce. A few years ago many horsebreeders seemed dised to give up in despair. Hence the scarcity of horses now. But there never can be more than a temporary interruption of the demand for good horses; and now the business is better, perhaps, than ever it was in Oregon.

Of all animals, the horse is the most useful and the most beautiful. Without the horse it is doubtful whether man ever could have reached any stage of real civilization. Man in America had no horse; and students of the primitive conditions of the human race hold that the want of the horse was one of the chief reasons why man in America-though he had dwelt for ages here-had made little progress, and probably never could have made more. In America there was no animal of superior strength to do the work of man; no animal fleet of foot to aid man's slow locomotion.

Steam and electricity have relieved the horse of much of his drudgery; but the farm work and country work must still be done by the horse-till the land shall contain so many human inhabitants that there will be no room for the horse, and agricultural labor will be done with human hands, as now in many parts of the Old World. But this is not a hopeful prospect; for it means human degradation.

There seems now less probability automobile. It is used mainly by those who make a fad of it, and who must be devoted for the time to one fad or an-On certain avenues of large cities it is used for conveyance of passengers, but little or nothing can be done with it where the streets are very thronged. Besides, it is a dangerous machine, both to those who ride in it and to those within reach of it. Those on pleasure bent, except a few faddists will always turn to the horse, that is certain; for no horseless vehicle can give the satisfaction one feels when be hind a span of quick-stepping horses.

Doubtless the horse, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says, is an expensive luxury and not for all purses. but neither are many other things that go to make up the pleasures of the world; and the automobile is more expensive than the horse. We cannot all live in "huts of very plain brown-stone," fronting on the boulevard, such as "The Autocrat" says he would have contented himself with; we cannot have galleries of rare works of art and rich garniture in general; but if we are healthfully constituted we can look at these things in the possession of others and take pleasure in the sight. So we can visit the horse show and get satisfaction, if we will. But who could ever be delighted with the sight of a

filled with automobiles? The horse will always be with us. Other methods of locomotion never will supersede him.

HOW PORTLAND CAME TO WIN.

At last the nine young men wearing gray uniforms with brown trimmings known to the good citizens of Portland as the Portland Browns, have broken into the percentage column From March 26 to April 10 these sturdy young men lost ball games in a manner that turned the hair of Portland fans gray. The victory to the Browns Friday came none too soon. The loss of another game and another wait of twenty-four hours would have been more than the shattered nerves of the local fans could have stood. Statistics compiled by the light of Friday night's moon show that at least twenty of Portland's leading business men-fans the deep and double-dyed huewould have been candidates for the mental-repair factory at Salem.

The Browns have won their first game-of course they did. How news through the city went flying! And they followed it up by winning another nerve-racking contest yesterday. Mirabile dictu! The initial victory did not surprise several of Portland's most They had called upon Prophet Gaston Winagame, that swarthy man, with a face of crimson, who carries about with him bags of snakes, bundles of scourges of terrible fury, three-legged birds of evil omen caught in the midnight with the soroery of ancient Egypt, with herbs that calm like the drug of Juliet's monk, with lightning stored from the wrath of opposition. Prophet Winagame

pleadings of the fans. Twice over and Professor Pickering seems at again they begged and supplicated, and their talk fell not upon ears that heard

While the pleaders were still pleading Prophet Winagame slowly arose and pointed with his quivering index finger southward toward Sacramento. His Ella Wheeler Wilcox-like figure rose to "its full height" and his Marconi sysbegan to work. Fans felt the psychic vibration, but they were courageous, so they waited. Slowly the prophet began to talk: "I have read Latin by the moon, and I have delved into the mysteries of the differential calculus as the equinoctial was at its height; I have with me a rabbit's foot that has drawn mystic circles around the shrine of the first Rameses, and I have read Browning. Stop! that's the word, Browning-the Browns, Tomorrow they win. Go home now, you fans while I mix me broth that will stop the winning streak of Mique Fisher's Senators. I have sworn in two languages that the Browns shall win-the time set is Good Friday."

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Beneath the sky two contending armies of faith array themselves the minimizers and the exalters of the hu man race. Is man a being of Godlike majesty fit for the companionship of his Maker throughout eternity, made in the image of God and but a little lower than the angels, or is he a mere speck in the sunbeam of time, a negligible maggot in the great cosmic cheese!

It would be a fascinating study to show from how many points of view this greatest of the themes of thought may be approached. The riddle has been sought in the alembic of the alchemist, the soul of the seer, the lens of the akronomer. There are argu ments from design, arguments from analogy, arguments from conscious ness. Yet the question seems open to argument still. The last word has assuredly not been said, and, while in old Omar's time, Inquirers were wont to frequent doctor and saint, today they seek the man of science and the philosopher, but aye come out at the same door wherein they go.

Materialism may not be true, but it is at least logical and impressive. speak in its terms, we may say that, given a universe of primordial nebula, we should be in a fair way to get in the ordinary course of inescapable law, just about the circumstances and the life we know. There is no alternative of the hypothesis that two and two are four, or that a diameter multiplied by 3.141592 gives you the circumference, or the precession of the equinoxes, or the effect of tidal action, or the persistence of force, or the law of gravity, or the adaptation of organisms to their en vironment by the process of natural selection. Given matter as it is, and laws whose opposite we can scarcely conceive, and there you have the universe as it is today, conditioned only upon the requisite lapse of time.

We are tempted sometimes to give thanks for things that could hardly have been otherwise. It is not surprising, for example, that the earth is so mirably adapted to man's abode, if we consider the fact that man is the product of these same conditions. That the human frame fits into the exterior mold in which it finds itself is no more wonderful than it is to find a house look green which has been painted with

green paint. It looks remarkable, at first blush, to see the amphibian so cleverly hooked up for both land and sea subsistence; but it becomes quite a matter of course when we reflect that he would have been swept out of existence long ago but for this fortunate equipment, and that innumerable comrades of his have lived but a day because they found themselves unable to withstand envithan a while ago of general use of the ronment with their imperfect preparation. Every surviving species in this great graveyard of a planet is the happy exception among multitudes that have swarmed into existence in our prolific air, earth and sea, only to be wiped away by pitiless fate. It is as if we should stand on the ocean shore on the morning after a great storm and marvel at the loving care which had bestowed upon the sole survivor a life-buoy, a raft, a rugged constitution and an iron will, with no thought of the hundred other wretches who went down in the waves, with none to hear their cry or lend a hand or carry the dying message to true

> Man is the product of the earth; and It is quite the necessary thing that he should find upon it things adapted to his use. Out of a hundred useless minerals, he picks out coal to warm him. Its carbon combines with oxygen to make heat. This is not providence, but necessity; for only by these laws of chemistry was the globe itself possible. Morning succeeds night, and Spring the Winter, but so it must be with every globe like ours, and so it is with numberless ones that have no beings to rejoice at it. Such life as the planet could support would have perforce bred and fought and brought forth its kind in pain and misgiving, however long the day or night, however inclined the axis to the orbit. Man, beast and plant take their lives because just such lives and only such can survive in the circumstances. The naked globe is no more fitted to the abode of civilized man than the rough ore in the Iron mine is fitted to support a sky-scraper

or turn the wheels of your admirable split-second Waitham. Immeasurably far as this view of man is from the calm abode of the poet and prophet, it is somewhat reassuring, on the whole, to be reminded, as by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in a late number of the Independent, that stern-browed Science herself is sometimes fain to come back to the ancient dream of man as the child of Delty, descended from the gods, bestowed from eternity with immortality, and the central figure in the cosmic plan. The unique position occupied by man in the theology of the early world is measurably countenanced by Mr. Wallace in his astronomical estimate of the solar system as the approximate center of the universe, and of the earth as the only habitable body in the system. In a later issue of the Independent, Mr. Wallace's speculations are dis-credited by Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard Observatory, who never theless inclines to agree with him that, with one possible exception in the case of Mars, our sister planets are uninhabited. He also believes that man is the most intelligent animal in the universe, and that the earth is of such antiquity that if an angel had visited it once every 180,000 years he would perhaps have come a thousand times since our planet was launched into space. But only on his last visit would he have found life upon it.

needless pains to emphasize, but his scientific training and method are not to be lightly set aside. Moreover, the great Englishman's suggestions are strikingly in line with those offered some years ago by Dr. T. J. J. See, of the Naval Observatory staff and Mexican observations, upon which Dr. See's conclusions were based; and it is simply unaccountable that he treats this subject so fully without mention of these conclusions; principal of which, as regards the question in hand, was that throughout space there is no evidence of another such orderly and beautiful system as we of the sun's family enjoy. It is perhaps worth remarking, incidentally, that if man were contemplated as the end of creation, the process adopted would necessarily have been just about

what we see in operation. There are but two explanations of the universe-God and chance. Darwinism, wherever design is shut out, is simply chance. In all the multitudicombinations which heredity poured forth upon the earth and only those fortuitously fitted to their environment "chanced" to survive. The green bug does not live upon the green leaf because Nature kindly provided him that invisible cloak, but merely because he alone out of the myriads of many colors escaped the enemy's devouring eye. The heron of the lightning beak and noiseless feet is not designedly endowed for survival; it is only that his thousand companions, formed by chance in different shapes, perished from sheer maladroitness by starvation. Man himself is man, simply because chance combined in him the brain for memory and the lips for

speech. But when all is said and done, the ultimate appeal, filogically, perhaps, but ertainly, and especially at the tertime, is to consciousness. The as-tronomer and evolutionist come back at last to the question, Is this august procession of wonders to terminate in a mere speck on the wheel of time? Is man, with all the aspirations of his deepest nature, a sort of false alarm in Nature, and is conscience as the voice of God within the soul to be prounced a hoax? It is flattering to man's vanity to think that he is born for the eternal years; that though his feet are on the clay, his soul may commune with the Infinite God; that in the highest heaven, whither his thought so loves to soar, there may be thought also of him. It is a vision, whether true or false, that has possessed the noblest minds, the loftlest, the most

steadfast. It is the cry of Tennyson: Thou madest man he knows not why, He thinks he was not made to die, And thou hast made him, thou art just?

WHO ARE THE WEAKLINGS!

In more than one of President Roose velt's public addresses there is the as sertion that our civilisation will become 'a brutal sham and a mockery if during this century the men of high and ne moral sense show themselves weaklings; if they possess only that clois-tered virtue which shrinks shuddering from contact with the raw facts of actual life; if they dare not go down into the hurly-burly where the men of might contend for the mastery; if they stand aside from the pressure and conflict." The President, of course, does not mean by "cravens" and "weak lings" the invertebrate children who have inherited superfluous wealth from their parents; for this class is too small and too inconsequential to be other than a cheap man of straw, a punching-bag for the President's fists. The to interfere with his power of philosophic thought. His language sometimes is that of a man who places the physical above the moral for attainment of a high and enviable and the spirit of a military chieftain rather

than a statesman, The American people are prone sharp differences of opinion on public questions; but it does not make the American people open to the epithets of "cravens" or "weaklings" because many of them, while they do not fear just and honorable war, nevertheless prefer the victories of peace. A Chicago journal, Public Policy; pronounces Mr. Roosevelt's discourse false in spots. and fine moral sense has ever been or can ever be a weakling. Civilization became possible through the courage of such men. It is maintained and advanced by their courage today. All the 'brutality, sham and mockery' there is in our civilization comes from brute strength divorced from a high and fine moral sense.' From men possessing a high and fine moral sense have come all of the great man-ennobling movements that, mark epochs of true advancement in the history of the

The point is well taken. It does not reflect upon the sincerity, the strength of character and wholesome energy of President Roosevelt, but it reveals his disposition to talk as if the "hurlyburly." the "raw facts of life," stood chiefly for the struggle of brute force and a wrestle with cold steel. He who thinks that men of high and fine moral sense are in danger of showing themselves weaklings has read history with a careless eye. "Great Captains, with their guns and drums, disturb our judgment for the hour, but at last silence comes." Behind the guns and drums of Grant stood Lincoln, of whose high and fine moral sense Grant was but the military executive. The greatest and rarest man of our struggle was its man of high and fine moral sense, the modest and shy Lincoln, who could be drawn into politics only by a great cause whose success appealed to him strongly when personal ambition could not attract him. The great side of Cromwell was not his soldiership, but the conscience and courage of statesmanship, which rested on his plety and moral sense. Cromwell and Hampden, like our own Washington and Lincoln, were men who were drawn out of comparative retirement into the "hurly-burly" because the voice of duty, not the trumpet call of ambition. started them to their feet. To talk about men of "high moral sense showing themselves weaklings" is a contradiction in terms, for such men are never weaklings in any life struggle that stands for high public or private duty. Nobody hates war more in-tensely than a conscientious clergyman, man who feil leading a charge at Fred-ericksburg, and another clergyman who was a Captain in the Tenth Massachusetts fell at the Wilderness; Professor Chamberfain, of Bowdoin College, led

ound Top. There were many clergymen in our Western Army, and no braver men won more glory where

was much glory.' Napoleon was the greatest exemplar of the atrenuous life the world ever saw; but we do not rate him as a great-Washington. If we remember aright, er force in the world's permanent life Professor Pickering was at one time than Shakespeare, who was the genius associated with Dr. See in the Fiag- of contemplation rather than of drum and trumpet action in war and politics. Cervantes did his duty in the hurlyburly of the great sea fight of Lepanto but the immortal part of Cervantes, his high and fine moral sense, is not sought for in his contribution to the world of warlike sturt and strife. The Christian world could better have lost Lepanto than to have been without "Pon Quirote."

Webster was a man of strenuous life

> Channing, because he was a man of more moral courage in his anti-slavery attitude than Webster. His pulpit brethren were against him; his parishioners and friends had no sympathy with his views; he did not naturally love controversy and opposition; he had no natural joy of the conflict; he had a delicate, small, weak body and no physical pugnacity, but he ruled down his natural timidity of temper, and his latest biographer says of him that he "dld not generally require the trumpet of fame to be sounded before the man to whom he lent sympathetic ear, if he came with any plea for a humane consideration of a just and righteous cause." Feeble in body, mild temper, Dr. Channing was not afraid of his rich, aristocratic congregation, which was so bigoted that a lady lost her seat in a private pew because she asked Garrison to sit with her. Webster, powerful in body and mind, was afraid of his party, afraid of his own fame, and he manifested less moral courage than delicate little Dr. Channing, whose spirit triumphed over his weak flesh simply because he was a man of high and fine moral sense; he followed the flag of his conscience more heroically than did Daniel Web ster, despite the fact that Channing had the frail physique and the gentle spirit that is associated mind with what is termed "a cloistered But it was the frail-bodied Channing that in the hour of trial and danger was a braver and better soldier cross than the stalwart, leonine

There is a trifle too much of Carlyle's apotheosis of mere brute force in the evolution of modern civilization in Mr. oseveit's indictment of "weakings" and "cravens" in American life. We grant that the world would be an uncleared wilderness without the man of Jacksonian force and fighting quality, but we should not forget that the world would be nothing but a mo onous vast wheat farm, a world of nothing but coal, cotton and corn, of ships and stocks, without "the man of high and fine moral sense," whose winged spirit expresses itself in outward form of action and speech instinct with thrilling and inspiring spiritual aspiration. Moral force, however, need not be divorced from physical force. In the last resort or analysis, it is the ability to fight that tells and decides, Moral force needs physical strength to give it effectiveness in the world of

Webster.

deeds.

CHEERFUL CREED AND ITS

APOSTLES. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, erstwhile poetess of "passion," now apostle of "new thought," is with us. The extravaganza of her first poems is equaled by the optimistic philosophy of her present creed. This is saying a good deal, but one has only to glance through her latest volume to realize the truth of the statement. Her creed is a cheerful one, nd parts fitted to minister to the self-complaenduring civilization. He seems at cency of people whose lines have fallen times to speak, if he does not think, in in pleasant places. For example, she exhorts everybody to throw away their old clothes in the Spring and Fall and get new ones, declaring that there is "new strength, repose of mind and inspiration in fresh apparel." The practical woman, who must wear her old clothes, with such furbishing as her limfted means and tact in making over permits, assents readily to this the but rising for information would ask the cheerful apostle how she would manage to reduce it to practice, were saying that no man possessing a "high her husband working on a salary of \$60, or even \$100, a month, and the children -from four to six in number-were, because of a Winter's rampant growth between them and their Fall outfitting, each and all needing new clothes?

"God gives Nature new garme every season; we are a part of Nature. This is logic worthy of a poet-the logic of a woman who has for the asking everything she wants; but it can hardly be found conclusive to the woman who must make the most of limited means in keeping herself and her family respectably clad. A statement that applies to the lilies of the field with beauty and sufficiency has long ago been discarded as inapplicable to man bodies, which unfortunately for this theory, do not grow their own cov

But when, in continuing her quisition upon "old clothes," Mrs. Wilcox says, "When I read of a wealthy man who boasts that he has worn one hat seven years, or a woman in affluent circumstances who has worn one bonnet for various seasons, I feel sorry for their ignorance and ashamed of their penuriousness," she voices of sentiment to which none but sordid and

penurious souls will demur. A further statement of creed, which may be cheerfully indersed by persons not too practical, is that which declares that "right thinking pays large divi-dends." She urges all to think success, prosperity, usefulness, adding: much more profitable than thinking self-destruction, or the effort at self-destruction, for that is an act that aims at an impossibility." clause is, of course, a matter of opinwill only change your location from one state to another, you did not make yourself, you cannot unmake yourself. you can merely put yourself amo ong the spiritual tramps that hang about earth's borders, because they have not prepared a better place for themselves," she prescribes what should prove a strong tonic to the would-be suicide—the man or woman who is contemplating a "cheap, vulgar, cowardly

Again, when Mrs. Wilcox says "It is an unpardonable sin to talk discouragingly to human souls hungering for hope," she states strongly a simple truth concerning those "who should know better than to add to the mental Mr. Wallace is not an astronomer, as the Maine regiment that saved Little malaria of the world." Finally, the within the last twenty years, beginning ton.

sarted reformed sinner than a hard-sarted model of good behavior." who would "rather learn sympathy threatn than not learn it at all." who clares that there is nothing that can-not be lived down, risen above and overcome, does well to promulgate her creed, even if it is not unmixed with much that is visionary, impractical and unreal, and is heraided under the catch-name of "the new thought."

The opinions of Mr. M. H. DeYou of San Francisco, to the effect that a woman's department at an exposition is a certain and persistent breeder of con-tention, and his advice to us to avoid trouble and expense by eliminating the proposed woman's department from our plans, have not escaped criticism. compared with Dr. Channing, but Dr. It was only a few days ago that a Pendieton paper, in something like a spasm high and fine moral sense, showed far of manly gallantry, rushed to the defense of our "mothers, wives and daughters"—not to mention our sisters, cousins and aunts -upon the very much strained assumption that Mr. DeYoung had said something very unkind. And there have been other champions who have felt-or at least declared-that lovely woman has been grievously out-raged by Mr. DeYoung's opinions. Mr. DeYoung needs no defense. His

statement was in answer to questions asked him by The Oregonian. It was a courteous response on the part of a man of experience in such matters to our desire for the results of his experience. He said simply and with no tone of disrespect to womankind that he had never been able to discover any real distinction between man's work and woman's work; that work was work, no matter who did it; that he saw no point in making a line of distinction where there was none in reason or fact. He said, further, that his observation of women's departments of expositions had taught him that they cost an amount of money entirely out of proportion to the results which they brought about that in the organization of the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco -one of the pre-eminently successful of American expositions, by the way-he had "cut out" anything like a distinctive woman's department, and had not been able to see that anything had been lost thereby. It was, he said, universal experience that a woman's department was a source of annoying problems of precedence and of a veritable sinkhole of expense, since few women had sufficient experience in the administration of large affairs to do business upon business principles and to make the mest of funds put into their hands. He declared that there is work in plenty for women to do in connection with a exposition; but it is not a work calling for a special departmental organization As well, he said, have a distinctively man's department as a woman's depart-

Mr. DeYoung's opinions were given by The Oregonian for what they are worth without discussion; we do now commend or apologize for them; they are the result of much experience and they merit careful consideration, unbiased by passion or hysteria. No question of the "dignity" or "respect" for wemanhood is involved in it; it is simply a matter of business expe and was so presented by Mr. DeYoung. But his advice finds some color of confirmation in questions which are raised in connection with an organization of women in promotion of the Exposition a few days back.

A week has not passed since this organization was effected or alleged to be effected, and already the hairpullingspeak metaphorically-has On the one hand, the desire of the clubwomen to erect a building on the Fair grounds, without expense to the assoclation, is altogether commendable; and on the other, the effort, under direction of the proper committee, to arouse interest among the women, is entirely proper and not subject to criticism We should say that the clubwomen should be encouraged in every way possible; and at the same time that the directors are wise in declining to restrict the participation of womthose with club memberships. There should be welcome and a place for women who do not believe in clubs as well as for those that do.

THE MATERIALS OF HISTORY. The Oregonian is in receipt of an ad-

vance print of volume 16, series 1, of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion." This volume gives the operations of the South Atlantic blockading squadron from October 1, 1863, to September 30, 1854. The reports and correspondence are placed chronologically. In the record of events in which both sides took part, the Confederate reports, when they could be obtained, immediately follow the Union reports, while the miscellaneous Confederate correspondence is placed at the end of the volume. The most important event covered by these official records is the bombardment of Fort Sum-ter, October 26 to November 10, 1863, by the ironclad fleet of Admiral Dahlgren The bombardment, supported by the fire of our land batteries, reduced Fort Sumter to a heap of ruins, but left it still in a defensible condition against boat parties attempting to occupy it. The work of preparing for publication these official records of the Union and Confederate navies was begun in July, 1884: their publication was finally authorized by Congress in July, 1894, and began in that year. The first series of the naval records of the Civil War embrace the reports, orders and corre-spondence, both Union and Confederate, relating to all naval operations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and inland waters of the United States during The second series embraces the reports, orders and correspondence relating to the condition of the Union Navy in 1861, and the construction and outfit of the Confederate navy, including privateers. Thus far the reports of the Union commanders The last are found to be full and fairly complete but the Confederate records are far ion or belief. But when she adds, "You from complete, which is due to the great difficulty found in collecting them, and also to the fact that a large part of the archives of the Confederate Navy Department at Richmond was burned at the close of the war when Lee's army evacuated the city. The collection and publication by our

Government of the military and naval official records, both Union and Confederate, cannot be too highly commended. History depends for its accuracy on a complete collection and comparison of its materials, and full naterials can seldom be had until long after the events with which the his The torian deals have transpired. major portion of our enlarged history of the Civil War has been written

with the publication of the Scribner so ries, "Campaigns of the Civil War," prepared by distinguished soldiers, to whom the Government and other custo-dians of records and special informasded every ald in their power This was followed by the Century war papers, which served to correct or con-firm earlier histories from fuller and more complete materials, and even within the last five years important additions and corrections have been made by the publication of the military men oirs of General J. M. Schoffeld and his able lieutenant, General J. D. Cox.

Since Greeley's "American Conflict"

was published in 1866. Grant, Sherman

Sheridan, Pope, Porter, McClellan

Humphreys and other eminent soldiers

have published the history of the great campaigns in which they took the leading or an important personal part; and the Confederate side of the great struggle has been fully told in the me of Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Hood, Longstreet, Forrest, D. H. Hill and Jefferson Davis. The best Confederate books are those of Beauregard, Longstreet and Joe Johnston. The best war books on the Union side are those of Humphreys, Schofield and Cox. There are also a large number of carefully prepared books like the "Life and Cor respondence" of General Thomas Kilby Smith and General M. F. Force, me whose superior ability, intelligence and professional attainments brought them into very near and confidential official relations with Grant and Sherman. All this material is valuable for the it helps to cast on the inner side of the conflict; but the most valuable materials of history, of course, are the official reports, both Union and Confederate, already published by the Federal Government, to which the War Department is now preparing to add a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. Secretary Root holds that it is

fair to the South to make a list of its soldiers for the benefit of posterity, and he has sent a letter to the Governors of all the states which furnished troops for the Confederate armies, asking fo their co-operation. We are nearly eighty-eight years from the battle of Waterloo, and yet we are only today getting at the whole truth of Napoleon's military and political career and character. The authentic materials for full and accurate history of our great Civil War are not yet exhausted; they are accumulating every day in the publication of official records, regimental histories, private diaries and memoranda of civic and military function aries of high responsibility and unsullied reputation for veracity. Another thirty years may pass away before the materials for a complete history will all be collected, sifted and digested by the historian.

A curious "christening" is scheduled to take place at Cramps' shippard next The new Turkish warship month. Medjidi will slip from the ways, and the Sultan has asked Miss Alice Roosevelt to "christen" her. In common use, to christen is to name, and this is all there is of the ceremony in the case a warship. But in point of fact, to christen is to bestow a Christian name Medjidi" will hardly come under this head, since the vessel will belong to a Mohammedan and not a Christian nation, notwithstanding her so-called 'christening." The payment of certain Turkish debts to American citizens was arranged for in the contract made with the Cramps for building this ship. These payments being covered in the contract price of the vessel, the Sultan thereby escaped direct payment, and incidentally prevented a horde of European claimants from calling upon him for settlement. Diplomacy enters into this matter. There are other American claims and certain demands American missionaries in Turkey pending. To secure an adjustment of these the good will of Abdul Hamid is necestive by the sary. There was a sound of revelry by night, and Belgium's capital had gathered then the beauty and her chivalry, and bright the lamps shuns o'er fair women and brave for the extension of privileges to doubt officiate at the ceremony of christening the warship of an un-Christian nation, as requested.

And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush hark! a deep sound strikes like a

Until within relatively recent years Presidents of the United States have not journeyed far from Washington. President Hayes was first to break this record by pushing out to the Pacific Coast. President Harrison followed some years later, and President McKinley made a brave but futile attempt two years ago to cover the route which President Roosevelt has undertaken. Each of his predecessors in this line traveled more leisurely than President Roosevelt is doing. It is easy to see that his rest in Yellowstone Park will be that of a strenuous man, out for all that there is in the trip. However, he will be relieved from speechmaking and handshaking during the time that he is lost to an admiring constituency in the solitudes of the great park. Hence, even if he goes gunning for mountain lions, rises early and tramps late, he will enjoy the rest that come

from getting tired in a new direction. Marian Fergus Woolman, of Burlington, N. J., lately a pupil of Vassar Col lege, and possessed of a fortune of \$100,-060 being impressed with the usefulness of Salvation Army methods in reaching and reclaiming the lowly and degraded, has lately become a zealous worker in the Salvation Army barracks and on the streets. Her friends marvel at her strange choice of labor and position, even as did those of Miss Drexel, of Philadelphia, heiress to an independent fortune, who a few years ago entered a convent. But the young woman is firm in her determination to direct her efforts and means into what she considers a channel for good, and her voice is heard nightly in singing and exhortation upon the streets. Who shall say that she has not made better use of her talent than if she had buried it in a petty title and gone to live an idle, aimless life abroad?

A bill is before the New York Assembly calling October 14 "Discovery day" and making it a legal holiday in that state. It is well to be exact about a fact of this kind, if it is to be crystallized into a holiday, and thus brought annually to the attention of the public. In this view the date of this incubating holiday should be October 12, thus making it correspond with a simple statement of history

A. E. Reames, of Jackson County, the Democratic nominee for Representative in Congress for the First District, is a young man of good ability and good character. He will poll the entire vote of his party, but hardly anything more. The necessity of supporting and vindi-cating the Roosevelt Administration is understood; and Mr. Hermann therefore should be sent back to Washing-

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The hoodoo is off!

The Browns are still climbing. This is the birthday of the Spring bon-

J. Pierpont Morgan is to build a \$300,000 on. It's up to Andrew Carnegie to give him a good library.

Somebody once made the remark that swell clothes make the man. In these days of high-priced tailors they generally break him.

The blacksmiths have raised the price or shoeing horses, and these useful animals are probably very glad that they do not have to foot the bills.

Dr. Frederick de Forest Heald, now professor in biology in Parsons College, own, has been elected to the position of adjunct professor of plant physiology and general bacteriology in the University of

When the hold-up artist was arrested at Astoria, the police announced that Portland would be free from this sort of crime for a while. Now a new artist has put in his appearance. How inconsidcrate he is for the feelings of the police!

Santiam, Oregon, April 11 .- (to the Edtor I see by the Oregonian paper that Tillie Johnson ses she wrote some potery that was in your paper the other day, and allso sez she has moved to Scio. I wud like to say that the reason she went to Scio was becux she would not pay me her pord bill for 2 months. I don't think the potery bignis pays. Anny way it don't pay me. Pleze publish this and oblidge LEM. WITHERBEE, Proprietor of Witherbee's Hotel, rates reusonable.

"The contractor for the New York rapid transit subway recently stated," says the Electrical Review, "that owing to the great developments in electrical art, a generation of electricity is now only three years. This is a startling announcement and sets one to thinking. What becomes of all the old machinery and who pays for the new? How long will it be before a company can install a plant and feel assured that the machinery will not have to come out within a year or two? Does not this continual scrapping of machinery mean a loss somewhere?"

A Tale of a Miner in Rhyme. An old miner from over the Rhine, Worked every day in his mhine,

Though he grew very old, He never found gold, For of that metal there was not a shine.

In a stove in his old log cabin nigh, He placed giant powder to drigh; And the Coroner frowned, For all that he fowned Was a scalp-lock, a hat and a tigh,

The Prodigal's Return. The Prodigal returned homeward. when he was yet a long way off his father saw him, and was filled with compassion, and ran to him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The Prodigal was deeply moved by the show of feeling and

"Father, I am minded to speak on an important subject. A little roast vealand he hesitated, fearing to proceed. "Alas! my son," exclaimed the father 'I know your thoughts, but I am unable comply with your desires. We have no fatted calf-it-it has been absorbed the beef trust," and the father went bit-

teriy. "So?" muttered the son with a sigh. "Yes," said the father, and continued weeping bitterly. "We live on canned

The Prodigal wiped a solitary tear on his sieeve, and went the way he came.

Battle of Waterloo.

Did ye not hear it?-No; 'twas but the wind, Did ye not hear it.—the stony street;
On the car ratting o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—But, hark—that heavy sound breaks in once

more.
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadler than before:
Armi armi it is—it is—the cannon's opening

Within a windowed niche of that high hall Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hea That sound the first amidst the featival, and caught its tone with Death's prophetic And when they smiled because he deeme

His heart more truly knew that peal too well Which stretched his father on a bi

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting.

Ant then and there was hurrying to and fro.

And gathering wars, and tremblings of discress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own lovelines;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking

sighs

Nichel ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed, And there was mounting in hot haste; the set.
The mustering squadron, and the clattering
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed.
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum.
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terrip dus.
Or whispering with white lips: "The foel the come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hits Have heard—and heard, too, have her Sanon foes; How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which

fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each

And Ardennes wave above them her green And Ardennes wave above team her green leaves.
Devy with nature's teardrope, as they pass, Grieving, if aught insnimate e'er grisves.
Over the unreturning brave-ains!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure, when this flery mass Of living valor, rolling on the foe, and burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The midnight brought signal sound of strife, The morn the marshaling in arms—the day Battle's magnificently stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when

The sarth is covered thick with other clay, Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and Rider and horse-friend, foe-in one red burial