### THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, MAY 24, 1903

# The Oreaonian.

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TODAT'S WEATHER-Fair and continued YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum to

perature, 70 deg.; minimum temperature, 41 deg.; no precipitation.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1903.

#### CREEDS IN ECLIPSE.

While the General Assembly shows mmendable spirit and facility in dealfor with the so-called new confession of faith, it is most transparently evident that the proceedings in ratification are purely perfunctory. This crop of progress was really sown and harvested about ten years ago, and the assembly is merely certifying the returns after the nominee has been elected, qualified and inducted into office. The Presbyterians are busy with other things now. They want to forget creeds, seminary wrangles and heresy trials as fast as they can

This is the uniform mood of the religious world. Your foreign mission sec retary talks today about hospitals and schools, and is readily pardoned if, in his anxiety for uplifting the heathens' moral and material condition, he neglects the old word about their dying daily for the want of the vicarious atonement. Religious endeavor takes different forms at different times, and this is one of the times when character is accentuated rather than creed. What a man professes is not considered more vital than what he does, more necessary than what he is. It is a reassuring sign of the times.

Nor is the eclipse of creeds confined to the religious world. It prevails in politics and philosophy. Our National platforms are dragnets of platitudes and promises on every conceivable prob-

Elizabethan drama. The age we have come upon is essentially one of criti-cism. Colossal forms of religious, socism. cial and governmental life sprang into being in the generations past, and now we are at work on their classification. The poets and painters and prophets are dead; the historians and critics are busy all about us. In our public life the ploneer of original initiative and dauntiess port has gone, and in his stead we have a multitude of finicky people trying to imitate or describe or censure what the pioneer achieved. The courts construe Marshall; the prelates expound the apostles and fathers; the platform appeals to Washington and Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln. Where Grant struck blows Miles sits and whines. Where Jefferson bought an empire his followers split hairs over

his own impressions of the act. The age of creation has gone; the age of criticism is here. Though every epoch may not have its own peculiar creed, but one inherited

from a more fertile hour, yet every epoch has its own beliefs. In these degenerate days we modify the old creeds to sult our needs and call them the A thousand conflicting sects and three grand opposing divisions-Greek, Roman and Teutonic-profess the custody of the true message of Jesus. No political group in the United States is too poor to claim its intellectual relationship with Lincoln. That is to say, though every day has its own religion-stained, polished or painted, according to its fancy-the chances for a new religion or a new creed grow less and less. Education reduces them, for ignorance is a powerful promotive of

the sublime achievement in religion, politics or art. Too often, alas! the Confession or the Declaration is born of blind assurance and fattened upon credulity. What would the acute and conscientious critic have left to Homer of his epics, to Herodotus of his history? How would the Bible have fared, indeed, if expurgated at the German unfversities, and would Shakespeare have been at all worth while if nothing not gramatically, geographically, historically and scientifically correct had been allowed to pass the proofreader? It is difficult to see, therefore, any ground to hope for a new creed that shall satisfy the honest soul any more nearly than the patched affairs we sub-

scribe to now. It will be time to look around for one when writing rises to the level of "Hamlet" and Michaelangelo is duplicated at Chicago.

## THE LIMITATIONS OF EMERSON.

Matthew Arnold, the great English critical essayist, was a warm adm of Emerson, but he frankly told his American audiences that the New England sage was primarily a poet of fine genius, not a philosopher; that his poetry was the best that had been written in America, and would be his permanent mark in our enduring literature. Emerson himself, as Trow-bridge tells us in his "Reminiscences" in the Atlantic Monthly, always his intimate friends that he believed his true place in literature was that of a poet; that if he had been born heir to a good income he would have written nothing but poetry; that the larger part of his prose lectures were "pot-bollers." Emerson said that he knew he lacked the poet's fine ear for the melodious mechanism of verse, but he still felt that he had the poetic imagination and

poetic temperament. His best prose passes often info high poetry, and even poetical form. These fine lines were originally written in prose: I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea Say. "Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?" Emerson said of poetry that "it requires a splendor of expression which lem in government. There is very little difference between the tariff-reform gold-standard Democrat and the gold-ta, there is little difference in creed, though each may be on fire with zeal for his own party and reprobation of the genus it was the genus of a poet, and the gold that so far as Emerson had genus it was the genus of a poet rather be-all and end-all of politics has abated. We do not take our platforms so sericarries with it the proof of great to a man of money. Such men do not make a mark, although they do make a splurge. sense. So far as Emerson had any philosophy it was expressed in his assent to Arnold's own creed, which demanded that a true civilization should be one of "sweetness and light." Emerson was a better exponent of Arnold's creed than Arnold himself, for Emerson had a fine sense of humor, a keen, penetrating Yankee wit, while Arnold was utterly without humor. Lacking Emerson's fine sense of humor, Arnold was Emerson turned Anglomaniac; he was Emerson educated in an atmosphere of insular egotism. Emerson had sat at the feet of Dr. Channing, and his socalled philosophy was but the irrepres sible evolution of a higher and nobler faith than that of his fathers. Emerson, before he left the Unitarian pulpit, was a man of rare moral courage, who boldly uttered in a fine but keen, penetrating voice what Channing spoke in angelic whispers and lesser preachers muttered in hesitating tones. The a general way we discuss his philosophy of Arnold and Emerson was the natural reaction from Puritan asceticism in the pulpit. It did not reis important to know what philosophers quire high moral and spiritual genius to apprehend it, but it did require high ng and weak points, but it would moral courage to announce it. When Emerson delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa address in 1838, Edward Everett, We are wont to say that no social or- at the commencement dinner, quoted a line from Virgil describing it "as thre parts fire, three parts thirsty cloud, while all the rest was wind." Arnold was naturally an admirer of Emerson; he was, like Emerson, the son of an orthodox clergyman, and, like him, was a man of the moral purpose and aspiration of a preacher joined to a fine poetic imagination; for, after Tennyson, Arnold was the finest poet of the Victorian age. Arnold was a masterly writer of English prose as well as poetry, and his judgment of Emerson may he accepted as sound that his permanent fame lies with his poetry rather than with his so-called essays and prose meditations; that he was a born poet rather than preacher or teacher; that he has written the best poetry that has yet been produced in America. Arnold appreciated and admired Emerson as a man of serene beauty of life and soul; a man who rendered great spiritual service to our day and generation; and yet there is danger that Emerson will be overpraised by those who forget that it is not by being kept out of the world rights reserved to the states, or the that the forces of life are tested. Emerson was the genius of quiet, spiritual culture rather than the genius of action; he was a solitary thinker, not a powerful preacher and ubiquitous thinker, hero and martyr like Theodore | bell, Parker or Phillips Brooks. The tem-peramental defect of Emerson was that he shrank instinctively from all of creation. The great creed goes its way with the National epic or the birth of a new people, or the golden age of Grecian sculpture or Italian art or

rank passages, like those spoken by Falstaff and his boon companie make the Emersonian flesh fairly creep. Shakespeare was a full man of the world as well as poet. He was ma ager of a theater, actor, poet, social wit and courtier; a man of infinite mental and moral variety. He did many things and relished much company that Emerson would not have de and could not have enjoyed, so Emerson shuddered as he read and distrusted Shakespeare. He felt his immense genius, and yet he was evidently fretted with the suspicion, if not absolute conviction, that Shakespeare led a comparatively vulgar life. He distrusted Shakespeare because the great dramatist seemed to him to rest with "the symbol, with the festal beauty of the world," and did not explore the "Whence, essence of things and ask, what and whither?" Shakespeare, Emerson says, was not wise for him-

self; he did not lead a beautiful life, but ate, drank and reveled and affiliated with all manner of persons and quaffed the cup of life with gusto and relish. Emerson did not understand Shakespeare's limitations, because Shakespeare was a poet, a man of inspiring imagination and color, throbbing with passion; he was not a priest at all, while Emerson was a cross between a poet and a priest. If Shakes-peare had been all that Emerson wished him to be, he would have been far less of a poet and far more of a mystic or prophet.

Emerson's limitations are further shown when he says that Shelley is never a poet, though he is always poetical in mind, and when he defines Byron as a man "who had nothing to say, but said it magnificently." This is a clever epigram, but it is at best but a half truth, for Byron, as a descriptive poet, has left behind him a mass of most exquisitely beautiful work which is sure to keep him in the first rank of English poets so long as England has a literature. Emerson's test of poetry is not a true one; that is, it is not a complete test, since he finds fault with Byron's art because it did not seem instinct with any definite moral purpose, This standard would make Wordsworth a greater poet than Shakespeare, for Wordsworth has always something to say and was always didactic; but this fact does not make him a greater poet than Byron or Burns, who sang not because they thought it was right or because they thought it was their duty, but because they must sing, and, for this reason and chiefly for this reason, their songs to the common air continue to make their way. The enduring test of a poet is not his didactic quality; it is his success in endowing his own and suc-ceeding generations with fresh modes of expression. Shakespeare surpasses all poets in this respect, Milton comes next, and, after Milton, Byron and Cole ridge are the most fertile. Matthew Arnold, a far sounder literary critic

than Emerson, places Byron at the head of all the poets of the nineteenth century because of his "surpassing sincerity and strength." Emerson's estimate of Shakespeare, of Shelley and Byron indicate the limitations of his critical powers. Arnold fixed his true place in literature; he was essentially a poet, not a philosopher, and who, as a poet, touched our highest National mark of production.

NO PUBLIC HONORS FOR PIRATES. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York City, recently preached a sermon on "Money. Quoting the common remark, "Nothing counts here but money," he said that it is not true; that the things we cannot do without cannot be bought with money-friendship, for example. Dr.

Rainsford further said:

itual genius, who never ceased to exhort his fellow-countrymen to make America famous for some nobler National traits than "avarice and sensual Emerson was a man of thrift, ity." who practiced the homely virtues he preached in his "Conduct of Life" as carefully and far more religiously than did Franklin; but, like Franklin, Emerson despised a man who became a mill-ionaire by playing bandit in the world of business or the world of politics; wealth was to be respected if uprightly won and virtuously employed, not otherwise. Emerson obtains honors at his country's hands after death, while Rockefeller, in spite of his mountain of gold, chiefly built out of plunder; obtains no respect or reverence in life save what money can buy, and will get none after death, not even from the hungry pack of his heirs, who will begin to fight over the division of his millions as soon as his will has been made public.

#### "A SHAME OF CHRISTENDOM."

Every one who possesses an ordinary ense of justice and who has heard or read the presentment of facts in regard to the Russian Jew and his environment by Dr. Stephen S. Wise must feel for this cruelly oppressed people an uprising of sympathy mingled with indignation against their cool, calculating, persistent persecutor, the government of imperial Russia. The question to enlightened Americans is not one of affin ity for the Russian Jews. These people, by their environment of a thousand years, by their customs and language, are alien to us, and between them and American citizens there is little in common beyond the broad ground where justice and humanity meet and interchange sentiments of universal brotherhood. The Russian Jew, as we see him today, cowering under the iron rule of a despotic government the cornerstone of whose despotism is an intolerant, un-Christian, cruel creed, miscalled religion, is a human being who claims the pity of the enlightened nations, and who receives it without stint, albeit no nation may care to make place for the oppressed multitude that he

represents without its own borders. Is this pity, then, to be merely wasted sentiment, an impatient something which has performed its part when it turns shudderingly from the recital of the crucities under which these people writhe through the years, and against which they cry out only when unspeak-able atrocity is added to the regular load which they are compelled by the government to bear? Is civilization limited in its measures of relief on these wretched, persecuted millions to the giving of alms in an unusual stress of brutality, or to the unsatisfactory attempt to colonize these people in new and strange lands? Is the Russian conscience so incrusted in miscalled Chris-tian creed, so benumbed by the remorseless grip of a cruel priesthood, that it is impossible to arouse it? Is civilization, as represented by the nations of Christendom, powerless to say to the successor of Ivan the Terrible upon the throne of Russia, "Thus far and no farther," and make good the interdiction conveyed by these words against the oppression under which 6,000,000 Jews in Russia writhe?

What is it that we hear now and again about this young monarch, the Czar of all the Russias? A grandson of kindly, humane King Christian of Denmark, allied by marriage to the royal families of England, Germany and Italy, an advocate of universal peacehow, is it possible to reconcile these facts with the other fact that he looks coldly on while 6,000,000 of his subjects are persistently, systematically perse-cuted and robbed, and not infrequently numbers of them are set upon with dire crueitles the least atrocious of which is murder? Perhaps the nations of Christendom, if they were to unite in a strong and earnest plea for these people, in the simple name of justice, might receive respectful audience at St. Petersburg. This is doubtful, however, since in Russia it is the church against the Jew, and dox church is the mo the orth well-intrenched, despotic power in the empire. This is the barrier behind which atrocity works against the Jew in Russia, unchallenged by the civilized forces of the empire. A fortress impregnable to reason, manned by cruelty, guarded at every approach by unre lenting despotism, it can only be invested by processes of growth which have slowly but surely moved humanity onward and upward through the ages, leaving yet some of the advance posts of cruelty to be taken.

The fleet or as good as elsewhere. here is very small, considering the size of the city and popularity of the sport.

## THE MEN WHO "DO THINGS."

Schwab's generosity has taken a much nore practical turn than that of Car-That of the latter expressed itegte. self in the gift of libraries; that of the former has taken the shape of an in-dustrial school at Homestead, Pa., the seat of the most magnificent steel industry in the world. This school offers to every child in the borough "an op-portunity to learn a trade before graduating from the High School"-a longfelt want indeed. Nothing could be more sensible or

practical than this idea worked to its equence. It fits admirably a time wherein the tendency is to overcrowd the professions, and encourages the broader and better trend toward industrialism of the type wherein, the hand is trained to follow the brain. There are still all too many parents who are ambitious to push their children into the clerical and professional vocations, but these are giving place yearly to those who see in "captains of industry" men whom they would have their sons emulate. The men who "do things" are those who are prominent in the world's The ambitious youth view today. takes for his model the men of commerce and of industrial achievement, and it is to help him work out his model that states and individuals are founding and equipping industrial schools The awakened industrial ambition means much to the Nation and for men. The library scheme is useful in its way. It seeks to make the leisure of the working community profitable. The industrial school seeks to make the hours of labor profitable both to the workingman and the capitalist. Time was when men "picked up" their trades and blundered through life with unskillful hands. But the time is coming-and, indeed, now is-when boys must learn how to use their hands if they would, as men, succeed in industrial life.

General Benjamin Villoen, ex-Assist

ant Commandant-General of the burgher forces in the Boer War, should be, and no doubt is, well qualified to judge of the industrial capacities and homebuilding qualities of his people. When, therefore, as told in a recent dispatch, he arrived in New York a few days ago to complete arrangements with the Mexican government by which \$3,000 acres of the best land of that country have been secured for a colony from South Africa, it is but reasonable to suppose that he knows what he is about and that the 1000 families of the Transvaal which will in due time come over will find prosperity and contentment as well as homes in the beautiful, fertile strip of land known as Santa Rosalla, in the State of Chihuahua. The advance contingent of this colony is already at work plowing and planting corn on the lands secured. General Viljoen salled on his return to South Africa on the 17th inst, and will bring fifty families out immediately. The others will follow in detachments from time to time as prudence dictates and funds will allow. While the great body of the Boers chafe at the changed conditions that have made them subjects of

Great Britain, the wiser among them have withdrawn open opposition to the new order of things, but they have not abandoned the hope that somewhere a country that shall be their very own awaits their occupancy, and that some time in the near future they will find and possess it. As said by General Viljoen, the Boers are practically a peo ple without a home, and when he adds, "We hope to find one in the new country," he voices a wish that it is charitable for a free people to echo. It may be further hoped that these people have learned in their extremity some of the lessons of progress, and that they will apply them to the conditions that they will make for themselves in their new home. Stagnation of development, with which they were satisfied and for which

mean War in 1854. When Queen Vic-toria ascended the throne the debt was toria ascended the throne the orot was \$553,000,000. Since then up to the out-break of the South African War, in consequence of the Crimean War, the ter-rible Irish famine of 1847, the purchase of the telegraphs in 1868-9, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares in 1876, and an eighths-and-quarters go-between. The sundry and various small wars, a total introduced had neglected to mention that the debt by the South African War, gentleman was exposed, whereupon the there has been a net reduction since 1837 of £53,000,000, which does not include the Sues Canal shares, valued at

£28,000,000, which were purchased for £4,000,000. Moreover, a lowering in the rate of interest has lightened the annual charges of the debt by £4,000,000 since 1889. Empire comes high, but we must have it.

There is a movement among the working classes in England to persuade Parllament to pay wages to its members. The workingmen now assess themselves to pay labor union members, and the Irish National League raises funds to pay wages to those of the Irish members who cannot afford to serve with-out remuneration. Great Britain's present system of nonpayment of wages to her members of Parliament is a mistake, for it practically debars a workingman from a candidacy, for he can-not afford the necessary election expenses, and he cannot afford to occupy his seat without a salary. Eight millions or more of English workmen have not more than a dozen representatives, while the land-owning interest has some 200 or more representatives. Our plan, which pays the public servant fair wages, and yet expects him to serve us faithfully, not because his stipend is large, but because he is a faithful soldier of the state, is sound, and will succeed wherever free government is really prized by the people. The price of free government is patriotic readiness on the part of the best citizens to render their best service with honor and without regard to profit.

The Providence Journal finds in the wording of the recent fast-day proclamation of the Governor of Maine a desire for a clean conscience stronger than a wish to conform to the requirements of good taste. The following language of this instrument seems to justify this mild conclusion:

Wholly contrary to good sense, and in spite wholy contrary to good sense, and in spite of my own convictions, I do now supplint a fast day, hoping nobody will observe it, feel-ing sure that it is a mockery and a farce and wishing with all my heart that it might be aboliahed and thus enable ms to keep a clean

The idea of a fast day has been so spirit, and it is ridiculous, at least, to act upon the supposition of proclaiming a legal fast day, which makes those who observe it cat more ravenously the next day, but which common-sense people generally disregard even without waiting for the Governor to exhort them to do so.

The arrest in the City Park Thursday of a harmless old fanatic who eschews the bath, carries his Bible in his hand when he walks abroad, and, so far as he has any political opinions leans toward socialism, as a "suspicious person" is not surprising. Experience has demonstrated that persons of this type or appearance are not always as harmless as they look, and prudence, as developed by the dastardly murder of more than one President of the United States, errs, if it can be called an error, on the side of safety when such a person is quietly locked up until the Presidential procession moves on. The pathetic side to the picture is afforded in the fact that Mr. St. Francis is a great admirer, almost worshiper, of President Roosevelt, and has looked forward to seeing him as a

and haircut.

red-letter day in his lonely and almost

O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of

Statistics, finds by comparison that the

United States imported between seven

and eight times as much medicinal opium in 1902 as was imported in 1898.

specifically, a total of 72,287 pounds of

this drug was imported in the earlier

and 548,674 pounds in the later year.

Compared according to values, the im

portation of morphia and salts rose

during the five years covered from \$35,-

629 to \$95,559, those of cocaine and salts

in the same period from \$59,660 to \$254,-

704, and those of morphine from \$989,690 to \$2,549,421. The suggestion behind

these figures is appalling. Of course,

it is impossible to determine how much

of this enormous increase in consump

tion is due to and chargeable against

physicians who are all too prompt in

prescribing these drugs and how much

say that between the two causes the

effect is something to make humanity

repel with indignation the statements of Count Cassini in regard to the Rus-

sian Jews, it is not surprising that the

statements should have been made.

His master's servant, the Count could

shudder.

# HOW TO TREAT REPORTERS.

Victor Smith, in New York Press. One of the lending reporters in this city was introduced to a Wall-street broker, a man of considerable consequence, but much puffed up with his succe of £177,000,000 was added to the debt. Allowing for the £155,000,000 added to was general. Later on the identity of the gentleman was exposed, whereupon the broker threw up his hands, exclaiming: "Good Godt A reporter! I'm ruined. Why didn't you say so before you intro-duced him?" The situation was sliphtly strained. The reporter said quietly: "Don't let that worry you. In the first place, I am not here for news, ideas or suggestions. In the second, what you know is not worth publishing. In the third, nobody outside of this office ever heard of you; therefore, what you might may would be of no newspaper interest. In the fourth, I carry more Wall-street secrets in my memory than you ever dreamed of-secrets of big men and great institutions. You are perfectly safe. Good morning."

Good morning." In less than two minutes that broker, frightened so badly, sent a friend to the reporter, begging him to mention an af-fair in which he personally was deeply interested. He is one of a numerous class affecting to be holler than reporters until needing a write-up, then recovering. Sucanceting to be noner than reporters undi-needing a write-up, then groveling. Suc-ceastul men in public life, almost without exception, rely upon the reporter as a stepping-stone to high office. They will take him into their confidence, steer him safely between the devil and the deep sea, help him to earn his salary by load-ing him up with news, and incidentally prosper their own cause. A combination prosper their own cause. A combination of reporters could ruin any man in this country. Owners of papers, editors-in-chief, managing editors and city editors cannot possily get in so close touch with the average man as can the reporters, the office representatives, whom they send out to hunt for facts in the market place, the paizes, the hovel, the prison, the church, the wide, wide world.

the palace, the hovel, the prison, the church, the wide, wide world. I should like to propose a high school for the education of all men on the sub-ject of "How to Treat a Reporter." It would end all friction. Let the public first understand that the reporter is bound to have the news at all risks. If he cannot get it at first hand he will take it at second, or third or tenth. He is not going back to his editor with a hangdog look and say he has falled. Never! He will take fake first-and take chances of being caught or vindicated. On reputable papers, if caught faking, he soon loses his job. No reporter in his right senses wants to fake. He wants the truth every time. Then why hide it? Why insult him? Why increase his labors a thousand fold? Why keep him out on the still hunt all night when by treating him in 'a common, sensible manner you him in 'a common, sensible manner you could set him right in a second and have

Many persons look down on reporters as if they were inferior creatures. They forget that 39 times in 100 the newsgath-Ine idea of a fast day has been so long outgrown that it is surprising that the institution as such has not been abolished long ago. While it is no doubt true that the American people cat too much, it is folly to suppose that total abstinence from food for a day conduces to a humble and contrite that make the newspaper interesting. Through long mingling with the evil classes reporters become contaminated, and it must not be wondered at if there should be an occasional fall from grace. I do not know any reporters who are angels, and I do know some who are devils with painted wings, but take them all in all they are the best set of follows in the world, working like mad for their employers, spending liberally, living mer-rily and ever eager to do a favor and

## WHERE THE ROMANCE LIES.

forget it.

Kansas City Star.

Kansas City Star. From one point of view the Lewis and Clark expedition, which started up the Missouri 29 years ago, was a thoroughly romantic affair. The explorers were fol-lowing a strangely attractive yet treacher-ous river into a land where no white man had ever trod. For months they were to wander in the wilderness. They were to one themselves in the continuous woods "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings." It was a fourney to delight a poet's soul.

a journey to delight a poet's soul. Yet from another standpoint the trip was a very prosaic enterprise. There was plenty of rough work ahead of the explorers. They were to travel several thou-sands miles in boats and on foot. They were to be drenched with rain, chilled by cold, tormented by mosquitoes and worn with rowing and climbing. For months

never thought of it as

ously. We are interested in men more than in issues, and especially in undertakings. The man who can get something done for the advancement of his church, his party and his state is the real thing. What his views are does not greatly matter.

It is so in philosophy. We have entered upon an era of investigation, of collecting phenomena and comparing impressions. The old day of prophetic promulgation, exemplified in such ames as Kant, Sir William Hamilton, Hegel, Herbert Spencer-Darwin evenis gone. We have ceased to fight for evolution, or against it, but content ourselves with its calm, light-hearted contemplation. The Emerson centenary finds us in a temper not irritable over his imperfections or enthusiastic in adherence. Undiscovered facts about him or relics of his life are of much more cern than the accuracy of his philosophy or the truth of his message; and teaching, it is rather to deliminate and estimate than to urge or condemn. It have taught and to apprehend their not be good form at present to essay the role of Sir Galahad in their behalf. gamization, political, religious or philophic, can hope for greatness or permanence unless it is bottomed on some There has to be some fabric of belief, forged in the white heat of trial. to which devotees cling with passionate andness. There is the Judaic faith, only purified and revitalized by Kishinef and resultant protests; there is the Republican party, solidified by the Civil War; there is the Spencerian philosophy, enshrined in gifted and steadfast souls through fifty years of persecu-But this truth needs one very tion. important qualification. The social organism, like the solar system in its ght through space, like the year through its recurrent seasons, passes through belts of variant mood. The ed comes in its own time out of the throes that give it birth, and its force survives through very momentum long after the logic of its formulas has gone into the urns of oblivion. Denominations rally round anachronistic protests, and political parties thrive on the on that they are still bearing the scred ark of corn-law repeal, or the perpetuation of the Union. Vestiges all, they are, surviving in the social frame, the wisdom tooth or the buttons on the back of your coat. For them, as for symbols of what they hold dear, will fight, but they are recognized as not the essential thing.

The age is one of reflection, and not

Dr. Rainsford is right. The monu ments that grateful states and great cities erect are not put up in honor of multi-millionaires. John D. Rockefeller is beyond doubt the richest man in the world of civilization and commerce His wealth is growing so fast that the increase alone within ten years will reach a billion of dollars. His aggregate income for several years has been estimated at \$75,000,000. His \$60,000,000 of Standard Oll stock is worth nearly \$500,000,000 and brings him in about \$40,000,000 annually; his investments in railroads, mines, etc., yield him some \$20,000,000, while his income from real estate exceeds \$1,000,000 a year. This is Mr. Rockefeller's wealth. Now let anybody who has read Ida M. Tarbell's wonderful story of "The Standard Oil Conspiracy," that has been running for several months in McClure's Magazine, a story most ably set forth and completely fortified by its array of notorious facts, ask himself if he believes there is any danger that either the country, the state or the city of Mr. Rockefeller will be likely to crect any monument

to his memory. Ida M. Tarbell is far more likely to obtain a monument for the service she has done the cause of public morality in telling the story of the Rockefeller conspiracy, without fear or favor, than Rockefeller is to be honored by an admiring country for his shrewdness in holding up and picking the pockets deliberately of the small oil men of every dollar they contained. Rockefeller is morally a great bandit in business, and if he had had his deserts would have been planted deep in the penitentiary years ago. The lightest mark that a man can make on the sands of time is to die a multi-millionaire. He cannot at death take his money away with him; if he takes anything away with him at death, it is that moral and spiritual conquest over our worst passions and basest desires we call character; he cannot take his money with him if he has any at death; he can take his character with him if he has any at death. It is easy to see that if the Christian scheme of salvation be sound, rich Mr.

Rockefeller may feel dismally poor in the next world, for he will not have any treasure laid up in heaven. Giving churches and colleges and heathen mis sions a portion of his ill-gotten wealth will not sanctify the Standard Oil conspiracy in face of the terrible indictment of Rockefeller that has been written in the indelible ink of truth by that exceedingly able woman, Ida M. Tar-Tomorrow the intellectual and spirit-

ual civilization of America, without distinction of religious creed, will lift its

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YACHTING?

Portland's lovers of aquatic sports are at last awakening to the fact that the Willamette River affords great opportunity for this kind of outdoor exercise. The yachting club and the rowing club have both been struggling along with indifferent support for some years, and why this should be is a question not easily answered. season, however, even early as it is, has developed a keener interest in the sport, and with both organizations on firm financial basis Portland is in for a season of aquatic sport such as has never been enjoyed in the city's history.

While the interest in yachting is not what it should be, considering the natural resources, the Rowing Club is flourishing in the most approved fashion. This club has a membership of over 200, and on its rolls are some of the best amateur oarsmen in the country, and without undue boasting fours could be selected from the half dozen sets in the club which, if they were to go East, would rank close to the cracks of that section of the country. On the 30th of this month the crack junior four of the University of California will race with a select four from the Portland Rowing Club. This will be the first of many races which the club will take part in this season. The Willam-River affords as natural course ette which is open the year round. During the Winter months and early Spring the current is very swift, making rowing difficult, but in spite of this the various crews of the club rarely miss a day. This battling with swift currents fits the members of the local club for fast racing and makes them formidable opponents, not only on their ome course, but on any other that they might be called to row upon.

Before the season closes the Rowing Club will have a new clubhouse. The new building will be handsomely equipped and in every way will be a credit to Portland. This will create renewed interest in the sport, and will

also permit the club to beco the social features of the city. Just why yachting is not more popu

they fought in the Transvaal, may be possible for a while in Mexico; the isolation which they desired may also be possible, but if they seek stubbornly to exclude the element of growth, except as it applies to corn and cattle, from their new surroundings, their settle ment in the New World will in time be beset with difficulties, even though their environment secured is the most nonprogressive of any that exists on the North American Continent.

A unique as well as beautiful and striking feature of the President's parade in this city was the moving human flag, with its undulations of red, white and blue. The happy faces that shone above the National colors in which the children were clad showed the patriotic and personal interest that each child felt in the day and occasion. Neither the fatigue incident to the execting drill that had preceded the display, and to the march of many blocks with military precision, nor the have gone aside to discriminate agains rain that fell in the late aftern American products as unhealthful merely to cut them off, they will have clouded the happiness of the living factors in this pulsating "Star-Spangled no cause to complain that our Gov Banner." After being disbanded, the ernment has decided to acrutinize their flag children broke up into bands and products on this basis a little more wended their way homeward, wet and closely than it has done heretofore. nud-bespattered, but happy still, as

their cheerful voices and merry laughter testified. It is safe to say that this feature of the Presidential parade will be described to listening and delighted children in many homes in future years, over which the laughing little girls of today preside as matrons and ers. The idea embodied in the living. moving flag was a quaint and happy one, and Professor Krohn is to be c gratulated upon the manner in which it was carried out and the school authorities in general upon the perfect discipline demonstrated.

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Persons who feel that their talents do not at present declare a large dividend ought to find some consolation in the fact that five of the leading jockeys have been engaged at salaries ranging from \$15,000 to \$40,000 for the season. An eminent actor makes more than twice as much as the most suc esful author, and so does a popular dancer, and probably a successful prizefighter makes more money than a popular actor. The only man of brains that seems to find a market for his wares is Finley P. Dunne, the popular humorist, who is reported to have made an engagement to write for the Har-

pers for a sulary of \$40,000 a year.

not remain silent when confronted by the Kishinef tale, by which his govern-On March 31 last the national debt of Great Britain was £800,443,386, as compared with £635,040,965 on March 31, 1899. From this it can be seen that the Boer War added in round numbers open court of humanity. Nor could he

spank without attempting a defense of his government. His attitude is that of a politician at bay, of a man upon £165,000,000 to the debt. The total debt today is higher than it has been since whom devolves the difficult task of making the worse appear the better 865, when it was £804,458,000, and Great Britain now owes only £5,000,000 less making than it did at the outbreak of the Cri-reason.

sad career. It is a pity that at least they were not to see a man of their own race. Lewis and Clark themselves, while they doubtless looked forward to the trip one of our long-haired insufferables was not locked up with him and given the choice between thirty days and a bath with zest, as young and vigorous men

should, probably never thought of an heroic or romantic undertaking After all, the romance of a thi ng lies A provision in the agricultural apin the point of view. It is thoroughly sub-jective. The old illustration of the falling tree on the deserted island applies here. The atmospheric waves do not constitute propriation bill passed by Congress at its last session, and which is now a law, is very stringent as a preventive of the importation and sale of adultersound unless there is an ear and brain to transform them, and all the elements of romance may make a vain appeal to the prosaic mind. Most persons have enough ated, impure, falsely labeled and deleterious drugs and articles of food and drink. The purpose is rigorously to exclude all such products, and the of the emotional about them to see the romantic aspect of things when once some poet has pointed it out. But where they have nobody to guide them they stumble about blindly. That is why Rippower to do so is placed in the hands of Government officials. While this power will not be used unfairly or arbitrarily, it is but human to suppose ling's McAndrew appeals for some Ro Burns to sing the song of steam. The song of the saythe and the gleaner has been sung often enough. But the modern reaper and steam thresher, though as romantic that it will be in a measure retaliatory. A great deal of the food, wine, drugs, etc., imported into this country is adulterated, some of it harmfully and some as their ancient prototypes, have been neglected and declared to be unpoetical. Their seer has not yet come. objectionably without being positively injurious. Since some foreign nations

Thousands of persons have wandered along the Arkansas River and seen only along the Arkansas River and seen only a commonplace stream, with sandbars rib-bing the sluggish current. It took a man of Ingalis' quality of soul to write to Major Inman-he of "The Old Santa Fe Trail"- "I shall read your book and see if you have caught the subtle romance of the mysterious and fascinating river, with the sandhill cranes fiying over its soil-tudes". From the standpoint of the

tudes." From the standpoint of the freighters the trail itself was a mere road over which they drove their wagon trains. But to a man like Noble Prentis it was transformed into a strange highway, as romantic as ever the rain beat upon. To nost persons a daisy is hardly more than a weed. But Wordsworth saw it with other eyes.

The city or town or country often looks monotonous enough to the person who sees it day after day until suddenly his atten-tion is called to some aspect of it which from is called to some adjust of its man gives it a new meaning to him. The poe-try was there all along, but he had been blind to it before. The man or woman who longs for the opportunity that came to Lewis and Clark has just as large a field of romance on every side if he but knew it. The Valley of the Missouri is no less fascinating and mysterious now that it is crowded with towns and cities than it was in the days of the mastodon or when the "dragons of the prime tore each other in their slime." But the roto the ignorance and carelessness of the victims themselves. It is sufficient to mance belongs to the person who feels it, not to the river valley.

#### The Young May Moon.

While it is natural that Jews should repel with indignation the statements of Count Cassini in regard to the Rus-When the drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then awake!--the heavens look bright, my dear, "Its never too late for delight, my dear; And the best of all ways To lengthen our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love, But the mage, his star-watch keeping, love, And L. whose star More glorious far. Is the sys from that casement peeping, love, Then awakel-till rise of the sun, my dear, The ange's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, is watching the flight Of hodies of light He might happen to take these for one, my dear! ment was arraigned before the broad