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TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair and continued

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1903. A TROUBLE THAT AWAITS US.

Whether the treaty formulated between representatives of the United States and representatives of Colom-bia, as to the Panama Canal, will be ratified by the Colombian Congress, or not, it is not possible to say. There are reasons why all parties in Colombia oppose it; and probably the only reason that could have any weight or effect in securing its ratification is imperative need of the country for the money the United States is to pay. In Colombia political parties-if such

bodies really exist-are split into factions, more or less in revolutionary commotion. The Liberal or popular party, much the most numerous, has too many leaders and statesmen in it to permit a government on any policy. In much the same condition is the Conservative party, one faction of which is in possession of the government, and of course, is cordially hated by all other factions. Yet on one point there is substantial agreement among them-the "ins" and the "outs." Each and all hold that Colombia, as a "sovereign state," ought not to cede any territory for the canal, nor even to let it on long Colombian statesmen of prophetic soul are saying that the United States, if once allowed a footing, never will be dispossessed; and more, that acquisition of territory for the canni by the United States will be but a beginning, which will lead to absorption of the entire country. They see what Great Britain has done and is doing wherever she can get a footbold; and they have no more confidence in the "American Anglo-Saxon," but even re gard him as a more strenuous "absorber" than the English themselves Local statesmen would decline in influence and importance in the presence of the authority of the United States, and revolutionary opportunities would be

much abridged or cut off altogether. But how could the country fall into the hands of the United States, if we should construct the canal? Only through the factional violence of the people of Colombia. We should want peace; we should keep our obligations and should expect Colombia to keep hers. But the people of Colombia are so rent by the violence of revolutionary spirit that they are unable to maintain government. Such government as they have is in the deepest pit of bankruptey. One dollar in gold will buy one hundred of its currency. The government is wholly unable to make war upon the revolutionists who are trying to overthrow it; and the revolutionists on their part declare they would have succeeded in their recent attempt but for the interposition of the United States and the measures-feeble as they were-that our Government undertook for maintenance of peace on the isthyous. This incident has much increased the fear and distrust of the United States. Yet the country is so much in need of money that the Congress may ratify the treaty and great effort doubtless will be made to induce it to do so. Very probably, however, the ratification will be challenged by the opposition, even after the event; and trouble to the United States may arise from that quarter. It is asserted freely in Colomthat the country will not receive any benefit from the millions paid by the United States, but the money will to the enrichment of a favored few who have "claims" of various kinds, and who will see to it that the treaty shall not be ratified unless they first obtain assurance that they will get the money which they claim the govern-

ment owes them. may be had of the "mess" we are likely to get into through our enterprise at ama. In all probability we shall awake after a few years to a realization that we have on our hands one of these fermentations classified as "Spanish-American republics."

The basket-ball girls of the Fort Shaw (Mont.) Indian School are to be taken n an excursion to their homes on the Fort Belknap Indian reservation, where they will play an exhibition game before their parents and friends. The tepee Indians, as a rule, take very stolidthe educational equipment which the Government bestows upon their chiln, and make very little of it, but it to a realizing sense of the benefits of

the four or more years spent at a Gov-ernment industrial school may fall away from them when they are once more confronted by life and its limitations in the parental tepee, but it is pretty safe to say that they will con-tinue to play basket-ball for the edification of the hapless members of their race who have been deprived of educational advantages.

THE ANTI IN RELIGION.

The superior being to whom the ardent patriot and the earnest saint are alike objects of patronizing commiseration is not often rebuked to his face. His cult is select, his audience never large; and within those sacred precincts of self-sufficiency the enthusiastic believer in anything at all seldom ventures. Should he chance to hear in what low esteem he is held in the eye of the political or religious mugwump, he would doubtless retreat in agitation, unhappy in the unfamiliar surroundings and hostile air. Not so, however, the Brooklyn Eagle, orthodox as to expansion and the Evangelical faith. takes umbrage at a recent clever utterance of the New York Evening Post, reproduced in these columns, rebuking the "theological credulity." The Eagle refuses to be rebuked; and it makes bold to rebuke the rebuker, who with his fellows it terms "sons of unrest," and fearlessly asserts that the agnostic antis "would be happier, if they could believe more, or if they could cease from suspecting the sincerity or serenity or intelligence of those who differ from them in religious views." And it emits this note of defiance:

The assertion is justified that orthodoxy is far more liberal in its concessions to others than liberalism is to orthodoxy. We have met with more intolerance in the name and in the camp of self-styled advocates of toleration than anywhere slee. If not the property, it is the propensity of much liberalism to be illib-eral, of many tolerationists to be intolerant. Those who have observed the sweet-

ness and light with which orthodoxy was regarded by Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll will be compelled to admit that there is some truth in this arraignment. Fierceness of assault, however, is not the agnostic's usual mood so much as pitying disdain; and it may be profitable to recall the fact that all fights worth while in this world are won by enthusiasts, and not by critics. When a man arrives at the stage of civilization where it is apprehended that one's native land may not necessarily be the best on earth in all respects, and may in some aspects be even inferior to others, then he is not the best material for the firing-line. No higher critic that we can now recall ever preached the gospel to the heathen or lambasted his rich but voluptuous pewholders from his pulpit? Who would dare assert that the oversophisticated cosmopolite is preferable to the untaught and untraveled gunner in his grime? Who shall say that the agnostic, with profound disbelief in anything but the lack of truth in the creeds and folly of religious zeal, is happier than the poor widow giving in her mite, or the priest at his living death among the lepers?

It is the misfortune of the critic, indispensable though he be, that he is prone to be concerned too much with the blemishes of the altogether excellent world in which we live. The sun interests him chiefly for its spots. can see nothing in the army in the Philippines but the few errors of haste impatience. The wonderful book of Job is nothing to him except the complaint that it may have been drama instead of history. The splendor of Isalah is lost upon him in the reflection that more than one genius contributed to its immortal pages. The church is a human institution, humanly imperfect, it is to be feared, humanly misguided at many times, humanly learning in 1903 that it didn't know everything in 1643. But theirs is a great mistake who fancy that its errors are all of the Bible, or that true religion is exemplified in the hypo-

PASSING OF A LEGEAR.

There are yet persons who continue to assert that "Whitman saved Oregon." With them it is a matter of feeiing or sentiment, not of historical evidence. Whitman was a pioneer. He came to the Oregon Country in 1836. He went back over the plains in 1843, making that famous "Winter ride," and returned to the Oregon Country with the great migration of 1843. To that migration his knowledge of the plains was an essential service.

From these facts, and from the further fact that while in the East he spoke for Oregon, did all in his power to interest Eastern people in Oregon, and urged the Government at Washington to establish a chain of military posts on the plains for the protection of emigrants to Oregon, it is asserted that he "saved

Whitman made these efforts: there no question. But did he "save" Oregon? That is, would Oregon have been lost to the United States but for Whitman? But for Whitman, would the United States have surrendered or abandoned Oregon?

On any historical basis there is no reason to believe or to suppose anything of the kind. So far as the evidence goes, Whitman's object in undertaking the "Winter ride" was to prevent abandonment by the missionary board of its work in Oregon. And against the assumption that the Government at Washington was about to abandon Oregon, or even contemplated such step, evidence is conclusive. On this subject there was no need of anxiety, for there was no danger. Even if Whitman be Heved there was danger, the case was not altered; only in that case we should give him credit merely for patriotic intent, not for achievement.

The "Winter ride" was a performance of extraordinary courage and endurance. Whitman doubtless thought it undertaken it. Was it for the mission? Whether the mission was important or not would depend on the way one looked at it or thought about it. Was it to "save the country to the United States"? Then it was a misconception; for there was no danger whatever that the United States would give up the

country. Whitman, with all his courage and fortitude, was not a man of rational judgments. To this defect of his na- but a little reflection induces doubt ture himself and his family were finally sacrificed. On the roll of our ploneers | well preserved at 60, who belongs to a his name has a high place and a permanent one; but the Whitman legend, dies her grandchildren, is always at that began to take form more than home to her husband, two years her is thought that this exhibition will had a remarkable run, is fading away. Is president of a Lewis and Clark Club, arouse the most indifferent among them. For a while it contended for a place in and who is in all ways companionable. history, but no longer holds its ground. There-away back in the years-is her the system by which their daughters Historical writers throw it out of their inducted into the ways of civiliza- recent editions. It is held now only by well to do the family washing, and The domestic and social graces persons fond of the marvelous, who doing it with many a monotonous rub. the Indian girls acquire during are devoted to legend and here-worship, shut out from social or intellectual life husband would have been in America, birth and breeding. So powerful for reached the acute stage,

lack or put aside the historical spirit and refuse to revise their opinions. But as against history, the legend will not outlast the lives of those now voted to it.

FIRE ENGINES JUSTIFIED. Every patriotic heart must rejoice that upon the President's return to Washington the fire engines turned out to do him honor. What would a Presirential parade be, indeed, without the fire department on its shiny equipages, or the platoon of police at the head of the column to preserve order by its very dignity? After having seen so many fire engines, trucks and hosecarts on his trip, President Roosevelt and the secret-service men with him would have felt slighted not to have been regaled with the sight of the fire engines at the Capital City. If any have hesitated at the good taste of trotting out fire engines for the edification of the President, and entertained misgivings at its possible provincial character, they may now be reassured by the Washington incident. They had fire engines at the St. Louis reception also, if we may believe the moving pictures; so that's all right.

Washington has also set the seal of official approval, as it were, upon displays of the rising generation. The High School cadets turned out so that the President could see how well they could march. The dispatches do not inform us on this head, so we are left to the inference that their deportment like the deportment of each and every participant in all these unpremeditated and guileless greetings to the President, was above reproach. Doubtless the commanding officers of our noble orders (off for the day by hiring a sub) were resplendent in scarlet and gold lace. Woodmen carried their axes with incredible grace and skill, to the profound edification of the President. Strong faces lit up with manly smiles as they thought of the appointments they might soon receive, and women rejoiced with great joy at the thought that the President had smiled on their child, and undoubtedly thought it the finest he had seen since he left Wash-

ington. The success of the trip as a whole abundanly justified the enthusiastic and representative Washington welcome. In the two months he was out the President traveled 14,000 miles and made 265 speeches. We betray no confidence when we say that in this length of time he participated in approximately 180 separate and distinct meals, viewed with interest 7215 fire engines, smiled 8808 times, adverted to "substan tial oneness of the American people, 264; photographs collected, 10,233; gracefully acknowledged rough-rider 654; joke about irrigration (available only in the rain), 16; "very pleased to meet you," 82,769. Now that the Washington people have all seen the President and satisfied themselves that he is the same man they have been accustomed to see every day, let business go on as before. Time will heal the heartburnings caused by the fact that 1000 prominent citizens cannot all occupy the two seats reserved in the Presidential carriage. Time will dim the memory of button shoes lost to usefulness by an hour of dalliance in mud and water and Prince Alberts disfigured by involuntary plunges down the sloping

IS INSANITY INCREASING!

banks.

The bustle, the stirring, the noise in which we live, the anxieties that beset us and the microbes that menace; the stimulants that we use and the night revels that we keep-are these and kindred attributes of modern life hurling us as a race and people into mental un-balance which is the stepping-stone to insunity and the gateway to the lunatic asylum? Insanity, we are often told, is increasing. Is this really true? And if true, is it due to the causes briefly summed up in the term "modern con-ditions of life"? Perhaps so, but it is a pleasure to doubt this statement and deny its premises. Looking about us, we find, it is true, that insane asylums are crowded. But looking back, can we not recall the existence in every neighborhood, fifty years ago, of persons who were adjudged "queer," who in the accepted language of the time and place had a "screw loose," or who had "wheels in their heads"? And do not the insane asylums in their capacity as hospitals for the treatment of the minddiseased literally teem with insanity of this type?

It is true that in the mass people use their brains more than they did in the less active stage of business competition and industry. This is unavoidable, since it requires more thought to run a combined reaper and thresher than to use a sickle, and after that a flail; greater development of intellectual powers to run an electric light plant than to mold tallow candles, and a larger degree of intelligence to operate a creamery than to move the churndasher up and down. But, after all, the effect of use is to strengthen, and not to weaken, and this may be held to apply to the brain as well as to the

Take the typical farmer's wife in the more isolated districts of this state. Is it not the unvaried monotony of her existence, the general lack of mental stimulus, combined with physical strain, sameness of diet and unrelieved ailments peculiar to her surroundings, that cause her to be represented so numerously and hopelessly in the insane asylum? If not these things, what is it | for that great man. Johnson's vanity that causes so large a preponderance

of farmers' wives in the female wards of the asylum? The strain of modern life in the great cities is tremendous. There is no doubt of that. It is possible that this leads to the large addition to the list of nervous disorders in the wake of which has followed an army of specialists who necessary. It was not so, but he study and treat them. It is also pos-thought it was—else he wouldn't have sible that by making much of these disorders, naming them, classifying them and warning people against them that they have been multiplied in imagination, if not in fact. It is a familinr saying that it is better to wear out than to rust out. The exactions of modern life are popularly supposed and by specialists declared to be hausting to the vital forces of mind and body. At the first glance we are inclined to coincide with this opinion, about the matter. Here is a woman, Shakespeare class, reads Emerson, cod- in Rome abruptly married after short twenty years after his death, and has senior and still active in business; who

60, thus fortunately escaping consign-ment to the insane asylum. No doubt the first will in due time "wear out," since that is the course of Nature, but the chances are more than even that she will at last serenely close her eyes, happy in retrospection and fearless of the future, while the last literally "rusted out." so far as the exercise of ber intellect went, and in dread of the beyond clung to the last to the poor subterfuge that had been "life" to her.

Against the assumption that insanity due to the conditions of modern life is on the increase is the fact that erratio members of the family are brought to the attention of physicians more fre quently than they used to be, and that many persons are now sequestered in asylums who were formerly permitted to go at large. Again, reliable statistics showing the proportion of insane 100 years ago are not obtainable, and a grand army, so to speak, of cranks, enthusiasts and simple-minded were then permitted to live outside of asylums who are now sequestered by their friends and the state.

It is reasonably certain that a return to old conditions, were that possible, would through the very tameness and monotony that would result be disastrous to sanity through the discontent engendered than is the combination known as "modern conditions" and arraigned as the cause of mental mala-

THE TAIL OF THE EMERSON KITE.

The memory of Margaret Fuller and A. Bronson Alcott is recalled by the re-cent Emerson centennial. These persons have no permanent place in Amercan literature. They were both warm admirers and intimate friends of Emerson, and are sure of enduring notoriety, because they were among the particolored rags that were includes in the dragging, dusty tail of the Emerson kite. Nobody but Emerson could anything in particular worthy of admiration in Alcott, who was a tiresome old visionary. Nobody but Emerson could see anything in Margaret Fuller save scholastic arrogance and egotist-ical pedantry. Alcott was so tiresome to Carlyle that he expostulated with Emerson for his extravagant estimate of him as a genuine seer. Margaret Fuller was educated by a father who was a thorough-going crank, and who, naturally enough, died intestate and insolvent. At the age of 6 Margaret Fuler was studying Latin; at 15 Greek, Italian and French; at 23 she was reading Goethe, Uhland and Richter in Ger-Of course, this forcing process gave the young girl more erudition than she could carry and digest, and all her literary work is crude in thought and destitute of excellence in expression

There is nothing in Margaret Fuller's published literary remains that indicates any notable intellectual superiority. There is certainly no sparkle of genius in her work; no trace of a fine poetic imagination. She writes like a hard-working school teacher who was using acquirements in producing "potso dult and so commonplace in their information that work of her quality would not be accepted as a gift today by a leading American magazine like the Atlantic or the North American Review. She worked industriously on the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley, and he evidently did not regard her as a person of superior literary gifts and powers. He thought her an honest, industrious woman, fearless and sincere in both thought and expression. Nathanial Hawthorne never concealed his opinion that Margaret Fuller was a scholastic, pedantic woman, whose aspirations were supported by very moderate ability, and years afterward, on visiting Rome, he wrote compassionately of Margaret Fuller and her marriage to a cook who had the

James Russell Lowell laughs incesfor Critics," and altogether, at this distance of time, there does not seem to be any adequate explanation of the endurance of Margaret Fuller's fame except the fact that in life and death Emerson was always her friend, if not always her admirer, as he was of "Old Daddy" Alcott. The explanation of Emerson's regard for her is found in the fact that few men fail to surrender to the man or woman who at all times and seasons is their devout and sincere worshiper. Emerson, like his fellow-men, was not without his share of human weakness. He liked those who fondly accepted him as their one altogether lovely oracle, chief among ten thousand. He did not like Margaret at first, but was naturally repelled by the manner of a woman who averred that she "knew all the people worth knowing in America, and could find no intellect comparable to her own." But Margaret laid siege to Emerson, and did not conceal her good opinion of him until he surrendered, as he had to the worship of Alcott and Thoreau, Emerson never liked Hawthorne, because he saw that Hawthorne did not accept him as a teacher or oracle or defer to him as an apostle Hawthorne confessed that he did not care specially for Emerson's company, because to a man of Hawthorne's higher genius Emerson had nothing to offer. Such attachments are not without precedent in literature. Boswell, without talents or learning or fine charac-

ter, captured Dr. Johnson because of his sincere admiration and reverence was not proof against the ceaseless as-saults of Boswell. The sincerity of Boswell captured Johnson, even as the sincere admiration of the Boston school mistress, who patronized Hawthorne and Lowell, captured Emerson. Emerson and Margaret Fuller first met In 1836, when he was but 33 and she was about seven years younger; but she did not become his devout disciple until a later date, when Emerson, through his famous address of 1837, became the prophet of transcendentalism. the Brook Farm community was formed Parker and Emerson kept out of h. Parker had no faith in it because of his sturdy practical common sense, and Emerson had too fine a sense of humor to affiliate with such a nondescript collection of reformers and candidates for reformation. Margaret Fuller had no sense of humor, but she took her cue from her great master and teacher, Emerson, and kept out of the Brook Farm flasco. In 1846 she went to Europe, and acquaintance a handsome young Italian eight years her junior. Neither could speak the other's language, and Margaret was about 38, a very plain, tactless woman. Her husband could legally strongest men in the civilization of the claim the title of Count, but his voca-Middle West have been men of New England birth and breeding or have

It was a stupid marriage, not because

tion was that of a cook.

-old at 40, "queer" at 50, tiresome and a social cipher in education, brains and querulous five years later, and dead at tastes, compared with herself, and out of such a marriage not much could have been obtained, a fact that served some thing to soften the grief of her friends when she, with her husband and child, were all drowned in the wreck of the ship Elizabeth on Fire Island Beach in July, 1850. Had she arrived safe in America, she would have been obliged to support her husband and child, for he was ignorant of our language and true, it is not true today; and, even if master of no calling save that of an we grant that it may still be true toordinary cook. She is a historical and literary figure of consequence only because Emerson graciously patronized her when she worshiped him. Her scholarship was exceptional among young women of her day; but in our day there are hundreds of American women who know more about Latin and Greek, Italian, German and French than did Margaret Fuller. The best American translation of Plato's version of the discourses of Socrates was done by a young woman, who earned this praise from Professor Goodwin, of Harvard. Pedagogue, egotist, enthusiast, Margaret Fuller, measured by her literary remains, was nothing but an industrious school teacher, who mistook mere scholastic learning for knowledge, aspiration for ability, mental unrest for strong thought, and who was not even master of a decent English style. But this comparatively commonplace wom-an insisted on taking the arm of Emerson all her days and posing as his sister in spiritual genius, and he felt too flattered to refuse her homage, but accepted it, saying by way of compen-"Thank you, Margaret; you're sation: another."

NOT AN ADMIRER OF JEFFERSON, A Democrat, in a three-column letter to the New York Sun, seeks to explain the fact that President Roosevelt, in his ! discourse in St. Louis on the opening of the exhibition to celebrate the cen-tennial anniversary of the cession of Louisiana, mentioned President Jefferson only in an incidental and perfunctory way, by saying that Mr. Roosevelt had expressed opinions as a historian that were embarrassing to him in his discharge of his recent function as President. In his biography of Benton, Jefferson is set down by Mr. Roosevelt as "a scholarly, shifty and timid doctrinaire." In his sketch of Gouverneur Morris he wrote that, "excepting Jefferson, we have never produced an Executive more helpless than Madison when it came to grappling with real dangers and difficulties."

In his "Winning of the West" Roose velt insists that the Jay treaty of 1794 was necessary because of the refusal of Jefferson to advocate and stand by "a strong, efficient, central government, backed by a good fleet and a well-organized army." He asserts that "for the incidents of shame and disgrace to America that attended the War of 1812 Jefferson and Madison have never received a sufficiently severe condemnation," Mr. Roosevelt further says that "the winning of Louisiana was due to no one man or set of men, and least of all to any statesman or set of states-

This quotation makes it clearly evident that Historian Roosevelt did not like Thomas Jefferson; that he is disposed to regard the cession by France of the great West beyond the Mississippi as something which Jefferson never sought nor contemplated; that he only sought for New Orleans, and asked for it under pressure; that Napoleon thrust on Jefferson for a mo the whole of Louisiana; that so far as Jefferson is concerned the treaty of cession was only a "scratch"; that is, he played for the white ball and made the red, as they say in billiards,

Granting that Historian Roosevelt still holds these opinions of Jefferson and of his responsibility for the cession of Louisiana, how could President Roosevelt do otherwise than allude to right to sport the title of Count Ossoli. Jefferson in an incidental and perfunctory way? He was not yet prepared to santly at Margaret Fuller in his "Fable eat the words of Historian Roosevelt, and yet he could not in courtesy to the people of St. Louis and the whole Mis sissippi Vailey, on a nonpartisan oc-casion, revive a historical controversy. He compromised the difficulty by saying nothing that could be construct into partisan depreciation of Jefferson's authorship of the cession of Louisiana. He preferred as President to be courteous rather than controversial; and now the Democratic lawyer, falling to appreciate the fact that the President could not afford to be disingenuous or discourteous, and therefore was silent when he could not admire or approve asks:

Why have the unhampered Democratic ediway have the unnampered Lemocratic egi-tors and war horses of the country tolerated such putting aside of Jefferson when celebrat-ing the centennial anniversary of the signa-ture of his treaty of cession of Louisiana? Where are the Democratic societies and their orators who keep Jefferson's birthday? Where are the inheritors and vindicators of Jefferson's fame?

= THE RULING STOCK.

The ruling stock at the East-mean

ing by that the North Atlantic seaboard states-has been chiefly of New England origin; that is, it was either New England born and bred or of New England ancestry by one remove. The great men of business affairs, of political genius, of judicial learning, of pulpit eloquence, in New England and the Middle States, have been natives of New England or the sons of natives of that section. The ablest representative of Pennsylvania in public life during the last half century was Thad Stevens. a New England Yankee, who persuaded that sluggish state to put its free schools firmly on their feet. The ablest editor in the high intellectual sense of that term that New York City ever produced was Horace Greeley, a New Hampshire Yankee. New York's most gifted poet and man of letters fifty year ago was William Cullen Bryant, a Massachusetts' Yankee. The leader of the bar of New York in his prime, William M. Evarts, was a New England Yankee: and if we go back to the earliest days of the Republic, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, and Rufus King, of New York, were New England born and bred. Asron Burr was the grandson of New England Yankees. Silas Wright was New England born and bred, of quite as humble birth and antecedents as Daniel Webster, the New Hampshire born and bred Yankee who became the brightest rose in the chaplet of fame of Massachusetts It may not be denied that New England born and bred men, or men of New England born and bred parentage, have been the most powerful intellectual force in the civilization of the North Atlantic seaboard states, and it would not be difficult to prove that the

been children of men of New England

good or evil has been the intellectua force of New England that able for-eigners who have visited the United States have said that the most powerful force in the civilization of the United States is New England, which has been to the whole country what Paris is to France. But this was said fifty years ago, when the Nation was of smaller population and of less highly developed civilization. If it was ever day, it is sure not to be true tomorrow Why? Because the New England Yankee has emigrated to the Middle West, the Rocky Mountain States or the Pacific Coast, and the Yankee, as a distinct, peculiar intellectual force, is beoming fast replaced by men of foreign birth of various nationalities.

The Yankee farmer's place is gradual-

ly being usurped by Poles, who are

everywhere in evidence, underselling

the Yankee farmer at every point.

These Poles, who have bought farms, work well, live cheaply, and are able to undersell every Yankee farmer, who has been raised to live well and employ help at good wages. Clarence Deming, of Connecticut, writing in the Independent, confesses that the old Yankee farmers are being replaced rapidly by people of foreign stock brought hither by immigration. The resuscitation of New England is approaching, but it involves the building up of a "new com-posite-form race." The flight of the New England farmers to the West cut down the price of their abandoned farms so low that thrifty foreigners bred to agriculture have been attracted to these cheap lands, have acquired them by purchase, and are now proving that New England farming can be made prosperous again by renewal of the old-time industry, thrift and selfdenial, the old economy and hard w which originally made New England's hard soil, when "tickled by the hoe, laugh with a harvest." Swedes, Itallans, Germans and Irishmen are beginning to reclaim these old farms, but the most recent immigrant to enter upon these "abandoned" farm lands is the Russian Hebrew. The Swede is the most successful farmer of all these nationalities; he is industrious, intelligent and religious. The Italian comes next, but he is oftener a "truck" and suburban farmer than he is an upland agriculturist. The German is industrious, but a free liver; while the Irishman is often as successful as the Swede in reclaiming the run-down farm. Roman Catholic churches are growing rapidly in many New England farm towns where once were found only Protestant churches.

the natural question is whether the new race of New England farmers of other blood will prove worthy successors. Why not? Americans of great eminence and patriotism have been foreign born and bred or have been the children of foreign born and bred parents, Albert Gallatin, the ablest financier of our Republic under Jefferson and Madison, was a Swiss. The famous orator and jurist, William Wirt, was born of Swiss parents. Alexander Hamilton was born and bred in the British West Indies; Carl Schurz was born in Germany. One of the Senators from Minnesota is a Scandinavian; ex-Governor Lind, of the same state, is a Scandinavian; Thomas Addis Emmet was an Irish political exile. Of the ability of the Irishman, the German, the Swede or the Hebrew rapidly to affiliate with American political institutions and social life there is no doubt. The assimilative quality of the Italian and the Hungarian has yet to be proved, but there is no doubt that they will easily conform themselves to new political and social environment.

The New England stock will then no longer rule the political life of the The 4-cent stamp will show President North Atlantic seaboard states. It no t City of Nev York. This means that in another century the ruling stock of the North Atlantic States will be Catholic rather than Protestant in religion, and democratic rather than conservative in politics. The New England stock will continue to rule for the present, as it does today, in the great states of the Middle

Nevada, for years scorched by bitter sarcasm and hot winds, is said to have entered upon an era of marked development. Its mineral output has shown a substantial increase in recent months, its population is increasing, and large areas of its arid lands are being made productive by means of irrigation, It is one of the states that offers inducements to capital only, and has no place for the man looking for a homestead or for work, skilled or unskilled, outside of its mines. The soil is fertile when watered, but barren of everything except sage and cacti under the hot sun and blasting winds of the desert. It cannot be doubted that, properly devised and applied, irrigation will make this wilderness blossom as the rose, and it is pleasing to note that some really comprehensive irrigation schemes are now in prospect, if not in progress, in the state.

-Now that the legal path is cleared, let the promoters of the Hillsboro electric road show that they are in earnest. If the men behind it are really the Indiana interurban railroad-builders, as has been semi-officially announced, Portland is likely to profit by their enter prise. These men are certain to extend the road wherever there is traffic in sight. In this case they cannot stop south of Corvallis. Every farm within three miles of the road will have added value. The only interest to be adversely affected is the Southern Pacific, and its earnings will increase in the long run by reason of added development.

Light is occasionally thrown upon the domestic problem by experiments in advertising. An example of this was cited recently by the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, as follows: "A Westerner who advertised recently for a cook and music teacher got nine answers to the former and 389 to the latter. The natural inference is that anybody can teach music, while it requires ability of a high order to cook victuals."

Says the Philipsburg Mail: "When the robber instinct is once fastened upon a man, it is mighty hard to jar it loose." In evidence of this well-proven fact is cited the announcement that Cole Younger will run a restaurant in St. Louis during the great fair.

At Pendleton the other day Judge Ellis adjourned the State Circuit Court so that all hands could witness a baseball match. Interest in the National game in Umatilla may be said to have

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A Tragedy in One Act. Smart youth duck pan Sprinkling cart. Wet youth goes home-Not so smart.

In June. The happy June-tide days have come, The gladdest of the year. They're not too warm for whisky punch, And warm shough for beer.

How Would You Like to Be the -!" Dante descended into the 245th pit of forment, and stood wondering at the asonishing spectacle that was bared before his eyes. There, chained to base-ball bleachers, to street cars, to telegraph poles and to a thousand other things, were countless human beings, in the last stages of collapse from the great heat. They were striving and rending their chains in valu efforts to break loose from their fastenings, and all seemed to be endeavoring to reach a central point in the pit.

Dante gazed at the central point for a moment, and his mystification was increased. There were counters covered with glasses of ismonade, beer, ice water, iced ten and countless other cool and refreshing beverages. In fact, this point seemed to be a representation of everything that was cool and sparkling. Dante was awed at the punishment in

flicted on the human beings, chained as they were, and he inquired, with bated breath, what had been the enormous crime which merited such punishment. The guide pointed to a large sign on the wall. It read:

> Here Are Chained Those Who Always Ask: "Is It Hot Enough for You?"

Our 1905 Exposition Stamps

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6.-(By Tireless Telegraph.)-Despite the multitude of reports that have been sent from this city concerning the present condition of affairs in the Postoffice partment, there has been some work ac-compilahed during the past few weeks beside looting the public treasury. Corruption and scandal have not entirely blocked the wheels of Uncle Sam's department, though this is an assertion that will doubtless cause a feeling akin to surprise among those who are less familiar with the real existing conditions. The most important piece of postoffice

work that has been finished since the beginning of the year has been the completing of the designs for the special series of stamps to be issued for the 1965 fair at Portland in commemoration The old Yankee farmer, a man of the memorable trip of Lewis and Clark energy and elevation of character, is to the Oregon country. These stamps ecoming extinct in New England, and will be beautiful to a degree that will surpass anything that the Government has ever heretofore attempted in the sticker line.

The 1-cent stamp will be a delightful sea green in color, and will bear a magnificent portrait of Dan McAllen in all his glory. Mr. McAllen has ordered an advance supply of 100,000 copies, which he will distribute to his friends on the day the Exposition opens its doors.

The 2-cent variety will be embellished with an etching of the Portland fireboat, done in some characteristic fire color, probably red. The picture will represent the boat in active engagement extin-guishing a blaze at Mount Tabor. Owing to the scarcity of water in the locality chosen by the department, and the inability of any boat to ever reach the spot without aid, the fireboat has been equipped with wheels in the paintir

The 3-cent value will portray the Portland Browns and the Greengages engaged in mortal combat. At the top in vignette will be small portraits of Jack Marshall and Jack Grim, in loving embrace. The color will be yellow, to characterize the quality of ball played by

Roosevelt laying the cornerstone for the longer rules the great New England Lewis and Cark monument. The stamp will be done in water color.

The 5-cent will be graced with a lifesized portrait of Hon. John Barrett, done in oils. Color, pearl gray. Above Mr. Barrett's head will be placed a golden halo.

The 6-cent denomination will have a picture of the firebug. This will also be done in red.

The 10-cent stamp will show Portland's magnificent system of street sprinklers, and will be printed in a dusty brown The 12-cent will show Hon, Jefferson

Myers, of Salem, in a true Democratic attitude. In case Mr. Myers declines to be portrayed, Colonel Frank Parker, of Walla Walla, will be shown. The 13-center will show a panoramic

view of Seventh street in mid-Winter, with sportsmen shooting ducks in the background. The color will be funeral

Many other attractive designs were furnished to the department for the selection, and it was only after great difficulties that a proper array nesses and pictures was decided upon. In view of the fact that more values may be decided upon, the department designer is at work on more subjects, which may be announced at any moment

The Deadly Pi Line.

Inland Printer.

Some flendish printer is my secret foe,
On the top floor.

He has a trick that fills me up with woe
And oaths galore.

I wrote a sennet to my lady's hair,
And said that "only with it can compare taoin shrdlu emfwyp vhgiqi xziiifffii —This made me sore.

A thrilling romance, too, I penned one day. A thrilling romance, too I penses one day.

On the last page
The villain told why he did seek to slay
Sir Durivage.

"I sought his life," quoth he, "not in the fray,
But helmet off, because he once did say;
at, ir(fgailfray@sig, ilgainshteelunifir ga
—That made me rage.

And forthwith to the editor I wrote, With angry pen, Correcting the mistake in a brief note Of how and when 'Twas printed; yet an added horror smote, As over the correction I did gloat: MUST-All Eds-A J T-Eury on inside page -I was mad then.

Could I but have this wretch to work my For one short hour, I'd boll him in hot pitch, or, better still, Above the flery furnace have him grill, Able alone to shriek in wordiess will: "wbgkgi cmfwyp shrdl etaoin shrdlu tao,"

Oh! That We Two Were Maying. Charles Kingsley.

Oh! that we two were Maying

Down the stream of the soft Spring breeze;

Like children with violets playing

in the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down, Watching the white mist streaming Over river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's

And our souls at home with God!