

The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 69; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, .36 of an inch. TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy and occasionally threatening; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1903.

AN ENIGMA OF LIFE.

"God," says Emerson, "offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please. You can never have both." Truth, therefore, though men strive for it never so earnestly, is not repose; and no one who has any real knowledge of human nature can doubt how much more pleasurable to most men and women it is to lie under the empire of invincible prejudice, than to be shut out every consideration that could shake or qualify cherished beliefs, than to contend for truth and to try to follow wherever it may lead. And yet the highest form of intellectual virtue is that love of truth for its own sake which breaks up prejudices, tempers enthusiasm by the full admission of opposing arguments and qualifying circumstances, and places in the sphere of possibility or probability many things which we would gladly accept as certainties. Yet conscience itself, when it is very sensitive and very lofty, is far more an element of suffering than of pleasure—unless we give highest place in the list of pleasures to those especially that give us no rest.

So full of contradictions and of paradoxes is the nature of man. Man seeks truth with an eagerness that often devours him, yet finds actual repose only in beliefs that he never can reconcile to his reason. But this paradox has its uses in the economy of life, since it is that may without violence to truth be conceded the prejudices of men that holds human society together. In their search for truth and their speculations about it men follow such divergent paths that, without their prejudices to serve as an anchor, there could be no body of opinion strong enough to hold as a real bond among men.

Yet there is a criterion of truth in the choice between rest and truth. This plunges us at once into the controversy about free will, where men "find no end, in wandering mazes lost." All superficial thinking on the subject tends to denial of free will in man, upon the assumption that man is merely the creature of circumstances, on which his motives, desires and actions are directed. But is it an inevitable conclusion that nothing of the will may not be ascribing to the desire, and it is the business of character to make it so. The feeling of moral responsibility is an essential and inseparable part of healthy and developed human nature, and it inevitably presupposes free will. The best argument in its favor is that it is impossible to disbelieve it. No human being can prevent himself from viewing certain acts with an indignation, shame, remorse, resentment, gratitude, enthusiasm, praise or blame, which would be perfectly unmeaning and irrational, if these acts could not have been avoided. We can have no higher evidence on the subject than is derived from this fact. It is impossible to disbelieve the mystery of free will, but until we cease to feel these emotions he has not succeeded in disbelieving it. He never, therefore, can argue himself out of his sense of responsibility and duty. The foundation of the social fabric in morals is here; and in large degree its foundation in religion, too. But this has nothing to do with special or ecclesiastical duties. These serve a purpose, by constituting a body of feeling or opinion which concentrates powerful forces in support of principles necessary for the conduct of life. Not that any system of belief, any church creed, can be forever and infallibly true; for changes or adjustments to new conditions mark the whole course of its history. The members, and still more the leaders, of an ancient church, bound to formularies and creeds that were drawn up in long bygone centuries, are continually met by the difficulties of reconciling these forms with the changed conditions of human knowledge; and there are periods when the pressure of these difficulties is felt with more than common force. Perhaps no part of this movement and work has given more concern to a large class of minds than the progress of biblical interpretation, on the principles made necessary by growth of the philosophy of history. Multitudes of good souls maintain their peace of mind by resolute refusal to join in this inquiry, or even to tolerate it.

But there is gain, in many ways. It is good for the human mind that phenomena once attributed to isolated

and capricious acts of spiritual or divine intervention are recognized now as regulated by law, by habit, by memory and all-pervading law. We turn this knowledge to account in our dealings with Nature, and with each other, in innumerable ways. There is gain, too, in the increasing tolerance it enforces, in government and in individual life. Church and state are now all but completely separated, and mental and moral permanency is no longer attributed to those who apply the spirit of historical and literary inquiry to the study of the religious history of man, including the Bible of the Jewish and Christian world. For all minds there is no satisfaction in this process or in results, since it upsets many cherished beliefs—never accomplished without pain; but it is the only way to escape from fixed states of mind in whole people, which preclude intellectual growth and moral growth with it. So, as Emerson says, we cannot have repose with truth (he means with pursuit of truth), let us deem ourselves better off with truth, or with the pursuit of it, than with repose alone. It is an enigma of life, but inescapable.

THE BOSTON RELIGION.

Under the caption of "The Boston Religion," M. A. Dewolf Howe contributes to the current number of the Atlantic an admirable article concerning the rise and growth of the Congregational Church of New England in the early days of the nineteenth century, and out of which grew the American Unitarian Church. Jonathan Mayhew, whose political sermon of 1770 has been called "the morning gun of the Revolution," was the first prominent dissent from the established Calvinistic Church of New England. Calvinistic Congregationalism was then the established church, guarded by civil laws, taxing the whole community for church support, and dealing with ecclesiastical affairs from the point of view of the unity of church and state; but in the closing years of the eighteenth century Boston and Salem welcome the pulpit expression of doubt respecting the doctrines of the trinity and of human depravity. The inland towns of New England remained intensely orthodox, but the seaports became more latitudinarian, because their deep-sea navigators became, through world-wide experience, divested of Puritan insularity of thought and manners. As early as 1769 there was one church in Boston avowedly Unitarian, King's Chapel. Originally the first Episcopal Church in New England, it became the first Unitarian Church in America. The congregation authorized its rector, James Freeman, to revise the trinity out of the liturgy. Denied Episcopal ordination for this act, Freeman became the first professing Unitarian minister in America. Other orthodox ministers in Boston, instead of openly denying the doctrine of the trinity and other tenets of Calvinism, were content in practice to ignore such matters. But in 1805 the election of Rev. Henry Ware to the vacant Hollis professorship at Harvard caused an outburst of violent indignation and protest on part of orthodox Congregationalists. The newly elected professor of divinity was a pronounced Unitarian; his election was bitterly contested, but without avail.

In natural sequence, from the Hollis professorship dispute came the founding of the Andover Seminary in 1808, and of the Park-Street Church in 1809. Finally in 1819 the controversy became so hot that orthodox ministers published a pamphlet entitled "Are You of the Boston Religion or of the Christian Religion?" to which a Boston lawyer, John Lowell, made answer in the pamphlet, "Are You a Christian or a Calvinist?" There were a number of leading Unitarians, including Dr. Channing and Dr. N. L. Frothingham, who were related to a new sect founded, Channing would have preferred to see the Congregational body undivided, but leavened by Unitarianism. In the religious war that followed, the courts ruled in case of a country parish that although only two church members remained with the church when the orthodox minister and all the rest of his people seceded, those two were the church and retained all its property. In 1823 the Massachusetts law formally separated the functions of church and town. Dr. Channing was really the influential leader of the Boston Unitarians, and he preached continually the dignity, not the depravity, of human nature. While the preaching of Channing was strongly ethical rather than doctrinal, nevertheless he did not discard supernatural religion, nor a divine revelation of Christian truth, and believed in the Bible, Old Testament and New. Harvard College and nearly all the wealth and fashion of Boston became allies of the new faith. Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, a man of very great ability, confessed that for six years, from 1823 to 1833, he battled in vain against the rising tide of Boston Unitarianism.

Then came the famous revolt within Unitarianism itself, a controversy introduced by Emerson and Theodore Parker. In 1838 Emerson delivered his divinity school address at Harvard, which was denounced as heretical by the leader of the divinity school, Rev. Andrews Norton, who stigmatized it as "the latest form of infidelity." Emerson had repudiated the ritual of the Lord's Supper, had separated himself from the Unitarian ministry and retired to Concord, chanting: "Good-bye, proud world; I'm going home." But the seed scattered by Emerson had taken deep root in Theodore Parker, who as minister of the First Church in West Roxbury preached in 1841 a sermon which included a declaration that Christianity needed no support from miracles, and that it could still stand firm as the absolute religion, even if it could be proved that its founder never lived. The orthodox Unitarians were as much startled by the voice of Parker as the orthodox Congregational Church had been shocked by the voice of Channing a quarter century before. Channing doubted whether Parker could even be called a Christian, "for without miracles the historical Christ is gone." Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham, father of Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who wrote the standard life of Theodore Parker, said that "the difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians is a difference in Christians; but the difference between Mr. Parker and the association between Unitarianism is a difference between Unitarianism and Christianity." Parker was "frozen out" of the Unitarian Church, and when James Freeman Clarke exchanged pulpits with him, fifteen of his most influential families joined themselves to another church. The orthodox Unitarian Church bulled better than it knew; for when it dropped its old knees, for a while it thought and preached Parker. Only grasped it more firmly, planted it

in his independent pulpit of Music Hall and drew 3000 deserters from orthodox Unitarianism to hear him every Sunday. Today the Unitarian Church, which Chadwick, who can speak with authority for his denomination, declares of Theodore Parker, the Unitarian arch-heretic of 1846: "From then till now Unitarian progress has been along the line illuminated by his beacon light." The victory of Unitarianism is found in the fact that it forced orthodoxy to let out its belt a number of holes or die of heart failure. The leading voices in all the great Calvinistic churches are attuned today to accents of liberal Christianity, and for this we are indebted to the Unitarian movement that began under Channing and rose to its maturity under Parker and his apostles. Parker was the pioneer in the higher biblical criticism and the preaching of the humanity of Christ. Lyman Abbott and Phillips Brooks in their respective churches confessed by their teachings that Parker's voice had enlarged the circle of orthodox learning and humanity.

THE THEATER THAT AMUSES.

The inevitable changes in the mode of living, the prosperity and the mental attitude of a nation are nowhere reflected so truly and so fully than in the character of its amusements. The islander of the Southern seas, attired in a few feathers snatched from the flamingo and the parakeet, still dances gleefully before a pile of skulls. The sybarite of decadent Rome languished on scented divans while Nubian captives made soft music for him. To tempt his taste, appetite, and desires and the seas were sacked. On every side, in answer to the popular demand, arose new schemes to interest the jaded mind, and today the mightiest monument that Rome has left is the Coliseum, a temple of amusement. After a wave of barbarism, created by the Goth, the Vandal and the Hun, had inundated Europe, amusement was no longer thought of seriously. The daily and belligerent life of the people afforded them all the excitement needed. Later, when the governments became more settled, recreation began, though slowly, to appear. The tournament and other warlike sports grew out of the popular demand, and as strife between the nations waned, amusements multiplied. Always has a change of the character of the people's sport announced, but not heralded, a change in the necessities and needs of their life.

And so it would seem that the rapid rise of the vaudeville theater amongst us, the surrender of the public to New York of great dramatic temples to the new specialty entertainments, and the recent appearance as stage villains of some celebrities of the stage, may well warrant a serious analysis. It were idle to suppose that so radical a change as that marked by the rapid obsolescence of the tragedy and the Shakespearean drama, and the adoption in their stead of the carousal joys of the vaudeville, is due only to a passing caprice of popular fancy. Its reason is based on firmer ground, and the advent of entertainment for the enjoyment of which thought is not necessary, and which evokes no mental process but a smile, is merely a sign of a change in the daily life and habits of the people. The daily life of the average man today is so complex and full that he feels no desire to eke out his experience at second hand by having his feelings harrowed up by the mimic wrongs of the heroine in a theatrical drama. Nor does he feel the necessity, or even advantage, of adding to his store of philosophy by listening to the saws and sayings that have lifted Shakespeare to the dizzy height of literature. In older days, when restricted facilities for communication narrowed the experience of any one person to the actual happenings of his own town or circle that might come within his ken, there was perhaps a paucity of emotions. People hungered for variety. Locked within the confines of their acquaintanceship and unable to learn or follow the paths, humor and tragedy of other lives in other communities and other spheres, it was natural that the public should rush eagerly to whatever promised them a change from the deadly sameness of their lives.

But with the rapid growth of great newspapers and the improvement of rapid transit, at least the urban population of the country has become somewhat immune from excitement. Daily at their doors are laid the tales of the doings of the day before. And these are real tales of suffering, deceit, triumph, intrigue and vindicated innocents, well told by skilled writers, the incidents of each story set forth in proper sequence, each motive carefully analyzed, so that it may be mentally digested at once and without effort. What wonder is it that the public of today no longer thrills at the melancholies of Hamlet the Dane, nor is spellbound by the eloquent portrayal of Imaginary Queen. The unreal is no more picturesque nor yet as interesting as the real.

But if the theater is no longer to instruct, it is decreed that it shall amuse. And therefore it is that theatrical managers all over America are building new vaudeville houses and turning theaters where Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett have trod the boards into ultra-ornamental resorts where the cap and bells and jester's motley may be enshrined.

"USELESS EACH WITHOUT THE OTHER."

Miss Helen Bradford Thompson, late professor of experimental psychology in the Chicago University, and now director of the psychological laboratory at Mount Holyoke College, has demonstrated to her own satisfaction that men are more emotional than women, as well as superior to them in physical strength and inventiveness. This conclusion was reached after two years of careful experiment with a class of twenty-five young men and an equal number of young women of college age, and the experiments upon which they are based will be published by the Chicago University press, advance sheets of which are now out, in a work entitled "The Mental Traits of Sex." Miss Thompson has through her investigations reached the by no means original conclusion that the superior ingenuity and strength of men are not due to a difference of mind induced by sex, but to the influence of society as now organized, and more especially to the fact that the boy is taught to be independent in thought and action, while the girl is taught obedience and dependence. The case may be stated and argued under the head of "Nature vs. Education." That there is something in Miss Thompson's last contention is manifestly true. That the fact stated, upon being tested, speedily reaches its limits is also true. The trouble with this theory is similar to that under which the Christian Scientist labors when pushing his theory of healing beyond the point where it can be sustained by demonstration. The theorists in both cases assert more than they are able to prove. Elated by the supposed discovery of a truth or the discovery of a supposed truth, they seek to make extensive application of it only to be confronted by insuperable facts in Nature and experience.

We await the publication of Miss Thompson's findings to be convinced that "men are more emotional than women." This, at least, has the merit of an original proposition, and the evidence offered in support of it will be awaited with some interest and not a little curiosity. The question, however, that woman only lacks opportunity and training to become the counterpart of man in physical strength and public achievement, Nature herself enters silent protest. Longfellow makes a succinct statement of this matter when he says:

So into the bow the cord is, So into the bow the woman, Though she bends him yet she follows, Though she leads him yet she follows, Both ways each with the other.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM.

A French sociologist, Leopold Mabilieau, in a recent lecture before the University of Chicago, denounced what he termed the weak spot in the higher education in America: "Professors in American universities are like caged employees. They may not speak, they may not consider their views on science, they must respect the opinions and interests of the trustees who employ them and of the rich men whose millions make the institutions possible." In France, he says, they have a better system—universities supported by the state, which assures to professors a life tenure and entire freedom of body and of opinion as they please.

It is true that in several cases the opinions of university professors have cost them their position. President E. R. Andrews, of Brown University, lost his chair by his senseless and extravagant championship of free silver at 15 to 1. Some of the professors of Stanford University are reported to have frozen out because Mrs. Stanford did not consider their views on science and religion as thoroughly orthodox, but it is not true that France is free from this intolerance. At least one of the eminent professors in France lost his position because of his indignant protest against the crime against Captain Dreyfus and his denunciation of the conduct of the military court which had sentenced Dreyfus to a life term. It is true that in France there is less "academic freedom" than in America, but it is not true that France is free from this intolerance. At least one of the eminent professors in France lost his position because of his indignant protest against the crime against Captain Dreyfus and his denunciation of the conduct of the military court which had sentenced Dreyfus to a life term.

In Great Britain there is far more "academic freedom" than in France, but in France there is a pretense of academic freedom which is solemnly maintained until some great public wrong is committed, or some great public scandal is exposed, or some great public discussion. Then, if leading professors criticize the government with bitterness and sharpness, "the academic freedom" proves but a weak defense, for on some pretense or subterfuge the offending professor is soon expelled from his chair. It is a weakness in our private education that the donors of the money which establishes the institutions of higher education are not permitted to express the utterances of instructors in the departments of economics and sociology. This is no more true of America than it is of France. It is worse in France, because the public sentiment of this country would make it impossible to expel an honored and able professor from his chair because he stood up against public justice as a successful and public justifier of a conspiracy against the liberty of Captain Dreyfus. There is no "academic freedom" in France that will prevent the martyrdom of scholar and teacher who defies public opinion and arraigns the government for its indifference to public justice. If France should be involved in such a war today as we had our Civil War in 1861-1865 in the Philippines, we do not believe that her university professors would be permitted to denounce the expansion policy of the government without rebuke if they spoke as bitterly as did Professor Norton, of Harvard. The university professors of France know enough to keep still, and when they do not they are obliged promptly to step down and out, as did the eminent French scholar of Protestant lineage who spoke up fearlessly in favor of Dreyfus.

There is certainly as much "academic freedom" in Harvard or Yale University as there is in any state university in France. When there is a violation of academic freedom in the endowed educational institutions of America, it is found in some seven-by-nine fresh-water lake in the State of New York, Stanford University, whose great resources and rich endowment has been tied to a woman's apron-string, or like the University of Chicago, which is subordinate to John D. Rockefeller whenever he chooses to control it. The small colleges of some states of the Middle West, under the transient triumph of Populism, suffered the loss of their endowment, and the University of Georgia, dismissed Professor Sneed for his liberal views on the negro question. Another petty Southern college dismissed a professor for merely owning Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible." But in none of the really great colleges of the country, such as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, as there are any danger of the dismissal of an efficient professor because his opinions are unpopular.

New England has been solid for the protective tariff since the foundation of the Republic in 1787, yet during nearly all of this time Professor Sumner taught free trade at Yale University and at Harvard University, at Williams College. Even in the State of President Andrews and the silver question in 1897, while not a member of the faculty agreed with him, a majority protested against the action of the corporation in putting pressure on Andrews and the corporation receded from its position. When Mrs. Stanford put Professor Rose out of his chair in 1900

the majority of the faculty stood by their guns and supported Rose as a matter of principle, Academic freedom is not absolute and perfect in the United States; neither is it in France. Private endowment is generally denominated institutions have the right to expect adherence in general to their traditions. The man who cannot respect them should seek for employment elsewhere.

MILITARY SCHOLARSHIP.

U. S. Grant the third, grandson of the hero of Vicksburg, took third place in a class of nearly 100 at the final examination at West Point. This announcement has called forth the erroneous statement that the great soldier of the Civil War graduated near the foot of his class, for General Grant ranked No. 21 in a class of 39 members. He was the finest mathematician in his class and the most daring horseman in the military academy. His rank about midway in his class was that attained by the majority of the distinguished graduates of West Point. A few very famous Generals, such as Longstreet, did graduate at the foot of their class, but Grant was not among them.

General C. F. Smith, who made a famous charge at the head of his brigade at Fort Donelson, the finest soldier of the class of 1853, ranked 19 in a class of 37. General Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh, was graduated near the foot of his class. General C. Lee was graduated in 1829, second in rank in a class of 46, and among his classmates was General Joseph E. Johnston, who ranked No. 12. Jefferson Davis ranked 23 in a class of 33 members. Generals Humphreys and Emory, distinguished soldiers, ranked 13 and 14 in a class of 33 members. General Meade ranked 19 in a class of 55 members. The Confederate General Bragg ranked No. 5 in a class of 50 members. General Early was No. 19, General John Sedgwick No. 24, and General Joseph Hooker No. 29 of the same class—that of 1837. General Beauregard was second in a class of 45 members. General Hardee was No. 26 and General A. J. Stevens led the class of 1863. General Halleck was No. 3, General Ricketts No. 16, General Orin No. 17, General Henry J. Hunt No. 19 and General Canby was No. 30 in the same class, which had 21 members. General Paul O. Hebert led the class of 1840, which contained 42 members. Hebert never rose above the rank of Confederate Brigadier. William T. Sherman was No. 6, George H. Thomas No. 12 and George W. Getty No. 15 and the Confederate General Ewell was No. 13 in the same class. General Z. B. Tower led the class of 1841, which numbered 32 members. General H. G. Wright was No. 2, General Nathaniel Lyon was No. 11, General John F. Reynolds was No. 21, General Bull No. 32, General Richardson No. 28 and General Brooks No. 46. General Henry L. Eustis, who made a very poor Brigadier in the Sixth Corps, led the class of 1842, numbering 56 members. General John Newton was No. 2, General Rosecrans No. 5, General John Pope No. 17, General Doubleday No. 24, the Confederate General D. H. Hill No. 28, General George B. Lytle No. 18, the Confederate General Byrnes No. 48, General Van Dorn No. 52 and General James Longstreet No. 54. General William B. Franklin led the class of 1843. General Deshon, now a Catholic priest in New York City, was second; General Frederick Steele, one of Grant's best officers before Vicksburg, was 20, and General Rufus Ingalls was No. 23 in this class of 29 members. General Hancock ranked 18 in a class of 25. Generals William F. Smith, Thomas J. Wood, Charles R. Stone and Fitz John Porter ranked fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth, respectively, in the class of 1845, which had 41 members. The Confederate General Bee, killed at Bull Run, ranked 33 in this class. General Russell was 38 in this class. General McClellan was No. 2 in a class of 69 members, and at the foot of the class was General George E. Pickett, who led the great Confederate charge at Gettysburg. Stonewall Jackson ranked 17 in this class, and General Cadmus C. Wilcox ranked 54. General Reno No. 8 and General Couch No. 9.

The Confederate General A. P. Hill ranked 15 in a class of 33. Burnside ranked 18, General Gibbon 20, General Ayres 22, General Griffin 23, and at the foot of the class was General Henry Heth, one of Lee's most brilliant division commanders. General John Buford ranked 16 in a class of 38 members. General G. K. Warren was No. 2 in a class of 44 members. General Custer (Grover) was fourth in the same class. General Henry W. Slocum was No. 7 in the class of 1852, which had 43 members. General A. D. McCook No. 30, General A. V. Kauts No. 35 and General George Crook No. 38. General McPherson led the class of 1853. General Schofield was No. 7, General Philip H. Sheridan was No. 24 and the Confederate General John B. Hood No. 44 in a class of 63 members. General Ruger was No. 3 and General O. Howard No. 4 in the class of 1854. The Confederate Generals Pegram and J. E. B. Stuart ranked 10 and 12, respectively, in this class, which had 46 members. General Stephen D. Lee ranked 17, and the Confederate General Pender, killed at Gettysburg, ranked 19 in this class. General A. S. Webb ranked 13 in a class of 34 members. General Samuel S. Carroll ranked 44 in a class of 49 members. General Charles G. Harker ranked 16 in a class of 27 members. The Confederate General Ramser ranked 14 in a class of 41 members. General J. H. Wilson ranked 6 and General Wesley Merritt ranked 23 in the same class—that of 1850. General Ames ranked 5, General Upton 8, General Guy V. Henry 27 and General Judah Kilpatrick 17 in a class of 45 members, and General George A. Custer graduated at the foot of his class. General Joe Wheeler was 19 in a class of 22.

These figures show that superior military scholarship is no more assurance of success in the application of the art of war to the emergencies of the campaign and the battlefield than superior scholarship at the law school is assurance of success in the trial of a great cause in court. In the Civil War many of the first scholars at West Point did not show superior aptitude for generalship in the field. This only proves that outdoor executive energy and creative pugnacity are essential to a general as well as knowledge of the scientific principles of strategy and grand battle tactics.

The old axiom that truth is stranger than fiction was never better illustrated than in the story of the Serbian tragedy. In this age of electricity, steam and high-pressure civilization, when science makes greater advances in a

year than it used to make in twenty, when higher education is supposed to be lifting all mankind to a loftier plane, the whole world is shocked by a crime the details of which for sickening horror find but few parallels since the Dark Ages. The story of the assassination of the King and Queen of Serbia reads, not like a twentieth-century piece of news, but rather like one of those partly legendary stories of the old days when might made right. The art and imagination of the most gifted playwright could conjure up no more awful, thrilling scene than that which was enacted in the palace of Serbia's King shortly after midnight last Wednesday. All of the elements of the romantic tragedies of centuries ago were there—the treacherous army, the Judas who betrayed his master, the midnight summons and wild flight through the halls of the palace from the terrible climax in which dissolving tyrant lit upon the dark deeds of his life by a final act of heroic devotion, yielding up his own life for the privilege of avenging an insult to the woman he undoubtedly loved. That modern miracle, the electric telegraph, had flashed the news of this tragedy, with all of its gory details, to the uttermost ends of the earth before the bodies of the victims had become cold. For this reason the Serbian horror does not offer for the purpose of historical romance so good an opportunity as it would had had if it had happened 400 or 500 years ago. Nevertheless, none of the old tales of blood and warfare excelled it in dramatic effect, and regarding the character of the murdered monarchs, it will not soon be forgotten.

Public sympathy and common justice are on the side of the settlers. Warner Valley, whom the Warner Valley Stock Company is trying to dispossess of lands long occupied as homesteads and improved and lived upon as such. These people evidently acted in good faith, and to dispossess them utterly on the legal basis or claim that the land taken is swamp land, and not subject to homestead entry, will work hardship and suffering upon them. The case is one of a type that arouses bitter and often unreasoning hostility to corporations and incites not infrequently to acts of violence. It may be hoped that equitable adjustment of this case will be reached, since neither party to the contention can afford to urge or accept a settlement upon any other basis. The case is one of a type that arouses bitter and often unreasoning hostility to corporations and incites not infrequently to acts of violence. It may be hoped that equitable adjustment of this case will be reached, since neither party to the contention can afford to urge or accept a settlement upon any other basis.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Weather Knockers.

There's a great big bunch of knockers Who make the public sigh, They are sure about the weather, And they're hard to satisfy. In Summer when the sky is bright They howl and howl for rain, And when the Winter makes things damp They want the sun again.

What's in a Name.

BELGRADE, June 13.—(By wireless telegraph.)—There was a wild scene in the Skupstchina Assembly held here today. Seven cases of lockjaw and three fractured jawbones are the result of the mad meeting of the national senate. The Skupstchina opened up with the following officers: Avrachemski Carraygunski, Premier. Brogan Hittite pivokovitch, Minister of the Interior. Hotshots Budandthunderouski, Minister of War. Twobit Nickelintesholaki, Minister of Finance. Georges Brownelovitch, President of the Senate. Before the reading clerk got half way through the list of names he had to be gagged and taken from the Senate chamber on a stretcher. Colonel Muttonchopkovitch rose to the occasion and moved that all the names of officers be changed to Smith, and a moment later he was removed to the emergency hospital, having been assaulted by General Takeashotatshelski, who threw one of the seventeen volumes of the city directory at his head.

Then in the tumult that ensued Minister Hittitepivokovitch tried to mount a table and call the members to order, but he, too, had to be sent out suffering from lockjaw. At an early hour this morning the senate in one of the utmost confusion, Premier Carraygunski will dissolve the meeting as soon as it is daylight, and hereafter the roll call will be done by means of phonograph, with cast-steel records. All the telephone wires in the country have been changed to barb wire, as that is the only variety that will carry the language without burning up.

An Easy Convert.

The thirsty man stood at the street corner and leaned against a telephone pole. He had been long standing thus, and as the day was hot, and as he was dry and parched, he was meditating as to whether he ought to go around the corner and see a man or not. Suddenly he was tapped on the back by a person of solemn appearance, and as he turned the one who tapped said: "Sir, might I inquire if you are a spiritualist?" "Well," remarked the thirsty man with great rapidity, "I have never had any particular aversion to spirits, and as the day is hot I don't care if I do."

The Adventures of Mr. Busybudy—Chapter II.

Mr. Busybudy strolled down the street the other day from the club, where he had partaken freely of an excellent lunch, observing the sights that abounded on every hand. Suddenly, when he reached a busy part of the thoroughfare, he threw up his hands with an exclamation and fell in a dead faint. The crowd pressed around, and several policemen who were near by endeavored to revive the unfortunate man. Water and other reviving agencies were resorted to, but the genial Mr. Busybudy remained dead to the world. Finally, an ambulance and a doctor were called, and Mr. Busybudy was taken to the hospital.

Later on in the day he came to, and at his bedside gathered around to learn the cause of his fainting attack. As Mr. Busybudy glanced from face to face he began to realize where he was, and then he began to weep bitterly. "What was the trouble, old fellow?" asked a house doctor, sympathetically. "I thought I saw a sprinkling cart in the distance," murmured Mr. Busybudy. James McNeill Whistler's portrait of Carlyle is owned by the corporation of Glasgow. Shortly after it was finished a committee from the corporation visited Mr. Whistler, intending to purchase the wonderful painting. They wanted to know about the price, which the artist refused to announce. "Didn't you know the price before you came here?" asked Whistler, blandly. "Oh, yes, we knew, but—" "Then, let's talk about something else," interrupted Whistler. The canny Scots bought the picture and trust them—not a bargain.

George Francis Train, who is being treated for smallpox at an institution near Stamford, Conn., ate a very late breakfast one day last week. This was because unknown thieves broke into the pantry the night before, evidently not knowing what sort of a place it is, and stole everything edible they could find. Citizen Train was much concerned on behalf of the affair, but said that, if he chose, he could, by the science of psychic telepathy, locate the guilty parties. On reflection, however, he decided that they probably needed the food, and, therefore, he will make no effort to aid in their capture.

PLEASANTIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

She—Why has Boston the name of being such a bad city? He—Because of the number of crooks in the streets, I suppose.—Harvard Lampoon. "What makes you so sure he loves you?" "Because he named his new automobile after me instead of calling it some sort of 'devil.'"—Cincinnati Tribune. "Yes, since Mr. Detroit broke a mirror yesterday, she is convinced that it is very unlucky." "How superstitious!" "Not at all. It was a French plate and cost \$400."—Baltimore News. He—I declare, I feel terribly rattled at the idea of playing in the tournament before all these crooks that show up when they probably won't know any more about tennis than you do.—Brooklyn Life. "Old Broadfield always pretends to be as deaf as a post, but I've known his sense as well as anybody." "What makes you think so?" "Nobody ever saw him walking along a railroad track in advance of a train."—Chicago Tribune. First Summer girl—Isn't that young man I saw you strolling on the beach with this morning rather slow? Second Summer girl—The slowest ever. What? That's nothing he said yesterday, and he hasn't proposed yet.—Chicago Daily News. "Of course," said Mr. Baylath, "there are some things that always go together." "Yes, and worse still," interrupted Miss Patience Gosse, yawning at the clock. "There are some others that do just the opposite."—Pittsburgh Courier. "Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for a job as son-in-law. "I want you to know that I spent \$5000 on my daughter's education, and I've known his sense as well as anybody." "What makes you think so?" "Nobody ever saw him walking along a railroad track in advance of a train."—Chicago Tribune. Smith—The papers speak enthusiastically of your daughter's winning at the musicale last week. Rogers—Yes, I am surprised they should all speak so flatteringly. What does the Editor say? Smith—That's nothing in the Planet about her. Rogers—That's queer. I certainly sent the same notice to the Planet, that I sent to the other papers.—Boston Transcript.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Weather Knockers.

There's a great big bunch of knockers Who make the public sigh, They are sure about the weather, And they're hard to satisfy. In Summer when the sky is bright They howl and howl for rain, And when the Winter makes things damp They want the sun again.

What's in a Name.

BELGRADE, June 13.—(By wireless telegraph.)—There was a wild scene in the Skupstchina Assembly held here today. Seven cases of lockjaw and three fractured jawbones are the result of the mad meeting of the national senate. The Skupstchina opened up with the following officers: Avrachemski Carraygunski, Premier. Brogan Hittite pivokovitch, Minister of the Interior. Hotshots Budandthunderouski, Minister of War. Twobit Nickelintesholaki, Minister of Finance. Georges Brownelovitch, President of the Senate. Before the reading clerk got half way through the list of names he had to be gagged and taken from the Senate chamber on a stretcher. Colonel Muttonchopkovitch rose to the occasion and moved that all the names of officers be changed to Smith, and a moment later he was removed to the emergency hospital, having been assaulted by General Takeashotatshelski, who threw one of the seventeen volumes of the city directory at his head.

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