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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 58; precipitation, trace.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy; northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST, 16.

RUSSIA'S STEADY ADVANCE.

Russia renews her menace upon the Balkan Peninsula. That menace, indeed, is never absent, and between its advances it makes no long halts. Here is an empire that possesses one-sixth of the land surface of the earth. Its possessions are greater than those of any other nation that ever existed, and they are continually growing larger by conquest and colonization. Russia presses upon China and Japan as she presses upon Turkey, and she menaces therefore the whole Eastern world. It is not probable that this career of aggression will close. It is not even possible. In every vigorous nation the instinct of territorial aggrandizement is inherent in the body politic, because it is the form of the expression of a national necessity. Where power is so great as that of Russia the only curb upon it lies in forces that are wholly wanting there—that is, in the institutions of civil liberty. To the aggressions of Russia therefore there can be no check except in the overthrow of centralized despotism, in the establishment of civil liberty in Russia, and in the substitution of industrial methods for its present military system. Of these results no one can see as yet any ground for hope. Russia, more than France, more than Germany, is the basis of the vast militarism of Europe.

Only in Russia has autocracy been able to withstand the influences of modern civilization. One reason, perhaps the main reason, is that the country is so vast as to be practically inaccessible to travel and to modern ideas. Absence of great centers of population has also favored the growth and maintenance of despotic principles; there are few points where the forces of resistance can combine, and at important points the military is supreme. The powerful impulse to freedom, through growth of free cities, in Central, Southern and Western Europe in former times, has been and still is wholly absent in Russia, and at this day not one-tenth of the people of Russia dwell in cities, while of Russian cities not more than twenty have a population of over fifty thousand. Religious fanaticism is the great bond of society, and sympathy with the Christians of the Greek Church in Turkey is a force which combines with the instinct of national aggression to set great armies on the march. Russia remains an example of a civilized society in our own times, almost wholly militant, actuated by the spirit of the religious crusaders of the tenth century, and as distant from the principles of civil and religious liberty and of government through debate and opinion. Nor is incongruity of races a bar to her progress in absorption and conquest. The peoples with whom she is in contact and upon whom she constantly presses are fitted for despotism and do not resist it. History, moreover, has shown that compound races, where the elements composing them are not divided on color lines, are often the best races. Indeed the Anglo-Saxons have furnished proof of this as well as the French and the Italians. The union in these cases was accomplished centuries ago. That of the Gauls and Franks, as well as that of the Lombards and Latins, was as striking as that of the Saxons and Normans, and the results have been the guiding forces in the history of the world.

Whether England can much longer remain a strong bar to Russian aggression is perhaps the most interesting question in the affairs of the modern world. For ourselves, in our own distinct and distant sphere, we shall maintain friendly relations with Russia, since we are not likely to clash with her anywhere. Even between England and Russia there may yet be accommodation. About fifteen years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote: "I hold it bad policy for England and Russia to quarrel. Let us look at the question from the standpoint of mere profit. Where are the principal interests of Russia? In the Balkan Peninsula. And ours? In India and Africa. Therefore we might, easily and advantageously to both, draw our limits. Russia is the most powerful country on land and England is the most powerful country on the sea. In this difference we should find a mutual guaranty of friendship." England has not accepted this as her policy, but yet may do so. These two powers could rule the Eastern Hemisphere. The peril would be disagreement between them, at some future time.

Secretary Root recently issued an order prohibiting the docking or banging of the tails of horses in connection with the military service. While the cruel and disfiguring custom has never been prevalent to any considerable degree in the Army, the order lends the weight of the Government's influence to the contention for the more enlightened and humane treatment of these intelligent and serviceable four-footed friends of man. The abuse is directly due to a foolish desire to imitate a senseless foreign standard of equine smartness. If there is any element in this country that can override an imported fashion in any line and establish one of its own, that will be certain of a powerful and influential following, it is the military element. Hence we can look forward hopefully to the time when it will be the fashion in the United States to permit horses to retain the defense against flies with which nature provided them. The practice has fallen under the ban of local law in many American towns and cities (which, unfortunately, does not include Portland), and, now that the War Department's order puts a ban upon it as foppish and unsoldierly, it may be hoped that the practice will be discontinued by owners of horses who have a real pride in and affection for them.

RIGHT KIND OF PRIZEFIGHTER.

Captain Lamson, a very gallant officer of the Navy, who was placed upon the retired list for severe wounds received in action during the Civil War, died Friday. He was a prizefighter worthy of the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen, for the prize he fought for was the salvation of his country, and for this prize of patriotic soldiership and honor he promptly staked his life. The discharge of duty in defense of his country's flag was "prize" enough to tempt him into a fight in which the wounds are more than skin deep. Captain Lamson, who freely risked his life, did not lose it, but he was crippled for life by his wounds and disease consequent upon his service. Captain Lamson was no "mock turtle" hero; no sawdust warrior; he did all his fighting in a just and noble cause, and he did it all like a gentleman, without ignoble passion or bulldog brutality. His country's flag was to him prize enough; his country's rescue "purse" enough; he was a hero who obeyed the call of duty, a hero that sought and obtained the applause and reverence of all good men and true for his valor and self-sacrifice instead of the noisy acclamations which hail the red-necked ruffian that furnishes infamous entertainment to make a hoodlum's and a harlot's holiday.

There was no "money in it" for Captain Lamson to put up life and love and youth for the great prize of death in battle; there is no "consolation purse" in this world that ever tempted a "mock turtle" hero, a sawdust slugger, to risk his life for his country's flag; he only sells his skin in the spirit of a strumpet to earn the applause of and enthusiasm of the outlaws, the various grades of open and covert gamblers, the frivolous folk, the wild beasts, large and small, that rage and gnash their teeth at the bottomless pit of every civilization in the world. Captain Lamson never played to the galleries where sat the subterranean savages and nincompoops of his day and generation. So long as he had any bodily health left he faced death fearlessly on his gundeck in honorable battle, but he had no bouquets to throw to the beastly brutality and cowardly ruffianism of peace. His courage did not prompt him to feed on brutal prizefights; he was not ambitious to cultivate the temper of a tiger nourished by drinking warm blood and dining on raw meat. He knew that the courage that carries a soldier through a life and death struggle on sea or land is not ferocity, but moral courage, power of will and spiritual endurance. He knew that no man who ever faced death in battle had other than profound contempt for the baseless theory that the brutal experiences of the ring promote personal bravery and manliness; he knew that he did not need first to graduate a gladiator from the ring to shine as a stout and gallant soldier; he knew from experience and observation that it did not need the rude culture of battles in the ring to teach Charles Lowell how to die at Cedar Creek or Lieutenant Cushing to perish under his guns at Gettysburg.

Can it be that Captain Lamson and such as he were mistaken; that we really do need today the spectacle and story of the prizering in peace to fit our growing boys for the next war? Captain Lamson was an officer and a gentleman; he knew that professional bullies are invariably poltroons except when they know that they have "the drop on you"; they seldom went to war for the country's flag in 1861-65, and when they did go they showed "the white feather" because the enemy "had the drop" on them and there was no stake to fight for save such inconsequential and impalpable rewards as honor, of which that exceedingly intellectual poltroon, Jack Falstaff, remarked that it "could not set a leg nor cure the grief of a wound." The modern school for the soldier needs today the annex of the prizering in the judgment of the drunken broadcloth that supports it in San Francisco, but somehow we got along wonderfully well without it in our Civil War.

Gentle and tender-hearted boys, who never struck a blow except in self-defense, died by thousands on both sides as fearlessly as if they had seen two brutes punch each other for a money prize until one of them finally collapsed suffering "intense pain." The prizering in those days was relegated to the ditch where it belongs; the people to do them justice had nobler things to think about, and great, hulking professional brutes were not in demand. They were out of a job. Nobody wanted to see them fight outside the Army, and they had no desire to fight inside the Army. They had their revenge on the infertility of the times for their particular variety of war by avowing their determination to devote the remainder of their checkered lives to voting the Democratic ticket. But the subject is too grave for much jesting. It is a bad sign of our civilization that so many people who are old enough to know better cultivate a taste for entertainments that only serve to minister to lurking devils and lunatic impulses of the human heart.

There is nothing surprising in the presence of prizefighters; whether the fight is a fake or not, it is far more remunerative to sell your body to degradation than to do an honest day's work for ordinary wages; it is less fatiguing to cheat a fool at cards out of his money than it is to labor at a legitimate vocation, and a bagnio always looks like a gorgeous "castle of indolence" to a female loafer. The surprising thing is the number of people that take as much childish delight in a prizefight as Simon-pure ruffians do in a battle between bulldogs. Of course these people are preparing their boys for the next great war in defense of the flag. In the meantime, let us thank God for the multiplication in 1861 of such men as Captain Lamson, who put himself calmly into the bloody whirlpool of civil war to help conquer a peace and brought back his heroic body out of that war so shattered by wounds and exposure that he knew the shadow of early infirmity was over him when the long battle ended in victory. He was but a fine local type of thousands of his generation who in their youth spent their best energies for the perpetuity of free institutions—for the glory and safety of the state. Tired at last, he has sunk to rest, the mountain shadow on his breast. May God multiply such kind of glorious prizefighters, who put up their lives for the stake of honor and the flag of the free.

HOW ABOUT THE CORPSE?

In the manipulation of a wheat corner the accumulated stocks which are by necessity bought in by the "cornerers" in order to prevent a sag in prices are harshly but expressively termed "the corpse." When Mr. Leiter was working wheat up to the dizzy heights reached in 1898, "Old Hutch," who had had previous experience in corners, said: "Joe is all right so long as he keeps taking the stuff, but what is he going to do with the corpse?" It will be remembered that it was the disposal, or rather the inability to dispose, of the "corpse" that dissipated all of Leiter's profits and a large share of his father's surplus.

There is something in the present wheat situation that has the appearance of a corner on the part of the American farmer. Wheat in the East has already passed the dollar mark for choice milling grades, and is still advancing. This is a very pleasing situation, and would that it could last until the last bushel of the American farmer's surplus had been marketed. But there is a "corpse" accumulating, and it is the farmer, and not the speculator, who must take care of it. The European market is not yet prepared to buy dollar wheat from America, and until we can get the markets across the water in line with our own we must of necessity keep prices up by trading among ourselves. So long as each individual farmer takes care of his part of the "corpse" there will be no difficulty in maintaining prices, but unless Europe does come into the market, the time is approaching when dollar wheat cannot be exchanged for dollar greenbacks and dollar gold. That such a contingency is almost a certainty is proven by figures and facts which cannot be questioned.

An estimate considerably below that of the Government places the 1903 wheat crop at 650,000,000 bushels (some reliable authorities say it will be 700,000,000 bushels). Of this amount, home consumption and seed will require approximately 450,000,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of 200,000,000 bushels for which we must find a market abroad or else keep it on hand. Considering statistics on wheat prices for a long term of years, it would be the height of folly to carry 200,000,000 bushels of wheat past a season of such high prices as are now prevailing.

The good prospects for the American crop several weeks before harvest caused millers to reduce their stocks to a very low ebb in the belief that they could replenish them at the usual prices prevailing at the opening of the season. For once they were caught napping by the farmers, and to this alone is due the remarkable fact that wheat in the American markets is selling at from 3 cents to 15 cents above the Liverpool parity. All things have an end, and when this high-priced milling demand has been met and filled there will remain in the American farmers' hands a "corpse" of greater proportions than any that ever staggered the kings of the Chicago wheat pit.

India, Russia and the Argentine are still pouring wheat into Europe at lower prices than those demanded by the American farmer, and it is those prices that must be met so soon as the present emergency market ends and the disposal of the "corpse" begins. Of course, conditions may arise in other parts of the world before the process of squeezing the American miller is completed, which may force the Liverpool market up to a parity with our own. Those conditions do not now exist, however, and until they materialize present high prices in America are on a basis possessing not the slightest degree of permanency.

MILITARY FAILURE.

A Vancouver correspondent, referring to an article in The Oregonian of the 13th inst., on "The Age of Retirement," asks us to point out wherein "Albert Sidney Johnston was a military failure at the time of his death." This was the judgment formed by the Confederate General Beauregard and expressed by him in his "Military Operations," published in 1884, and in his contributions to the North American Review concerning the disaster of Fort Donelson. Johnston, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Beauregard, had so fatally dispersed his forces instead of concentrating them that he had permitted Grant to deal the Confederacy a vital blow by the capture of Fort Donelson. This reverse lost Johnston Southern Kentucky, a large portion of Middle Tennessee, including the important City of Nashville. The 13,000 prisoners lost were the smallest part of the disaster. The keystone of the arch of his military line of defense was smashed and Kentucky and Tennessee evacuated, all because Johnston had not resolution enough to take Beauregard's counsel and by prompt concentration fling 27,000 men on Grant's 15,000 when he first moved on Donelson.

Beauregard formed the plan of the Shiloh campaign, and persuaded the utterly dispirited and irresolute Johnston to permit its execution. Beauregard drew up the marching orders down to the smallest details; the aggressive strategy of the whole movement, its execution and the tactics of the whole battle were the work of the brain and hand of Beauregard. Johnston was a knightly soldier in personal courage and daring on the battlefield, but Beauregard and Grant agree in describing him as unfitted for a great commander because of his refined, sensitive, contemplative temperament. His spirit was sickled o'er with the pale cast of irresolution; he was a gallant man, prone to depression and disposed to let "I will wait upon I would." He was a very chivalrous soldier and a man of fine intellect, but when left to his own resources he had proved a most calamitous commander. He dispersed his forces and was irresolute when he had ample time to have concentrated his troops, saved Fort Donelson and hurled a superior force on Grant. This is the picture of Johnston drawn by Beauregard and by Grant, and may be fairly accepted as accurate and impartial. Beauregard was associated personally with Johnston in his last campaign as intimately as Longstreet was with Lee; his statements are supported by his military dispatches published in his narrative of the operations before the fall of Fort Donelson, and the judgment of Grant is that of the ablest, fairest and most dispassionate of all the great Union commanders.

Johnston was a military failure because as a General his irresolution invited a terrible disaster which might have been prevented by prompt concentration of his forces. On the battlefield he was a soldier of heroic courage, but as a General he was of irresolute temper and vacillating purpose. He was 59 years of age, enjoyed the highest reputation in the Army as a man and a soldier, but as a General in charge of a large and important field of operations he had never been tested and he did not endure the test any better than did McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and other Union commanders who were the prolific architects of great disasters.

MULTIPLYING AND GROWING IN FAVOR.

Reckless racing and accidents of a kind that may be avoided have not succeeded in making automobiles unpopular in the United States with those who can afford them. That the number who can afford them is large is shown by the fact that about 50,000 of these vehicles are now in use in this country and are being increased at the rate of 1500 per month. The desire of the American people to be on the move, added to their anxiety to "get there," when once they start, furnish the basis upon which automobiles grow in number and popularity. As long as these desires rule the multitude, automobiles will multiply regardless of the peril of pushing them at top speed, while experiments with flying machines will continue regardless of failure and disappointment when success seems to be just at hand.

Automobiles that are operated by gasoline are increasing in number much faster than the electric machines, for the simple and sufficient reason that they are cheaper both in construction and operation. Experience in building and inventive skill may be depended upon to so reduce the cost of these machines in a few years as to bring them within the reach of persons of moderate means. When the bicycle craze was at its height, a few years ago, machines rated as first-class were sold as high as $150. Bicycle factories multiplied, economy in construction stepped in, inventive skill busied itself in producing improvements on first and necessarily costly methods, and in a short time as good a wheel as any man or woman cared to ride could be purchased for $50. Without doubt the cost of an automobile will be relatively lessened in the course of a few years, while the use of the machine, unlike that of the bicycle, will continue to grow.

Already an automobile has been made that will answer the purpose of the wagon drawn by horses on the farm, and as soon as this vehicle is simplified and its construction cheapened thrifty farmers will find means to add it to their farming equipment. Cheapened and rendered safe by intelligence and prudence in operating it, the automobile is certain to increase in usefulness and popularity, even though sporting men, by risking and breaking their own necks and menacing public safety upon the highways in speeding their machines beyond reason, have brought its name into general disrepute.

THE PEOPLE RESENT CLASS RULE.

The strength of the cause of labor in any country of free institutions and universal suffrage is to keep in close touch with the people, to avoid the error of unscrupulous capital when it attempts class rule through a solidified plutocracy and writes "the public be damned" on its battleflag. The strength of labor in its great struggle with the anthracite coal combination consisted in the fact that it commanded the support and sympathy of intelligent public opinion, from the President of the United States down to the humblest man in the ranks of the honest wage-workers of the country. But for this fact the great coal strike would have failed. It succeeded because it commanded the support of public opinion, while the recent great railway strike in Australia failed miserably because by trying to enforce class rule in defiance of public sentiment it became as odious as a plutocracy that in its solidarity vainly imagines it can enforce extortion under a battleflag whose conspicuous legend is "the public be damned." As a matter of fact, in a country of free institutions, where suffrage is practically universal, the public will not long endure to be damned by class legislation enforced either by organized, tyrannical capital or organized, imperious labor.

This is the lesson that is found in Australia's recent labor crisis, which was promptly settled by the people refusing to support organized labor in its attempt to govern the state by class legislation. In Australia living expenses are small; food is good, cheap and plentiful, and wages high. The system of education is free, secular and compulsory. Rents are reasonable and good agricultural land can be obtained of the crown on easy terms. During the last ten years Australia has greatly suffered through stupid, short-sighted, selfish class legislation, for which the Australian workingman has been directly responsible. This young and growing country has a total indebtedness of $1,025,000,000, while the population is less than 5,000,000. This is a great burden when we remember that the Dominion of Canada, with a little more than five millions of people, has a gross public debt of $366,436,710, with assets to be counted against it amounting to $94,558,294, of which amount over $50,000,000 are sinking funds. It is true that $800,000,000 of the Australian debt has been spent in railways, telegraphs, postoffices, water supplies, while the balance is secured amply by Australia's unimproved land values alone. Nevertheless, investors have been repelled and the country as a whole has suffered by the action of ignorant labor leaders in the various states.

Immigration from Great Britain has been arbitrarily restricted; factory and shipping acts have been enacted to handicap business, and capital has been treated as the Denis Kearney Legislature treated that of California, viz., as a proper object of spoliation. The leaders of this labor party have ignorantly injured Australia without benefiting their followers. The labor leaders have tried to make a close communion state, to secure complete legislative control and use its advantage in contempt of the rights of all others in the state, until in the recent Victorian railway strike the state was forced to fight in defense of the public weal. The railways of Victoria, like those of all the Australian states, are the property of the government, and are run, not for profit, but for the benefit of the people. They give employment to some 11,000 men, who are all well paid, have good hours and are entitled ultimately to pensions. These railway employes are public servants, and are expressly debarred by a service regulation from affiliating with any political association. The Victorian Trades Hall called upon these railway men to enroll themselves; the government promptly forbade them, on the ground that they were debarred by the service regulations and that the state recognized no executive authority other than its own over its employes.

The engine-drivers were told by Premier Irvine, of Victoria, that they must obey the service regulations or leave the service. With the prospect of all traffic indefinitely tied up, the mail service disorganized and the City of Melbourne's food supply cut off, the engine-drivers, with the Trades Hall behind them, thought they had the government of Victoria at their mercy, and at midnight May 7 quit work. Ten drivers only remained loyal, but they went to work at once to instruct the volunteers of all classes who came forward to assist the government. For a while there was chaos, but Premier Irvine promptly called a special session of Parliament and at once introduced a bill by which participation in the strike was made punishable by a year's imprisonment and a fine of $500. The Trades Hall, after an all night's deliberation, decided the next morning that, with the exception of their own party, all classes in the state were in sympathy with the government. Public property had been injured and a great public railway stalled by a wanton strike whose disastrous consequences had been severely felt by every man and woman in the state. So the people of Australia stood by the Premier and the government and announced that they did not propose to submit to the selfish dictation of any one class.

The Ministry continued to press the bill, but on May 15 the nine days' strike came to an end through the unconditional surrender of the engine-drivers. This attempt to coerce the government of Victoria has cost the state $250,000, but the victory was worth many times that amount to the people of Australia, who by their action have shown that they will repudiate any party, whether labor or capital, that undertakes to rule by class legislation, which simply means following the flag with the legend "the people be damned," no matter which party carries it, organized labor or a despotic combination of capital.

CANADIANS AND THE BOUNDARY.

New evidence in the Alaskan boundary dispute is likely to be produced as the result of investigations made by John U. Smith, formerly a resident of Portland, but now of Hilo, H. I. Mr. Smith was appointed United States Commissioner for the District of Alaska in June, 1897, and took up his residence in Dyea the following month.

The Canadian officials from that time recognized American authority over Skagway and Dyea and over the trails leading from these towns respectively to Lakes Bennett and Lindeman, thirty-five and thirty miles from the coast. This is shown by various instances cited by Mr. Smith. The townsites of Skagway and Dyea were laid out by the Americans without protest, and were taken up by American citizens. Mr. Smith exercised jurisdiction over the trails from Skagway and Dyea, and no objection was made by the Canadian officials. In September, 1897, Mr. Smith met Captain Strickland, in charge of the Canadian police, at Lake Lindeman. A miner, whose outfit had been taken by Indians, approached and asked for the proper officer to give him redress, and Captain Strickland refused to have anything to do with the case, Mr. Smith assuming jurisdiction.

In October, 1897, a Canadian official named Bevan met Mr. Smith, and, in the presence of several witnesses, told him that orders received from Ottawa were to the effect that the United States was to have jurisdiction over both trails. A sketch map was made and Bevan marked the boundary line thereon, placing it at the head of the trails from Dyea and Skagway. It was not until May, 1898, says Mr. Smith, that he heard Canadian officials had attempted to collect tolls on the summit of the pass from miners going in.

Canadian understanding of the boundary line is not, to be sure, of any primary significance, inasmuch as the determining element in this controversy is the language of the treaty of 1825; but as the dispute centers chiefly about the interpretation of the treaty, and there is possibly room for believing its language to be equivocal, the traditional view of the British and Canadians becomes of some pertinence. An agreement, loosely drawn, is properly construed in accordance with the way the parties to it acted under it.

The old idea of culture, that of exclusiveness, meditation and extreme bookishness, is happily falling away from it. The man of culture is, according to the enlarged modern standard, a man who is in touch with the present, studying and understanding its effort, trend and moods; who regards all animate nature as parts and parcels of the great scheme of creation, and creation itself as a growth, not a sudden up-springing of force. President Eliot, of Harvard, elaborates this idea as follows in the World's Work:

The idea of culture has always included a quick and wide sympathy with men; it should hereafter include sympathy with nature, and particularly with its living forms—a sympathy based on some accurate observation of nature. The bookworm, the monk, the isolated student, has never been the type of the cultivated man. Society has seemed the natural setting for the cultivated person, man or woman; but the present conception of real culture contains not only a large development of this social element, but also an extension of interest and reverence to the animate creation and to those immense forces that set the earthly stage for man and all related beings.

The price of diamonds has gone up 50 per cent during the year. This is due to the fact that the De Beers and Kimberley mine properties in South Africa have been consolidated. In other words, it is due to the formation of a "diamond trust." Thus does the consolidation spirit continue to encroach upon the rights of the common people by pushing the necessaries of life farther and farther beyond their reach.

They Cannot Be Eaten.

Boston Herald.

Violets at 50 cents a bunch seem very reasonable since hay is selling for $28 a ton.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

A Version of Pope Leo XIII's New Century Poem.

From the Catholic World for August.

The noble age that fostered art is dead,
Who thirsts for poet's fame let him in song
The case of life extol, the praises spread,
Of nature's vast resources, hid so long!

Thy crimes, O age now gone, have filled my soul
With deepest woe; I've trembled and I've wept;
And as with backward glance I read thy scroll
I see what evil tides have o'er thee swept.

Which of thy deeds claims largest dole of tears;
Thy slaughtered dead or fall of stepter'd kings?
Or rampant vice, or dual war, with fears
Which to our fortressed Vatican it brings?

O Rome! thou chiefest city of this earth,
That ne'er did shackled hands in supplance raise,
Lo! long ancestral lines of noblest birth
Have hailed thee—"Pontiff's throne"—since Peter's days.

Woe to the state whose laws their God ignore;
What honor and what trust in man abide?
His rights fall with his altars—justice o'er.
We weep its wreck, the ruined fanes beside.

Heed not th' insensate herd of falsely wise,
That conscious of their crime with labor sore
Lead men to lift their earth-dimmed eyes
Toward Nature's soulless forms, and there adore.

Of false philosophers the heartless throng
Scorn our immortal birth and teach, forsooth,
That from like germs spring beast and man, and wrong
Thee, Lord, with empty dreams, replacing truth.

How vile alas! the seething pools where pride,
With fury impotent, would lead our race!
Attend and learn, O man, whate'er betide,
God's laws endure in every time and place.

'Tis Christ alone is life and truth and way
That leadeth ever upward toward the goal.
The fleeting years his voice alone obey,
He crowns with youth renewed each righteous soul.

His spirit lately led the pious throng
That flocked as pilgrims filled with faith and love
To kneel where Peter's dust has slept so long
False, empty rites no more their hearts can move.

O Jesus, master of our future days,
Rule thou life's surging tides in coming years.
Compel rebellious minds to seek thy ways,
And cleanse their past by penitential tears.

Cast wide abroad the seed of heavenly peace,
Quell tumults, wars and wrath—hell's triple brood;
Drive them to sulphurous depths, and grant us ease
From fraud and vice all that hinders good.

May kings, thou leading, o'er their people hold
Just sway, and bend them to thy law, for then
Shall we stand as one shepherd with one fold,
One faith uniting all the hearts of men.

My course I've run of ninety lengthening years,
From thee the gift. Crown them with endless bliss.
O hearken to thy Leo's prayers and tears,
Lest useless they should prove, O grant him this!

The Reporter in China.

Herbert Melton Ayres in Shanghai Times.

The newspaper scribe is a toilful wight;
He riseth at break of day,
And snatcheth a bite from his frugal meal,
Then girdeth him for the fray;
Firstly he hunteth the rival sheet
In search of the dreaded "scoop,"
And if he faileth to find it there,
He whoopeth with a mental whoop.

He hieth him next to the humming wharves,
Where the craft of the world put in,
And maketh him merry with seadogs gray
And potions of shippers' gin;
And he swaps a yarn and he chews a quid,
In a proper, nautical way—
He's a man of the sea for the time to be—
Thus doth he start the day.

The Police Court claimeth his presence then,
And his ardent pencil's stroke
Jotteth down the penalties
And the Judge's little joke;
He calleth the police by their Christian names,
In the lore of the law he's sunk;
He wotteth the trend of the cocktail route
And the path of the common drunk.

The time of a horse and a cricket score,
The names of the sick and the dead,
And who were present and what they wore,
He garnereth in his head;
And at close of day he getteth him back
To his desk in the office grim,
And grindeth out many an awesome screed
To tickle the public's whim.

He worketh on "local brevities,"
Or penneth a wondrous "dream,"
Until the editor chokes him off
Or the gaping "galleys" teem;
And then, if the town has gone to rest
And the firebells silent keep,
He hustleth home to his virtuous couch
To enjoy an hour's sleep.

Concerning Correct Speech.

William F. Lampton in The Reader.

Oh, why should the spirit
Of Grammar be proud
With such a wide margin
Of language allowed?

Of course, there's a limit—
"I knowed" and "I've saw,"
"I seen" and "I done it,"
Are rather too raw;

But then there are others
No better than they
One hears in the talking
He hears every day.

"Where at?" asks one person,
Quite thoughtless. And: "Who,"
Asks another, "did Mary
Give that bonnet to?"

Hear a maid as she twitters:
"Oh, yes, I went out
With she and her fellow
In his runabout."

And hear a man saying:
"Between you and I,
That block of Pacific
Would make a good buy."

And this from a mother,
Too kind, to her boy:
"I had rather you shouldn't
Do things to annoy."

And this from a student,
Concerning a show,
Who says to the maiden:
"Let's you and I go."

There's lots of good people,
That's talking like that,
Who should learn from we critics
To know where they're at.

The Two Villages.

Rose Terry Cooke.

Above the river on the hill,
Lieth a village, white and still,
While all around the forest trees
Shiver and whisper with the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring lark and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of the street.

Beside the river, 'neath the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see, on a cloudy night,
The twinkling stare of a household bright,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl from the river's shore,
But in the road no grasses grow,
No wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village upon the hill
Never a sound of smith or mill;
Houses thatched with grass or flowers
Bloom and fade with changing hours;
Doors of marble are always shut,
Closing entrance to hall or hut;
Silent at rest, they lie in sleep,
Never again to sow or reap.
Never to dream, to mourn, or sigh;
Done is their task here, quiet they lie.

In that village, 'neath the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to that other village there,
And weeping, sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to rest from this world of strife,
Through the Redeemer to be with wife,
May to that prayer this answer fall,
"Patience, that village shall hold you all."

NOTE AND COMMENT.

So far as reported, no hunter has yet mistaken a Folsom outlaw for a deer.

An anonymous contributor, who appears to be connected in some manner with life insurance, has perpetrated the following:

You can take it just as well
Later on;
When the property you sell
Later on;
Let this life insurance wait,
What's the need to make a date;
Make your mind up—lying in state—
Later on.

John T. Graves, of Atlanta, says that the negro does not fear death coming on in a regular way, and that the "spectacular elements in an execution appeal to his imagination." The negro, then, must dislike some forms of lynching as being so spectacular that they leave nothing to the imagination.

Some ingenious scribe sent a story to an English paper telling how short-lived roofs were in Victoria, B. C., owing to the reckless disregard of crows for property. The crows, it was explained, picked up clams, flew high into the air, and then, to crack the shells, dropped them on the roof far below, cracking shell and slate alike. Nearly every paper in America has mentioned this strange drawback to life in quaint Victoria, whereas the only roof cracked was the correspondents.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Why not, indeed, when between 700 and 800 descendants of John Alden are now gathered in Plymouth? And yet—seven or eight hundred. We had expected more. Each of the 11,730 persons that came over in the Mayflower is represented by thousands of descendants, and John Alden by a paltry 700 or 800. It is time that our purveyors of ancestors awoke to this shameful scarcity. Chicago has many a money-gilded son aching for a Puritan ancestor of such poetic fame as the diffident suitor of Priscilla. And the other worthies act as pegs in the wall of family for the population of half a county, while from John, the finest peg of all, dangle a miserable hundred or two.

How the good people of Boston and Providence will raise their hands in horror at the profane West, when they hear that the sanctity of the clambake is to be violated by the introduction of Spring chicken. The scathing denunciations of the Providence Journal and the biting sarcasm of the Boston Transcript will smite us and bite us, and there will be no defense. We shall have to bow our heads, and let the East rail on, or insult us with contemptuous pity. Who would dull the fine edge of appetite on chicken ere swallowing the amorphous morsel of delight that lies in the clamshell, gaping with the uncontainable richness within? And who that had tasted the clam, the condensation of salt sea and ozone-laden breeze, would not scorn as stringy the plumpest chicken that ever picked corn?

The Constant Lover.

Schwab is to finance a "tailoring trust."
Fortune he wooed, but lacked success,
She smiled on others that were cuter;
But Schwab is not cast down, I guess,
He's going to be a constant suit-er.

The Author's Chance.

Says a literary critic: "There is a sound of pens scratching for the Autumn trade."

Be glad and scratch, young author, now,
As plots are slowly hatching
For when your books are out, I vow,
The critics do the scratching.

Tips From the Tub—Diogenes, Jr.

Joy doesn't live with her daughters.

A man may be polite even if he does take his hat off in an elevator.

We can't say definitely, but it's quite likely that even the angels have tempers.

If Satan really does find mischief for all idle hands he must be a mighty good prospector.

The Penniless Bride.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse, young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside, a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.
—Matthew Arnold.

'Tis true. The Muse in print is gay
And very, very young;
It's when the poet gets his pay
He finds that he's been stung.

Authors I Have Never Read—Byron.

Byron had a clubfoot, but it isn't noticeable in his poetry. His principal poem, "Don Whan," as the knowing ones call it, is largely responsible for the public's familiarity with his name. It is as good to the callow as "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is to an old maid in a prohibition village. Byron's power is shown by the fact that he told the ocean to Roll on, thou dark and something ocean, roll, and it has rolled on ever since. Having described Oriental matters in many scores of stanzas that showed a thorough acquaintance with his subject, the poet left England to see the places and people he had written so much about. As the result of having a Turkish bath in Turkey, Byron plunged into the Hellespont to cleanse himself, thus insuring the association of his name with that of Leander for all time. Disgusted with this brief experience of Turkey, the poet went to fight for Greece against that country. He died at Missolonghi, but contrary to expectation Fatima was not found engraven on his heart.

Sally, From Salem.

To protect herself from thieves, a Valley girl came to Portland Friday with her purse attached to her garter, while a decoy purse, stuffed with old paper, dangled openly from her belt.

From peaceful Salem came to town
The belle of all Willamette Valley;
Clad in a most bewitching gown,
How peachlike was the modest Sally.
A well-filled purse swung from her belt,
But more for show than barter;
In wicked Portland Sally felt
It was not safe to carry money where the thousand and one thugs could have easy access to it, so
She utilized her garter.

She sought a big department store,
Though pins were all she needed,
And looked at satins by the score
Till terror intervened—
The bogus purse swung from her belt,
But oh, the little martyr,
A touch upon her leg she felt
And was sure that some desperado had discovered her plan until she realized that it was merely
The slipping of her garter.

She felt so scared she had to quit,
And bought the little packet
The clerk announced the price of it,
Rejoiced to end the racket.
He saw the purse at Sally's belt:
"She's not a willing parter"—
He little knew how Sally felt,
Wondering how on earth she was to get at her money, and wishing she hadn't
Bestowed it in her garter.

Around the corner Sally went,
No fawn was ever swifter,
The clerk he thought him on the scent
Of some uncaught shop-lifter.
"She had a wallet at her belt,
I wonder what she's after"—
But oh, how he and Sally felt
When he looked around the screen and found she was merely a skirt-lifter and was trying to get
A nickel from her garter.