The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61; minimum temperature, 54; precipitation, .05 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy to partly cloudy, with showers; south to west winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF THE MOST.

The culpability of the average, in fact, of the almost universal man, in thoughtlessly ignoring or through malice prepense avoiding the straight and narrow way of prohibition, has been set forth without equivocation in our columns the past three days by Mr. Amos, who feels that Mr. McKercher should have been elected to Congress, and by Mr. McKercher, who is equally certain that Mr. Amos should have been elected Mayor. We are forbidden by every consideration of reason to doubt that Mr. Amos shares Mr. McKercher's disapproval of the election of Judge Williams, or that Mr. McKercher views his own absence from Congress as our crowning National sin. We also gather from their observations that support of the Prohibition ticket is not the affair of mere ordinary discretion and judgment, but a divinely appointed ordinance from which there is no appeal, and that divagation from this supreme duty is a sin, not venial or palliable, but unpardonably offensive in a moral and religious sense. Vote for Amos or be damned!

It is not our present purpose to call this axiom of politics into question, any more than we should venture to indorse the dictionary's theory of temperance, instead of the prohibition idea that temperance is intemperate abstinence and moderation is to be found only in one extreme; but merely to show how widespread is the offense which the Prohibitionist holds up to his own infallible reprobation. In Oregon last June, out of some 90,000 votes cast, 3489 went for the Prohibition nominee for Governor. Only one man in twenty-seven is fit to be on earth. The rest are irrelevant and impertinent. In 1900, while McKinley received 7,219,101 votes and Bryan 6,357,054 votes, Metcalf received only 208,000. Only one man in seventy-five is good; the rest are fit only for objurgation and wrath. It is doubtful, indeed, if the 208,000 are free from moral delinquency, for did not John G. Woolley also run as the nominee of the United Christian party, receiving the small, but therefore doubly refined, righteous vote of 1659?

The reprehensibility of society in general, with the exception of one man in seventy-five, is most faithfully revealed in the complexion of legislative bodies, wherein the actual work of lawmaking—that is, of character-forming—is done. On this head, the figures available present a most damning indictment of the most, to-wit:

	Reps.	Dems.	Pro.
Maine Legislature	156	23	0
Kansas Legislature	127	38	0
U. S. Senate	57	33	0
U. S. House of Reps.	206	178	0
Electoral College	292	155	0

There is no way of getting around these figures. So far as we can find, there is not a Prohibitionist in either house of Congress or in any Legislature in the land. The responsibility, therefore, is upon the whole people. The crime of defeating Mr. Amos for Mayor is duplicated every time the American people go to the polls for any purpose whatsoever. Everybody is to blame. Everybody is immoral and criminal—everybody, that is, but one man in seventy-five.

This thing has been going on for many years. It was in 1876 that Green Clay Smith, running for President, from the suggestive precincts of Kentucky, was diabolically turned down by some 8,000,000 voters who preferred Hayes and Tilden, and received only the votes of the elect, numbering a pitiful 9000. There was a National Prohibition Convention in 1869, and a Prohibition party in Maine in 1851. The country cannot plead ignorance, for the wicked nature of all who vote against the Prohibition ticket has been brought to the attention of two about equally perverse and sinful generations. There is no excuse. Republican and Democrat have sinned equally against the light. Only Amos and McKercher are fit to raise their heads among honest men—that is to say, among the 3489 in Oregon.

There is one ray to light the gloom. Even this dark cloud has its silver lining. The awful blight which success in politics casts over men and parties has so far passed the sacred Prohibs by. The corrupting influence of officeholding has left unsullied the only just. It would be an unhappy day for the human race when these white souls should be bespattered with the mire of land offices and assessments. Let us rejoice, then, at their immunity from harm. Fisk got more votes in 1888 and Bidwell got more in 1892 than Metcalf did in 1900. The Prohibition party pursues its way unspotted from the world, unsullied by actual participation in government, politics or affairs. Let us not deny its members their sweet and reasonable letters to the newspapers, their charity, their modesty. Upon that tideless shore the sea of trouble casts no wave. They have no offices to regulate, they saw no wood, they cut no ice. Learn from the industrious ant their measliness, and from the little busy bee their ceaseless buzz and venomed sting.

SHOULD WIVES "OBEY"?

It must have been a mere supersensitive regard for veracity which induced Miss Katherine Fisher, of Philadelphia, upon the occasion of her becoming Mrs. E. S. Ross, of Brooklyn, to secure the omission of "obey" from her marriage vow, and the subsequent acknowledgment of her freedom from that time-honored injunction over the signatures of fourteen witnesses. It is incredible that Miss Fisher, through observation or experience, had imbibed the notion that the promise to obey carries with it any obligation or anticipation of performance. Wifely obedience has long gone the way of the spinning-wheel and the stage coach. It is His to suggest, Hers to command.

The responsibility for this fundamental change in family relations is lost in an intricate maze of obscurities. Of the deterioration in man's fitness to rule there can be no doubt whatever, inasmuch as law becomes under all circumstances merely the formal and technical record of what has already hardened through usage into imperative convention. Woman, let us grant at once, has risen to a new measure of authority, because of the exigencies imposed by man's increasing unfitness. But men are, as we know, the mere creatures of their women folk. They are what their mothers make them, and, after the mother's chastening hand is withdrawn, their wives. Hence we must attribute any delinquency in man to the imperfect training given him at home. Nor is the man, in turn, wholly free from responsibility as to the character of his wife and daughters. The fault, therefore, cannot be certainly apportioned. We must accept the fact, and let it go at that.

Ethnically considered, it seems most probable that a more equitable balancing of powers in the married state is the reasonable resultant between two extremes. In the history of every race there was a time when custom recognized in the woman the seat of power. The feminine regime grew largely out of the greater convenience and certainty of tracing descent through the female line. In primitive society it was comparatively easy to establish who a man's mother was, but, etc., etc. But as man's military function grew in distinctness and importance, he inclined to take these matters more and more into his own hands. He availed himself of measures calculated to insure the correct paternity of his children. He aspired to become the whole thing. The pendulum swung very far to the side of masculine supremacy.

Heredity, however, must be reckoned with. Strong-minded men will sometimes have strong-minded daughters; and when these are mated with complaisant males, the inevitable result is a feminine administration. The only hope for uniform masculine ascendency would be for every man to select a wife he could boss exhaustively upon all occasions—a Utopian remedy, in view of the demonstrated inability of the average man to oppose his virginal unwillingness successfully to the fixed determination of the masterly female who is after him. High authorities have held that the woman who is not willing to obey her husband should never marry; but this appears to us a mere negligible detail. Rule is to the strong; and in marriage, as in every other relation of life, power is to those who can wield it. No vow at the altar can change human nature. No adjuration can make the masterful complaisant or instill resolution into the nerveless. The man who is worthy will never fail of loyal adherence at home; but all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot put back upon his former pedestal the husband who has betrayed his birthright for a mess of pottage and shown his once idolizing helpmeet that he is too weak to be trusted, too rotten at heart to be depended on.

In the current Atlantic is a piece by Dr. Lyman Abbott which will not please the woman suffragists, but which offers some very suggestive comments on the idiotic controversy as to the comparative merits of the sexes. Dr. Abbott's clear head and winning style have served him here to good purpose, and he sets out the essentially different spheres of men and women with vigor and lucidity. They are no more to be compared, he says, than half a yard with half a pound. We might as well ask whether a carpenter is better than a soldier, or whether troy weight is, on the whole, more meritorious than avoirdupois. Common sense and an old-fashioned conception of love and duty will set at rest many of the crazy speculations now rife concerning woman's destiny and man's deterioration and the balancing of authority between husband and wife. These things seldom worry men who are busy and women who are wisely and happily married. If fewer women would marry for money, or position, or support, or the mere sake of a husband, there would be less craving for the sensations of publicity. If men were more worthy to rule, there would be fewer declarations of independence and theatric appeals to "the opinion of mankind."

ON THE GAIN OF LIVING LATER.

In these "tea-cup times" to read of some stirring period in history is frequently to wish that fate had fixed one's birth at a far earlier date. Most people have felt, at one time or another, a desire to have ridden in mail against the Saracen; or to have fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie; or to have fired a musket in the cause of American independence. The excitement of the time, the spirit of the cause, the fame of the event—such stuff as dreams are made on—are magnified in mental mirage, and the doers of far-off deeds, the fighters in battles long ago, are envied as feeling all the emotions that surge in the heart of him who reads.

The idea is deceptive. We feel the spirit of the Crusades more than did the Crusaders; Bonnie Prince Charlie is bonnier to us than he was to the clansmen in the 'Forty-five; and we, more than the Continentals, appreciate the gravity of the events in which they played their part. The actors in a drama do not apprehend the whole spirit of the play as does the audience, and so with the actors in the dramas of history. The spectator at Ringling's circus gets more real crusading emotion out of the tinsel show than did the half-scorched, armor-plated knights that squabbled over precedence in the sands of the Holy Land. The Highlander, with whom Death and the Furies charged at Culloden, was moved by complex motives. It was left for a later age to sing the best ballads of the Jacobites, and the white cockade meant more to those that came after than to those that wore it in their bonnets. And so with the Revolution. It is distance that lends comprehension to the view.

We, who live later, we can feel the emotions that we fancy stirred the men of yore. And, more fortunate we, by turns all roles are ours. We can be Crusaders, Clansmen and Continentals as our mood may be. Keats did not err when he said:

> Let the winged Fancy roam;
> Pleasure never was at home.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE PULPIT.

The Nashville American thinks the ministry is losing its attractions for young men. The pay of clergymen is better, the churches are finer, but fewer people attend them. The American is in doubt whether to attribute this to "science, or commercialism, or the freer exercise of thought." There is a change, of course, since we were a new and thinly settled country, when churches were isolated, when itinerant ministers were common, when periodic revivals and campmeetings were the rule everywhere; but the new conditions have not been succeeded by a lower standard of morality or religious life. In the old days, when nobody was very rich and nobody very poor, the small salaries paid ministers and school teachers were sufficient to attract a good many men who were content to earn their bread decently and were willing to do without luxuries, because only the few could command them. But today, in our higher state of social and industrial development, the opportunities to obtain a competence in many callings leads men ambitious of wealth and the influence it implies to think lightly of the ministry as a life work.

This is as it should be. The pulpit loses nothing by this fact that is worthy of regret, for the only men who are wanted in the pulpit are the men who seek it as instinctively as a duck takes to water. The men who are fit for the pulpit and the pastoral work of a parish are men who accept the pulpit and all its probable sacrifices as a labor of love and highest duty. There have been men in the American pulpit of high talents who soon proved that they were not fit for it, because the pulpit was not to them their dearest love and their highest duty. These men had a short-lived career. They expired like a bright exhalation, in spite of their literary and oratorical powers, because they insulted the instinctive popular perception of the incongruity between spiritual tastes, purposes and pursuits of a man who enters the pulpit because he feels within his bosom glow the apostolic fire and fervor, and a man whose tastes are of the sort that tempt him to be an eager leader in fashionable society or politics.

It is a vicious theory that there is no moral foundation for the barrier that ordinarily separates ministers and men of the world in business, in sport and the general order of their every-day life, for this theory, if practically enforced, is that any intellectual layman, not disreputable in his personal habits, may leap from the turf to the pulpit and from the pulpit to the turf, just as the old race of fox-hunting parsons did in England in John Wesley's day. These sporting parsons were not bad men, but their heart was not in their calling, and their frivolous life and example were reflected by their flocks in that terrible atmosphere of unbroken religious indifference against which Wesley directed his insurrection. The educated classes were chiefly atheists; the laboring classes were chiefly filthy and drunken savages. The theory that a preacher's calling is not inconsistent with fox-hunting and horse-racing may possibly work no harm to the preacher, but, as a matter of effect on his influence for spiritual good over his congregation, it may work an infinite deal of harm. The world is not ready yet to surrender its belief that the function of a minister is higher than all other human pursuits, nor to bring down the holy calling of a clergyman to the level of a profession, on the same plane in all worldly affairs with all men of business out of the pulpit.

The greatest preacher in our American history was Phillips Brooks. No man was more humane in action; no man more genial; no man cared less than did Bishop Brooks for his mere clerical dignity, but for his spiritual dignity he cared so much that he never parted with it. No man can serve two masters. No man can be a true evangelist in the pulpit and be a fox-hunting, game-destroying parson at the same time, for the preacher who finds time to be an "all-around" athlete and sportsman all his days, while he may be an excellent man, will never be an evangelist like John Henry Newman, or Frederick W. Robertson, or Channing, or Phillips Brooks.

No man whose soul is in his holy calling, if his bodily health is not broken, consents to separate the preacher from the pastor. The great preachers whose work survives have been men with a spiritual message on their lips, with natures pure and spiritually unselfish. Look at the stern spiritual self-sacrifice of John Henry Newman, the bitter loss of the private friendship of the ablest men in the Church of England; the fame of the first pulpit orator of his time, the certainty of clerical advancement. Look at Frederick W. Robertson, the son of a gallant soldier. His chosen career was that of arms; but, when the soldierly ambition was submerged by the spirituality of the man, how resolutely he seeks the church! He carries the fiery spirit of a soldier into his work; he becomes the greatest preacher of his day, and he was the faithful, tender pastor of the working classes of his Brighton congregation; he struggles with ill health, he dies at 37, and yet today there is not a man or woman of intelligence or humanity, whether agnostic or orthodox, who can read one of Robertson's sermons without obtaining moral help and spiritual illumination. He is fifty years dead, but he speaketh to us all, even as Wesley confessed that he expected salvation for Socrates, and felt both reverence and esteem for Loyola and Fenelon.

The pulpit does not have to invite such men as Newman, Robertson, Channing, Parker and Phillips to enter the ministry. You cannot keep them out of it. Channing, Dr. Bartol thought, would have starved if he had been anything but a preacher. Parker confessed that his first ambition was to become rich. He desired to enter mercantile life and make $100,000, but as he grew older his spiritual nature made him hunger for the ministry. You could not keep him out of it. So with Phillips Brooks; so with Dwight L. Moody; the men who are fit for the pulpit, spiritually fit, you cannot keep out of it. Therefore we need not worry. Commercialism will keep no really great preacher or pastor out of the pulpit, and if commercialism charms any from the pulpit who are unworthy of it, who would make a mere trade or profession out of what should be an apostolic career of self-dedication and sacrifice, then commercialism will only purify the pulpit.

THE PITY OF IT.

The young women who are in jail in San Francisco charged with murder may not be guilty of this specific crime. The courts will, as in justice bound, give them every chance to establish their innocence, and it may be hoped, if they are innocent, that they will be successful in this endeavor. Back of this alleged crime of murder, there is, however, in the case of these women, or one of them at least, a career that adds probability to the charge. Certainly there is little that is womanly in the record of unseemly acts and adventures in her case, that is as an open book in this community, where some years of her girlhood and young womanhood were passed. The woman who is above suspicion of waywardness, who performs faithfully and modestly as daughter, sister, maiden and wife, not only without chafing at the fate that made these duties devolve upon her by nature, but accepting it cheerfully and walking its ways conscientiously, is not likely to find herself the center of gossip, the principal in a grave scandal or a prisoner charged with capital crime.

Public sympathy is due to the mother of these suspects, who, in the seclusion of the home that they have shadowed by their wayward conduct, grieves over their disgrace and shudders at the possibility of their conviction of a crime the gravest in the calendar as measured by penalty. The legitimate pity that falls to their lot, however, is not engendered by their present stress. It is limited to the fact that as daughters they were undutiful, scorning maternal counsel and early shaking off maternal control; that as maidens they did what they could to lower the standard in the community of maidenly modesty and reserve; that one of them at least as a wife was not one of whom it might be said: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." As before said, the pity in the case is not for the present stress in which these suspects find themselves, dire as it may yet prove to be, but in the record of past years, in which they appear as undutiful daughters, unwomanly women and unwifely wives. Yet let us hope there is a warning in the present stress to which this dereliction of duty has led that may cause other young girls in the community who are yet in the first degree of the order above named to refuse to be further initiated in its dark ways, the culmination of which is womanly dishonor. The steps in a career of this kind are craftily graded. The first is marked by disregard of the mother's counsel. The rest follow in easy gradation until the goal is reached in loss of reputation. Crime of the graver or the baser sort may or may not follow, but if a suspicion of it lights upon a subject thus prepared for it, it is likely to go hard with her, since the probabilities are all in favor of the truth of the charge to which this natural suspicion leads.

A COMPLEX YET SIMPLE QUESTION.

The question of "an open town" continues to be discussed in high places and in low in this city, now with acrimony, now with political sarcasm, and again upon the higher levels of morality and righteousness. The statement that men always have gambled and always will gamble is the stock argument of officials who find themselves utterly unable to enforce the gambling law and at the same time pay political obligations and keep their political fences in repair, and, acting upon the assumption that this argument is conclusive, the conviction that the city treasury and not the police should be enriched by the gamblers' tribute to protection readily follows.

The experience of Salt Lake City in the matter of an open or a closed town was lately given in this city by visiting officials of the metropolis of Mormondom, calling out the opinion of our honored Mayor upon the subject, to his subsequent discomfiture, awakening an echo from one of the city pulpits, and giving a disgruntled Prohibition politician a chance to say again his little say. The wearied public looks on, feeling that the vexed question is as far from solution as ever, while the chips rattle merrily, the roulette wheels turns gaily and "business" generally is brisk in the prominent gambling dens of the city.

Whatever may be said in regard to the possibility or impossibility of enforcing a stringent gambling law, the fact is that the question resolves itself as often as it arrives into a matter of "policy," political and commercial. The assumption that an "open town" keeps money in circulation and makes business brisk holds the winning hand in this controversy. The moral element, in trying to shout this contention down, is met by the stock arguments of the opposition, and perplexed officials striving to sail the middle course conclude that, things being as they are, the city and not the grafters should take toll from this vice or its victims. So it goes, a regular "round robin" of masked or massed responsibility. The opinion of one man seems to be as good as that of another in this contention. That is to say, no opinion carries any particular weight, and the gamesters' go-as-you-please continues without let or hindrance.

It will be well in this stress to remember that behind this vice, as all others, lies the saving grace of personal responsibility, of individual self-control, of sturdy moral fiber, which is the gauge of true manhood. "There should be a law against it," is the desperate or bitter plaint of mothers and wives who suffer from the reflected iniquities of gambling and drunkenness. Reformers take up the plaint and add volume to its plea. The simplet truth is that no man can be made to observe the moral code by statutory law. The fact that, with a law against it in full force, gambling is rife throughout the state; with a law against supplying the habitual drunkard with intoxicating drinks in full force, chronic drunkards continue to get drunk; with a law forbidding any one to sell or give intoxicating liquor to a minor, many boys, from 14 to 20 years of age can get any drink they call for from beer to whisky or "high balls"; with a law forbidding the sale or gift of cigarettes to minors, every third boy one meets is either rolling or smoking one of the forbidden things, bears ample and open testimony to the truth of this statement. Beginning with the mother who locks the door or ties the gate to keep her 3-year-old child from going out contrary to orders and extending to the man who cannot be trusted to pass a saloon or a gambling house on his way home with his wages in his pocket, this lack of personal responsibility is seen and recognized. A law against gambling or drinking is as powerless to control the irresponsible man as the command of the mother is to keep the irresponsible child in the house or dooryard. The moral tonic in both cases is lacking. Penalty may be added, is often added in both cases, but the only surety, the only cure is in the development of abiding sense of personal responsibility. Penalty is all there is of law when this sense is lacking, and the child and the man soon become skillful in evading it, or hardened to its infliction.

A FLY PAPER.

The fly is indeed an Ishmael. Every man sets his hand against him, from the thoughtless urchin that pulls off the iridescent wings to the bald-headed old snoozer that slaps vainly at his polished pate. Not a good word is ever said for the fly. The populace hates him, and the men of science, with the aid of the Government Printing Office and the Government Postoffice, egg on the people to greater atrocities against the buzzing object of their antipathy.

The Oregonian has received a pamphlet entitled "The House-Fly as a Carrier of Disease." Scattered through the type are subheads such as "Flies Are Filthy" and "Flies Are Dangerous to Health." Not a word to lessen the severity. The fly's character is painted in blackest black, and his iniquity is even portrayed pictorially. One illustration shows what seems to be a dragon crawling over a rocky desert. This is a photograph (slightly enlarged) of a fly on a piece of sponge cake. Another shows what appears to be the spoor of an elephant or equally terrific wild fowl. This is a photograph (slightly enlarged) of the microbe-filled footprints of a fly in a plate of jelly. Such productions are designed to rouse the Nation into a frenzy of hatred for the fly.

To the unscientific mind, the nonmicroscopic eye, it seems unaccountable that no one ever says a good word for a fly. It is a pretty insect—if, indeed, it be an insect—as such things go. It buzzes very companionably. There is no suggestion of microbes about it. And yet it gets nothing but slaps, or, rather, nothing but slaps are aimed at it, for many are murderously launched, but few alight in the right spot. The grasshopper has been the theme of song, and the butterfly also. The bee and the ant have adorned many a moral tale. In just one instance has the fly been addressed in anything but a tone of malediction. In 1732 a little poem was published anonymously. The first stanza ran:

> Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
> Drink to me, and drink as I!
> Freely welcome to my cup,
> Couldst thou sip and sip it up;
> Make the most of life you may,
> Life is short and wears away.

This was written by William Oldys, and it is his little address to a curious, thirsty fly that has kept his name in the minds of men. The fly in its sepulchre of amber has outlasted the monuments of industry that Oldys reared, for he was a noted antiquary and a prodigious gatherer of interesting facts and little known crumbs of information. Yet to the public he is nothing but the singer of a fly, and—may we guess?—an intoxicated fly, for Oldys was accustomed to "deep potations in ale," and what more probable than that his cup should have been one that both cheered and inebriated?

That is the only fly in literature, with the exception, to be sure, of those that get squashed between leaves. Charles Tennyson Turner, a convenient index tells us, wrote some lines "On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book." Had he found a Small Fly Crushed in a Huckleberry Pie his lines would undoubtedly have been horizontal, just like this: —— —— —— ——!

STRANGLED BY RED TAPE.

The report of the Commission of Inquiry into the conduct of the South African War has disclosed, according to the London Times, "a state of unpreparedness for any war that can only be described as appalling." There was an utter lack of any reserved clothing, except scarlet; the Lee-Enfield rifles were wrongly sighted, and "would not hit a haystack," and 66,000,000 rounds of service bullets were useless. There was no reserve of saddlery, few horseshoes and no mules, while the cavalry swords, in the words of General French, were the very worst that possibly could be used. The two army corps for foreign service had neither transport nor animals. Not a penny was expended for the most essential preparations until three weeks before the war. There was no scheme for organizing the home and colonial volunteers; there were no maps, no plans of campaign, or scheme of defense. The War Office refused to listen to advice, treated repeated warnings with studied neglect. General Buller testified that if the Boers in Natal had reached the sea they were to have received the assistance of a European power. Sir George Goldie, one of the members of the Commission of Inquiry, said that "only an extraordinary combination of fortunate circumstances, external and internal, saved the empire in the early months of 1900," and the London Spectator says: "We were saved by a miracle, yet we are trusting to another miracle to save us from a similar emergency," referring to the fact that the War Office has done nothing since to improve matters. It should be said, further, that the navy, by its state of comparative preparation, saved the day. Its guns and ammunition saved Ladysmith; it had a reserve supply of ammunition and boots, and the troop-ship service was well executed; had there been any long delay in bringing the reinforcements 7000 miles by sea to the cape, the Boers could have won Natal.

The story told by this Commission of Inquiry is about as bad as that disclosed by the Commission of Inquiry into the Crimean War. The singular thing is that so energetic and business-like a people as those of Great Britain should make so poor a showing on the very side of war in which they would be expected to excel. The only adequate explanation lies in the fact that the wheels of English military administration are so completely tied up by red tape, so completely dominated by mossbacked bureaucrats, that they are not easily moved. When our Civil War broke out we were in a state of unpreparedness for which we were not to blame. The traitors in President Buchanan's Cabinet had left us with an empty treasury, had left our forts and arsenals in a defenseless condition; our surplus arms had been sent South; our little regular Army was scattered; our organized militia was comparatively worthless; we were caught by no fault of our own in a state of unpreparedness. But what enormous energy we displayed in assembling our resources in the shape of soldiers and of sinews of war!

President Lincoln in April called out 75,000 militia for three months; May 3 he called for 500,000 three-year men. The extra session of July, 1861, granted the President power to enlist a million men and voted an appropriation of $500,000,000. The first day of April, 1861, our whole Army was about 16,000 strong. By the first of January, 1862, we had, volunteers and regulars, over 575,000 men ready for the field. This great army was enlisted and organized in about six months; that is, it was ready for service within six months after the outbreak of the war, and more than half of it was ready before that date. As early as July 1, 1861, our Army was 186,751 strong. And all this was done, not under the administration of the great war Minister, Stanton; it was done under Secretary of War Cameron, a well-trained man of business, but in no sense a Carnot or a Pitt. The same wonderful energy was shown in our Navy. The same wonderful energy was shown at the South, under far more discouraging circumstances; the Southern naval officers anticipated the North in the matter of iron-clad war vessels. In military energy and ingenuity the people of the United States, North and South, completely surpassed any people of Europe in modern times who have been caught without preparation for a gigantic civil war.

It is an interesting question why the United States, without preparation, so quickly rose to the unexpected military emergency of the Civil War compared with the dismal record of bureaucratic administration made by the British War Office in the Crimean and the South African wars. The answer to this question is that the British war administration was bound hard and fast by red tape, which it is almost impossible to cut in England, but is comparatively easy to cut in the United States. Given an English man of business in any part of the world, and he is prompt, efficient, sagacious, energetic and courageous, but put him into a War Office in London and he is like a Spartan helot chained to his master's doorpost. Popular tumult through the public press would have been so violent in America over such a record of inefficiency and disaster as the Boer War that the War Office would have been smoked out into the open and compelled to make a run for its official life. But it is not so easy to get at the official despotism of a bureaucracy in Great Britain as it is in America. Lord Lansdowne represents a powerful family of distinguished historic fame, and if he is determined to hold the fort he cannot be expelled from it by popular clamor, while in America we could make the place too hot to hold him. And that is about all there is to the difference between the two peoples. Under our form of government, we can unload a wretched military administration more easily and more completely than can be done in Great Britain.

Lord Clive and Warren Hastings did great things in the old days in India because there were no fast steamers, no telegraphs to check their movements; they were left free to act for months on their judgment; they were fettered by no red tape. In our Civil War, Vicksburg was won only because Halleck's telegram came too late. Red tape strangled the British War Office; red tape strangled our operations at times, but we can cut the red tape more quickly and effectively than can be done in Great Britain, because our fierce democracy is sure to denounce and displace the blunderheads.

At the recent meeting of the Inter-Colonial Council at Johannesburg, a statement was made by Lord Milner showing how the guaranteed loan of $175,000,000 is to be used for the development of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and for meeting their obligations. Toward paying off the old debt of the Transvaal, $12,500,000 will be applied; $10,000,000 will go to compensate loyalists in Cape Colony and Natal who suffered losses during the war; $7,500,000 will meet the first year's deficit. For the acquisition of all the railways of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, $70,000,000 will be used. Compensation and repatriation in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies will take $25,000,000. To new development will be allotted $50,000,000, including $25,000,000 for new railways, $15,000,000 for land settlement and $10,000,000 for other public works. The council did its work with exemplary rapidity, transacting much business in a short time, thanks to the absence of members who speak "only for buncombe." One of its decisions was that the new railways shall be built as far as possible with white labor, which is 15 per cent dearer than native labor. It is desired to strengthen the white element in the country, and at the same time prevent the Kaffirs from being drawn away from the gold mines, where there is still a labor famine.

The development of Southwestern Oregon, retarded through all the years by isolation, has, it is believed, some prospect of a beginning. The Coos Bay, Roseburg & Salt Lake Railroad has in process of construction a spur that will penetrate to Coos Bay, thus bringing the practically undeveloped resources of a vast region in touch with tide water. That the coast sections and the inland counties of Southeastern Oregon have been so long without railway connection with the outside world is passing strange to those who have knowledge of the resources that await development in Tillamook, Coos, Klamath, Crook and Lake counties. Lumber, fish and coal abound in the coast counties, while the stock, wool and dairy interests of all are practically limitless when once railway communication and the enterprise that follows it turn the vast possibilities of these regions into growing industries. There is no portion of the United States yet unexploited by commerce that promises more substantial returns to enterprise and investment than do these counties of Oregon. It may be hoped, indeed, that the commercial attention long their due has set toward them in earnest.

If some one had said in 1897 that a horticultural fair would be held within six years in a town yet to be built on the Pacific Slope north of the sixty-fourth parallel, his sanity would have been questioned; yet the local press of Dawson City announces such an exhibition for this week. Its details are published on another page of today's issue.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Already Lipton is beginning to be confident of lifting the cup next year.

San Francisco is normal once more. Another murder mystery occupies the public.

The good ship Portland has yet another batch of volunteer pilots. The Municipal Association is on deck.

Gibson, the negro thug, has been sentenced to the pen for six years, and there's no way to sandbag Time.

The formation of a broom trust bristled with difficulty, but the organizers knew how to handle it, and made a clean sweep of the opposition.

It would be a good idea to put the Turks, the Moros, and the Mad Mullah's dervishes all together in a big sack and let 'em fight it out.

> What says the voice of the wind?
> To the sailor it sings of home;
> To the boy at home it pipes of the salt sea.
> The voice of the wind is the voice of the heart's desire.

Butte is undoubtedly losing its reputation as the greatest mining camp on earth. The Miner runs the story of a little robbery under a big head: "Drunken Man Is Robbed in Butte."

Mrs. J. R. Drexel is agitated over the loss of two jewels, worth $10,000. So far she has neglected to explain that "it's not the value of them, dear, but they were a present from a friend."

A 5-year-old boy wandered from a hop-yard recently, and this is how the Eugene Register tells of it:

> It was about 1 o'clock when the migratory urchin concluded to separate himself from the environment of the strobilaceous catkin.

The newspaper notoriety given William Wayne Belvin on account of his unpaid bill at the Palace Hotel is very unjust to the humbler board-bill jumpers, who work quite as hard but with less spectacularism.

A ladder rested across the sidewalk at the corner of Washington and Fifth streets one afternoon last week. Of 50 persons who passed, only four went out of their way to avoid going under the bringer of bad luck. Of the believing four three were women.

John Quincy Adams says that labor should be made tolerable with music, pictures and statuary. In accordance with the dictum of Mr. Adams The Oregonian is arranging to have its linotype machines play "Hiawatha" as tables of figures run trippingly from the fingers of the operators. The stones will be supported by alabaster Apollos, and the walls will be frescoed with representations of the printer's heaven, where the Celestial News comes out but once a year and the ghost walks twice a day.

Fears have been expressed of late by some clergymen that the church was using machinery of anything but up-to-date pattern. How groundless were these fears will be understood when it is learned that St. Matthias' (Episcopal) Church, Sheepshead Bay, is running a "county fair" on its grounds. The principal feature of the fair is a race by six young ladies, clad in regulation jockey coats of many colors. Thus does the church silence its detractors and prove its adaptability to modern needs.

Authors I Have Never Read.

Longfellow has become famous through his poem, "Hiawatha," although, as a matter of fact, the composer should have the greater credit.

Pungle Up, Delinquent Subscribers.

We have received a publication called "Money" at this office, says the editor of the Clackamas Chronicle. It is devoted to something we hear of but never see.

Tips From the Tub, Diogenes, Jr.

The other man's stenographer is always prettier.

The best test of scenery is to try looking at it when you're hungry.

There are few things I'm sorrier for than a pup with a pink ribbon.

Woman's ideals are like her French heels—very high, but little aid to progression.

A man is really in love with a girl if he estimates every other woman's good looks by hers.

It's only the very young girl that blushes twice. The second time she blushes because she blushed the first time.

In the Receiver.

The rival wireless companies did their best to baffle one another at the yacht races. Marconi's bulletins were mixed up with the ballad of the "Hesperus."

> It was the schooner—Shamrock—
> Reliance—in the sea—
> And Lipton has—his little daughter—
> To make—a cup of tea.
>
> The Shamrock's skipper—with a pipe—
> The helm puts—in his mouth—
> Reliance goes about—shut up—
> The yachts—blow north and south.
>
> O father, I hear—shut up—be darned—
> Oh say what can it be—
> The Shamrock—yah—Reliance—boo—
> —!—*!!—!
>
> It sounds like one big D.

Literary Notes.

Joaquin Miller, who has in preparation a life of Bath House John, has gone to Chicago to have a bath.

Richard Le Gallienne, who is about to write a biography of Chatterton, is starving himself to death in London.

Rudyard Kipling, who has nearly completed his life of Mary MacLane, will attend Butte High School next term.

Richard Watson Gilder, who will soon complete his life of Edgar Allan Poe, is endeavoring to acquire a taste for whisky.

Ernest Thompson-Seton-Thompson, who is to include Carlyle in his "Wild Animals I Have Dodged," is thinking of destroying his wife's flower garden.

Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, hyphenated scion of Chicago, is traveling through France in an ox-cart, says a dispatch. He has a life of Moliere in view, and is anxious to see the country as Moliere did.

The Old Belleisle.

The old battleship Belleisle, maintained for several years as a target by the British Admiralty, was used last week in testing a composition that its inventor said would render a vessel unsinkable. The Belleisle sank at the first shock.

> You have lasted quite a while,
> Old Belleisle;
> Your old armored sides met well
> Shot and shell;
> Broadsides failed to make you sink
> In the drink;
> And you held the dread torpedo
> Less account than a teredo,
> Old Belleisle.
>
> But your battered armour plate
> Met its fate;
> And your stanch old iron sides
> Ocean hides.
> You busted, poor old crock,
> At the shock;
> Though such end was near unthinkable,
> You sank with the unsinkable,
> Old Belleisle.