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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum cipitation, 0. TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy, with showers; winds mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 20, 1903

UNIQUE FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

The object of the present paper is not to describe the system referred to, in any adequate detail, but merely to direct the attention of the needy to the place where it may be found. Even this service cannot be so great as it might have been at one time, before the gentle art of enticing money from full pockets into empty ones had acquired such vogue in our strenuous life. that after all the cihef service of this paper must be to secure the proper recognition of a master mind in finance, whose planeership might otherwise escape notice. The financial genius we refer to is the celebrated Edgar Allan Poe, and his "system" has lately been elucidated in the Century Magazine by Professor G. E. Woodberry, perhaps the most painstaking and discerning of all Poe's biographers.

It appears that Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, had money; while Poe, except at rare and negligible intervals, had none. Poe was a famous critic and an able one. Nobody could frame a more comprehensive "tribute" or a more withering "review," As Dr. Chivers inappropriately had combined the function of having money with that of writing poetry, it had devolved upon Poe to set out in Graham's Magazine the exact and painful facts concerning Dr. Chivers' poetry, thus:

Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indefinite charm of sen-tingent and melody. We can never be sure that there is any meaning in his words. \* '\* '\* His figures of speech are metaphor un mad, and his grammar is often none at

To the man of ordinary resources this circumstances by a poet without a cir- but he could not measure public senticumstance in his pocket would rise up as a decided obstacle, when the impecunjous learned of the well-fixed one's superior financial status and bethought of a more even distribution. Not so with Poe. He hastened to reform his opinions. He had been too hasty. He had formed judgment upon imperfect investigation. He said as much to Chivers when Chivers called. He valued Chivers' opinion, he sought his advice, he borrowed ten dollars.

Subsequent ambitions of Poe, chiefly connected with the establishment of those celebrated magazines which were never established, opened the eyes of the great critic to the beauties of the Chivers muse, and in the great borrower's letters to this typical friend and benefactor we see his system working as beautifully as Kepler's law. "I now meaningless and grammarless nonsense, "that I have wronged you by a hasty opinion. You will not suppose me insincere in saving that I look upon some of your late pieces as the finest I have ably prepared for a later passage in the same letter:

As I have no money myself, it will be absolutely necessary that I procure a partner who has some pecualary means \* \* \* \* either a practical printer possessing a small office, or some one not a printer with about \$1000 at command.

write as a humble though affluent poet 1844, the need of funds bore down upon the author of "The Raven," so that he again sought the aid of Chivers. There must be some excuse for the neglect. and this was thought as good as any: "In the hurry of mere business, I chanced to file your letters away among a package indorsed 'answered,' and thus it was that I failed to reply. For many months I have been haunted by the sentiment of some duty unperformed, but was unable to say what it was." Then he repeated his assurances of esteem, and again suggested the

pecuniary assistance aforesaid. It would be a pleasure to be able to say that Dr. Chivers responded with alacrity to the proposal, as he did on at least one prior occasion-that of the ten dollars; but there seems no reason to suppose that the \$1000 ever found its way after the ten. Perhaps if it had done so the great poet and famous borrower might have got upon his feet. financially speaking, and become a publisher as well as author. But disaster followed him; and as one looks back upon his career it seems a confused poet always on the point of going some-

rowing ten or twenty dollars of some prosperous but weak-willed individual who thereby unwittingly laid hold on

But it is well. One man can't have all the good things in this world. Anybody can pay his debts. Only the genius can write "The Conqueror Worm' and "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle." If Chivers had not been so easy, the world would doubtless have been without these letters to him, which, in spite of the odor of liquor about them and the racking memory of Virginia's cough, and the borrowings that were never paid, the fond reader must yet infinite greatness Nature sometimes joins infinite littleness. Poe was, perhaps, the greatest borrower and poorest payer of modern times; but nothing contemptible that he did has been able to dim the splendor of what he said. Against such handicaps has his fame gone on, that by their magnitude they attest the power of his transcendent mind.

AN IMMORTAL SPEECH. Today is the one hundredth anniversary of the execution of Robert Emmet for high treason in Dublin. His immortality is due largely to the remarkable eloquence of his speech of defense before Lord Norbury, who condemned him to death. Of his Judge, Emmet said: "My Lord, if all the innocent blood you have shed could be collected in one great reservoir, Your Lordship might swim in it." Had it not been for Emmet's eloquence, his memory would not be more vivid today than that of Father John Murphy, Bagenal Harvey, the Sheares and the other martyrs who died on the scaffold for their part in the rebellion of 1798. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a distinguished soldier, was mortally wounded resisting arrest; Wolfe Tone, under sentence of death, cut his throat. These other Irish martyrs do not have the popular immortality of Robert Emmet, although their services and sufferings equaled his own. The singular eloquence of young Emmet's speech at his trial has made him the popular Irish martyr. Emmet has more Irish admirers today

than when he died. The rebellion of 1798 was opposed by all the great Irish leaders of constitutional agitation for home rule; by Grattan, Flood, Charlemont and Curran. Daniel O'Connell, to gether with Curran, bitterly denounced Emmet's rising of 1803. Curran refused to defend him when he was placed on trial, despite the fact that Emmet was betrothed to Curran's daughter. Emmet's rising was a reckless and insane attempt to capture the castle and arsenal of Dublin by a mob ill-armed, without organization or leadership. It was disfigured by the brutal murder of Judge Kilwarden, who was dragged from his coach by the mob and killed before his daughter's eyes. Emmet was an enthusiast, a man of poetic nature, an orator, but utterly destitute of judgment or the talent for organization of successful insurrection. He made his attempt when the whole country was under martial law, when the recent memory of the horrors of 1798 had crushed all the hopes of Ireland. Against the earnest protest of the wisest patriots in Ireland, Emmet made his attempt, failed miserably, lost his life and increased the sufferings of Ireland by giving the government an excuse for increased cruelty and barbarous coercion. Altogether, Emmet's rising was the most reckless, hopeless and disastrous incident in the whole history of Ireland's struggle for freedom, and yet it was so gilded by his pathetic, thrilling eloquence that the name of Emmet has been used to conjure with by his modern imitators, the Irish insurrectionists of 1848 and the Fenians.

(he was but 23), his genius, his elothrough his anxiety to bid farewell to his sweetheart, all help to surround him with deep sentimental interest, but it is historical truth to say that the man was a poetic-minded enthusiast, an orator intoxicated by his own eloquence and vain, extravagant expectations. He unequivocal condemnation of a poet-in | could make a noble, pathetic speech, ment, could not organize it. He was an orator, a poet, not a man with the gift that organizes and executes an insurrection that contains a fair hope of success. The government that executed Emmet ought to have spared him Tone and Fitzgerald were far abler and more dangerous men. Tone was an artful and daring conspirator; Fitzgerald was an accomplished and daring soldier, but Emmet had no appreciable influence or practical talent. And yet Emmet's single speech has given him great popular fame. It is not a great speech in the sense that Burke, Webster or Phillips were elo quent, but it is just the kind of speech that would always affect an ardent, warm-hearted, poetic people. Emmet was a heroic impracticable, a marvel ous boy, a gifted creature, instinct with deeply feel," he wrote to the author of the wonderful eloquence which has been the glory of the Irish people, but his genius was not of the sort out of which comes a great man of public affairs like O'Connell. He was an impassioned orator, who expected to consummate a ever read." The gentle reader is prob- great political revolution in Irdiand by a sudden stroke. Had he lived longer he might have succeeded in kindling r flame of insurrection over Ireland, but would have wrought no good; only made her misery more miserable. He was the type of poetic-minded revolutionists who are always surpassingly As Dr. Chivers did not produce the eloquent and always unsuccessful in paltry \$1000, he heard no more from Poe organizing victories or in creating a for two years, though he continued to state out of the chaos of war. He was Vergniaud, Mazzini, Kossuth, should to a great critic. But in July, Hugo, Castelar-a noble nature, but un equal to such work as Washington. Franklin and Cavour wrought.

Emmet dying on the scaffold at 23 probably left us the finest death song that his noble spirit was capable of in that wonderful speech, full in all its lines of passionate patriotism and inim-Itable pathos. His death was fortunate for his permanent fame, so dramatic was his last opportunity for eloquence and so fitted to stimulate his great powers. His martyrdom casts an immortal aureole about his eloquence. It is the deathless monument of the dead Emmet's eloquent invectives against England have inspired so many Irish patriots that have succeeded him that they have been equivalent to an armed invasion, since constitutional agitators have been stimulated by his spirit while they have repudiated his methods. Among the martyrs of our American Revolution was Nathan Hale, a young graduate of Yale College, a man of excellest family, who was sent to the gallows as a spy by General Howe. He suffered everything that Emmet suffered save mutilation after death, affd succession of moving pictures, with the he went to his fate as serenely as Emmet. Before a court-martial there was where to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to no chance for Hale to make eloquent

gret was that he had but one life to give for his country." ory of Hale with respect; his state has honored him with a monument; our history recites his story with pride. But suppose that Hale had been capable of making such a speech as that uttered by Emmet and had been permitted to utter it, and it was part of our popular literature today; then Hale would be to our school boys what Emmet is-an eloquent memory. But Hale could not have made such a speech, even if he had been given an opportunity, because he came of Puritan English stock, while Emmet was a Celt, a turn reverently, as he marvels to what | magnetic, fervid, golden-mouthed Irishman. Hofer is not to Tyrol what Emmet is to Irish history, because he emitted no immortal eloquence before he was executed as a rebel against Napoleon. To his eloquence rather than to his martyrdom, Emmet owes his permanent historic fame.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

The recent death of Thomas Marsh Clark, the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, in his ninety-second year, recalls the fact that he was a man of most interesting personality, because he had mastered the fare art of growing old gracefully. He was an eloquent preacher and noted for his keen sense of humor. When he was considerably past 75 his public speeches were so full of humor that they kept his clergy in roars of laughter. This blessed gift of humorous sensibility very likely did not prolong Bishop Clark's life, for men of exceedingly morose temper and boorish man-ners, like Lord Brougham, have lived to a great age, but it doubtless did enable him to grow old gracefully. The so-called faults of age are in a less degree the very same faults that in youth were veiled by its freshness and beauty. In old age, although one is better and happier and more attractive to have learned in the passing years the lesson of charity toward all, malice toward none, and sympathy with old and young, it is better not to consider that one is old, but be one's self; if it is natural to be buoyant, spontaneous or vivacious, be so, without trying to live up to the popular idea of what old age ought to be

Robert Stevenson was a fine-souled man of gentus who died in his prime after making a life-long fight with tuberculosis, but he kept a sweet spirit to the last days, when he wrote: "To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little and spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation-above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself-here is a task for all that a

man bath of fortitude and delicacy." If one reads what one likes, it helps keep one fresh. The man or woman who has few resources and has no children is apt to enter early upon a frivolous or melancholy old age. Moralizing about the flight of time and reminding each other that to the churchyard we are creeping year by year is natural, but there is a better philosophy than this of longing for length of days and bewalling the flight of time. The philosophy need not be the epicurean idea of a short life and a merry one, but let it be a useful, vigorous life, full of humane purpose and manly effort, whether it be long or short. If an old man has led a kindly, decent life, he will. inevitably grow old gracefully, even if he is bowed down by infirmity, but if the old man has led a mean, selfish, hard life, he will bite his flesh like a wounded catamount and mutter curses over the decay and death of his powers of body and mind. Than such Emmet is a pathetic figure. His youth a morose and mean old age, better the quence, his loss of his chance of escape short steps of a decent life that never aches to the appointed age of man. Ben Jonson said it was not worth much

To live an oak a hundred year, To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere. Shakespeare finely compares an ideal old age to "a lusty Winter, frosty but kindly." This description is applied to Adam in "As You Like It," who boasts that he is a sturdy man at four score because in his youth he did not apply "hot and rebellious liquors to his blood, nor woo the means of weakness and debility." He, therefore, was not at 80 a bloated beast with a life of hideous sin and guilty lust behind him; a selfisi and cruel Shylock, a misanthropic mourner over the consequences of lifelong animalism or luxurious indolence. No man can grow old gracefully as did venerable Bishop Clark without a sound, sweet heart, that palpitates with childlike spirit from youth to the grave; the spirit of sincere sensibility for the rights and wrongs of others the spirit of innocent mirth, the spirit of frankness, the speech of truth and the impulsive hand that is always glad when it is able to be not only just, but nobly generous. This was the spirit of Bishop Clark; he grew old gracefully up to his ninety-second year because he was a Christian and yet a perennial humorist, who was sensitive to both mirth and melancholy as he found it in his own life and in the lives of his fellow-men. He was able to grow old gracefully because he entertained the same view of life which Phillips Brooks expressed when he said:

It seems as if life might all be so simple, and so beautiful, so good to live, so good to look at, if we could only think of it as one long journey, where every day's march had its own separate sort of beauty to travel through; and so if we could go on clinging to no past, accepting every new present a to no past, accepting everything beautiful in its time, and suiting ourselves to each new beauty with continual growth. And that can come to pass in the soul that really loves and lives in a living, loving God.

CURSED WITH CUPS. That the royal and ancient game of golf has been lugged into the hurlyburly of international competition is not a matter for much congratulation. That American defeat therein should be selzed upon as a text for the preaching of more strenuosity-we have no other word-is deplorable. Yet that is what the New York Times, sane and usually serene; has done. The victories of the Oxford and Cambridge golfers, together with the capture of the lawn tennis cup by the Mahoneys, has moved the Times

to say: But we ought not to be satisfied until we are at least on an equality with the island-ers in the two delightful and attractive outdoor games of golf and lawn tennis, which are almost as popular on this side as on the other. It seems to behoove the guiding minds of our National associations of the two games respectively to inquire seriously into the causes of our inferiority, with a view of securing the removal of

As the writer of the article remarks in another place, track athletics in this country are taken so "seriously and strenuously" that some critics deny their right to be classed as sport. This Richmond, to Providence, to Boston, protest and defiance, and he had to be has been pointed out again and again, without a dollar in his pocket and bor- content with saying that "his only re- and it is undoubtedly true that the property a Virginia family of historic affairs,

great keenness with which Americans pursue their sports tends more and more to give too much importance to victory and too little to the game itself, Football, for example, with its before. the-season practice, seems to be played by college men less for the fun there is in it than for the opportunity to vanquish the other team. Members of a boat's crew have been known to cry on crossing the line behind their rivals. Not with them was it better to have rowed at all.

rowed and lost than never to have And that is the state to which we are adjured to bring golf and lawn tennis. What recreation, spiced with friendly contest, is to be left us? Must the red pepper of international competition be shaken over all our games? Leave us our golf. Let us foozle without the burning thought that all America groans and Britain hoots. The condemnation of our conscience and the chuckle of our personal opponent are stimulus enough. Lawn tennis, it is to be feared, has fallen from grace. It is cursed with an international cup. Leave us, then, one game at which we can play as suits our mood, today leisurely, tomorrow strenuous.

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER,

A Vancouver correspondent asks The Oregonian to pass judgment upon the alleged disloyalty of General R. E. Lee in resigning his commission in the United States Army upon the secession of Virgina. Our correspondent holds that "General Lee was not disloyal, but met the highest requirements of a soldier when he offered his services to his native state to resist threatened invasion." The letter of our correspondent has been drawn out by the printing of a communication in the Vancouver Independent from which we make the following extract:

Lee received a West Point education at the Government's expense. He accepted a com-mission from the Nation, not from the State of Virginia. For 30 years he drew a liberal salary from Uncle Sam, but in the hour of darkness and of trial, he drew his sword, not to defend the Nation, but to take its life.

He broke his plighted faith, and that is sophistry and soft-soap in the world can

never wash away. This question concerning the action of General Lee has recently been argued strongly in Lee's favor by Charles Francis Adams, who was a gallant soldier in the Army of the Potomac, and when Lee's statue comes up before Congress for acceptance as Virginia's contribution to the National Gallery of Statuary it will be sure to obtain fresh consideration. Our own judgment is that Lee followed his conscience when confronted with a situation that he could not have contemplated when he became an officer of the Army, more than thirty years before the firing on Sumter. He wrote his sister that "with all my devotion to the Union and feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I cannot make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." General Wick-ham, the leader of the Unionists in the Virginia convention that declared for secession, used similar language, saying: "Gentlemen, you have decided

wrongly; I have no heart in your cause, but I feel obliged to go with you because I cannot help fire my old neighbors' corn fields." General Lee had never been a seces

slonist. He had always cast his influence in favor of the Union and against the secession of Virginia. He was the son of "Light Horse Harry," of the Revolution. His wife was the daughter of the grandson of Washington's wife; he was through her the owner of Arilington, on the Potomac, and White House plantation, on the Pamunkey; he belonged to a family distinguished in the history of Virginia for more than a century, and he decided to resign his his state by the armies of the Union. He had always been hostile to slavery, declaring that it was morally wrong and he would gladly support any constitutional measure for its extinction There is nothing in General Lee's life from boyhood that leads us to believe that he was disposed to violate his conscience, and it is fair to presume and not difficult to believe that he was conscientious in his belief that it was his duty to defend his state from the desolation of war. This doctrine of state supremacy had never been settled as it is today by the final arbitrament of arms. New England had asserted it by her Governors in her refusal to answer President Madison's call for troops; Daniel Webster on the eve of the Hartford convention talked nullification on the floor of Congress. In view of General Lee's Southern education and political training, it is easy to believe that he acted conscientiously in refusing to be placed at the head of a great army whose first act would be to invade and lay waste the corn fields of his lifelong

neighbors and friends in his native

state.

There were other Southern men who stood fast for the Union. General Thomas is cited as a man who made a different choice. General Thomas wrote a letter to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, asking what rank was open to him if he went with the Confederacy. No satisfactory answer was returned, and so his Northern wife was able to keep Thomas true to the flag. There were others; in some cases Southern families were divided, one son going to the Union and the other to the Confederacy; but you will find on examination that the decision was largely determined by social and sectional environment rather than political conscience. Northern-born and bred men who had lived but few years in the South became enthusiastic Confederates, and Southern-born and bred men who had emigrated to the North were among the most energetic leaders of Union soldiers. The Oregonian believes that Lee, from his peculiar point of view, followed his conscience in deciding to resign and resist the invasion and desolation of his native state. This is not saying that General Lee was right, for The Oregonian believes his theory of state supremacy was wrong and his idea that his aliegiance belonged to his native state was wrong. But in 1861 it was a question that had been disputed since the foundation of the Government without any final settlement. Lee was not a conspirator. Neither Lee, Joe Johnston nor Longstreet ever resigned from the Army until Virginia was driven into secession by the craze which followed the firing on Sumter This shot was fired deliberately to force Virginia and North Carolina out of the Union. It was necessary, as one arch-conspirator wrote, "to sprinkle blood in the faces of the people." The shot at Sumter precipitated the secession of Virginia, swept Lee away from his Union moorings, and he sailed henceforth the rough open sea of rebel-

The Lees were by blood, brains and

Hon.

renown. Thomas, while born in Virginia, was not a Virgin had spent his life in the Army. Envi ronment made Thomas a Union soldier environment made Lee cast his lot with his family and his state. Had Thomas been a large Virginia landholder, had he married a large Virginia landholder belonging to one of the ancient, historic, patrician governing families of Virginia, as did Lee, he would doubtless and, half raising the black hood that was have answered "Here" to the call of the Confederacy, but the Army of the in peace. "My friends," said he, "I die in United States had always been his peace, and with sentiments of universa home and he had a Northern wife; his love and kindness towards all men." He strongest ties of feeling and pride bound him to the Nation rather than to hangman to adjust the noose. As he his state. As it was, Thomas fished for stood, handkerchief in hand to give the an appointment in the army of the Confederacy, but he was too late. Questions of the motives which decide men's memory of her dearest son. conduct in times which severely try perhaps not good logic, but it was the natural, manly impulse that is exprobably few could have constructed argument for or against secession, for their feet on both sides at the sound of that shot against Sumter, simply because of environment, because "blood

is thicker than water." From the Union standpoint Lee was not politically right, but he obeyed his conscience and most men of the North, had they been in his shoes, would have said with him, "Blood is thicker than water." He was no more a traitor than the great rebel George Washington was, who, after fighting under King George's flag, led the rebel army that upset it

If there is any falling off in the general prosperity, the railroad earnings, which are regarded as a fair index, do not show it. For the period that ended with July these earnings were about \$52,000,000 greater than during the same time in the year before-a gain of more than 30 per cent. The people are producing, buying and selling at an unprecedented rate and the railroads are hustling to meet the demands that these conditions bring. The only shadow of foreboding upon this prosperity is the fact, everywhere apparent, that the people are not saving the proceeds of Lord Kilwarden was encountered in his their labor and investment in accordance with the demands of prudence. Railroad managers, however, do not seem apprehensive of a sudden check upon the demand that is made upon them, as they continue to spend enormous sums, not only in meeting the present requirements, but in looking into the future. They are constantly adding to their rolling stock, improving their roadbeds, rebuilding and strengthening their bridges, taking curves out of their lines, etc., etc., thus giving back to labor, skilled and unskilled, immense sums of their earnings,

The elder brother of Robert Emmet, Thomas Addis Emmet, who had been imprisoned and then banished for his part in the rebellion of 1798, came to the United States in 1804, and rose to great eminence as a lawyer in New York City. He excelled as an advocate. and it was while pleading a case that he was stricken with apoplexy and died the same day, November 14, 1827. His son Robert rose to distinction as a lawyer and became a Judge of the State Superior Court. Another son was a distinguished professor of chemistry in the University of Virginia. A grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet was the distinguished physician, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, author of standard works on gynecology. The father of works on gynecology. mmission and resist the invasion of the famous Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish patriot, was an eminent Dublin physician, and Thomas Addis was a medical graduate of Edinburgh University in 1784, but he abandoned medicine for the law, and was admitted to the Dublin bar in 1791. The records of the Pasteur Institute in Paris show that 25,642 cases of

hydrophobia have been treated there in the fifteen years that have passed since inoculation for this disease began. A child from Alsace was the first patient. This was in 1888. Since then each year has seen the small death percentage from hydrophobia grow smaller. From ten in a thousand of those treated, it has fallen to two in a thousand. Since the discovery of Sir Edward Jenner, upon which all inoculation against disease is based, there has been no greater discovery in the realm of medical science than that with which the name of Pasteur is associated. General Simon B. Buckner, who

graduated from West Point in 1844 and commanded a corps in the Confederate Army, an ex-Governor of Kentucky and candidate for Vice-President on the Gold Democratic ticket in 1896, made a speech at the opening of the Republican State Convention at Mumfordsville, Ky., on the 13th inst. He announced his desire to stump the state in the interest of Colonel Morris B. Belknap Republican candidate for Governor. He denounced Governor Beckham for his pardon record and for his method of prosecuting the murderers of Senator Goebel. The funeral ship that lately made the port of San Francisco from Manila

brought over some scores of bodies, a

mute tribute to the cruel weight of the

'white man's burden" in the far East

Its coming was not heralded with mar-

tial music nor patriotic pride. A forgetful public scarcely took note of its coming. It is only in the scattered homes to which these soldiers' bodies find their way through the kind offices of the Government that the coming of the death ship was terribly real. There was never a more auspicious time than the present to send back-door beggars with hard-luck stories away unrelieved. There is work everywhere for everybody, and he who idles away these golden September days deserves to be overtaken by the fate that befell the traditional "old brown grasshapper" when the storms of Winter came.

to suit the taste of all except those who will not work at anything. Anne Devlin was a sturdy and faithful Irishwoman, who refused to betray Emmet's place of hiding when sought by the English authorities and chose to go to prison rather than reveal it.

Not only is work plenty, but in variety

Reseburg Review. No wonder the Republican papers of Oregon are red-hot against Secretary Hitchped coming in since he began to probe land

HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

One hundred years ago today the scaf fold claimed a victim, who, for his youth, his purity of character, his burning zent, his devotion to a hopeless cause, has ever since been enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. It is just 100 years today since Robert Emmet stood upon the plank drawn over his head, declared that he died then removed his stock, and assisted the signal, the plank was sprung, and all that remained to Ireland was the imperishable

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in the their souls are not decided by constitu- year 1778. His father, who was physician tional argument. Lee's decision to go to the Viceroy, brought up his children with his state, to refuse to fire on her as Nationalists, and Robert's brother corn fields and his old neighbors, was Thomas Addls Emmet, was one of the foremost figures in the United Irishmen Thomas eventually emigrated to New pressed in the old phrase "Blood is York, where he became Attorney-General thicker than water." Of the thousands of the state, dying suddenly while arguing who fought heroically and died fear- a case in the Circuit Court in 1827. At an lessly on either side in the Civil War | early age Robert went to Trinity College, and there made the friendship of Thomas Moore, a fellow-student. In the troublous or against coercion, but they leaped to | times of the United Irishmen, who were banded together for the first time at Belfast in 1790, Emmet was too young to take a leading part, but he was the head of the movement in the university, and would in all probability have drawn Moore into it had not the poet's mother maintained a close watch upon her boy. In 1800 Emmet visited his brother in prison at St. George, and two years later interviewed Napoleon and Taileyrand, the former promising him to secure the independence of Ireland.

It was in October, 1802, that young Em met returned to Dublin determined to lead a rebellion against English rule. He seems to have had no definite plans; indeed his actions force one to believe that he entered upon an undertaking that he knew to be doomed from its inception. With less than £5000, a ridiculous sum for the provision of arms alone, he began his work. A few muskets were bought, and 30 or 40 men were put to work forging pikes. Finally, on Saturday, July 25, 1883 Emmet, clad in green coat and white breeches, a feather waving in his hat, set forth for the castle at the head of a few score of untrained men, without cohesis and without plans. On the way the aged carriage, and was killed by the pikemen, much to Emmet's sorrow. Meanwhile the castle was aroused, and the officials were in the utmost consternation. An effort was made to have all the troops called out, and it was only abandoned when th news came that the ordinary day guard had dispersed the rebels without difficulty. Emmet sought shelter in the Wicklow hills, whence he might possibly have es caped to the Continent had not love drawn him to Dublin. He returned to take leave of his sweetheart, Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated orator and wit. While in hiding at Harold's Cross he was taken in hiding at Haroid's Cross he was taken by Major Sirr, the captor of Lord Edward FitzGeraid. "He had lived for his love," says Moore, and it is not extravagant to say that his love led him to his death. Emmet was tried on September 19, 1893, on the charge of treason, and was found guilty. Before sentence was passed he made a thrilling speech. His words have not yet ceased to echo in the Irish heart, and the adjuration to leave his epitaph un written is as familiar as a household word. "Let no man write my epitaph,"

The next day he was hanged. Emmet's body was buried in Bully's Acre, Kilmainham, but was afterwards moved to Glasnevin cemetery, or St Michan's churchyard. It will be remembered that his reputed grave was open a few weeks ago, but the remains could ot be identified as those of Emmet.

said the prisoner at the bar, "for, as no

man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ig-

norance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times

and other men can do justice to my char-

acter. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and

Thomas Mobre, as previously stated, was college mate of Emmet's, and came within an ace of being drawn into the United Irishmen's ranks. When Emmet was hanged as the result of his puny éffort at rehellion—"the Irish," says Moore, ""never either fight or write well on their own soff"-the poet wrote the following lyric to the memory of the young patriot:

Oh! Breathe Not His Name. hi breathe not his name, let it sleep in the Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid

Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head. But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he elects: And the tear that we shed, though in secre

Shall long keep his memory green in our souls To Sarah Curran, who went abroad after Emmet's execution and lived for some time in Sicily, Moore also wrote a touch ing poem:

She Is Far From the Land. She is far from the land where her young her sleeps, And lovers are round her sighing,

But coldly she turns from their gaze an weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying. She sings the wild song of her dear native

plains,

Every note which he lov'd awaking;—

Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he fied. They were all that to life had entwined him; Nor soon shall the tears of his country

dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him. Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams

rest, When they promise a glorious morrow; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

In a tender essay, "The Broken Heart," Washington Irving tells how Sarah Cur-ran gradually faded away after the death of her lover.

The person who told me her story, says Irving, had seen her at a masquerade

There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and glddy crowd with an air of utter ab-straction, she sat heraelf down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capricio of a sickly heart, to warble a little plain-tive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her and melted every one to tears. . . Nothing could cure the one to tears. . . Nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy which had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim

of a broken heart.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Lover's Device, I sang to Dolly, Of her heart,

How free from felly Ev'ry part. I trilled her kindness And my love-What utter blindness, Gods above!

She would not hearken To my lay; My sky would darken At her way.

A man of cunning Put me right. And now I'm sunning In her sight; For with one ditty

I won grace-

I sang how pretty Was her face.

Heartaches and Balm.

ALBINA, Sept. 19.—(To the Editor.) —Why s hair worn in a certain style called pempa After Pompadour Jim, a well-known

pugilist of the last century. VANCOUVER, Wash, Sept. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me what to do will the stones of olives. I have been advised to swallow them, but they seem too big JOHN SMITH The question is a puzzling one. You

are quite right not to swallow the stones and the advice must have come from surgeon, for nothing is more likely t cause appendicitis. Flicking the stone at the waiter is an interesting way of getting rid of them, and is also useful in calling his attention.

SELLWOOD, Sept. 10.—(To the Editor.) I would like to know if it is injurious swallow confett, as I frequently get of mouth full of it at the Multnomah c. See the answer to John Smith. Appedicitis is most formidable on paper,

don't swallow the stuff. Try keeping

your mouth shut next time A Worm and a Silkworm. Silk is now made from all kinds of wood.-Consular Reports. When Dolly walked in silk attire

I fold her she looked spruce.
A chance remark that roused her ire,
And brought me much abuse. "Your horrid joke"-she gave a gulp-"To hint my figure's wood, ecause my skirt is made of pulp! I didn't think you could."

I swear at science and the fates, For Dolly's glances freeze; I know just how the slik worm hates The silk that's made from trees,

Robert Emmet: Hanged September 20, 1803. Let no man write my spitaph,

Too dear a patriot for palsied rhyme, Unwrit his epitaph; but Fame With burning finger traced his name Across the scroll of Time "If people must gamble, let 'em gam-

ble and be d-d to 'em' Free traders dream of taxation for rev. nue only! Portland has it.

The West Point cadets have been deprived of their principal pleasure in being allowed to smoke. King Peter has officially denied the

rumor that he was assassinated, and we cannot doubt his official word. Mrs. Davis evidently thinks that, what-

wer her dentist husband could do with a tooth, he couldn't fill the bill, The city officials will no doubt feel flat-

tered to have their honesty attributed solely to the absence of temptation. Some Tacoma people believe in calling

a spade a spade, but they'd fire a scho marm that falked of Mount Ralnier

Even if Chief Hunt can show the Roberts investigation to have been instituted not till then-let my epitaph be written. I for an ulterior purpose, how will be help the defense?

> We are authorized to deny the rethat Senator Tillman has ordered an im mediate supply of Roosevelt-Booker Washington buttons.

Millionaire Williams, having been mulet in heavy damages for shooting Marriott has learned the law protects editors at most as much as it does elk,

Our esteemed poet, John Hayduck, says the Clackamas Chronicle, has a slight stammer, which recently caused him to

allude to a colored man as a co-coon. "How to cure a red nose, \$1.00." advertised a firm. On receipt of the fee the prescription sent out was: "Drink some more and it will turn blue," This was

worth the money, as compared with the 'copying letters at home" and the "detectives wanted in every block," Tabulated statements of the Turkish atrocities are not unlike the placard of the beggar who enumerated his misfor-

tunes thus: 

Total .....

A New York policeman recently arrest ed a drunken chicken, and one is said to have "run in" an elephant some year ago, but these exploits pale beside the arrest of a rattlesnake by Patrolma Hamsworth. It takes more than a rattle to rattle a Portland cop, but the result might have been terrible to contemplahad a belated reveler caught sight of th

Eugene, Or., Sept. 12 .- (To the Editor.)-Can't you save us from this? The Eugen Register is responsible CITIZEN OF EUGENE.

monster before the St. Patrick of Third

Yesterday a Register scribe droppe into the store of the Griffin Hardwars Company and gleefully laid his lip ove several savory biscuits baked in five min utes by Mrs. Drew Griffin, who is demonstrating Majestic steel ranges. We ve neered those salubrious culinary concelt with slathers of saffron-hued butter and generous sop of maple syrup from York State. For lagnappe we were handed cup of steaming Arosla. After a herbing from the flagon of unctuous lacteal and two lumps of crystalline substance of granular consistency into the beverag that comforteth the brain and heart and aideth digestion, we settled back into dreamy contemplation of ethereal joys that lift one temporarily from the travall and woe of mundane desuctude. The in dulgence in unaccustomed joys always tends to separate one's mind from a consciousness of the senses.

These demonstrations (culinary) will continue throughout the week, commen ing daily at 2 P. M.

Megalomania so virulently hyperparexysmic in its manifestations of sesqui pedalian and circumlocutory verbosity is apodictically symptomatic of mental allenation resulting in circumforaneous pergrinations through the labyrinthine mazes of the Websterian lexicography and eventually destined to conduct its selfimmolated sacrifice into the umbrageous avenue terminating in the bughouse.