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TESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 51; minimum temperature, 45; precipitation, .06 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy to partly cloudy, with occasional rain; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

DID SHAKESPEARE KNOW ANY LAW?

One of the far-fetched arguments of the Baconians is that the plays called Shakespeare's are full of proof that a person deeply conversant with law must have written them. They insist that Shakespeare hadn't the necessary knowledge. Who but Bacon, therefore?

But this argument is met now by denial that there is any manifestation of accurate knowledge of law in the plays. At the annual meeting of the Vermont Bar Association a few days ago there was extended discussion of Shakespeare's knowledge of the law. The subject was gone into with great thoroughness and the conclusion reached by the president of the association was that what the writer of Shakespeare's plays did not know about law would fill a volume, while what he did know correctly could be put in a paragraph. The dramatist had heard some law terms during the discussion of his father's affairs in court, for the elder Shakespeare was at the wrong end of several cases in which money was involved. He had also picked up a few phrases from lawyers who hobnobbed with the London players, and several words now exclusively used by lawyers were in the common language of the people of Shakespeare's time.

The Vermont debaters went into details. They asserted that "Shakespeare's misuse of legal terms was frequent and flagrant." For instance, in the seventeen cases of the use of the word "dower" only one was correct. So also his use of "indenture" and "moiety," of "distrained" and "testament," was wrong and his use of "action on the case" in "The Comedy of Errors" was altogether wrong, since this action, in the sense there indicated, was not known in England till nine years after the play was written. The description of the trial of the Duke of Buckingham, given in "Henry VIII," was admitted to show a familiarity with legal procedure and technical terms, but any argument that might be founded on that is destroyed by the fact that the legal phraseology is taken almost literally from Hall's Chronicle. If any one's legal standing is affirmed by that passage, it is Hall's, not Shakespeare's. Most of the legal phraseology in the historical plays comes from the Chronicles of Hall or Hollinshed.

Very interesting was the examination of the famous trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice." It was shown by a thorough analysis of the case that a more flagrant illustration of ignorance of the law of Shakespeare's own time could hardly have been presented. The proceedings had no foundation in common law, statute law or moral law. The man who wrote that scene not only had no legal training, but described proceedings that could not possibly have occurred in any court of law. But Bacon was a great lawyer; so the assertion that there is no law in Shakespeare is a sort of negative pregnant against the claims of the Baconians.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND OTHERS.

While Mr. Chamberlain's policy and his personality continue to furnish his thousands of opponents with the red rag that inflames them to fury, the center of the storm lives very quietly in his house at Birmingham, and in the intervals of preparing speeches, plans another garden bed. There must be some magic in upturned earth, for Mr. Chamberlain, at 67 years of age, is as alert and vigorous as his son. From a piece of careful gardening he comes back Antaeus-like to renew his wrestling with the Free Traders, an orchid in his buttonhole and his monocle in his eye.

The spectacle of a man who retains such elasticity at such an age, and as a daily piece of routine answers 20 letters, some from followers, others carefully-worded traps laid by enemies, is always interesting, and this shows that every man is a law unto himself so far as the preservation of energy goes. Mr. Chamberlain never takes the slightest exercise that he can avoid. He will even call a cab rather than walk a block in the city. On this side of the water, President Roosevelt, who displays the same astonishing capacity for work, takes the most violent exercise and lots of it. Mr. Chamberlain's personal friend, Mr. Balfour, has more fame on certain Scottish links because of his devotion to golf than because of his position as Prime Minister, and he is just of the opposite type to Mr. Chamberlain.

Gardening has long been regarded as a sovereign remedy for worry, but not as a preparation for the effervescent activity displayed by Mr. Chamberlain. The monk whose eyes were blurred with illuminating a manuscript might be expected to return refreshed to his work after an hour with his plants, but the imagination balks at the thought of Richard Coeur de Lion, whom we take to have been an exemplar of the strenuous, thinning turnips. "Elizabeth" and her host of followers find delight in the simple occupations of the garden, but not the Man of Wrath.

But the garden has led us away. Mr. Chamberlain has but occasional minutes to give his growing flowers; most of his time is given to flowers of rhetoric. From masses of statistics prepared by expert assistants he selects those that will best support the structure of his speech, and prepares carefully his appeal to the workingman to aid in taxing "corn." Then he tries the completed address on the dog, in the person of his secretary. Poor secretary; he is probably more interested in the future of musical comedy than in the future of tariff legislation, but he has a Parliamentary career in prospect, and he knows that once he reaches the House he can devote his attention entirely to the ballet, and pay no further attention to lawmaking than to vote as directed by the party whips.

After all, the principal lesson to be learned from Mr. Chamberlain's career is not to wear an eyeglass or an orchid, but to have an American wife. It is in his happy home life that the lauded and reviled "Joe" finds his rest from the storms of politics and inspiration for his next attack.

THE DANGER IN PRECIPITANCY.

As might have been anticipated from the first, the Panama embroglio has not been made an end of by the mere declaration of independence—not for the new republic, nor yet for the United States. It was wholly impossible that the smoothly traveling revolution, for which everything had been apparently oiled in advance, should disclose, on its unruffled surface everything that was transpiring or latent beneath. The rapidity with which the Colombian troops betook themselves back to Bogota at the first sign of trouble need have deceived no one who understands the Latin-American taste for fighting and the Latin-American reluctance to give up gold which has been apparently within reach. It is not surprising to hear that the Bogota government has bestirred itself to win back the seceding state.

The precipitancy with which the authorities at Washington have recognized the twenty-four-hours-old republic is not satisfactorily explained, either by the President's impetuosity or by Secretary Hay's skillfully worded plea in abatement. If the young republic is able to sustain itself without our aid, there is no occasion for haste. No rights and privileges, no honor among the nations or opportunities for canal construction will lapse in the interim of a month or even a week. The question whether the new government is "capable of maintaining order" or not is one which time, and not our State Department, can decide. Of course, if the new republic is not able to sustain itself without our aid, the matter assumes an entirely different aspect. In that case we are in the way of protecting it against Colombian effort to subdue it, and our course would gain in respectability by some frank avowal of an unfriendly purpose toward Colombia. As it is, Mr. Hay seems to rely upon the treaty of 1846, which says:

> The Government of New Granada guarantees to the Government of the United States that the right of way of transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States and for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufactures or merchandise of lawful commerce, belonging to the citizens of the United States. . . . The United States guarantees positively and efficaciously to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; **and in consequence, the United States also guarantees, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.**

The words in bold-face type are significantly omitted by Secretary Hay from the considerations which he submits as the basis of our recognition of the new republic. Everything that he says in his emphatic argument for the perpetuity of Colombia's duty and our rights by virtue of her succession to New Granada, "as long as the isthmus endures," etc., only adds to the binding force of this undertaking on our part to preserve for Colombia her "rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory." The only enunciation of our historic policy among all his citations which bears upon the case at issue is the dictum of Secretary Seward, in which it is expressly stated that "the United States will, nevertheless, hold themselves in readiness to protect the transit trade across the isthmus against invasion of either domestic or foreign disturbers of the peace of the State of Panama." This does not mean that we shall take the part of seceding states.

It is not our purpose to advocate the idea that the authorities at Washington should have assisted, or should now assist, the Colombian government to prevent the secession of Panama; but to declare most positively that the haste with which our recognition has gone forth carries the possibility of embarrassment for us, in case Colombia puts herself in the way of regaining her lost sovereignty. The danger is that, having espoused the cause of the new republic, we shall be led into unwarrantable partisanship, which it has always been our policy to avoid. Our whole history on the isthmus has been that of sedulous avoidance of political action, one way or the other, side by side with a perfectly free hand in beating down disorder that threatened American interests, regardless as to whether the danger came from so-called government or revolutionary forces. On this head nothing Secretary Hay adduces is quite so pertinent to the point he desired to make, but in our view admonitory of caution on our part, as the dictum of Attorney-General Speed, dated November 7, 1865, to-wit:

> It cannot be supposed that New Granada invited the United States to become a party to the intestine troubles of that Government, nor did the United States become bound to take sides in the domestic broils of New Granada. . . . The positive and efficacious guarantee of perfect neutrality mentioned in the treaty must be regarded as having reference to foreign powers.

The record seems plain, therefore, of free police power on our part in Colombia, but entire absence of political purposes, excepting in reference to foreign aggression. We are pledged to an indiscriminate attitude toward disturbers of the isthmian peace, whether governmental or revolutionary. We must give Panama a fair show to retain its independence. We must give Colombia a fair show to regain its lost province. It will not do to treat Bogota armies as disturbers of the peace and Panama armies as maintainers of order. If the new republic holds its ground unaided by us, and if our course from this time on is taken with due circumspection, the revolution will have worked us good, without a stain on our record. But in miscarriage of either of these conditions, our haste may cause regret.

THE OPEN RIVER.

Pleasing indeed was the news from the National capital yesterday advising us that the long-expected open river to the Inland Empire was at last something more than a possibility. It will require many months, perhaps years, to carry out the plans, but the fact that a line of action has at last been decided on will cause universal rejoicing from Lewiston to the sea, and even farther up the Snake and Columbia and their tributaries. The river, or the rail route which follows the river, will always be the base on which all freight tariffs in Oregon, Washington and Idaho will be established. Freight rates wherever steamboat lines have come in competition with the railroads have always been reduced. The 100-mile stretch of railroad between Portland and Astoria cost $3,000,000, and yet steamboats costing not one-fortieth of that sum make the freight rates by which the railroad must abide.

With an open river from the Inland Empire to the sea, it is possible, in fact highly probable, that large quantities of freight would still be carried over the Cascade Mountains to tidewater on Puget Sound, but the tariff would be based, not on the cost of that expensive haul, but on the cheaper rate by the water-level route to tidewater. Nothing but good can result from the opening of the upper river. The railroads make the claim that the present rate is as low or lower than the traffic can be handled by the boats. If experience with the canal demonstrates this to be the fact, the railroads will not suffer, for they will still haul the freight, but the canal will insure for all time any advance in rates, and will be a perpetual check to corporate rapacity, which at times has retarded development in various parts of the Pacific Northwest.

The exact amount that can be saved on freight charges, assuming that a saving can be effected, is not all that is involved in the open-river question. Viewed from this standpoint alone, the investment would lose much of its value, but it is as an instrumentality for the development and the defense of all the industrial and commercial interests of the Inland Empire that the open-river project stands out as one of the most important improvements ever projected on the Pacific Coast. It is to be hoped that no difficulty will be experienced or time lost in securing the right of way. With the possible exception of that portion owned by the railroad company, it is hardly probable that there will be the slightest objection to aiding the Government to get the great work under way.

Even with the railroad company it is hardly probable that any resistance will be offered, as the temper of the people of the three states at this time is not such as would be conducive to a continuation of pleasant relations with any corporation or individual who attempted to block the progress of this pet project. It will be remembered that when the river and harbor committee visited the Pacific Northwest last year the O. R. & N. Co. did everything possible to assist the members in securing all obtainable data. They placed special trains and boats at the committee's disposal, and in many other ways displayed a friendliness toward the project. In view of such action, it is highly probable that no railroad obstructions will now be encountered in securing the right of way.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about the aspect in which the matter comes before the country is the fact that its estimated cost comes within the appropriation made, so that the project does not have to go back to Congress for further action. The improvement is, therefore, the legacy of the fifty-seventh Congress, and a monument to the untiring labors of two men, and incidentally a third, who are not now in Congress. The two are Representative Tongue, now dead, and ex-Representative Moody. The tug of war on this measure was in the river and harbor committee of the House, where opposition was met by Messrs. Tongue and Moody with unflagging zeal and industry. Senator Mitchell has himself borne testimony to the material aid given the project by Senator Turner, the only representative of this part of the world on the Senate commerce committee. Representative Tongue has gone to his rest, and his labors are fully appreciated. Mr. Moody is still here, though out of office; but the people of his district will not soon forget the great work he has done for them toward the reclamation of their arid lands and the opening of the Upper Columbia to the sea.

A KROO-BOY STRIKE.

Long before Marconi thought of sending messages through the air, there was a wireless system of communication in Central Africa. News of an event at Zanzibar flew across the Continent to the natives that live by the mouth of the Congo, and none might tell how. Hundreds of different tribes lived between; there was no highway of traffic, no traffic, in fact; one tribe did not understand the language of its neighbor; and yet the air seemed all tongues. So the news of a strike on the West Coast has spread. The Kroo Boys, who inhabit Liberia principally, and are the longshoremen, stevedores and boatmen of Africa, recently concluded that 25 cents a day was not high enough wages, so they struck in Monrovia, the Liberian port from which a party of Southern negroes has just returned in disgust. The strikers demanded 35 cents, and this the Woermann line of German steamships refused to give.

News of the strike spread rapidly, and the German vessels could not find a port of entry where labor was to be secured. In the endeavor to secure boys, landings were made at various places on the coast, and within two months three passenger steamers have been put ashore in this search. Even in places practically never visited by shipping, it was found that the news had already reached the Kroo Boys, and they all held together to enforce the demand for higher wages.

The Woermann Company held until a few weeks ago a monopoly in the shipping of laborers from Liberia, and many hundreds were taken to the various crown colonies in Africa. To this cause has been attributed the stagnation in Liberian trade and agriculture, but it is doubtful if this can be taken as the real reason, for if the country were prosperous and afforded remunerative employment to the inhabitants it is unlikely that anything offered by the usual crown colony in Africa would attract them.

In any case the American negro is not to be tempted by a country where such heavy and such precarious work as longshoring brings in two bits a day.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

After a continuous service of twenty-eight years in the lower house of Congress, Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, will this week become its Speaker. Months ago he was chosen, and the casting of the vote tomorrow will be only a formality. At the age of 67 Mr. Cannon comes into his higher honors as a reward for integrity, great industry and valuable service to his party and to the Nation.

No misgivings will be felt in any section of the country over the Illinois man's elevation to second place in political power, nor will the business interests, North, South, East or West, have the slightest cause for distrust. Cannon's character is formed, and it is well known. Common sense is its distinguishing mark. Probably no other man in public life is more familiar than he with the machinery of Congress. One of the stories told in Washington is that Thomas B. Reed once remarked to McKinley: "Cannon knows more parliamentary law than either of us," which was likely true when Reed said it. For twenty years Cannon was a member of the committee on appropriations, and for eight years its chairman. He is familiar with the needs of the whole country, and favoritism for one section or against another is not a part of his make-up. There is no reason to doubt that the new Speaker will be fair in the naming of his committees and in directing legislation. He is a worker and he gets things done.

Mr. Cannon is the type of American too seldom sent to Congress. Enviable is his record. Such hold has he on the heart and conscience of the men of his district that he was selected by acclamation at thirteen consecutive Congressional conventions and each time elected. He belongs to the class that Lincoln termed "plain" people, and his constituency have for him affection and the highest respect. Any way you take him, Cannon is an ideal legislator. As Speaker of the House he cannot help but be a safe man, and his career in the second highest office in the Nation will be one of the most successful in its history, freest from mistakes and unmarred by passion or prejudice.

THE AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN.

The automatic shot-gun has made its appearance in the East, and many are the protests being made against its use. The frightened editors—frightened not for their own sakes, for most of them are New Englanders—are exclaiming that the annihilation of game is in prospect, and that the new firearm should be prohibited.

It is not, however, in the character of the guns, but in the character of the gunners that the future preservation of game will rest. A few rapacious Indians with bows and arrows, careless of close seasons and setting no limit to their bags, would do more permanent harm to the game of a section than would a score of provident hunters armed with the very latest automatic gun, from which shot would pour like hail in January. Americans are appreciating more and more the desirability of exercising some restraint in the matter of hunting. The fate of the buffalo can never overtake another species on this continent, and as the idea of sport as opposed to that of slaughter becomes more prevalent, hunters will care more for the day's recreation than for a pile of dead birds.

If the automatic gun, in which the recoil is utilized for the discharge of the empty cartridge and for reloading, proves to be all that is claimed for it, it will be useless to protest against its adoption. When the breech-loader was first manufactured, sporting writers were loud in their outcries against the "murderous device." They foretold the early extermination of game, and the decay of sportsmanship, as represented by the "old school" man who laboriously rammed home his charge after each shot. Yet the sportsmen of today are as true blue as those of the muzzle-loading days, and game still exists, despite the "murderous device." The automatic gun is less of an advance upon the double-barreled breech-loader or the repeating shotgun than the latter upon the clumsy old muzzle-loader. If it is a practical improvement, no protests can prevent its adoption, and those who would banish it should rather devote their energy to the further enlightenment of the hundreds that still hold big bags above sport.

"The new order of things will prove a great blow to business," comments a Rainier newspaper correspondent on an item stating that gambling in that thriving town had been closed. Just why business in Rainier should be hurt by the closing of the gambling games is difficult to understand. There are a large number of honest laboring men engaged in logging and lumbering operations in the vicinity of Rainier. They are creating wealth out of the raw material which nature has supplied in abundance. It is this new wealth which has made Rainier more than double in population and more than treble its commerce in the past three years. The men who by their manual labor are converting this raw material into wealth will not all knock off work and quit the town because the gambling games are closed. A large number of them, perhaps all of them, will continue to earn good wages, and with no sharpers around to fleece them they may save a considerable portion of it, provide for their families a little better, and perhaps improve a little plot of ground and build a home. Business will not receive a serious blow, for gambling is not business; it is simply the enemy of business. The drones in this hive of industry down the river may suffer by the moral wave, for with no more victims to plunder it will be a case of work or starve. Some of them will leave the town for the town's good, and a few may actually go to work, and, if gambling is closed long enough, will help the business of the town by spending some money that has been created by hard labor, and not secured by robbing their fellow-man. Gambling is not business, either in Rainier or Portland, and what is true of the small town down the river is true of Portland on a much larger scale.

Rev. Robert W. McLaughlin, of Grand Rapids, Mich., in speaking before the late session of the American Missionary Society, in Cleveland, on Alaskan and Indian missions, emphasized the fact that the negro question, numerically speaking, is forty times as great as the Indian question. The Indians, relatively few in number, have reservations that cover an area equal to all the New England States, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania; they have in the United States Treasury vaults $240,000,000. If this money should be divided equally among them and the 250,000 receiving it were to go upon their respective reservations, they would constitute, per capita, the wealthiest people on earth. They have an elaborate and extensive school system and more schoolhouses than they know what to do with. This review of the material blessings that have been showered upon the Indians by the Government leads Mr. McLaughlin to declare that the problem today is really how, wisely, to do less for the Indian, and how to give him an appreciation of his blessings. This is a logical presentment and withal one that may be much more widely applied. The problem, whether it applies to the grown up children of colored races or the children of the great rank and file of striving white parents, is, not how we shall be able to do more for them, but how to make them self-helpful and appreciative of their opportunities. The man who with laborious effort leads an unwilling horse to the water is baffled when the animal refuses to drink. It will not do to anticipate too anxiously the wants of our dependents. Such anxiety is likely to make the entire life of the beneficiary a succession of wants that he has not the power to supply.

When the state attempts to teach agriculture as a part of a college course it should have proper or at least safe equipment in machinery. The regents of the Agricultural College at Columbus, O., thought an old traction engine was good enough to use in a demonstration of corn-cutting for ensilage by machinery, for the instruction of students. An inventory of casualties following the explosion of the worn-out boiler of the machine included a dead engineer, a fatally wounded assistant engineer, the president of the college with a mangled hand, and four students more or less severely injured. An outdated engine may be used economically, perhaps, in work where speed is not required, but the only safe place for the worn-out engine is the scrap pile. Railroad managers, steamboat owners and millmen have not infrequently demonstrated this fact to their cost, yet, strange to say, they are still prone to daily too long with an old machine and to trust it once too often, and are thereby brought face to face with a bill for damages that by comparison makes the cost of a new engine seem trifling.

The leaders of the "Holy Rollers" have left Corvallis. Their followers, a wan, pasty-faced, wild-eyed band, being left to their own devices, will probably come gradually back to the realm of common sense, or to such part in that domain as they formerly possessed. After eating, sleeping, cleaning up and pulling themselves together, so to speak, for a few days, they will find themselves in their normal condition. Having ceased to vex the drowsy ear of night with their insane orgies, the public will abandon these cheap people to the poor devices that constitute all there is of life to them. Like the Indians of the ghost dance, whose antics they, in their religious frenzy, copy to some extent, these people cannot be protected from themselves. Ruled by the demon of superstition, the most that the officers of the law, backed by public sentiment, can do is to check the outrageous din that they make when they are "wrought upon" and protect the helpless, including domestic animals, from the sacrificial spirit that would cast them into the flames.

The cases the decision of which in the lower court caused the shutting down of the Amalgamated Copper Company's properties in Montana have been advanced on the Supreme Court docket and will have speedy hearing. The industry and trade of a great state is to some extent paralyzed by the closing of the copper mines and their dependencies, and justice in such a case is not permitted to lag. The people speedily make themselves heard when their right to earn a living is placed in jeopardy. F. Augustus Heinze and John MacGinniss may have their quarrel, but it must not be pushed to an extreme that causes hardship to the multitude. When public sentiment speaks and voices public stress, the highest tribunal of the state cannot choose but hear.

Governor Chamberlain's letter on the proposed special session seems to The Oregonian to be entirely judicious. The idea is that if a session is called it should be a short session, and devoted wholly to the matter upon which the Legislature would be brought together. If the members will notify the Governor that they deem a special session necessary to cure the defect in the tax law, and that this should be the sole business of the session, he will issue the call for it. The Oregonian holds with the Governor that there would be no propriety in entering upon other legislation at this time. The members, of course, will answer for themselves.

Now that Portland's cigarette consumption is to be reduced by the elimination of the juvenile consumer, there is a chance to get in on a call issued by the Greek government for bids for supplying cigarette papers, which are a government monopoly in Greece, and last year added $437,000 to the exchequer.

Not only does the Briton wear American shoes, but the socks inside come from this country also. Into such a state of depression has the hosiery industry of Nottingham fallen that the manufacturers assert that nothing but the imposition of duties on foreign goods can save them from bankruptcy.

"Recognition" of Panama by the United States doesn't create an independent nation, any more than recognition of our Confederate States by Great Britain did. But it gives the revolutionists a chance to "make good."

THE MILK PROBLEM GROWS.

Now that men are learning the pretty trick of condensing gases into fluids and fluids into stable and marketable solids, it is puzzling to say just where the fad is going to end. The latest hobby in laboratory circles is the transmutation of milk into an opaque, ductile substance termed "lactite," which easily lends itself to so many strange uses that our overworked imagination balks in the effort to comprehend the full significance of this new discovery.

Lactite bids fair to supplant gutta percha in the manufacture of tires for carriages, automobiles and bicycles, according to the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. It is used by the dyer in coloring processes; by the cabinet-maker in veneering furniture; by glove-makers in producing the glace surface on kid; by the potter in modeling jardiniers; by the vintner in the treatment of wines; a powder superior to snuff has been extracted from it, if we are to believe one enthusiast; it is fast replacing ivory, celluloid and mother-of-pearl in ornamental bric-a-brac. Indeed, the most sober-minded and conservative manufacturers seem to have gone daft in the effort to find novel applications for this new form of a world-old product. Even my lady of fashion has graciously accepted the vogue, and at the Paris Opera the circlet of pearls around her throat turns out to be nothing more nor less than drops of condensed milk strung together.

It seems that a thrifty member of the old French nobility who still holds the large estate that belonged to his family under the old regime, had to meet the same problem that confronts us locally in so many parts of America. The cows on his farms in the Loiret Department, not far from Paris, furnished an average of 200 gallons of milk a day. Nearly all of this milk was sent to Paris; but in Summer-time his milk-supply was so far in excess of the demands of the market that he began a series of experiments to discover some method by which he might utilize this excess instead of condensing it for canning porposes. The casein from the milk was subjected to unusually heavy pressure, resulting in the new substance, lactite. These successful experiments led to the establishment by him of a factory which is now in full operation, carrying on this new industry in Paris.

But after all, one cannot keep from calling up visions of unhappy, dinnerless calves huddled together disconsolately in the pasture; of wan, unsatisfied babies, and invalids languishing for the delectable drink of fresh milk that would cheer and nourish them to fullness of strength. What can be found to take its place? Is it really in accord with the laws of Nature to make it into cuff-buttons and scarf-pins and chess-men and pagan devils and other curious gewgaws, instead of converting it into red blood, strong sinews, steady nerves and the brain-power that directs the course of nations?

These are the questions that some will ask for this attempt by a Frenchman to commercialize maternity will not go unchallenged. But the new plan is on the whole to be commended, since it furnishes a way to dispose of the unused surplus with profit to the milkmen, which ought to enable them to sell their milk for food purposes at a lower price than before. If the demand for lactite, the factory-made sub-product of milk, becomes urgent or excessive, it would seem to be easy enough to supply it from casein obtained from other sources than from the cow. There certainly does not seem to be any serious danger, therefore, of milk becoming passee as an article of diet.

But perhaps the most surprising part of the whole affair is that this ingenious discovery originated in the fertile brain of a member of the old French nobility. We Americans have had reason to regard the grand seigneur of foreign lands with distrust as a man not destined to add his share to the material resources of the world, but prone instead to overdraw his bank account with nature—an individual with a goatee and a monocle, who looks at the world haughtily and carelessly through one eye, and unbends only to American papas and mammas. We are glad to find that all aristocrats of the old world are not cut after this pattern, and haste to give the hand of good fellowship to a man who can turn common milk into napkin-rings and hair-combs and walking-stick knobs. He is a prestidigitateur of a rare sort.

GERTRUDE METCALFE.

Whistler's Lost Masterpiece.

New York Herald.

In art circles there has been much discussion during the last few months about a lost picture by Whistler.

The Academy this week gives some facts about the painting by many who had seen it. The work was regarded as Whistler's masterpiece, and the artist himself had referred to it as one which would greatly add to his reputation.

Not a trace of the picture, however, can be found, although an exhaustive search is being made. It is the portrait of little Miss Barr, a dainty child almost idolized by the artist. The painting went on slowly, for often on the occasions arranged for sittings the artist was in no mood for work. It was nearly finished when Whistler was summoned to Paris. He insisted on taking the painting with him, and since that time, the story goes, nothing has been heard of it, though an American millionaire has expressed a strong desire to possess it.

When Whistler died an artist who was a close friend of his told me his latest work was at an art exhibition in Italy, and that his heirs feared that if this were known they would never be able to get the picture to London.

Noted Telegraphers Used This "Key"

New York Press.

Marion H. Kerner, who was one of the first military telegraph operators in the United States, has in his possession a telegraphic key which has been used in "sending" by more noted telegraphers than any similar instrument in the country. The sending and receiving instruments are perfect models of the regular type, but together occupy a base not more than an inch and a half by two inches. A pocket battery and fine copper wires complete the outfit.

It was given to Mr. Kerner just before the Magnetic Club's dinner last Spring by Colonel R. C. Clowry, the new president of the Western Union. This dinner was attended by most of the prominent officials of the Western Union and Postal Companies, and none of the notables escaped before he had clicked off a message upon the tiny apparatus. It was the general opinion of the active telegraphers present that if any of the officials caught them sending such ragged "Morse" there would be wholesale dismissals, for some of those in power had not used a "key" in years.

This Has Familiar Sound.

Whatcom Reveille.

Anacortes loaded a ship the other day with lumber cut in an Anacortes mill. That was a commendable achievement, yet Anacortes was not commended. The reason is simple—Seattle stole the credit for the cargo, the Post-Intelligencer reporting the ship as sailing from Seattle lumber-laden. But that is only Seattle's little way ow appearing great.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Song of a Shoe.

Dainty hands undid the wrapper
And released me, trim and dapper,
Number two
White satin shoe,
Put me and my left foot mate
In the highest place of state,
On a chair beside a gown
With a train that tumbled down,
Yards and yards of it—you guess?
'Twas my lady's wedding dress.
Proud was I next day when put
Snugly on the daintiest foot,
And we tripped it up the aisle,
Organ pealing forth the while.
Then a pause, and close together
With a pair of patent leather,
Big, but light as any feather,
Back we go,
Top to toe,
Buried in the petals sweet
Strown before my lady's feet.

Then alas,
From day I pass,
Shut up in an oaken chest,
With the wedding dress to rest;
Cabined with some faint perfume
In a velvet-feeling gloom.
Long and long I waited there,
Not a breath of outside air,
Till one day the lid was raised,
And my lady fondly gazed,
Smiled a little smile, and then
Put me back in gloom again,
With the very tiniest shoe
That I ever, ever knew;
Not a particle of shape,
Just a little mouth a-gape.
"Who," I asked it, "who are you?"
"Ise ze baby's firstest shoe."
That was all the thing could say,
Lisping in a childish way.

Long and long the time went by,
Not a person coming nigh,
Save one day
A girl at play
Took me out to masquerade
As a real grown-up maid.
And my lady, at her air
Smiled, and stroked her bound-up hair;
Smiled a little smile, and then
Put me back in gloom again.
Long beside the baby shoe—
We were funny friends, we two—
Long I lay,
Hid away;
In old thoughts and longings wrapped
Of the time I tip-tap-tapped
Down the aisle of ancient stone,
With the new-plucked roses strown.

Dull had that bright memory grown
When my lady, all alone,
Came one day and took me out,
Looked at me with eyes of doubt;
And I trembled in her hand,
As the baby shoe she scanned.
Then she took me to her room,
After all my years of gloom.
Later, with her glimmering smile,
Hinting of deep tears the while,
In the hall she took her stand,
Clasping me in wavering hand.
Had the years rolled back in truth
To my lady's shining youth?
No, it was her daughter, who
Flustered thus a satin shoe.
"Those that ancient sayings use
Say there's luck in throwing shoes."
Thus my lady, as she threw
Straight as any bird I flew,
Where her daughter, lovely bride,
Sat the gallant groom beside;
Caught him smack upon the nose,
Thrilled through sole, and heel, and toes.

In my lady's little smile
Was there anything of guile?

The Limit in Limericks.

The beautiful Claire had from Ore,
Away with her husband, yôung Hore.
(She pronounced his name so
Which was Harry, you know!)
The latest and sweetest autore.

(Diagram: Oregon, Horry gone, autorig cn. This is the limit by way of a Limerick. Kindly read according to the accents, as marked. Otherwise, the rhythm will limp. Thanks!)—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unlike a camel, a trust cannot go without water.

As a "horrible example" Sam Parks is a success.

The hypnotised Miss Coffin's story seems to be received with scoffin'.

Cuba wants to start a lottery, as if life in the West Indies wasn't exciting enough already.

Benevolent inspiration beats benevolent assimilation all to pieces, they think in Panama.

While the two things are very dissimilar, a girl playing basket ball somehow makes one think of a logger at a pink tea.

Not long ago some persons croaked that there was not enough rock at Bugby. Now the croakers declare there is too much.

No doubt Mr. Astor will be much annoyed by the news that a vulgar American like Morgan is going to live in the same island.

A convicted murderer in Denver, wishing to be executed, has been sentenced to life imprisonment. Fate forces the cards on us all.

Although no bulletin was issued by the State Board of Health yesterday, it is authoritatively stated that none of the members is seriously ill.

Some Englishman has just succeeded in crossing the Channel in a boat drawn by a kite, but of course he went back in a common or garden steamer.

It is the fashion to sneer at the folly of the old warriors that wore armor. Perhaps a suit of mail was a little uncomfortable, but think what a cinch it was for striking matches.

Because they looked too carefully after the interests of their employes the members of a seed firm in Pennsylvania have gone into bankruptcy. There is very little money in scattering seeds of kindness.

John Barrett seizes the opportunity of an after-dinner speech on board a steamship to trace the history of navigation from its infancy. Lucky he got the chance before the turbine vessels reduce the passage to four days.

Bert Bice, aged 18, has been arrested for stealing horses at Myrtle Point.

Oh, tell Bert Bice
It isn't nice
To take what isn't his'n,
The theft of steeds
Too often leads
The careless into pris'n.

By deciding upon a simple wedding ceremony, the Goelet family is doing great harm to the writers who would have "spread themselves" on the display and to those that would have eagerly read the accounts and condemned them in a column or two.

Inquiries having been made at the Library for a list of seasonable books, we hasten to supply a list, incomplete but useful:

Slippery Sam, the Showerstick Sleuth, or How to Recover Umbrellas. By A. Conan Doyle. Pinkerton's Sons.

The Rubber Industry: a Treatise on Keeping the Feet Dry. By Alkali Ike. Oregon Book Company.

Irrigation in Moist Climates: a Practical Book for Bartenders. Boozeman & Company.

Where Is It, or the Shrunken Undershirt, a tale of Heavy Woolens. By Mary Wilkins. Shepherd & Co.

WEXFORD JONES.