to contagion. They must at times have

drank polluted water and eaten at

times of tainted food. They must have

been exposed to contagious and infec-

tious diseases, but they knew nothing of

microbes nor bacteria nor the germ the

ory of disease, and they lived a stirring

natural query is, Would not the edu-

cated, distinguished dietarians of Eu-

rope have lived just as long if they had

known less about diet and eaten more;

that is, eaten like the old America

ploneers, whatever they craved and as

much as they wished? It is doubtful

if a formulated, scientific diet ever pro-

Voltaire, who was an anti-Christ, lived

to be 84. On the other hand, Cardinal

Newman lived to be about 90. The con-

clusion is that some men, like certain

varieties of trees, are, wet or dry, in-

THE FIRST INDIAN PRIEST.

Up to the present year there never ha

the priesthood of the Roman Catholic

church. There have been thousands of

zealous Indian converts since the first

days following the discovery of Amer-

ica, but none has reached the priesthood

until Father Negahnquet completed his

four years' course in the Propaganda at

Rome last June. Father Negahnque

was born in 1874, on the Pottawatomic

Indians' former reservation near St.

Mary's, Kan. The oldest of ten chil-

dren, at a tender age he was taken to

the Church of the Assumption at To-

At the Government school for Indians

in Indian Territory he attracted the at-

tention of his teachers by his unusual

intelligence. At the School of the Sa-

cred Heart, maintained by the Catholics

in Oklahoma, he came under the notice

of Mother Katherine Drexel, a member

of the celebrated Philadelphia family.

who, seeing his qualifications, interested

her sister, Mrs. Morrell. Through their

efforts he completed his studies at the

Sacred Heart and was sent to Carlisle

and later was transferred to the Cath-

olic University at Washington to enter

upon his studies for the priesthood

proper. He is now ministering among

It is a singular fact that no Indian

convert has before reached the priest-

hood, for Indians have been grad-

uated from West Point Military Acad-

emy, from Dartmouth College and

other colleges with distinction. The

famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brandt,

was a man of excellent English schol-

arship and a devout Christian. His

theological learning and his piety at-

tracted attention and won respect in

educated circles when he visited Eng-

land. The devotion of the Catholic

Church to the Indian from the first set-

tlement of Canada is one of the bright-

est roses in its chaplet of fame. The

Jesuits lived for the welfare of their

flocks, and died with them when they

were massacred by the Iroquois in Can-

ada or by the English Puritans in

Maine. The Jesuit fathers not only

cared for the souls of their Indian con-

verts, but they were their physicians

and surgeons when sick or disabled by

wounds. They cared for the poor Indian

woman in childbirth, and altogether the

The Iroquois murdered the Jesuit

fathers that fell into their hands more

because the priests had been devoted

to the welfare of the Hurons, their her-

white men. If the record of the Catho-

He church in its efforts to ameliorate

the condition of the heathen nations of

America, Asia and Africa has been more

successful than those of any other

while the Protestant missionaries have

given the wretched heathen a life of

duty, the Catholic missionary has treat-

With the United States holding the

sea the Colombians cannot possibly in-

is no valley leading from the ends of

ed him with more affection.

omination It is because

editary foes, than because they

Jesuit missionary was at once hero

martyr and philanthropist

his people in Indian Territory.

been a full-blooded Indian admitted to

variably tough timber.

peka for baptism.

The

life and obtained a serene old age.

# The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem dipitation, .80 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER-Occasional rain; pos albly part snow or sleet; south to west winds. PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

### WHY IS GREAT HISTORY GREAT?

Upon one of the deepest and most fascinating mysteries of literature, suggestive if not conclusive light is thrown by W. G. Brown in the most interesting paper in the November Atlantic. Mr Brown is something of a historian himself, having published studies of Andrew Jackson and of the State of Alabama, and from his further experience as a librarian and teacher he addresses with some authority and much insight The Problem of the American Historian." It is an essay well worth reading, correct in its judgments and peculiarly satisfying in its apprehension of the spiritual life. It exposes some faults of many writers, yet subordinates them all to the fine loyalty of the staff officer to his Generals—the enthusiasm of the historian for the good work done by any and all historians. It is a pity we do not have more of this esprit de corps in every division of the grand army of literature, and less of that civil war which resolves poetry, drama, history and biography, each into a scene of Latin-American turmoil.

Who has not at some time or other asked himself what is the secret of great history, just as we search for the key of poetical excellence or the mystery of dramatic success? We kn that greatness has been achieved in history by men who flouted some one or other and perhaps more than one of the reputed essentials of success. man may be a great historian and be an arrant partisan like Froude, a precarious generalizer like Macaulay, a mere topical essayist like Niebuhr, conversationalist like Fiske. He may have no obvious faults at all, like Parkman or Woodrow Wilson, and yet fail of real greatness. To this mystery Mr. Brown brings, as we have said, some hints but no conclusion. He reminds us that there is no accepted standard of value, no common denominator of excellence. But he makes some interesting guesses in the way of partial ex-One is that the historian must be nat-

ural. Mr. Brown thinks so much of Fiske that he ranks his simple narratives superior to the brilliant pages of Woodrow Wilson. He seems almost to resent this enviable quality in the writings of Princeton's president, as he h persuaded that they obscure the subject by their own effulgence. One can hardly see Washington for Wilson. Our essayist gives the palm to Homer, Thucydides, Bunyan, because of their naturalness. The general truth here must be admitted; yet Wilson is not so brilliant as to escape the dead level of uniformity. There is no profound impression in all the pages of his five volumes. History must be more than faultless. It must have distinction raised to the high power of greatness. Mr. Brown is doubtless right in ranking Parkman, along with Green, above Fiske, and Fiske again above Rhodes, Henry Adams and the others he does not even mention. His praise of Fiske is just and in great part based on new considerations Wilson, he truly says, did not give himself wholly enough to his work; Fisks did not comprehend the deep and dark things of life; the reasoning of Rhodes "is not helped by his imagination and his characteristic manner is not easy or graceful"; Adams is "lacking in sympathy and warmth."

Nowhere except in the pages of the Atlantic monthly do we remember to have seen the limitations of the United States as a theme discussed with a true appreciation of their severity. As applied to fiction, poetry, drama and art. those limitations will readily occur to the magazine's readers. We have no antiquity; we have no ancient traditions of a church or an aristocracy. He who would take America as his theme is bereft at once of the color and sen timent, the pageantry and relics, the inheritances and cathedrals, the tombs and trophies, the tragedies of Queens and royal children, the myths and memories of the distant past, which he who works with European materials finds ready to his hand. Mr. Brown has a consciousness of this, and he expresse it; though he seems to us to fall in the effort to convince himself that this lack is counterbalanced by the hope of futurity which here may take its place He would indeed be a genius who could utilize the gift of prophecy to atone for lost wealth of classic memories.

If Mr. Brown should ever carry this Atlantic essay upon history on into a more comprehensive and final form, he | manently suffer from it," because they | stitution that they were "shot proof."

the necessity that a historian gives his life work to his history, and he can hardly fail to, suggest somewhere also hat the truly great history can only spring from the great soul. When all is said and done, accuracy and style and the rest occupy some such place in history as they occupy in any field of literature. Some day we shall get far enough away from materialism to apprehend that the test of Gibbon and Macaulay, exactly like the test of Milton and Shakespeare, is exaltation of the spirit and not the mere furnishing of the understanding. Some day we shall pay our homage to the master that not so much instructs as moves us, not so much tells us what Washington and Lincoln did as to inspire us to think their noble thoughts and emulate their mighty deeds. The greatness of any history is the greatness of the great soul behind it, consumed in its production and moving tremendously upon human thought and act.

EDUCATION FOR SUCCESS. Under the text of "Education for Success" Sir John Alexander Cockburn, formerly Premier of Australia, in a notable address tells the story of a rich man to whom some one said: "Sir, your son has a marvelous talent for engineering. Place him in the workshop of some great firm and I warrant you that in time the world will hear of him." The father replied, "I wish my son to be a gentleman, not a stoker." be much worse than a stoker," rejoined the other, "he may be a loafer." Siz Alexander adds that the boy was sent to an expensive public school, and later to the university, and when he grew up he did become a loafer, "a barren tree in the orchard, a stumbling-block in the path." This English thinker points out that "culture and beauty form atmospheres which cannot exist by themselves, but are natural emanation from earnest, honest work, and girdle with ambient grace the solid orb of useful arts and knowledge."

The old-time divorce of knowledge from usefulness once permitted the world to be cumbered with idle scholars and ignorant workers. The educator of today believes in practical work to counteract the school tendency to theory, and in scientific instruction to enlighten practice, to combine science and art and unite the aims of the workshop and the school. This is the science of Sir Alexander Cockburn's project of the kind of education that makes for success. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake without any relation to the world of reality made mankind for centuries instead of advancing march in a circle until Francis Bacon insisted that philosophy must be judged by its fruits; that all knowledge must be referred to use and action. These viewshave received such general acceptance in our own day that not only utility is no longer a degradation but the leaders of higher education in Canada and Australia long ago took leave of the idea that a university could be held to discharge its whole duty if it kept itself jealously apart from the practical instruction of life and from the calls of

The chancellor of Magill University

the world's work.

holds that the modern university should embrace within its sphere of work the higher aspects of commerce and industry, which will always be linked to the onward march of scientific inventions and discovery. Both new and old universities are establishing depart-ments of commerce, engineering and applied science. Birmingham University teaches the science and art of beer brewing. Cambridge teaches econom ics. Systematic training of the mind and eye has permanent place in the curriculum of every efficient school, and has been found to strengthen the nowers of observation and quicken generally the powers of apprehension, and the workshop, the garden and the laboratory are a welcome relief from book work, Sir Alexander Cockburn believes in a sound stock of general training or which the special aptitude for any particular calling can be readily engrafted; he believes in training of the senses to appreciate the beautiful and of the will to choose the right; his education includes the training of head, hand and heart. Given this training, the road of general education for success is clearly defined. He believes in no short-cuts to utility. He would not have the tech. nical school usurp the years which should be devoted to preliminary education. His thought of a successful life however, is a well-spent, useful life, and of the educator who measures success by mere money-making he says this would be an infinitely more deplorable and fatal error than the old-fashioned view of education as the mere

Ascretions, whether of facts in the head or gold in the pocket, are as lichens, which in-crust the bark but are not indicative of

acquisition of knowledge:

real growth. While he thinks a man is "a wild and coolish laborer, to dream and dream and dream and never do," nevertheless this manly Englishman blds his readers never forget that there are things such as love and honor, and the soul of man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death and which those who would fain live happlly cannot afford to leave out of the lessons of their lives. This argument of an English educational reform of today is interesting because it is only the fruit of the plant whose seed was sown by Macaulay when in 1826 he denounced the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge because among their graduates there was a glut of Greek, Latin and mathematics and a lamentable scarcity of everything else. These English universities in 1826 and long afterwards did not find it neces sary to teach what is useful, because they could afford to pay men to Pearn what is useless. Macaulay, himself ar honored graduate of Cambridge, said it was an every-day event for clever young men of four and five-and-twenty, oaded with university honors, to enter into life unacquainted with the history the literature, with the first principles of the laws under which they live, un acquainted with the very rudiments of moral and political science. This complaint of the English universities was made long ago by university men, by Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Locke, and afterwards by Johnson and Gibbon, Replying to the scholar who said that ancient literature was the ark in which all the civilization of the world was preserved during the deluge of barparism, Macaulay answered, "We confess it. But we do not read that Noah thought himself obliged to live in the ark after the deluge had subsided." Macaulay's judgment was that in his

day while in particular cases a uni-

versity education may have produced

good effects, he "had no hesitation in

saying that as to the great body of

those who receive it their minds per-

would probably give more emphasis to have wasted a deal of time needed for the acquisition of speculative knowledge, and they have to enter into active life without it, to plunge into the details of business and are left to pick up general principles as they may. This was Macaulay's indictment of his own university in 1826, and his plea for the establishment of a university that would seek to be prosperous by making itself useful instead of bribing one man to learn what it is of no use for him to know. Macaulay began this battle for higher educational reform more than 75 years ago, and today we see the seed sown by Macaulay at last bearing consummate fruit in England and her great colonies and in the United States. The protest against university education that does not educate is older than Bacon. It is set forth by that excellent scholar and famous humorist of France. Montaigne.

THE DIET OF THE PIONEERS.

Under the title "The Secret of Long Life," the London Standard endeavors to find the solution of longevity in the fact that nearly all the public men of Europe who lived to be very old were men of simple and strictly moderate fliet. The late pope lived or milk and eggs, with an occasional chicken, a few vegetables and a little wine; he rose at 6, did not go to bed until midnight. Cornaro, who lived to 103, was a strict dietarian, eating but twelve ounces of solid food and drinking but three-quarters of a pint of light wine per diem. Sir Isaac Holden, who lived to be 91, believed in fruit and eschewed farinaceous fare; he abstained from bread; smoked two or three cigars, took no wine, but drank a glass of hot whisky and water before going to bed. M. Chevreul, the great French chemist, was a centenarian who lived on eggs and chicken for breakfast, had soup and a cutlet for dinner, with a bunch of grapes; he never used wine nor ate fish. The conclusion drawn by the Standard from the record of these old people is that their length of days was due something to their ab stemiousness in the matter of meat and the large place held by fruit in their diet. While they were not vegetarians, they were moderate in the use of flesh and starchy foods.

Now let us pass from this record of the diet of famous Europeans who lived to be very old on a very formal, fixed diet, to the record of the obscure American pioneers who reached a good old age on both the Pacific and the Atlantic slopes without knowing or caring much about the laws of diet and of health, except so far as they had been formulated by the experience of the greatest number. James R. Meade, Kansas pioneer of 1859, writes the Kansas City Journal that he believes that the food best fitted for the human stomich is bread and meat washed down with coffee. He is now a vigorous, active man of 66; has all his life lived upon meat, bread and coffee; his stomach is always ready for business, and he makes casual mention of the fact that he has an unusually strong babe of 15 months of age. In his pioneer days of 1859 he and his companions drank on the average from two to three quarts a day of coffee; they never used whisky, for they cared nothing about it, but would have as soon left their rifles in camp as to start out on

a hunting expedition without coffee. Coffee was a necessity in a life of severe physical hardship, while alcohol, whose effect was followed by nervous reaction, was of no value. This testimony is confirmed by that of Dr. Kanin his Arctic journey, and any old vet-eran of the Union Army will remember that while the Confederates had plenty of whisky they were always anxious to barter it for coffee, which was scarce eir camps These hardy soldiers had discovered that strong coffee was an invaluable stimulant to a tired and hungry soldier. The same story is told by our Army officers. The American soldier, regular or volunteer, has done his hardest work in the field in the South during the Civil War, in the Indian wars, in the Philippines, on the marching ration of coffee, hardtack and bacon. Probably the Oregon and Washington ploneers who are distinguished for longevity could testify that coffee, bread and meat had been their diet in their early days of wrestling with the

the Isthmus to the neighborhood of Panama and Colon. From the banks of the small unnavigable streams to the tops of the hills and mountains is woods for subsistence. found a dense, impenetrable jungle Longevity seems to come to some consisting of grasses, sedges, wild planmen who carefully watch their diet and tain and trees. This is the reason why formulate it as did the European cenexpeditions exploring in the interests of tenarians, who were men of physiologthe several canal projects have followed ical learning obtained from books, and stream valleys from either coast and It seems to attend other men who never turned back defeated at water partings watched their diet or formulated it, but between the Atlantic and Pacific drainate and drank as they pleased from the age basin. The only exceptions to this cradle to the grave. General John ubiquitous jungle are a few small and Stark, of New Hampshire, was a hunter widely separated areas near the Pacific in his boyhood, then an Indian fighter Coast and extending from the Gulf of in the "Old French War," then a gen-Panama to Costa Rica. The various eral officer in the American Revolution towns and villages of Panama are sitwhich he survived forty years, dying uated on these uplands near the Paat the age of 94. General Thomas Sum cific or scattered along both coasts or ter, born in Virginia, was an Indian along the line of the railroad between the two chief ports. The interior is a fighter under Washington at Braddock's defent. He became a General in jungle, without resources to feed an the American Revolution, which he surarmy and without even continuous vived fifty years, dying at the age of paths as means of communication. The 98. These two old fellows probably Isthmus has no coastal plain, like that bounding the eastern or southern coasts never knew anything about the rules of diet, or exercise, or the laws of of the United States, along which an health, beyond what every illiterate army can move. A well-informed corhunter or herdsman or soldier obtains respondent of the New York Sun writes: by experience. And there were other There are a few stretches of beach exposed at low tide, like that at Panama, but like them, for the records show that their continuity is interrupted by cliffs and mountains that Yall precipitously to the sea. between 1810 and 1840 seventeen persons died in Vermont who had passed the Both coasts are generally marked by jagged century mark, and the returns of the and abrupt bluffs, against which the son beats; and the continuity of the rugged census of 1840 show that there were living in Vermont twenty-two persons eastline is frequently broken by swamp who were upwards of 100 years of age lands, malarious and impassable and above 200 who were upwards of 90 out of a population of about 290,000. A number of the streets in this city An old Indian chief, Cabazon, at the are in a condition that is fitly described age of 105 is now an applicant for aid

as "impassable." And this notwith to the Supervisors of San Bernardine standing the fact that some of them at County, California; and there is an old least have been "improved" at heavy negro pauper in North Carolina who is cost to the property-owners quite re-105 who in reply to questions concerncently. This is notably true of portions of ing his diet says that he always "drank East Burnside and East Tenth streets all the whisky he could get." These which were lately graded and treated to old-time centenarians did not reach a covering called by courtery gravel longevity through the absence of debut which, where they are not an exstructive diseases, for records show panse of mud that causes them to rethat New England was fearfully semble nothing else so much as a counscourged with diseases. Diphtheria, try road in mid-Winter under the priminfluenza, dysentery, scarlatina, typhus itive methods of road-building, are fever, were more universal than they torn up for the purpose of laying are today. The spotted fever (cerebro street-car tracks. Of course there is spinal meningitis) in 1811/12 was a fatal ome outlook for improvement in the malady, and epidemic pneumonia in the latter case, but the former is absolutely Winter of 1813 carried off 6000 persons or one death to every forty inhabitants in Vermont. Pulmonary consumption was more common and more fatal than it is today. It was not for lack of exposure that the pioneers of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast included in their ranks so many cases of longevity. It was because they were "shot proof." It is said that an absolutely healthy

human stomach is proof against even

cholers germs, and these long-lived plo-

neers of New England and Oregon were

so absolutely vigorous by native con

hopeless. Other streets for lack of im provement, notably East Twenty-eighth street between East Stark street and the Sandy road, and still others in which sewer construction is in progress, are also fitly described as impassable. So it seems, in spite of the knowledge of what the rains will do for us in November in the line of making mud of the Summer's dust, and notwithstanding the employment at large expense to property-owners of engineers for the purpose of overseeing and planning street and sewer work in accordance

They were doubtless exposed repeatedly struction, we are destined to a continuance of impassable streets. them gangs of mud-bedaubed men labor assiduously with pick and shovel, if the particular point of attack has been "improved," or with scrapers and floundering, wretched horses, if by reason of dilatory tactics the "improvement" or dered in the early Summer does not get well under way before November. And so, also, teams mire every day, and many times a day, in the mire of our impassable streets; the impassable street crossing is the rule, and streets are torn up in November for the purpose of extending street-car service the franchise for which is fully six months longed a healthy man's life, Titian, who was no saint, lived to be 100, and old. This is not said in a complaining spirit. What is the use of complaining? It is merely a simple statement of the condition of many of our streets from November to April, inclusive, with a hint at the probable cause but without hope of remedy.

> lic Health Association on car sanitation at the recent annual session of that body in New York criticised with much severity the lack of sanitary precautions in the railway sleeping cars. was stated that the blankets used on sleeping cars were washed but once in six months, and in the opinion of the convention this was a menace to the health of the traveling public. Especial stress was placed upon the fact that consumptives sleeping in these blankets for longer or shorter periods were more than likely to leave to the next occupant of the berth the seeds of the malady from which they were vainly striving to flee. Owing to inadequate ventilation and for other reasons that will suggest themselves to observant people, the committee held that sleeping cars, as generally managed, were potent factors in the transmission of communicable though not actively contaglous diseases. The results of the inquiries and findings of the committee will, it is believed, lead to measures compulsory if necessary, for more fre quent and effective cleaning and disinfection of berths and car bedding. This opinion is founded upon the hypothesis that railway managers and other mer and corporations who control business enterprises of various kinds may be thoughtless in regard to matters affecting the health of their patrons and employes, but they are not inhuman. This assumption being true, they are ready to correct conditions that are a menace to health when their attention is called to the facts in the premises by men who are not idle meddlers but sanitary scientists instead.

There has been no criticism of Mr. Williamson by Mr. Moody or his friends still less any attack upon him, that could justify the bitterness of his letter regarding Mr. Moody. The Oregonian greatly regrets that Mr. Williamson has made this very serious mistake. Mr. Williamson has been told that Mr. Moody's friends regard his indictment as the work of his political enemies. There seems to have been no special reference to Mr. Williamson in their statements, but Mr. Williamson assumes that he is meant because, as he says, he defeated Mr. Moody for remination. It is a most violent supposition that men are or should be 'enemies" because one of them succeeds in getting a nomination over the other. Mr. Williamson's extreme animosity is not creditable to him. He also says: "I was in Crook County when the grand jury convened, attending to my personal affairs, and when If Mr. Williamson meant to convey the vade Panama. The obstacles to a land animosity displayed in his letter has clouded his recollection.

march are absolutely insuperable. There Closely following the Thanksgiving proclamation of the Governor comes the appeal from the various charitable organizations of the city for food, clothing and fuel to eke out the supplies necessary for the comfort and maintenance of the inmates and caretakers of homes that they have established. The extremes of life, infancy or early childhood and old age in destitution, appeal | that feeds in fresh water. to the humane instincts with special force at this time, and from the abundance of thrift these two classes gathered in the institutions that are maintained for them are usually generously remembered at the Thanksgiving season. This is well. The able-bodied pauper, the man rendered homeless and destitute by dissipation and the woman brought into sore straits through waywardness must upon occasion receive the dole of pity, but the hearty free will offerings of benevolence and sympathy go out, and justly so, to the helpless who have not yet attained to the ability to do, and the helpless, the fruits of whose endeavors have fallen from their hands. These two classes, as represented by the inmates of the Baby Home, the Children's Home, the home of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, the Old Ladies' Home and the Home for the Aged, will no doubt be generously and cheerfully remembered by our citizens who from the abundance of a prosperous year and its tireless endeavor find themselves at the Thanksgiving season with enough and to spare.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has suc seeded Dr. Parker in the London City Temple, has avowed his belief in the final salvation of all men. Supplementing this statement the Congregationalist says: "We are glad we live in a time when Mr. Campbell, and men like him, are welcomed into fellowship in all Christian denominations." This, says the Independent, "is a frank statement of a wide change of view as to toler ance." While the average ministerial association would probably not admit Mr. Campbell to its fellowship, the great thinking public will see in the indorsement of these two orthodox journais, as well as in the succession of a Universalist to the pulpit of Dr. Parker in London significant indications of the coming of the time when an angry and vengeful God will no longer find place in religious creeds and the plan of salvation will no longer tax the ingenuity of the doctrinaires or puzzle the minds of the simple seekers after truth.

Residents of Western Oregon who wish to add to their rose gardens should plant bushes or put out cuttings this month. Now is the very best time to gain a year's growth. In another column Frederick V. Holman, who knows with modern methods and speedy con- tells how to do it,

BAFFLING SALMON PROBLEMS.

The record-breaking increase this season in the number of chinook eggs taken in the salmon hatcheries of this state throws unusual emphasis upon a rather baffling problem in the life-history of the | O tongue beloved of Emerson, salmon. It is now a generally accepted fact that salmon, impelled by an instinct that is resistless, return after a few years from their ocean playgrounds to the river of their birth. Have they a special instinct, denied to man, that guides them toward the pebbly, snow-fed mountain pool where they first saw the sunlight? There is a widespread belief among the fishermen of this Coast that the sale do possess some incomprehensible gift of nature which enables them when spawning time arrives to find their way from the vast and trackless deep, over the toss ing surf, up the water course of their choice, a thousand hard-fought, tortuous miles perhaps, until the home shallows that cradled them are reached. The same The committee of the American Pubrocking shadows that sheltered them in their infancy are supposed to shelter their The ancestral pool with its progeny. riffles and its shingled sands is theirs by birthright, reaching back through countless generations.

David Starr Jordan, who is of all mer on the Pacific Coast best able to speak the final word of authority on fish life, ruthlessly upsets this pretty theory in the November number of the Popular Science Monthly. His observations for more than 20 years lead him to believe that salmon return to the same river, but not to the same branch of that river and have no special instinct to guide them. It is known that many of the rivers of this Coast are characterized by wellmarked differences in the appearance of the salmon that annually resort thither. Thus of two streams flowing into the ocean near each other, one stream will be known for its runs of large salmon while in the other the salmon will be much smaller. The salmon of a small, rapid stream are more wiry than those of a neighboring large stream, which in dicates that the fish return to the same river to spawn during successive generations. The test has frequently been tried of marking newly hatched fish, and almost invariably they return to the parent river. If the young fry are let loose in a new stream flowing directly into the ocean, in which no salmon have ever been found, the majority will return in due time, even though the stream is so unfit that no self-respecting salmon should be seen in it.

All of these arguments are met by President Jordan, who believes that salmon have no special homing instinct, but enjoy Free Beer, their sea revels within such short range of their parent river-generally from 20 to 40 miles from it-that when the migratory passion seizes them they are drawn through familiar channels and runways to

the home stream. "There is no evidence," he says, "that a salmon hatched in one branch of a river tends to return there rather than to another." If this is true, one wishes that President Jordan would explain why the salmon which enter the White Salmon River have, from time beyond the memory of man, been of such peculiar wan and coloriess aspect and so notoriously inferior as food-a peculiarity that has given the river its name. Many matters are left unexplained; thus he concedes that salmon are occasionally taken well out at sea, and that the red salmon runs of Puget Sound come from outside the Straits of Fuca. And, indeed, he admits that an ultimatum should not be pronounced till more evidence has been taken.

The life of the salmon in the ocean is through there, went directly to The Dalles, bundled my family up and start. Its rapid and wonderful growth on the affair, but the cent is borrowed. ed for Washington, and never heard of theory that it spends its time gormandizthe proceedings of the grand jury until ing on semi-solid masses of tiny crustathe day after I arrived here." As a ceans found on the surface; that, in fact, matter of fact, Mr. Williamson was in the salmon swims about in a sort of ani-Portland on Saturday, the 24th day of | mal soup, where he has merely to open October, the very day when the grand his mouth and swallow what enters it. jury was considering Mr. Moody's case. It is hard to believe that so, active and fearless a fish, swift in motion, adapted impression that he had nothing to do in so many ways for successfully eluding with the indictment because he was its enemies, and possessing, moreover, a not here, the alibi fails. Possibly the well-known taste for exploration, should spend from two to four years in a stupid and supine existence around the bay of its parent river. This is the more surprising since the salmon is of a peculiarly inquisitive disposition, and when in fresh water will take the angler's fly apparently out of curiosity alone, at a time when it refuses all other food. The steelhead, which differs radically from our Pacific Coast salmen, since it is a represen tative of the genus belonging to the Atlantic Ocean, is the only salmon we have

No doubt the larger and more robust fish would naturally seek the longer riverwhich can be easily recognized by its warmer waters in the bay, having stored longer journey before them, would necessarily start earlier in the season, and this difference in appearance between them and the fish that enter the shorter rivers later; for salmon undergo rapid, wellmarked changes about the time they enter the streams. The superiority of the chinook (quinnat) may be a direct result of the great length of the rivers it fre quents, the Columbia, the Yukon, the Fraser, the Sacramento. And probably many minor differences in size and appearance may be accounted for in this way among the salmon of the various rivers.

But why deny to the salmon the wellproved and marvelous instinct which birds possess, as yet beyond the grasp of man's intelligence—that unerring sense of direction and restless passion to return to the ancestral home where they were nursed into life, although it may entail a journey of 3000 weary miles?

There are many points in the life his tory of our Pacific Coast salmon that are still withheld from us-the remarkable powers of abstinence that enable it to keep an unbroken fast for months when ascending the rivers; the seemingly conscious, intelligent and matchiess co-operation with nature in her supreme effort to perpetuate the species at the price of the life of the parent; the utter surrender of the impulse of self-preservation at the close of the spawning season, the acceptance of death as the inevitable corollary with no thought of life except for the offspring, a self-immolation as complete as any that has marked the history of mankind. Why our Pacific Coast genus should differ in these vital points from the salmon of the Atlantic is one of the unsolved problems of scien GERTRUDE METCALFE.

A Rainbow. William Wordsworth My heart, leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky; So was it when my life began, So is it now I am a man, So be it when I shall grow old Or let me die! The Child is father of the Man; And I could wish my days to be Bound such to each by natural piety.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Wedge in Boston. The City Council of Boston has passed a resolution in favor of teaching Gelic in the schools.

O speech precise and prim. Before the Gaelic boys have done Thy justre will be dim. Thou'it hear, by infant speakers hur-

"They fir-r-red the shot hear-r-d roun" the werruid." O Boston bean, the scholar's food, That swell'st the bursting brain,

eware of man's ingratitude And steel thy soul to pain; Soon may thy virtues be forgot, And Irish spuds boll in thy pot. O ancient fish, O sucred cod, With eggs all in a roe, Bostonians leave their salty god,

And after strangers go. The herring from the Irish main May waver on the State House vane. The world around thee beat, hen students thraw the black dhudeen Where shalt thou find retreat? O culchaw, bean, O cod, O tongue,

Beware, beware, before you're

### The Blazed Trail.

He had returned the day before to civligation from the Northern woods, and ad celebrated his return with potations deep and strong. He was sitting under the shade of a paim stuck in a green box, when he conceived the idea of going to the bar for his next drink. Very unsteadily he arose to his feet, and with . great deliberation pulled a huge clasp knife from his pocket, "Whash yer gon do?" asked his companion. With a smile of infinite wisdom, the woodman made a siash at the palm. "How think I go" back here, don' blaze trail?" he said.

War is something hot enough to bake crackers.

Anyway, Christian Science has an admirable name.

If the window glass trust doesn't give you a pain, this should.

College songs are likely to add a new error to the football field.

In Chicago they sing: Punch, brothers, punch with care;

Punch with a cop as passenjare Illinois Prohibitionists have wrecked a

saloon only to put up a bar to their progress. Free Food is an attractive campaign cry, but there would be more efficacy in

When doctors fall out, as in Yakima, why, things go on much as usual with the rest of us.

Russia and Japan are still upon the map, and know they're safe to stay there by dodging from a scrap.

The kid that crawls under the bed when hased by some one with a slipper is able to understand Panama's position.

Mommer can't get at either of them.

Senor Bunau-Varilla, speaking for the Republic of Panama, declared these United States to be the mother of the American nations and France to be the mother of the Latin nations. O Rhetoric, what rubbish is shot in thy name.

The government of Colombia intrepidly declares that the last drop of Colombian blood will be shed to prevent the success of Panama and that the last Colombian cent will be expended in the same cause. still a virgin mystery. Huxley explained Well, the blood, of course, is their own

Dr. Maker, of Aberdeen, who has a paper called the Sun, recently sent abroad marked copies thereof-spotted luminaries, as it were-calling attention to an expedition said to be contemplated by one Falconer, of Aberdeen. Now it appears that the story was published by Dr. Maker as a "joke." There are jokemakers and joke-Makers.

From Salt Lake comes the news that one negro was admitted into heaven, and that the gates were closed against all of his color. Sait Lake is possibly nearer heaven than Portland is, and the information may be authentic. If so, think how lonely the poor colored man must be amongst people that don't care for rag-

How many Booths and Irvings are comed to a mute inglorious life amon the big spuds of Yakima, who can say? The pupils of North Yakima High School have been forbidden to take part in dramatic entertainments, however great may be their desire to melt the hearts of admiring relatives with their portrayal of more sun heat on its way from the dis- Romeo's woes or of Rosalind's doublettant snow fields. Such fish having a and-honiness. The drama may not be pernicious in itself, but what does it leach of potato-growing? Or of dairying? in turn would entail quite a noticeable Nothing at all; therefore down with the drama.

The "American breakfast" is said to have passed. Of course it has, among those who no longer invade the forests with an ax. City life does not render people capable of eating beefsteak in the morning, more beefsteak at noon and still more at sunset. But go into a logging camp and see if the "American breakfast" has passed. Not much. The cook dishes up his mush and potatoes and steak and hot cakes with all the profusion that marked the breakfasts of the early Americans, who got up with the sun and wrought mightly with their hands.

It is natural for the poet to boost his own properties, the scenery, people, and so forth of his own land, but why should he knock those of other lands? The poetic nature should be large enough to admire all beautiful objects and to see the inherent qualities that make each a separate and distinct contribution to the world's happiness. It is therefore with regret that we observe Oregon's natural ceauties knocked by a poetess on the other side of the Columbia. In the last issue of the Vancouver Columbian there is a poem on Cape Horn, not the Horn that is thrust into the warring seas of the Great Southern Ocean, but one along the river. The poetess begins:

When you sail up the broad Columbia. As it flows on its way to the sea, You admire the noble beauty Of Cape Horn, that lies on the sea

She continues:

For the scene that meets your vision Are the rocks that rise high and proud, Gigantic and terrible in their height That you, so much smaller, are cowed.

proudest possessions are thrown in the shadow of a rock: Talk of your Muitnomah, Horsetall and Bridle Veil Falls-The Oregon's beauties are many, Washington has best of all.

'Tis an ignoble blow.

WEXFORD JONES.

And then comes in the knock. Oregon's