

The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 52; minimum, 45; precipitation, .45 of an inch. TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy to partly cloudy, with occasional showers; slightly low temperature; south to west winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22. MISCEGENATION. In an address on "Negro Education in the South," written by Mr. A. A. Gunby of the Louisiana Bar, recently published, we find this statement: "Miscegenation in the South has always been and will always be confined to concubinage between a colored man and a white woman, and the number of mixtures in the future will depend absolutely on the extent to which white men restrain their immoral dealings with negro females."

This statement, which bears every mark of probability, confirmed as truth by the knowledge of every observer, North and South, shows what the actual problem of "miscegenation" is. Such facts show how shallow and vicious is the attempt to create a "miscegenation prejudice" as Senator Gorman and others are doing, by intimating that repression of miscegenation is a political question, depending on the ascendancy of one party over another. Everywhere the few mixed marriages are among the lowest ranks of both races; but in most cases the relations are illegitimate, and in many of these, negro or mulatto women are "kept" by white men who pretend to respectability. It is absurd to say that this is a matter to be dealt with in the sphere of politics or party action.

The Oregonian has not favored the appointment of negroes to office in the South, even to the limited extent that has been witnessed, because it is extremely offensive to the white people and breeds only discord between the races. But "miscegenation" is not due to negro office-holding, nor is it fostered by the fact that President Roosevelt once sat at table with Booker T. Washington. It lies in unregulated lusts of human nature, chiefly in white men of low morality. Such remedy as there is lies in the use of the forces of morality and of social life against it.

IN MEMORY OF TONE. A memorial service will be held today at Foresters' Hall in memory of Wolfe Allen, the famous Irish patriot, and of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the so-called "Manchester martyrs." Tone was a man of remarkable ability. He lived for a time in this country, in which his revolutionary schemes had forced him to take refuge. Returning to France he impressed Napoleon by his talents and was made an officer in the French army. He was captured on board a French ship-of-war, tried for treason and sentenced to death. He cut his throat in prison. He was the real leader of the "United Irishmen" of 1798 and was very able and daring in his conspirator. Had not the fleet which bore the military expedition of General Hoche against Ireland been dispersed by a storm Tone might have seen his dream of Irish independence at least transiently realized.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were three Fenians who attempted, September 18, 1867, at Manchester, England, to rescue two Fenian prisoners from a prison van. Policemen resisted the rescue, and one was killed by a shot fired through the door of the van. Kelly and Deasey, the prisoners, escaped, but their rescuers, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, were captured, tried, convicted of the murder of Policeman Brett and executed at Salford, November 23, 1867. One of the prisoners was a very young fellow, not more than 20 years of age, and might well have been made the subject of clemency by the government. The others were legally guilty of murder, but always maintained that the shot fired through the door of the van was intended only to break the lock of the door, which the policeman refused to open. The government acted with severity because the Fenian conspirators had committed a great many outrages both in England, Ireland and on the Canadian border, between 1845 and 1867.

Our Government was put to considerable expense by the Fenian invasion of Canada in May and June, 1868. After the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien came the explosion at the Clerkenwell House of Detention, by which twelve persons lost their lives and 120 were wounded. For this crime one Barrett was executed in May, 1868; the life of the Duke of Edinburgh was attempted at Port Jackson, Australia; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a famous member of the Canadian Parliament and a revolutionist of 1848, was assassinated by a Fenian in Canada as a renegade to the cause of Ireland, and there was a second Fenian invasion of Canada from the United States in 1869. The whole business was the work of a few anarchists, who by their senseless and criminal folly tempted a number of ignorant, gallant men to embark in unprofitable undertakings that involved a useless loss of life or liberty.

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THE ECLIPSE OF THE SPIRIT. It has been the hope of serious minds that when the fever of money-getting which succeeded to the Civil War had passed away, the genius of American enterprise would be directed to those deeper things of life which were represented in the fine flower of our early thinkers, poets and teachers; that we might produce in numbers such men as Bryant and Whittier, Emerson and Beecher, Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Sumner, and proportionately fewer men like Gould and Stewart. Time wears on, however, and if there is any change in the domain of the undervalued spirit, it is in the direction of wilder swiftness and more impassioned adherence. There are many ways in which the tendency may be noticed. A few will suffice.

The men of force in the United States are not in the callings where influences are formed to advance the higher life in the thought of the people. They are not in the pulpit, or the university chair, or in public life, or in the arena of literature, science and art. They are in the great majority, in business. Our merchant princes do not look up to Senators or Congressmen as once they looked up to Webster and Clay, but they look down on them, rather, to do their bidding. Exemplars of the spiritual life are largely the puppets of their rich and influential patrons. Gunsaulus works for Armour, Harper for Rockefeller, Jordan and the rest for Mr. Stanford, and even our poets, painters and musicians are on the quest of topics and treatments that will sell. By the lonely lamp of Erasmus the sermon is forged to compel a call from Fifth avenue. In the solitary vigil of Faraday we shall find the metallurgical process for the miner and the storage battery for the millionaire's automobile.

It is the boast of our civilization that it has lifted the common people above the misery, ignorance and degradation of former years; and so it has. But there are things nearer to the soul of man than prosperous balances or luxurious homes. They are represented in the preacher, on fire for converts; in the poet pouring out his soul in deathless numbers amid pinching poverty; in the artist, starving rather than betray his heavenly vision; in the teacher, forgetting for a time manual training and book-keeping to give his pupils an ideal, may implant high ideals; in the dramatist, not so mindful of box-office receipts as to neglect the constant theme of Shakespeare, that virtue ennobles and sin destroys. It is well to teach the philosophy of Franklin; but not well to emphasize it to the exclusion and extinction of that nobility of soul often coincident with empty meal-bags and unpayable debts. Names that have gone through the bankruptcy courts are also written in the Lamb's book of life. Some of the noblest spirits that ever walked the earth have taken their flight from amid equal surroundings.

The college of 100 years ago was founded with prayer and consecration. The university of today is endowed by a multimillionaire to exploit his name. It is small wonder that the education imparted takes color from its source and runs to the intensely "practical." The girl must be taught at all hazards to support herself. She needs poise, knowledge of the world. The boy must be fitted to make money. No time must be spent or thought diverted from the supreme end of training all his faculties to succeed in the external world. The wonder of the deal of the autobiographies of the hour is the man who began life on the farm and today writes his check for a million. Something of this we owe to the materialistic bent of modern science; something to the physical resources of the United States, which enchain the attention by their profusion; but the outlook is not good for men like Socrates, without a home; Paul, a mendicant; Goldsmith and Hemans, who were not in poverty. The measure of a man's life consists not in the visible things which he possesses, but in the things of the spirit—fidelity, grace and pure affection, unstained by the meanness of avarice or the betrayal of the higher nature.

WHAT "MIGHT HAVE BEEN." General John B. Gordon seems to think that the Confederacy fell with "Stonewall" Jackson. In his recent book General Gordon seeks apparently to establish the thesis that it was due to the tardiness of General Longstreet at Gettysburg, and to that of General Early in the Wilderness, that the Confederate cause was lost. He holds that the Confederate troops could have been routed in the hills south of Gettysburg had the Confederates not been checked in their charge on the fleeing enemy. He also thinks that in the battle of the Wilderness, when it was discovered that the Federal flank was wholly unprotected, Grant could have been routed had General Lee consented to a flank movement. Here is what he says of "Stonewall" Jackson and of his genius for such emergencies in battle: "Carefully reviewing the indisputable facts which made the situation at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness strikingly similar, and considering the fact that a purely military and worldly standpoint should utter my profoundest conviction were I to say: 'Had Jackson been there the Confederacy had not died.' Had he been at Gettysburg when a part of that Second Corps which his genius had made famous had already broken through the protecting forces and was squarely on the Union right, which was moving away like a sand dune struck by a mountain torrent; when the whole Union battle line that was in view was breaking to the rear; when those flanking Confederates in their unobstructed rush were embarrassed only by the number of prisoners—had Jackson been there then, instead of commanding a halt, his only order would have been, 'Forward, men, forward!' as he would have said to the Confederates, 'I have a little foresight as well as hindsight. It will not estimate that \$25,000,000 could help the hurt that honor feels where \$10,000,000 was inadequate. It will be glad to have the canal and concessions are necessary. Your people are too conscientious. We shall not again offer to corrupt them.'"

The cut of the modern dress skirt does not admit of the old-fashioned pocket in which women were wont to carry their purses. For obvious reasons the bosom of the dress is neither a convenient nor suitable receptacle for this necessary adjunct of a shopping tour. Hence the vogue of the wrist-bag, which swings so conspicuously from the left arm of the woman pedestrian and the shopper, a glittering temptation to light-fingered folk, and lately a source of annoyance to the thief who bestrides a bicycle. The dilemma comprehended in these facts is a serious and perplexing one. Fashion is inexorable, and the "cut of the skirt" must be maintained. The Christmas shopping season is on and women must carry money. The thief on the bicycle is abroad, defying capture. Cannot some one come up to

the help of the weak against the mighty with a suggestion that will solve this difficulty? As between the old idea that women are not to be trusted with money, the exigencies that allow of no safe place for their clothing to carry it, there should be some point upon which a compromise might be effected. What are women's clubs for, if a matter so seriously affecting the financial standing of women in the community is to remain unadjusted?

PUBLIC VERSUS PRIVATE SCHOOLS. The Mosely Commission of British educators which came to this country to study our school system was astonished to find in one of the Washington public schools the same level with the boys of ordinary people. This spectacle of the President's son among the children of mechanics, clerks and laborers was a great surprise to the English educators, for such a thing is unknown in their country. The late Matthew Arnold, while visiting the Boston City Library, saw a little barefooted newboy of the Irish nobility sitting in a chair reading the "Life of Washington." Arnold said: "There is not a reading-room in all Europe where that boy, dressed as he is, could enter." Arnold saw and confessed that under our popular institutions nature's nobility had a chance to get upward and onward that was practically denied them even in Great Britain.

From the earliest history of Boston the children of the first families in wealth and distinction went to the public schools. Wendell Phillips, whose father was a wealthy man and Mayor of Boston, went to the public schools; so did Edward Everett, Richard H. Dana, and all the children of Beacon-street stock. But in England the system of education to the present day has followed the lines of social caste. The children of the British nobility are taught by private tutors and in select private schools, and the people of wealth imitate the aristocracy in this respect. Of course such a system of education may seem necessary to maintain the social position of the monarchy and the nobility, at the head of whose order sits the King. With the caste system goes hand in hand the domination of the clergy. The clergy still asserts its claim to supreme education, a claim that dates back to the days of ecclesiastical supremacy. The result is that church schools, conducted by the different denominations, have obtained strong foothold, and our American idea of democracy in education is unknown. The consequence is that the educational system of Great Britain is inefficient compared with that of Germany and the United States. As Matthew Arnold, himself a superior student of London schools, frankly admitted:

The British government has been led to grant state aid to the schools of the various religious organizations, and this has resulted in so bitter denominational hostility that thousands of people today are permitting their household goods to be sold at auction by the government rather than pay taxes to support church schools. In the face of the fact that it seems strange that certain of the clergy of both the Catholic and Protestant churches should be willing to invite a similar state of public disorder by urging the apportionment of public money to denominational schools in order to secure the teaching of "religion" in the public schools. The substantial plea is in behalf of "morality," but these clerical critics of our American school system would deny the efficacy of any teaching of the principles and sentiments of morality unless based on religious faith and supported by it. To teach civic virtue independently of religious faith would be denounced by these clerical reformers as irreligious. What these clerical critics want is religious dogma, and they would not endorse President Eliot, of Harvard College, who proposes that the fact of civic duty, family love, respect for law and public order, and reverence for truth and righteousness, be their would denounce this as an attempt to substitute the state for religion as a moral guide.

The systematic teaching of social and civic virtues would not lessen the Catholic and Protestant clerical opposition to secular education but would intensify it. College presidents testify that the pupils from the public schools are as good as dead on the points of church schools. The president of Cornell University says that two-thirds of our freshmen who come from public schools are church members, and he quotes the fact as conclusive refutation that the public schools are not breeding an irreligious, immoral and anarchical class of citizens. President Angell, of Michigan University, speaks like a man of sense when he says that the character of pupils is affected far more by the character and personal influence of the teachers than by formal instruction in ethics and religion, and he is confident that the character of the teachers in public schools is not inferior to the character of teachers in other schools. President Eliot, of Harvard, and President Hadley, of Yale, agree that "students who come from public schools cannot be distinguished from students from other sources in any moral grounds. Sixty-five per cent of the students from the public schools at Cornell are church members, while of the students from private and denominational schools the percentage of church members is only 56. These facts illustrate that the American public school system is soundly democratic in spirit and, beneficial in its results. They are opposed to the caste system of British education and are free from the pestilent denominational instruction, which would be sure with our multitude of warring sects to destroy the unity and efficiency of our public education. The public schools are the place for the education of all classes, and President Roosevelt's example in this respect is excellent, worthy are too conscientious. We shall not again offer to corrupt them."

The County Auditor and the Sheriff of Multnomah County are at odds. There is a difference of \$112 in their estimates of what constitutes a reasonable allowance for expenses incurred in a chase after the bandits who held up the O. R. & N. train at Corbett some weeks ago. Up hill and down dale went the Sheriff hot-foot, now upon one trail and now upon another. As the Sheriff was down his shore, accompanied by a railroad detective, who also had to eat and to ride on passes and sleep. And now comes a man who sat in his office or junketed about at his pleasure, while this arduous pursuit was in progress, and presumes to say what all this was worth. The impertinence of speaking up in behalf of the county in a case of

this kind is unprecedented. That the Sheriff is worth about it is not surprising. Who in all the realm of political or official finance ever heard of the like?

The Oregonian a few days ago printed the views of Mr. James J. Hill on the ship subsidy question. Mr. Hill, as owner of the two largest steamships the world ever saw, and a possible large beneficiary by the passage of the Frye bill, is naturally in a position to give expert testimony. He said in language which could not be misunderstood that the subsidy theory was all wrong and that we could never build up a merchant marine by presenting a bonus to the shipowner. This testimony from an American. Here is more on the same line from a foreigner. Herr Ballin, director-general of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, has this to say regarding ship subsidies: "If the German government has succeeded in helping it shipping by nursing it in this artificial way. On the contrary, it has resulted in an inferior condition wherever owned."

The Hamburg-American people own over one hundred fine steamships, including the marvelous Deutschland, the fastest steamship afloat. Their steamships ply in all parts of the globe, and probably secure a larger portion of the mail subsidies granted by the German government than are secured by any other line with the possible exception of the North German Lloyd. And yet the guiding spirit of this immense transportation enterprise is opposed to ship subsidies. Testimony such as is given by Mr. Hill and Herr Ballin cannot easily be refuted or lightly regarded, when the subsidy grant again comes up for a hearing in Congress.

A serious effort is being made to develop the cotton-growing industry of West Africa. The possibilities of high price and alleged scarcity of cotton having convinced European spinners that they can no longer rely upon the American supply. According to Sir Alfred Jones, president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, it is "absolutely necessary to make some effort to provide a supply from other sources." Inasmuch as "America will soon need all the cotton she can produce," the cotton of West Africa as a cotton-producing country, in his view, "cannot well be overestimated." Plantations have been started about Abbeokutu, in Lagos, where a large crop this year has been produced. Gins and presses have been sent out from Liverpool, and the natives are going into cotton-growing with enthusiasm. "America," says Sir Alfred, "may yet have to look to West Africa for her cotton supply, because I believe cotton will be produced more cheaply in West Africa than in the United States."

A Nevada man has written a book entitled "Thirty Years' War on Silver." The opening chapter should be this: "There has been no war on silver." In fact the honest business instincts of mankind have been seeking for greatest possible accuracy in expression and measure of values. As a result silver has been "cut out" as a standard and reduced to the position of subsidiary or token money, with gold as the standard. But to get to this common-sense result nearly wrecked business and values in the United States. Men like this Nevada publicist wanted a dollar of less than half value, and fluctuating in value from day to day. There will be no insanity like that again.

A new gambling resort, for the great world, is to be opened in Corfu, a Greek island in the Ionian Sea, near the coast of Albania. It is intended to be a rival of Monte Carlo. Tempting offers long time have been made to Italy to grant such concession at San Remo or some other point along the Riviera, but refused. It is not doubted that there will be a great rush from all parts of the world to the new gambling resort; and Corfu, anciently Corcyra, which has large mention in ancient history, will become famous again. The climate is fine and the island is sufficiently large to afford variety of scenery and situation.

The call for the special session of the Legislature December 21 will give time to do all the necessary business and allow the members to get home for Christmas. A single day, indeed, should suffice for the work of the session; and two days certainly should be enough. In the proclamation of the Governor the single purpose of calling the session is defined. It seems to be necessary, in order to cure the defects of the tax law in our great cities, as Mrs. Gilman maintains? We cannot see how they can be to repeat that act and to reenact the old law.

The plea of drunkenness has often been urged in defense of a murderer, and not infrequently it has saved from the gallows a man whose crime merited the extreme penalty. By way of variety, now we have a man arraigned for murder for whom the defense "too drunk to kill" is set up. And this man is an Indian whose boasted capacity for freewater is "a pint at a breath." This is a novel plea, to say the least, and interesting because it is new. An Indian too drunk to fight presents the noble red man in an entirely new role.

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What A. B. Hepburn, former Controller of the Currency, has to say on the financial condition of the country is well worth reading. A calm statement from him is published in another column. Mr. Hepburn, while admitting that "industrial" stocks have absorbed practically all of the surplus capital, does not take a dark view of the future. A monument has been erected near Geneva in token of the regret of Calvinism for the execution of Servetus. Would that the good man might at length be suffered to rest in peace! His melancholy story has been working overtime for nearly 400 years.

The Kaiser's doctors assure us that his departure for a mild climate is demanded by his general health and has no relation to his throat. If they hadn't said this, we might have believed it. When we got out of the clutches of Colombia, we escaped the need of a Good Samaritan. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

IS HOSPITALITY A LOST ART?

An American pleasure of daring and passionate convictions, generous outlook and illimitable desire to bring the world to a better way of thinking, has recently expressed herself on the use of the home as a social medium, through a perversion of the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. Here is a place in its basic idea private, says Charlotte Perkins Gilman; a place originally intended for the safety and peace, the shelter and comfort of the family that makes its home; yet it is now used as a place for entertaining a locust-horde of devouring guests who consume a king's ransom without being in the least hungry. Houses are built, furnished and decorated with express regard to "entertaining"; the expenses of family life are most cruelly increased; home comfort gives way before it, family unity is destroyed.

With the growth of cities hospitality is no longer a necessity, she argues. It belongs to the frontier, the pathless desert, the bleak and lonely mountains, where continued exposure means danger, and to be lost means death—there, among the Geddes trails, the highest and the most frontiersman of America, you find the fine flower of hospitality. But in the thickly settled city where space, the shelter and convenience attend our steps, why give from what the feeble tourist would rather buy? Why offer your limited accommodations when better are to be had at the hotel? There is no longer any reason why hospitality save in exchanging visits with friends from the country or from beyond the sea. Such is the conclusion reached by Mrs. Gilman.

There is no doubt that the lavish, promiscuous wholesale entertainment of friends in the bulk, as though they were sardines or mackerel or herring, has a root in the commercialism of the modern age. The payment of all social obligations by one fell swoop at the conventionalities, and then a long sigh of relief till the debts of the host are paid, and the guests there are moderately sure, whose favor is propitiated for purely business purposes. Indeed, the whole affair, it sometimes happens, is merely a clever warfare against the host, who, by advertising the success of a professional man who uses his wife and home for this purpose, because the transcendently subtle and remarkable of his profession, prompts him to advertise in more straightforward and direct fashion through the newspapers.

This tendency to commercialize the family hearthstone is not the only way in which the Americans have lost the best, old-fashioned grace of hospitality. We frighten away those rare and kindred spirits which might otherwise enter the home by the constant display of high thoughts, which goes by the name of friendship. Moreover this lavish parade of the household gods involves each of the hundred guests in a social obligation and necessitates a hundred similar entertainments. And thus it happens that this lordly, ostentatious display is popularly regarded as belonging by divine right to our democracy, and that the man who cannot afford it has been robbed. Thus is extravagance pampered and hospitality violated; a burden too heavy to be borne is placed upon the shoulders of the family breadwinner, who is left unflinchingly while his strength is in its prime, only to falter and go down under the load at last.

But we must not forget that behind this endless routine of social, gastronomic, musical, literary pageants, is the restless, searching, unquenchable spirit of woman, reaching out with hungry heart and throbbing forehead for the secret processes by which the old world grows, a more enlightened understanding of the thousand forms of life engendered and nurtured by hour and year that year that miracle of miracles, our 20th century civilization. The home can no longer be regarded as the simple, detached entity that it was in primitive times. A hundred delicate connections connect it with the complex framework of society. It has both suffered and profited by evolution. Even in its prime it was a crisis in the history of the world, a protection in time of danger or distress, it has, in a measure, been superseded by "homes" of various kinds, hospitals, asylums, hotels, reform schools, and what you please, and the old-fashioned safety is at stake, even by the prison bars, for the time is past when a man's home is his fortress. As the seat of all primitive industries it has given way to the factory, the new gambling resort; and the agricultural college. As the seminary where the daughters acquired all their dower of knowledge it has been supplanted by the new grammar school, the high school and the public day school, the university, and the more technical cooking school and nurses' training classes. On the other hand the home has acquired many new functions, and it is the duty of the man or of a kind to be helpful and inspiring to growing girls and boys. It has become a tool for social advancement, professional advertisement, political lobbying; it is temporarily a school, a place where committee meetings, caucuses, club teas, luncheons and department study classes are held at libitum.

Has the home, in its new functions, lost its old-time spirit of hospitality, simple, unpretentious, hearty and true? Are there indeed no longer any need for this in our great cities, as Mrs. Gilman maintains? We cannot see how they can be to repeat that act and to reenact the old law.

The plea of drunkenness has often been urged in defense of a murderer, and not infrequently it has saved from the gallows a man whose crime merited the extreme penalty. By way of variety, now we have a man arraigned for murder for whom the defense "too drunk to kill" is set up. And this man is an Indian whose boasted capacity for freewater is "a pint at a breath." This is a novel plea, to say the least, and interesting because it is new. An Indian too drunk to fight presents the noble red man in an entirely new role.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Without Aid or Pledge.

She was beautiful in the extreme and no one seeing her would wonder that the young man who helped her on a Washington street-car was anxious to make an impression. From his very polite and formal manner in addressing her no Sherlock Holmes was needed to deduce that their acquaintance was recent. Opposite them sat an elderly woman, of the Carrie Nation type of face, grimly holding on to a quarter of a dollar which she had extracted from her purse at the approach of the conductor. In some unexplainable manner the coin slipped from her hand and dropped with a fling to the floor. Elaborately arising from his seat the young man emitted a graceful "Permit me, Madame," and reached for the coin. "No you don't, young man! That's my money!" exclaimed the owner of the coin. Saying which she gave the youth a violent shove as his hand was about to close on the quarter dollar. Being in a stooping position, the shove caused the hapless youth to fall in a heap on the muddy floor, while the dowager seized her coin and stood glaring defiantly at the prostrate form.

"Now I am willing to forgive the lady for the humiliation she caused me," mourned the youth, "but the way she ruined my chances with Miss B.—is something for which she can never make amends."

No adjournment—no Christmas dinner! Transcribed—A much misused word; look it up.

Will Bryan come back with his trousers turned up? Easter Sunday will lose much of its significance if it becomes customary for Portland women to remove their hats in church.

Strike While the Iron Is Hot, appears to be the motto of New York ironworkers who walked out in the middle of their day's work. When Meadames Bernhardt and Calve join forces it is time for theater-goers to get odds from the box office on the chances of any one performance taking place.

When Miss Peck, the eminent mountain climber, gets through dallying with the Himalayas and Andes she might come to the Northwest and tackle some real mountain peaks. If Panama insists upon war Uncle Sam will have to recruit a couple of muzzle-loading cannon and a half a dozen old muskets. A Corporal's squad would probably be needed to meet the emergency.

Says an eminent biographer, "Great men of all times have shown a marked tendency toward absent-mindedness." Wherefore there should be no significance or stigma attached to it when a Chief of Police forgets he has prisoners to keep track of and allows them to walk away. As an instance of the progress of the past hundred years attention has been called to the contrast between the 60 days required for the Lewis and Clark expedition to journey from St. Louis to Portland and the 70 hours now required by the iron horse of the rails to make the same trip. Who knows but that similar contrasts may be made a hundred years hence between the 70 hours required back in 1903 when steam was used, and the 70-minute trips made by the Compressed-Air Tube Limited. There is no telling what a hundred years will do.

Lochinvar. Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the west. Through all the wild border his steed was the best; And, save his good broadsword, he wears a coat of mail; He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like young Lochinvar. He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for saddle nor rein; He rode on the Esk River, where ford there was none; But, ere heighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came prancing. For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar. So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall, Among bridegroom, and kinsmen, and brothers-in-law; There spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword: (For the poor crazed bridegroom said never a word), "O! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!" "I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied; Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like the tide; And now I am come with this lost love of mine." To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar." The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up; He took of the wine, and he threw down the cup; She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh, With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, "Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar. So stately his form, and so lovely his face That never hall such a gallant did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume; And the bridesmaids whispered, "Twere better by far, To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar." One touch to her hand, and one word in his ear, When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near, So light to the crowd the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprang, "His is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur; They'll have feet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar. There was mounting "mong Graemes of the Netherby clan; Forerunners, Fenwick and Musgrave, they rode and they ran; There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lee; But the last ride of Netherby ne'er did I see. So dashing in love, and so dauntless in war, Have you e'er heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?

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