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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 51; minimum temperature, 44; precipitation, .02 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy, with occasional rain; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

THE PORTAGE ROAD.

The Salem Capital Journal has the following, in the form of an editorial paragraph:

> The Oregonian could build two buildings if it could beat the portage road, and lock up the Inland Empire for twenty years to come.

Mean and dirty insinuations like these reveal the quality of the nature that produces them. In this paragraph the insinuations are two. First, that The Oregonian opposes the portage railroad at the dalles; second, that it is paid, or expects to be paid large sums of money, presumably by the O. R. & N., for doing so.

But The Oregonian supported the bill for the portage road last Winter, urged the Legislature to pass it, and now gives its counsel against the proposed repeal. It is scarcely necessary to say that the O. R. & N. has not paid it or promised to pay it any sum of money, large or small, for this service. Right here a succession of winged words, that would properly characterize such conduct as that of the Salem Journal, would come trippingly from the tongue through the typewriting machine, and with a wonderful spontaneity and continuity of flow—but to this key let the stop be set. "That strain I heard was of an higher mood."

That strain of higher mood is the demand of the people of the great valley of the Columbia for an open river. Greatest of all objects of utility and desire to them is the removal of obstructions on this river, from the head of navigation to the ocean. The means are now at hand for deepening the entrance at the mouth. Extension of the jetty is being pushed; a great dredge, specially constructed for the work, is at the bar, ready for operation, and it has done some work already. There is every reason to believe that within a short time a channel of forty feet will be opened there, and that deepening of the river at necessary places above will speedily follow. Between Portland and the interior the great remaining obstacles are The Dalles Rapids and Celilo Falls. There is promise now that these obstacles will soon be removed, or mainly overcome. Whether the portage road is to be pushed by the state, or this project is to be suspended, in view of the undertaking of the canal by the United States, is now matter of debate. The subject is a troublesome one, for it is complicated with unknown problems of cost and time, with the difficulty of building and operating a portage road and of going on with the construction of the canal in a narrow gorge, occupied already by a great trunk railway. The difficulties are not insurmountable; but they are so great as to force men to consider them. To pretend to ignore them is no solution.

How to build the portage railway and operate it, push construction of the canal, and at the same time make the O. R. & N. give way where necessary, is no easy or airy undertaking. All admit that the portage railway is to be but a temporary expedient; that the canal is the great desideratum. Yet we cannot expect the canal to be completed in less than six years, more probably ten; and the portage road must be so located as not to interfere with progress of the canal. It would be unwise, as The Oregonian thinks, to repeal the portage road act; yet it cannot reasonably be supposed that, in view of the necessity of so locating the road that it will not interfere with the work of the canal, the appropriation already made by the state ($165,000) will be adequate. The demand that the state shall furnish the right of way for the canal which the United States is to build is unusual and extraordinary, and ought to be set aside. But the present question is, what should the State of Oregon do now?

It is a question of so much importance that the Governor may be willing to forego his requirement that nothing but the tax law should be considered at the special session. But, in the judgment of The Oregonian, the portage railway act ought not to be repealed. It probably does not carry money enough; but that could be determined at the regular session, only a year hence. Most important of all things is that the portage railway be so located as not to hinder construction of the canal; and this will require serious study. But the canal can be constructed in sections; the places where the railroads would interfere with it being reserved for the last. This problem can be solved; but it will require more careful examination and closer estimates than have yet been made. The state should ascertain just what it is going to do before it begins; so that in laying the portage road it will not obstruct the canal, which is the main project and the permanent enterprise.

PEGASUS IN CONTEMPT.

We have all read of the poet's horse that wandered from home and strayed into a pound. Having no funds on his person, and no friend at hand to bail him out, and unable for the nonce to use his wings, he was in sorry case. A similar mischance seems to have befallen the muse of one Eugene F. Ware, erstwhile poet, and by that token appointed Pension Commissioner of the United States. His qualifications for that office were summed up, we understand, in the following unique and able lines:

> Oh! dewy was the morning
> Upon the first of May,
> And Dewey was the Admiral,
> Down in Manila Bay;
> And dewy were the Regent's eyes,
> Them orbs of royal blue,
> And do we feel discouraged?
> I do not think ye do.

This was very good so far as it went. That is to say, it sufficed for appointment. But there is no relation in life where past performance becomes adequate consideration for indefinite reciprocal undertaking. If a man gets drunk and beats his wife, his past forbearance avails him nothing. Friendship itself is momentarily in peril through failure on either side and ends the moment that one of the parties to the sacred compact neglects to "make good." If a man falls off the ladder to the pavement below, the fact that he has painted buildings safely these many years will not protect a bone in his body. What has happened to the Administration's poet laureate is best told in the words of the dispatches:

> Mr. Ware, during his year and a half in office, has brought down upon his head wholesale condemnation and unlimited ridicule and scorn. He is universally unpopular with Senators and Representatives; he is a mystery to pension attorneys; he is a source of constant annoyance to his superiors in the Interior Department, and of late has become a laughing stock because of his ridiculous administration of his office. Commissioner Ware is a man of lofty ideals, a man of honest purpose, but a man utterly lacking in discretion and good judgment. Of late the press generally has been making light of Ware's method, and has been holding him up to public gaze as the Don Quixote of the administration. This is the true reason why Mr. Ware is to return to his law practice in Kansas.

Perhaps it would be hard to pick out a harder place for your true poet to fill, on the firing line of this cruel and censorious world than the post of Pension Commissioner. There is little poetry in the souls of pension claimants, their attorney or their Senator. Tender and dreamy as a member of Congress appears as manifested through eulogies of departed members, when he goes after pensions he hardens his soul to every consideration but the ready rino. The ethereal mind of the poet cannot be brought en rapport with £ s. d. The two worlds have, as it were, no common denominator. If, therefore, Mr. Ware would hold his job, he is hereby advised to farm out his official duties to a more fiscal-minded subordinate and re-establish his claim to recognition by writing another poem. Perhaps the President has concluded that one poet in his official family is enough, and so far there is no hint of resignation from the creator of "Little Breeches" and Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle.

A PERMANENT LITERARY FORM.

The Contemporary Club of New York City, under the lead of Professor Brander Matthews, recently discussed "The Passing of the Novel." Some of the speakers held that the novel as a permanent literary form had seen its best days, and that the modern atmosphere of civilization would be ultimately fatal to the novel, even as it had been to the production of great poetry. The reasons for the decline in the production of great poetry are familiar. They are summed up in the statement that as "knowledge has extended and as reason has developed itself the imitative arts decay." With knowledge comes the development of the critical faculty, which is not only distinct but almost incompatible with the poetical faculty. Lyric poetry, meaning by that mere songs of war and peace, will always be in vogue, but the world has been given no great poetry since Milton. But the same reason will not apply to the present and future place of the novel as a literary force. Fiction will last as long as literature, for in a wide sense fiction stands at the top of the best literature in the world. The highest expression of dramatic fiction is Shakespeare. The whole range of poetry is but fiction, splendid fiction star inwrought by the great imaginations of the world.

The plays of Shakespeare are but the dramatization of the fictions of all time or the conversion of dull history and dry chronicle into dramatic fiction. The drama is always fiction, while fiction not seldom furnishes the drama with striking figures that are made to walk the stage. In the widest sense, therefore, the literature of fiction would include all great poetry and drama of the world, as well as merely the books that we term novels. The fiction of the world is the work of the world's finest and most versatile literary geniuses. We do not expect another Shakespeare, because we cannot repeat his age, environment and atmosphere; but we still continue to expect sound novels, which vary in degree of excellence according as their figures are drawn with the accuracy and painted with the fast colors of the great masters of poetry and the drama from their daybreak in Homer to their high noon in Shakespeare. The novel in its modern form becomes a permanent expression of literary power when it is the work of a mind gifted with the Shakespearean faculty which deals with those traits of human nature which were always birthmarks of the race and will be of perennial life in all time to come.

The world is always going back in fiction to the great healthy men of letters, such as Fielding, Cervantes, Scott and Thackeray. There has always been fiction as far back as the ancient drama. Man at the daybreak of intellectual life sang, jested and made pantomimes before he was a full-developed actor; and as great poetry began to decline the story-telling genius of man found expression in fiction. The "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbiter in its wit, humor, satire and lubricity reads like a modern French novel. "The Golden Ass of Apuleius" was a novel of the later days of the Roman Empire. "The Arabian Nights" stood for the fiction of the Orient before the days of printing, even as Boccaccio's "Decameron" stood for the fiction of Western Europe. Montaigne, if not a writer of fiction, was a master of the art of telling anecdotes which seemed to point his moral and adorn his philosophy. Rabelais was founder of that kind of fiction in which Swift excelled; blasting wit and political satire cast in the form of an allegory, and even Shakespeare owes not a little to Rabelais. While great poetry and the drama have declined in power since the days of Shakespeare, the novel has increased in power and influence, and at present there are no signs that "The Passing of the Novel" has any existence outside of the speculation of critics. There is no reason why the novel should decline in influence and productivity, and there are many reasons why it should maintain a larger and sturdier life. In America the themes for great fiction have not yet been seriously invaded. Hawthorne has touched the bottom of the gloomy early Puritan life of New England; Mary Wilkins has depicted some of the later vicissitudes of its social and religious life; Cooper has sketched with simplicity and power the English Colonial life before the Revolution and during that great struggle, and conducts his readers in his Leatherstocking Tales from Otsego Lake and the Susquehanna to the River Platte, beyond the Mississippi.

Miss Johnston in "Audrey" has shown what a fertile theme for the novelist is English Colonial life in old Virginia. Of the great historical struggle of the Civil War little use has yet been made by any writer of superior power; but its rich materials for fiction are sure to be appropriated by some novelist of talent before the close of the century. Whatever may be said of Europe, it is certainly true of America that throughout the present century the novel not only will not "pass" but it will increase in the amplitude of meritorious popularity and power. The theater and the drama are as old as organized society, whether at Athens or Pekin; and they are sure to be perpetuated, because mankind is naturally gregarious and loves to be entertained, however much he may dislike to be instructed when the instruction does not satisfy any of the dreams of avarice. Since the novel attained its modern form, it has always been a popular literary force because it recreates through entertainment; and because it does this, the novel will not "pass" until all literature "passes." So long as men love to sing and hear songs they will care for lyric poetry; and so long as men tell stories and listen to stories they will love to read a noble story, decently told, and for this reason the novel will never pass as a permanent literary force.

TWO VIEWS OF IRELAND.

Bryan J. Clinch, an educated Irish-American, who lately revisited Ireland after an interval of twenty years, publishes his views in the American Catholic Quarterly. In material wealth and commercial activity he finds Ireland very far behind New York or Pennsylvania or California. Dublin, Cork and Limerick have changed little in forty years, and, generally speaking, the commercial prosperity of Ireland, compared with that of most American communities, is small indeed. But Mr. Clinch confesses that the faces of the people for the most part wear a cheerful, contented look. The workingman seems decidedly happier than he is in America. On Sunday quarreling and rowdyism seem unknown, though interest in all outdoor sports is very keen. The manners of the population are everywhere marked by kindly civility, and there is an absence of the profanity and indecency in speech so common in American cities. There are very few manufacturing or commercial industries. The shipbuilding and linen trade of Ulster, the tweeds and serges of Munster, and the other Irish manufactures, are too small to supply work for the surplus farm labor from the country. Irish manufactures, like the Irish population, have been steadily dwindling during the last sixty years. Everywhere one notes deserted mills and factories in the valley of the Shannon. The shipyards of Dublin and Portlaw that once gave employment to thousands are now deserted.

The professions offer a small field in Ireland compared with America or England. A recent return showed the total number of medical practitioners at a little over 3200 in a population as large as that of Pennsylvania. An American community would give profitable employment to eight times the number. Nevertheless, the average incomes of Irish doctors are very small. The legal profession, if exercised without government appointments, is even less remunerative than the medical. There is so little business in the courts that the professional character of the Irish bar has fallen far below the intellectual standard of fifty years ago. The standard of Irish journalism has fallen so much in fifty years that it no longer attracts the bright intellects that gave such high standing to the old Dublin Nation. Since 1841 Ireland has fallen away from over eight millions of people to about 4,500,000. In 1837 the Irish formed one-third of the population of the British Islands, while today they form scarcely one-eighth of the total. Until this condition of steady decline is checked, prosperity for Ireland and its people cannot be expected. Every other country in Europe save Ireland has steadily gained in population in the last sixty years. Even Poland, under foreign rule, has doubled its population. Even the Christian provinces under the Sultan's rule in Europe have grown in inhabitants, while Ireland has been depopulated during a continuous period of nearly sixty years.

The lack of capital in Ireland is a leading cause of the lack of employment which makes it impossible for so many Irishmen to find a livelihood at home. About three-fourths of ten million pounds raised for imperial taxation is yearly carried out of the island without any return. This taxation is excessive, and is the chief cause of the poverty of the people. From the material point of view, the outlook for Ireland is discouraging, but the social and moral aspect of the people is very satisfactory. The country is free from crime to an extent unknown elsewhere in the civilized world. The total number of state prison convicts is only about 500 in the four and one-half millions, or one to every nine thousand individuals. The proportion in the United States last year was more than ten times that amount. In about half the counties no crime has been brought before the courts. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births was but 2½ per cent, or about one-third that of England. Drunkenness is not common in city or country, and agrarian quarrels have almost ceased. This view of the future of Ireland is that of a fine people, moral and well behaved, who need nothing so much as capital invested in other business than pure agriculture to make them prosperous.

Another Irish-American tourist, Charles Johnston, takes a more optimistic view of the future of Ireland. Mr. Johnston is a native of Ireland, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was for several years a judicial officer in the India civil service, has lived in the United States since 1896, and is president of the Irish Literary Society of New York City. He has traveled four years upon the Continent of Europe and is an accomplished man of the world. His judgment is that Ireland has a bright prospect under recent legislation. He says that peasant proprietorship is "turning sands into gold" all over Ireland. The new land-purchase act will do for Ireland what the French Revolution did for France when it restored the land to the cultivator. Mr. Johnston points out that the old landlord class will become local capitalists, and furthermore he believes that Ireland is destined to derive great benefit from the return of a good many sons of the older Irish race, who for two generations or more have been at home in the New World.

These men have grown rich and are returning to Ireland, are buying and restoring some of the castles and great country houses that the aristocracy of the landlords have let slip from their fingers. These returned Irish-Americans represent the men whose money in the past has maintained the Irish Land League and supported the Irish party in the British Parliament. Some of these returning Irish have already bought fine estates in Galway and Kildare, which are the first fruits of this great movement of repatriation. Mr. Johnston thinks that with the return of the land to the peasant cultivators the renewed sense of security will tempt home capital to large investment in Ireland in new and more economic methods of agriculture, in redeeming of lands by drainage, etc., and he is entirely hopeful that Ireland's time of hardship is over; that she will gain in wealth and in population in the decade following the land-purchase legislation.

FOR PITY'S SAKE.

The necessity that exists for supplying the markets with flesh foods is recognized by all practical persons. Of course a lecture on the sufficiency of a vegetable diet for all the legitimate requirements of human sustenance might be introduced here, but to all intents and purposes this would be useless, since the demand for flesh, fish and fowl is almost universal among men, and as in other lines supply follows demand, and will continue to follow. These things being true, it is a waste of time, sensibility and energy to protest against the slaughter of beasts, birds and fishes in order that the universal appetite for animal food may be appeased. It may, however, and indeed should be required that those who engage in the business of slaughtering animals for the markets observe, in the performance of this necessary duty, the precepts of humanity, that forbid the infliction of needless suffering upon the creatures that they kill. As related by a correspondent from Oakland, Or., a point from which thousands of dressed turkeys are shipped to the Thanksgiving and holiday markets, these fowls are subjected to great, protracted and wholly unnecessary torture in the process of preparing them for shipment. This should be stopped, either by the direct interference of representatives of the Humane Society or by the refusal of consumers to buy turkeys that have been subjected to the "sticking process" in killing, with the presumption that they have been plucked while yet alive. The correspondent to whom reference is above made urges decapitation as the swift, certain and merciful process for killing turkeys, after which they might be plucked while still warm, without the infliction of unnecessary pain. The headless tukeys offered in the market would, in this view, stand for a humane method of slaughter that should appeal to every one who is guided by the gentle and reasonable impulses of pity and mercy in dealing with the creatures whose lives are sacrificed to the needs of mankind. The plea "for pity's sake" as made by the Oakland correspondent is a timely one. If the torture of turkeys in preparation for the markets has been inflicted thoughtlessly, this presentment should do much to abolish it; if wantonly, some means whereby the fowls that will be slaughtered in our state by thousands for the holiday market may be saved from its needless infliction should be devised.

Editor Growell, of the Publishers' Weekly, has an article in a late number of the New York Independent upon the "Literary Production of the World," which is of interest, as showing the active condition of the book output as compared with the quality of the books that are thrown upon the market. In point of numbers Germany and German Austria lead the world in this output. Then follow in the order named, France, Italy, England, the United States and the Netherlands. A further classification shows that in creative works England leads the world, having by far the largest yearly output of novels, romances and works of pure imagination. In Germany educational works, theological works and books for the young predominate. France leads in the number of historical works, and Italy in religious publications. The largest number of books published in the United States fall under the department of fiction. Summing up, this writer says:

> The book trade throughout the world is suffering from overproduction, and the quality of the literature produced is deteriorating. Almost 80 per cent of the new books are superfluous, as they are either of mediocre merit or distinctly worthless, and do not in any way add to the treasures of literature.

And when supplemental to this Mr. Growell adds that it would be well to call a halt on the phenomenal output of mediocre works that have no lasting influence upon the true culture of the world, he voices the sentiment of all thoughtful, earnest men.

From one point of view Russia's struggle to secure an ice-free port on the Pacific is pathetic. She first got footing at Vladivostok, where she expended many millions to deepen the harbor, construct wharves and docks, and otherwise make the city a suitable terminus for the great Trans-Siberian Railway. The utility of the railway, which costs, first and last, about $500,000,000, depends very largely on the openness in all sorts of weather of the port at its eastern end. Vladivostok was frozen up, it was found, a large part of the year, and by rather questionable means Tsilienwan—recently christened "Dalny"—was obtained from China for an ice-free port. The Trans-Siberian Railway was extended southward across Manchuria at enormous expense to connect with Dalny, which, in turn, was converted into a great port and city at large cost. Dalny, with its miles of streets, fine public buildings and harbors and breakwater, has become one of the new marvels of the East. Now it, too, it is stated, is frozen up. Where the breakwater calms the water thick ice makes the harbor useless in Winter. Hence the need of still another terminus farther south, somewhere along the southern end of Corea, where warships and merchant ships may find open water at all seasons. But if seizing Dalny and Port Arthur, with Manchuria, which lies back of both, has made political trouble for Russia, as respects the United States and other powers, the effort to get a port in Corea, near Japan, is sure to bring on war if persisted in. Japan will fight rather than have a Russian naval station on her flank and in such a position as to obstruct Japanese predominance in Corea. Russia's quest of an ice-free port is at the bottom of much of the Eastern squabbles of the last few years.

The illness of the Czarina of Russia, though perhaps more painful than dangerous, has aroused much sympathy and apprehension. The inflammation of the ear, from which she is suffering, when developed into what is known in common terms as "mastoid trouble," becomes a very serious matter. Surgeons, recognizing the peculiar danger that attends an operation for the relief of a patient suffering from this complaint, decide upon this course only after all palliative measures have failed. The Czarina though ordinarily healthy, is of exceedingly delicate physical organization. Excessive maternity and disappointment in her failure to bring an heir to the throne have weakened her physical powers and left her an easy prey to disease. It is doubtful whether a more unhappy person lives than this gentle, golden-haired young Empress, unless it be her sister, the Grand Duchess Sergius, whose husband is the Czar's uncle. German Princesses have not usually found happiness in Russian marriages, and these daughters of Princess Alice, who were Princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt, have proved no exception to the general rule. It may be hoped that the Czarina will yet triumph over suffering and disappointment and live to give the wished-for heir to the throne of Russia.

During the year ended June 30, 1902, nine railway mail clerks were killed, 88 seriously injured and 302 slightly injured while on duty. The fatalities since July 1, 1902, number 20, the last instance being that of Clerk Southwick, of this city, killed in a wreck a few weeks ago. In view of these figures, the dangerous character of the railway mail clerks' employment is apparent, and the scale of pay should be in accordance therewith. Yet the salaries paid are small enough when the exacting nature of the employment is considered, for the railway mail clerk is one of the most important links in the postal chain. Despite these facts he is not allowed a cent for traveling expenses, although half his time is spent on the road. The Canadian government allows its employes of the same class ½ cent and 1 cent a mile for traveling by day and by night, and the claim of the American clerks for a similar allowance seems founded in justice.

The Boston Globe is celebrating a jubilee week with excellent daily issues containing reviews of the great events during and since 1873, when General Charles H. Taylor assumed the management of the paper. The idea of a week of jubilee numbers is new, but the success of the Globe and the extent of ground to be covered in the review necessitates such a plan. Naturally the Globe is optimistic, and the special articles contributed are in the same vein. New England, which may be called the nursery of nations, is declared to hold the hegemony in everything but agriculture, which it has never claimed. And the influence of the six states, it must be admitted, is sufficiently strong. As the Globe says, they have "contributed generously of their population and wealth to aid in building up other sections of the Nation, but they have also kept on increasing their own material prosperity."

The details of primary voting have been discussed in Louisiana for some time with much earnestness. The Times-Democrat (Dem.) of New Orleans is among the advocates of the Australian ballot for primaries, and makes its argument thus: "The provision that the voter can demand and receive two ballots, which may be prepared for him, while the ward boss can receive and prepare in advance of the election as many ballots as he desires, is generally regarded as opening the door wide to fraud. Whether the committee thinks that will be the effect of the rule or not, sufficient regard should be paid to public sentiment to preclude any suspicion of fraud in the election. If the rule as to duplicate ballots does not lead to frauds it is a useless provision, besides being a bald attempt to nullify the Australian ballot system."

A flotilla of torpedo-boats is gathered at Norfolk navy-yard for a start, in the near future, to Manila. They will be convoyed across the wide Pacific by a cruiser. Naval officers have no doubt but they will be able to make the long voyage safely. Seaworthy little fighters, their voyage will be watched with anxiety, not unmingled with curiosity. The cruise is a striking one, and if successful will demonstrate anew the adaptability of the torpedo-boat to the needs of the new Navy and the demands of our expanded empire.

In his demand that somebody or other furnish a right of way for the dalles canal and locks "without cost to the Government," Secretary Root seems to have made himself subject to a motion to make the complaint more definite and certain. That is to say, who does he understand should furnish the right of way—the Oregon delegation in Congress, or the City of Portland, or the town of The Dalles, or the farmers of Sherman County, or the Indians of the fishing hamlet at Celilo?

Business as Reformer.

Everybody's.

All the railroads that center in Chicago have prohibited the use of liquor or tobacco by employes when on duty. Practically all the important railroads now concur in this prohibition. The Western Electric Company and numerous other great business concerns in the West forbid not only the use of liquor, but of cigarettes and the habit, now grown to an almost incredible extent among all classes of the community, of "playing the races." Business reasons thus make necessary the control or avoidance of habits against which moral reasons are too often helpless.

EMERGENCY NEEDS IN PORTLAND

The pressing need of a surgical room or emergency hospital in the heart of town, where the victims of street accidents can receive immediate attention, was plainly demonstrated by the tragedy that occurred at the City Jail this past week. After lying on the stone floor unconscious for a day and a night, the target for the kicks and blows of a mob of hoodlums and criminals, the man with a fractured skull was ordered to the County Hospital. This happened at 4:30 in the afternoon, and the man was not moved till the next morning, a delay that might easily, in so critical a case, mean the difference between life and death. The County Hospital is two miles away, and communication with town is somewhat irregular and uncertain. If there had been a surgical room conveniently located, with a clean cot, a medicine chest and a trained nurse in attendance, the man's life might have been saved. This may not have been exactly a boon to humanity, but at least it would have freed the city from the charge of blood guiltiness in this man's death. We do not really care to have a City Jail that is a breeding place for manslaughter.

It is well known that the hospitals will not receive cases of alcoholism. It is perhaps equally well known that a fractured skull frequently escapes recognition at such times. Hundreds of cases are on record of this mistake in diagnosis on the part of physicians. The one thing that is absolutely inexcusable in this instance is the condition of the jail itself, and the utter absence of proper facilities for caring for the sick according to the dictates of common humanity. Let the stone floor and the board bed be hard as you will; let the diet, if necessary, be bread and water, but at least let the place be kept decently clean. As it is now, there is grave danger of infection in wounds that are dressed in so foul and contaminated a spot.

So long as reputable, law-abiding citizens are willing to shut their eyes to this condition of things in blissful obliviousness, accepting this blot upon a fair landscape as part of the divine but incomprehensible order of creation, not to be lightly and irreverently questioned, or looked into with prying eyes, just so long will this state of things continue. But if the various clubs would send committees of investigation, public opinion would not be able to withstand the onslaught of indignation that would arise.

There is no reason why a city that is so rich and so well stocked with intelligent citizens as Portland should not be able to afford separate cells for the inmates of her City Jail. The infection of evil that is legitimatized by this corrupting association of the various grades of criminals ought to receive the attention it deserves. This applies to the women's apartment as well as the men's. Not long ago an innocent country girl lost her way in the streets of Portland. The police found her wandering hopelessly about, dazed by the unaccustomed hubbub and confusion, not knowing where to turn for help. The patrol wagon was called and she was thrown into the City Jail, there to spend the night among a crowd of dissolute women and morphine fiends. Her only crime was that she was a stranger and had lost her way. Almost any day this occurrence may be repeated. A foreigner, unable to find his way or speak our language, is likely to be bundled into the patrol wagon and transported to the society of pickpockets and murderers.

So long as law-abiding citizens confine their hours of leisure to Browning and Gibson portfolios, golf and Chopin nocturnes, and remain blind to the vital municipal problems that cry for solution at our doors, just so long will this maladministration continue. If the people do not care, why should the City Council care? Why should the Mayor care? The City Council and the Mayor are the servants of the people and will do their bidding.

There are many pressing needs in civic reform that demand attention, but the most pressing of all is the need of a municipal league for the study of the facts that lie about us, practical information on matters relating to civic administration. It is astonishing how much ignorance there is among intelligent people concerning the way our cities are being governed. Charles Dwight Willard, secretary of the Municipal League of Los Angeles, says: "I venture to say that if you were to go into any American city and select ten bank presidents and match them against ten saloon-keepers in a competitive examination on municipal affairs, the bankers would fall down miserably in the comparison."

Before we can remedy any of the evils which lie about us we must have exact information regarding the true condition of things. We should be able to compare intelligently our own local methods with those in vogue in other cities, in order to suggest improvements. Only by such means can the remedy be applied. Investigation must precede reform.

GERTRUDE METCALFE.

The Race Issue.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Dey tells me," said Old Si, "dat de President done raised de race issue agin?"

"So it would seem."

"Well, suh, ebery man wha done raise it yit hez hed ter run erway fum it when it riz. Ef yo' go tryin' ter make er white man outer er nigger he gwine try ter hug you, sho's you bawn. Jess call him mister once and you'se Bill or Dick to him from dat on. De onliest issue ter raise wid de nigger is whar he wurkin' and who's er-feedin' him. Dat stumps de mos' on 'em! Ex fer me, I ain't sede no white man yet what is my ekal!"

"What's that?"

"No, sah! Not when hit comes ter ketchin' an' eatin' 'possums!"

'Rithmetic.

Tit-Bits.

"I have to help Johnny with his mental arithmetic every evening," said the young woman, "and it's a nuisance."

"Do you—er—know that celebrated problem about one plus one equals one?" asked the young man.

"I said mental arithmetic, not sentimental," said the young woman with great dignity.

How to Say It.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The proper noun and adjective for citizens of Panama is "Panamino," but it does not seem to be used in the news dispatches, although it is not only proper but short and musical, while "Panamanian," "Panamian" and "Panamaian" are all awkward.

Life.

Henry King.

Like to the falling of the star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or, like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid tonight.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Bear That Talks Like a Friend.

Dowager Empress, my dear,
Very queer
Is this terrible news that I hear;
I worry and weary and fret
O'er Tibet,
Which I fear the false British will get.

You're only a woman, I know,
Weak and slow,
But tell those bold British to go.
For I'm sure that the monsters have planned
To put hand
On a pretty big slice of your land.

I speak as a kind-hearted friend,
To the end
That no one your country may rend,
But this you may take as a fact—
You must act
To keep your dominions intact.

If others but knew how I grieve,
I believe
They would cease to expand and to thieve;
And I'm specially grieved, you can bet,
O'er Tibet,
For my plans are completely upset.

With Manchuria thoroughly cinched,
I'd have inched
To the East till all India was pinched,
But this most unregenerate move
Seems to prove
That the Briton is leaving his groove.

So I, for your benefit, say
That your way
Is to chase all the rest from Cathay,
And while you're mixed up in the scrap
I won't nap,
But get busy improving the map.

Panamaniacal.

Colombian honor's aroused
In a way that it has of its own,
And the army is marching amain
To capture the town of Colon;
And its pathway, as you know, is smooth and clean,
If it weren't for the mountains in between.

And when all the mountains are crossed,
And the isthmus resounds with their whoops,
The patriots soon will make hash
Of the raggedy isthmian troops;
They'd be monarchs, dukes, and czars of all the scene,
If it weren't for the Yankees in between.

Some nations are watching their chance
For a clutch on the coming canal,
And gladly they'd open their arms
To make a Colombian pal;
And another state of things would soon subvene,
If it weren't for the Stars and Stripes between.

More Expense.

"Paw," cried little Willie wildly,
"Maw has fell an' broke her leg."
"Bless me," father murmured mildly,
"'Spose she'll want a wooden peg."

Have you seen Louie Cohen?

All cranks turn toward the President.

Some theatrical managers that can stand pat appear unable to stand Patti.

General Wood is beginning to discover that friends are doubtful advantages.

The Chicago bandits did their best, but they failed to reach Tracy's standard.

For Bryan's own sake, we hope he didn't try getting into a hansom soon after buying his top-hat.

Even the optimistic Brooklyn Eagle must droop a little as it turns from Grover Cleveland to Judge Parker.

On his recent trip Colonel Hawkins found a fish with a tail like a cow. In the interests of science, he might at least have made an attempt to milk it.

With the passing of Swinburne, the English tongue will lose its best-obeyed master. He was the pied piper of the language, and words danced to his piping as to no other's.

Mr. Harrison, of San Francisco, it appears, was in the habit of kissing his typewriter, and his wife was unprogressive enough to object to this "touch system."

When the proprietor of a hotel condemns its accommodations, we believe it must be bad. Therefore, when Chief Hunt deplores the condition of the City Jail, the city should realize that "something must be done." Portland is, indeed, progressive. She has outgrown her jail, if not her churches.

What Mrs. Malaprop called a nice "derangement of epitaphs" is to be found in J. M. Long's remarks concerning Chief Hunt. "A man," says Mr. Long, "might as well talk to a brick as to try to talk to Chief Hunt; when you try to talk to him he flies off the handle, and flares up so that you can't get any satisfaction at all."

There have been many styles in visiting cards, but since the elaborately ornamented pattern used by our great-grandfathers was consigned to the limbo of the unfashionable, the mode has grown simpler and simpler. Simplicity, of course, is well, but the mere announcement of a man's name, with possibly the information that he belongs to the United Metropolitan Club, leaves too much to the imagination. This has been recognized in Portland, a town particularly appropriate for the birthplace of a new social movement. As an old and prosperous center, this city has every right to the social primacy of the West. It is, therefore, with especial pleasure that we reproduce the card of one of Portland's young men, changing nothing but the proper name:

> GREGORY U. UNDERPATH,
> Apprentice to A. Green & Co.,
> Plumbers, 923 Ninth Street.
> Ex-Usher Baker and Marquam Grand Theaters.
> Member Y. M. C. A.

The advantages of such a card are obvious, and its development is inevitable. In a year or two cards will undoubtedly give the date of birth, the history and prospects, and the wealth of their owners.

It is suggested by a writer in the New York Times that when the next "big" wedding is celebrated, friends, instead of buying presents for the wealthy bride and bridegroom, send their cheques to a fund for providing poorer couples with furniture. This sounds plausible, but where could the line be drawn? The Duchess of Roxburghe receives presents valued at a million dollars, while Mrs. de Smith's are valued at a thousand. Mrs. de Smith could find many a bride to whom a tenth of the value of her presents would mean a well-furnished house, but it is unlikely she would welcome the suggestion. Indeed, the only persons likely to approve of it are the very rich. It would save them trouble to draw a check and escape the consideration of a gift. Those less wealthy would shy at the idea, for the exact amount of their contribution would be apparent to the world, while there is always more or less mystery about the price of a present.

WEXFORD JONES.