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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 47; minimum temperature, 31; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy; variable winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1903.

MORALS OF THE STAGE.

PORTLAND, Dec. 4.—(To the Editor.)—"Immorality of the Stage" is the title under which a somewhat extraordinary editorial appeared, a short time ago, in The Oregonian.

With four regular companies of actors appearing in this city nightly, it is surprising that there is none among them who will come to the aid of his profession in time of unwarranted attack. I am not an actor, nor the son of an actor, but I would like for you to explain, for the benefit of one who is ignorant of the stage, but cognizant of the undeviating veracity of The Oregonian, whether or not truth or falsehood was uttered when you published the following unqualified sentence: "The only virtuous women across the footlights are those too young to know better, or else too old or plain to be tempting." Is this statement a recognized truth, or is it made as a result of the editor's personal contact with "the women across the footlights"? Also is the remainder of the article as true as the portion quoted?

LOUIS CHRIST.

The context from which the correspondent's quotation is abstracted shows that what he reproduces as the assertion of The Oregonian was not its assertion at all, but one sentence in an expression of the viewpoint of the modern and objectionable plays, in which virtue is made unattractive and sin is treated as an excruciating joke, the heroines are fallen women in one or another guise and the only virtuous female characters are either "too young to know better or else too old or plain to be tempting." Upon this head it is useless to expand. Every playgoer is familiar with the beautiful sinner, set forth attractively and sympathetically by our reigning queens of the emotional drama.

We do not know why no actor or actress has replied to the editorial in question; but we have given them the credit of believing that they know its truth and share its hope of better things. So far as the Baker company is concerned, The Oregonian knows such of its members as it is acquainted with belong to those who, in the words of the article quoted, "know too well the baseness of the plays they are compelled to produce, and who shrink from the godless life that swarms about them, with its constant flings at moral and religious truth, its hostility to the pulpit, its impatience of high standards, its resentment at honest criticism." If our correspondent can meet them in a confidential mood, he will find out for himself what they think of the "animal plays," and how they long for the day when the honors of the profession will be withheld from notorious rakes and women with a fresh husband every year.

No more pointed rebuke of the vicious play could be afforded than the remarkable success made in Portland the past week by two plays of clean and wholesome mold—"Ben Hur" and "Jim the Penman." The atmosphere of the first is intensely moral, one might almost say evangelistic; and the breathless interest with which blase theatergoers have followed its beautiful and thrilling climaxes and the applause they have showered upon exhibits in the old and homely virtues of domestic love and constancy demonstrate the utter needlessness of the unscrupulous playwright's appeal to baseness. The average man or woman will go away from "Ben Hur" with an impulse toward goodness which equals if it does not surpass the effect of the most powerful sermon.

The moral value of such plays as "Jim the Penman" and "The Climbers" can hardly be overestimated. In these and similar plays the dramatist has maintained the worthy purpose of showing the irremediable blot which sin puts upon the character of the sinner. It is a fine fidelity to truth which brings Ralston's tragic death to pass as the only escape from an extremity to which he has been brought by his own misdeeds, and which forfeits for the erring husband in "The Climbers" the respect and confidence of those around him, even when he is seized with remorse and would make amends. It is well for the public to show in a substantial way their approval of plays like these. It is equally incumbent upon them to stay away from the unworthy ones. That is the best service the true friend of the dramatic profession can render its deserving members. The bitterest enemy of the high-minded actor and actress is he who helps to cultivate or condone the vitiated public taste which binds them down to questionable plays and questionable associates.

DIVORCE IN THE SMART SET.

A week ago at Newport, R. I., were married two members of the highest circle of society, Mrs. Mary Neilson Kemp, of New York, and Hollis H. Hunnewell, Jr., of Massachusetts. Mrs. Kemp did not sue for a divorce until last May, but during the whole Summer she and her contemplated husband No. 2 were constantly in each other's company, and their courtship was a daily delight to the yellow journals. Within two hours after the divorce was declared the divorced woman was married to No. 2 by the Judge who handed down the decree. The groom, Mr. Hunnewell, had been divorced once, and his first wife had already married again. Both bride and groom had had children. There were eleven persons at the ceremony, and of these five had been through the divorce courts. The bride was attended by a woman who had been divorced; she was given away by her uncle, who had also been divorced. The Springfield Republican describes these people as "social anarchists, who are a peril to American civilization," and the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York City, in a recent sermon propounded the following conundrum to his wealthy congregation:

> What can be done to stop married people from putting away each other as soon as they get tired of each other and adding to the sin of unfaithfulness the fresh sin of rushing into the arms of the partners of their guilt?

We presume the congregation felt like saying: "We give it up." Mrs. Hunnewell was formerly a Catholic. If she has not already left the church, by her recent marriage she is excommunicated, after obtaining a divorce from her first husband. The rites of the church will be denied her so long as she remains the wife of Mr. Hunnewell. These antics among the "smart set" need surprise nobody who has read Colonel Watterson's description of them, in which he characterized them as "creatures whose every happiness comes back to their stomach at last." Intelligence, simian; manners, none; customs, beastly, are some of the terms used by Colonel Watterson to describe their social condition. If a man worthy of a better fate should marry one of these women surely it would be an act of inhumanity to make his divorce difficult.

But then a good many persons who do not belong to "the smart set" and who if "vulgar" do not belong to the circle of "the vulgar rich," behave in various parts of the country as if easy divorce "tasted good." For example: at Joplin, Jasper County, Mo., 110 divorces were granted lately. Forty-five couples were divorced in a single day. Four couples were all divorced in one day and two of the men were married to two of the women before sundown. There isn't any cure for what is called the "divorce evil" except the multiplication of decent marriages, that, being true marriages, do not fall asunder of their own weight. People that are decently mated do not trouble the divorce courts, and when people are indecently mated they are better divorced. The large majority of divorces granted by our courts are granted on the prayer of the wife and for good and just cause. Women who are deserted, who are brutally beaten, who are married to men of degraded and degrading habits, form the majority of applicants for divorce, and with this increase in divorce we see no evidence of increased immorality but of increased humanity in the law's treatment of women.

THE RETICULE HABIT.

When we consider the matchless burglar-proof properties of the feminine pocket, the perversity of the so-called gentler sex in abandoning it for the loosely dangling reticule, handbag, willow basket or swinging purse must be classed with the problems that await the coming philosopher.

It is declared by scholars that the reticule habit dates from remote antiquity, perhaps the stone age, and it is certain that it is adumbrated in the basket habit of the American aborigines—also in vogue now with the reversionary element of our own population. It may be calculated, therefore, that the sum total of feminine possessions would now be greater by some hundreds of thousands of dollars if the habit had been broken off, say, in the reign of Queen Anne or Elizabeth. The movement of money and merchandise through the snatched reticule has never been accurately set out in Government statistics, and may go far towards explaining some mysteries of the circulation and the balance of trade.

Far be it from mere man to offer any invidious comment upon the habit in question or to urge with any show of spirit its eradication. But it is perhaps admissable to adduce one or two palpable inconveniences of the practice. One is the palpitation into which the hypothecation of the reticule by a bicycle thief always throws the victim. She is apt to lose poise, she may lose her temper. A case is authenticated in which the loser of a reticule became so excited in the pursuit of her despoiler that she forthwith lost her false teeth and her purse; and while the reticule subsequently turned up at the police station, the teeth and purse had apparently found other permanent ownership. It is a solemn fact that the dental article in question would be of about as much use to its finder as the contents of the average reticule.

The most cogent reason for eschewing the handbag is the fact that it subjects so many persons to temptation. Do not blame the thief—he is merely the victim of the temptation that is hung in his way. If there is need of another woman's club, it might be profitably formed on the basis of anti-reticule.

LOVE AS WELL AS LAW.

The reckless exploits of the young Chicago bandits have formed the sensation of the hour in that city and elsewhere. A pregnant comment upon the career of these youthful highwaymen and murderers was made in a sermon preached by the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of the First Congregational Church, of Chicago. "Where shall we find the root of such bloody deeds?" he asked, and then after enumerating various superficial causes, he said, "Back of all this state of lawlessness is the home without law or love."

We are familiar with the indictment of the home without law. Unruly boys, as they come to grief in later years, visit their iniquities upon the heads of lax parents. It is a trite remark that law has so little veneration from many men and some women because as children they were not taught to obey. And this is true. Very much of the disorder and diabolism of our hoodlums and criminals is the legitimate result of the home without law.

But Dr. Bartlett touches a truth not so generally exploited when he brings up for notice the home without love. The child needs the stern discipline of the father, but also the affectionate solicitude and care of the mother. Especially in the early years do the tender plants of the household need the gentle sun and showers of motherly love and tears, that their buds of good impulses may expand into all perfect fruition of strong and lovely character. The father's law and the mother's love—the two must be combined for the promotion of the character that will abide.

Mothers whose affections and attentions are centered on clubs and theaters, dress and house adornment, social functions and neighborhood gossip, are unfaithful to their trust. In after days, when neglected children go down before temptation because they have not been anchored to truth and goodness by domestic ties, such mothers are accessories to acts like the Chicago murders. The home without love is as dangerous as the home without law.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer, the greatest of modern thinkers, is reported to be seriously ill and as he is in his 84th year and has always been of frail health since boyhood it is probable that his death is not far distant. Spencer is regarded as the most powerful and original thinker the world has known for more than a century, not because the idea of evolution was original with either him or Darwin, but because of his original systematic application of this theory to the whole life of the world, both the spiritual and physical growth of man. In his first notable book, published in 1850, Mr. Spencer, who had been educated as a civil engineer, was an uncompromising advocate of the individual liberty with the least possible interference by the state. He had no mind to see personal liberty restricted further than was absolutely necessary for the cohesion of society; he was always bitterly opposed to socialism, especially that phase of it which would reduce the individual to a part of mechanism. His theories of evolution led him to regard the individual man as the highest specialization, the grandest production of evolution yet reached.

This political philosophy was expressed by Thomas Jefferson, who was our great apostle of individualism and was never weary of saying, "He governs best who governs least." The basis of Spencer's philosophy was stated when he said: "The truth of all organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity," but the doctrine of evolution was by no means a discovery of either Darwin or Spencer. It is as old as Democritus of Abdera, a famous Greek philosopher, who was contemporary with Socrates, more than four centuries before the Christian era. It was a speculation of Oken, a German naturalist, and of Goethe. It was suggested by Leibnitz and Lamarck, Hegel applied it to questions of history. The function of Darwin was to supply the scientific proofs of evolution for natural history, and the aim of Spencer was to apply it to psychology and society. Spencer was an original thinker because he saw the question of development to be of universal application, and in the verification of his all-embracing philosophy he displayed his extraordinary powers of thought. As early as 1855 men like Mill, Tyndall and Huxley recognized the powerful grasp of Spencer's reflection and logic. His psychological doctrine was that the mental faculties and powers are acquired by the slow modifications of living organisms, influenced by environment, experience, association, heredity and selection.

Spencer's position is the existence of an unknowable power lying beyond the ken of philosophy. In this view he was supported by Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley. Indeed, Huxley was "the bulldog" in the intellectual ring for both Darwin and Spencer. Huxley once declared that Darwin was like "an inspired dog, at once inarticulate and full of most valuable thoughts," and while Spencer had more gift of literary expression than Darwin, his style is hard and dry, the style of a pure thinker rather than a literary artist. Spencer has been chiefly concerned with the force of his arguments rather than the excellence of his literary skill. Spencer sought to show that consciousness is a product of continuous evolution on lines corresponding to Darwin's theory of structural and functional continuity in plants and animals. Perceptions of matter, motion, space and time are shown to have been acquired empirically by men, partly through the persistency of corresponding external phenomena and partly through the transmission of the accumulated ancestral experience in the form of modified structure. Heredity is held by Spencer to be one of the principles by which individuals have been brought into a social unity. Spencer does not admit an intuitive basis of morality. For him conscience is the product of evolution, but he confesses that the conditions of human life are too complex for "definite conclusions through its entire range." Of course Spencer, like Darwin, never claimed for his philosophy infallibility; they simply presented a hypothesis which they indeavored conscientiously to verify by facts.

Of the intellectual pre-eminence of Spencer the late John Fiske in his delightful reminiscences of Huxley says that Spencer is by the unanimous confession of all English thinkers, whether they agree with his conclusions or not, regarded as the most commanding intellect in the world. Huxley told Fiske that Spencer by mere power of rapid, strong and subtle analysis, could reach correct conclusions upon many subjects to which he had given no serious study and but brief reflection. Huxley said that in pure, intellectual power, separated from great learning, Spencer is easily supreme above men of great scientific attainments. He was regarded by Huxley as a man of genius worthy to rank with Spinoza in intellectual power, and Spinoza Huxley held to be a far greater thinker than Bacon. The theories of Spencer have greatly affected the best thought of the present day, and revolutionized the culture of his time. By his insistence on the existence of a power underlying evolution he has contributed to the unity of science and religion and uttered the protest of the religious conviction of the age against the tendency to reduce religion to a purely natural basis. He has been justly called the most uncompromising optimist of his time. His belief is that evolution is ever working to the best results. His faith in goodness never wavers, but dominates his whole theory and practice in his sociology and ethics, in his politics and his religion.

It was fortunate for the world that Spencer was an Englishman, for, as Gladstone said, "A truly great work must owe its birth not only to man of genius as its father but to a society of intellectual freedom as its mother." Thought is far more completely untrammeled in England than it is even in America. From Newton down to Darwin and Spencer England has produced the majority of the great men of science who were able to "think God's thoughts after him." In the current number of the Atlantic Leslie Stephen says of Spencer, "What impressed me most forcibly was the admirable simplicity and candor of the man. There is something impressive in the sight of a man giving himself up so unreservedly to the guidance of what he takes to be the voice of pure reason and so absolutely indifferent to any other human authority. He does not suggest, like Carlyle, personal arrogance, but simply surrenders to obviously self-evident truth."

THE CHURCH FAIR.

The church fair, whether as an expression of ecclesiastical thrift, an indication of financial necessity or an occasion of social enjoyment and church fellowship, is an institution which has a recognized place in the community. The first week in December is the season that it claims for its own, and right royally does it take possession of its rights and privileges. The week just ended has been a busy one in its interest. Scores of women, alert, capable and more or less anxious, as becomes responsible persons, have been abroad in its interests for some days, while for many months clubs, working at stated times in the homes of their members, have been busy devising ways and means upon which the success of the annual fairs depends. This is over for a season, and today vacant seats in many churches will be in mute evidence of the utter weariness of workers who are compelled to rest after the fatigues of the week.

As often as this stage of the church fair is reached—which is regularly once a year—church women ask themselves and each other, "Does it pay?" As far as concerns the money actually realized from the sales of their handiwork over and above the cost of materials, this question can hardly be answered in the affirmative. If the time, labor, nerve force expended in preparation for the church fairs were assets, computed or computable in the problem involved in this question, there could be but one answer. But women are cheerful givers of these things and take little if any account of them. And as to the actual cost in money employed in the purchase of materials that enter into the fair's stock in trade, this is set aside with the sage conclusion that it would probably be frittered in some other way and is saved, rather than lost, in this effort.

It is in the social feature that the church fair is strong. Instinct with the "get-together" principle, its influence is diffused in smiles, in cheerful words, in music, in the gospel of good clothes, in the fragrant cup of tea and in the fraternal feeling that comes from working or associating together for a common object, which is accepted as a worthy one. The church fair may be criticised as representing large means to small ends; as imposing work upon a limited number of women that jades them almost to the point of physical collapse; that savors of mendicancy in its earnest pursuit of money. But in doing so the facts in the case are more than likely to be exaggerated, while as regards its social features and the touch of human interest that the church fair induces, there can be but one conclusion and that a favorable one. In making up the returns from the church fairs of the week let this feature be assessed at its true value and the tax upon energy, ingenuity and industry that was levied in their behalf be not grudged.

RYE AND THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

What do the American tourists, whose travels must greatly nullify it, think of our "favorable balance of trade"? It is to be feared that they entirely fail to share Secretary Wilson's joyful feelings on the subject, and that they rather view it with disgust. Nor is their sentiment unintelligible. When a man has left Kalamazoo for a tour of the Holy Land, it must gall him to find an American plow tearing up the soil that he had expected to see scratched by an ox-drawn implement of wood. The wanderer to Patagonia is robbed of his well-earned local color when he is given, not the jerked beef of story, but the corned beef of Chicago. The adventurous family all the way from Pike is righteously indignant to find the disciple of Mohammed making Turkish cigarettes from American tobacco and the resplendent Moon of the Imperial Harem wearing shoes from Massachusetts. The "favorable balance of trade" is to the tourist in search of change nothing but an ogre that feeds upon romance.

And even the land of Lorna Doone is affected. Devonshire, famous for its cider, of which Jan Ridd must have deeply drunken, is drawing its supplies of that invigorating beverage from America. And listen to the naive way in which a British importer discloses a Yankee method of increasing the favorable balance. Consul Halstead says in an official report:

> A cider maker tells me that 10 or 12 years ago there was a good deal of American cider imported into this district, and the American methods of preparing it were then, he admits, superior to English methods. Some of this American cider had, he says, owing to the fact that it was shipped in barrels which had formerly held rye whisky, a flavor which was very much liked.

O temperance-loving Devonians, who drink nothing stronger than cider, beware! That seductive flavor was never found in apples. That exhilarating effect never inhered in a "soft" drink. Dash down the mug; you are swallowing whisky. And the American tourist, who very likely has a flask of rye in his pocket, calls for a mug of Devonshire cider, only to taste a mixture of Missouri apple juice and bad whisky!

Yet the idea is not without a certain attraction, especially to those that have goods for export. Oregon might soon control the British market if a few boxes of prunes were occasionally soaked in brandy. "Blimy! Wot a tayste these 'ere prunes 'ave got," the British workman would remark to his missus, and his week's wages would go to the grocer instead of to the publican.

The territory of Delaware is so limited that her citizens stand ready to fight for every rod of ground that they account within their boundaries. For thirty years the state has been contesting with New Jersey—another state that has no area to spare—over the fishing rights within the "twelve-mile circle" on the Delaware River. A decision of the question has not yet been reached, but there is said to be a fair prospect that one will be rendered within the next two years. The fight is an interesting one as representing the right of domain on the one side and unneighborly aggressiveness upon the other. Briefly stated there was a time when the twelve-mile circle from Newcastle, Del., stretched across into Jersey and included the site of some towns, at this time populous. Delaware gave up the soil in Jersey to the "proprietors," but has always held that her cession was only to low-water mark, and that every Jersey fisherman within this limit was a trespasser. This claim New Jersey contests, first upon the ground that whatever rights Delaware had were covered by the cession secured, and by the great law of public policy, which makes navigable rivers common property. The claim of Delaware to the ownership of fish in transit across the disputed space is a surprising one and can hardly be allowed, and the controversy upon the whole seems to be childish, while the expense of maintaining it is out of all proportion to any benefits that could possibly accrue, should the victory of this thirty years' war finally go to Delaware. The principle seems to be one of doubtful value rather than of vested rights, but it is sufficiently well defined to arouse the question of state allegiance, which, whether it hinges on politics or patriotism, is a burning one. Much opprobrium has been heaped on Delaware in recent years, but in her career of more than two centuries there is much to admire, and very few outside of those whose interests are involved in the outcome will censure her for her plucky determination to maintain her territorial rights against all comers, whether Maryland, New Jersey or Pennsylvania, with each of which she has had trouble of this kind in times past.

Congress meets in regular session on Monday. As a National election is to be held next year it is not likely that any important legislation will be enacted that can be deferred until the political battle of 1904 is over. The Democracy will make the most of the postoffice scandals and the Congressional investigation that may possibly be ordered. The minority will be prepared to make party capital wherever possible, and will be exceptionally well led in the Senate by Mr. Gorman and in the House by John Sharp Williams, of Yazoo, Miss., who succeeds James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, as leader of the Democracy. Mr. Williams is in his 50th year, is a well-educated man, who has all his life been a hard student and an industrious reader of sound literature. At Heidelberg University he mastered German and French. He was born at Memphis. His father was Colonel of a regiment of Tennessee volunteers in the Confederate Army and was killed at Shiloh. He and his brothers are joint owners of 8000 acres of land in the Yazoo country. He was elected to Congress in 1892. Speaker Cannon regards Mr. Williams as an exceptionally able man, and General Grosvenor says that he is without question the best equipped man on the floor for Democratic leader. His mind works quickly; he is vigilant, and he is a keen debater. He does not pretend to be a good parliamentarian, but De Armond of Missouri will prompt him.

The Philadelphia Press recently had an article entitled "What the Silent Pulpit Ought to Say." The pulpit is not responsible for its silence, because the pulpit in all matters of real public consequence is obliged to voice the majority of its influential pew-owners or step down and out. A clergyman of great talents as a pulpit orator is sometimes permitted to go as he pleases, because he is a drawing card, and any attempt to silence him would be as ineffectual as a revolt of the town paupers against the almshouse, but the average clergyman always wears a gag upon his lips, imposed by the pews. In the old days of slavery no minister who was not a man of exceptional power was permitted to preach an anti-slavery sermon. Many of those who did were dismissed. The grandfather of Pierpont Morgan lost his pulpit in Medford because he preached for temperance. Does anybody suppose that the pastor of President Baer's church would hold his pulpit long if he preached a sermon denouncing the coal combination and approving of the decision of the Roosevelt tribunal? A Phillips Brooks, a Channing, a Parker, a Beecher would refuse to wear a gag on his lips, because he could always find a pulpit, but clerical mediocrity always wears a gag upon its lips imposed by the dominant pews. No wonder high-spirited men are not anxious to become clergymen.

Mr. Rockefeller has pledged $200,000 to Vassar College on condition that a like sum is secured from other sources by June, 1904. Vassar wants a million—a sum so small by comparison with the published wants of Columbia, which represents ten millions, the capacity of Harvard, which took in four millions lately, and the demand of Chicago for indefinite millions, as to be remarkable. And Vassar is one of the colleges that deserves all that it can get, having made practical use of all that it has had.

Addressing the Socialists in the labor body in denying their demand for political action on the part of the American Federation of Labor, President Gompers said with some asperity: "Economically you are unsound; socially you are wrong and industrially you are an impossibility." An estimate both terse and comprehensive, and one that a man of less assured position as a champion of organized labor scarcely dare to make.

An Alabama jury and then the Alabama Supreme Court have decided that Peter Crenchsaw, a negro, is entitled to vote in elections. Crenchsaw had been a Federal soldier in the Civil War, and under the new state constitution the surviving soldiers of both North and South can vote. The registrars of Limestone County tried to shut out the negro even after seeing his Army record, but the Alabama courts have repudiated their action.

United States Senator Hoar says that Daniel Webster was only 5 feet 9 inches in stature and weighed but 154 pounds. The Great Expounder just reached the standard for admission into the ranks of the Portland police and firemen. Fortunate man; he just escaped degeneracy!

Better Things Than Politics.

Grangeville Free Press.

The people of Idaho County are not bothering themselves about who will be Governor next year. Big crops, fat stock and rich mines absorb their time with something more interesting and profitable than politics.

Bully for Bill.

Philadelphia Press.

The announcement by Colonel Bryan that he is going to stay in politics for the next 25 years is received with enthusiasm by all the Republicans of the country.

WHEN THE PURSE STRINGS OPEN

The season of open purse-strings is now upon us, and within the next three weeks some millions of dollars will be given throughout Christendom to relieve the needs of the poor. In no other part of the world probably does the fine art of giving require more delicate tact or higher intelligence on the part of the giver than here on the Pacific Coast, owing to conditions that are peculiar to this region. There is less class distinction between the rich and the poor, more real democracy of feeling, a nicer balance of physical and intellectual power on this borderland of the Pacific than in any other part of the world. The self-respect, the independence, the dignity of the common man, is greater here than elsewhere; and with these qualities goes also increased sensitiveness to patronage. This it is that makes it more difficult here than elsewhere to give help to the worthy in time of distress.

There is no well-defined class of incompetents hanging on to the skirts of society here as in Eastern cities, creatures of stunted mentality, degenerates, who are utterly unfit to cope with the world and fight life's battles. These are the dregs of humanity left by heredity from generations of improper living. Wherever man puts a high price upon God's land, wherever sunlight and pure air are crowded out of the tenement districts, and sweatshops are the fashion, and Winter's cold pens human creatures into narrow, straight-jacket houses, as cattle are penned into boxcars—where these conditions prevail, and children are born to a heritage of vitiated air and disease-breeding walls, there we have the making of this class of degenerates. Even so far West as Chicago this may be found, but not in San Francisco, nor in any Pacific Coast city. Our milder climate and more generous breathing space go far to make the difference. But a still more potent force has been at work eliminating this ineffective dead-weight mass of humanity, viz., the migration of the race westward. The hardships of frontier life do not encourage the presence of weaklings. And so it happens that here on the farthest edge of the great Northwest we find humanity in a measure sifted of its physical and mental defects, a sound and hardy race, more self-reliant, more adaptable, more proudly independent, more aggressive, than anywhere else on the globe.

All these causes, together with unusual opportunities for work, have reduced poverty to a minimum, but at the same time have increased to an extraordinary degree the difficulty of discovering cases of real distress, and when found, of alleviating this distress in a way that will prove acceptable. As a rule the needy with us require temporary aid only, help in emergencies that have arisen without warning—accident, unforeseen illness, where provision could not be made in advance. To be the means of bringing relief in such cases is indeed a privilege, of no less value to the giver than to the receiver.

But while the migration westward has in a measure eliminated the physical and mental degenerates, the same force has brought to us a rather large proportion of the criminal class, daring and crafty scoundrels, who have been successful in eluding justice. Much of the suffering that exists among us comes as a result of this criminal force working out its ends upon the innocent members of society. There are innumerable instances of wife-desertion, and dwarfed, unhappy childhood that may be traced directly to this cause.

In general it may be said that we have small need here of material aid, and very large need of the curative power of human sympathy, the strain of warm human feeling that is oftimes of more real and substantial value than dollars and cents can ever be. GERTRUDE METCALFE.

Niches in the Temple of Fame.

New York Sun.

King John had just signed the Magna Charta.

"I didn't know what I was doing," he humbly explained to his infuriated relatives: "I thought it was an application for a gas meter."

Subsequent developments proved that the mistake was almost as costly as his original intention.

Peter the Hermit was living in a cave.

"I did it to escape the janitor," he whispered.

Fearing his quarters would become overcrowded if the public learned his reason, he begged that it be kept secret.

Savanarola was exhorting the Florentines to cast their jewels into the fire.

"But," asked his friends, "what led you to start this campaign?"

"I had a jewel of a cook," replied the great man, grimly.

With a joyous whoop, the public clamored to follow his example.

John Brown had just captured Harper's Ferry.

"I've made a fearful mistake," he admitted. "I should have taken the Staten Island ferry and become a popular hero."

Realizing, however, that it was too late for action, he did his best toward filling a niche in history.

Kicking Against the Pricks.

Greenville (S. C.) News.

Many leading Democrats, who are not seeking the Presidential nomination, have expressed the opinion that the party is not being benefited by the launching of booms for the various candidates. They believe that the salvation of the organization depends on harmony, where issues and not men must be first considered. While many names of available men have been presented, it has not been possible thus far to center on a leader. The feeling of discord in the ranks is best explained by the statement frequently published that while Mr. Cleveland would be the most formidable candidate, and might have a better chance of winning than Gorman or the others, he could never secure the nomination in the convention. He has more enemies in the Democratic party than Bryan, and yet there is a strong sentiment in the country that he could be elected.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

As ships, becalm'd at eve that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain, they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

How Rudersdorf Saved Spokane.

A tomcat claiming Spokane as its home was chased to the top of a telephone pole by dogs. Too frightened to come down, the animal made life unbearable for its neighbors by howling until President Rudersdorf, of the Humane Society, gave a lineman $5 to bring it down.

The shades of night had fallen on the city of Spokane,
When all at once a fiend or spook to rend
the air began.
Such howlings and such r-rasping yells as
on the air were tosst,
Could only come from some poor soul tormented with the lost.
The children in their little cots cried wildly
in their fright,
And fathers paced the floor with them
throughout the livelong night;
Strong men were filled with terror, and
maidens swooning fell,
And holy men prepared themselves to meet
the hosts of hell.
Slow dragged the weary minutes till the sun
rose bright and clear,
And the terror-stricken people saw the object of their fear.

It was no soul from hades, in its anguish
singing flat,
It was just a badly-frightened, common,
ornery tom cat.
Marooned upon a lofty pole the cat was
scared to death,
But the strength of sixty sirens seemed to
sizzle in its breath.
The air was ripped to tatters, and the ear
was torn to bits,
For the cat was giving all the town some
choice catniption fits.

Stern men who'd fit with Injuns, and had
punched the savage cow,
Began to gather silently, and people feared
a row.
The meeting was assembled in a quite "contagious" street,
And the vigilantes chose as boss relentless
Utah Pete.
With guns in hand and murder clear in
every bloodshot eye,
They yelled in fearsome cadence, "That
thomas cat must die."
They started for the lofty pole, and had
they moved an inch,
Spokane's fair fame would soon have had
a stain from Justice Lynch.
But at the fateful moment brave Rudersdorf unspake,
For well he knew the cat's nine lives were
every one at stake.

"Ho now," said he, "give ear my men, and
hearken unto me:
You would not take advantage of a cat
that's up a tree.
The name and fame of proud Spokane must
never suffer stain,
But likewise must the cat be stopped from
giving us a pain,
So here's five silver dollars to the man will
climb the pole,
And bring the timid thomas cat to safety,
glad and whole."
"I take your offer," loudly cried a gallant
lineman there,
And in a moment more he was full forty
feet in air.
With pussy on his shoulders, he came to
earth once more,
And from the wild Spokanians arose a
swelling roar
In honor of the hero with true and dauntless soul,
Who for a mere five dollars rescued pussy
from a pole.

If the anti-saloon party wins, Salem will be out of joint.

News that the foes of the mosquito are to organize seems to prove the brotherhood of man.

Verily the sturdy old pioneer stock has passed away, when Portlanders kick at a little pure mud in their milk.

Admirers of the "balance-of-trade" idea never allude to the extremely unfavorable showing we make in the emigrant business.

Careful reading forces upon us the conclusion that the concensus of editorial opinion is that Miquelon is a dependency of Canada's.

If a good steamer race were arranged on the Columbia, the America's cup would be forgotten. A sporting offer has been made, anyway.

The inventor of roller skates has just died in Indiana. So far as the records go it appears that Noah was the inventor of high-roller skates.

That a wagonload of smuggled Chinese should have tipped over into the Erie Canal shows that accident sometimes selects the right place to fall.

One girl such as Maggie Wright, who dared a horrible death to rescue her brother from their burning house at Whatcom, makes up for a thousand title-hunting heiresses and divorced actresses.

The surprise of the railroad companies each year, when they find another car-shortage exists, is refreshing. That such conditions should recur year after year fills the dear people with the utmost astonishment.

This is a conversation that actually occurred at a matinee performance of Ben Hur:

"Ain't them horses fine!"
"Them's not real horses."
"They are, too."
"They're fine imitations, but they're just cardboard figures."

And nothing could persuade the second speaker that the horses were anything but cardboard.

Since golf courses are constructed with artificial hazards and bunkers, why do not the Alpine Club people or the Mazamas build themselves a mountain on the same plan? As things are now, one peak offers one brand of danger to climbers' necks, and another has a different difficulty. As famous mountains are scattered so widely it takes a man a very long time to risk his life in all the customary ways. A carefully designed peak would offer all these dangers on the club grounds. Besides vigorous work with the shovel would alter the peak daily, so that every member could taste the mountaineer's supremest delight by scaling a virgin summit.

Those of the "Ben Hur" crowds who had previously seen a sure-enough horse race must have been struck by the vast superiority of the one conducted by the show people. Instead of catching a momentary glimpse of whizzing horses in an indistinguishable jumble, here the races were in full view all the time, and those that wanted variety had the passing scenery to please them. There is a fortune in store for the man who will start a race track on modern times. A treadmill could be provided for each horse, a simple indicator showing the number of revolutions a minute, a more accurate and fairer way of estimating the animal's speed. No competitor would have an advantage at turns or drier parts of the track. Spectators would have an uninterrupted view, and the treadmills could be pulled along on rails to end the race in front of the reserved seats. We confidently expect to read at an early date reports like this: Klaw and Erlanger cup—1000 revolutions—Ben Hur 1, Messala 2, Whatelsname 3. Time, 5:3⅘. Or the race might go to the one making the greatest number of revolutions in a given time.

WEXFORD JONES.