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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1904.

AN AGNOSTIC INCONSISTENCY.

Readers of Harper's Magazine are treated to an admirable essay from Mr. W. D. Howells on the newly promulgated doctrines of Alfred Russel Wallace regarding the universe. Dr. Wallace, it will be remembered, first in a magazine article and subsequently in a book, upholds the belief that man is unique in Nature. He finds the solar system unique in the universe, the earth unique among the planets, and man, therefore, the end and aim of creation. Mr. Howells confesses the charm of this view; and he treats it with sympathy and approval, along substantially the same lines, with repeated discussion in these columns. This correspondence of views, taken in connection with a similar agreement in attitude toward the war in the Orient, suggests that Mr. Howells reads his Oregonian faithfully and to good purpose.

Our present thought, however, is to utilize this Harper's essay as throwing a suggestive light upon two antagonistic theses of the anti-religious or materialistic school of philosophy. One of these theses is the belittling conception of the human race, disapproved by Mr. Howells. The idea is that man, being one of uncounted billions or nonillions of equally intelligent beings with which the universe is peopled, must not take himself too seriously. He is a mere mote in the sunbeam of time, a mere maggot in this great cheese of the world. Whence comes he or whither he goes is unfathomable and after all does not greatly matter. Other planets are inhabited; other systems in the universe are peopled with beings our equal, perhaps our superior. Man, therefore, is nothing. His destiny is indifferent, his achievement at best is negligible.

This is one mode of rebuke to the religious view of man; but there is another equally plausible and equally sustained by the conclusions of materialistic science. It is that God has no existence except as an inference from the human mind. Man has never conceived God except in terms of his own being. We are all anthropomorphists in a lower or higher state of development. Even in the Hebrew Scriptures there is a great change in the view of God from Genesis, where we meet him walking in the garden in the cool of the day or eating parched corn at eventide around Abraham's campfire, to the prophets who account him no longer a tribal Jehovah, but the God of the whole earth, loving obedience better than sacrifice and using Cyrus to humble Israel. The finite mind conceives of God in finite terms. His qualities are necessarily only those with which earth life has acquainted it. For it knows no others.

Nothing reminds us of God till we reach the mind of man. The physical universe, as lens and quadrant and spectrum and retort reveal it to us, moves undeviatingly in accordance with rigid mathematical and chemical laws. There is no thought of God in the primordial nebula, the segregated sun, the solidifying planet, the primeval ocean, the archaean rock, limestone or lava, granite or glacier, carbon or coral, reptile or bird or beast. The stars are singing, if anything, the law of gravitation; the poem of the atoms embodies the rhythm of attraction and repulsion; all life moves without the knowledge or the thought of God until man appears upon the scene. Then the conception of deity arises, crude and rude at first, and gradually refined as civilization moves to higher and higher planes.

Theology is full of inconsistencies; not only the theology of the believer but the theology of the skeptic. Speak slightingly of the creed of the agnostic and you shall see how hollow is his claim to have no religious belief. He will fight for it with a zeal worthy the martyrs of old, and if necessary might go to the stake in defense of his creed, especially the first article, which declares that all orthodoxy is false. There is no faith quite so soul-possessing and arrogant as the faith of the unbeliever. Put the inquisition into the hands of Dr. Barton and Lawyer Sargent and see how long Judge Griswold would escape the rack! We can only hope that in the fullness of time the inconsistencies of faith along with those of agnosticism may be harmonized, not only among themselves, but with each other; so that the saint and the scientist of the future may see through the same eyes what is best for the salvation of the race. The first step in that heavenly harmony is for each side to appreciate the merits of the other and be conscious of its own defects.

TRYING TO SERVE TWO MASTERS.

The death of "Adirondack" Murray removes from this world a man of great natural talents and acquired accomplishments, who from 1868 to 1874 was the greatest pulpit orator of the Congregational Church in New England. Murray was the son of a Connecticut farmer; he worked his own way through Yale College, where he graduated in 1862. He entered the pulpit in 1863, and in five years his superior power and eloquence made him minister of the Park-Street Congregational Church, one of the oldest and wealthiest parishes in Boston. He filled the church every Sunday with a great audience; his religious lectures in Music Hall drew an audience of 3000 to hear him every week; he was not seldom invited to New York City, where his pulpit power made an equally profound impression. As a public lecturer on secular subjects he was in steady demand all over New England. In 1870 Mr. Murray was easily the greatest popular force in the New England pulpit. He, of course, did not reach this fame in the leading Congregational Church in Boston without possessing solid talents as a thinker and speaker, and he was a man of splendid pulpit presence.

Mr. Murray was about six feet three in stature, a model of manly beauty and strength. He had a genial temper and a kind, generous heart, and yet, after a career of unexampled brilliancy, "Adirondack" Murray in 1874 resigned his Boston pastorate and was never afterward a minister of the Congregational Church. What was the matter with this man? He had solid talents, a noble presence and a genial address; and yet at 34 years of age Mr. Murray left the pulpit never to return. The trouble with Mr. Murray was, his heart was not entirely in his work; he tried to serve two masters. He did not enjoy the pastoral work of his parish, but preferred to employ his time and energies in writing stud books and herd books, running a large stock farm, manufacturing buckboards, chasing deer in the Adirondacks one Summer and writing the story of his adventures the next. Of course, a preacher might do all these things and not be other than a good man; but a man who brought his whole heart to the work of his pulpit and his parish could not possibly find time to do all these things. Wesley, Channing, Parker, Moody or Phillips Brooks never found any time for the variegated labors that employed the versatile talents of "Adirondack" Murray. Very likely if they had been less in love with their ministerial calling they would have had more hours of recreation; but they probably would have done vastly less good in the world.

"Adirondack" Murray expired like a bright exhalation in 1874, not because he lacked superior talents, for he was both a strong and eloquent writer and an impressive pulpit orator; but because he insulted the instinctive popular perception of the incongruity between the spiritual tastes, purposes and pursuits of a man who enters the pulpit because he feels within his bosom glow the apostolic fire and fervor, lit by no mere skill of schools, and a man whose tastes are of the sort that tempt him to be an eager leader in trade or on the turf. It is a vicious theory that there is no moral foundation for the barrier that ordinarily separates ministers of the gospel and men of the world in business, in sport and in the general order of their every-day life; for this theory, if practicaly enforced, is that any intellectual layman, not disreputable in his personal habits, may leap from the turf to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to the turf, just as the old race of foxhunting, hard-drinking parsons did in England in the eighteenth century. This theory of a preacher's calling may possibly work no harm to the preacher, but as a matter of effect on his influence for spiritual good over his congregation it may work an infinite deal of harm.

The world is not ready yet to surrender its belief that the very function of a minister is higher than all other human pursuits. The world is not ready yet to bring down the spiritual calling of a clergyman to the level of the professions, on the same plane in all worldly affairs with all men of business out of the pulpit. Murray, honestly enough for aught we know, acted on a false theory and successfully exerted himself to lower the spiritual dignity of his high calling by insisting that a man can be a high-souled evangelist and an enthusiastic "horseman" on a large scale at the same time, without parting with a particle of the spiritual influence of his pulpit. But it can't be done, and Murray's very brilliant talents did not save him from failure, from spiritual failure, as a minister of the gospel. Mr. Murray was, we are willing to assume, a sincere man, who did not see the difference between a loss of clerical dignity, for which the late Phillips Brooks cared nothing, and the loss of spiritual dignity, for which the great evangelist Phillips Brooks cared so much that he never parted with it. Murray finally found out his mistake and promptly and manfully stepped down and out of his pulpit and went to work at what he loved best, which was far better than if he had attempted to stay in the pulpit when his heart was not with his full duty to his pulpit and his parish. No man can serve two masters, and no man can be a true evangelist in the pulpit and a fox-hunting, trout-killing, game-destroying parson at the same time.

The preacher who finds time to be an "all round" athlete and sportsman will never be an evangelist of the Phillips Brooks type. In spite of his great talents, Murray was a failure, because his soul was not in his spiritual and ethical work. He could construct a very powerful, impressive and popular sermon, but that is something that may involve purely intellectual, not spiritual, energy; his restlessness under his pastoral burdens showed this. He was willing to be a dramatic pulpit orator, but it was repulsive to him to be a pastor. He was not of true evangelical moral genius, but a man who had an intellectual, but not a spiritual, title to stand in the pulpit. Murray stepped out of the pulpit at 35 and sought in various ways to become a man of the world. But he was too late; the best of his years had been given to the pulpit. He went to Texas, but his business venture failed. He then went to Montreal, where for a time he was proprietor of a restaurant conducted according to his own pet theories of the culinary art. This venture was not a success. He wrote some excellent books—"Adirondack Tales," "Lake Champlain"; he wrote some admirable magazine articles—"John Norton's Christmas," "John Norton's Thanksgiving"—and he preached occasionally to independent congregations. He was always a man of kindly, charming personality, admired for his talents and fine nature. His heart was happiest always in outdoor life. He was made to chase deer, to climb mountains, to sail ships and to write books about outdoor life and adventure. In the pulpit he was the square peg in the round hole. He died where he was born and bred, in the old farmstead of Guilford, Conn.

IMPULSE TO NAVAL GROWTH.

The naval lesson of the Japanese war ought not to be lost on our Government. The advantage Japan holds today she has won by her navy. Had Russia been equally enterprising, she would not be in serious difficulty today. Had it not been for President Jefferson's neglect to create a navy equal to the dangers that threatened us during the Napoleonic wars, our commerce would not have suffered frightful disaster. Probably the War of 1812 would not have occurred, or if it had occurred the British navy would not have been able to blockade our ports effectively or to protect their West India commercial fleets from American cruisers, but would have suffered in their East India traffic. From 1801 to 1809 Jefferson neglected the necessity of naval preparation for war with England, and Madison became heir to a war which Jefferson's policy of peace when it was clear that there could be no peace had made inevitable. Our small American Navy as it was covered itself with glory, but had it been as large as it ought to have been Great Britain either would not have forced us into war or would have soon withdrawn from it.

From the foundation of our country it has always been clear to far-sighted soldiers and sailors that the United States ought to have a very strong Navy, for the same reason that Great Britain has a strong navy. We cannot expect any more than England to send great armies a long distance by water to make our foes feel the force of our arm. We need a great navy that can bombard their ports and destroy their commerce while we protect our own coasts and commerce. In the Mexican War our little Navy was so much superior to that of Mexico that under the cover of its fire General Scott landed his soldiers and by the help of the Navy bombarded and took Vera Cruz. In our Civil War it was the Union Navy which sealed up the ports of the Confederacy, made it die of starvation for the lack of military supplies, since it could not export its cotton and buy what it needed for its military support. This lesson of the Civil War is clearly evident today, but it was so far from being clearly understood at the close of this contest that between 1870 and 1881 our Navy was suffered to sink into a state of complete decadence.

Under Secretary Hunt our Navy began to revive. It obtained further growth under Secretary Chandler, whose policy was accepted and pushed to the limit by Secretary Whitney. Secretaries Tracy and Herbert were both progressive Secretaries. Secretary Long was compelled by the Spanish and Philippine Wars to keep the Navy equal to the emergency, and Secretary Moody in our judgment is an abler and more progressive Secretary of the Navy than Secretary Long, for he has not hesitated to use the naval lesson of the Japanese War to justify liberal expenditures for our Navy. In this policy he has President Roosevelt behind him. Perhaps the greatest material service that President Roosevelt has ever wrought his country has been his unwavering support of a large and well-appointed Navy as absolutely necessary to our National security. The existence of such a Navy, the certainty that is sure to be always in existence, is a preparation for war that is certain to make for peace. Mr. Bryan, arch demagogue that he is, comes back from Europe to tell us that he would not increase our Army or Navy; he would only behave so peacefully as to make war impossible. This is a policy worthy of Utopia. It is only inviting the assault of the wolf by wearing the dress and talking in the accents of a sheep.

In peace prepare for war, said Washington. It is not enough in this world to be known as a just man who hates a scrap. It is necessary to be known as a man who is ready to fight and bite and die like a bulldog when attacked, not only because we have a bulldog's pluck, but because we have a bulldog's teeth and a bulldog's strength and tenacity. President Roosevelt in one of his addresses in New Hampshire a year or more ago urged strongly the necessity, as a matter of future National policy, our becoming a strong naval power. He is right. We cannot defend our long line of coast without such a Navy. We cannot effectively threaten a formidable foreign foe except through a powerful Navy. We do not seek any quarrel with Germany or France, but in event of war with them we could not hope to compete with them as a military power. That is, we could not hope to invade either Germany or France with a formidable American Army; but with a powerful and thoroughly trained Navy we could make France or Germany hesitate before forcing war upon us. We could defend our own coasts, repel naval attack upon our great cities and make destructive attacks upon their marine commerce. We could do this to Germany today; we could not to France, but we shall be able to do it when our Navy is as strong as it ought to be and as it will be by the time the Panama Canal is built, for we shall be obliged with the building of that canal to increase our Navy. We cannot build it without absolutely protecting it against all possible emergencies. We cannot thus protect it without an increased Navy.

There are Republicans today in Congress, like Burton of Ohio, who opposes the naval appropriation bill; but Burton was fairly answered by Grosvenor, of his state, who said: "Peace on earth and good will among men depend on good ships and good guns." The present rank of the United States is only fifth in the naval power of the world, but if the vessels now building were in service the United States would be third. The United States, with over 80,000,000 people, with 20,000 miles of coast line, at least 10,000 miles of which is valuable for commercial purposes, never ought to be less than the third naval power in the world. We do not aim at conquest or warlike invasion of any country; but for offensive power abroad and defensive power at home we need a large and well-appointed Navy. We shall always be, like Great Britain, a country of vast international commercial interests, and to protect those interests all over the globe from insult or confiscation we shall need what England has today, a powerful Navy whose bark is heard around the world and whose bite is effective in whatever quarter of the globe it becomes necessary to inflict it. We are not an insular power, like England, but, like England, we have no standing Army; we must speak sternly by the mouths of our battleships or keep silent.

POETS OF THE PIONEERS.

Oregon poets should find inspiration in the contemplation of the future, not of the past. This is the opinion expressed by John Minto in a letter which appears in another column. Mr. Minto's letter was drawn forth by a "Canadian Boat Song" which was recently reprinted in The Oregonian from the Toronto Globe. The verses are in English and were written by "Christopher North," who alleged them to be a translation from the Gaelic. A friend, said the writer of "Noctes Ambrosianae," had heard the song rendered in Gaelic by a party of Highland boatmen on the St. Lawrence, and had taken down the words. The song is a good one throughout, and it has been admired by many men of letters. Stevenson in particular quoting from it in a manner that indicated thorough appreciation. It is the second stanza that most appeals to readers, and it is this stanza that Stevenson quotes:

From the lone shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

These four lines have the nameless quality that enables poetry to touch the heart, and if Kit North was their author instead of their translator, he certainly caught the very spirit and expression of the Gaelic singers. It is this stanza that Mr. Minto considers a "puling" cry for home, a cry that should have been replaced in the Highlanders' mouths by a stronger note of confidence in the future and of love for the land in which they found themselves. Most persons will agree with Mr. Minto that in a new country the future should occupy the thoughts of its inhabitants, and of its singers. The trouble is that in a new country there is little time for singing. The potential Milton cannot abandon the axe for the pen, and the fruits of the field must be harvested before the flowers of poesy may be culled.

The poetry of a new country will resemble that of the English ballad age in that it will deal simply with the conditions as they are. "I'll build my little cabin on the shores of Puget Sound" is racy of the Northwest. Such rude rhymes are the voice of the settlers, as the songs of Burns are the voice of the Scottish people. Had Oregon a Burns, he would sing of such things and the light of genius would illuminate them for the world to see. Without a Burns, the songs are but for the narrow circle of the camp or the clearing.

Poetry, to affect the men of a new country, must conjure up visions of some delight they have known or desire. Love, conquest, home—such are the themes that will reach the heart. What then more natural for a body of men in a wild and strange country to sing of than the land of their birth? Particularly is this so in the case of the Highland Scot, who seems to share that unforgetting love of native land with the Irishman. Love of country is one of the strongest emotions, and one that is most easily played upon by the poet. Stevenson, from his palmy island "set in the sapphire sea," thought long thoughts of the land—

Where around the graves of the martyrs the whumps are crying—
My heart remembers how.

And the boatmen on the great St. Lawrence thought of the "lone shieling on the misty island." Stevenson was physically weak, but he was of a cheerful and courageous spirit. His expression of love for the gray moors could in no sense be termed "puling." Nor could that of the Highland boatmen. Remembrance of their fatherland made them no less useful in the land of their adoption. The Scot is one of the best settlers. He becomes identified with the land he seeks, although retaining the deepest affection for Scotland. Such men might aptly say, "I could not love the land so much, loved I not Scotland more." The Irish possess the same trait. They do not forget Ireland, although there are no more ardent Americans or Canadians. The "Wearing of the Green," which is in essence a ballad, the only one written since the age of ballads, says:

I've heard whisper of a country that lies
beyond the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light
of freedom's day. . . .
And where, please God, we'll live and die
a-wearing of the green.

They wear the green, but are none the less single-hearted citizens of the "country beyond the sea." This love of country is a sentiment that does not die, even in the hearts of those that never expect to see their home land again. Even the Highland boatmen on the St. Lawrence singing—

Fair these broad meads, these hoary shores
are grand,
But we are exiles from the Fatherland—

would have rejected, as we do not doubt, an opportunity to return to the "lone shieling on the misty island." In dreams they beheld the Hebrides, but in daylight they beheld the broad meads, and there they settled and transmitted the Highland blood to a line of sturdy sons.

Allusion and reminiscence are too closely interwoven in the tissue of poetry to permit of its production in the intervals of toil in a new land. Walt Whitman, who probably attained more nearly to the ideal of Mr. Minto than any other poet using English, reached the heart most surely, it has been pointed out, when he wrote of the subjects and used the imagery from which he usually attempted to strike away. Until Oregon has woven her own fabric of history and of romance and her people are as familiar with its texture as with the leaves, unless a genius arise, we shall hear the old songs. The poets of the Northwest, Mrs. Higginson for example, are not without honor in their own country, but their verses are not of the soil.

Dr. William E. Woodbridge, who passed away a few days ago in Washington, D. C., at the age of 81 years, was the inventor of wire-wound guns. In these he vainly tried to interest the United States Government. Failing, he secured the attention of the British Admiralty, with the result that at the present time Great Britain is building all of its heavy ordnance upon the principle which he laid down. Dr. Woodbridge demonstrated a quarter of a century and more ago that the strongest possible combination of metals in the construction of large cannon was effected by winding steel wire around a steel tube which constitutes the bore of the gun. The idea is simple, and it is so easily proved by mathematical calculation that it is readily understood. Yet our gun factories continue to turn out cannon constructed on old lines. That is to say, heavy steel forgings are shrunk upon tubes and the guns thus constructed frequently, or not infrequently, go to pieces in target practice, causing loss of human life. It is a fact well known that all guns made in the old way are of doubtful strength after they have been fired 100 times. The wire-bound gun, on the contrary, can be used hundreds of times without going to pieces. It is remarkable, says the Providence Journal, that in a country so progressive and so hospitable to new mechanical methods and principles as is our own, there should be so much conservatism in gunnery and ordnance. It is recalled in this connection that Dr. Woodbridge shared the fate of the first inventor who attempted to do away with the old flint-lock musket, which was in use by our Army as late as the Mexican War, and of those who first attempted to introduce breech-loading rifles during the Civil War. He was systematically "turned down" at the War and Navy Departments for years, and died as he had lived, a disappointed man, who had seen his ideas developed in other countries while they were flouted in his own.

VAGABOND MEN OF GENIUS.

The production of a one-act play at the Empire Theater, New York, last week, written by a French Bohemian of genius, De L'Isle Adam, has drawn forth a very interesting sketch of the author by James Huneker. Adam is described as a poet and a dramatist who made himself famous in Paris with his short stories, his novels, his plays, his epigrams and his half-crazy conduct. He was the bosom friend of Baudelaire and of Richard Wagner; he died in want and was buried by his friends in 1889. A fierce Roman Catholic, he shocked his coreligionists by the mixture of fanatical piety and revolting blasphemy which runs through his works. His terrible story, "The Torture by Hope," is said to recall Poe at his best, the Poe of "The Pit and the Pendulum." Huneker calls him what Bayard Taylor called Poe, a bird of night, "a prowling noctambulist, a feverish, debauched being whose irresolute gait told the tale of wasted genius—and absinthe," which included among its victims Alfred de Musset, Paul Verlaine and Maurice Rollinet.

But Huneker thinks that back of absinthe, the symbol of much half-crazy art, was the dominating figure of Poe. He thinks Poe begat Baudelaire, Baudelaire begat De L'Isle Adam, who begat Paul Verlaine. Huneker thinks that Poe influenced Swinburne through Baudelaire, and points to Poe as "the progenitor of a half-dozen Continental litterateurs." This literary assumption that Poe, who was sui generis, is responsible for every Parisian literary vagabond, with or without genius, sober or saturated with absinthe, is exceedingly shallow. There were vagabond men of letters, with or without genius, long before the day of Poe. Francis Villon, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was a vagabond man of genius, and so was Marlowe in the days of Shakespeare. The genius of these men was as undeniable as their vagabondage; but the De L'Isle Adam-Verlaine crew seems to have their vagabondage more clearly defined than their genius. They are always dirty and unconventional in personal habits and literary speech; they are not artists any more than the mouthings of an actor who has lost his wits can be called the utterances of an artist.

Poe's vagabondage, his Bohemianism, is undeniable, but so is his genius. Poe is never a man of so-called heart or feeling in his literary work, but he is always an artist. He is never unclean, much less obscene, in thought or expression, while these so-called French Edgar Poes are nothing when they are not nasty in suggestion. These vagabond Frenchmen of letters always inspire suspicion by their outrage of conventional decency that there is more absinthe than sane genius behind their work; but you never think of Poe's work in prose or poetry as inspired by absinthe or opium. His literary execution in prose or verse is so absolutely sane that it forbids the thought that he could have been inspired by stimulants. Poe lived and died without friends or influence. He had admirers, but he was a born vagabond man of genius whom nobody could trust or afford to love in the ordinary affairs of life. Nevertheless, by virtue of its own strength, Poe's literary genius has won a permanent place in the judgment of the first critics of Europe and America.

Ask an eminent English or French critic his opinion of American literature, and he will reply: "You have only two men of first-class genius, who are not mere echoes of Europe, viz: Hawthorne and Poe," and Professor Woodberry, an American critic of first-class culture and fine talents, is disposed to agree with them. It is as absurd to impute the existence of a lot of French absinthe fiends to the influence of Poe as it would be to justify every hunchback patting himself and murmuring, "I and Richard III"; or every stuttering and stammering scribbler saying, "I and Charles Lamb"; or every blind fiddler saying "I and Paganini." These vain creatures forget that Richard III is immortal, not because of his hump, but in spite of it; that Charles Lamb is remembered not because of his infirmity of utterance but in spite of it.

These Frenchmen date back, when they happen to have any genius, to the school of Rabelais and his devout admirer and student, Dean Swift. Swift was not a vagabond man of genius, but he surely would have been if he had not been bred to the church and by dint of his power as a political pamphleteer obtained a church benefice. But you can see the same brutal cynicism, the same half insane sneering hate for humanity in Swift that is the conspicuous feature of the modern French vagabond man of genius. This De L'Isle Adam had so little real genius that we have to take the word of his few surviving friends to justify the belief that he possessed a particle of the divine spark. He appears to have been a man who generally slept all day; his shirt was generally dirty when he talked all night, as was his habit, in some cafe. He was on friendly terms with Richard Wagner because he was shouting his faith in Wagner's music when the public derided it. Wagner liked De L'Isle Adam for the same reason that Emerson liked Margaret Fuller, who was never weary of consulting him as her oracle and worshiping him as her prophet in art, morals and literature.

But to load Poe down with the responsibility of having inspired the growth of these pinchbeck men of genius, because they had some of the dissoluteness of that man of indubitable genius, is extravagant. Poe had nothing in common with these grotesque, fantastic, half-crazy French scribblers except a perverted appetite for alcoholic stimulus. But the distance between a man of real genius and true artist and a mere pretender and literary charlatan is very great, so great, indeed, that it is not in any sense decreased by a common appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Poe was so much a man of true genius, so much the true literary artist that he never writes with an alcoholic pen reeking of the unclean and the obscene; but the French noctambulistic vagabond scribblers feed the lamp of their brains so constantly with absinthe that it burns with a lurid, Satanic flame, and finally goes out with a splutter and a fetid exhalation. There is no cousinship of genius between Poe, fine literary artist and man of genius as he was, and these foul literary bats of the Paris boulevards.

The "diet detail" of United States soldiers who have been on duty at Yale, testing the merits of scientific cookery and a cheaper, more meritorious ration, have been returned to their posts. It is to the credit of what may be called the "new diet" that the soldiers thrive upon it; it was much less in quantity and in cost than the regular Army ration, but it was nutritious and healthful and left the men in first-class physical condition. Perhaps the question of spirituous liquors in the Army, which is one of demand and supply, may be solved by intelligent attention to the Army diet. In civil life, we are told, the demand for a stimulant is encouraged, if not begotten, by poor and innutritious food—the sameness of the diet—that is found in the homes of laborers. If this is true, there is at least some reason to suppose that similar results follow similar conditions in the Army. It is certain that neither the indorsement nor the condemnation of the canteen provides or proposes a remedy for drunkenness among soldiers. It will be worth while to experiment with the food supply of the Army with a view to ascertain the cause of the clamor that the soldier's stomach sets up for something that is not down upon his regular bill of fare. If it is found that nutritious and healthful food will meet the demand, and this food is supplied, the question of the canteen vs. the saloon just outside the Army post will soon settle itself and enlistment in the Army will not mean to the young man what it too often means now—the acquirement of the drink habit and the degradation which this habit foreshadows.

Modern legislation is supposed to have thrown its protection around the laborer in pursuit of his vocation more completely in the United States than in any other country under the sun. But this, it seems, is not true. In England recently the dependents of a workingman who died from infection contracted while sorting wool have secured a verdict for damages for a large amount under the employer's liability laws now in force there. Some irritating substance from the wool lodged in the man's eye, causing a malignant pustule from which he died. Suit for damages was brought and the employer answered the claim by the contention that a disease risk should be distinguished from an accident risk. But the court held that there was no difference in principle in being hit by a deadly bacillus while at work and being struck by a flying bit of machinery. The case has gone up to the House of Lords for final adjudication. Its outcome will be watched with interest by employers, not only in England but in all countries where liability laws are in force, since the insidious bacilli know no country and their name is legion.

And still Mr. Bryan, regardless of the proprieties of the case, strives to press upon the Widow Bennett his alleged right to a large portion of her late husband's estate. One of the actions brought to sustain his plea that the friendship of the late Mr. Bennett for himself was on a gold basis will be tried before the Superior Court of New Haven on the 22d of this month. There are three distinct actions involved and pending—Mrs. Bennett's appeal from the decision of the Probate Court admitting the sealed paragraph of the will, in which the "sealed letter" was referred to; Mr. Bryan's appeal from the exclusion of this sealed letter from probate, and the suit which he has brought for a construction of the will. Mrs. Bennett certainly has good cause to regret the acquaintance of her late husband with the cross-of-gold, politician and perennial candidate for the Presidency, since whether she wins her case or not a goodly share of her inheritance as wife and widow will be dissipated in contesting the claim of gilt-edged friendship that is based upon this acquaintance.

William Lloyd Garrison, in an open letter to Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate, deplored the excessive laudation of the latter's eulogy of the late Senator Hanna. Whatever basis in fact there was for this censure, it was clearly an offense against good taste for Mr. Garrison to give it voice. There may be two opinions in regard to the customary habit of eulogizing a dead man, but decorous persons hold but one in regard to censuring the dead, even by implication. It would be well in such cases to conform to the sentiment expressed in the lines:

No further seek his merits to disclose
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.

But if part of this injunction is to be disregarded, let it be that which is expressed in the last line.

When cotton goes up, the poor man and his family do not suffer; he merely curtails the number of his shirts and his wife puts the children to bed early Saturday evening in order that she may wash their clothing and make one suit do. When, however, it comes to the smaller loaf that results from high-priced wheat, the domestic economies are not so readily adjusted to the conditions. People can be comfortable and clean, when there is a thrifty woman at the domestic helm, with very few clothes, so far as relays of garments are concerned, but when it comes to eating, there must be enough to satisfy the demands of hunger. Herein lies the difference in the privation inflicted by high-priced cotton and high-priced wheat.

Real War Here.

Adams County Hub.

While the Russians and Japs have been doing considerable "scrapping" and the plucky little brown men have been doing some damages and killing a few men, the fatalities of real war are ridiculously small compared to the results of an American "Fourth of July celebration." The Journal of the Medical Association reports that last year as a result of our heathenish method of celebrating, 449 persons were killed and injured. There were 60 people killed, ten lost their eyesight, 75 lost one eye. The remainder were more or less maimed. If Uncle Sam can make a showing like that with a peaceful celebration what would happen if he would really try to see what he could do?

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Most All of Us Can Stand Latter.

Japan proudly says that she can stand alone. And in the next breath that she can stand a loan.—Chicago Journal.

Uncle Tom may be dead, but his show goes marching on.

Port Arthur cabmen have been impressed into the military service. They should beat the Cossacks at charging.

Perfectly preserved mastodon carcasses are being found so frequently that it will be necessary for future discoverers to pay cartage to have them removed.

Jim Corbett was the model for one of the new statues that decorate the New York Stock Exchange. He was probably chosen because he, too, is a big-mitt man.

A "stand-patter" cannot rejoice in a very euphonious name, but there is a class of politicians in Great Britain that have an even worse name. The men that want an out-and-out protective tariff, as opposed to one for purposes of retaliation, are known as the "whole hoggers." The other side, it is said, will be called the "little piggers."

Every now and then the advertising sirens of the land change their song. Not long since they sang so alluringly of the delights of gravelled wheat that we were seduced into breakfasting on gritflakes and landscapes. Now the sirens sing chiefly of hats for men. So subtle the song that we are almost deluded into believing that if we spent $3 on a hat, we should have the hat—one of incomparable elegance—and be, as well, $2 to the good.

The New York Times is scrupulously careful to print Oriental names in this way: Che-mul-pho, Chin-nam-pho. Probably the reason for this affectation is that the names are made up of words that have a meaning of their own. Why then does not the Times follow the same practice with American names? Fairhaven and Bellevue have meanings, so we should read Fair-haven and Belle-vue. Indian names would look well—Ska-mo-ka-wa, Sno-ho-mish, Ta-co-ma.

Where are the novels of yester year, those in which the villain hisses "R-r-r-reveng-g-ge!" For a long time we have missed the man that "hissed the words through clenched teeth." Now comes Joseph Smith, by the grace of God head of the Mormon Church, and by the aid of an Associated Press reporter he dispels the gloom. In the report of Smith's testimony we are told that "the words 'spotter' and 'informer' were hissed rather than spoken." This is what comes of having five wives to try one's temper.

A correspondent, who fails to give his, or her, name, possibly from motives of modesty sends the following advertisement as a cry from his, or her, heart:

To the author of "Hiawatha"—Come back with a song that will kill "Bedella" an' all will be forgiven.

The following conversation, says the same correspondent, was overheard at the corner of Fifth and Washington streets:

"Pa, what are those queer little 'jumper' cars marked 'South Portland?'"

"Those, my son, are the last of the Joe Holladay line, and the citizens are trying to buy them for the City Museum."

Port Arthur paid little attention to the first attack. The firing was attributed to Chinese New Year celebrations.—News Item.

O father, I hear the sound of guns
O say what may it be:
'Tis the Chinks at play, my little daughter,
'Tis nothing to you and me.

O father, I hear a whizzing sound,
As if a brickbat flew:
'Tis a nihilist throwing a bomb, daughter,
'Tis nothing to me and you.

O father, I see a little brown man:
My daughter, do not fret—
But then stopped the speech of the child's father;
He was jabbed with a bayonet.

Artists are usually cantankerous creatures. No two schools of them will agree upon anything, as a rule. Yet there is one subject that all of them treat in exactly the same style, and that is artillery horses. "Bringing up the Guns" is always and ever the same. The drivers are leaning forward and wildly lashing at the horses, the horses are apparently trying to pull the guns straight up into the air, they are snorting fire and their eyes show a white circle about six inches in diameter. In no conceivable position in which guns might be found is this formula departed from. The Royal Horse Artillery may be galloping past at a review, a battery of the celebrated French field artillery may be on the march—both appear in the same ecstacy of effort. The climax is reached, however, in a sketch entitled "Russian Artillery on the March Through Siberia," or something of that kind. The illustration, which originally appeared in the Illustrated London News and is now appearing in various papers with a "Special Service" label, shows the horses in the same frantic struggle. They are going down a slope and the foremost have already reached what appears to be ice. There are the horses! Hopping across Siberia on one hoof, the others waving in the air, is nothing to them. They hit but the high places.

The Oregon Irrigator has rendered itself liable to prosecution by unblushingly announcing a guessing contest. The effrontery of the Irrigator is shown by the following reproduction of part of its advertisement. (We warn all readers of The Oregonian against being deceived by this barefaced fraud. Careful inspection will reveal the fact that three vowels are not missing from the skeletonized name—one vowel is missing three times.)

Our Gigantic Scheme.

There is a Great Man who was once President of the U. S. (excluding Hawaii). He was an ante bellum President. (Those words are Latin and mean before the Spanish war.) He is Now Living in a state of Chronic Desuetude, though he Disembogues himself of an Occasional Nocturnal Stultiloquy. His name was, and still is,

G OV R CL V LAND.

In the words above written three vowels and a consonant are missing. By supplying these four letters you will have the name of this Great Man.

Who Can Supply Them?

Who can supply them? It is a difficult problem. We know it and appreciate the task. It will take Nerve Tissue and Brain Tissue and Midnight Oil. But it can be done. Millions of our readers will solve it and reap the reward due their Perseverance and Erudition.

And Behold the Prize?

To every person sending in a correct answer we offer a reward almost beyond belief! A reward so great that it almost overwhelms us to think we have the Gall to be so liberal. But it must be done. We have set our hands to the Plow and cannot turn Back.

The Irrigator Free.

Each person giving a Correct Answer is entitled to The Irrigator Absolutely Free for one year save cost of Postage and Packing, which we have placed at the mere Nominal Figure of $1.50.