The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail (postage prepaid in advance)—

Daily, with Sunday, per month	$0.85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year	7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year	9.00
Sunday, per year	2.00
Tri-Weekly, per year	3.00
Tri-Weekly, 3 months	.50
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico—

10 to 14-page paper	1c
16 to 30-page paper	2c
32 to 44-page paper	3c

Foreign rates double.

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscript sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICES.

(The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency)—New York: Rooms 45-49, Tribune Building. Chicago: Rooms 510-512, Tribune Building.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex; Postoffice News Co., 217 Dearborn street.

Denver—Julius Black, Hamilton & Hendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth St.; Louthan & Jackson, Fifteenth and Lawrence.

Kansas City—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut.

Los Angeles—B. F. Gardner, 259 South Spring; Oliver & Haines, 205 South Spring, and Harry Drapkin.

Minneapolis—M. J. Kavanaugh, 50 South Third; L. Regelsbuger, 317 First Avenue South.

New York City—L. Jonas & Co., Astor House.

Ogden—W. C. Alden, Postoffice Cigar Store; F. R. Godard; W. G. Kind, 114 25th St.; C. E. Myers.

Omaha—Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam; McLaughlin Bros., 210 South 14th; Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam.

Salt Lake—Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second South St.

St. Louis—World's Fair News Co.

San Francisco—J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market, near Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry News Stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter; L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel News Stand; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market; Frank Scott, 50 Mills; N. Wheatley, 83 Stevenson; Hotel Francis News Stand.

Washington, D. C.—Ed Brinkman, Fourth and Pacific Ave., N. W.; Ebbitt House News Stand.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 54 deg.; minimum, 40. Precipitation, 0.02 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; high southwest winds, diminishing early Sunday.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1904.

OPPORTUNITY IN OUR REPUBLIC.

A week ago Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, attained the age of 60, and the story of his career is a signal illustration of the exceptional opportunity that a poor boy of superior native talents finds in our Republic to rise to distinction without any help save his own willing hands, sound heart and sturdy brain. Patrick Collins was born in Fermoy, Ireland, March 12, 1844, came to Boston when 4 years old; left school at the age of 12, became an errand boy in a lawyer's office, worked in a store, worked on an Ohio farm, then in a grindstone mill; worked in a Western coal mine, returned to Boston in 1859, learned the upholstering trade, became foreman of the shop, saved his money and in 1867 began to study law, graduated from Harvard Law School with honors in 1871, obtained a high reputation as a public speaker early in life, was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1868 and 1869, followed by two terms in the State Senate; member of the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1876, 1880, 1888 and 1892; first president of the Land League in America; Consul-General to London under Cleveland's second Administration; defeated for Mayor of Boston in 1899 by Thomas N. Hart, but was elected Mayor in 1901 and re-elected in 1903.

This is the remarkable record of a poor Irish boy who has proved by his success that the United States spells opportunity to the ambitious and industrious immigrant. Mr. Collins is perhaps the most conspicuous Irishman in America; he has been mill and mine-worker, upholsterer, member of Congress, chairman of the National Convention of his party, Mayor of the great city in which he was an errand boy, and twice elected by phenomenal majorities. His Consul-Generalship to London opened the doors of official England to a man who had joined the Fenian movement in his youth. This able Irish-American has made himself, and yet he has so little self-admiration in his composition that he declined a public birthday banquet last week, because it implied public eulogies that are repulsive to his strong common sense and respect for public good taste. To his remarkable talents for public life Mr. Collins joins excellent business capacity; he is a sound, sensible, conservative man who enjoys the respect and confidence of the most intelligent citizens of Boston of both political parties.

There is nothing exceptional in the rise of poor immigrant boys to distinction in America; it is a comparatively common event, but the rise of such poor boys to distinction is so exceptional in England that it seldom occurs except when the poor boy is fortunate enough to attract the attention and obtain the good will and support of some powerful political patron. But in America the bright, ambitious, industrious poor immigrant boy does not need any patron; the public schools belong to him, are open to him and his talents, and his virtues are hedged in by no artificial wall of circumstance or social caste. As early as the Administration of John Adams men of foreign birth began to find out that there was an opportunity to rise in our Republic unknown in Europe outside of revolutionary France. Matthew Lyon was in the early days of our Republic a conspicuous Irish Congressman, a man of notable career both in New England and Kentucky. For his day his career was as remarkable as that of Mayor Collins.

The Rebellion of 1798 sent over a number of gifted Irishmen; Thomas Addis Emmet, William Sampson, famous for brilliant wit and legal learning; Dr. McNeven and many others. Emmet became Attorney-General of the state and rose to very high professional distinction. But these distinguished Irish-Americans were not poor boys who had to "hoe their own row" from a poor, friendless boyhood to wealth and influence; they were mature men, educated, equipped to at once seize the opportunity they found. The poor Irish boys, whom General Collins represents, had no capital save their ambition and their native parts. While General Collins is perhaps the most versatile poor Irish boy that has risen from an errand boy to be Mayor of a great and wealthy city of 565,000 people at 60, there are other illustrations of immigrant boys who found the United States stood for unexampled opportunity. Sidney Dillon was a poor Irish boy who rose steadily from the ranks of labor to be a great railway capitalist. Philip H. Sheridan was the son of poor Irish immigrant parents. In peace or in war, America is the land of unexampled opportunity to the immigrant boy who has brains and industry and ambition.

Under our popular institutions Nature's nobility has a chance to get upward and onward which is practically denied to it even in Great Britain, for England's army and naval heroes are with few exceptions allied to the aristocracy, the gentry or the well-to-do classes. The Duke of Cambridge, who has just died, was a signal illustration of the favoritism that has cursed the English public service with royal incompetents. The record of the Duke of Cambridge for military incapacity in the Crimean War, according to the historian, Kinglake, was only equaled by that of Plon Plon (Prince Napoleon) in the French army. Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan were brave men, but so dull that they did not know enough to prevent the execution of such a palpable blunder as "the charge of the six hundred." Sir Colin Campbell, the most brilliant soldier in the army, after 45 years' hard service, was only a Brigadier-General commanding about 3000 men. It is far better today in England than it was fifty years ago, but the American common school makes every ambitious immigrant boy able to circumvent poverty and obtain distinction if his talents and his industry are equal to his opportunity. The career of General Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, is a rebuke to indolence and an inspiration to the boy of energy and effort.

THE GLORIOUS ART EPISTOLARY.

The art of letter-writing! "Tush," say the critics, "there is no such thing. It died with the stage coach. There are no letters nowadays—telegrams, perhaps, but no letters." It has long been the fashion to acquiesce in this dictum. Letters are generally regarded as part of the good old days, when everything was better than it is now, when the snow was deeper, the sun brighter, morals higher, and living lower. Too much hurry and rush for letter-writing nowadays, nothing but long-distance 'phones and ten-cent telegrams, sadly say the mourners over the fancied corpse of letters. And it is the same, they continue, with our books. The novelist rushes along in a torrent of slang. Everything must be up to date—hideous expression—and move like the Empire Express. There are no letters today like those of the eighteenth century. Where shall you find a Walpole or a Chesterfield today? Who can address such letters to his dulcines as Dick Steele wrote, and is there a Swift licking two-cent stamps?

While it is possible, even probable, that the mails today are not carrying the letters of a twentieth-century Swift, there is no reason to doubt that letters are being written nowadays that are just as good as those of the days in which there were giants. Leisure is not essential to the letter-writer; on the contrary, most of the persons whose correspondence attracts the readers of this later age had well-filled lives. Walpole is, perhaps, the best example of the man of leisure that wrote letters of the highest interest. From his paradise of Strawberry Hill he watched the world, and his point of view is not the least interesting part of his correspondence. The American Revolution seems of vastly less importance from Strawberry Hill than the latest gossip of the court, and it is this reversal of historical viewpoints that gives the works of all real letter-writers their peculiar flavor.

To make a letter interesting to others than those for whose perusal it was written, it must be so old that it presents in fresh colors the life of a time over which the dust has settled, give some new view of a historical figure or event, be written by or to a personage of interest, or possess enough literary merit to be acceptable for its own sake. It cannot be doubted that letters are being written today that meet all of these requirements, with the exception of the first, and time will remedy that deficiency. It would be a strain on the imagination to suppose that President Roosevelt is not writing letters that will be of the deepest interest in years to come. Is the correspondence of none of the Senators to furnish the future historian or student of manners with rich material? As to the "literary" letter, that has ever been a rare bird. The letter that is not largely dependent for its interest on something extraneous is worthy of preservation in letters of gold.

For obvious reasons it is impossible to publish letters at the time of their receipt. Years must elapse before it is safe to publish the meanest correspondence, and many years before the world may be permitted to gaze upon the correspondence of the great. In the letter that is not written with one eye upon the linotype, the writer is displayed as he is, and, worse still, his friends are displayed as they are—the deceitful draperies and delusive padding torn off. Letter-writing is not dead. The railway mail car carries as entertaining a budget of gossip as the floundering coach ever did. How jejune most of the letters we admire in print today would have seemed if read before age had transformed them! And then look at the Bancroft letters, for example, now being published in the Century. Are they not lively, and do they not give us very entertaining glimpses of London and its people?

Letters are being written today that will be as valuable as the Paxton letters, that are as bright as those of Swift and Steele, as pleasant as those of Walpole. But only time can winnow them from the eight or nine billion pieces that annually encumber the railroads.

The Baby Home, which has long been and is still being maintained in a suburb of this city, represents in its management much painstaking care and not a little self-sacrifice, and upon the part of a portion of the public not a little generosity and thoughtfulness. It represents chiefly, however, intelligent and much-needed care and kindness that have from time to time during the period of its existence been bestowed upon numbers of infants who opened their eyes upon the world to a heritage of misfortune, orphanage and homelessness. It has proved the stepping-stone in very many instances to good homes with an assurance of parental care, education and pleasant environment to infants who would otherwise have grown up under the pitiful rating of "nobody's children." Often handicapped for want of funds, and embarrassed through lack of sufficient equipment and convenient buildings, the managers have never lost courage in their work or faith in the public generosity upon which it depends for support. The Home, the president of the board of managers tells us in her annual report, needs a new building, the purpose being to turn the present but long outdated structure into a hospital, which the institution, ever since its establishment, has from time to time needed. The need is urgent and the request for means to meet it is a reasonable one that it should not be necessary to urge, or yet to supplement by devices of private begging and public entertainments to which recourse is often had in order to get money for worthy objects. A charitable institution in the truest sense, the Baby Home is economically administered, and it should be adequately supported by the public, of whose charitable endeavor it is a part.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES.

In another part of this paper a London correspondent speaks of a movement in England to restrict the admission of certain Continental people who prefer the fierce struggle for bread in city slums to other vocations involving competition less keen, pursued in clean, wholesome environment. He singles out as conspicuous examples the exiled Russian Jews, and hints that reform in New York is quite as necessary as in Great Britain's capital, though attainment thereof is not to be considered under existing laws and traditions that go back to the founding of the Republic.

More to the purpose would be the establishment of an intelligent agency in New York to distribute these foreigners over the country at points where they can be absorbed without disturbing industrial conditions. Many thousand refugees were thus cared for a few years ago under the wise and charitable direction of the B'nai B'rith, the leading Jewish fraternal organization. Several hundred found their way to Portland and have proved themselves anything but the most undesirable citizens of foreign birth. True, they have received generous aid from their co-religionists, but all of them are industrious and law-abiding. They are now more than self-supporting, and they aspire to high ideals in citizenship.

As with all foreigners, we look for results in the first generation brought up on American soil. The children of these Russian refugees give promise of careers of usefulness. They have thirst for knowledge and in its pursuit their parents encourage them. For athletics they have developed great fondness. Boys take up with keen relish fundamental instruction in handicraft, and girls are more than apt in the manifold work in preparation for household duties. Ample guidance is given at the Manual Training School in South Portland conducted under the auspices of the Council of Jewish Women, and open to all children irrespective of race or religion. These children, of course, attend the public school. Here they will never acquire their parents' most unfortunate and demoralizing trait, distrust of government. Ten years of mingling with American children in the greatest of pure democracies—the common school—will make at least average Americans out of the new generation of Russian refugees.

THE BAR TO VICE.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," says the social philosopher, casting his eyes over the community. The puzzled student of human nature, following the philosopher's glance, is fain to dismiss his own perplexity in tacit acquiescence.

Here, for example, he had been striving to account upon some reasonable hypothesis for the wanton desertion of home, husband and children by a comely, intelligent young wife of a Godly man, a minister of Winlock, Wash., who went her erring way, straight from church choir practice a short time ago, with a member of her husband's flock. Still struggling with the unsolvable problem of why and wherefore, in this case the student of human nature received another shock in the announcement that the husband had followed and overtaken his wife, and with tears and pleadings had vainly sought to secure her return to her home and children (himself no doubt included in the magnanimous proposition), and later the puzzle was deepened by the information that the husband was about to swear out a warrant for his errant wife's arrest!

Each one of these statements is unbelievable from any standpoint of rational, responsible womanhood and manhood, yet all are true. This wife did leave her husband, home and children, departing from a sacred song service with a member of the choir; her husband did follow her and beg her with tears and wailing to return; she did refuse his plea and he did resolve to swear out a warrant for her arrest. Unbelievable but true.

What manner of people are these who thus by their actions have set at naught all accepted rules of domestic and social life? Insane? Perhaps so, but there is no valid ground for committing them to an asylum for the mentally unsound. Weak? Undoubtedly, but up to this demonstration of infirmity they were not so considered. "Obcessed," triumphantly declares the oracle of occultism. And for want of an explanation that explains, the intelligent public smiles indulgently and turns to the next perplexing problem.

Here is one, Creffield, a vile creature by nature and a "Holy Roller" by profession. At least he was here, but now the police seek him in vain. And here is a woman, a wife, who at the instigation of her husband, tells of orgies in which she and others, including Creffield, have participated in the name of religion and under the cloak of sanctification, that would disgrace Hottentots. The why and wherefore in this case are wholly unanswerable according to any rule of decent, responsible human nature. Let it pass.

Again the wondering public is confronted by a story. This time a girl of 16, aided, abetted and accompanied by her mother, leaves her home in Salem with an ex-convict. Her father commands, entreats, exhorts, all to no purpose. Again recourse is had to the law in the hope of applying a compelling force from without that will counteract the fatal defect within.

Here, perhaps, is where the trouble lies. The effect is deplored, resisted; the cause is ignored. Back of all these and other moral delinquencies the outcroppings of which stain the pages of social and domestic history is a vacuum which personal responsibility, personal purity and wise self-appreciation should fill. Would the woman who in common phrase "thought anything of herself" bring her husband, her family and herself to shame? Would the mother whose natural love for her children was reinforced by a high sense of personal responsibility desert them? Would a husband possessed of a proper sense of self-respect pursue an eloping wife and with tears and wailing beg her to forsake her paramour and return to him? Would a young girl who had been trained to respect herself seek to consort with a felon? There can be but one answer to these questions.

Discussing questions similar to these under the head of "The Ultimate Bar to Vice," the New York Independent said editorially in a recent issue: "We are not stating these facts for any sensational purpose or to create discouragement. We are calling them to attention for the purpose of reminding the public how far the policy of attempting to diminish vice by repressive measures has failed, and how necessary it is to begin to place greater emphasis upon moral education and upon all influences that tend to awaken in the individual consciousness an idealistic view of life that shall be able to hold in proper subordination both the sensual instincts and those materialistic ambitions that are rapidly becoming the greatest menace of modern civilization."

What is needed is the awakening of that kind of idealism which starts into life all of the springs of self-respect, of chivalrous feeling toward womankind, of consideration for offspring and above all that refined sentiment of love which alone can give sacredness to the relation of man and woman. Of the sentiments and conditions that are sacred when they are held sacred, but pitifully, disgustingly cheap when they are made common, this community has had numerous examples lately. The treatment is not remedial, but preventive, and prevention is based upon a development of self-respect and personal responsibility. Self-control follows, and the "bar to vice" is put up.

THE RESURRECTION OF PLANT LIFE.

The resurrection of plant life is slow this Spring, both at the East and the Pacific Coast. The Springfield Republican of the 11th inst. notes that while a year ago on the first of March the little anemone, whose popular name is liverwort, was blooming in abundance on the sunny brookside, today it is hid beneath banks of snow and will not be visible before the middle of April. Not a bluebird, robin or song sparrow had yet been heard in New England, a situation that illustrates the unusual severity of the Winter on the Atlantic Coast. Our own Winter has been a remarkable fine season; we have had no snow in Western Oregon, and the weather has been so mild between the first of November and the first of March that there have been few days when an overcoat was necessary to a pedestrian. Nevertheless our Spring is backward, measured by the slow resurrection of plant life. Our Spring seems to be capricious in its coming. The Spring of 1898, following a Winter that brought with it far more snow than the one just concluded, opened the 5th of March. The Spring of 1899 was not fairly open until March 19. The Spring of 1902 did not begin until March 23, and the Spring of last year was about as late as the present season.

It is not easy to fix a mark for the resurrection day of floral life on this Coast. On the Atlantic Coast, when the shad bush begins to whiten the woods with its blossoms the first week of May, Spring is fairly arrived. Of course, before that date you will find in New England a few blossoms, like the liverwort and the trailing arbutus, but there is no full-orbed glory of Spring in New England until the first week of May, when it comes with the rush and breeze and bounce of manner and gypsy beauty of an untamed girl. Our Spring does not come with a rush; you do not wake up some morning after ten days of sour, forbidding weather and find the air vocal with songs of birds; the crow blackbird whistling from the tops of tall trees, while the bobolink,

A brook of laughter runs down the air.

Our Spring, like the Spring of Old England, begins to come in March, when "daffodils come before the swallow dares and take its winds with beauty." Our Spring comes with such stealthy footsteps and quiet manner that only a close observer knows when the resurrection of plant life has begun. The shad bush is a sign of full-orbed Spring in New England, and another representative of the same tribe, which we call service berry, is perhaps our first shrub to bloom, but the popular signal of Spring with us is when the scarlet flag of the wild currant begins to fill the thickets with its flame. There are earlier blossoms found in sheltered woodland nooks by those whose powers of observation have been trained when and where to look for them. Two weeks ago specimens of the "wood lily," as the children call the trillium, were found about Portland, and the synthyris rotundifolia is often found in February; the dentaria and the yellow violet appear with the trillium, but Spring is not fairly come, walks with but hesitating step until you see the scarlet blossoms of the wild flowering currant begin to glow in every roadside thicket.

Everybody is glad when the day of resurrection for plant life comes who has any natural-born sense of beauty in outdoor life, as separated from the boisterous artificial recreations that stand for the creed of the evangelist of muscular Christianity. To a man of any sense of the beauty of outdoor life the capacity to turn a somersault is about as absurd as the ability to "throw a fit" on short notice. This gladness when Nature's resurrection morn comes in Spring, this note of admiration when the hectic glory of Autumn shines bright before it dies in the grasp of Winter, is found in the soul of every gifted nature. Shakespeare is full of it; the flowers of Perdita are the wild flowers; the flowers of Ophelia, which she plucks in her lunacy, are the wild plants; the flowers that stir Shelley to his finest utterances are those that he finds on the Italian hills; the same mood touches Byron when he describes Nature in the Alps or on the Aegean.

Some poets pretend to this feeling of joy in the resurrection of Nature that do not greatly feel it. Bryant has been called "the poet of Nature." He was not destitute of capacity for observing and describing Nature, but no man who ever walked in the woods in New England would suspect Bryant of being other than "a closet naturalist," for while his famous lines, "To a Fringed Gentian," are fine poetry, he never saw the fringed gentian, or he was colorblind, for he does not correctly describe its hue when he compares it to the blue of the sky. Lowell or Holmes would never have made this mistake. Lowell's "Dandelion" and his "June Day" are written by a man who like Byron had superior powers of observation and superior powers of artistic description. But Bryant was a poet of Nature in the sense that Wordsworth was; he was primarily a moralist, and he only cared for Nature when he could find a sermon in stones, could use a noble tree for a religious text or a wild flower as an inspiration for a pious chant.

Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Keats and Lowell loved natural beauty in as free and broad a spirit as any old gifted Greek loved it, but the Wordsworth school of poets are always religious pedagogues; they are always tractarians; they are always trying to "draw a moral," and this passion is fatal to their artistic genius, for a poet who is always trying to draw a moral is soon described as an artist who is unfit to draw anything else. The season of the resurrection of wild flowers is upon us, and we do not need to worry as they do at the East because of the disappearance of favorite wild plants, through the advance of civilization, which destroys forests, drains swamps. This extinction, even at the East, is slow, for a list of the flora of Vermont prepared in 1829 shows few plants that have become extinct since that day, and these are swamp orchids to whose life the draining of swamps means death. The favorite wild flowers are in no danger of extinction. The rare swamp orchids that are mere fads with a botanist may gradually disappear, but the wild plants that the people love and care to collect are in no danger of extinction over the 93,000 square miles of Oregon. So let the school children gather wild flowers where they list, for today is the season that Lowell describes when he says:

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

CHRISTIANITY LIVES BY ITS RESULTS.

A most remarkable book of recent publication is Sabatier's "Religions of Authority." The view of the author is that the days of all religions of authority are numbered. He thinks the papacy will last the longest. It still commands the allegiance of masses like the Italian peasantry. Of educated adherents it retains few, of scientific adherents almost none, but it offers in these times of religious confusion and perplexity a natural refuge to the weak and doubting mind. It is conservative, anti-revolutionary in its influence, and for this reason is frankly tolerated by the statesmen of even Protestant Europe. Nevertheless, in the judgment of Goldwin Smith, who reviews Sabatier's book in the New York Sun, the papacy cannot win in its final struggle against reason and progress. It today bids defiance to liberty of conscience and opinion, to the right of the state. It stands for the usurpation of infallibility and turns its back on science by proclaiming the Immaculate Conception. Catholics who keep terms with reason, such as Montalembert, Lacordaire and the seceders from the Council of Rome, are under the ban of the papacy.

The position of Goldwin Smith is that the papacy is not the Catholic Church, nor is the Catholic Church the papacy. The papacy is an Italian usurpation always in Italian hands. Papal theocracy is the creation of Hildebrand. The authority of Gregory the Great was spiritual and moral; he did not, like Hildebrand, aspire to theocracy and proclaim his supremacy over all the powers of the world. Goldwin Smith holds that unless we keep this distinction in view "a great body of truly Christian character and life which never ceased to exist within the pale of the papacy may otherwise be confounded with the action of anti-Christian power." The Greek Catholic Church is Holy Russia, and Holy Russia is the Church. Its immobile system verges on torpor; its rebels and heretics are the heterodox Tolstoi and the nihilist Kropotkin, who stand for the incipient forces of dissolution. The State Church of England goes back for its doctrine and its ritual to the personal dogmatism of Henry VIII, who died half a Catholic, although in revolt against the papacy. The authority in the case of this religion is the Parliament, which originally settled the system, but in those times the Parliament was itself Anglican, while today it is made up of men of all religions and of none. Mr. Sabatier has this to say concerning the Protestant authority, that of the Bible:

In what condition do we actually find the text of the Old Testament Scriptures? Instead of the homogeneity formerly attributed to them, we find in the historic books a fabric woven of documents yet more ancient, whose vari-colored threads are easily distinguishable, making clear that the Pentateuch and the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings assumed their present form at a very late date. Furthermore, what a medley of disarrangement do we find in the prophecies of Isaiah, Zechariah and Jeremiah, to speak only of those whose want of connection is visible to the unaided eye! What is the book of Psalms, if not the Psalter of the Jewish synagogue, made up of hymns of very different periods, already gathered into earlier collections? What shall we say under this head of Proverbs and the entire Solomonic literature, offshoots of which are found down to the second century before our era? (p. 236.)

Mr. Sabatier abandons the supernatural notion of the Bible and confesses that it is no longer the infallible rule of religious thought, the oracle of absolute and eternal truth. But he treats it still as the great ailment and support of spiritual life. He says that it "continues to discharge a double and essential function in the life of churches, families and individuals; that it is no longer a code, but remains a testimony; is no longer a law, but is a means of grace; does not prescribe the scientific formulas of faith, but does remain the historic fountain of Christian knowledge."

Sabatier says that Luther and Calvin used the Bible freely without bibliolatry. Luther sneered at the Epistle of James as that "strawy epistle," and Calvin had small opinion of the Apocalypse. Goldwin Smith refuses to treat the so-called "Bible" as a book, holding that it is a collection of books, independent of each other, and varying greatly in character, spirit and value. The God of Genesis is the special deity of a patriarchal family; the God of Joshua and the Judges is intensely tribal. This Deity that sanctions wholesale massacre, sanctions assassination, inflicts pestilence on Egypt, makes Balaam's ass speak, sends a lying spirit to Ahab, makes bears kill children for mocking Elisha, is a conception surely lower than that of the Deity of the Second Isaiah or in Amos or in the finest of the Psalms, the spirit of which is genile and beautiful, while that of others is the reverse. Goldwin Smith thinks we do not owe more morally and spiritually to Hebrew literature than we owe to the Greek. The deity of Socrates is sublimely moral. There are Ruth and David and Jonathan in Hebrew literature, but there is no parting of Hector and Andromache, there is no Antigone or Alcestis. Goldwin Smith holds that the spirit of the Old Testament crucified the Teacher of the New, and thinks it irrational to bind up the Old Testament as identical in source and spirit with the Sermon on the Mount. He says:

For my own part, I should prefer to rest the claims of Christianity to serious and unimpassioned consideration, no more on anything mystical or esoteric than on anything supernatural, but rather on the evidence of the character, moral and social, which Christianity has produced, and the relation of that character to the progress of humanity. These are facts not less certain in their way than any that can be submitted to the investigation of science.

It seems scarcely possible that China will escape being drawn into the maelstrom of war which seethes and swirls on her northeastern border. Russia will make terms for her own interest in the movement of troops, furnishing supplies, etc., that China cannot comply with and still remain at peace with Japan, or for that matter with other nations that are pledged to fair play between the present contestants. Distinctly, savagely, implacably aggressive in Manchuria, Russia is likely to take what she wants from China, unless China backs her refusal to be looted in the interest of Russia by force of arms. Poor old China, with her swarming millions of subjects and almost utter lack of statesmen! Rotten at the core and weak in military equipment, bravery, patriotism and leadership, she was easily and hopelessly routed by Japan a few years ago. Remembering this and noting her present stress and the menace that confronts her, it is not difficult to forecast the panic that will ensue should Russia fulfill the threat of marching upon Peking. However, something will soon be doing in this event in other quarters that will not be all hostile to the interests of "far Cathay."

An association purely philanthropic in its nature has been incorporated in Chicago for the purpose of fighting tuberculosis by means of prevention. If this arch foe of civilized man does not capitulate to the tremendous force that medical science has brought against it, its progress will certainly in time be checked. To doubt this is to doubt the efficacy of modern sanitation and the intelligence of the human mind. Time was when a "neglected cold," causing sudden congestion, mysterious inflammation and slow decay of the lungs was given as the cause of consumption. But the world has grown wiser. It knows that the germs of this insidious disease lurk in noisome tenements and fetid atmosphere; that they travel on street-cars and other means of public conveyance, rise in the dust of schoolrooms and are communicated, not by heredity, but from one member of a family to another in various ways. This knowledge is the basis of the fight which science is making to check the progress of consumption. The effort can scarcely fail to bring forth fruit in due time, though the pale host that is now suffering from the invasion of the enemy may not be able to enjoy it.

Feminine vanity, gorged to repletion on "beauty promises," has disgorged before the public lately in one of the local courts. The spectacle was not an edifying one. The woman who accepts wrinkles as she does gray hairs, as the footprints of time which tenderly record not only the passing years but the incidents and experiences of life, gains in the estimation of people whose good opinion counts for something by contrast with the woman who dyes or bleaches her hair and submits to painful "treatment" for the eradication of lines which time and its experiences have written upon her face. The most uninteresting face in the world is that of an old person without lines either of youth or age; the most interesting face is that which time has touched gently, leaving thereon tender tracings. A realization of this fact can scarcely fail to follow a wrangle in open court over artificial means whereby the old woman can be made to look young and the young woman can be made to retain the unwritten face of youth, maugre life's vicissitudes.

A prostrate but not discrowned monarch, King Cotton, at present represents the vicissitudes of the get-rich-quick man on the New York Exchange when he finds himself "unable to deliver the goods." Fortunes have been made and lost in his name within the past few weeks, but only the few have been affected by the rise and fall of the market. The great army of cotton consumers rejoice in the fact that the fabrics woven from King Cotton's robes were never before so dainty and fleecy, so varied and so cunningly fashioned as now, and withal were never more reasonable in price. It is of little moment, therefore, to the masses that the greatest bull in the ring has been choked upon raw cotton, while the bears in the pit looked on, howling and rending themselves and each other in frenzy.

Oscar W. Dunbar, whose death occurred in Pendleton a few days ago, was a native of Oregon, a well-known printer and newspaper publisher and a member of a pioneer family whose home was for many years in the Waldo Hills of Marion County. He was an aggressive man in his vocation, but of a kind disposition socially, and had a very wide acquaintance with men, and an excellent understanding of the local conditions and needs of this state. The name he bore was a familiar one in the history of the state. Of the large family of which he was a member but few remain, Judge R. O. Dunbar, of Olympia, being the only surviving brother.

The tribute paid by a correspondent of Glenwood, Wash., to the late Sumner Smith, who lost his life in rescuing a young girl from drowning at the Albina dock a few days ago, is a testimonial well deserved to a young man whose life was an exemplary and whose death was a noble one. The suggestion of a public memorial of the self-sacrifice in which his life went out is worth considering. A tablet or monument commemorative of his life and death would not only perpetuate the memory of a brave deed and an honored name but would tell of the appreciative spirit of the time and place in which the brief years of his life were lived.

It does look as if it is time for some men—naming no names—to be forced to let go of office and its emoluments and go to work for a living. Mendicancy could scarcely make a bolder or more disreputable display of itself on the street corner, rattling pennies in a box and crying for contributions, than it makes when armed with the political pole and striving to knock the official persimmon.

Flounces, Flounces, Everywhere.

New York Press.

Flounces are shown in a multitude of styles on waists, sleeves, skirts, even outside wraps, this season. Where they are not pronounced the flounce effect is gained through some trimming or in the cutting. But the flounce is highly popular, not alone on reception and evening gowns, but for house and afternoon wear and for simple morning dresses. Three-piece sets of cuffs and collars for Spring wear are in lace of all kinds and of heavy embroidery or linen richly finished with elaborate Persian designs. These take the place of the three-piece linen mull sets so popular last year.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Are the poolrooms in a pool?

When is a sewer a sewer? When it's a jar!!!

Grover Cleveland is 67 years of age, and as full of go as a 4-year-old.

The Irrigon Irrigator has discovered a girl that wears a No. 1 shoe. Two years old?

Wood's nomination has been confirmed. Now let's call it all off and start fair again.

The threatened live long was not said of slot machines, but it might have been.

Things are being made too easy for the rising generation. A seedless apple is the latest product.

Sailors talk about a capful of wind. We hope it is more agreeable than a hatful of wind.

There is one kind of chickens that may safely be counted before they're hatched—Mother Carey's.

There are some girls that would make awfully nice boys, but they'd be too much of a loss to their own sex.

Is there anything brighter or more cheering than a daffodil? But it doesn't take the winds of March apparently.

If Russia and Japan don't line up pretty quick they'll both be dead'uns so far as drawing another house is concerned.

One good thing: the millionaire can't scald himself any worse in his marble bath than the poor man in his porcelain one.

"Boo!" says litttle Willie Hearst to the trusts.

But the trusts don't seem to scare a red—or yellow—cent.

Carnegie is off to Scotland again and the braw lads will find it as hard to dodge his libraries as to dodge raindrops in an Oregon shower.

Some think a Mormon lucky
To have a bunch of wives;
But I'd rather be a pussy cat,
And have a bunch of lives.

If there's one thing on earth we should hate to be on a windy day such as yesterday was, it is a woman wearing one of those broad, flat hats.

Oh, life is jolly in a submarine,
There's nothing could be finer;
But it kinder makes the crew turn green
When their vessel's hit by a liner.

It's not always the logical candidate or the natural candidate that gets the nomination. It's the illogical or unnatural one that has the votes.

An epileptic cured himself by firing two bullets into his head in an attempt to commit suicide. So far none of the specialists have recommended the treatment.

The Grand-avenue bridge over Sullivan's gulch went down and out. Good luck rather than good management caused it to go down when there was no one meandering over its sidewalks.

Every now and then we hear a terrible hullabaloo about the iniquity of the slot machines. It makes us think that some of the Councilmen must have played in 75 cents without getting a drink.

The Pendleton Guide is responsible for this story:

A Pendleton "swell" went to a ball without gloves when his fair partner hinted the necessity of putting on a pair. "Never mind," said he, "I can wash my hands when we are through dancing."

The Russian ship Retvizan has been presented with a wooden Christ in the hope that the magic will protect her from harm. Harveyed steel is all that is needed to keep both ship and image safe.

A Tacoma schoolmaster walloped a boy. The boy's popper walloped the schoolmaster, and now the question is up to the courts. The schoolmaster should have hired a thug to wallop the popper and carried the chain on another link.

After yesterday we must confess that woman is far superior to man in some respects. What man, for instance, could have preserved an air of respectability in the street yesterday if he had had to hold on a wobbly hat with both hands and at the same time attend to ballooning skirts and petticoats?

You feel bad
The first time you make a speech.
When you step on your partner's train.
When she sees you coming out of a saloon.
When you discover half way through dinner that you've left your purse at home.
But all these are joy to seeing your hat hurtle down the street.

The physical-culture fad is dangerous. It is likely to injure the health of many foolishly-enthusiastic women, and in one instance, at least, it has brought about a woman's death. Last week a New York woman had her brains beaten out with a dumb-bell in the hands of her insane husband. What a risk, therefore, to have dumb-bells about the house. Such physical culture apparatus should not be allowed in any woman's home, and incidentally it would be well to exclude insane husbands also.

The British Minister at Tokio apparently made a bad break when he refused to recommend the application of A. G. Hales for a permit to accompany the Japanese troops to the front. Mr. Hales is accused of slandering the British Army in South Africa. This is the first that has been said of his slanderous campaign, while on the other hand Mr. Hales made a high reputation as a brilliant correspondent. The Daily News, which was to have been represented by Mr. Hales, is the most radical of the London papers, and the government must have weakened its own cause considerably by its action in this instance.

"Old roses is thrown away," said one of the witnesses in the "beauty case" being tried in Judge Reid's court. The remark was by way of inducement to an older woman to have her face treated by the beauty doctor.

The blossoms are withered and dead by night
That freshly bloomed all day,
No more does its fragrance give delight—
"Old roses is thrown away."

And the woman that counted by scores her train
Of admirers, laughing and gay,
Shall look in her age for one in vain—
"Old roses is thrown away."

But there's one exception to every law,
As often the sages say,
And this is by no means devoid of flaw—
Old whisky's not thrown away.

WEXFORD JONES.