The Oregonian

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

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail (postage prepaid, in advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month $0.85
Daily, with Sunday excepted, per year .. 7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year 9.00
Sunday, per year 2.00
The Weekly, per year 1.50
The 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 48-49, Tribune Building. Chicago: Rooms 510-512 Tribune Building.

KEPT ON SALE.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 60 deg., minimum temperature, 40 deg. Precipitation, none.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy with showers; variable winds shifting to southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1904.

JUSTIFIED BY ITS FRUITS.

The unique achievement of Japan in successful inculcation of both manly and womanly virtues without recourse to religious conviction has attracted considerable attention in Western minds. But the disturbance involved to Western thought by this unfamiliar exhibit in moral culture may be paralleled by the inevitable inquiry into Japanese methods of education. The success of Japan in military, naval and even governmental lines is now so far assured as to be sure of a profound impression upon Caucasian thought; and the noteworthy thing about it is that all these results have been achieved upon a foundation as different as possible from that which our Anglo-Saxon civilization has held necessary.

Seriousness has been our motive power, in education as in religion. That is, the same solemnity which has induced man to regard himself as a partner in Deity's undertakings has also stood over him at his pursuit of learning. Frivolity is the mother of all our crimes and Bohemianism is only a euphemism for purposeless existence. The whole world of art, whether musical, plastic, mimetic or pictorial, has had to make its way against the hardest kind of obstacles, and even today its devotees are stamped, in industry as well as society, with an interrogation point that possibly exerts a modicum of deleterious influence upon themselves. To serve God in circumspection and prayer and to be diligent in business are the guiding principles of our dominant Western life.

But the marvelous efficiency of Japan's people in work and war has been reached without either of these impulses. Labor and education have been dominated, on the contrary, by the somewhat fantastic ideas of a feudal chivalry and by the artistic sense. Today we see this most interesting of Oriental nations at war, and in the stress of trial it develops all those qualities of skill and hardihood which we have been taught to expect from the Northern races of Europe and from the Americans. The soldiers and seamen at whose brilliant and sustained powers the world today stands dumfounded with delight were produced by an education as picturesque in artistic abandon as it is destitute of ecclesiastical origin and propulsive power. These are things to make us scratch our heads and wonder which way is north.

Every Japanese is a poet and an artist. His thoughts are busy with romance and speculative philosophy, his hands are at work carving cherry stones or ivory and painting ornaments with all the colors of the rainbow. The very handwriting of the schools is a training in expert penmanship. On the surface it is easily credible that the manual part of the military profession will come naturally to a people accustomed from their youth up to intricate workmanship, perhaps more so than to those whose movements have become stiff and mechanical through universal use of machinery; and Germany should have served to teach us that a nation of philosophers is to be despised neither in war nor in manufactures. We come to the conclusion that the hand well trained is fit for handiwork to which it may not have been accustomed, and that the mind well exercised is accoutred for the problems of war as well as for those of literature and art. The main thing after all is the will power to command and the mobility of brain and muscles to obey.

Deeper than this superficial lesson is the bearing of Japanese success upon our educational self-conceit. There is more than a hint here that the intensely "practical" tendency of American schools and even universities cannot maintain the plea of necessity; for the studies upon which these conquerors of the Japan Sea were nourished are not those of technical schools, but closely allied to the old liberal and classical training which reared the great minds of British and American civilization in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They are no more related to forced marches and gun practice and bravado in battle than are the songs of Horace or the strains of Homer. Build up the mind on the thoughts of the great and good of all ages, and on the dreams of poet and philosopher, and it will ring true in the hour of national danger and stand fast in the day of battle.

Perhaps more important still is the lesson which may have been already learned from the pages of Aristotle and Lecky, that the mind of man, cast in different molds and surrounded by varying environment in different lands, reaches the goal of virtue and of greatness by ways that are not necessarily bad because unlike. East and West must learn as they jostle together that the moral qualities valued in one civilization may be lightly regarded in another civilization, and yet both civilizations be worthy and true, not to be despised merely because different. In the supreme test of the soul we may find reason to admire those we have most despised. And if we do not meet in the men of Japan the qualities of commercial energy and veracity we are used to praise, we may learn from them fidelity to home, to parents and to country, the charm of the artistic mood and a deftness in the trade of war which will not be ignored in the destiny of the human race. One might almost venture to question the safety of the alacrity with which Japan hastens to throw away her ancient and approved methods for the institutions that long years have adapted gradually to the Western mind. That her educational and moral regime stands in pressing need of violent changes is hardly the natural deduction from the history of the past three months.

SUBTLETIES OF PRONUNCIATION.

There is only one explanation for the trial imposed upon Portland audiences the past week by the imperfect enunciation of Mrs. Fiske, particularly in the purely narrative and meditative lines of "Hedda Gabler." It is that in adopting the English pronunciation Mrs. Fiske has sacrificed clearness to beauty. There was no trouble to understand her as Minnie Maddern in the honest American tones and consonants she was born with some thirty-nine years ago at New Orleans.

With Mrs. Fiske's judgment on pronunciations no discerning person will quarrel; for the finest standard is that of the cultivated Englishman or Irishman—better still, that of the cultivated English woman, which has made, by virtue of intonation as well as pronunciation, the English governess the unapproachable model of her calling, and which is supremely exemplified in the faultlessly beautiful speech of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and Mrs. Campbell. But while Mrs. Fiske has conceived the thing correctly enough, either her vocal facility or her aural discrimination, and yet perhaps an inability to take the necessary pains, has stopped her short of success.

This is not creditable, for nothing so stamps the actor with the finishing adaptability to his art as this infinite capacity of the vocal organs for the most exacting and intricate demands of enunciation. Labial, palatal and vocal mobility lies at the bottom of rudimentary interpretation of character, up through emotional stress and peculiarities of dialect to the finer shades of tone in vowels and provincial usages with consonants. Many a clever actor of the second or third class can converse as readily in London drawing-room or South Carolina or Boston form of English as in the careless method of Western speech in which he is glad at times to unbend as a man among men. It is a further exemplification of this general obligation of versatility that Sir Henry Irving himself adduces when he reminds us that "you cannot stereotype the expression of emotion," for "the speaker who is sounding the gamut of human feeling will not be restricted in his pronunciation by the dictionary rule."

If we leave out of account entirely the matter of intonation, which is obviously too elusive for the dictionary, the principal elements involved in the transformation Mrs. Fiske has attempted are the soft or dental "r," the English and Irish "e" in such words as "fern" and "sir," the Italian or intermediate "a," which is almost universal on the American stage, and the slight "y" sound in such words as "girl" and "guide." Perhaps we should add the peculiar vowel sound used by English actors in "year"—a sound unlawful in the United States, when long "e" is required; a differential for "song," "long," etc., between "o" as in "odd" and "a" as in "fall," and a pardonable exaggeration of the "yeu" in "youth," "muse," etc. All these are indispensable to the choicest English, and most of them are common in the speech of cultivated Americans. "Multitood" and "assoom" are as indefensible today as "woosh" for wish, or "prewens" for prunes, or "pome" for poem.

Of all the variants in consonantal enunciation, none is so interesting or profitable for study as the "r." Back of the influences of birth and early association stands the profound cause of climate. The hard Northern "r," which the Washington reporters were quick to notice in the speech of President Smith, of the Mormon Church, is only one of the many harsh forms which freezing Winters have differentiated from the softer open sounds of the milder South. At two extremes stand the guttural Teuton or Cossack, and on the other hand the mellifluous Spanish or Italian or our own Southern darky. Dictionaries have long pointed out the perils of the Boston "r," especially the confusion it precipitates between "lore" and "law," to say nothing of the resultant monstrosities of "idear," "Minervar," etc. Yet it prevails notably in polite society, and is all but universal on the stage. How early habit lingers, in spite of pressure, however, is evident from the palatal "r," still defiantly obtrusive in the speech of C. B. Hanford, Charles D. Herman, poor Barry Johnstone, and, if we mistake not, in that of Rose Coghlan and Norman Hackett. There can be but one opinion on this subject, and that is that these offenders should thrust the tongue forward almost to the teeth and leave their Western "r" at the stage door.

Well, how is our pronunciation going? Will the honest twang of the soil prevail over the traditions of the drawing-rooms? There is reason, indeed, to think that it will; for the world is repopulated, not in Cambridge, or along Fifth avenue or among the F. F. V.s, but in the ruder homes of the country and of rural towns, and largely by the foreign-born, in whom, if memory serves, the pronunciation coveted by Mrs. Fiske is very rare, possibly confined to the capitals of Germany and Austria. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear persons of New England birth painfully striving to lose the Eastern for the Western "r," and employing a distressingly flat "a" where they have been used to broadness. At this, again, the judicious can only grieve; for the nicety of cultivated speech is one of the few honorable traditions of these plebeian days that are left to make life worth living.

The will of the late A. R. Burbank, of La Fayette, shows the charitable intent of a kind and generous man, but its provisions are difficult to carry out, for the reason that he named therein as beneficiaries institutions that do not exist in accordance with his specifications. Mr. Burbank left no children, his only daughter having been drowned in the surf at Long Beach many years ago. His widow, who is also executrix of his will, tenderly reveres his memory and desires to carry out as fully as possible his wishes as expressed in this instrument. She has turned over the property devised by her husband as directed, and the proceeds will be allowed to accumulate until, in the fullness of time, an institution is established that will be entitled to receive the bequest. A remarkable feature in connection with a will that contains a flaw whereby it might be broken and set aside is found in this instance, in the simple, earnest desire of the widow and chief beneficiary to relinquish without question the property designated in accordance with her husband's well-defined wishes. The case stands out strong and clear in the reflected light of a woman's conscience and a wife's devotion.

HUMAN SIDE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

At the recent celebration by Bowdoin College of the centennial of Hawthorne's birth Professor Copeland, of Harvard, delivered a lecture which told something of the author of "The Scarlet Letter" that helps to increase our knowledge of his shy but vigorous and attractive personality, and some things which he did not tell are worth reciting. In our judgment Hawthorne must have been a very genial companion whenever he was sure that he was talking to a genuine man, a man of simplicity of character, of sanity of mind, a man who was without any trace of duplicity, of moral or intellectual quackery. The pleasure he took in the conversation of rugged deep-water sailors; in the country tavern talk of shrewd farmer folk in the Berkshire Hills, shows that the human side was well developed; a man of poetic mind, an introspective thinker, he had always been a negligent scholar, but a thirsty reader of books; he was never a man of pedantic learning; his culture was only that which a very superior mind obtains, not only when it reads and absorbs the blood of books, but when it mixes with unspoiled and untutored human nature of many sorts.

Hawthorne knew what books he liked and sought them for himself, and he knew what kind of folk he cared for and he sought them when he felt he had need of them for the stage properties of his books or for his own personal enjoyment. His reputation for shyness was due probably to the fact that he had an invincible indifference to the society of men or women who had become oracular in speech or seemed to him to have any taint of the charlatan thinker or talker about them. For this reason his diary reveals the fact he found Margaret Fuller's pedantry and her absurd personal apotheosis of Emerson intolerable. His brief references to her are bitter, but far more self-restrained in his diary than Lowell's satirical description of Margaret Fuller in his "Fable for Critics." It is clear that Hawthorne, while he met Emerson frequently, was not among his worshipers. Emerson's utterances were to Hawthorne of no particular consequence; there was nothing new in the thought, and it was not always true to him. Emerson was quick to perceive that Hawthorne was not among his devotees, and he did not like over well this brilliantly handsome athletic Hawthorne, whose courteous reserve he could not penetrate. The indifference was mutual and not unnatural, for Emerson's vanity was naturally touched that Hawthorne, who completely surpassed Emerson in poetic imagination and original intellectual power, had no particular use for Emerson as a thinker or teacher, because, man of rare genius that he was, he could not worship at a shrine that was so fervently sought by creatures of the caliber of Margaret Fuller, because he saw that her homage was grateful to the Concord soothsayer.

But Hawthorne was good company for his fellow employes in the Boston Custom-House, for at lunch with them he sat and sipped hot gin and sugar and smoked his cigar; he was never garrulous, but he was always welcomed as a delightful man of charming courtesy and dignity. Hawthorne was good company for Franklin Pierce from his college days to that last country trip in May, 1864, when Pierce was the last of Hawthorne's friends to hear him speak before he died. His lifelong friendship for Pierce shows how human Hawthorne was; how loyal he was to a loyal lifelong friend. Pierce was a gifted man, a very eloquent, brilliant jury lawyer, a man of fine literary taste and of most delightful temper and fascinating manners. He had always loved Hawthorne from boyhood; always stood by him in his days of poverty, and Hawthorne always loved him because he had found him true. Hawthorne liked Thoreau, and William E. Channing, in Concord, for the same reason that they were charming company and men who did not pose as oracles or prophets before an admiring assembly of gibbering disciples or apostles of either sex.

The human side of Hawthorne, as separated from the great literary artist, is seen in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," in which he describes his political environment and the tyranny of the spoils system as he had found it in the Federal administration of the Custom-House in Boston and in Salem. The man who wrote "Neither the front nor the back entrance of the Custom-House opens on the road to Paradise" was a very human sort of a fellow, and if he had chosen to be untrue to his genius and devoted himself to political journalism, he would have been a powerful editorial writer. All through this introduction to "The Scarlet Letter" there is evidence that Hawthorne was by nature a man of strong likes and dislikes; he was what is called "a good hater" in business or politics. He was a partisan Democrat; he would have made a slashing editorial writer if he had turned his pen to mere potboiling, for no more scathing picture of the meanness and folly of the spoils system has ever been painted than that included by Hawthorne in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." Salem had never loved this reserved, handsome, athletic Hawthorne, and after this publication there were families in Salem that to this day speak of Hawthorne as viciously as a Cavalier might have spoken of Cromwell in the court of Charles II.

Hawthorne was not "popular" in Salem because he was true to himself, but all high-minded, intelligent men loved and admired him from the day he knocked down the rough, overbearing captain who undertook to interfere with his business as an inspector of customs in charge of his ship. Fighter under just provocation he always was; he was a fighter at college and he went clear to Washington once to fight a duel if necessary in defense of a woman's name. It is not so easy to deride Hawthorne's position in the Civil War as it once was. His forebodings and his predictions that it would be found very difficult to fuse the two civilizations after the conflict was over have been realized. He thought it better on this account that there should be no attempt to pin North and South together by bayonets, and Greeley thought so, too. In the light of the issue of our reconstruction, Hawthorne's prescience does not look today like disloyalty; he was a better judge of the human heart, that is all, than most men of his time. The plea of Emerson and Curtis that Hawthorne had "a strong feminine element in him" is absurd; for Hawthorne, in his splendid, athletic, handsome physique and in his masculine thinking, surpassed them both. A vigorous man of the world of brains and culture, in Europe or America, would have heartily enjoyed Hawthorne, while he would have found Emerson cold and Curtis a kind of intellectual and spiritual hermaphrodite.

Hawthorne was emphatically a "man's man," which neither Emerson nor Curtis was. Hawthorne, speaking of Burns and Scottish scenery, said: "A man is better than a mountain." That is the voice of no feminine-minded man; no literary dude of the "lank lily" type could ever have spoken that bracing speech. His physique was so grand in its beauty of face and figure that in England his personal appearance excited a rustle of admiration when he entered a room. And yet it was this handsome, courtly, shy man that, when a repulsive-looking infant stretched out its arms to him in an English foundling asylum, stooped and tenderly kissed the wretched child. A cheap woman or a feminine man would never have done it; it took a great, tender, solemn-hearted man like Hawthorne to do this, not because it was a pleasure, but because it crossed the path of his duty. Hawthorne is our only man of supreme, original literary genius in the sense that England speaks of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns and Byron.

RADICAL IN WAR, STATESMAN IN PEACE.

The long-delayed Life of John A. Andrew, the great war Governor of Massachusetts, by Henry G. Pearson, is a just portrait of a man who was an unflinching radical in war, but was the first, if not the only eminent statesman of the North, who became a conservative statesman the moment the war was over. As early as 1866, in his last term as Governor, he declared that the true policy of the Government toward the South was "to demand no attitude of humiliation, to inflict no acts of humiliation." He urged the Republican party to adopt no policy of reconstruction that was offensive to the natural leaders of the South. He said that the natural leaders of the South were the great military captains, like Lee, Johnston, Bragg, Beauregard, Hampton, Longstreet, and the great civil leaders, like Stephens, men of personal veracity and honor; men who had staked all and lost all in the fight. These men, whether civil or military leaders, will be sure to sway the public opinion of the South; if you ignore these great natural leaders you will be either imposed upon or circumvented by low demagogues of all sorts. Before you lose the opportunity call at once into council in your reconstruction policy the really great leaders of the South; all of them have been slaveholders, who understand the negro character; all of them have a humane interest in his fate. Ask these men their judgment as to the best disposition of the negro problem, making no conditions save that the negro's gift of emancipation shall be fully secured to him and absolute equality of civil rights under the law, leaving the privilege of negro suffrage to be granted or not, under limitations to be settled according to the consensus of these great natural leaders of the South.

Andrew promptly urged this policy upon Charles Sumner in 1865, on the ground that it is both just and politic to treat the natural leaders of the South with confidence, because in any event they are sure to fix public opinion for the South. In his valedictory as Governor, January 1, 1866, Andrew deplored the prospect of universal colored suffrage at the South; he believed the right to vote for President, Vice-President and Representatives in Congress should be granted only to the colored men in all the states, being citizens and able to read, who would by the laws of the states where they reside be competent to vote if they were white. If this view had prevailed, very few colored men in the South would have obtained the suffrage, a number, at all events, too small to have proved any temptation to erect and perpetuate carpetbag governments. These views of Andrew, pronounced in 1865 and 1866, cost him a good deal of political popularity with his party, but he died in his fiftieth year, in October, 1867. Had he lived to be 70 he would have found his wise political forecast amply justified by events. The wonderful thing is that this political prescience should have been possessed and proclaimed by Andrew and by Andrew alone of the great Republican civil leaders of the Civil War. Andrew, however, had always believed that no man was a statesman who was incapable of political compromise. He wrote a friend in England that Charles Sumner was "not a statesman because he was willing the negro should starve unless he fed on a loaf of Sumner's own baking, while I will accept a half-loaf for the starving negro, no matter who baked it."

Andrew was born in Maine, and Maine has been the birthplace of no nobler man; it is doubtful whether Maine has been the birthplace of a statesman who was the equal of Andrew in his enormous public influence at a critical period of the history of the Republic. He was a negligent scholar at Bowdoin, as was Nathaniel Hawthorne, but an omnivorous reader; he had the gift of ready and ardent speech; he had the heart of a generous, impulsive boy all his days, but he had the brain of a well-trained lawyer. He was an anti-slavery Whig until the Republican party was formed; he won distinction as counsel in the famous cases under the fugitive slave law of Shadrach, Sims and Burns, but he never was an abolitionist. He spoke eloquently at Chicago in 1860 for the nomination of Seward. His magnificent speech in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1858 in which he fairly "burned up" Caleb Cushing made him Governor of Massachusetts in 1860 by the largest majority ever cast for any man. He was always far stronger than his party; he was a man of fine social address; humorous, companionable, kind, sympathetic, but never sentimental, open-handed. At his funeral there were as many Democrats as Republicans; as many Roman Catholics as Protestants, and almost as many blacks as whites. If any man can be said to have influenced Lincoln's policy on great occasions it was Governor Andrew. He wrote the address of the war Governors of the loyal states, after the famous meeting at Altoona, Pa., in September, 1862. His counsels persuaded Lincoln to allow him to raise the first colored regiment, in January, 1863, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts; Andrew officered it with the best white officers he could obtain from the veteran regiments in the field. Its success established the value of negro soldiery and sent 180,000 white troops from bombproofs to the firing line. His political forecast enabled him to see the Civil War as sure to come, and in January, 1861, he got ready for it and urged the Governors of the rest of New England to get ready. His troops were the first to reach Washington after Lincoln's call of April 15, 1861.

As a war Governor, John A. Andrew was easily first of Lincoln's official friends. Under him Massachusetts furnished 146,730 men for the Army and 32,000 for the Navy. He was more than once denounced by Wendell Phillips, for Andrew was brave enough to collect money for John Brown's defense, although he frankly declared that he deemed Brown a monomaniac. Andrew was the grandest, most effective war Governor, because he could give Lincoln something more than soldiers; he could give him wise and inspiring counsel, for Andrew had the political foresight of a practical statesman as well as the upright inspiration of the most ardent evangelist of the altruistic philosophy of human life. His remarkable character was happily described by one of his eulogists, who at the time of Andrew's death said: "No man ever believed in the people more or truckled to them less." Save Lincoln Andrew was the greatest civil character of our Civil war, for he was the only civil character who can be said to have shaped or at least accelerated the war policy of Lincoln. He was an ardent man, an able man and a most eloquent man in private conversation or public debate, and there is no question but that Governor Andrew was Lincoln's ablest and most influential civic friend. He was a man of extraordinary strength of character and eloquent persuasiveness in personal intercourse. He always rang true; his note was clear and high. Everybody in all parties, of all sects, trusted and believed in Governor Andrew, in the warmth of his heart and the strength of his head. Both parties, all parties, all religions in Massachusetts knew that this Unitarian Governor Andrew believed in free religion, in free speech, in equal rights for all men, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude. They knew that—

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

THE FALL OF MAN.

In all the scholarship of the Christian world and of the Jewish world it is now admitted that the accounts in the Hebrew Scriptures of the creation of the world, of the origin and fall of man and of the early life of the people of Israel, are mythical and legendary. For bringing out the proofs of these facts some forty years ago Bishop Colenso was deposed by the Convocation of Canterbury; yet nobody of any knowledge or name dares now to challenge the general results of his statements and reasonings. Scholars of greatest name, Jewish and Christian, find in the Ninevite records the undoubted source of the fall legend, which was adopted by the Hebrews and by them transmitted to Christianity.

The general result of this inquiry is the conclusion, now unassailable, that the old Hebrew Bible, though containing much valuable historical matter, contains also much that is unhistorical; that a large portion of it is the work of a comparatively late period in Jewish history; that the Mosaic law was not in force in the early kingdoms, or before the captivity; that Deuteronomy could only have been written after the Jews had settled in Canaan; that the books of Chronicles were written as an afterthought, to support the views of the priestly caste; and that in all the books there is much that is mythical and legendary, much that has sprung from the disposition of this people, as of every other people of an uncritical age, to support ideals attributed to the earlier times, by later inventions. To read ideals or notions of the present into the past, and to give them the authority of antiquity, is the favorite method of the writers, compilers and redacteurs of the books of the Hebrew Scriptures—in the form in which we now have them. From the same tendency the books of the New Testament are not wholly free.

All this has a profound effect on the thought of the present world. The evidences are conclusive that there has been no "fall" of man, but that the tendency of the race has been upward from low beginnings. The "Fall" is merely a theological doctrine. Man is indeed low enough still; but his advance from primitive conditions has been immense. And his advance in morals has kept pace with his advance in material well-being.

Since there has been no "fall" of man, the effect on the theological doctrine of the redemption is necessarily great. This need not be dwelt upon. What is apparent is the fact that man still needs to cultivate the forces that make for the uplift of his whole nature, moral and spiritual. But the old theology is no longer the sure instrument of it.

The order issued by Postmaster-General Smith July 17, 1901, excluding so-called serial "libraries" from mails of the second class was recently upheld by a decision of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan dissenting. Each issue of these "libraries" was a complete book, and they had been carried under a liberal interpretation of the postal law at the rate for magazines and other periodicals, or 1 cent a pound. The loss to the Government is shown in the statement that the actual cost of carriage was not less than 5 cents a pound, and that in the year preceding the order 200,000,000 pounds of publications of this type had been carried in the mails. The postal department, struggling with a large annual deficit and laboring strenuously to improve the service without increasing the shortage, has repeatedly asked for legislation that would definitely place these publications in the class for which the rate is 8 cents a pound. This being denied, or the plea ignored, Mr. Smith decided to place them there by executive order, and in this stand the department has been sustained by the Supreme Court. This order may not be in conformity with a progressive postal policy, but it is in strict accord with ordinary business principles and will be generally commended upon that basis.

In discussing the record for rapid firing made by the various battleships in target practice, in the attempt to beat which the Missouri recently lost thirty-two men by an explosion in the after turret, it has been brought out that the Alabama has a record of only thirty-eight seconds between shots. The Wisconsin's gunners surpassed this by ten shots in 340 seconds. In such rapid work the breech must be opened immediately after a discharge and another charge of powder inserted at once, while other charges must be near at hand. In attempting to beat the record the accident on the Missouri occurred. That the spirit of Uncle Sam's gunners was not daunted by it, however, is shown in the report that two days later the Texas made a new record with a 12-inch gun—11 hits out of 12 shots in ten minutes. It is scarcely necessary to add that her gunners narrowly escaped the fate of those who were killed on the Missouri. This may be considered reckless gun play with human lives and costly enginery of war as forfeits. It might be well, considering the value of the stakes, for the Navy Department to withdraw the trophy offered for rapid firing, or fix a maximum beyond which it is declared unsafe to venture.

Burt E. Wamsley, president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, in his address to that body at the opening of its annual convention in Boston a few days ago, urged the full or fuller development of the resources of the Southern cotton belt as essential to the interests of the United States as a producer, manufacturer and exporter of cotton. Increase of the cotton area and production he conceived to be one of the most pressing questions now before the Nation, from an industrial and commercial standpoint. The idea is worth considering. Improvement in methods of cotton manufacture has caused cotton goods to be more in demand than ever before. Silk fabrics are being pressed closely, in softness of finish and beauty of coloring, by the dainty products of the cotton looms. The relative cheapness of the latter appeal to the thrift of the consumer and the demand for them is a constant stimulus to production. While this continues there must be an increasing demand for the raw material, and to meet this the area of the cotton fields in the South must be extended. Either this or the United States must become an importer of cotton.

It is a question whether a young woman who has found the Holy Rollers an attraction, and has associated with them in filthy quarters, going barefoot, lying around on the floor and living with them as pigs live in a sty or sheep in a fold, is worth "rescuing" and forcing into decent ways and surroundings. It might be well enough to consign her to the silly ward of the insane asylum, out of sheer pity, but it must be admitted that the material for the making of a reputable, modest woman in her case has been sadly warped. However, the relatives of a young woman thus tainted by contact with Creffield and his followers are to be commended for their desire to rescue and if possible restore her to a sense of common decency.

The huge meteorite recently unearthed near Oregon City is a rare scientific prize. Only four larger specimens of the kind are on record. Eastern scientists are seeking to acquire the meteorite, but Oregon or Portland should find means to head them off and keep the stone at home. Now that the Oregon Iron & Steel Company has proved its ownership of the meteorite, perhaps that company will enable Oregon to satisfy its pride in the matter, and if Colonel L. L. Hawkins will employ his wonted persuasion the City Museum may become the repository of the stone.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Conference, in session at Omaha, called for twelve recruits for the foreign missionary field and received three responses. Is this reluctance to enter the outfield an indication that the long-neglected missionary field at home has been discovered, and that practical Christians, or representatives of practical Christianity, do not find it necessary to go to foreign lands in order to work for the betterment of mankind?

Russia's fulmination against wireless telegraphy, which went no farther than words, was denounced by the pro-Japanese press as a most savage and cruel performance. Japan says nothing, but when Mr. Wireless Steamer puts into Nagasaki for supplies, the Japs nail him up to the dock and forbid him to operate. Which, it may be supposed, is a touching instance of Japan's enlightened and Christian character. It makes such a difference.

If the Republican managers of the various counties of Oregon want big majorities, as doubtless they do, it will be far better for them to take measures to get the voters registered than to spend their strength in trying to get up precinct meetings for public speaking. This last may be well enough; but the prime necessity is to get the voters registered. The Republican majority then will take care of itself.

It is really impossible for any one who has not seen the magnitude of the exposition at St. Louis to conceive or imagine it. The impression it makes on all who have seen it is said to be overpowering. Its splendor comports with its magnitude; and there can be no question that it presents the most marvelous spectacle of the kind ever seen in the history of the world.

For the office of District Attorney Mr. Sanderson Reed possesses every necessary qualification. His record in his profession and in public tasks is that of a man who wants to do right and who can be depended upon to stand firm in his convictions of duty. No man on the Republican ticket is more entitled to Republican support than Mr. Reed.

Councilman Albee's ordinance abolishing private boxes in saloons is a meritorious measure. There is no necessity or excuse for these places of infamy, and it is strange that every effort to do away with them falls short of success. Perhaps we can get better luck this time.

Whoever did the work that results in warships being ordered here for the Fourth deserves a vote of thanks. These visits from monitor and torpedo-boats will add interest to the port and popularize the new Navy among the people.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Just now St. Louis is it.

Strikes keep San Francisco from stagnating.

WANTED—Hustlers to tack signs. Apply Courthouse.

Revolt in Seattle!
(Against the Clancys.)

In Montana they've spotted another man with spotted fever.

The Yalu is obtaining as much free advertising as St. Louis.

Seattle is making some cruel jokes about the men of the U. S. S. Tacoma sleeping on duty.

Russian submarines at Port Arthur should find lots of companion ships when they go down.

Tacoma reports an attendance of 8000 at the opening ball game. Eight thousand what—fingers and toes?

Bryan thinks that the reorganizers are not gaining, but then if a landslide hit him he'd try to argue with it.

The Holy Rollers appear to have been very successful in fitting persons for the insane asylum and the reformatory.

James Henry Smith has bought the Whitney house on Fifth avenue for $2,500,000. Probably his whim is to try light housekeeping.

Schoolboys in Eugene should take more than usual interest in their instructors, now that the county and the city superintendents have got into a fist fight.

Twenty-six young dentists have just been unleashed in Portland. Just now their names are where they hope their hands will be—in the mouths of the people.

A Pendleton mangle girl mangled her hand in the machinery, and is bringing a suit for damages for the contradictory reason that she objects to being hand laundered.

The number of applications for jobs on Panama canal work shows how many Americans are ready to sacrifice themselves for their country—for good remuneration.

The men of the Varlag and the Korietz are just now in the state of Tommy Atkins when he's hailed with allusions to the "thin red lines of 'eroes." But when the cruel war is over it will be "out of this, you brute."

The Chinese in Manchuria are said to be praying for a Russian victory. If Gods avail anything Russia should have a walk over, for Chinese josses and Christian ikons would seem to check the Japanese in every direction.

Still the men with hard-earned money come to town, meet an affable stranger, who buys a drink and rings in another stranger, and the hard-earned money flees with the strangers. And the harder it was to get, the more easily it seems to be let go.

St. Louis is certainly "on to" itself. Of the $50,000,000 for the Fair, the municipality put up $5,000,000 and the citizens $5,000,000, making a total of $10,000,000. Then states were worked for $7,000,000, the Government for $11,500,000 and foreign countries for $2,000,000. A very thrifty showing.

Victoria sportsmen want the sale of game of any kind prohibited in British Columbia for three years. Such a measure would no doubt prove very popular with the wealthy hunter, but the Indians and others would look upon it with different eyes. Still, the world would be a dull place if all had the same objects.

An exchange tells of a neat retort made by Captain Burton, the explorer, at the expense of a doctor. Burton had been telling of an Arab attack which ended fatally for his assailant, when the doctor asked, "How do you feel, Captain, when you kill a man?" Burton paused a moment, and then replied, slowly: "I don't know, doctor; how do you feel?"

It is related of Bishop Potter, says Lippincott's, that at the close of a lecture engagement in rural New York he was approached by a farmer, who, addressing him familiarly, said:

"Pard, h'ain't I seen yore pictur' some'ers in th' paypers?"

With becoming modesty the bishop replied, "It is possible."

"Well, pard," continued the farmer, "won't you please tell me what you was cured of?"

It is reported from Uskalody, Tenn., that the municipality is about to erect a statue to the memory of Peter La Planche, who is said to have invented the game of craps. The claims of Uskalody are disputed by several other cities in Tennessee. All that seems definitely settled is that craps was first played shortly after Jackson's victory at New Orleans, and in 1813 a sort of franchise was granted La Planche by the corporation of Uskalody to run the game in his hotel. In default of better evidence from another place, Uskalody will not resign the honor, and Dr. Schrady has been commissioned to make a life-size statue.

Count Cassini's article in the North American Review on "Russia and the Far East" seems to open up a new branch of usefulness for diplomats. Hereafter ambassadors may be chosen, not because they are able to conceal what they think, but because they are able to write a slashing magazine article. The pen will be even more mighty than the sword when that day comes round, and the schoolboy will write his essay on "The Lessons of History" with an eye to representing his country in the continental reviews. Ambassadors will no longer be accredited to the Court of St. James, but to the Quarterly Review. W. T. Stead will supplant Sir Mortimer Durand over here, as the ambassador of King Edward to the Review of Reviews.

A Government scientist not long ago gave a dinner in Washington in honor of Speaker Henderson. The scientist hails from the Hawkeye state, so it was distinctly an Iowa dinner. Of course, Secretary Shaw was a guest, and he was the only one absent when 7 o'clock arrived. The host waited half an hour and then gave orders to serve. At exactly 7:55 the Secretary of the Treasury was announced. His explanation has been a joke among the Iowa contingent in Washington ever since. "I thought this dinner was for 8 o'clock," said he, in evident embarrassment. "I arrived outside at 7:30 by my watch. It was so early I decided to walk up and down the street till I saw someone else come. But no one came, and so I had to enter alone."

W. H. L.