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what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

ARTISTIC SKILL THAT PAYS.

The visitor to the Lewis and Clark Fair grounds these days can hardly fail to be impressed with the attention that has been paid to the artistic or artistic features of the undertaking. In its conception and proper scope the enterprise is not artistic at all, but primarily historical and secondarily commercial. It is first a reminder of the country's material progress and then it is organized so as to accomplish this purpose in a way to pay the state and the corporation that is managing it. What we want is results in the direction of attracting people here to see what we are and what we have, and, perhaps, the greatest care of the officials at the present time is to adjust income and outgo so that the Exposition will be a financial success.

Yet, in spite of all this, the strongest impression the grounds and buildings give the observer is the impression of beauty—the beauty of the site, which determined its selection; the beauty of the landscape undertakings, which even in their unfinished state are a pleasure to behold; and the beauty of the buildings, whose graceful proportions and pure white exterior demonstrate at once that the completed picture is going to be one of surpassing and never-to-be-forgotten loveliness. We have little doubt that the view from the lake of the main terrace and grounds will be equal and perhaps even more effective than the similar display at St. Louis, and we shall not be at all surprised to see the electric and aquatic adornment even better than that at St. Louis and equal to the best that has ever been produced at the greatest expositions.

It will soon be time, if it is not time already, to cease the talk about a lack of artistic sense and appreciation in the American character. It is true that hitherto our people have been consumed in labors of wrestling a livelihood from the soil of a new country and have had little time or inclination for the finer things of life; but it is evident that we are not much longer to be put down with the non-artistic Northern nations, in unfavorable comparison with France, Italy and even Japan. Our National type is not so much a matter of the mind, but is a blend, into which has entered the steady stream of Dutch, French and Italian immigration. The New England Yankee, of wooden nutmeg fame, occupies a constantly decreasing place in our National character; and while we are as successful traders as ever, our leisure is spent less in whittling and telling stories and more in developing the artistic side of life.

It is the logical thing that the first manifestation of artistic excellence in our people should appear in architecture, inasmuch as the first step in ascending civilization must be the construction of the place of abode. It is in the United States that the most noted activity in architectural art is to be seen today. Perhaps there is no more noteworthy aspect of our present popular education than special instruction in industrial art. This has been extended and perfected here to so great an extent that the Architects' and Builders' Magazine treats of the subject as a distinct and very remarkable "movement." Students of art design are multiplying rapidly all over the Union, and within the last ten years from a single school in New York over 2200 pupils have been graduated; yet so large is the demand for "competent, original designers in the different lines of artistic manufacture that it is not likely that it will be more than supplied for years to come." The consequence in the improved artistic design and decoration of house furnishings, articles of clothing and wares generally is seen everywhere from New York to Portland. It is made manifest in every department store and in the displays in shop windows along the streets. Never before was there so sharp a competition among manufacturers to invite trade by improving their products in respect both of durability and beauty of design, and this competition has compelled the employment of a high order of expert and artistic work.

It is the judgment of the magazine quoted that whereas a few decades ago our manufacturers were satisfied to copy the designs and patterns of European makers, imitating them, though not equaling them in quality, now a movement toward domestic designing has set in. The great steel and iron workers have discovered the necessity of securing art as an ally, and the same lesson has been taught by cabinet-makers, furniture manufacturers, manufacturers of silks, rugs, carpets and textiles, of books and of an infinite variety of articles to which taste in their design or decoration lends attractiveness and gives salable value. That is, craftsmanship and art have been linked together, and the closer the link the greater the benefit to the manufacturer. The general public has become more rapidly wiser in the matter of artistic excellence which has never so great distinction to products of French manufacture. Improvements in machinery, carried further here than in any other country, make possible cheap reproductions of masterpieces of design, so that these are brought within the humblest means.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to recount the details of this artistic movement throughout the various departments of metal designers, book covers, illustrations, costume, furniture and household decoration. But it is clear that our industrial life is taking on an artistic manifestation whose activity proves beyond a doubt the awakening of an artistic sense which international art has been wont to deny us. Doubtless the display of wares educates and awakens the artistic eye of the purchaser, but it is equally true that the demand must be known to exist in some shape before supply rises to fill it. That it pays to make buildings and grounds and interiors and clothing beautiful shows that the people are climbing rapidly in civilization. We are in a fair way to hear less of the European sneer at American art.

The first prize at the Federal land bargain contest established temporarily at Chamberlain, S. D., was drawn at the opening last Thursday by a Spanish War veteran, so-called, 27 years old. The ceded lands of the Rosebud reservation formed the bargains offered, and in accordance with the plan this young veteran will get first choice of 160 acres of what the people who are enamored with the Rocky Mountain region declare is the "finest land on earth." A land rule, like any other proposition in which there is not enough of the proposed advantages to go round, must inevitably leave many eager applicants unprovided for. In this case something like 100,000 men will retire landless from the Federal bargain contest sadder but wiser for their experience. This summer, while large, is small by comparison with the best that thought the whole Klondike country a few years ago a huge bargain counter upon which lay glittering nuggets of gold that could be had for the taking, and pushed on into the Arctic zone in the bitter Winter of 1896 in the full belief that they would share in the great distribution. Disappointed, destitute, despairing, fully 90 per cent of these gold-seekers returned, or died in the attempt, without even having reached the frigid region where the prize was supposed to await the taking. The history of mankind contains many chapters of the kind. Other chapters will be added from time to time as long as the haste to be rich is an attribute of human nature and men are willing and anxious to "take chances" in the hope that "luck" may do for them what they have been unable to compass by slow but relatively safe endeavor.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.

It is evident that between the Government of France and the Vatican the crisis, long impending, cannot much longer be averted. In recent articles The Oregonian has explained the source and the nature of the dispute. Briefly, the Concordat of the year 1801, between Napoleon and the Pope, has broken down. The church refuses longer to admit the right of the state to nominate the bishops, and the government retaliates by announcing that the bishops appointed by the Pope shall not have the support of the state. It is impossible to see what other result than separation of church and state can follow.

Ever since the Concordat restored in France the church that the Revolution had destroyed, the state has paid heavy sums annually for support of the clergy and for maintenance of worship. But the conditions are galling to the church; not less so to the state, when the church refuses to accept the state's decrees. For the state, as patron of the church, feels itself to be the master, and it protests therefore against ultramontane influence, both in ecclesiastical and educational affairs. It is an anomalous condition, and the strange thing perhaps is that it should have lasted so long.

But the question is whether the church in France can obtain support without the aid of the state. In nothing have the people of France any spirit of initiative. So long has everything been done through the agency of government that it may be questioned whether voluntary association and contribution can be any dependence for support of the church. The draft effect, probably, of the separation of church and state in France would be a tremendous penalty for the church; yet there are those who think in the long run separation would be altogether better for the church, and perhaps they are right. Certainly this would be the correct judgment if the spirit of the French people were in any way similar to the spirit of our own.

NORTH BEACH WRECK.

It is announced that the underwriters will make an effort to float the schooner Zampa, recently wrecked on North Beach, near Leadbetter Point. In view of their past experience on North Beach with vessels of all sizes and rigs, it would seem that they were flying in the face of common sense in attempting to raise a marine cemetery of even a small victim. It was fifty-one years ago last Winter that the American bark Vandalla was caught by a strong southwest gale which threw her a quivering wreck on the beach just north of McKenzie's Head, and of all the big feet, both steam and sail, that have since found a common grave on the beautiful stretch of beach between North Head and Willapa Harbor, not a single vessel has ever been taken back to the safety of deep water. The "beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea" is something that appeals in degree to all mankind, and when one of these white-winged argosies of trade makes her last port and wears her life out on the sands of a weather beach she becomes an even more interesting study than when she was free to race over the blue water.

While North Beach has been merciless to the hapless craft that have drifted into her embrace, she has in most cases been kind to the crews. There were exceptions, of course, notably the Vandalla, from which not a living soul escaped, and the Strathblane, which lost her master and seven men. The greatest losses sustained by the underwriters in supplying North Beach with Summer attractions was in period of a little over five years prior to 1887. In that time no less than nine fine vessels left their bones between Peacock Spit and Leadbetter Point. The British bark Lammerlaw was the first of this big fleet to strike the beach, and in a dense fog on October 31, 1881, she drifted ashore and settled on the sands near Leadbetter Point. Less than a day behind the Lammerlaw, showing the confidence of the wild duck which settles alongside of the tame geese, came the G. Broughton and laid her bones to rest alongside those of the Lammerlaw.

A little over three years later another pair of British brigs, the Abbey Cowper and the Dewa Gundahar, came drifting up from the south, overran their distance for the Columbia River and piled high and dry near the Broughton and the Lammerlaw. The Abbey Cowper struck two weeks earlier than the Gundahar, and in that fortnight sank so far in the sand that when the latter vessel arrived the yards and rigging of the two vessels lay a tangled mass, indistinguishable one from the other. Then came the "Hest Home," for years the delight of the beach visitors. That vessel was bound from San Francisco for Puget Sound, and floated in during a thick fog, the captain not being his bearing just before he struck by the morning crowd of a rooster just off his port bow. In this case, as with that of the four Leadbetter Point wrecks, no lives were lost, and the wreck worked in so far as the beach was covered except at very high tide. American bark Whistler, old and tender, blew in too close before an October gale in 1883 and pounded to pieces in a few hours, and the Grace Roberts met a similar fate three years later, both piling up just north of North Head.

The Carrie B. Lake, with which Captain John Exon, an enterprising Portlander, was endeavoring to establish a deep-sea fishing industry, was wrecked not far from Tioga in January, 1886, drowning Captain Exon and one of the crew, and late in July of that year the entire beach population watched the American ship W. H. Besse sail to her doom on Peacock Spit, her master making the mistake of attempting a short cut with a ship heavily loaded with cutraud iron. None of her wreckage reached the beach, and the "Besse

buoy" off the mouth of the river is all that remains of the fine American ship. Side by side in the little cemetery at Ilwaco lie the bodies of Captain Cuthill and six of his crew, who perished in the breakers that pounded the British ship Strathblane to pieces near Loomis Station in a November gale in 1861. The schooner Governor Moody did not get far enough north to make a beach attraction, for she was pounded into kindling wood against the rock walls of North Head.

With the more recent wrecks, such as the Point Loma, Glenmorag, Potrimpos and Frank W. Howe, the beach visitors are quite familiar. But two lives were lost from these vessels, but in the case of the Glenmorag and the Potrimpos large sums of money were lost in an effort to get them back into deep water. The Zampa, on account of her small size, and the fact that she is very valuable, even for a beach attraction, but, judging from the experience of the past, she is worth more on the beach than she will ever be afloat, if the cost of floating her is considered.

HAWTHORNE'S NOTE OF SADNESS.

That was a very suggestive address which Mr. Bliss Perry delivered at Bowdoin on the Hawthorne centenary and which is printed in the August Atlantic. Upon this fruitful theme the great editor and noble essayist hangs his choicest clusters of literary convictions and philosophical ventures, and brings to bear upon the Hawthorne problem such light as may be drawn from the wisdom of Plato, Aristotle and Longfellow, Whipple and Bridge. The inscrutable mystery of Hawthorne's nature, Mr. Perry wisely forbears to expound, though he apprehends it fully; and he finds its parallel in Hamlet, whose secret never yet has been divined; and he shows us how great our foremost writer of fiction was, compared with those who have come after him, displaying talent where he showed none, the full blaze of the highest genius.

From the many instructive lessons offered in this memorable discourse let us content ourselves with one appreciation and one question mark. First among the elements of Hawthorne's greatness, before even his graphic truthfulness and his wonderfully melodious style, Mr. Perry places "his choice of moral problems as material for his art." For nearly a century Mr. Perry says, we have witnessed painstaking endeavors to base the art of fiction upon the science of physiology. Men of massive talent have wrought at such books, but their experiments are already crumbling. This is Mr. Perry's answer to a tremendous array of problem novels and even novel types. He seems to imply that when the wildest of the "Seven Gates" excursions into psychological vagaries and animal passions and social conventions, it will come back with solid satisfaction to the study of the soul and the deeper emotions of the heart.

Of this let us make no doubt. As to the correctness of his judgment on Hawthorne all must agree; for, as he says, the extraordinary fragment, "Ethan Brand," is an attempt to solve the problem of the development of the intellect at the expense of the soul; in "Rappaccini's Daughter" the father's love of scientific experiment overmasters his love for his child; in the "Christmas Banquet" we have "the man who misses the secret that gives substance to a world of shadows." The "Scarlet Letter" is a study of the workings of conscience after a committed crime; the "House of the Seven Gables" is devoted to the legacy of ancestral guilt and its inheritance, and the "Marble Faun" to the influence of a sin upon the development of character. We agree with the essayist that Hawthorne's devotion to the moral problem in human life is not to be explained by Puritan ancestry or depressing old Salem; but it is attributable to a conscious and imperative choice, proving the soundness of his instinct and the depth of his insight.

It is fair to Hawthorne to deprecate the sadness which everywhere overcasts his vision of humanity? It impresses Mr. Perry only adversely, and the best he can do with it is to try to explain it away as incidental or as in reality not there at all. "He had spiritual insight," said Edwin Whipple of Hawthorne, "but did not possess the sources of spiritual joy," and Mr. Perry adds: "The note of robust triumph, of unquestioning faith in individual happiness and in the sure advance of human society is indeed too rarely heard in his writings." Yet we fancy that those who would change the Hawthorne undertone of sadness for the Whipple note of robust if not robust joy are, among the discerning, few. From the greatest of poets to the greatest of novelists, the note of sadness has been the fashion to sport back today, with a sort of strenuous optimism; but while there is some justification for the revolt so far as our outward and hortatory moods are concerned, he would be a shallow observer of the profoundest thought who did not recognize and confess the weight of its solemnity, even its gloom—"the long shadow cast by our mortal destiny upon a sensitive soul," Mr. Perry himself puts it, "conscious of kinship with the erring race of men."

The clouds that cradle near the setting sun do take a deeper color from the eye than when they sweep o'er the main mortality. Thus Wordsworth, the most unerring of optimists; and it is incontestably true that the less of melancholy the sunset brings across the sea the less of human life the waiting eye has seen. There is a higher truth in the tragedies of Shakespeare than in the finale where all are happily married, as in some comedy of Mrs. Ryley's. Sorrow is the deathless page of Homer and broods among the sounds that came to Milton's ear, the scenes to Dante's eye. To Goethe no less than to Schopenhauer; in Tennyson as in Mrs. Browning comes "the heart of sorrow that in all men abides." Hawthorne was true to what his fine vision saw; and if he had been more joyous, perhaps he would have been less great.

Mr. Perry's note of sadness is that of a release in heaven from this vale of tears, a crown for the earthly cross. "Idiotic vandalism" is nothing new. It has left its mark upon historic cliff and stately monument from one end of the country, and it might almost be said from one end of the world, to the other. It is not enough of the past, an aggravated form through a report of General Daniel E. Sickles, who as a representative of the State of New York was commissioned to visit the battlefield of Bull Run and report upon the feasibility of erecting monuments to commemorate the services of the New York soldiers in the first battle of the Civil War. He found upon investigation that it would be a waste of money and effort to erect monuments for this purpose until such time as the National

Government acquires control of the historic ground, as they would in all probability be chipped, defaced and carried away piecemeal by relic-hunters. Unfortunately, there is ample warrant for this estimate. It is a humiliating fact that even the tomb of Washington has been chipped and marred by relic-hunters, and the great Washington monument at the National Capital and the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield have to be jealously guarded to insure them from desecration. While there are relatively few relic-hunters among those who visit places of historic interest, there are enough to keep somebody on guard constantly, and there is, unfortunately, no way to get rid of them. Like criminals, they can only be held in check by police authority.

It seems we have some people among us who don't want foreigners to carry our products over-sea to markets at lower rates than we can afford to do it ourselves. It is the stupid conception of business, that would require us to pay increased freight rates, through public taxation, in order to take the trade away from those who offer to do it at lower prices. The spirit behind this effort is the desire of the few to make money, through the help of the Government, out of the many. The subsidy will go into the pockets of preferred individuals, and then we shall have a ship trust, to add to numerous other exploits in this line. But, since the foreigners can carry our products at lower rates than we can, why not let them do it? Why tax everybody to put money into the pockets of a few? The wheatgrower, the cotton-grower, the lumberman, the miner, the tobacco-grower, the cattleman, will not get an additional dollar, but will be forced to help pay the subsidy to the shipman. This scheme will never bear debate before the country. We have cheap freight rates on ocean transport. Are we to pay taxes to make them higher? This is the whole question.

The New York Press instances Secretary Shaw's happy habit of homely illustration for political situations as shown in his description to the Queens County Republicans of the history and standing of the two parties on the money question:

On this subject the Republican party waded for a time and stumbled once or twice, but, as in other instances, ultimately regained its equilibrium. The Democratic party, on the contrary, after wading for a time and stumbling frequently, finally expressed its mature judgment in its Chicago platform of 1896, which it reaffirmed in 1900, and neither retracted nor apologized for in 1904.

Here, in a way about as compact and descriptive as well could be, is presented the case for the Republican party and against the Democratic party in the matter of free silver. And the case may be submitted to be as fairly and honestly summarized as any but the most unreasonable partisan could wish.

Geronimo, once a fierce and warlike savage, whose name was a terror to settlers upon the Southwestern border, still lives, aged, garrulous and boastful of his skill as a marksman. His home is about ten miles from Lawton, Okla. The tribal relations of his people, the Apaches, have been dissolved, and they no longer regard him as their chief. He is not a pathetic figure, like Joseph, the Nez Perce, and does not long for the scenes of his youth, but is well content to pass his years in idleness and plenty. The respect and pity that is generally felt for Joseph are not bestowed upon Geronimo. He is merely an old savage, barely treacherous, who made the whites and the Government all the trouble he could in his day—a lumberer of the ground in his age, as he was a pest to civilization in his early life.

Whether he is regarded as insane or as a disgusting specimen of depravity, natural and total, the public will be glad that Creffield, of Holy Roller notoriety, has been surprised in his lair and taken into custody. A wretched, naked, half-starved, apparently crazy and altogether a revolting creature, he was taken from a hole under the house of the man whose name he bore, but is well content to pass his years in idleness and plenty. The respect and pity that is generally felt for Joseph are not bestowed upon Geronimo. He is merely an old savage, barely treacherous, who made the whites and the Government all the trouble he could in his day—a lumberer of the ground in his age, as he was a pest to civilization in his early life.

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