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TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair and warmer, PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

PERFIDY THE BASIS OF CONFIDENCE. Our opponents, either openly or secretly, seconding to their several temperaments, according to their several temperaments, now ask the people to trust their present promises in consideration of the fact that they intend to treat their past promises as null and void.—President Rosseveit.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OPEN AIR.

A distinguished and traveled German, who was in Portland the past week to study the site and preparations for the Lewis and Clark Centennial, remarked that in beauty of situation the Exposition is more favored than any that has gone before, whether in Europe or America. Nowhere else has the eye rested upon such a panorama of mighty river, wooded islands, clear, still lake and snow-covered mountains. Nowhere else has an exposition sat at once on the border of a great city and in the midst of scenery so entrancing and sublime. This is a good thought for us Clark Centennial is destined to be nulque in the history of expositions as the exponent and embodiment of the spirit of the open air.

That the thought of the time is ready for such a celebration of "out-of-doorness" is indicated by the drift in that It is the figure of a woman, seated, and gazing far out into space. The drapery files in the breeze, Her line of her noble figure. The brow of this goddess is free from lines. Her cheek is fair and smooth. Her eye is calm and sure. Her features, noble, frank and peaceful, show no trace of the lines that greed and hurry and anxiety carve so deeply on the human face. No haggard-faced god of commerce is this same and sweet and kindly "Spirit of the Open Air."

For those who come to the Fair at Portland the St. Louis venture into 'out-of-doorness" will prove an excellent preparation; for, as one sympathetic critic has already pointed out, the life of field, forest and stream is greatly exploited there. To begin with, the grounds are carved bodily out of a natural forest. Every natural advantage has been carefully preserved. The cunning of the landscape gardener has largely concealed the hand of man, This spirit of appreciation of the return to the soil that is so marked a feature of our present American life is | Macaulay makes his. Let it be a real reflected in the sculpture that adorns the grounds. Beautiful and virile statues breathing love of nature and delight in life are seen on every vantage

The exhibits show a notable tendency in the same direction. Immense displays of sporting firearms, fishing tackle, boats, tents and other sporting apparatus are there from all over the world. The United States Government and many of the individual states have large and valuable fish and game exhibits. Numberless game fish are in the aquaria, and live water fowl and other game birds and animals are shown in various outdoor exhibits. The department of fish and game covers nearly five acres and contains the largest col- and the goose stupid, the lion generous lection illustrating hunting and fishing that has ever been seen at a world's The Missouri exhibit includes an artificial lake of a thousand square feet, surrounded by inclosures for water birds. The development of the modern breechloading shotgun is illustrated in types. Let the suckling savant stick a space occupying 2500 square feet. New Zealand shows the heads of red deer acclimated from Scotland, and the who sees the spirit of youth in the kkins of brown trout from Europe and sporting kitten, and majestic grace in rainbow trout from California.

All this will be at Portland and nore; and in addition the site of the sentiments. The success of one "nature Fair will be even more impressive and diversified from the Nature study point of view. Here we may hope, in fact, to accentuate and advance the National zest for out-of-door living and out-ofdoor play. Vying even with the Exposition itself will be the numerous points of Interest, like Mount Hood and Alaska, which tourists will visit. As the country grows older, cities larger and population denser, the people find Beasts: Studies in Unnatural History." their pleasure in increasing degree in getting back to Nature by seashore or stream or on mountain side. Athletics

Open Air"-who will be the presiding

IN EXTENUATION OF PARKER.

If we sit down calmly now and think it all over, isn't there something to be said, after all, in favor of the nonresistant policy of Judge Parker? In these columns, as our readers know, we have sympathized with those Eastern critics whose prayer has gone up every morning and in the noon edition and the 9 o'clock extra for a bugle-blast and a rallying-cry and a trumpet-call. Perhaps we have been wrong. Perhaps, after all, the Judge is right.

At any rate, we infer our serious error from the positive declarations of Hon. John W. Kern, the Democratic National candidate for Governor of Indiana. If votes are to be had there, he says, the "safe and sane" spellbinder invading Indiana must sing low on the heroism" of Judge Parker's post-nomination deciaration for the gold standard; and outraged "vindicators of the Constitution" must play the soft pedal when attacking the "lawless personality" of President Roosevelt.

In Indiana, at least, the Democratic tall has not yet begun to wag the dog as it did at St. Louis. Mr. Kern says that the great heart of the Indiana Democracy still beats true to free silver coinage and to the "peerless leader" of 1896 and 1900. "Every attack on Bryan," he reports, "and every slur on him cast by the Eastern Democratic press is bitterly resented throughout this state, and does incalculable harm." Why this is so the Democratic candidate frankly explains:

Some of our people have a greater af-fection for him (Bryan) than for any public man since Hendricks' time. Of the three hundred and fifteen thousand men who voted for him for President more than five-sixths so voted because they believed as he did on the coinage question, and a very large majority still think as he does. Indiana did not become a free coinage state under Bryan's leadership in 1896. That doctrine has been preached by leaders like Hendricks, McDonald, Voorhees and Turple since I was a boy and it is deeply rooted in the minds and consciences of our people.

The Democrats whose judgment we have hitherto inclined to follow have all agreed that Judge Parker's long suit is to attack the President and his perature, 77 deg.; minimum, 51. Precipitation, "big stick." But the Indiana leaders seem to be impressed with the dangers of conducting, after the Eastern model, a "Roosevelt personality" campaign. They do not relish the kind of warfare made on the President in New York State by the New York World or by ex-Senator D. B. Hill. Mr. Kern says that such campaigning is more than likely to defeat its own ends. As he well puts it:

Roosevelt himself will be an issue in the inds of the voters, but it is the kind of issue that must be handled most cautiously in the press and on the stump. The boundary line between legitimate criticism of a public official and vituperative abuse is not very well defined, and there is danger that at-tempted criticism will degenerate into mere abuse. Our people will not stand for vituperation, and the discussion of Rooseveltism, as it is called, on the stump ought to be intrusted only to discreet, conservative men. who know legitimate criticism when they

They who complain of Judge Parker's reticence and circumspection, therefore, will do well to reflect upon the perils of an opposite course. These issues which are lying around loose, all ready to his hand, may not be the good things they have been fondly imagined. Judge Parker wise in surmising that to bear in mind, for the Lewis and they are loaded? Is his instinct sound in scenting oxidation at the end of every poker that is turned his way?

NATURAL HISTORY SHOULD BE READ-ABLE.

Samuel McChord Crothers, whose direction already taken at St. Louis. | book, "The Gentle Reader," contains advantageous position there the most delightful essays that have stands a statue which is in itself an been written for years and years, has inspiration-"The Spirit of the Open | devoted a number of pages to the support of the theory "that history should be readable," and he has established its truth, to the satisfaction of the gaze is rapt. There are strength and Gentle Reader at least. The essay calls sweetness, grace and dignity in every aloud for quotation, but space will not permit more than a paragraph from the introduction. Says Dr. Crothers:

This is one field, however, that the Gentle Reader will not give up without a struggle— it is that of history. He claims that it belongs to Literature as much as to Science History and Story are variations of the same word, and the historian who is master of his art must be a story-teller. Cito was not a schoolmistress, but a Muse, and the papyrus roll in her hand does not contain mere dates and statistics; it is filled with the record of heroic advantures.

Macaulay, for example, may not be a paragon of accuracy; his essays were, indeed, painfully unauthoritative in the opinion of Lord Acton, whose letters have just been published. Nevertheless, the Gentle Reader will exclaimas Dr. Crothers makes him do-when Macaulay is criticised: "You say that I have not exhausted the subject, and that there are other points of view Very likely. Show me another point of view, only make it as clear to me as view, and not a smudge. Some other day I may look at it, but I must take one thing at a time."

So much for history. In natural hismeet with similar advisers. He will be cent. told that a natural historian must have no sympathies with the animals he describes; his business is to classify them correctly and label the mummified specimens in his cabinets. He must tell what they eat, but has no reason to bother over how they get it. "But." says the Gentle Reader, "this man is not a historian; he's a cataloguer. "Precisely," says the Scientist, "I'd sooner have Esop," declares the Gentle Reader. "To me the fox is cunning and the jackal a sneak. I don't want them all on a level of dry bones and dusty names." And the Gentle Reader would be right. Esop's animals are entertaining, and will not deceive the simplest into thinking them scientific to his dry-as-dust treatises, but let us have a historian with sympathies, one the sweep of the frigate-bird. Just now it is almost dangerous to express such book"-which had the merit of being readable-brought forth many others, and, although the animals that posed in their pages were not given the gift

of speech, they had more human attributes than any of Esop's possessed. Rival "naturalisis" have squabbled over the footprints of the field mouse, and now we are even to have a book of parodies called "The Book of Clever When the author's name is given as O. Sitdown-Johnson Johnson-Sitdown, the original of the parodies will be oband so-called sportsmanship, with all vious. The "studies in unnatural his-

ente if they cause some of the writers gentus of the White City on Guild's of animal stories to take themselves whether induced by pride, restlessness less seriously. If this were accomplished, we maintain that the Gentle Reader, who would otherwise neglect his friends the animals altogether, will spend pleasant hours over the biographies and autobiographies of Kootenai rams and other distant worthies. What ated idea of the ram's wisdom; better

that than none at all. So far as larger natural histories go, the Gentle Reader shows what he thinks of them by still reading "Animated Nature." "Poor fellow," said a friend, referring to Goldsmith, "he hardly knows an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he sees it on the table." True enough, but, as Dr. Johnson predicted, Goldsmith made "Animated Nature" "as enter-taining as a Persian tale," and because it is readable the Gentle Reader passed over later and more erudite volumes for the work of Poor Noll. "Animated Nature" is proof enough that natural history should be readable, and if more were needed, see how the stories of centaurs, headless men, anthropophagi, childbearing trees and such entertaining wonders are remembered by the Gentle Reader, who is never sure whether a fly is an insect or not.

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA.

Brevity generally stands for effect veness. This is as true of the title that stands for special effort as for the effort itself. Hence when we learn that the "American Park and Outdoor Art Association, and the American League for Civic Improvement" effected a merger a short time ago, that now unfuris its banner to the world as the "American Civic Association" we naturally and with reason expect that there will be something doing along the line indi-

cated. The keynote and watchword of this association is the creation of a more beautiful America. That is to say, it stands for the cultivation of higher ideals of civic life and beauty in America, the promotion of city, town and neighborhood improvement, the preservation and development of landscape and the advancement of outdoor art.

It is a fact well known to the ordinary observer that Americans are growing to think too much of the house and its inside adornment and too little of the immediate surroundings. The man with the saw and the pruninghook is given the job of trimming the trees and thinning the shrubbery, and is left' too often to cripple and ruin these under pretense of performing a useful and necessary service. The owner of the trees and plants perhaps knows no more about how the work should be done than does the wood butcher that he has employed. The consequence is seen in a disfigured landscape and in unsightly, maimed trees painful to look upon.

Such an outrage as this upon smiling, beautiful Nature is abominable, and can only be prevented by a general knowledge of what constitutes art as applied to tree culture. The same may be said concerning other details that enter into the general subject of civic improvement. The taste for the beautiful in Nature must be cultivated if we would have the best results in the domain known in the nomenclature of the American Civic Association as "beautiful America." It is the purpose of this society to extend its work through branches and woman's clubs. It hopes through systematic effort to reach every town and city in the land. Perhaps the country, being God's especial care, can be safely left to itself.

In our own city we are having, just now, an object-lesson of rare beauty in civic improvement in the work that is in progress at the Lewis and Clark Fair Great Nature did her share in furnishing a location for these grounds, thus affording wonderful opportunity to the landscape gardener. A climate soft and balmy contributed its share to the grand possibilities of development. The landscape artist came in and added the magic of his skill. and lo, wildwood beauty and diversity of hill and dale touched hands with art and the result, though accomplished under our very eyes, is wonderful. Indeed, as an object-lesson in civic improvement we may say that the Lewis and Clark Exposition will pay its way. Thousands have pursued this study, and, as we hope, tens of thousands will yet pursue it under the tutelage of the great Fair. "Beautiful America" finds expression here in a way that cannot fail to arouse the pride of every loyal American who visits this garden spot of beauty.

AMERICAN YOUTH AND THE NAVY.

For some years past loyal Americans have deplored the absence of American sailors from our merchant marine and the absence of American seamen from our Navy. It is gratifying, therefore, to note in a recent report that the percentage of native-born Americans among sailors now affoat, especially in our Navy, has risen from about 50 in 1890 to nearly 95 this year. It is said. further, that it would go higher but that foreigners employed in menial catory the Gentle Reader is likely to pacities absorb the remaining 5 per

There should be no objection to this, It is exceedingly difficult under the prevailing system for even the brightest American youth to rise from the rank of the enlisted man to any but petty subordinate positions in the Navy. There may be good and sufficient reasons in the ethics of the Navy for this. It may be essential to the dignity of the Republic that men who occupy the highest and even the higher positions in the Navy come in at the topthrough political favoritism and Annapolis, instead of working their way up from the bottom. That it is considered essential to fill the higher positions in the Navy in this way is true, and it may be added that as long as it is true the more ambitious young Americans are not likely to throng the recruiting offices of the Navy, seeking

to enlist. All that the young man of this type asks is a chance. He has been taught from his very infancy that the American has a right to expect this and even to demand it. Commercial life is freely open to him; business invites him; great transportation companies and construction companies need his services. Political life offers attractions to him. In all of these lines, except possibly the latter, merit counts:

by ability and industry men rise in It is remarkable, therefore, that the American homes-largely from the farmhouses of the grat Middle West. Perhaps they are induced to enlist by a legitimate pride in our great Navy. Perhaps, being restless and anxious abuses, have this justification, tory" promise to be amusing enough, for change that promises at least a

naval service their opportunity. But or desire for change, the fact remains that the American Navy is being manned by Americans sturdy sons of the great West, who do not shrink from hardship, discipline and possible danger, but who are ready to meet all as a solution of the active problem of life matters it if he acquires an exagger- as it is presented in a strenuous, moving age.

THE BATTLE OF LIAO YANG.

Although it is an exaggeration to say that Liao Yang has been the scene of the greatest battle in history, whether as regards the number of men engaged or as regards the casualties, the fighting there from August 30 to September 5 has few precedents in either respect. For obvious reasons, neither side has published for the world's information its exact strength, and all the figures given are mere guesses based upon the fragmentary information that has leaked out. The consensus of opinion appears to be that Kuropatkin has unher him about 150,000 men, while 200,000. Presuming these figures to be approximately correct, the magnitude to the latest estimate telegraphed from the theater of war, the losses on both sides around Liao Yang have reached the total of 50,000.

The battle of Leipsic, which raged for the four days between Octover 14 and 19, 1812, is perhaps the closest paraliel to the five days' fight for Liao on its merits and thrives on open, hon-Yang. Napoleon, with 130,000 men, opposed the Allies with 300,000. Napoleon, who for some unaccountable reason had cial methods. held the Elbe as his line, was in a worse position than Kuropatkin, for he had a hostile country behind him, and had indeed to fight his way through an opposing army on his retreat from Leipsic. During this tremendous struggle, in which almost half a million men fought, the Allies lost 51,000 men and Napoleon evacuated the town leaving 23,000 wounded in hospital, 15,-000 prisoners, and perhaps 15,000 dead, as well as losing 300 guns. Terrible losses these, and the Civil War alone can furnish instances of such murderous fighting, the casualties at Gettysburg exceeding 59,000, although but

160,000 men were engaged. At Leipsic Napoleon's army was not annihilated, as would in all probabillty have been the case had another Napoleon commanded the "nations." Kuropatkin, by retreating in time, has avoided a disaster similar to that which overtook Napoleon, and has indeed pursued somewhat the same tactics as Wellington when he fell back upon his lines at Torres Vedras. Retreating before the superior French forces, Wellington delayed long enough at Busaco to repel the enemy, a course which he himself afterwards condemned, although at the time he was anxious to accomplish two objects, namely, to hearten his men and to show the French that his army was not a despicable force.

Before the enemy could find a means of outflanking him, Wellington fell back within the lines that proved to be the salvation of Europe. It may be that Kuropatkin at Harbin can emulate Wellington's feat, and after enduring the public impatience win the public approval. It takes a strong man to delay. Wellington required all his resolution, and Fabius, who long before the phrase "an army in being" was invented exemplified the real thing to the discomfiture of Hannibal, was not nicknamed Cunctator as a mark of popularity. Napoleon did not shine in retreat. He considered victory alone. By delaying in Moscow until Winter allied itself with the Russians, he gave a new depth of horror to war, half a million of men having disappeared from his standards when he re-entered Vilna, whence he had set out four months earlier. The retreat from Moscow is the most harrowing episode in the annals of warfare, and modern conditions are fortunately such that its

horrors can never be repeated. Coming down to later times, the three days' fighting at Sedan resembled in some respects the longer battling around Liao Yang. The Germans at Sedan had the huge total of 224,000 men as opposed to 124,000 French. The Germans in killed and wounded lost 9000 men, the French 20,000. Besides this 21,000 French soldiers were made prisoners and an army of 83,000 surrendered. The Japanese undoubtedly hoped to make Liao Yang a Manchurian Sedan, but were disappointed, despite the terrible sacrifices they made. Another battle of the Franco-Prussian war in which large numbers of troops were engaged was Gravelotte, where 180,000 French opposed 205,000 Germans. The losses in the battle were, respectively, 25,000 and 19,000; so that in magnitude Gravelotte and Liao Yang are almost on a par. Should the Japanese succeed in forcing Kuropatkin into a decisive battle, there is little doubt that the losses on both sides will be greater than any recorded in modern history.

FAILURE OF THE SUBSIDY SYSTEM. Forcing the growth of a merchant marine by artificial methods is less profitable than might be supposed, even for the beneficiaries of the hothouse plan. The experience of Pacific Coast shippers and producers with subsidized French craft has effectually demonstrated that the taxpayers, who raise the subsidy, do not participate in any of the resultant benefits. The French fleet is engaged in carrying goods from England and Germany to Pacific Coast ports, and from here returning to England with wheat cargoes. This effectually prevents the French taxpayer from receiving any benefit whatever from the subsidy-supported fleet. Now it is reported that even the shipowners and shipbuilders who formed connections with the French treasury several years ago were also doing business at a loss. In their laudable endeavors to keep the French flag on the high seas and supply other nations with cheap freights the Frenchmen have so effectthe world that they also are suffering.

The German Vice-Consul at Nantes in a report to his home government states that both the shipowning and shipbuilding industries in France are in very bad shape. In the case of some of the shipowning firms their entire canital has been exhausted and others have been saved from total wreck by selling some of their ships at ridiculously low figures. One instance is mentioned where a vessel which cost \$150,000 three years ago was sold this year at \$60,000. and many others are said to have sold Navy is filling up with young men from at relatively lower figures. Several of the firms have already dissolved and others are taking steps toward retiring from the business, even though they do

When the French people were bunthat they minister to the "Spirit of the and will more than justify their exist. livelibood, they see in a few years of held out to them that it would result in tions,

so at a heavy loss.

the establishment of a permanent shipbuilding industry. The degree of permanency thus secured by the subsidy is reflected in the returns from the yards for the last two years, in which ships built were eligible to the subsidy, and the year following the expiration of the subsidy limit. In 1901 the French yards turned out 78,201 tons register, nearly all deep-water vessels. In 1902 the total was 56,237 tons, also largely made up with deep-water ships. That was the last year for building under the subsidy law, and in 1903 the business fell away to the insignificant total of 15,675 tons, nearly all of which was small coasting craft. Thousands of workmen were dis charged, and the yards have since been practically idle. Summing up these conditions, the German Vice-Consul very aptly remarks: "The artificial system of bounties by means of which shipbuilding and shipping traffic would, it was hoped, receive a mighty impetus has up to the present had a most un-

favorable effect." This experience of the French ship owners and shipbuilders does not differ materially from that of any other class Oyama has, in his two armies, about of capitalists or tradesmen engaged in a business that is dependent on the creation and maintenance of artificial conof the operations is evident. According ditions. Great Britain still retains her position as the greatest maritime power on the seas, and yet but one-half of 1 per cent of her shipping receives any kind of a subsidy, and that very small proportion which does receive it earns it by the hardest kind of service performed. The other 991/2 per cent sails est competition. Its strength is not of the hothouse variety, gained by artifi-

The hothouse plant cannot withstand the rigors of the outdoor climate like the one that has only the aid of Nature in its growth and development. Neither can a merchant marine incubated and nurtured on the hothouse plan compare or compete with one that is the result of perfectly natural conditions. France is now learning this fact by expensive experience, but it is doubtful whether this country will profit by that experience.

The statement that Senator Fairbanks is expecting to pass through Oregon on his way from Puget Sound to California without stopping to make at least one speech in Oregon very naturally rouses Chairman Baker, of the Republican State Central Committee, whose letter to Mr. Tawney on the subject is reproduced in another column. The Republican managers doubtless think that as Oregon gave a Republican majority of 24,000 in June & does not need a speech from Fairbanks or anybody else. Mr. Baker will endeavor to impress upon them, however, that to overlook Oregon in this way would not tend to encourage the party in this state to exert itself much to retain or increase its vote. Besides that, Oregon would delight to show to Mr. Fairbanks the same sort of cordial welcome that was given to Secretary Shaw. While the itinerary of Vice-Presiden-tial candidates is not made up to be changed at every request, we wish Mr. Baker good luck in the stunt he has laid out for himself, and have no doubt that his address and energy will get Fairbanks for a speech here if he can be got. Certainly he should be encouraged by his success in the Shaw rally, It is comforting to have a chairman with gumption enough to think of things without being told.

The struggle of labor unionism against the "open shop," which has constituted the active stage of the packers' strike at the Chicago stockyards during the past two months, has ended. President Donnelly, of the Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen of America has capitulated The case is one of unconditional surrender, and, as usual, the loss bears most heavily upon those least able to sustain it. The skilled men will, as fast as possible, be re-employed; the unskilled will be left out, their places having easily been filled. It was osten sibly in the interest of the latter class that the strike was ordered two months ago. Their case has been abandoned. and it may be said of them literally that their last estate is worse than their first. Hundreds of them face Winter in destitution. The wages which they scorned and which their leader scorned for them as too low they would be glad to accept after two months' idleness. Having been misled by agitators, these men deserve sympathy.

The decree that a Republican shall no vote for Democratic candidates for nomi-nation, or that Democrats shall not vote for Republican aspirants for place on the ticket or that the independent voter, or the Pro-hibitionist, or the Socialist, or the Populist shall not vote at all, is monstrous.-Astoria

This is not the defense of direct primaries, as it is made in other states but an attack upon the Oregon law Wherever the Australian or secret ballot has been put into use in direct primaries, the arrangement is denounced as "monstrous," for the reason that Republicans should not be permitted to nominate weak Democrats and vice versa. This objection has been obviated in Oregon, under the advice of our ablest lawyers, but are the professional politicians happy? Verily not, So you see that in the eyes of the machine the direct primary is monstrous, any way you fix it.

The very low railroad rates made for the business men's excursions to Walla Walla and North Yakima should insure a large crowd of Portland business men. It would be hard to overestimate the potential value of this undertaking. In such ways do wide-awake cities advance their greatness. Let "conserva tive old Portland" bestir itself, and the reward will come in due season.

May 1, 1905, is the time at which the Celilo Portage Railway is to be ready for operation. This is one of the conditions of the contract entered into beually demoralized the carrying trade of tween the State Portage Railway Commission and the executive committee of the Open-River Association. The purpose is to have the road in operation in time to handle the wheat crop of next year.

> The loss of life at Liao Yang was appalling; the suffering of the wounded and the flerce tension imposed upon the remaining available fighting forces of the two armies was more than appailing. Pity must regard such a scene with veiled eyes, mercy with beseeching attitude and voice, and humanity generally with shuddering horror.

President Roosevelt's letter, which has been ready for some days, will be given to the public tomorrow morning. through all the newspapers of the councoed into passing the subsidy bill it was try. It will not disappoint expectaVERSES OF THE DAY. The Joy.

The Smart Set.
The joy is in the doing.
Not the deed that's done: The swift and glad pursuing, Not the goal that's won.

The joy is in the seeing, Not in what we see; The ecstasy of vision, Far and clear and free! The joy is in the singing, Whether heard or no: The poet's wild sweet rapture,

And song's divinest flow Joy of life and breath Joy of a soul triumphant Conqueror of death!

Is there a flaw in the marble? Sculptor, do your best; The loy is in the endeavo Leave to God the rest! Today.

A. Brackett in Boston Transcript. Life is a battle, and the strife Ends only with our earthly life. The bugle call is in the air. The rush, the conflict everywhere, That none but cowards fall to share In vain we seek to turn aside onward sweep of that great tide

The onward sweep of that gr That bears us to our destiny There is no hope, there is no rest For those who fail to do their best Peace only comes to those who see That they keep step in harmons With all that is or yet may be.
Why should we wish or care to know outward life should ebb and flor And like our dreams should pass away

For all our life our sense of being Lies in the fuliness of our sector Not the fleeting things we borrow. Or the phantoms of tomorrow. But the splendor and the play Of that rich life that's here today.

One Love. Charles W. Stevenson, I shall love him when the world is at his feet With its cheers; When the plaudits of the many, sounding sweet, Still his fears; I shall love him with a love that will not die hile the throne of love is hidden in the sky, And an earthly love shall light a human eye With its tears,

I shall love him when the world has turned away- As it will-

To the hero of a more imperious day; Love him still When there's not a smile to greet his saddened face, And the years have left on him their weary When another sits within the worthy place He abould fill.

For I love him now with love that's all of Love's divine! All my life and all my soul's immortal birth In him shine;
He is lover, friend and husband, all in one,
And his kindness unto me is never doys,
And through him alone my lasting joy a won.

A Ballad of the True Poet, O. C. Auringer in Boston Pilot, ers! who follow the seas of sung. Mariners brave on an ocean wide, Bearing away with hearts so strong Stand to your course with daunties pride Gallantly breasing the foam and gale. nd staying not for the storms that chide For who shall stand if the posts fall? What if the voyage be wild and long,

He is mine!

O'er an ocean that roaring guifs divide, Strewn with shoals where the dark rocks thror And beautiful islands to hope dented, Trials that stanchest hearts betide, Dangers that bravest souls assail? Bear up, though your sorrows be mul For who shall stand if the poets fail? Heed not the balks and blows that wrong, The crosses that hinder, the cuts that hide In fairest shows that to guile belong;

Though the heart be grieved and the soul b trage! and valiantly all outride Sighs are for cowards who quake and quali; Be ye as heroes whose hearts abide, For who shall stand if the poets fail? Brothers! whose faith is a lamp and guide 'Mid times that question and tongues that rail Oh, yield not ye, though the world deride, For who wall stand if the poets fail?

Moonlight and Music.

Harper's Magazine. Dear heart, do you remember, That Summer by the sea, One blue night in Septembe When you were here with me, How like a pearl uplifted, The full moon rose and drifted, And how the shadows shifted Until the stars were free? Along the beach the breakers Brought in their lavish store. Gathered from ocean acres,
And strewed the curving shore;
Grasses that gleamed and glistened, Flowers that the sea had christenes Shalls at whose lips you liste To learn their wonder lore. Softly the breeze blew ove From groves and gardens fair, Spilling a scent of clover Into the balmy air: The breath of pines around us, Fragrant it came and found us fust as the moonlight crowned us And love at last came there.

What music halled our canture! What singers on the sand
Were they whose hearts could capture
Our joy and understand? Oh, wind and wave, they guessed ft. They sang it and confessed it— Their love and ours—and blessed it There on the moonlit strand! Dear heart, still sweet the story, For all the years gone by:

Still floods the moon with glory
The land, the sea, the sky:
And still the night-moth hovers Around us and discovers The same devoted lovers-Wind, wave, and you and L

The Echo of a Song. J. W. Poley in New York Times, y fancy idly roaming, comes a picture of the glouming. Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the ting here and drenming Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow

memory flows;
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing, I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are home along; The a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and crooning To her laddle such a

sleepy little, creepy little

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark and ember The old-fashioned caken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and slow.
With her feet upon the fander, in a cadence low and tender,

Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood long ago.

bood long ago.

ee were goblins in the gloaming and the There were goblins in the gloaming and the half-closed eyes went reaming Through the twilight for the shostly shapes of bugaboos along;

Now the sandman's clyly creeping, and a tired lad half sleeping When she sings to him that sleepy little,

creepy little So I'm efitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamplight streaming Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow filiarec.

On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing; 'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring to me.

And some subtle fancy creeping fulls my senses half to sleeping

As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily

along. All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad Once again my mother's

sleepy little, precpy little

NOTE AND COMMENT. Modern War Correspondence.

MUKDEN, Sept. 10 .- (By only released wire in Manchuria.)-I arrived here yesterday after a fatiguing journey over muddy roads, my way being greatly obstructed by soldiers, whose presence in terferes with the work of the correspondents. I am filling this dispatch on my released wire, and it is being sent by a telegraph operator. It should reach you some time later than this. My next dispatch will be dispatched some time in the future. I have already told you how I have managed to exist. I have a large stock of canned goods, and I am beginning to learn how to bargain with the native merchants. I show them a gun and ask, "How much?" When they reply I point the gun at them and repeat my question. When a response has been made. I press the muzzle of the gun to the huckster's temple and 'cry in a loud "How much, you yellow barbarian?" I have found this very effective, as the trader reduces the price at each reply. I am suffering greatly from a corn on my left foot, which prevents me from writing quickly. If you do not receive this message do not worry about me. Although I miss my club, I manage to live. I have asked Kuropatkin to order less astillery firing, as the noise jars my nerves considerably, but, so far, he has not complied with my wishes. The Japanese do not respect the correspondent's badge, and some of their beastly shells passed quite close to me on one occasion. I wish you would forward me a dozen pottles of eau de cologne, 50 cases of champagne, three dozen suits of silk pajamas, and a couple of experienced valets. This is almost the end of my dispatch. By the way, you may be inter-

Black Monday for the kids.

been routed.

Port Arthur should fire its press agent, Disease maintains an armed neutrality in Manchurfa.

ested to know that the Russians have

"Money makes the mare go," and some mares make the dough go.

The Astors' new hotel in New York is described by a correspondent as 13 stories high. Prices the same.

Punching the heads of Chinamen is such a pleasant pastime that it is only fair to

make the fine a large one, Here is the tariff raising the price of necessities again. Radium is to be assessed at a high figure.

"Old Moore" predicts that in October, 1905, there will be a royal marriage with an American beauty. Does Old Moore expect royalty to go broke in tweive months?

It is funny to see all the Democratic papers urging Judge Parker to fire some hot shot into the enemy. The Judge may be willing, but he has no artillery and no ammunition.

Cabmen in Port Arthur are in tough uck. They are compelled to be on hand to carry back the wounded free of charge. Just think of the feelings of a hackman on carrying anybody for nothing.

A Frenchman says that he has discovered in Abyssinia a manuscript giving the details of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon. If it is a dlary kept by the Queen, won't there be some interesting descriptions of the dresses worn by the numerous ladies of Solomon's court.

A few days after the British expedition entered Lhasa, the officers got up a race meeting outside the city walls, and the etans are reported to have shown much interest in the sport. This appears to be rushing civilization with a vengeance-teaching the hermits to bet before teaching them to booze.

In one New York theater the man accustomed to go out between acts for a mouthful of "fresh air" will be badly jarred while May Irwin's new play is running, for the curtain is to be down no more than 30 seconds, all the scenes having the same setting. It appears that Miss Irwin has adopted this plan as the result of a recent performance she attended. At the end of each act three men crowded past her on their way to the outside. As the fair lady is not so elim as some, she was much annoyed, and has now arranged to euchre all such men who see her play.

The greater part of the work on Mrs. James Brown Potter's new play has been completed, for news comes that her dresses have been designed by Lady Duff Gordon. There are no less than seven of them, and they have been named as follows:

"Increant Soft Desire." "Thoughts of Strange Things." The Vampire.

"The Tangible Now."
"Dirgs, or the Death of Pleasure." "A Silent Appeal."
"The Meaning of Life Is Clear."

This is perfectly lovely, and seems to refute the oft-repeated assertion that the British stage is deteriorating. Just how one would look clad in a "Dirge" is beyond the reach of ordinary imaginations, and "A Silent Appeal" is hardly in keeping with an actress so loud as Mrs. llac and the rose;

Brown Potter. The last freck, probably with the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitcalled "The Meaning of Life Is Clear," a cumbrous but apt title. Evidently, when the women in the house see this confection-"designed" like a cup challengerthe meaning of life will be clear to them, the aforegatel meaning being, Dress

Not infrequently the constant lover returns after an absence only to find a great change in the object of his affections. She may have grown fat, or the heart may have grown cold, or she may have thought it all over and decided that she should marry a man with more dough. Seldem, however, does a lover return after an absence of four years to find that the black-haired girl he loved has now a head of hair that can only be described by the uncomplimentary adjective "carroty." Yet that is what happened to a New Yorker, who went home after a sojourn in wild and woolly Topeka. To the girl he loved absence simply made the heart grow fonder, so she bought a bottle of halrwash from an expert, who guaranteed that her hair would become wavy and glossy if she faithfully followed, the directions on the bottle. The girl followed the directions, but her hair grew neither wavy nor glossy. Instead, it changed from black to a dingy red, and in that condition she was found by the noble man from Topeka. He still loves the girl, but he has begun an energetic legal campaign to recover heavy damages from the hairdresser. He certainly deserves to be successful, for to a man fond of black hair nothing could be more distressing than red.

WEXFORD JONES.