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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum temperature, 67 deg.; minimum, 51. TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair weather; winds emostly northerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

CASES NOT PARALLEL.

Enlightened public opinion and the spirit modern civilization alike demand that differences between nations should be ad-judicated and settled in the same manner disputes between individuals are adjudicated, namely, by the arbitration of courts in accordance with recognized principles of law.-Resolutions of Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis.

The idea that war is to be superseded just as courts have superseded the barbaric situation where every man is his own judge, jury and Sheriff, belongs with those hasty generalizations of the superficial mind which are set aside by the uniform record of human experience. This seems a rash thing to say, in view of the interest taken in the subject by the great, wise and good of the earth; but it is true, nevertheless. Many good and great men have believed in charms and spirit-rapping.

In the first place, call to mind that the jurisdiction of courts over private disputes is limited. If a man is disposed to submit his grievance to the machinery of the courts, he submits it; if not, he goes ahead on his own account. In every game of two-oldcat there is a point beyond which some member of the quartet will no longer yers, constables, etc., who live off the e; but when a man goes off to though we can find ways to overpower

and punish him. The point is that all the law in the world cannot prevent individuals from has made the Protestant cemetery at asserting themselves with violence in redress of their own grievances. It is not the jail which keeps a rowdy from fist of her escort, who would waste no time hunting up a policeman to avenge ants and even a daughter's seducer, and men fight with fists and pistols and chair legs and beer bottles every day. It is irregular, but they do it. We get after them, but we can't stop it. All this is not in extenuation of lynch law or the swift kick or the rough house. But it is a plain refutation of the airy

enterprise. civil and criminal court is a rudimentary step in progress to an international court for the settlement of international difficulties which may be compared to the civil or criminal tribunal as a sort of advanced grade or postgraduate course-a natural, necessary and proper development in the procession of species. This also is a delusion. International undertakings in settlement of mutual differences are almost as old as courts. One antedates the other no farther back than the village antedates the tribe. Both sets of tribunals have existed side by side throughout history. The colonists found here the Iroquois federation with its general court, and the international

world and supplied the basis of the international law of Greece and Rome. That is to say, nations have always referred to arbitration those questions upon which they did not desire to fight. as they do today; and they have always reserved the right to take up arms in case the progress of negotiations appears too slow or otherwise unsatisfactory to them, as they do today. No people will submit to extinction without a fight-look at the Boers. No nation will submit to indignity without a fight-look at Japan. And it is no matter what "enlightened public opinion and the spirit of modern civilization alike demand," so long as they demand something which seems to the power affected to be less worthy or desirable

before Christ was obeyed all over the

than the appeal to arms. Another vital spot where the Interparliamentary Union's parallel breaks down is in this: That the ordinary court can enforce its decision while the international court cannot. If a man is ordered to let his divorced wife alone and he won't do it, we send out a policeman with a gun and club and bring him to fail in the patrol wagon. If enlightened public opinion and the spirit of modern civilization order Russia and the head, neither the public opinion nor the modern spirit has policemen or patrol wagon to send out. All we can do is to get out of the way of the flying by the damp churchyard steps where Japan to lie down and be good and

missiles. Having ordered the miscreant to stand and receiving the high sign in return, we can only resort to the rule laid down by that eminent authority, William Shakespeace, Much Ado About Nothing, III, 3:

Dogberry-You shall comprehend all vagrommen. You are to bid any man stand, in the Second Watchman-How, if a' will not stand? Dogberry-Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

FLAWS IN THE DIAMOND. There are exacting persons who profess to account it a reverse for Japan because Kuropatkin escaped from Liao Yang instead of being exterminated with his entire command. There are men to whom the drawbacks of life in the United States are more impressive than the free air of our democratic institutions and the inspiration of equality before the law. These are expressions of the critical spirit run riot. If there are imperfections in the American life, they are not to be compared with the joy of freedom. If Japan might have delivered a still more crushing blow at Kuropatkin, she is nevertheless entitled to the meed of a great victory. Ask Russin if she would have felt despondent in case her army in Manchuria had stood its ground and hurled Okuma back upon Niu Chwang. It is a critical age we live in, and they who cannot organize a victory or construct work of literary power feel competent to pass censorious judgment upon the shortcomings of the efficient in action and the great in thought. It is a critical age we live in; and yet, while we may not be justified in demanding exhibits in the creative faculty equal to those of the ages gone by, is not criticism run to seed when it undertakes to envelop the wonders of ancient and modern times in so dense a cloud of corrective and qualification as almost to obscure them from the gaze? It is a critical age we live in; and yet it sometimes seems as if our clever analysts have actually mistaken criticism for achievement and fancy that to produce a diamond is after all no great affair compared with him who, microscope in hand, can find some flaw there which he can exploit in much pomp and circumstance if not in glee.

There is a flood of adverse comment on Byron. His revival that was to some doth not yet appear. He was not a great poet, and at best but a magnificent versifier. He was misanthropic, conceited. He failed for this, that and the other reason, which the critic will set out for you in admirable method and seductive style. But when all is said and done, what of it? Are all the tomes of Byronic criticism which the age has produced fit to be compared for a moment with Don Juan or Childe Harold, or even the Prisoner of Chiljon? To know that there are flaws in your diamond is interesting and perhaps important; but their discoverer has added very little after all to the beauty of any ballroom scene or starred with eloquent gem any betrothal hour. Few men that ever lived have enriched human life more than this same condemned and censured Byron. The ocean's shore is infinitely more rapturous since Byron came and in the pathless woods there is a pleasure that was not there before. Wherever liberty is bound in prison, there sits also Bonnivard to comfort and inspire. The Collseum is imbued with grander memories and Greece herself is half what Byron has sung into the thought of her, just as Wordsworth has left a glory on the lake region and Southey has lit the play. Of course the rest of us are waters at Lodore with a new and highly indignant—especially the law- subtler light, and Shakespeare has fame's fame," is Devon, is this stanza. softened every bank whereon the moonby himself there is no preventing him, poor little streams of Avoca and touched them with ethereal beauty never seen before and Shelley has consecrated the Gulf of Spezia and Keats

Rome a sacred spot. There are new books and estimates of Ruskin; and nearly everything that leering insolently in a lady's face near- Ruskin taught is pronounced a misly so much as it is a due regard for the take. In later years he himself came to disown his early religious ideas, calling them ridiculous and even harmful. an insult. Women shoot their assall- His notions about painting have long ago been rooted out of the schools, and science can only mention his social philosophy but to condemn. Yet not one nor even all of his judges and detractors together have contributed a tenth part of the impulse he contributed to urge the soul of man along its upward way. All there is worth while assumption that disputes between indiin painting and sculpture, archaeology viduals are no longer settled by private and scenery, books and philosophy itself, is contained in its spiritual significance and power for the individual life: slowly evolving from a lower to a and before he dipped his pen in the higher plane and that the ordinary rainbow colors of consecration and lave of humanity, there was no such thing as spiritual significance of art and Nature in the sense we know it now. The critic who sits down to dissect and censure the products of Ruskin is worse than a total failure unless he first thanks Heaven for what Ruskin has done for him and calls every reader to witness how great a prophet he is ven-

turing to describe. It is so with Dickens. Somehow it eems as if every reference to that wonderful being in our day is one of belittlement and detraction. One would suppose that his melodramatic mood | verses "In a strange land"and unlovely mannerisms constituted his entire equipment. Mr. Lawrence Hutton, whose memories of the novellaw promulgated by Rhodes 500 years ist's American visit are given in the Critic, must have been sorry on the whole that Dickens ever lived, he suffered at his hands so much pain and grief. But we should have much more regard for these critics if some of them in a leisure hour would give us, out of their abounding resources and superior vision some better thing than "Chunzle wit," for example, or "Our Mutual Friend," bad grammar and all. For we will guarantee in advance to absolve them from any censure on the score of diction or melodrama or streetyped character, if only they will undertake

to stir the soul as Dickens did. Otherwise it will be far more worth one's while to take down "Pickwick Papers" and read it again than to pore over all the arid and unprofitable miles about it. For the spiritual life requires, not so much guidance as incentive, not so much faultfinding as impulse to all noble and generous deeds. And among the writers of all generations few have so stirred the soul out and the poor as Charles Dickens. By the pathetic desthbed of Little Nell; on der the sky of dawn; in the room where

mother cold and dead, and in every pang that wrung the heart of Little Dorritt in the abode of misery and grief-the enchanted reader feels his heartstrings outver with all sweet strains of gentleness and truth and turns again to life's battle more stoutly girded for the fray, more pitiful to the weak, more impatient of wrong, more sealous in the cause of right.

THE VELDT IN VERSE.

Whatever effect the occupation of South Africa shall have upon British policies, there is no denying its beneficial effect upon British minor verse. The "great spaces washed in sun" dazzled the eyes of men whose widest landscape hitherto had been the green checkerboard of an English hillside or the drowsy valley of a water-lilled river. They had the sense of a world different from any they had known, vast, lonely, apart; and of a life unlike the ordered pettiness of an English country-side, where for generations men have walked the same paths, done the same tasks, and sunk into the same churchyard. Of the effect of this experience upon the "red-neck" of the barrack-room we have evidence in Kipling, for Kipling is, above all, the poet of the man in the street. What your beef-eating, bus-riding Englishman feels, Kipling feels and tells us of. To him the great open spaces are some thing to be wondered at. He feels that here is an essential beauty, but it is not the heart-drawing beauty of England. He admires the dawn and the sunset, the plains and the ridges, but his feeling is merely admiration. "Chant Pagan" Kipling sings of the soldier who has returned to England:

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world 'Eave up all shiny with dow. Kople on Kop to the sun. Me that 'ave rode through the dark Forty mite often on end.
Along the Ma'ollieberg Range, With only the stars for my mark An' enly the night for my friend, An' things runnin' off as you pass, An' things runnin' off as you pass, An' the silence, the shine an' the silence. The shines an' the silence the shines an' the silence. The shines an' the silence the shines an' the discount of the 'igh, inexpressible ekies—I am taking some letters almost As much as a sile, to the some As much as a mile, to the post

Another returned soldier is made to sing of "plains which the moonshine turns to sea," and "mountains that never let you near, an' stars to all eternity." The Settler, "in a large and sunlit land," speaks of the plains: Where the healing stillness lies, the vast benignant sky restrains and the long days nake wise. And th

"Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air" are another memory of Kipling's, and he speaks of them again in "Bridge-guard in the Karoo,"

Budden the desert changes, The raw giare softens and clings, Till the aching Oudteboorn ranges Stand up like the thrones of kings. Thus Kipling. He is not in sympathy with veldt or Karoo; while he admires he longs for the land where "leaps ashore the full sou'west." His soldiers have the feeling Henry Newbolt gives a fallen soldier of the Devons in "April on Waggon Hill"-"You dream of De-

Ay, sy, the year's awaking,
The fire's among the ling,
The beechen hedge is breaking.
The curiew's on the wing;
Primroses are out, lad,
On the high banks of Lee,
And the sun stirs the trout, lad;
From Brendon to the sea.

These dream of Devon yet. But there are singers of another note. Of late the English periodicals have been publishing a remarkable quantity of verses on South Africa, and the verses have the spirit of the land. They are not written from the standpoint of the soldier or of one who gazes curiously at an unfamiliar country. How different, for example, from Newbolt's "Waggon with its soldier, who, "while The mail train from Cape Town to Johannesburg passes "up, to the manymiled Karoo, along the spreading sealike veldt"-

The ruined blookhouse gapes beside;
The empty food-tins, red with rust,
Blink from the sod, or from the wires
Prate, idly, to each passing gust—
Meager memorinis of hard days
Here borne, and ending here—in dust.

Hard days and old fights, however, are forgotten in the best verses. It is the land, the new home-land, that prompts the song. Anna Howarth's "Two Homes" in the Spectator is a beautiful example:

My home was in the Island that we love Set in the seas. The heaven alternate smiles and frowns above; The stately trees Beset the bedgerows, and the fields are gay With blossom-store; While still the gray sen washes, night and day, The white-cliffed shore.

My home is in the solemn, wide Karoo,
The boundless veid.

Spanned o'er with infinite dome of stainless

Here have I dwelt
Until the giant hills, the arid plain
Of sand and atome,
The thorny bush, athirst for tarrying rain,
Are homelike grown,

Sometimes my heart looks back, and yearning cries
To seek once more
The fragrant hedgerows and the changing skies

The lanes of yore.

And then the wide, wide veid far-stretched below

The high, blue dome,

Holds me with mighty arms, and whispers,

"Lo! I am thy home."

"A thirst for tarrying rain." Rain (as a memory) is the greatest beautifier of a day, and persons from a country where, as the Southern Irish say, "the weather is fond of the rain," can never forget the skies of clouded blue. And another memory is that described in the

And above the frowning mountain you To the mighty thunder-crash, But may never hear the sighing willow, Or the rustle of the ash,

The singer may miss the "lisp of leaves and the ripple of rain," but the wide, wide veldt holds him with mighty arms and whispers "Lo! I am thy

NEED FOR HOME-MADE PLAYS

Though no notable productions marked it, the dramatic season at the Nation's histrionic center is in full burst with an average assortment of importations, mainly from England, the output of reputable second-class factories which attract the average early run of customers. When Charles Frohman, the heaviest buyer on the London Dramatic Exchange, returned in late Summer from this year's purof detraction that have been written chasing trip, he gave out to the dramatic editors of the New York papers a list of nearly half a hundred selections which he believed to be an ample supply for his Autumn, Winter and Spring trade. Some of the most attractive patterns are held in reserve of callous neglect and idle scorn and for such season when demand is certain cruel indifference to the lot of the lowly to fall off at one or more of his business emporiums. No American product figures conspicuously in Mr. Frohman's the heath where Lord Frederic Veri- etock. Why? Certainly not for want sopht lies dead by a villain's hand un- of indigenous material. The theory that this country is too new, too "raw,"

ative dramatic talent. Our playwrights of the seventh commandment is not here as in France a familiar topic for the pen, but in heroism, devotion, sacrifice, humane humor, eccentricity, romantic love, conjugal affection and especially the homely things of homely life, America presents a veritable mine from which the dramatist may extract untold treasure. We have always been quickly responsive to everything native book or play, or book-made play

that touched the heart. For the classical drama the American stage has narrow room because the so frequently and heartlessly be admasses do not care for it, and theaters, after all is said, are conducted on a to an ad for a bookkeeper and only business basis. Art figures in the case. and let no one berate the art of Alice Hegan, who created "Mrs. Wiggs of the opens the door timidly, hangs up his Cabbage Patch," which recently found | Knox or Dunlap unobtrusively and its way to the New York stage, where it was received with marked favor. This lovable and eccentric woman is likely to amusé and entertain us for years, just as did "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Solon Shingle," "Uncle Joen Whit-comb," "Colonel Sellers," "David comb," "David Harum," "Davy Crockett," and a host of others whose career on the stage covered periods much longer than nineteen out of twenty London importations that were forgotten the day after their withdrawal from the stated "run." The American theater-goer is ever eager for an American type that he knows is genuine and the "woods are full of 'em.'

What the American stage needs is not nore native material, but more men and women to fashion what we have into plays. Augustus Thomas only uncovered the lead when he wrote "Alabama" and "Arizona"; De Mille did not exhaust the mine of New York society with "The Charity Ball," "The Wife" and "Men and Women"; Bronson Howard in "Shenandoah" and William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy" did not consume all the Civil War material; "M'liss" is not the only creation of Bret Harte worthy of a place in drama, and it is worth while to ask why some one hasn't dramatized "Mr. John Oakhurst"; Mary Wilkins' Yankee types nod invitingly to the playwright and Charles Egbert Craddock's real Tennessee folk present a combination of heroic and humorous that ought to tempt as

good talent as Sardou's. And Oregon is not barren. Looking for inspiring atmosphere and a site in nature, where will the story-teller with dramatization in view or the dramatist pure and simple find a more fascinating field? Among the early pioneers Marcus Whitman, Dr. McLoughlin and Joe Meek naturally present themselves; yet every loghouse settlement had some American type which the playwright, employing skillful combination of the real and the ideal, can fashion into a character that will not only meet modern demands but add permanently to the National dramatic fiction. There is only one way to account for the notable lack of American plays. Those who wrote successfully made so much money that they got lazy, like Bret Harte, and the new generation of playwrights have not yet found themselves.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

To a long list of picturesque Western Governors, running from Wisconsin through Minnesota and Montana Washington, there must now be added Peabody of Colorado, who has won a great personal triumph in his renomination over the misgivings of friends and the machinations of foes. The sustention of such a man, despite any errors of judgment or infirmities of temper, is as necessary as the approval of Steunenberg or the discredit of Bloody Bridles Waite and anarchistic Altgeld.

Governor Peabody's career is also noteworthy for the hope it holds out to a hitherto hopeless bunch of our fellowcitizens. Fame has rested on many humble callings, but never until now on the bookkeepers. It has been a sure passport to eminence to have begun life on a farm or as a newsboy. No one not a miliboy of the slashes, or the driver of a mule on a tow-path, or a younger son in the large family of a widowed mother, has ever hitherto had the slightest encouragement to look for business success or political preferment. But Governor Peabody, it appears, began life as a bookkeeper.

This is a tremendous innovation, for it hits the social organism in one of its most vulnerable spots-we had almost said below the belt. For the bookkeeper has never been permitted to indulge one of the most distinctive earmarks of genius-slovenliness of attire. Our Governors and Presidents invariably recur with pleasurable pride to the time when they hadn't a clean shirt to their back They wore trousers bagging at the knee, overalls preferred, attached to their person by a small stick thrust through the end of their galluses. They usually walked in shoes full of holes. and if in any moment of weakness they bestrode a horse, it was bareback and without a bridle.

It has been the bookkeeper's painful lot to be restrained by inexorable Custom from these hallmarks of future greatness. Imagine a Denver bookkeeper showing up in the morning with a red fiannel shirt, corduroy breeches tucked into his boots and a two-weeksold bunch of lilacs on his countenance! No, sir; his cuffs must be freshly turned, his \$25 hand-me-down painfully brushed, his patent leathers resplendent from the union stand, his necktie artistically disposed and his hat correctly adapted to the calendar. Even the office-boy could foretell the finish of the head accountant who should undertake to array himself in the semblance of those great and glorious youngsters whose names subsequently became household words in this giorious land of the free.

And yet these external tokans of greatness which Governor Peabody's rise has set at defiance are, after all, as nothing to the insurmountable obstacles of the soul and spirit, which his success has shorn of ancient and unchallenged terrors. What has kept the bookkeeper down is not so much his clothes as his enforced intellectual habit. Nothing is so mentally dwarfing, we have been led to understand, as posting the journal and taking off the trial balance. What the world demands is bold initiative, and this is forbidden the bookkeeper on pain of extinction. The sum of the balances in personal accounts must equal the sum of the balances in representative accounts. Every time anything is charged to an account an equivalent must be credited to some other account, arbitrarily and

fortunately have small opportunity for to find out what is the matter with the the emotional drama because violation cash. If the trial balance is three cents stake and his hope of heaven imperiled until the paltry three have been duly run to earth and there are twentyeight or thirty days of peace and honor ahead till the next period of agony and

suspense. It is no slight service which Governor Peabody has rendered to an important section of downtrodden humanity. Hereafter we may hope to hear less of the overworked phrase "only a bookkeeper." Hereafter we shall not onished that you can get 1500 answers one for a cook. Hereafter when the tired victim of method and iron system draws on his working coat apologetically, a murmur of suppressed awe may properly sun round the waiting assembly, as the bill clerk observes to the typewriter, "He may yet be Gov-Nothing so revolutionary has ernor. disturbed the National traditions since George B. Cortelyou, stenographer, be-Secretary of Commerce and Labor and afterward chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Novels with a purpose are not infrequent, and, although the "purpose" usually overwhelms the interest and brings the story to speedy oblivion, there are several well-known instances of reforms aided by works of fiction. "Oliver Twist" is perhaps the chief of the novels deliberately planned to end abuses, and the tribe of Bumbles had their days shortened by its publication. Charles Reade in "Foul Play" attacked the old regulation, or lack of regulation, of insane asylums in England with almost equal success. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is credited with having alded a great work. Comparatively frequent as are novels with a purpose it is rare to find a play with a purpose and therefore it is surprising to find that "Woof and Warp," which is now running in London, is provoking a crusade against the sweatshops, Mrs. Lyttleton, the author of the play, is the wife of the Colonial Secretary, and her high social position gave the play an adventitious interest which brought it plenty of patronage. In the drama the author holds up to contempt the wealthy people who purchase costly garments made by overworked and inhumanly treated sempstresses, and, while the play itself is condemned as inartistic, its pictures of sweatshop life have already caused the arrest of several dressmakers for overworking their employes.

Fifty bushels of wheat per acre are eported in the Oak Flat country, in Klickitat County, and in spite of the pooryield in other districts the large in-crease in the acreage of Full grain will our citizenship be drawn, never between sec-being the aggregate up to more than last year's yield. Much of this new acreage is due to the facilities offered by the Columbia River & Northern for bringing the wheat to market. There is still a considerable area of new land in the territory tapped by this new and those three are courage, honesty and com-'feeder" to Portland, and when is brought under cultivation the wheat recelpts from our nearest Washington wheat county will show heavy in-The new road which the O. R. & N. is building into Arlington will also heavily increase the amount of wheat available for shipment from this port and at numerous other points along the O R & N and the Columbia and back into the country will create a truffic which will some day grow into big proportions.

Another San Francisco grain firm has gone to the wall with "injudicious the rough struggle with the forces of the world speculation" given as one of the rea- round about us. sons for the financial catastrophe. Eventually the Bay City traders, who in their efforts to bear the market sell large quantities of wheat which they do not possess, will all be retired from the business. There was a time when San Francisco dominated the wheat rall-splitter, or a tanner, or at least a | trade of the Pacific Coast, but that was long ago and the buying and selling of the Bay City traders no longer has any effect on prices in the world's markets. The Californians, who are now so bearishly inclined on account of the gilded reports of a 60,000,000-bushel crop in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, are scheduled for a rude awakening in the near future, as fully 15,000,000 bushels of the amount will be of such an evanescent nature that it will be unsuitable for filling contracts or anything else except hot-air balloons.

> Wheat took a four-cent drop in Chicago yesterday, but is still above a parity with foreign markets, and far above the highest point reached in any former year since 1898. The reason given for the heavy slump yesterday was drastic liquidation on the part of holders, who had not the courage of their convictions. The recent sensational advance would have been checked much earlier had it not been supported by an enormous speculative movement. When these "outsiders" have all been shaken out and more bad crop reports come in, it is not improbable that there will be some recovery. Four cents decline is too much for one day, and, unless the market acts contrary to precedent, there will be sufficient professional support forthcoming to stay the break for a brief period at

> The Oregonian thinks that public opinion will sanction the award of water-pipe contracts to be filled in Portland, as against the East. A good way not to build cities is to send away for things that can be made at home. Certainly no exorbitant bid should be accepted, but quite as certainly this is not necessary, even if fresh bids have to be called for. The matter of \$7000 to \$8000 in wages is not to be despised. Besides, there is a principle to be ob-

Invention Had One Drawback.

Galveston Tribune "Inventors, with all their originality and brilliance, are often naive, childlike and impractical," said General Wallace, P. Randolph, of the General Staff of the

idea to send it up in a balloon, with a lighted fuse attached to it. The balloon will be sent over the camp of the worse than othing, unless honesty u enemy, the explosive will go off, and the ory will be ours."
'Yes,' said I, 'but suppose a current of

APHORISMS OF ROOSEVELT.

American wageworkers work with their heads as well as their hands.

This is not and never shall be a Government fither of a plutocracy or of a mob.

The criticism of those who live softly, remote from the strife, is of little value.

The loyalty that counts is the loyalty which shows itself in deeds rather than in words Back of the laws, back of the administration back of the system of government, lies

In every instance how the after events history have falsified the predictions men of little faith! When tasks are all-important, the most important factor in doing them right is the

portant factor ne choice of the agents. It is difficult to make our material condition better by the best laws, but it is easy enough to ruin it by bad laws. Down at bottom we are the same people all

through. That is not merely a unity of section, it is a unity of class. Stability of economic policy must always be the prime economic need of this country. This stability should not be fossilization.

No nation as great as ours can expect t escape the penalty of greatness, for greatness does not come without trouble and labor.

The National Government should demand the highest quality of service from its employes; and in turn it should be a good employer. There is no worse enemy of the wagework-

er than the man who condones mob violence in any shape, or who preaches class hatred. The woman who has borne, and who has reared as they should be reared, a family of children, has in the most emphatic manner de served well of the Republic.

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not in fringe on the rights of others.

There is no room in our healthy American life for the mere idler, for the man or the woman whose object it is throughout life to shirk the duties which life ought to bring.

In the history of mankind many republics have risen, have flourished for a less or greater time, and then have fallen because their citizens lost the power of governing themselves There are many different kinds of work to

do; but so long as the work is honorable, necessary, and is well done, the man who doe it well is entitled to the respect of his fellows Corruption, in the gross sense in which the rord is used in ordinary conversation, hee been absolutely unknown among our Presidents, and it has been exceedingly rare in our

The worth of a civilization is the worth of

We are bound to recognize this fact, to re

member that we should stand for good citizen-ship in every form, and should neither yield to demagogic influence on the one hand, nor to improper corporate influence on the other. I ask that we see to it in our country that

creed, never, thrice never, between class and There are many qualities which we need alike in private citizen and in public man; but three above all—three for the lack of which no brilliancy and no genius can atone—

mon sense. While citizens die, the Government and the Nation do not die, and we are bound in dealing with the forests to exercise the foresight necessary to use them now, but to use them In such a way as will also keep them for those

who are to come after us. No action by the state can do more than supplement the initiative of the individual; and ordinarily the action of the state can do O. R. & N., and the Columbia and no more than to secure to each individual the Snake River short branch roads thrown chance to show under as favorable conditions

In our country, with its many-sided hurrypractical life, the place for tue is far smaller than is the place for that essential manilness which, without losing its fine and lofty side, can yet hold its own in

The man or woman who, as a bread-winner and home-maker, or as wife and mother, has dene all that he or sits can do, patiently and uncomplainingly, is to be honored; and is to be envied by all those who have never had the good fortune to feel the need and duty of doing such work.

It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship-the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward-then he will not be cut off from all hop

The base appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of oppression of the unfortunate— from these and from all kindred vices this Nation must be kept free if it is to remain in its present position in the forefront of the peoples of mankind.

In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not be-long to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant, or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

It is a base and an infamous thing for the man of means to act in a spirit of arrogant and brutal disregard of right toward his fellow who has less means; and it is no less i famous, no less hase, to not in a spirit rancor, envy and hatred against the man greater means, merely because of his greater means.

The good citizen is the man who, whateve his wealth or his poverty, strives manfully to do his duty to himself, to his family, to his neighbor, to the state; who is incapable of the baseness which manifests itself either in arrogance or in envy, but who, while demanding justice for himself, is no less scrupulous to do justice to others.

We need every honest and efficient immi-grant fitted to become an American citizen, every immigrant who comes here to stay, who bringe here a strong body, a stout heart, a good head, and a resolute purpose to de his duty well in every way, and to bring up his children as law-abiding and God-fearing members of the community.

Capitalist and wageworker alike should hop estly endeavor each to look at any matter from the other's standpoint, with a freedom on the one hand from the contemptible arrogance which looks down upon the man of less means, and on the other, from the no less con-temptible envy. Jealousy and rancor, which hates another because he is better off.

The slightest acquaintance with our indus-

trial history should teach even the most short-mighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when busi-hess is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its invest-ments, are exactly the times of hardship, and want, and grim disaster among the poor.

The law is to be administered neither for the rich man as such, nor for the poor man such. It is to be administered for every ma rich or poor, if he is an honest and law-abi ing citizen; and it is to be invoked against "An inventor called on me one day to talk about an explosive he had originated.
"It is the most powerful explosive the he may stand at, without regard to which send of the social scale he may stand at, without regard to whether world has ever seen, he said, 'and it is my

> All other qualities go for nothing, or worse than othing, unless honesty underlies them—honesty in public life and honesty in private life; not only the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty that is such according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law; the honesty that is aggressive, the honesty that not merely deplores corruption—it is easy enough to deplore cor-ruption—but that wars against it and tramples

NOTE AND COMMENT.

To Cook Carp.

Many persons have been dubious hitherto about the food value of the carp, which is so abundant in the Coumbla. As much of the flavor is lost through careless cooking, it is important, to enjoy the fish, that a good recipe be strictly adhered to. The following method, which is in use at a well-known local restaurant, is the best-in fact, the only-way to cook carp so that it will be appreciated: Take a good-sized carp and clean it well let some stiff clay, make a paste of it, and claster around the carp to a thickness of two inches. Bake in oven until clay is very hard. Then get a hammer and knock off the clay. Throw the carp away and serve the clay.

Creffield has rolled home.

The Anglo-Thibetan treaty secures a large number of privileges-to Bri-

Seventy per cent of the immigrants from Ireland last month were girls. Americans of the next few generations will have small excuse for not being beautiful.

According to the Globe, Atchison boasts a woman who wears such highheeled shoes that when she sits down and puts her baby on her lap it rolls off.

The victorious cruiser Lena has now moved to Mare Island, so the Russian papers have another chance to plume themselves upon the national daring and success.

You can't faze an Oregon boy. Several specimens of the breed were standing by the automobile that exploded at McMinnville and, according to the report, they were hurled through the air, "but lit running." No measly gasoline explosion could damage a Yamhill lad; he will still "light running."

It is to be hoped that Kuropatkin and Oyama will heed the pleadings of Ma, and avoid fighting at Mukden. where the sacred tombs might be disturbed, and the sacred ghosts aroused by the roar of artillery, although we have no doubt that neither the Russian soldiers nor the Chinese would at heart object to seeing the ghost walls at Mukden or anywhere else.

That d. f .- nothing else seems strong enough-the Marquis of Anglesey, not content with having to sell his black linen, gem-handled walking-sticks and womanish frippery, is now offering presents sent him by the King. This is the hardest knock that the King has ever had-that he should have been foolish enough to present the playacting heir of the Pagets with anything but a swift kick.

The president of the Washington State Liquor Dealers' Association strikes no uncertain note in his annual address. He is no mute, like Parker, nor is he a hedger. High license he briefly and forcibly characterizes as robbery, and the protection of the business, he declares, is above party politics a sentiment that will be echoed by others than liquordealers. As to local option, well, local option is prohibition in disguise. Paste these aphorisms in your hats, brother liquor dealers, says the president, run your saloons as lawabiding clubs for the rich and poor, and you will make money and be respected.

We confess that to us algebra seems part of gramarye, and the person who by juggling with x's and y's can solve trains and when one hand of a clock will pass the other to be on a par with the corjurer who brings wobbly rabbits and flapping doves out of an empty hat. Therefore, when correspondents send in solutions to the problem. conundrum, riddle or whatyoumaycallit, about a husband's age being three times his wife's age, we have to take them on trust So the following letter. offering a "really short solution," may be only a joke, although its tone of superiority indicates otherwise. The concluding part appears to us to smack of the black art:

Castle Rock, Wash., Sept. 16.—(To Note and Comment.)—Referring to the age problem in Wednesday's paper, here is a really short solution. If X is the man's age and Y his wife's age, we have X:Y::9:3 and X 15:Y plus 15::16:8. Solving, X equals 6 equals 15.

It is surprising what simple problems find their way into the papers under the impres-sion that they are difficult. Bafore sending them to a daily paper to find a solution. wouldn't it be a good plan for the sender to find the relation of the arc of an angle to its sine by the method of undetermined coeff-cients just to see if he is competent to tell a hard problem when he sees it? W. F. LEAVELL.

Here is another letter on the same sub-

Portland, Or., Sept. 16 .- (To Note and Com ment,)-O'Serving the answer under the heading of "A Curious Coincidence" has led me to a similar discovery under different circumstances and which works out a little different. In this year of 1904 I am three times as old as my little girl. After living a certain number of years each I will be only twice as old as she. How old are we now respectively, and how long will it take us at this rate to reduce the difference to twice as old in place of three times as old. ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER

If one may judge from his verses, Odell T. Fellows, of The Dalles, must have had a narrow escape recently from an automobile, for he opens up on the "gory and red devil-wagon" with a vehemence that must be born of personal experience. It is too bad that the fair country and the streets of The Dalles should not be free from such dangers to navigation. Here is what Mr. Fellows has to say about the autos: THE DEVIL-WAGON.

I am the wagon that's gory and red. Out of my path if you value your head! Panting. I long to be off and away, Like the flerce charger that thirsts for the

Strength, mighty strength, surges hot in my Oh, to be gone o'er the hills and the plains! Highway and byway to strew with the dead Way! Make a way for the wagon of red!

Age I spare not, 'tis my mission to kill. Childhood and youth are the sport of my will Charlots of old? They were weak and supine: Warriors pe'er dreamed of such carnage as mine!

Sweeping I come, like a wolf on the fold. Gath'ring my victims, the young and the old. Through the fair country and streets of the Fearfuly, joyfully, trundle them down Pleasure and business I'm bearing today;

Love waits upon me, and brooks no delay. Speed is my motto and death is my dole; Think you a wagon like this has a soul? Triumph of genius and symbol of might, On do I roll with the speed of the light. Stand from the path, all ye slow-moving throng;

Way! Make a way as I trundle slong. WEXFORD JONES.