

The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter, May 22, 1881.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, with Sunday, per month, \$5.00.

POSTAGE RATES: United States, Canada and Mexico, 10 to 14-page paper, 10c.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE: (The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency) - New York, rooms 43-50, Tribune building.

KEPT ON SALE: Chicago - Auditorium Annex, Postoffice news Co., 178 Dearborn street.

RECEIVED: Boston - Boston Herald, 100 State street.

RECEIVED: Kansas City, Mo. - Rickacker Cigar Co., 405 16th st.

RECEIVED: Los Angeles - F. Gardner, 250 South Spring, and Harry Drapkin.

RECEIVED: Oakland, Cal. - W. H. Johnston, 14th and Broadway.

RECEIVED: Minneapolis - J. K. Kavanagh, 50 South Third; L. Bagelburger, 217 First avenue South.

RECEIVED: New York City - J. Jones & Co., Astor House.

RECEIVED: Ogden - F. R. Godard and Myers & Harp.

RECEIVED: Philadelphia - Barlow Bros., 1812 Ferman; Marshall Station Co., 1208 Ferman.

RECEIVED: Salt Lake - Salt Lake News Co., 17 West Second street.

RECEIVED: St. Louis - World's Fair News Co., Geo. L. Borkman, sewer, Eighth and Olive sts., and Excelsior News Company.

RECEIVED: San Francisco - J. K. Cooper Co., 740 Market; Geo. Palace Hotel; Foster & Orwin; Fry News Stand; Goldsmith Bros., 428 Butter; L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel News; P. W. Pitt, 1008 Market; Frank Sells, 80 Ellis; H. Whittier, 85 Stevenson; Florida St. Branch News News News.

RECEIVED: Washington, D. C. - Whittier House News Stand.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1904.

A MYSTERY OF NUMBERS.

Last Sunday, as several persons were walking over Clatsop beach, one of them remarked the common phenomenon that the number of waves would wash much higher on the sands than others; which recalled to another of the company the concluding lines of Longfellow's sonnet on the verse of Milton; whose "majestic cadences rise in mighty undulations," till, "ever and anon, high over all uplifted, a great ninth wave, superb and strong, floods in the soul with its melodious seas."

That the question was a legitimate one, the "ninth wave" was decidedly higher than the others; but close observation for more than an hour by all the members of the company could make nothing of it, and it was decided that the theory could not be verified.

Longfellow in fact seems to have made a mistake. It is the tenth wave that has this celebrity in literature of legend, but this, too, though it lives in long poetry and other literature, is but a fanciful argument, and unverifiable, except perhaps in accidental circumstances.

Burke, whose mind laid everything under contribution for illustration of his argument in resistance to the influence of the principles of the French Revolution, exerted on England, observed, in his "Letters on a Regicide Peace," with respect to the "tenth wave": "Until at length, tumbling from the Gallic coast, the victorious tenth wave shall rise like a bore over all the rest." One in passing may observe the special yet elegant and forcible use of the word "bore," here.

In Roman poetry the tenth wave is spoken of, very often, as higher than the rest. One of the most distinguished poetic circumlocutions, says "the wave which overtops all the others rolls behind the ninth and before the eleventh." Lucan, Lucretius Valerius Flaccus and many more use the figure of the tenth wave. Yet no natural phenomenon had anything to do with it. We ourselves constantly say "ten to one," and use the word "decimate," like "ten times worse," conveying the meaning of large odds, great slaughter, or continual aggravation.

The Greeks used the word "myrios"—as we use myriad—in the same sense, for the immense and innumerable; though the plural probably was not applied to the definite number 10,000 till after the time of Homer. The Greeks had observed, or supposed they had observed, that the science of numbers is said to accord with very common observation. So the Greeks applied the number three to express a mighty wave. "Trikumia"—the mighty third wave—is observed in Aeschylus and Plato.

toward them is well illustrated by the Assyrian and Persian literature, in which a great variety of honorary names are applied to them, such as the seven pearls, the seven golden corals, the seven eyes of heaven, seven tapers or torches, and so on. Each of these bodies has its own heaven, or sphere, in which it moves about the earthly observer. Hence the idea of seven heavens, with its correlative of seven bells. It would lead one almost to infinity to follow out the variations of this idea. By it the Jews, during their sojourn in Babylonia, in the days of the Captivity, were deeply impressed, and use of the idea, with many variations, led to changes of time and circumstances, that carried forward into the later recensions of their Sacred Scriptures, and into the Christian Scriptures later still. It is the origin of the seven-day period, assigned to the work of creation; while the days of the week still retain their old astrological designations, and still own in name the mastery of the planetary seven. We have our Saturday, our Sunday, our Monday; and it instead of having a Mars-day, Mercury-day, Jove-day, Venus-day, like the people of France and Spain, we have Tuis-day, and Woden's-day, and Thor's-day, and Freya's-day, it is mere translation of Roman names by their supposed representatives in Northern mythology.

A word about the prejudices against the number thirteen. In the Middle Ages, it is clear that we do not avoid the claim of King Death, according to his known rules and regulations. If we could permit ourselves to jot down the names of thirteen of our friends at random, the result would probably be the same,—we say probably, for that is all the reason involves.

On the history and significance of numbers, mystic and otherwise, there is an immense literature, of which possession even of an index would be a prize. One more remark only, at this time: Whatever we may think of the mystic import of numbers, which are from Pythagoras and before Pythagoras down to our own time, as contradistinguished from the strict facts, they are made to unfold and to impress upon us in all the relations of life, one fact is that—most of the moderns at least there is small doubt about the preference for Number One.

CONDITIONS OF PROSPERITY.

PORTLAND, Nov. 12.—(To the Editor.)—Great is prosperity, but what kind of prosperity is it that exports millions in product while millions of the producers lack? What becomes of the better fat—money—from the increase of the "cream of labor making"? They don't seem to have it. How are foreigners against whom a tariff must protect better able to buy than our own people under the same conditions? How are the people so satisfied with this division, that gives them part of their earnings, while the rest supports a master, when they might have all under the same conditions? Under Socialism self-supporting would be the workers. Let us hope we may have it.

LET US HAVE A WORD HERE.

Let us have a word here. Let us be plain with it. The Oregonian is asked to answer. It will do so—briefly. The question is great. It is the general mass of men and women can make themselves part of it. The general mass of men and women can make themselves part of it, only by the exercise of the virtues of prudence, self-denial and industry, directed by intelligence. The notion that favored ones are absorbing the "butter-fat"—the money—is error. Money is only a concrete expression. It is nothing but a means to an end. It is for those who will work for it, on terms that employers can afford to pay.

"How are foreigners, against whom a tariff must protect, better able to buy than our own to have?" It is no mystery. These foreigners pursue a laborious industry, which our own people reject. They practice economies of all sorts which our people disdain. They work the mines, and they work the fields, and they work the factories, and they work the mills, and they work the farms, and they work the shops, and they work the stores, and they work the offices, and they work the homes, and they work the streets, and they work the highways, and they work the waterways, and they work the airways, and they work the earth, and they work the sky, and they work the sun, and they work the moon, and they work the stars, and they work the planets, and they work the galaxies, and they work the universe.

Socialism is absolutely impossible; but if it were attempted it would not improve the condition or position of those not willing to pay the price of high success by highest industry, directed by the highest intelligence, accompanied by the highest prudence, self-denial, which are willing and even eager to postpone the enjoyment of today for the higher expectations of tomorrow, or of next year, or of twenty or forty years hence. Equally fallacious is it that the labor of the wage-worker does it all—creates all wealth. The manager, proprietor, director, or master, who takes the credit, plans the business, organizes it, controls it, keeps it in operation. Ten thousand men offering to work, with no man to plan for them, or organize industry for them, would be helpless, could do nothing. The "prosperity" that our friend envies comes only to organizing intelligence, to high capacity, to those who have power of initiative and of perseverance. It doesn't come to those who offer to work, say eight hours a day, in some field of labor into which all mediocre presses, and who then mistakenly expect for themselves the rewards that come to men of superior abilities and superior powers of organization, direction and management.

Nor could the state, under socialism, help out the general mass; for the state could not command for petty pay the superior services necessary to the success of industrial and business undertakings; and the conditions would be such that the manager would have no power to direct or to improve the service. An industrial democracy, based on socialism, is impossible.

So long as the world stands, or so long as human nature and human society endure, there will be only one way, the superior service necessary to the success of industrial and business undertakings, enterprise and industry, directed by intelligence and controlled by prudence, sobriety, self-denial and all the plain virtues. Every other thought is expectation of folly. Prosperity comes always to those who are willing to pay the price for it; to a few others perhaps

by accident—but their number is so small and exceptional that it only confirms the rule.

CASES ANALOGOUS.

Mr. J. W. Shriver, 472 Belmont street, Portland, writes to The Oregonian, enclosing this "note" from its editorial columns of November 11: Governor Peabody has been defeated in Colorado and Alva Adams has been elected Governor. Which will be taken a notice to all voters, anarchists and dynamiters in Colorado that they are to be at liberty to enforce their principles.

And he adds the inquiry: Being a reader of The Oregonian, I should like to know whether the Oregonian approves the administration of Governor Peabody, of Colorado. If so, why? I am of the opinion that a vast majority of those who have followed this strange belief that Peabody & Co. are the chief anarchists of the United States.

Since human society has a right to exist, and must exist, it has a right to take necessary measures to protect itself and to preserve its existence. Governor Peabody, by dealing with men who had resorted to extreme lawlessness and violence, resulting in vast destruction of property and wholesale murder. Ordinary methods of law could not cope with them. It was necessary, therefore, for Governor Peabody to proceed to extreme measures. That he has not been re-elected is not a word against his action; for thousands voted against him on partisan feeling or bias, who nevertheless approve what he did. He acted in an emergency as promptly and as efficiently as Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, acted in similar circumstances, and was similarly justifiable. Peabody is a Republican; Steunenberg is a Democrat, and both failed of re-election. Men of this stamp render immense service at critical times, but it is not their duty that they can be re-elected. Which is an impeachment rather of partisan suffrage than of their official action.

PRACTICAL SOCIAL REFORM.

A start has been made in Portland toward the first social settlement. Philanthropic women, with love of their kind and endowed with common sense, have entered on the work in a practical way. No doubt it will combine the best features of English effort imported into this country by Jane Addams, whose social reform through Hull House, Chicago, is well known, and American effort put forth through college settlements. Success of the movement will depend not so much on the unselfish spirit and intelligence of those engaged in it, but upon their tact. Portland has not yet reached a stage where newly arrived immigrants, unfamiliar with English speech, cut large figures in the social problem. Most of the material at hand is partly Americanized, but with a steadily increasing number of foreign laboring people, particularly from Southern Europe, seeking homes in the United States, it may be expected that the field of usefulness for social settlement work will rapidly widen.

Experience in every city in the country where this new social reform has been introduced, proves the need of it, and its success has been sufficiently marked to warrant similar work in all cities containing not only newly arrived laboring families of foreign birth who are usually handicapped by adverse domestic conditions, but also among adopted citizens who continue to live in much the same manner as they did before they sought a new home. These require guidance and encouragement. Better sanitation, better prepared food, neater sewing, more cheerful environment and increased natural pride contribute to greater happiness. Children brought up in homes where better conditions prevail make better men and women; hence better American citizens.

Social settlements teach the great doctrine of self-help, and they aid most effectively in putting the theory into practice. The women of the settlement, by such an unselfish agency to raise herself higher in the domestic and social scale rarely refuse the invitation if it comes in a spirit free from patronizing taint. Usually the woman who receives benefits becomes an evangelist in the work; so that the little leaven introduced by a social settlement soon raises an entire district. Results are not easy to measure, except in a general way; but it may be set down as the sum of experience that effort such as is proposed for Portland is never wasted.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WILDS.

A tardy report from the solitudes of Eastern Clackamas County tells of finding in her lonely home in the wilds the body of a woman who had passed the greater part of the past few years in the deep solitudes of the coast. Her husband came home at regular intervals when work in the mill camps, or wherever he was employed, gave out. There is more than a hint of tragedy in this woman's life and death. There is the practical certainty of tragedy in both. Upon the first, in its humdrum of daily toil; its lonely days and nights; its shriveled opportunities and unrealized dreams of prudence and self-help, which are dwindling into the dry facts of a bare existence—it is easy, now that the scroll is unrolled and its bare data spread out, to speculate. While this part of the tragedy was being enacted day after day and year after year, no note was taken of its incidents, beyond perhaps a comment now and then upon the utter loneliness of the woman, with whom, it is said, kindness and even cruelty were added to the daily routine of her life when the husband was at home. Since there is no way out of a life of this kind except as the individual makes it, this was all that could be done, and this "all" was simply nothing.

But when the final tragedy was discovered, horrible in its brief enactment but not more of a tragedy, in fact, than which had been covered by the commonplace events of slow-moving years—a thrill of horror and dismay swept through the community and went pulsing out as "news" into the wider world. The details of the killing of this woman will probably never be known. There was but one witness and this witness was the victim herself. One theory in regard to the crime will surface as well as another. One opinion as to the possible or probable criminal and his motive is as good as another. Shrewd guessers may come close to the mark without seeking the perpetrator from a distance; others may come as close to the truth by a mental or verbal arrangement of a nameless tramp as the ruthless criminal. But throughout all this the bare facts of the case are shown by the dead body of the solitary woman, from which life had been extinct for weeks before its discovery, are likely ever to be disclosed. Let that pass.

It is not a matter of surprise that this lonely toiler of the wilds suffered

timely and violent death. The manner of her living may be said to have invited it. The strange part of the story is found in the isolated life that she led. The human touch in daily life is an essential need of human nature. It is often said that the world is too wide for two people to live together in daily constraint and bitterness. On the other hand, there are too many people in it to justify any human creature in living a life of utter solitude in an unfrequented locality. The husband who condemns his wife to an existence of this kind for months together is not necessarily a criminal, and in the event of her murder he cannot be legally held as accessory before the fact; but to all intents and purposes he was an accessory. And a woman who thus lives in the woods, like a wild animal in its lair, makes possible any fate, however shocking, that may overtake her.

DANGERS IN THE CAMPAIGN LIE.

It is dangerous to fool with the Campaign Lie. To spring a campaign lie is to create instantly in the minds of the public the suspicion that you are on the losing side, that you know it, and that you have been obliged to adopt some desperate expedient to pull yourself out of a bad hole. Now, the campaign lie may not be a lie at all. It may have a very substantial basis in truth. It may be a bald and unadorned exposition of some agency or episode in the life of a candidate. Or it may be some incident, unimportant in essence, that the ghoul of partisan dig out of the grave of a forgotten past, and embellish with all the hideous details fancy can supply. Or a campaign lie may be in all respects a lie. Or it may be merely some embarrassing incident in the candidate's party record, exposed to him by his own party followers. This last particular variety is quite familiar to all devotees of the political game. It has the merit of being the most harmless and least sensational, and so perhaps the most nearly justifiable.

The campaign lie made a belated appearance during the late campaign, under the auspices of Judge Parker. The Judge, having been nominated entirely at the instance of some of the trusts, deemed it expedient to charge that his opponent, who had been nominated against the wishes of the trusts, and at the mandate of the plain people, was blackmaling the corporations to secure a great corruption fund. We all know how this particular campaign lie acted as a boomerang, to the great detriment of the Judge's cause, damage to his personal reputation, and benefit of Mr. Roosevelt. Only one other campaign lie during the late campaign stands out conspicuous. It was an ingenious perversion of the facts, used by a portion of the Republican press, against Gustav A. Johnson, Democratic candidate for Governor in Minnesota. Johnson's father was for fifteen years an inmate of the Nicollet County poorhouse. He died there, and was buried in a pauper's grave. His name during a great portion of this time was in enjoyment of a substantial income; so the newspapers and orators who were concerning themselves about Mr. Johnson's private manners and domestic arrangements were much shocked.

But here is the explanation: Johnson, Sr., was a chronic inebriate, an incorrigible dier, and a hopeless spendthrift. He abandoned his family. Young Johnson supported his mother and sisters, and relieved them so far as possible of the humiliation and poverty imposed on them by the unnatural father. These seem to be the facts, and they are all very interesting. Johnson has been elected, in face of a great adverse publicity, partly because of the shameful attitude of his opponents—some of them—to give a harmful turn to a painful episode in his life.

What campaign lie—true or false—ever succeeded in accomplishing the purpose for which it was told? Some no doubt have reached the mark; but the greater number fall ignominiously. The Marchion letter—a deliberate forgery—did much to elect Garfield; while the "truth-certainly did not impair Grover Cleveland's chances in 1884. What, then, are the essentials of a campaign lie to make it an efficient instrument in a campaign? The answer is easily made. It must first be true, and second its publication must be justifiable. The public likes fair play. It will not excuse the dissemination of slander or calumny, and it will not reward their candidate unless the facts of their conduct and the flaws in his personal character manifestly unfit him for holding public office.

THE UNCHANGING SEA.

Steam and electricity in the hands of our modern wizards are continually changing the industrial and even the social conditions of the world. In all of the arts and sciences more rapid progress is being made than ever before, and inventions and discoveries that seem marvelous today become commonplace tomorrow. This high-pressure life is in a sense alarming, and we enjoy it. We would not replace the incandescent with the tallow candle, the limited express with its equine-propelled bobtail predecessor. And yet it is interesting to turn occasionally from the contemplation of these modern miracles and gaze seaward, where in certain lines science, with all of its wealth of conquest and invention, has wrought but few changes in a thousand years.

Yesterday's dispatches told of a Victoria sealing captain who had skillfully navigated his craft through 600 miles of the wildest ocean on the globe by the use of a jury rudder rigged out of a topmast. A few days ago news came down from the Arctic of the return of Dutch Harbor of whaler which had been cruising in the north for three years. About the same time a statement of the year's business of the Gloucester fishermen appeared, showing losses of ten schooners and twenty lives, the property loss being greater than for any year since 1830, although the loss of life was smaller. Here are thrown sideglances on a class of men with which time has stood still for centuries. They are still following the ocean just as they fought it centuries ago, and it is grudgingly yielding up a livelihood and annually taking its toll of human life. The Victoria sealing captain, with his disabled craft; the whaler, cruising for three years in the cold, silent and almost unknown regions of

the north, and the hardy Gloucester fishermen, with whom life is an endless succession of tragedies, are today living out their lives on practically the same unchanged plan which was followed by their ancestors centuries ago. There has been a change, of course, with the advent of steam "along those trackless highways where commerce shapes the trail," but off of these highways the sealer, the whaler and the Banks fisherman are still of that old—

Breed of the caken heart Which drew the world together and spread the race apart.

They strike boldly out into the unknown, with all of the courage and daring of the men who sailed with Drake, Cabot, Magellan and all of the rest of the ocean pioneers who "shaped the course before them by the wake they left behind." History and fiction, which supply us with pen pictures of industrial and social life a century ago, will a hundred years hence display to our ancestors a vastly different view from that which has been handed down to us from the past. The wild animals and the men of the past are fast disappearing and development ashore in the early days of our country's existence have passed on, and urban and suburban life and activity are alike changing rapidly. But the unchanging sea offers no such prospect for variety, and the "Captains Courageous" of Rudyard Kipling is in most of its details as truthful and natural a depiction of life on the fishing banks one hundred years ago as it is of today, and will in all probability be one hundred years hence.

The whaler Narwhal cruising for a thousand days in the frozen north is as far removed from the world which we know as were her New Bedford predecessors which sailed out of the old Massachusetts port a century ago, and the Victoria sealer, hundreds of miles from port in a stormy ocean, was as much at the mercy of the sea as were the ancient craft which carried Gray, Vancouver, Cook, De Fuca and other navigators over the same trackless waters of water many generations ago.

In vain man marks the earth with ruins, His control stops with the shore.

A worthy benefaction is that whereby Senator Proctor, of Vermont, proposes to establish a home for indigent and worthy public school teachers who have passed the age of usefulness. These beneficiaries are in the main refined and sensitive gentlemen, who, notwithstanding the utmost industry and thrift, have not been able from the fruits of their endeavor to save anything for the evening of life. A home suited to their tastes and habits of life, as well as to their every-day needs, will be a boon which they will enjoy and for which they will be intelligently grateful. Generally speaking, the woman who has spent the flower of her years as teacher in the public schools has earned much more money than she has received as salary. It is, therefore, in the line of justice rather than of charity to see that provision is made for such of these as come down to old age without means whereby to compass the home comforts of life.

The best way to know all about anything is to go and find out for yourself. So the Northern Pacific Railway, which sees prospects of great travel westward next year to the Lewis and Clark Fair, has assembled its district passenger agents from all over the United States and is sending them to Portland. They are now en route, and are incidentally learning more than they ever before knew about the railroad which traverses the country through which Lewis and Clark originally traveled. Railroad men are the best possible friends any enterprise depending on public favor can have, and the plan of the Northern Pacific in showing them for themselves what the Fair is to be will undoubtedly be of vast benefit to the Exposition and to the railroad.

Eva Booth, fourth daughter of a remarkable family, has succeeded Commander Booth-Tracker as head of the Salvation Army in America. A woman who has "the genius and eloquence of her father," Eva Booth can scarcely lie to make it an efficient instrument in a campaign? The answer is easily made. It must first be true, and second its publication must be justifiable. The public likes fair play. It will not excuse the dissemination of slander or calumny, and it will not reward their candidate unless the facts of their conduct and the flaws in his personal character manifestly unfit him for holding public office.

It has been given out that President Roosevelt will, at the close of the official term to which he has just been elected, enter upon the duties of the presidency of Harvard University. The story may or may not be true, but if it puts at rest thus early in the fray the anxiety of the political busybody who wants Congress to create a place of honor and emolument for our ex-presidents, it will prove worth the telling.

Somebody says that now, since Oregon has given so splendid a majority for President Roosevelt, we may easily get half a million or a million more from Congress for the Lewis and Clark Fair. The Oregonian thinks it may not be. Yet it has no objection to interposing, if anybody desires to try it.

The announcement that Mr. Sweeney will be a candidate for United States Senator in Washington will excite much interest in Portland. It's all right. We can't expect Mr. Sweeney to invest all his money here.

The renomination of John H. Hall to be United States District Attorney is due to the desire of the President and the Department of Justice to retain the services of an efficient public officer.

President Roosevelt is going to the St. Louis Exposition. Can he be induced to come to the Lewis and Clark? It would be worth our while.

Mr. Manning would not issue a warrant for the arrest of Sheriff Wood at the instance of an incensed and outraged Chinaman. Touching!

Apparently Maryland did go for Roosevelt; but it won't if the Democratic election boards get half a chance.

Didn't Need the Paper. Boston Commercial Bulletin. A countryman gave the following reason for not subscribing to a local newspaper: "I get all the news there is. My wife belongs to the woman's club, one of my daughters works in the millinery shop and the other is in the delivery window at the postoffice, and I'm the village grocer."

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.—By William Oser, M. D., F. R. S. P. D. 84. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, 85 cents. In 1882 the George Goldthwait Ingersoll lectureship was founded at Harvard for the purpose of giving once a year a lecture on the "Immortality of Man." Since that time leading philosophers and theologians, among whom were Josiah Boyce, John Fiske, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, William James and Rev. George A. Gordon, have filled the chair. But until Dr. Oser spoke no leading scientist had accepted an invitation to deliver the lecture.

Dr. Oser's lecture is an incisive statement of his personal opinion of the public state of mind on this question, but it is on the whole a nugatory and disappointing contribution to the tremendous issue involved in immortality, for it takes no account of the philosophical bases of immortality, being content to give a brilliant review of the present attitude of Western civilization.

As he views the world today it is divided into three classes. The Laodiceans, who, "while accepted a belief in immortality and accepting the phases and forms of the prevailing religions, live practically uninfluenced by it, except so far as it ministers to a wholesale dissonance between the inner and the outer life, and diffuses an atmosphere of general indifference." The Gallionians, who, "like Galileo, care for none of these things and live wholly uninfluenced by a thought of the hereafter—form a second group larger perhaps today than ever before in history. These put the supernatural altogether out of man's life and regard the hereafter as only one of the many inventions he has sought out for himself." A third group, small and select, whom Dr. Oser calls Teresianians, after Saint Teresa, "lays hold with the author of Faith upon eternal life, as the controlling influence in this one."

Having apportioned mankind into these three classes, Dr. Oser discusses the leading characteristics of each class as he has found it in his own experience, the problem as he sees it being the inquiry whether mankind's conquest of Nature made the individual more or less hopeful of the life beyond the grave; and his conclusion is that "practical indifference is the modern attitude of mind; like the Laodiceans, we are neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm"; and the siddy, self-indulgent pleasure-seekers at the top of the so-called social scale—those butterflies whose aspirations are bounded by stocks and jocks and fighting cocks, whose delight is "bridge," and whose care is for the things of the world, are cited as examples of churchgoing Laodiceans. So, too, in ordinary parlor conversation, in the pulpit and in the press the immense importance of the question of immortality of mankind generally he says, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "may be left to the mystical and talk much of the shadows, but when it comes to laying hold of them with the hand of faith we are not of the ex-cuse."

The policy of states and the conscious direction of governments, both of which in no way regard the future existence of man as a factor to be considered, are cited by Dr. Oser as eminent commentaries on the waning interest of moderns in this age-long question. To the objection that the question of future existence has never, in possible conception of the Crusades, affected national life, and that the real locus and power of the belief is in the heart of the individual, which is never more clearly seen than when the sojourner in this worldly caravanserai is about to fare forth from its accustomed warmth and comfort to the misty darkness of the hereafter, Dr. Oser cites his own experience at 500 deathbeds, as showing how little the average man thinks of such questions when brought close to death. In only 50 cases was bodily pain or distress of one sort or another suffered. It showed mental apprehension, two post-mortem terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation and one bitter remorse.

All of which lead our author to the (for him) inevitable conclusion that the existence of a future life is not demonstrable from the spontaneous call of the human heart for immortality as this mortal life neared its end. Rather he found that man went heedless or apathetic to meet the mystery that lies behind creeds, concerned to the last only with the needs of this life, and still struggling and racing for comfort, riches and happiness. "So man hath no pre-eminence over the beast, and as the writer of Ecclesiastes said of the beasts of years ago, 'as one dieth, so dieth the other.'"

The Gallionians, who "care for none of these things," form, in Dr. Oser's opinion, a larger class than ever before in the history of the world. The unseen but powerful influence of modern science on the concept of life held by the preceding generation, the effect of the general acceptance of evolution and the denial of the existence of the soul by modern psychology, which sees in consciousness only a material phenomenon, have all combined to create an ever-increasing body of men who concern themselves only with the duties, labors and joys of the mundane life. The effect of science has been to "minimize almost to the vanishing point the importance of the individual man," while giving supreme importance to the cosmic and biological forces which, in their mighty orbits, take no heed to the petty interests, aims and aspirations of a single life.

Lastly comes the lessening hand of enthusiasts who see visions and dream dreams and walk the ways of this world untroubled and serene in the consciousness of the all-supporting, everlasting arms. To these it is given to know the mystery, for they have tested and tried. Pascal's celebrated dictum, "The heart has its reasons that reason cannot understand." In a few luminous sentences Dr. Oser sketches the irreconcilable difference between the reasons of the head and the emotions of the heart, and concludes: "In our tempering days man is always seeking a safe middle ground between loyalty to the intellectual faculty and submission to authority in an unreasoning acceptance of the things of the spirit. . . . As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with a good grace. . . . On the question before us wide and far your hearts will range from these early days when matins and evening, evensong and matins, and the larger hope of humanity into your young souls. . . . Some of you will wander through all the phases to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken than Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether. He after that, and this is my own conviction fidel."

NOTE AND COMMENT. The Billionaire. His place was magnificent, Marble every part. And just to be in keeping Of marble was his heart. Grant County has Wyoming ambitions. Set your face against the cigarette, boys. What does a Chinaman want with a door, anyway? By getting Roosevelt as President, Harvard "scoops" them all. Brazil's intention to carry a big stick makes Argentina's hand feel empty. There's any amount of sand along the Suez Canal. Here's the Baltic fleet's chance. To a Y. M. C. audience Admiral "Bob" Evans recently delivered an address. Censored, probably. "Little hoods of lace finish some of the evening cloaks," says a fashion note. Yes, and the little bill finishes hobby. Thirty-four Sultans of Turkey have let themselves be assassinated. What slaves these monarchs are to precedents. Young Walton has received a 25-year sentence, which seems a high price to pay for the fun of being beaten over the head by a street-car conductor. Papers that run pictures of "the good angel of the Port Arthur garrison" might at least pick out a stock cut that doesn't resemble a patent medicine ad. Now Chicago is to have a subway. Soon any ghost anxious to revisit the glimpses of the moon will have to be careful at which floor it leaves the elevator. In its "local news" the New York Mail notes that "Ed Harriman, of this place, was a Portland, Or., shopper Tuesday. Ed bought the Columbia Southern Railroad."

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Pierpont Morgan has gained great credit for returning the stolen cope he purchased. This shows it is easier for the rich to gain credit than to pass through the eye of a needle. As the Seattle News wittily remarks, "the servant girl occupies a distinctive place in the domestic life of America. But where the rub comes is in the fact that, she never occupies the place long." In the jungles of India is found a bee that works only at night. How nice to be a kid in those parts and not have grown-up people quoting "How dolt the little busy bee improve each shining hour" at you. "We went to St. Louis," writes the editor of the Hardeman (Ga.) Free Press, "to enlist in the Beer war, and when we got there we found that it was the Beer war. As we had been grossly deceived, we came on back home."

In Seattle two editors have been calling each other pet names. One has called the other a "paretic maffoid," and up to the present he holds the belt, but of course the dictionary has not been used up yet, not quite. The trumpeter who sounded the charge at Balaklava has just died in Denver. The trumpeter was as multitudinous as the many-voiced ocean, and the "first man into Port Arthur" will have to die several thousand times to beat the record set by the Six Hundred's survivors. Herman Wiss, of Astoria, rises to remark of a recent paragraph—"Next time we hear of the Balkan fleet, it may be in action with the Swiss navy." "Oh, cheat it; such a shot would be smelted around the world." The Japanese have bought a lot of Dutch cheese, so there is a possibility that Russia might use smokeless Swiss for their heavy gun projectiles.

Insubordination at the University of California is serious, explains the president, because rules of the War Department were broken; had they been merely university rules it would have been a different affair. This should prove encouraging to the students. In future when they want to run their heads against a stone wall they will know enough to avoid mere university rules and choose one that is meant to be obeyed. Professor Howison, head of the department of philosophy in the University of California, declares that "the presence of a large number of women students is inconsistent with the attainment of high scholarly ideals," or, in other words, the philosopher thinks that a man cannot embrace philosophy and a girl at the same time. The remedy is so obvious that it might have occurred to even a college professor. Let the high scholarly ideals go bang.

According to the Argus, the election in Seattle went as indicated in the following story: M. M. Lyter was about the only Democrat to be found in town Wednesday, and he had blood in his eyes. "It's a blamed shame," said he, fiercely—"a dirty outrage!" "What is that?" inquired a sympathizing friend. "Why, the Republicans held an election yesterday," said Mr. Lyter, "and they didn't let us Democrats know anything about it!"

Some professor of something has discovered that the human body shoots out rays which vary in color with the moods of the soul inside the body. An angry man flashes red signals, a hopeful man blue, and so forth. When we all reach the point at which we can see these rays, a new trouble will have been added to the life of woman. No fashionable woman could bear to be seen radiating a color that did not match that of her frock, and she would have to hypnotize herself into the mood of which the color went best with the style of her dress for the day.

There was little spathy in the election—if one may refer to it at this late date—so far as the Clippie Creek district was concerned. A Denver Times dispatch from Cripple Creek began as follows: "Two Democratic judges have been killed and one probably Denver. There is a serious wounded and a great number of Democratic judges have been beaten up and thrown into jail, although the Democratic and Republican leaders met last night and signed an agreement providing for a peaceable election. A pleasantly vague reference is thus made to the 'great number' of Democratic judges that were beaten up, while the ire of the reporter that violence should have been