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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1905.

DUE TO PLUTOCRATIC GREED.

We suppose our country is "booked" for socialism. Greed of speculators is bringing it on. Exploitation of public utilities by our first families hurries it forward. Such incidents or operations as this one, under our own eyes, of capitalization of the streets of Portland for millions, in the interest of private individuals—the public expected to pay dividends on the usurpation—are making socialists by thousands, in every direction.

It is the same with all this exploitation of the modern time. Operators everywhere are seizing their opportunity to "capitalise" the wants of the public, in ways to create great properties and to obtain great dividends. The people believe that the only check to these schemes of plutocracy lies in a socialistic movement under which the productive forces—in particular those related to municipal functions—may be transformed into socialized effort.

The Oregonian has not been willing to see this change. But in the contest that is coming—forced by the greed of capitalism and of exploitation—it finds itself compelled to yield to new conditions. In the contest between greed and privilege on the one hand, and popular rights on the other, it will follow the demands of the people, because it belongs to the people. It must stand with them, rather than with those who contend for the fictions of privilege and of vested rights. It will take its place in the ranks of the proletariat, and struggle with and for the proletariat, rather than with or for those who have adopted the modern scheme of capitalizing the needs of the multitude, and making the multitude pay dividends on the capitalization.

Everything tends towards this new division or alignment. It is emphasized by the demand of President Roosevelt for regulation and control of the railroads. It is furthered by efforts everywhere exerted, and witnessed in Portland as elsewhere today, to capitalize public functions, and to turn them to private profit, for support of "first families" in luxury and idleness. It is not an issue which this newspaper has sought. Gladly, rather, it would have avoided or averted it. But it is upon us today, and it challenges attention; and tomorrow and next year its demands will be more imperative still. The astonishing growth of it is due to the inordinate greed of a plutocracy which never will admit that it has done enough.

THE REED ESTATE.

It is seldom that the relations of a person who has a property and makes a will are willing to acquiesce in the disposition of the property made by the testator. They who suppose themselves heirs at law think they ought to inherit the property which they did nothing to accumulate. To them it matters not what the wish of the testator was. Their relative was beloved, not for his character or wishes, but for the estate he left behind.

G. C. Reed and wife were early citizens of Portland. The state of his health took him to the milder climate of Southern California. Before he could make the disposition of his property that he had intended, he was taken away by death, leaving everything to his wife. As the years drew on she made a will, by which she directed that large part of the property was to be devoted to a public use, in educational lines. The couple had no children. But the estate was a large one, and Mrs. Reed, in her will, generally remembered the relations of herself and of her husband—dedicating, however, large portion of the estate to the foundation and support of an educational institute at their home in Portland.

But there is a law of California which forbids a testator to devote more than one-third part of his real estate to any charitable or public use. It is an old law, framed apparently on the idea that it was necessary to curb the disposition of the testator to ecclesiastical bodies, under whose influence the testator might be. Now, in order to make the claim upon the Reed estate, the contestants of the will of Mrs. Reed have assumed that she was a resident of California and, therefore, that disposition of her property must follow the law of that state. But in fact the Reeds were citizens of Oregon and residents of this state. They were simply visitors in California, and their sojourn there was only temporary domiciliation in that state, for climatic change. Their home, as they always said, was Oregon, to which they returned with frequency; and both are buried here.

The Reeds left a large estate. It was accumulated in Oregon, through an active business career, beginning in early years. They were loyal to the Oregonian and wished the bulk of the estate to be employed here, in perpetuity, for the worthy public purpose indicated in the will dictated by Mrs. Reed, who, as the survivor of her husband, knew his intent as she knew her own. But the assumption of the contestants of the will, that the Reeds had become citizens of California, would, if allowed, tie up the will, defeat the intent of the testator, and prevent the accumulation in Oregon from the public purposes to which they devoted it, and perhaps waste large part of it through prolonged litigation. The technical ground on which the will is contested surely cannot hold. It ought not to hold, certainly; for this couple, man and wife, whose active lives were spent here, whose estate was made here, who had that degree of regard for the land of Oregon, which caused them to enjoin that they should be buried here and the bulk of their estate devoted to beneficent purposes in the community where they accumulated it, should not be defrauded of their intent, either by the greed of contestants, or by figment of law.

Types of Anarchists. There are hierarchies in the commonwealth of thieves and distinctions of rank among anarchists. The philosophical anarchist, for example, holds his garment away from the touch of his bomb-dropping brother, who holds ours away from both of them. In fact, there are other types of anarchists, who are not proud of the name and would probably reject it if they could, that we wish to speak of. They are anarchists who resemble verbs in that half of them do and the other half suffer, so that they are rightly named active and passive. The passive anarchist may be seen in full bloom all the year round in almost every American city, but nowhere else so abundantly and in such perfection as in Philadelphia. Here soil and climate are perfect for his type; he feeds upon placid Quaker traditions and decayed fragments of Christian ethics; family pride fattens and paralyzes him. In that enchanted city, where time has forgotten how to move and manhood has not learned how to assert itself, the passive anarchist contentedly ripes and ripens, and then commences to grow on to rot and rot; and thereby hangs a tale of gas works and water works and typhoid fever.

And other things you know quite well. That I don't have time just now to tell. In the words of the poet. The passive anarchist does not desire the overthrow of government and law, but he contributes to it by his supercilious indifference to politics, and by his marked submission to be pillaged by the active anarchists. He and his kind are like the flock and herds which the Gothic warriors drove with them upon expeditions of plunder. He denounces corruption with his tongue and supports it with his purse; he rails at inquiry in his pulpit and saloons to it in banks and parlors.

He exists in his lamentable perfection in Philadelphia, but he is found everywhere, and in all callings. He gives away franchises to street-car companies, who deplore him too much in return to provide him a seat, though he pays for it at twice its value; he breaks his shins on the barrels and boxes with which active anarchists make man-traps on the pavements; he is poisoned by gas from leaky sewers; he is crushed under walls built without mortar; he is drowned by iron fire-escapes; he is burned up in the street without exit; he is mashed to jelly between colliding engines and incriminated in the wreck. But he springs perennially young from his ashes; shudders, forgets, and goes on multiplying himself. The passive anarchist wants a social machine that will run itself, while he attends to his eating and drinking and his business. Republican government he holds to be the best, but he claims it a failure. The failure is himself, not the government. Democracy gives him rights and arms him to defend them; he prefers to present an inoffensive area for every boot to kick. Fighting is brutal; he is a lover of peace; he takes refuge in high ideals; he wants the right of suffrage restricted to a chosen few like himself, who would elect perfect officials from among the perfect of respectability to turn the cranks of a perfect governmental machine. So far as taking a hand in public life goes, he is, in brief, what Carlyle would call a perfect fool; and the sad part of it is that he is very numerous. Such is the passive anarchist; may his days be short.

The active anarchist is a different sort of person. The others are the sheep, he is the wolf; they are the hunted slaves of the palace, he is the virile Caliph. Of a sinister potency, still he is potent. He acts, he does not dream. His intelligence is devilish, but it is efficient. It is probable that the Almighty prefers him, with all his misdeeds, to the passive anarchist upon whom he preys and without whose docile complicity he could not flourish. The active anarchist, first of all, is a plunderer; he makes a present to the Lord; the passive anarchist is afraid to take it lest the good name of the Lord be tarnished or the virtue of his church seduced. How very frail must that virtue be!

The active anarchist has his earthly paradise no less than his passive vassal. The latter blooms in unvarnished beauty in Philadelphia; the former is found in his perfect estate in the United States Senate. To that Valhalla of lost reputations he has climbed upon the ruins of the moral or civil law, and often of both; he has corrupted the entire population of some insignificant community like Rhode Island; he has made himself the representative and steadfast champion of incorporate freebooters, as Fiat of New York has done; he has made a clique of railroad men, the Standard Oil crowd; he is the de-

gate of land and timber thieves, whom he defends against the law as the robber baron of former times did his Italian vassals. Such are some of the men who pass bills against anarchy in the United States Senate. They do more to advance anarchy in one session of Congress than all their statutes can do against it in half an eternity. The President sees to negotiating reciprocity treaties with foreign nations; the good sense of the country approves them; they would promote the general welfare, but they would cut off here and there a freebooter from his accustomed rapine. The Senatorial anarchist who represents those freebooters lies in wait for the treaty with his bomb; at the fatal moment he throws it with an aim which his brother in Moscow or the Haymarket may envy in vain, and the fragments of the treaty are carried away to the graveyard of the national gravestones in a flourishing place. Reciprocity, arbitration, Haytian administration, Canadian comity, all lie peacefully buried there—or the pieces of them do; while in a shady nook may be seen by the Summer tourist a neat grave already dug for the President's railroad rate bill. How pathetic the epitaphs on the tombstones in that last resting-place of so many murdered infants! Here, side by side, tenderly decked with tansy and everlasting flowers, slumber postal currency and parcels post. The sweet babies have one gravestone with a lamb carved on it, and this touching verse:

To make the express business fast. These lovely babes were slain by Fiat.

For the connoisseur of epitaphs, real or possible, this Senatorial graveyard is a fruitful place to glean in. In a student of anarchy it is only less instructive than the Senate chamber.

NAVAL BATTLE IMMINENT?

Great events are imminent in the Korean Straits. The conflict has possibly already occurred. The Russian fleet is sailing boldly towards Japan and Korea, in line of battle, inviting attack by the enemy. The Japanese fleet was last heard from at Ma-sam-poh, on the Korean Peninsula. The Japanese have been fully apprised of the Russian movements, and have been lying in wait. It is not easy to know whether it is the Japanese strategy to join issue now, or avoid a general engagement until the presence of the Russian fleet is a fruitful place to glean in. The long delay would indicate that the Japanese were not ready to fight; not that they were not reasonably confident of victory, but that they could take no chance of defeat. If they lose on the sea, everything is lost. The peculiar wording of a late Tokio dispatch, however, would indicate that the long suspense is over and there would soon be something doing. The dispatch was extremely guarded, using the expression "transmissible" to indicate "today's historic events." We shall learn what "today's historic events" are whenever Tokio chooses to tell us. The Japanese censorship is exceedingly rigorous, and has been throughout the war. On the other hand, the correspondents who have used the Russian wires in Siberia and Russia have been permitted to discuss both political and military matters with astonishing freedom, so that the earliest and even the most authentic news has come as a rule from Russian sources. In this instance, however, the Russians have no means of getting prompt information except from the Associated Press. It may be that the first definite news we shall get from the seat of the conflict, if there shall be a conflict, will be from Shanghai, 500 miles distant, which is the present terminus of the English cable. The cable to Chefoo, equally distant, is said to be cut.

If there is no engagement at this time off the Tsu Islands, it is because the Japanese will not fight. They have fewer vessels, guns and men than the Russians, though larger gun power, greater efficiency and, presumably, higher efficiency.

RELIGIOUS BODIES GETTING TOGETHER

"Nothing of human interest is outside our range," may well be the watchword of journalism today. The world movement in all countries in favor of concentration in religious organization and relations in place of segregation and dispersion, is in a most rapid and boundary line, of recognizing the comparatively small and the essentially vital, is a case in point. Apart from all personal relationships to the world of the unseen, the student of the history of applied thought in religious affairs takes note of rapid changes, effecting in one year more in one direction than fifty years in the other. Increase of divisions in the Christian church, which followed the bursting of the bonds of compulsory compliance with the Romish dogma and ritual at the Reformation, has been followed in all civilized countries by assumption by each division of a distinctive name, and adoption of a more or less definite creed. Pages of the census books have been occupied by such names, and each census has noted a long addition to the list. No wonder, that, as the Christians are invited to join the Christian church, the answer, "Which Christians?" That there should be so many men of so many opinions on what are appropriately called the mysteries of the Christian faith was to be expected. Wonder may be well felt that the variant translation and significance of a single word in a written creed served as a dividing line between the Eastern and Western churches, with their millions of adherents. Stranger still it has this minute and mystic distinction should in our own country have a similar dividing power. A reason may possibly be found in that, while such debates and searchings of heart were in progress, there was among all interested persons a substantial agreement on the few essentials lying underneath all Christian creeds, and also an unquestioning faith in the Bible, from beginning to end, as the record on which all creeds and faiths must be based.

It is true that each age produced its doubters—but the apologist met the doubters' arguments. Wide spread of research into historical records, and application of material methods to spiritual problems which have followed during the last forty years on the publication of Darwin's and Herbert Spencer's books in English, and those of contemporary German students) have evolved the higher criticism in Bible study. The foundations of the Christian belief have been shaken. Facts and deductions have been placed in doubt on which, previously, no question had arisen in the mind of the average Christian man. So it has followed that in the domain of the religious, and works have been in effect abandoned, and the natural and logical consequence is seen in the drawing together of the

distinct loss to ourselves and to humanity. A generation has come into life and passed on to middle age since Memorial Day was instituted. It is too much to expect those to whom the Civil War and its vast sacrifice in human life is but history to approach the day with sorrow and joy in its ceremonial with sadness. It may reasonably be expected, however, that a sufficient number of thoughtful persons may be found in a community such as this to fill its churches on Memorial Day and listen reverently to the eulogies that are pronounced in patriotic spirit, upon the silent host that, for their country's sake, went untimely to the shades. An hour given to the memory of the heroes who fell in the strife for National life will be a kindly hour wisely spent.

SHIFTING OF POLITICAL POWER

Engrossed in the smaller politics of city and state, notes of changes in world politics pass almost without remark. Battles and sieges, insurrections and revolts, are followed by every reader of the day's dispatches. Events marking the gradual transfer of power from one representative body to another, or the equally important cessation of power from legislative bodies to individuals, are unrecognized as turning points in history.

When the French Republic was established, on the fall of the Louis Napoleon empire, two legislative bodies were created, the Senate and House of Deputies. Their powers were most carefully balanced, so that no encroachment by either on the rights and privileges of the other. In spite of this, the people's house, the Chamber, has grown until it has become the focus and center of the life of the republic. It makes and unmakes Ministries at will. The policy of Ministers is framed and guided to hold a majority there. The Senate lives in dignity, it is true. Its members look on, hardly more than spectators of the conflicts and debates brought to issue in the other house. The French President has held his own through all these years, rather the arbitrator in reserve, and the figurehead of the nation. But the policy of France is that of the Ministry, as dictated by or dependent on the majority of the Chamber, through which majority the nation is supposed to speak. Therein lies the real, the active, control. In England, the process above described is being, it may almost be said, reversed. Not even so large a body as the Ministry, but the committee of Ministers, now called the Cabinet, overshadows King, Lords and Commons—the historical powers of the British Empire. The House of Commons of Great Britain and Ireland was called the mother of Parliaments. It steadily wrestled power from the monarch through the centuries, stood ever for the people's rights, reformed from time to time to gain greater strength from a wider electorate, until the closing years of the last century its right to claim respect as well as obedience from the nation was unchallenged. Usages had grown up by which at any time a vote could be called for, and would be instantly conceded by the Ministry power—the time, demanded that the government of the house be taken on any question, great or small. The Prime Minister, or the leader of the house, was ever in his place to regulate debate, support his policy and to testify by his acts respect for the assembly.

By equally long custom, time and opportunity were given to private members to introduce independent legislation, debate such bills, and challenge either the support or the opposition of the government thereon. The House of Commons was a live assembly, the pride of the nation. The influence of its decisions was courted or feared. How are the mighty fallen! Mr. Balfour, sitting in the place of Peel and Palmerston, of Gladstone and Disraeli, secure in the voting power in reserve of a subservient majority, ignores the action of the House and tramples on its best-established usages. The climax during the past few weeks, when the word was passed to the supporters of the Ministry to take no part in debates raised by the liberal opposition on the protection policy of Mr. Chamberlain, leave the House rather than vote, and let the opposition of more than 250 members pass such votes of censure on the government and its acts as they pleased.

So the world was treated to the sorry spectacle of the House of Commons reduced to the level of a college debating society, free to amuse itself by passing such resolutions as it pleased, impotent to secure any effect, or influence by a hair's breadth the acts of the nation. It is a House of Commons held together by the fear of a dissolution which would efface a big majority of its members from political life. Meanwhile the British people look on at the most conspicuous and interesting figure in the recent world's conference of that organization in Paris. Sir George, an octogenarian, but still vigorous, presented in his forceful presence a refutation of the assumption that a man of his age has outlived by a score or more years the period of his usefulness.

It hardly takes the bank clearances to prove that Portland is prosperous; but they may be regarded as a very satisfactory sign. For the past week the aggregate has been over \$4,100,000, an increase of \$22 over the same week of the preceding year. The total average increase for the United States was 46 per cent, so that the prosperity of Portland is not local.

A Salem man, who was bothered with a cataract on his eye, was mending his roof. The wind caught a piece of tin and it cut off the cataract, restoring the Salem man's sight and leaving the organ perfectly sound. If some interested friend could persuade the Municipal Association to embark in the tin-roofing business, it might lead to beneficial results.

Chief Hunt's police and Chief Campbell's firemen made a fine showing in the parade yesterday. If Mayor Williams is proud of what this administration has done for both police and firemen, the reasons were obvious to every one of the spectators along the line of march.

fact that Portland commercial bodies have already lodged a vigorous protest with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and are doing everything in their power to extend the stop-over limit. As for the quarrel of the Portland and Seattle physicians, the less said about it the better. It is to be regretted that the Times and other Washington newspapers have not been sufficiently informed about the generous attention given to the state by the Exposition people—greater by far than accorded to any other state. Any interested citizen of Washington can fully verify this statement by coming to the Fair.

The Oregonian fears that the organ of the plutocrats of Portland, the mouthpiece of their various schemes for capitalization of everything in the city for dividendi-though it makes very faces and roars loudly-will have to digest the venom of its spleen, though the operation may split it. For many and many a year the reigning families, who have set up this organ and pay for it out of the proceeds of various capitalizations on "public utilities," have been "working" the municipal government for all sorts of things; the general disinterestedness and of high civic and municipal virtue, piled with the persistence of "damnable iteration." It is becoming rancid and stale. But let us have no unseemly excitement. There are days yet to come.

This timely suggestion is offered to the first meat market owner who is willing to adopt it: Put a stationary sign in the window of your establishment. Require your men to wash their hands in it—publicly, where every customer may see—every fifteen minutes. It is easy to imagine what effect it will have on women given to cleanliness. Never allow a salesman to wear a badly soiled apron. Let him change every half hour, if necessary. Cost of laundering will be repaid tenfold by increased sales. No charge will be made for the material, but who uses this fine advertisement. But some cynic may say that the benefit of the scheme is self-evident, or that it isn't new. Well, it will be new in Portland.

The "gas grab" in Philadelphia—and the gas grab of Portland—what of them? Portland is not as big as Philadelphia, but here is the gas grab. In Portland the gas grab is a worse than the gas grab in Philadelphia, because the gas grab in Philadelphia was a perpetual franchise. And this franchise, as you might expect, is in the hands of the "first families" of Portland. It tears up the streets without anybody's leave. It is a branch of the first-family ownership of the town. There is no regulation. It pays not one dime for the use of the streets. The reigning families deem the streets of Portland and all they can make out of them their own proper inheritance. Their newspaper organ will tell you so.

Why shouldn't the Pacific Bridge Company have had the Morrison-street bridge contract? The Pacific Bridge Company is the same thing as the Portland Consolidated Railway Company, and the railway company has a theory that the bridge was built for it, and not for the people. The fine way in which the bridge company carried out the railway company's ideas is to be seen in the guard rail, which was put there as a permanent notification that the public has no rights which the street railway company is bound to respect. However, the people, who paid for the bridge, are permitted to cross—on foot.

For the present, Portland is to have no reform in the matter of meat inspection. Perhaps it is not so necessary as some folk imagine, but there is one thing that market proprietors should be forced to do, namely: protect fresh meats from the big blue-bottle fly. Glass cases are best; still, mosquito netting makes an effective barrier if adjusted with care. In weather like yesterday a few hours is sufficient to develop living organisms in perfectly sound fresh. Too much care cannot be exercised to prevent contamination from the blue-bottle at this season of the year.

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OREGON OZONE.

Our Guarantee.

Jokes you will never meet in this column: "The mother-in-law joke. It is a chestnut. The old maid joke. It is ungentlemanly. The Spring-moving joke. It was copyrighted by Noah when he packed up to get aboard the ark. A vaudeville troupe of evangelists has arrived in New York for a three-weeks' stand in revival repertoire. The Igorrotes have gone to Coney Island. Four-in-hand cravats are cheaper in New York than in Portland.

This is a strange world. Joseph Chester, a United States soldier who was killed in a battle in Cuba seven years ago, was buried at his old home, Wheeling, W. Va., his aged father footing the undertaker's bill. The other day the dead man returned home and proved that he was still alive. Now he is suing the undertaker to recover the expenses of his burial.

The Irrigon Irrigator.

At Irrigon, in Oregon, the Irrigator is theasper of the people, and it always books the bit. The Irrigator irrigates the arid lives of folks Who otherwise with thirst were curst and might succumb to choke.

No doubt The Irrigator lies an ever-open ditch. For "Old Subscriber," "Amicus," "Vox Populi," and such. Who through its columns flow their stuff, to saturate the soil. Of those benighted souls (like moles) that only delve and toil.

The Irrigator's editor, I have no doubt, sometimes likes to make myself your editorial "see." Oh, take these lumpy luvins of my sometimes tearful Muse. And grow a crop of greens-by jeans, you couldn't grow the blues!

Commencement.

Commencement is with us once more. Like Christmas, it comes but once a year; when it comes it brings good cheer and big bouquets to the graduate, but only regrets to the middle-aged mortal who has a high school diploma, bound around its waist with a blue ribbon tied in a dot in the bow-knot, lying somewhere underneath the other rubbish in the attic of the house he lived in 25 years ago, where moth and dust corrupt.

When we were about 17, and sat upon the rostrum on the great day in early June, sandwiched in between two girls in white, like a grinning gargoyle between a pair of cherubs on a cornice, we used to wonder why it was called commencement. "To us it appeared to be the finish. We had achieved. We had arrived. We were there. The past—there was nothing to it, except the tears in the voice of the graduating girl who read the valedictory, beginning "And now, de-er classmates." The future—there was none. "Act, act in the living present," cooed the dreamy blue-eyed angel who took that line for the subject of her commencement essay; and we were acting. So of the actor-like thing, no doubt; but we were "actors" only in the great life of life," as the boy in the striped pants orated; and who was there so base as to insist that we should be passive instead of active?

There was, we must admit, since we come to recollect it, one adventurous dame in the class who held up before us and shook in our faces a future, and her subject was "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." Of course there was such an array, who ever heard of a commencement during the '50s—or anywhere between the episode at Appomattox and the affair at Santiago, for that matter—that did not have an Italy lying beyond the Alps? In those days the world was full of Alps and Italies. There were no Tyrolean Alps—not until the World's Fair at St. Louis; they were all Italian. At one impending commencement we recall that there were two Italies for us. There was the great Italy, essays were turned in, and the girl with the golden hair hanging down her back gave up her beloved Alps only when the principal said she might write on the more poetic subject: "She slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty; She woke and found that life was Duty."

Then the Blessed Damozel with the dream in her eyes and the delicious, dulcet lilt in her voice urged us, male and female alike, man after his kind and woman after her kind, to climb and cross the Alps of Endeavor and slide down the other side into the sun-kissed, azure-skiéd Italy of our ambitions.

Some of us boys never could see just why it was necessary to go to Italy to succeed in life, nor why it was imperative that we climb over the Alps to get there, for we were getting in the tourist guidebook to indicate that there was a perpetual Chicagoese railroad strike and tie-up on the Italian frontiers.

But we will let that pass—alas! it has passed, and the world is none the better off. Nowadays a commencement is not what it used to be; it is a beginning, and not a finish; a change has come over the spirit of the dream; the world has grown strenuous in these 29 years last gone, and where once divine poetry reigned there is now only earthy prose in volcanic eruption.

When you go to commencement this year you will hear orations and essays on sociological and industrial subjects such as "Should We Shoot the Filipinos or Patten them on Dog Meat for Circus Features?" and "The Relation of the Panama Canal to the Panama Hat."

These are practical days, and the practicality has robbed youth of much of its glory—that pristine, unspiced, unsated glory when a commencement was not the commencement of hard labor and the beginning of a tussle with trusts and taxed money, but merely an arrival, an apex. Let us buy a bouquet this year as big around as the bulge of a barrel of sugar, and fling it at the feet of the one brave girl who dares, in this up-to-date age, to read a commencement essay on "The She-Herons of Shakspeare;" or "Flunk Poetas as You Go." Too many of us are engaged in plucking geese—in the maudlin marts of trade.

You will observe that even the present writer, though he protests against the new order, is modernized, for he has not once mentioned the sweet girl graduate.

ROBERTUS' LOVE.

Two Real Statesmen.

It has now come to a point at which real statesmen—one is the Hon. John Jay and the other one is not.