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ESCHATOLOGY, NEW AND OLD.

William Rathbone Greg died in 1881. Among Englishmen he holds a place as essayist and critic, almost peculiarly his own. His "Creed of Christendom" was almost a new departure for the English-reading world. It was among the first attempts in English to examine on the principles of historical criticism the basis of Christian doctrine and belief. Its position, in this field, is assured. His "Enigmas of Life" is a series of essays full of profoundest meaning. These books gave powerful expression to the floating thought of thousands of minds, anxious for faith, yet unable to secure anything that could be said to be more than a tremulous hope. A good deal later there was a posthumous volume which (though published some time ago) we have just now seen for the first time. In this book, as in Greg's earlier ones, there is a union of unsparing trenchancy of logic with delicacy and almost tenderness in the delineation of religious feeling. Herein is this author's distinction and his title to memory and to fame.

In English literature there is scarcely anything more touching than his preface to a new edition of the "Creed of Christendom," twenty-five years after the first publication. The shadows then, as he said, were growing long; yet he was unable to modify the tenor and conclusions of the book. Religion, he said, stands on faith, not on any examination of its doctrine or creed. Any close examination of its creed or doctrine is fatal to the peculiar form of any religion with which that examination deals. And fatal, consequently, to all creeds and forms—yet new ones will continually arise; and religion therefore will always have its witness in the world, yet its forms are not fixed, and future ages will discard those of the present time.

What we had in mind at this time was to bring forward what Greg said in his last book on the desire for immortality, at different stages of human life. In youth, he said, when all our sentiments are most vivacious, most of us not only cling to belief in a future life as an intellectual creed, but are accustomed to say and to feel that, without it as a solace and a hope to rest upon, this world would be stripped of its deepest fascinations. It is from minds of this early age, whose vigor is unimpaired and whose relish of the joys of earth is most expansive, that the most glowing delineations of heaven usually proceed, and on whom the thirst for felicity and knowledge, which can be slaked at no earthly fountains, has the most exciting power. Then comes the busy turmoil of our mid-career, when the present curtains off the future from our thoughts, and when a renewed existence in a different scene is recalled to our fancy chiefly in crises of bereavement. And, finally, is it not in our fading years—when something of the languor and placidity of age is creeping over us, just when futurity is coming consciously and rapidly more near, and when we might naturally expect it to occupy us more incessantly and with more anxious and searching glances—we think of it less frequently, believe in it less confidently, desire it less eagerly, than in our youth? Somehow what we yearn for most instinctively at last is rest, and the peace which we can imagine the easiest, because we know it best, is that of sleep.

The argument is the same as that of Wordsworth's famous ode on "Intimations of Immortality From the Recollections of Childhood." In early life such intimations usually are presented with great force. Later they are obscured by the necessary concerns of the world. So, in Wordsworth's language, "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." We go through the storms of life, yet in seasons of calm weather we still get a sight of that immortal sea that brought us hither. It is usually but a glimpse, indeed; perhaps a recollection, as Charles Lamb thought it might be, of something that dates before the body. Yet certitude still remains as impossible as in the days when Greek poets and the authors of the ancient Hebrew Scriptures were full of sadness because nothing could be known.

FASHIONS IN RELIGION.

Bishop Hamilton, of California, mourns for the good old times. His one speech before the Methodist Congress, which ended last Thursday night, was an appeal to that church to return to the simple and, as he thought, better customs of its primitive days; to its old-time hymns, revivals, circuit riding and lowliness of heart. The bishop even felt a moving of the spirit to rebuke a backsliding brother who had boasted of the church's increased respectability. Carlyle's hatred of the word "respectability" and what it stands for was famous in his day. Bishop Hamilton's is no less vigorous. He calls it sacrilege to speak of a church becoming respectable. Such appeals are always coming from thoughtful men who know the social and religious worth of virile simplicity; and they are always futile. To exhort the Methodist Church to return to the homely ways of the first generation or two of Wesley's followers is a waste of spiritual endeavor. The process of conditions in church and state is always toward complexity, away from primitive manners, never toward them. The preachers and satirists of the later Roman Empire, numerous and pungent of speech as they were, never checked for an instant the popular trend toward luxury. Our present-day ethical guides, strive as they may, will never lead the American people back to the simple life. The course of evolution is invariably from the simple to the complex. He who desires primitive social conditions must go where they still exist. He will find them in remote settlements today almost exactly as they were in the present centers of civilization and luxury fifty or a hundred years ago, when those centers were backwoods communities. Whoever would enjoy the old-time rugged and virile religious energy of the Methodist, or any other church, must join the disciples of some new prophet. And new prophets are never lacking. There is Mrs. Eddy; there is Alexander Dowie, for example. The choice is numerous and varied. It seems as if all tastes in primitive religions might be suited by some of these recent manifestations; and that no one need feel driven to the hopeless task of recalling a church from its estate of worldliness, luxury and respectability to simplicity and apostolic zeal.

There is no return to the golden age for either state or church. Once gone, it is gone forever. Bishop Hamilton remembered, with some effort, part of one verse of an old-time hymn, many years ago known by heart in all the churches. He tried to sing it, and when his memory failed, an ancient father in Israel stood up and quavered out the verses—sacred recollections from his far-off youth. Oblivion locks the old songs in her inexorable silence. The long religious passion of their notes is dead with the tongues that sang them. The congregations of our day waken a temperate enthusiasm with holy phrases set to waltzes and operatic airs; but their music never terrifies the devil like the valiant discords of their forbears.

Indeed there is no devil to terrify. He went out of fashion with the militant psalmody of the fathers. The Christian no longer smiles at Satan's rage while he faces a frowning world; for Satan has ceased to rage and the world to frown. To become a Christian is a good financial and social investment; so say our most esteemed evangelists. Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, the young man may have found himself once when he left all to follow Jesus; but in this happier time he does not need to forsake father and mother to folow his Lord. The latest doctrine is that he need not even forsake his sins. And, as for being "poor and despised," his religion will admit him to the best society and open precious financial opportunities forever closed to the infidel. An infidel bank cashier, for example, could never gain the confidence of his directors to a degree that would make his position really advantageous in the modern sense.

It is seldom of late that a church member has been observed standing on Jordan's stormy banks and casting a wishful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land, where his possessions lie. His possessions do not lie in Canaan; here on earth—and frequently in an abundance that makes one worry to think how he is going to manage to squeeze through the straight gate and along the narrow way with them all, they lie about him; and when the tax-gatherer appears he lies about them, quite as if he thought the ties binding him to a vain world like this neither transient nor slender. The Christian has forsaken Jordan's stormy banks for good and all; nor does he often visit of late that narrow neck of land between two stormy seas where Charles Wesley stood so secure and insensible while he weighed his chances of landing in heaven or being shut up in hell. The up-to-date believer does not positively deny that there is such a place as heaven, though he reserves a doubt; but when you come to hell—the very name is shockingly unrefined; the place does not exist. Hell is out of fashion in the best religious circles.

For there are fashions in creeds as well as in hymns, clothes and vehicles. Predestination was discarded at about the same time as the bicycle, in polite circles. The redeeming blood went out somewhat earlier, with the hoopskirt. Creeds change to suit the spirit of the times and the fortunes of believers. One adapted to a humble congregation of backwoods farmers would evidently be very unsuitable to a wealthy and cultured city flock. A creed admirably summing up the truth of theology a century ago would shock the modern believer in every clause. What puzzles an inquirer in these days is to understand how eternal and changeless truth can alter so very much and so very fast; but theology is professedly full of mysteries. An inquiry more likely to find an answer is, whether these changes bring gain or loss to the church.

Changes in creeds inevitably bring both gain and loss. Modify your creed to agree with science or palliate sin, and you attract men whose science or whose sins the sterner dogmas oppugned. But every modification of dogma, no matter how slight, weakens the whole structure of religious doctrine. A man who continually digs bricks out of his wall, even to put in better ones, has a wall that some day will tumble down. The elder church is wiser in this respect. What she has once taken for truth she always calls truth. The difficulty of the achievement has never frightened her yet, and probably it never will.

The churches lose by all their changes—in hymnology, in customs, in creeds, in their views of the Scripture. What they gain in members and wealth by no means compensates for their loss in assurance of faith and spiritual power. But the faith and power, departing from the churches, do not forsake the world. No longer the heritage of sects, they become the possession of mankind, whose faith grows as that of the churches fails. For the knowledge which destroys ecclesiastical dogma is the foundation whereon is built the ultimate hope of the world.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

"Why should there be any interest in a horse race, when every one knows that some horses are faster than others?" said the mild-mannered Oriental visitor, whose sluggish blood contained no sporting streak. But the interest is there. It has been in evidence since the beginning of history, and through all of the passing centuries since the days of Ben Hur horseracing has been one of the most entertaining sports enjoyed by man. Some unknown writer back in the days before syndicate books, "dope sheets," "ringers" and other modern evils which seem to go with the game, were unknown factors in horseracing, once termed it "the sport of Kings." It is probable that, when that term was coined, it was nearer being literally true than it would prove in modern times, for speed contests between the most intelligent and interesting representatives of the animal world were always the leading events in the circuses and fetes of the ancients.

With the passing years and centuries the spirit of commercialism began to creep into the sport. The horse became more of a necessity and less of a luxury. Racing had for a purpose something more than amusement for Kings and their retinues. It also served to develop speed and staying qualities in the contestants. A century ago—even fifty years ago—in our own country the horse was still practically the only means on which man could rely for the speedy transmission of messages. The prominent part played by the equine in the great events of early history has made the family famous in song and story, and it is this glamor of romance which his feats of speed and endurance have thrown around the noble animal that has attracted the better class of people to the racetrack.

But it is no longer necessary for men to breed and develop horses for the pony express service, or as dispatch-bearers between the commercial centers of the country. In this day and age it would not have been "the hurrying hoofbeats of his steed" that "the people would waken and listen to hear" when the modern Paul Revere struck out in a hurry with a message of warning. Instead it would have been the "chug" of an automobile if the telephone or telegraph could not be trusted. It is, of course, a legitimate and highly valuable pursuit to breed and develop high-grade horses with plenty of speed and stamina, but it will never again be as prominent an industry as it has been in the past, and there will accordingly be less legitimate excuse for race meetings. Had the sport been maintained on the highly respectable and honest plane where it was placed by the original promoters in this country, it would have a more powerful hold on the people than it now enjoys.

Harness horses have in too many of the race meetings been crowded out by those animated racing machines, the runners, and as the gambling feature of the game increased in prominence there has been a decline in interest on the part of patrons who attend simply from love of the sport. At the same time the spectacle of a big field of horses tearing down the stretch offers an inspiration which seldom fails to make the hearts of the racegoers beat faster. Gambling has tarnished the game, but it has not yet robbed it of all of its interesting features, nor will they soon disappear.

"AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE."

The statement that lack of self-confidence destroys a man's efficiency finds confirmation in the halting, hesitating efforts of men in every community, who are otherwise well equipped for the battle of life. Fifty years after his own graduation from Bowdoin College, Longfellow exhorted a class that was just passing out of that institution, saying:

Write on your doors the saying wise and old.
Be bold! be bold! And everywhere be bold!
Be not too bold. Yet better the excess,
Than the defect; better the more than less.

This was written in 1875, and in each of the thirty years that have intervened conditions that make it necessary to accept the advice given by a man who had fully tested its worth have multiplied. Competition—active, well-equipped competition—rules in the industrial and business world now as never before, and the man who is not bold enough to enter the field on his own account is poorly prepared to fight the battle, whatever his equipment in education may be.

A writer in the current number of Success gives the testimony of a graduate of Harvard, now some years out of college, who, because of his lack of self-confidence, has never earned more than $12 a week, while a graduate of Princeton says that, except for a brief period, he has never been able to earn over a dollar a day for the simple reason that he cannot bring himself to assume responsibility. Timidity and want of faith in themselves destroy the efficiency of men of this class, and they are held up as examples of the uselessness of a college education by men who, without culture, but with faith in themselves, have become leaders in industrial, transportation and business enterprises.

Self-depreciation is assessed by this writer as a crime. His estimate only falls short of the reality because self-depreciation is without the taint or shadow of viciousness. Its results, however, trench closely upon criminality, since they too often represent not only lack of achievement in the individual world, but a serious handicap to his family and a drag upon the community. The man who was determined "to make a spoon or spoil a horn" has become a timely but familiar example of energy and self-confidence.

The self-sufficient individual is not always an agreeable companion or neighbor. His self-assertiveness becomes tiresome and perhaps exasperating, at times; but when, by this inherent quality in his nature, he turns his energy to account in the affairs of life, rises boldly to meet its opportunities, maintains and educates his family and lays the hand of thrift upon public enterprises, he may readily be forgiven for the belief in himself that is the mainspring of his endeavor and of his achievement. "Be sure," says the writer quoted, "that your success will never rise higher than your confidence in yourself; self-confidence carries conviction; it makes other people believe in you." The truth of this estimate cannot be doubted. The greatest enemies of success are fear, doubt and vacillation. It is not too much to say that the secret of all material power is held by those who add to their equipment in technical knowledge and the training that enables them to think quickly and decide promptly, an unwavering confidence in their own ability.

To the assertion that "a man with a single talent supported by great self-confidence will achieve more than a ten-talent man who does not believe in himself," every observing man must acknowledge from what has fallen under his own eyes. Emphasis upon this point is brought out in individual success and failure in every community and in every walk of life. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

"Much ado about nothing" would be a good motto for the fuss in Parliament which ended Friday night in the defeat of Mr. Balfour's government by three votes. A snap vote, based on a trick, has not in recent years been deemed sufficient proof of loss of a majority on which to base so important a change as the displacing of a government.

In this present case no principle was involved on which the government could not have secured its full normal majority if it had been known that its decision on Mr. Long's new clause was seriously challenged. To place a fund of $25,000,000 ready to buy out Irish landlords in the interest of the tenants was considered a most commendable move when the Wyndham bill was passed. It was then doubted if so much money could be absorbed. But applications poured in and overwhelmed the office staff of the commission. The $25,000,000 grew to $40,000,000, and some change in the method of payment of the landlords was found necessary. All looked so simple that no ordinary Unionist member could believe danger was ahead. But they counted without their Irish host.

With typical and truly Irish perversity, Mr. Redmond and his contingent laid the trap, sprang it, and put the unsuspecting Englishmen in the hole. With this joke, probably, the incident will end on Monday. The whole policy of England turns on her foreign policy just now. Lord Lansdowne is the Foreign Secretary, and he can hardly be spared. So once again Mr. Balfour's luck will help him out. Certainly till October, and possibly longer, there seems no real prospect of a change. A solemn challenge will be given to the opposition; it will come up smiling to take its medicine, and the word of command will be "as you were."

THE STATE AND ITS WARDS.

The scope of the questions discussed at the late Charities and Correction Conference is so wide and varied that every inquirer into the relations of the state to its wards, and of society to its many charges, found something to hold him. A most business-like air pervaded the meetings, and most of the discussions were eminently practical and to the point.

The old division of the classes needing public care or charity used to be into three—delinquents, dependents, defectives. But each year the subjects so grouped become more specialized and detached.

The duty of the state in relation to delinquents has never been disputed; but extension of the arm of the state over dependents and defectives, more noteworthy as each year passes, offers more ground for question and debate. All this is part of the movement now so general to compel every citizen to bear his part in widening burdens and responsibilities. In other words, the citizen's duties under the law are ever becoming more positive and less negative. The second table in the Decalogue, of "Thou shalt not," receives constant additions of "Thou shalt." Involved in this thought also is the ever-widening preventive, instead of curative and penal, legislation. In this respect civilized man is certainly growing both in wisdom and in kindness—(this last being charity in its earlier stage of emotion). Test this by the topics of these sessions: "Juvenile Courts," "Child-Saving," "Juvenile Reformatories," "Industrial Causes of Juvenile Delinquency," "Social Loss From Premature Child Labor."

Only a few years ago orphanages, industrial schools, established and sustained by private charity, were the only refuges for the neglected and destitute child. They did their work in saving from physical starvation. But the moral and intellectual starvation of the child continued and was intensified by the life of the "institution." Even yet workhouse schools have not utterly disappeared, though they are obviously doomed. Industrial schools followed as a great advance. Now the substitution of the adopted individual home for an adopted child is rapidly displacing the gathering in masses of those whom the state now claims as its wards, with poverty, not criminality, as the reason for its care.

It is generally conceded that in this latest development the care by the state for its destitute children has culminated. The power of the state is obviously necessary to make this system uniform, and at the same time safe for the weakling ward. One small step farther is suggested by a California delegate. To put the destitute child into a home willing to receive and care for it is excellent. Yet, even in destitution and want there are degrees. Too many are the waifs and strays of the great city's streets, so created by the cruelties and selfishness of living parents. To remove those children to wholesome surroundings is indeed, in this generation, the state's function. Other children there are, orphans or half orphans, where hard necessity drives a surviving parent or close relative to submit to the cutting of Nature's ties, and to seeing a new home provided for the child. In many such cases, if the state could interpose with aid to the parent or relative to hold the natural home open and continuing, such would be the better way.

The next obvious advance of the state into the domain of private charity is in state supervision and administration. Whether the agents of the state will, as a class, be actuated by the same high motives, under which so much of the charity of today is dispensed by churches, settlements, orders, may be open to much doubt. Progress along this line should certainly be tentative and very gradual.

As to defectives, the duty of the state is plain. Only through the well-filled public purse can the scientific and remedial care of such sad cases be made general and effective.

THE ZEMSTVOISTS.

The Zemstvo Congress, now in session at Moscow, is a legal body; but its present meeting is in defiance of the Czar's prohibition. The police appeared almost as soon as the proceedings began, the first day, and ordered the congress to disperse. The order was disobeyed. At a second session, Thursday, the members began to discuss a proposed constitution for Russia. Their debates have little practical importance; for, even if they should agree upon a constitution, they have no way to put it in force. All power still rests, theoretically, in the Czar, and his plain purpose, so far as he has a purpose, is to maintain the existing social order. The fact that the social order has become ruinous disorder does not affect his wavering determination. He still hopes, with manifest persistence, for a victory in Manchuria to restore his prestige abroad and strengthen his power at home.

Witte's appointment to negotiate terms of peace was, at best, a dubious and transient victory for the friends of progress. His recall would surprise nobody, for the reactionaries again control the Czar. The world admires the hopefulness of the Zemstvoists, framing their constitution under conditions so adverse, but it hesitates to expect much from their labors. The best thing they could do for Russia would be to issue a call for a representative assembly, to be chosen by universal suffrage, in defiance of the autocratic clique, and then adjourn. No one class of the Russian people, acting alone, will ever be able to give their country an enlightened government.

To outward appearance, at least, the autocracy sits more firmly in the saddle than it did two or three weeks ago. The partial revolt of the Black Sea fleet, the peasant riots, the insurrection in the Caucasus, the insubordination among the soldiers, all seem to have passed like ripples, leaving the ocean of Russian life much as it was before. It heaves to the depths, but without direction or purpose. At Odessa revolutionists are spirited away by the hundred, nobody knows whither, and their nearest relatives dare not ask what has become of them. Roumania has probably broken her faith with the mutineers of the Kniaz Potemkin and delivered them to Russia. Their fate may be guessed, but is not likely to be known. The Polish outbreak has been quelled. The newspapers have lost their recent freedom. One has been suspended for disobeying the police order to ignore the Zemstvo Congress. Thus reaction seems to prevail for the moment; but the revolution is not quenched. The flames may burst out again any day, and every eruption will be more violent than the preceding.

USURERS AND THE LAW.

The Oregon Supreme Court says that when a money-borrower and lender make a contract for the payment of usurious interest, the debt ought to be forfeited to the common school fund in accordance with the statute so providing. This is a good rule of law—a better one, in fact, than that by which debts were declared not forfeited because the usurious contract was made through a misunderstanding of the law governing building and loan associations.

The decision in which the debt was declared forfeitable is based upon a transaction in which there was no showing of a misunderstanding of the law. Both borrower and lender deliberately attempted to evade the laws against usury. The Supreme Court was lenient with usurers when it laid down the principle that a debt will not be declared forfeited where the agreement was made through a misunderstanding of the law, but the principle is one that should not be liberally applied. Open violation of a law is sometimes less deserving of punishment than cunning evasion.

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The usual interest in Arctic adventure has been aroused by the fitting out for the frozen north of Commander Peary's new ship Roosevelt and the announcement of the date of her sailing. The experience in Arctic exploration acquired by Commander Peary in former expeditions in polar regions has inspired confidence in his judgment and ability to conduct successfully the expedition, and money has been subscribed freely for the purpose.

The good ship Roosevelt has been under construction for her strenuous voyage since last October. Every bolt has been set and every detail carried out with special reference to the hard service that will be required of her. No stress that could be foreseen has been unprovided for. Her return is not expected for many months, and hope that springs eternal in the heart of the explorer sees visions of the long-sought goal, in the attempt to reach which so many brave and enduring men have perished in the cruel, relentless clutch of the cold.

Science looks for some developments from this expedition that will gratify inquiry if they do not add greatly to the world's practical knowledge. It is in this hope that generous men have given their money to equip one expedition after another and send it out on the forlorn and discouraging quest for the North Pole. Explorers become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of adventure that they need no incentive greater than the quest itself to keep alive the enthusiasm of Arctic exploration. Unwritten history contains no sadder chapter than that which holds in eternal silence the record of the unavailing efforts of Sir John Franklin and his men to break the chains forged by the bitter frost, while written history discloses nothing more pathetic than the details of their last days that were found in the diaries on the dead bodies of Lieutenant De Long and those who perished with him in the Lena Delta.

A weird chapter in the long serial story is that which tells how an adventurous Norwegian, after months of careful preparation, set sail in a balloon for the North Pole and was quickly lost in the gusty clouds that went scurrying toward the northwest, and never reappeared. A foolhardy adventure was this one, and, as the sequel proved, that of Sir John Franklin, with its insufficient equipment, was not the less so. But from the experience of many successive explorers, wisdom in regard to equipment, supply stations, food and self-protection, has been evolved, so that now, as Commander Peary, accompanied by his wife, sails for Baffin's Bay and the ice-locked estuaries of the Farther North, his friends bid him good-bye without serious apprehension, and the patrons of the expedition with good hope of a fair return in scientific discovery upon their investment.

The wireless telegraph service soon to be established by the Government between San Francisco and Oriental ports, via Honolulu, will be the most powerful and comprehensive wireless system in this country. The site of the wooden towers on the mainland is the highest westerly point of the Mount Tamalpais range. A high hill near Diamond Head has been secured for the Honolulu station. Later stations will be established at Guam and Manila. Electricity will be discharged into the atmosphere by 200,000 pounds of copper wire hung between the two towers at Mount Tamalpais. Each of these towers will be 100 feet high and the same distance apart. The magnitude of the undertaking would be astounding but for the fact that the world has passed the point of wonder at electrical development. What it waits for now is to see whether the proposed system of wireless service will be completed, as promised, between Honolulu and San Francisco for commercial purposes within six months, and to the Orient within a year, for all purposes. The work is only a question of time, not at all one of possibility.

Numerous wild stories are always given circulation whenever a great catastrophe occurs, and it was accordingly to be expected that they would be in evidence after such a disaster as that which overwhelmed the Bennington. Boiler explosions do not "just happen." There is always a serious defect, either in the boiler or in the methods of supervision over it. If the boiler on the Bennington was as old and leaky as some of the dispatches state, it would seem that some one was guilty of criminal negligence in permitting it to be used. The boilers on vessels in the Navy are not under the supervision of the regular Government inspectors. Perhaps, if they were, it would be easier to fix the responsibility in such cases as that of the Bennington. The most rigid investigation and drastic punishment of those who were to blame for the disaster cannot bring back to life the unfortunate men who perished in the floating charnel-house. It can, however, serve as a warning which may prevent a repetition of the disaster.

The occupation, as far as it has proceeded, of the sixty sections of land heretofore a part of the Quinault Indian reserve, about fifty miles north of Hoquiam, Wash., was accomplished quietly. In many cases the locators had lived on the sites chosen for several years. Others have secured locations under the timber and stone act, believing the land to be more valuable for its timber and minerals than for agricultural purposes. The "opening" was not attended by a rush from the outside, but was rather an opportunity for settlers to make good their titles to holdings that they had enjoyed for some time. Discontent, disappointment and suffering do not follow the occupation of land that proceeds in this way. The settlers are in the main of the sturdier type who find in land the basis merely of a home, and through unremitting toil, of a modest competency. The word "settlers" describes them.

The intensely hot weather east of the Cascade Mountains is reported to have seriously damaged the Spring wheat in some localities. This is a matter of great regret, for, had conditions remained favorable for another fortnight, the Pacific Northwest would undoubtedly have harvested the largest crop on record. The Winter wheat, fortunately, is practically all beyond the reach of danger, and, wherever threshing has been done, is showing a big output. There will also be enough Spring wheat that will not be damaged by the hot weather to make an excellent showing for the three states. There has been no material damage by hot weather since 1896, and even this year the loss can hardly be serious enough to discourage the Spring-wheat farmers and force them into the ranks of the sure-thing agriculturists who grow nothing but Winter wheat and harvest it before the heat of Summer strikes it.

"Divine Providence miraculously preserved His Majesty," is the language in which the Turkish Embassy at London is apprised of the narrow escape of Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey. The report continues with the particulars that "a few persons were killed or injured." Considering the record that is enjoyed by Abdul Hamid, it is not at all clear that Divine Providence showed the best of judgment in discriminating between the killed and the saved. Abdul was apparently born under a lucky star, and seems to be as impervious to bombs or as successful at dodging them as he is with bill collectors.

Baron Komura, who gives the steamer stewards $40 tips, the bell hops $5 per hop, and other gifts proportionately, has just donated $500 to a Seattle Japanese, to be used in educating children in the language and literature of Japan. If the Baron continues this reckless prodigality until he reaches the peace conference, he will have one Walter Scott, of Death Valley, Cal., looking very much like what vulgar gamblers call a "four-flusher." The Baron also had a special car all his own, and he did not have to pay the price that was exacted from the California high roller.

Mr. Schwab says that he contributed his $1500 to "Fads and Fancies" very willingly. He would probably have increased that amount quite materially a few years ago, and with equal willingness, had he been able to keep out of the papers the story of the shipyard scandal. Blackmailing comes easy if the right subjects are chosen.

The Canadian Pacific announces that it will put on the fastest long-distance train in the world. When the nationality of the Canadian Pacific and its owners is considered, the first impulse is to wonder, why this speed? It should be remembered, however, that a great many Americans patronize the alien road.

An American shipyard is building a yacht for the Kaiser. The recent trans-Atlantic race seems to have produced results.

OREGON OZONE.

Toga Talk.

Senator Depew—Me, too?
Senator Platt—Et tu, Brute?

Since Mark Twain has failed in his efforts to induce Elmira, N. Y., to raise a monument to Adam, let Portland follow up the Sacajawea start and build a monument to Eve. It would please the ladies, and make Joaquin Miller happy.

When a millionaire of aristocratic rearing marries a girl from the slums, it is "a union of souls." When John Henry Johnson marries Mary Jane Morrison, it is merely "a quiet wedding." But if Cupid kisses his hand to both pairs, what's the difference?

While New York's junior Senator, C. M. D., is touring France and wondering how he ever can brace himself up to come back home and peruse the cartoons, New York's senior Senator, T. C. P., is leading the placid life at his Summer lodge in the Skunnemunk Mountains. Happy Sage of Skunnemunk!

This world has fools
Of sundry schools,
But of all the fools afloat
The biggest, worst,
The most accurst,
Is the fool that rocks the boat.

An Eastern philosopher avers that the world's three choice fools are the fool who rocks the boat, the fool who yells fire, and the fool who didn't know it was loaded. Wisely, he puts first in the list the boat-rocker. Some day society will arise on its two stalwart legs and gather up in its two enveloping hands the fool who rocks the boat and hold him under water so long that when he comes up it will be too late for the doctor to do any harm.

Dispatch From Russia.

St. Petersburg, July 22.—There is more or less talk here of deposing the Czar. It is said upon reliable authority that the job, when vacant, will be offered to Paul Morton.

Residents of Freeport, Ill., believe that in Dr. William Livingstone, of their town, they have discovered William Rockefeller, the father of John D. They declare that the published pictures and descriptions of the oil magnate's father tally exactly with Dr. Livingstone. Let General Horace Porter be called upon to make the identification.

When Knighthood Was in Flower.

If, when you sit down to your Sunday dinner today, your conscience smites you because of the rich array of savory viands on the board (this is supposing that you do not board), don't imagine that you are the only glutton that ever snickersneed a beefsteak. Just turn to your "Pepy's Diary," and read this modest record of a light luncheon of the long ago:

We had a fricassee of rabbits, and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts—most neatly dressed by our own only mayde.

This Is a Fly Story.

The City Shade Tree Commission at Newark, N. J., has offered a bounty of 10 cents a quart for bugs. It is to be hoped that this method of getting rid of the shade-tree killers will not result in pulling down the pillars of the city treasury.

The undersigned recalls most vividly the sad experience that befell a New Jersey writer of advertisements some years ago, who operated under the title of "Ad. Artist." This enterprising person inserted in a local paper an advertisement reading:

"Wanted—500 flies, dead or alive; will pay $1 per hundred for all flies brought to this office within the next week."

The unique "ad" was inserted in the midst of Winter, but two hours after the paper was issued the advertiser's office was visited by a grinning urchin who carried 578 dead flies stuck on the last Summer's fly paper. The advertiser paid the money and thanked the boy. But presently another boy appeared with 347 flies similarly preserved. With a sickly smile the genius paid for them, remarking, "Well, advertising pays." Then came two a three women in a bunch, each carrying all the dead flies that they had been able to find on last Summer's fly paper, which apparently had been preserved in the cellar or attic. Little girls came along, loaded down with dead flies. One girl had carefully picked the flies off the paper and strung them on a thread by means of a needle. It was a beautiful string of flies, four feet long, and it cost the victim $1.20 per foot. The next day flies began to come in by mail. It surely was fly time in Jersey.

"When I figured up my fly investments," said the advertiser in confidence to a friend, "I found that I was the possessor of a fraction more than 35,000 mummified flies—silent, alas! in death, but worth just as much in the open market as the real live buzzer. They cost me $350—and I had wanted only 500 flies."

"What in the world did you want 500 flies for?" he was asked.

"Well," the "ad. artist" ruefully confessed, "my idea was to get out a booklet exploiting my ability as a writer of advertisements—ads that bring results—see? Every book, you know, must have a flyleaf. I was going to print on the page just preceding the title these words, 'This is the flyleaf,' and just below, 'And this is the fly,' and I intended pasting a dead fly, properly mashed flat, right there. Original idea, wasn't it?"

"Undoubtedly—and it seems to have been an ad that brought results."

"It did; I'm a greater genius than even I imagined, and I'm mighty glad that I didn't make the time limit a month."

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Secretary Bonaparte's Ancestry.

Review of Reviews.

It is a common error of the newspapers, in mentioning the new Secretary of the Navy—commenting on his famous name and the Gallic quality of his wit, the shrug of his shoulders, and the abundance of his gestures—to speak of his French ancestry. Of course, as a matter of fact, there is not a drop of French blood in Charles J. Bonaparte's veins. His grandfather, Jerome Bonaparte, who married and deserted Elizabeth Patterson before he became King of Westphalia, was a Corsican of Italian descent, while the Pattersons were Scotch-Irish. The new Secretary's mother was a Down East Yankee, a woman of great force of character. During the Civil War she was aggressively for the Union, in the midst of Southern sympathizers, and her influence was doubtless more effective in molding this rigid moralist's character and guiding his political preferences than the quarter strain of foreign Kings in his blood.

The Real Point.

Puck.

Jerrold—How does she treat you?
Hobart—Just like ice!
Jerrold—Yes; but are you the iceman?