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THE NEW ISSUE.

Evolution, Herbert Spencer tells us, is a process of redistribution of matter and motion. Given an aggregate of any sort of units, if new energy flows into it from any source, the constituents will be torn with more or less violence from their old relations to each other and, after a time of disturbance and uncertainty, will finally settle into new ones. Every schoolboy could illustrate this law from his chemistry. He knows that a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, cold and inert, suddenly, when heat is added, changes its nature and appears as water. Heat is one form of energy. Visible motion is another. A box of pebbles gently shaken arranges itself in layers; or, if the stones are placed in strata in the first instance, the disturbance will leave them in new relative positions. Following out this thought, Kaut and La Place, who had it in mind long before Spencer, found that it would account for the orderly existence of the physical universe.

The evolution of political parties generally, perhaps always, begins with the influx of new energy into masses of men already distributed under established names and holding, or fancying they hold, well-defined principles. The new energy is neither heat nor visible motion. It is that disturbance of the mind, subtle but all-powerful in human affairs, which we call passion. Any passion will do. The desire for human slavery will tear men from their old allegiance, political and religious, and unite them in a new loyalty quite as effectually as the hatred of tyranny and wrong. Self-interest and cruel greed may weld men together to form a political party; but so, also, may lofty devotion to exalted principle.

American parties have begun invariably in passionate devotion to some cause, good or bad, wise or unwise. They have failed often, succeeded seldom. And in the rare instances where their success has been long continued, it has always come to pass ultimately that they have found the original questions which occasioned their origin either completely solved and laid at rest, or reduced to vain logomachies by the changes of time and circumstances.

The Republican party arose from the ruins of older organizations shattered by the passionate clash of interests and opinions concerning slavery. It began, not as an anti-slavery party, but as one opposing its extension. The innate tendencies of the party, worked out by the march of events, have made it the champion of abolition, protective tariff, sound money and nationalism. All these questions, as political issues, are now dead or dying. Slavery has been abolished; the verdict of civil war and of the Supreme Court is that we are a nation, not a mere aggregate of sovereign states; the gold standard is established once and for all; while the tariff question has merged itself into the broader ethical and economic issue of the trusts. Nobody now believes, whatever he may pretend, that there is anything eternally right or wrong about a high or a low tariff. It is all a matter of varying conditions. Sometimes one is better, sometimes the other. The American people will never again divide over protection and free trade, except as that issue intertwines itself with others which underlie and include it. It is equally commonplace to say that the historic contentions of the Democratic party have for the most part been granted, denied or nullified by time.

All things are fleeing from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.

And the sentiment of the party leaders adds, with the satisfied lotus eaters—

Let us alone, what is it that can last?
Let us alone.

They shy away from new issues. All political parties in the past have been oligarchies from sheer necessity, and a new issue to the leaders is like a new play to a theater manager—something more than likely to portend disaster. But the inevitable hastens upon them. The dead past is burying its dead. A passionate energy of opinion is accumulating in the nation which is now rending and will continue more and more to rend men from their old party relations and to redistribute them. The new, all-predominating issue is clear enough. It needs no Pythoness to foresee the future thus far. We find it involved in Lincoln's great, historic formula—"Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Government has always been of the people; ours has always been in varying degree by the people. The question now is shall it be wholly by and wholly for the people? Is the world for the many or the few?

To assert that the party names Republican and Democrat are likely to go out of use would be folly. Both parties will persist, and the struggle for control will continue between them in the future as in the past; but ultimately one will represent oligarchic, or possibly monarchic, tendencies; while the other will move toward pure democracy. And to this one belongs the future. The one will embody that distrust of the people which was abundantly displayed in the structure of the constitution of the United States, and which all history up to that time seemed to justify. The other will embody a complete confidence in the people, which will lead it to advocate the removal of constitutional restraints, the extension of the principle of direct legislation, and the abolishment of party machinery; with an increasing control by the government over those modes of employing capital which offset the welfare of great masses of people.

Upon this issue neither party has yet chosen its position. In both of them a struggle is going on, not unlike a civil war, between the oligarchic and the popular elements. From both parties there will be great secessions when either element shall have triumphed; and finally all men of like ways of thinking will group themselves under the same banner. There is good reason to believe that the Republican party will not, in the long run, be controlled by its oligarchic faction. The leader of the opposing sentiment is a man of transcendent ability and dauntless courage, who seems likely to draw to himself not only the majority of his own party, but also all those Democrats who believe in the political philosophy which Lincoln taught and which Roosevelt is endeavoring to embody in the institutions of the nation.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE FAIR.

Rev. Josiah Strong concludes that the Exposition is not a proper place for him to speak on Sunday. Dr. C. M. Sheldon, of Kansas, had the same idea about his duty, and has returned to Kansas. The Fair will be obliged doubtless to abandon a very worthy plan to hold a series of religious services each Sunday, because the proposed speakers balk. They balk because the Trail is open on Sunday. It appears to make no difference to the reverend gentlemen that the Trail was opened by court order and not by any act, positive or negative, of the Fair management. The Trail is running on Sunday and that is enough—too much—for them.

The Oregonian will not criticize Dr. Strong and Dr. Sheldon for their action. It will not inquire what Christ would have done, nor suggest that he might have gone to preach the Word where he could have attracted the greatest crowds. Undoubtedly Dr. Strong is guided in this matter by his conscience, and so was Dr. Sheldon. But so, we are sure, is the Fair management. The Exposition is a "show." The Trail is a part of the show. So was to be the Religious Congress. The speakers were arranged for, and were to be paid to come here and talk at the Fair on Sunday, in order to attract gate money on Sunday. It was in this sense on exactly the same basis as the Trail. If there was an agreement that, if the Congress was to run on Sunday as a gate-money attraction, the Trail was to close—and we suppose there was—the Fair management never violated it. The Circuit Court broke it. The Fair was powerless. Now, it would seem that the Exposition, having arranged to bring these reverend gentlemen across the continent, and having no doubt paid them handsomely, is entitled to great consideration at their hands. The result of the Fair's enterprise, however, appears to be that instead of having a notable religious exercise within the Fair grounds, as it planned, an opposition attraction is set up by them outside the gates. Which is unfortunate.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS.

The Trans-Mississippi Congress which assembles in this city next Wednesday, has in the few years since its inception developed into one of the greatest factors in the industrial development of our country. It has been the means of uniting and solidifying interests which in the past had, by reason of geographical location, not infrequently been lined up in opposition to each other. Through the united efforts of this organization, it is now possible for any worthy project in any part of the United States to command the influence and assistance of powerful business interests from all other parts of this great country. This aggregation of influence has perhaps scored its most notable achievement in the placing on the statute books laws for the reclamation of arid lands.

Although the reclamation projects are now looked after by a separate organization, it was directly through the efforts of the Trans-Mississippi Congress that this great work received the impetus which it has gained, and to that body must be given a large share of the credit for the appropriations of $30,000,000 now available for reclamation of arid lands in the West. The meeting to be held here during the coming week will be attended by a large number of men of national reputation. Senators, Congressmen and government officials of high degree will be with us, in addition to over a thousand delegates, who are typical representatives of the industrial strength of the nation.

The baneful influence of politics, which has killed so many good projects, has not been injected into recent meetings of the Trans-Mississippi Congress and any worthy demand that has been made on the government for assistance has had the unanimous support of the Texas Democrats, Utah Mormons, Oregon Republicans and all other members, irrespective of politics or religious belief. Next to the irrigation work and the improvement of waterways, no more important question is before the body than the expansion of our trans-Pacific trade.

For this reason, if for no other, it is eminently fitting that this, the largest and most important meeting that has been held, should be presided over by Mr. T. B. Wilcox, a man whose individual efforts in building up the Oriental trade have brought forth astonishing results. It is through his efforts that American flour has been introduced into hundreds of ports and settlements throughout the Far East, from Ceylon to Vladivostok, and a large number of other American products have followed flour into those new markets. Second only to his efforts in pushing the trans-Pacific trade has been his work for unobstructed water highways from the most remote points inland to the high seas.

The work of such a powerful and influential organization as the Trans-Mississippi Congress cannot fail to be effective, and Portland and the entire Northwest are to be congratulated on having the meeting in this city, where the needs of the West can be understood to the best advantage, and where a thoroughly western business man can preside over the deliberations.

AMERICA'S LAST WOODEN SHIP.

Yesterday's dispatches note the destruction by fire of the American ship Roanoke while loading a cargo of ore at New Caledonia for New York. The Roanoke was not exactly the last of her race, for there are still a few older American wooden ships in existence, but she will long be remembered as the most perfect type of the American wooden ship that was ever built, and also as the last of these marvelous creations of wood to leave the stocks and make way for the metal ships that followed. The truth of the old axiom that there is no sentiment in business is seldom questioned or disproved, and shipowning and shipbuilding are strictly business propositions. Nevertheless there were sentiment, romance and glory hovering over the American ship of the old days, as well as over the "breed of the oaken heart" that manned and navigated it.

The Roanoke, bowling along at steamship speed with a 5000-ton cargo aboard, was a veritable triumph of the wooden shipbuilder's art, but in her perfection it was easy to trace back through the various stages of evolution to the Indian dugout which was the pioneer wooden water craft. Sentiment is nurtured and increases as one draws near to nature, and the wooden ship or the craft which preceded it was in a sense a gift from nature to man. Place a man on any isolated island on the globe where trees are growing, and in due time he will produce a craft that can float and carry a sail. All of the raw material for an iron or steel ship may be there in equal abundance with the wood, but it is useless to the marooned man for boatbuilding purposes.

It required centuries of experiment and scientific research and costly rolling mills, furnaces and factories to produce the first metal craft that would float and carry passengers and freight, but from the beginning of history the wooden ship or the various types of marine architecture which preceded it, have been available for the use of man. The dugout of the Indian carried him across the lake or up and down the river with less effort than was needed in making the detour of the lake by land or in threading the forests along the river bank. Nature had always provided the material for the canoe of the American Indian, and centuries before, had by instinct taught the old-world "Indians" its use. The metal ship was more than 400 years in the future when Columbus set sail for America in the Santa Maria, and that diminutive craft had not advanced very far from the dugout. Metal ships were out of the question when Joseph Gale in 1840 began building the schooner Star of Oregon at Swan Island, just below where the city of Portland now stands, but the vessel was built right there in the forest which supplied the raw material for construction.

The coming of the metal ships, of course, pronounced the doom of the wooden vessel, and the world will never again see such magnificent sailing craft as the Roanoke, Rappahannock, Susquehanna and Shenandoah, the last productions of the Sewall yards at Bath, Me. Out here on the Pacific Coast, builders will continue for several years to launch wooden lumber carriers, suitable for the coasting trade or for short off-shore voyages, but already the metal schooner has appeared, and in time even these wooden schooners will be replaced by the more modern type of steel craft. The change is in the line of progress, but no one at all interested in the "beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea" will note the passing of these splendid structures of wood and canvas without a pang of regret.

THE VACATION STORY.

The annual vacation begins from home to mountain, seashore or countryside—somewhere, so it is only away from home—is one of the social phenomena of modern American life. It has its roots in the industrial and business prosperity which gives the multitude money to spend in pleasure-seeking, the accepted Summer type of which is jousting about here, there, anywhere, so as to be away from home.

The myriads of persons who throng the boardwalks and benches of New Jersey coast resorts, the Summer settlements that dot New England, the crowded caravansaries on mountain, lake and countryside, as the Philadelphia Press says, have a tale to tell concerning our land and our times that is worth hearing.

The first signification of the widespread vacation habit is that the American people are restless, representing in aggregate a moving-picture show. The next is that they are prosperous and thus amply able to dress and act their part in the show. Again, they are tired—tired from the ceaseless activity in industrial, social and educational lines that they have come to regard as life, and they seek rest by getting tired in another direction.

The spectacle of a people at play is interesting as a National financial statement. Vacations as a rule are expensive and not infrequently entail the cost of sickness induced by a radical change in the manner of living, or of death due to accident. That such large numbers of people can afford the cost is proof that accumulation has followed industry. Not only are Americans, rank and file, making a living; they are well-to-do and disposed to be generous to themselves. Having earned their vacation they spend upon it ungrudgingly and there is every evidence that they get pleasure and profit of a vital kind out of the expenditure. The pleasure is fleeting, to be sure, but the profit is of the substantial kind that finds expression in renewed energy in business and in the pure delight of getting home again and settling down to the orderly habits of every-day life.

A RASCAL UNPUNISHED.

The readiness with which the respectable people of a community frequently extend confidence and favor to an irresponsible stranger is illustrated by the career of E. J. Dawne at Salem in the 70's and early 80's. Seldom in the history of this state have people displayed such density of perception and such disregard of merit and propriety as when they took up with that man, who came to Oregon without a record, yet found no difficulty in practicing his frauds openly. The magnitude of his "nerve" may be imagined when it is announced that with his past record in public view, he now proposes to return to Oregon and claim a share in the estate of the woman formerly his wife, to whom he did not claim the relations of a husband for more than twenty years.

The circumstances will bear a moment's thought at this time for the lessons they teach. As one of those smooth, affable, warm-hearted men, who are always willing to do a favor for a friend, he easily made himself popular with those who do not look deep for true worth. Falsely pretending to be doctor, lawyer, preacher and money-broker, he duped the people at every effort and finally accomplished the greatest of his frauds when he secured the signatures of men of wealth and influence upon his recommendation for appointment to an Alaska judgeship. By means of this recommendation the prominent citizens of Oregon foisted upon the administration at Washington a man whose only service to the state had been such as was necessary in winning popular favor.

His long, flowing beard and stately mien might easily have deceived men not accustomed to affairs of the active world, but should not have misled men of careful judgment. It was fitting that President Cleveland should hold the people of Oregon responsible for the appointment and severely censured those who secured an unworthy man's preferment.

The harm that is done by seemingly successful deception of this kind is too great to be measured within the bounds of time. What incentive does such success offer to young men to lead lives of uprightness, industry and usefulness? If an entire stranger can come to Oregon and secure public favor by the mere announcement of his name and the exercise of suave manners, if he can continue for years to practice fraud for his own financial gain and go unwhipped of justice, if he may occupy a place of the greatest public trust although basely corrupt at heart, as repeatedly evidenced by his deeds, what must the young native of Oregon conclude is the proper course to pursue in order to attain the desirable things of this world?

The people of Oregon sinned when they let E. J. Dawne achieve the degree of success which was his, and if that man be still alive and can be found, he should be brought to the bar of justice to demonstrate that the way of the transgressor is hard. Left in peace and freedom to enjoy his ill-gotten gains, he stands as a perpetual inducement for young men to leave the paths of rectitude and honor and to follow the apparently easier paths of deceit and fraud.

BIGAMY AND DIVORCE.

We read with something of surprise the statement of Dr. Samuel W. Dilk that there are more cases of bigamy than of divorce in the United States. This statement is the more astonishing because Dr. Dilk is the most careful student of marriage and divorce in the country, and is not given to random or unproven assertions. Following the line of inquiry that he has for some years pursued with the purpose of discovering the truth, he has become convinced that in any city or manufacturing community there are more cases of marriage without divorce than there are of divorces.

This is a state of affairs more truly deplorable than frequent and open divorce. In looking about us astonishment at the statement of Dr. Dilk gives place to conviction of its truth. Portland is not a great city, but the fact, as disclosed by the records of our charitable institutions, is that very many of the beneficiaries of these are deserted wives and children. Deserted wives abound here, and for every one of them there is a man who not unlikely is enjoying the comforts of a home made and kept for him by another woman who believes herself to be his wife and in her turn will be abandoned.

Domestic tragedies thus based are of daily unfoldment. Now and then they are disclosed by an arrest for bigamy and a trial in the courts, the details of which are more or less sensational, according to the prominence or obscurity of the bigamous husband. But in the large majority of cases the deserted wife struggles on in silence, maintaining herself and her children, if she can, and, failing in this, appeals to the managers of the Children's Home, the Baby Home or the City Board of Charities for help to carry her heavy burden. She has under our law and customs absolutely no recourse, and society—a patient burden-bearer—puts its shoulder to the wheel and the recreant husband and father moves on unpunished to repeat his matrimonial experience in another community. In Germany, bigamy is made difficult by a law which requires a man who has but recently come into a community to advertise his marriage where he formerly resided. The record of the marriage in a new residence is returned to the old and there recorded, thus making the law against bigamy in a sense self-operative. With us a man of vagrant habits can marry practically unquestioned wherever he takes up his abode. The woman in the case is a fool, in that she puts her trust in a stranger, but she is not infrequently a simple minded, hard-working creature who thinks she sees in the proposed marriage a chance to better her condition. Too often she finds out her mistake after one or two children have been added to her load, and she is left to carry it unaided.

Interstate registration of marriage would offer some safeguard against bigamy. A provision like that in Germany would be of some benefit, but personal vigilance, based upon wholesome suspicion, on the part of friends, family and, above all, of women themselves, is the only reliable safeguard against this most vital of social frauds.

The Oregonian observes that certain Tacoma hopdealers, Isaac Pincus & Sons, have rushed into print with complaint that this paper has declined to publish certain alleged information furnished by them relative to the unfavorable condition of the English hop crop. The Oregonian declined because it is not willing to have its columns used by Pincus & Sons or any other professional hop bears for the purpose of influencing the market in their interest. It regards all information from this source with suspicion. It knows that this firm of Pincus & Sons are bulls when they have hops to sell and bears when they wish to buy. The welfare of the grower is of no concern to them whatever. If any producer pays the slightest attention to the circulars with which the Northwest has been flooded by Pincus & Sons, he makes a great error. The Oregonian has a natural and laudable desire to see the hopgrower get a fair price for his product; but it is neither the organ of the bulls nor the bears. It prints all available information on hop conditions at home and abroad from what it considers reliable sources. It prints nothing from Pincus & Sons.

The speculators and manipulators, who prevent the Chicago wheat market from suffering with ennui, seem to have temporarily abandoned the chinch bug, the Hessian fly, rust and other old standbys, which have been doing duty for so many years. In lieu thereof, they have been working the Russian crop situation to the limit. For several days it has been rumored that the Russian crop was not as good as it should be, but yesterday a comforting report came to hand, and the Chicago market slumped over a cent per bushel. In spite of a decline of more than 10 cents per bushel in the past month, the American markets are still above an export basis and unless there is a sufficient demand at home for all wheat offering, still lower prices are probable.

Oregon breeders, years before the "bookies" gave the racing game a black eye, trained and developed some of the fastest horses that ever went down the grand circuit. These trotters and pacers were useful for other purposes than racing, and were not so well adapted for gambling machines as the runners that have since brought discredit on the sport. Syndicate books, doped horses, crooked racing and the riffraff of outlawry which follows the runners from place to place, have tarnished the sport of horse-racing to such an extent that it is difficult to understand where the business of legitimate breeding is to be injured if all gambling on racetracks is prohibited.

The Corvallis Social and Athletic Club seems to be filling the long-felt want which has existed since local option deprived the city of saloons. It is stated that the club already has a membership of more than 200, and from the standpoint of economy is proving much more satisfactory than the former method of securing spirituous liquor. The system has not yet been tested by law, but its advocates are sanguine that it will stand the test. If the Corvallis Club, which was formed for the purpose of dispensing liquor, does no more harm than the "canteen," which is an adjunct of the soldiers' club, Benton County will not suffer greatly by its presence.

The death of Mrs. Mary Cooper Robinson, which occurred yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Howard Crofts, in this city, was the passing of a woman closely identified with the pioneer life of Oregon. Mrs. Robinson was a daughter of Rev. Jesse and Susan Moreland. Born in Tennessee in 1832, married in Illinois in 1851, coming to Oregon in 1852, Mrs. Robinson was a pioneer, practically speaking, in three states widely separated. Faithful to the simple duties of life, she lived and worked and passed on, leaving behind her a record of womanly fortitude and of devotion to family and friends.

If semi-official report is to be credited, Rockefeller proposes with $50,000,000 to fulfill the desire to make Chicago University the greatest seat of learning in the world. Mere money can't do it. There must be also character, brains and age. Mr. Rockefeller may be assured, however, after he is gone, that Chicago will not let the university suffer from lack of exploitation.

August is an appropriate month for holding the National Irrigation Congress in Portland. President Roosevelt's visit two years ago happened to be earlier in the season and his first public utterance, voiced in a drenching storm, was: "While I am in this part of Oregon I shall not refer to the subject of irrigation."

The City Council is soon to wrestle with a 25-year garbage contract. If a clause can be inserted requiring the contracting company to remove the thieves, bunco men, pickpockets and burglars that infest the streets, taxpayers won't object to compensation that will pay a good profit.

Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, who has been appointed market inspector in this city, is an active member of the Woman's Club and a woman of much energy and public spirit. It is hoped that she will bring to her work zeal tempered with judgment.

A Chicago man came home intoxicated Friday and his wife suggested to him that he should go and drown himself. He did. But he left a letter reproaching her. She oughtn't to worry. It was good advice.

Orderly state is Missouri when the Governor is afraid to leave home for two weeks. Can't he put his constituency on their good behavior for this brief period, or must he flourish the big stick all the time?

Under ordinary circumstances, the detective is on the side of the prosecution. In Portland, just now, he is lined up with the defense.

The battleship Kansas was christened with water because Governor Hoch would have it so. You wouldn't think that of Hoch.

Need of about two days of Oregon's reputed weather is apparent; not for agricultural purposes but for comfort.

No one can complain of secrecy in the proceedings at Portsmouth.

It looks now as if there must be more war before there is peace.

A suggestion to the plenipotentiaries: Why not leave it to T. R.?

OREGON OZONE.

"It has occurred to me many times," says the Unofficial Autocrat, "that if women really looked like the female figures we see in the fashion journals, we men would walk around a ten-acre lot to keep from meeting them; we would take to the woods every time we sighted one of the freaks, or if we really couldn't get away in time we would feign insanity and froth at the mouth to keep from recognizing them. I never could see just why it is that the fellows who draw those female figures for fashion plates insist upon putting the waist of a wasp in the middle, to divide lovely women into two parts, like a sack of meal tied in the center with a string, ready to throw over the back of a mule and tote to the mill. I never could, really. And I don't believe the women can, either. I hereby call upon the women to arise and cry down this base libeler of their beauty. There never was and never will be, while God reigns and the republic at Washington still lives, a woman with a shape like that which the fashion plates assign to her. No woman with a waist like that could get breath enough to live ten minutes; and if she could live no man on earth ever could so far forget his inborn notions of physical beauty as to fall in love with her. In the words of the late lamented Bret Harte: 'Is civilization a failure, and has the Caucasian played out?' I refuse to believe it."

According to Drake Watson, in the Kansas City Journal:

I have been hearing of the busy bee until I am tired of it. A bee works during the Summer and then rests all Winter, like a plasterer. And a bee has bad habits. Go into a vineyard and you will find bee drunkards around bursted grapes. The drunkard bees sip the juice until they become full and then fall to the ground and sleep off their debauch; a drunkard bee knows enough not to go home with a jag.

Which prompts us to say to certain bipeds who do not know as much as the bee, Go to the bee, thou drunkard—consider his ways, and be wise.

"In the United States we are prone to talk too much," says one of the popular newspaper essayists. That is just what Polly the parrot said, after she had called a passing pedestrian a blankety old fool and had been beaten over the head with an umbrella.

Whatever the plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth may do regarding peace or war, there is lasting peace down at Grass Valley, and the alfalfa crop is a three-bagger, while the hop crop is going ahead at a hop, step and jump stride.

The Houston Post tells about a negro revival meeting in Texas, where the preacher, after a fervent prayer, "gave out" the following hymn, including many other stanzas like it:

I went down to de river
And baptized a nigger,
But de nigger told a lie
Before his head got dry.

We are not disposed to criticize the rhyme in this verse. What's the use?

It may be all right to publish stories about "descendants of Explorer Lewis," but the generality of us have been taught to suppose that a man who never married is not supposed to have left any descendants.

The Obituary Poet Laureate.

The poet of the Enterprise, at Adams, Ala., has written the model obituary poem. Here it is—let it speak for itself:

Do not grieve for him—
In sorrow to bow;
If he'd lived any longer
He'd have died anyhow!

He went in his youth—
Cut down like the lily;
He will never grow old
And be crabbed and chilly.

Let us all learn the lesson
Before Life's December:
Folks have been dying
Since I can remember!

"Suffer the Little Children."

(Rev. E. P. Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Portland, refused to distribute badges to the children of his Sunday school entitling them to admission to the Exposition on Presbyterian Sunday School day at a greatly reduced rate, because the Trail has been opened on Sundays.)

Three hundred little children of the Sunday school were gay,
Because the Exposition had assigned to them a day.
"That Mr. Goode is very good!" the happy children cried;
"We'll go and have a jolly time—hurrah for our side!"

Their bestes bib and tucker they got ready—every one—
And scarce could they await the day, to be so full of fun,
So fraught with wondrous sights to see, with things of beauty rife;
'Twould be a day to recollect for all the rest of life.

Ah, don't you know it, bearded men—the thrill those children felt,
Though many years have gone since you at mother's knee have knelt?
And don't you know it, matron grave—the joy of little girls?
For you were once a child yourself, with saucy, sunny curls.

The little children—ah, the dear good God above us knows,
They have their share of sorrows, of the weight of human woes;
And Christ, you know, hath told us, "Ye have done it unto Me,
If even to the least of these. Then suffer them," said He.

But when the day came 'round at last, the children of the poor—
They sat and sobbed their hearts out (their election wasn't sure;
They weren't called to pass within); their pleasure had to fail,
Because of Sunday antics on a place they call the Trail.

Now, as a humble layman, and a follower of Him
Who loved the little children, I, with all my might and vim,
Demand the privilege to rise right here and ask, "Would He
Deprive 'the least of these' of joy?" Ye preachers, answer me!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Busy Day for a Kentucky Groom.

Henry County (Ky.) Local.

Mr. Shirley Craig and Miss Rosa Scott eloped to Bedford and were married Wednesday of last week at an early morning hour, after which the groom did a hard day's work on the farm.

Railway Accident.

Chicago Tribune.

arm on the back of the seat
Seemed to grow bolder—
And presently a misplaced switch
Lay on his shoulder.

A COLUMN OF VERSE.

Russia—1905.

J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

A red haze hung over the mountain,
The fall in the valley was still,
A lone woman wept o'er a baby that slept
And the grain lay unground at the mill.
A plow in the half-cloven furrow,
A forge that was smokeless and dead,
While over it all hung the stillness, a pall,
And the haze o'er the mountain, blood red.

And over and over and over,
By village and farmhouse and hill,
A haze, bloody red, all the landscape o'erspread
And the valleys deserted and still.
The earth at the seedtime unbroken,
The fields at the harvest ungleaned,
And lone vigil kept by a woman who wept
With a babe at her bosom unweaned.

Then down from the mountain a horseman
Dashed, plumed and sworded and mailed;
Nor heard he the moan of the woman alone,
Nor saw he the grain all unflailed;
"To arms!" for the battle was bloody;
"To arms!" for the columns were thinned;
And over the land rang his brazen command,
For his horse wore the wings of the wind.

Then fatherless lads from their hovels
Went shouldering ponderous guns,
And old men and gray tottered weakly away
To find the rude graves of their sons,
For Country is higher than kindred,
And what is the glory of sod
Unwet by the flood of its yeomen's red blood?
And war—is it not more than God?

So women with babes at their bosoms
Gazed out o'er the furrows untilled,
Through the haze resting red like the blood that was shed
In a far-away struggle unwilled,
And eyes that are swollen and anguished
Uplifted in silent appeal:
"O God of the Poor, does thy mercy endure
When thy monarchs know naught but of steel?"

And over and over and over
By village and hamlet and hill
The haze resting red like the blood that is shed,
But the fall in the valley is still.
The earth at the seedtime unbroken,
The fields at the harvest ungleaned,
And a lone vigil kept by a woman who wept
With a babe at her bosom unweaned.

College Farming.

(A Kansas newspaper is authority for the statement that some of the young men who are arriving at the harvest fields come in patent leather shoes, shirtwaists and pegtop trousers.)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the college harvest hand,
He's working down in Kansas with a dress suit, understand,
And his patent leather dancing pumps and pegtop pants are grand;
The hands are marching on.

I have seen him in the college, with his bulging high, white brow;
I have heard him give the college cheer, "Siss boom!" and likewise "Wow!"
But he's got another job, you see, and he is working now;
The hands are marching on.

He has left his Greek and Latin for the harvest fields of toil,
And he'll stand out in the sunlight and he'll roast and fry and boil,
And his face will get streaked and striped with grimy Kansas soil;
The hands are marching on.

And Cholly carries with him in his suitcase, so they say,
A shirt with stiffened bosom and some socks both rich and gay,
And a lot of other togs and things to make a great array;
The hands are marching on.

And likely he has with him in his handsome dress suit case
Some fine complexion lotions for to use upon his face,
And doubtless on his nightrobes there are ruffles trimmed with lace;
The hands are marching on.

They fear the yellow freckle and the thick, plebeian tan,
And want a silk umbrella over every toiling man,
And by and by each one will want a cool electric fan;
The hands are marching on.

—Chicago Chronicle.

The Impossible.

W. J. Lampton in St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.

We tried a moral hoss race
Last season at our Fair,
With Deacon Jones presidin',
To open it with prayer.

We offered purses plenty
To have a lively race,
But not a bit of bettin'
Was 'lowed around the place.

The Methodists and Baptists,
The Presbyterians,
Episcopals and so forth
Fell right in with our plans.

And come out to the meetin'
To show a hoss race could
Be jist as good a hoss race
And likewise moral good.

The air was full of Sunday,
And though we seemed to feel
All right, it sorter wasn't
As if the thing was real.

And when we got the hosses
All lined up at the flag,
The starter tried to start 'em,
But every golderned nag

Jist balked and stood there solid;
They wouldn't move a foot,
And spite of all inducements
They stald where they was put.

At last Aunt Sallie Haskins,
The elder's second wife,
From Old Kaintuck, and 'quainted
With hosses all her life,

Got up and shouted: "Brethren,
I hate like sin to bolt,
But I'll bet fifty dollars
On that Kentucky colt."

Then Deacon Jones uplifted
And hustled 'cross the way
A-yellin': "Here goes fifty
On that St. Louis bay."

You ought to seen them hosses!
Gee whiz, before the slack
Was took up in the bettin'
They run twice 'round the track.

The Traveler's Dream.

Tit Bits.

A little room in a little hotel,
In a little country town,
On a little bed, with musty smell,
A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore—
For he lay on his back, you see—
And a peaceful look on his face he wore,
For sound asleep was he.

In his dreams what marvelous trips he made,
What heaps of stuff he sold!
And nobody failed, and every one paid,
And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled, and smothered a scornful laugh
When his fellow commercials crowed,
For he knew no other had sold the half
Of what his order book showed.

He got this letter from home one day—
"Dear Sir—We've no fitter term
To use in your case, but simply to say
Henceforth you are one of the firm."

And a glorious change this made in his life,
He now from the road withdrew;
And, really, soon got to know his wife,
His son, and his daughter, too.

But with a thump—bang-whang—thump—bang! again,
The "boots" had knocked at the door;
"It's very near time for that 6:10 train!"
The commercial's dream was o'er.

The Music That Carries.

S. W. Gilfilan in Success Magazine.

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
And I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell,
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side
Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they harkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.