

The Oregonian

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RELIGION AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

Some thirty years ago a book appeared—"Literature and Dogma"—which excited great attention in the literary world. It was one of the books of a series, in which a celebrated writer dealt with some of the literary problems of the Bible.

In "Literature and Dogma" Matthew Arnold wrote: "An inevitable revolution, of which we all recognize the beginnings and signs, but which has already spread further than the most of us think, is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up."

Science cannot say. Perhaps one year ago, two years ago, or five years ago, will give to this question that interests all mankind. Public revelation of Dr. John Beard's experiments during the past twenty years made through the current number of McClure's Magazine is certain to have led to a new era in physiology, surgery and embryology.

In this day of wonderful discovery and invention it will not do to be incredulous. Scientific men will receive open-mindedly the facts presented by Dr. Beard's distinguished press agent, Dr. Salesby, who announces the record of the work, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, while Dr. Beard is of the faculty of Edinburgh University, whose standard is as high as any in Europe.

Reading between the lines, it appears that these deep students invite both criticism and wider experiments and investigation. They have opened a new lead, and others following it may mine until the precious truth is found. The result may unfortunately meet the fate of Koch's lymph or fortunately take a place with antioxin.

MISLEADING WORDS AND NAMES.

Three words in the English language are especially annoying. They are: "Remove," "recover" and "extraordinary." How interesting it is, for example, when one has been pecked for ever from a costly umbrella to see over a shop window the innocuous sign, "Umbrellas Recovered."

though we may never hold the truth in its purity, we may hold enough of it to make it invaluable for the present and fruitful for the future. It ought not, however, to grieve any one that religion, always finding new matter to work in, and by necessity taking on new material, is continually sloughing off the old.

We began with what Matthew Arnold said over thirty years ago on literary and rational interpretation of the Bible and the necessary effect on the theologians founded on the old but no longer tenable view. We shall stop, for the present, with a quotation from an editorial in the current number of the Outlook, on study of the New Testament, which we well applied to the Old.

A VACATION HINT.

Involuntarily as one peruses the thrilling account of Dr. Short wandering unshaken, unentertained, untroubled through the gilded mazes of the Oaks, one recalls the picture of Daniel serenely eating his baked beans and sipping his glass of water in the lions' den.

But if he neither danced nor drank nor squeezed, what did he go to the Oaks for? Certainly not, like the vigilant Dr. Brougher, to catch sinners in the act. If that had been his purpose, he could have done better quite as well or better in his own church. Indeed, Dr. Short, though he detected a good deal of innocent gaiety at the Oaks, beheld nothing in the shape of vice.

Dr. Edgar P. Hill might profitably put in part of the vacation to which he is about to retire, in August, seeing the Oaks or some other place where sinful men and women gather and disport themselves. It would improve his sermons wonderfully to learn something about that part of the human race which is less holy than himself and his platocratic congregation.

CAN CANCER BE CURED.

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inspiration, but it has never been seen in print. South of the beach that stretches northward along the Washington shore is Baird's Hollow. It may be Baird's Hollow in which case its name probably has some reference to a man with whiskers. In any event the place is charming enough to be called by a more poetic name. Still further south, around by North Head, is as beautiful and romantic a spot as one would wish to see. Some not especially gifted ass has inflicted the place—and posterity—with the sickening name of "Dead Man's Hollow." Why not Rotting Horse Cove, or Sewer Inlet, or something equally euphonious and fitting?

SALT IN THE COFFEE.

Years ago there was published in St. Nicholas, a young people's magazine, which had a story entitled "The Woman Who Put Salt in Her Coffee." Her efforts to neutralize the taste of the salt and restore the coffee to its original flavor were the theme of the story. She tried all the chemicals and drugs in the house one after the other, a little spoonful of little soap, a pinch of ipecac, a few drops of vinegar, but without avail.

The story that Dr. Short wore tan shoes on this terrible adventure is a scandal, it seems, as often dogs the steps of the pious and the great. He wore coffee boots with copper toes as usual. Clothed with his virtue as with a mantle of triple steel, Dr. Short invaded the glittering haunt of sin, and pure as the driven snow he came away. As Elijah passed unscathed through the fire, the whirlwind and the earthquake, so Dr. Short passed through the Oaks. He saw people dancing, but he did not dance. He saw them drinking beer, but he did not drink. He saw them squeezing girls, but he did not squeeze. Fortunate indeed that there is a crown waiting for him in the beach land.

But if he neither danced nor drank nor squeezed, what did he go to the Oaks for? Certainly not, like the vigilant Dr. Brougher, to catch sinners in the act. If that had been his purpose, he could have done better quite as well or better in his own church. Indeed, Dr. Short, though he detected a good deal of innocent gaiety at the Oaks, beheld nothing in the shape of vice.

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inefficiency and our National dependence upon machinery. Having invented what we supposed was a perfect governmental machine, we sat down in complacency to let it run itself to the end of time, and now, when we see the accumulations of dust and grease which have gathered with the years, and feel the inevitable grind of friction on the wearing surfaces, we are still reluctant to think that it needs repair. We apply when new wheels are needed instead. We have put salt in our coffee and lack the courage to empty the cup and fill it afresh.

WORTHY PENSIONERS.

An increase is noted, of the Carnegie fund for the pensioning of aged college professors, from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. It is also noted that the aged professors of the fund are to be entitled to the benefits of the fund.

The college professor and his wife or widow who comes to old age without means of support are fit subjects for the tenderest care of benevolence. A man who has spent forty, fifty or sixty years of his life in the study of his profession as a teacher of abstract sciences, is when he is retired, as helpless as when he was born into the world, so far as earning his living is concerned. He has come to excite the pity rather than the contempt of his fellow-men. His pupils because of his falling powers, are yielding to the demand, the trustees of the university to which he came a young man, and to which he has given the best effort of his life, are forced to supplant him with a younger man.

Oregon is young in university work, and she has not had time to have witnessed more than one example of this kind. The old college professor, sensitive, refined, idealistic, is when thrown back upon his resources—with his modest little home and gentle wife his only worldly possessions—quite unable to adjust himself to his limitations. He has earned a pension adequate to his simple needs, but the college for which he has long labored has no fund upon which he can draw for a support. His modest salary was reduced to a pittance when he was young, and he has been able to contribute to a family, in contributing to church and missionary funds, in community benevolences and in maintaining a home and dispensing its simple hospitalities. His life, his service, his humane and charitable purpose commend him to a present help in his day and generation.

IS THE MANCHURIAN DOOR OPEN?

There appears to be a growing belief, which perhaps is not ill-founded, that the Manchurian door has been equipped with a Japanese tariff springing from beyond the Pacific charging the Japanese with taking advantage of their position and forcing their own products into Manchuria to the exclusion of those of other nations. The Japanese demand that they be given any favoritism; but, making deductions from the old theory that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, the denial does not receive the credence which it might otherwise receive.

It will be remembered that during the war in China the greatest battles were fought in the most thickly populated and fertile portions of Manchuria. Vast areas of growing crops were destroyed, cities, towns and villages shelled and burned, and even the domestic animals used by the Manchurian farmers were slaughtered for food of the army. No country, regardless of its great natural resources, can make a quick recovery from the ravages of such a war as swept over the best portion of Manchuria, and it will be a long time before the purchasing power of the Chinese people is restored to a scale approaching that which was in evidence when the war began. There are certain characteristics of the Japanese nature that are too pronounced to lead any one to believe that they will not make a very rapid and serious interpretation of the old rule which apportions the spoils to the victor. But the trade of Manchuria can hardly be classed as spoils to which Japan is legitimately entitled.

There was a pretty large issue of Japanese notes floating around the country before the war, and Japan undoubtedly will retain the banking prestige which it established at that time. But, if it is true, as has been charged, that Japan is sending its products into Manchuria under a preferential duty or free of duty, the other powers must have a grievance which should be corrected at once. The United States would, of course, join with Germany and Great Britain and demand fair treatment. But, while we might force Japan to open the Manchurian door, we are in a far wiser way to have more trouble keeping the Japanese trade door open. The "Yankess of the East" are contemplating adoption of the tariff system of the Yankess of the West. If this system, which permits American monopolists to shut out all foreign competition, is a good one for us, why not

for the Japanese? They at least seem determined to experiment with it, and the American Government has sent special agents to the Pacific to keep in touch with the threatened blow at our trade. Our extravagant and unwarranted tariff system has made the United States the trade bully of the world, and bullies sometimes get licked.

THE GOLDEN AGE FOR MEN OF BRAINS.

"We are groping upon the verge of another great epoch in the world's history," these are the words of Thomas A. Edison, as quoted by his friend and chronicler, James Creelman, in Pearson's Magazine for August. Studying, untiring, studious, Mr. Edison has earned for himself a place among men who have modified civilization without bloodshed. He is an optimist, according to this chronicler, of the most cheerful type; a man who sees in the present a vast improvement over the past of any age, and who looks to the future with confidence that it holds more than a hundredfold of progress and prosperity to the man of intelligence a thousand fold. He sees the world growing better and stronger all the time, and the invitation to think becoming almost irresistible in every line of human effort.

Mr. Edison is 59 years of age, within a year of the 60th anniversary of his birth; yet he spends the greater part of every day and until far into every night in his laboratory—vigorous, energetic and apparently tireless. He assesses this as the golden age for men of little brains, and advances the astonishing idea that the poor boy with his way to make in the world stands a better chance now than did the lad thus situated twenty years ago.

This view of the situation is probably the reflection from the life of a successful man. The ability of Mr. Edison ran in a special line, and he had the intellectual energy, the physical strength and the opportunity to push his way. Plain, matter-of-fact, a light eater and sleepless, he has been able to put what seemed at first to be a fad with a persistence that developed the incandescent electric light, the phonograph, the kinetoscope, the quadruplex telegraph, the electric railroad, the telephone transmitter, the megaphone and other marvelous contributions to the progress of the age.

This man, whose mind is in touch with the subtleties that wait upon the development of mighty forces, says there is an unprecedented demand at present for intelligent men in every line of modern industry. He sees the cheapening of power and the certainty that it will become very much cheaper, a diminishing value in physical strength and an advance in the value of knowledge and thinking qualities. A significant evidence of the truth of this is the fact that in the fact that while the hours of muscular labor are growing shorter, the hours of brain work are growing longer.

Life, as Mr. Edison sees it, is growing easier, not harder. The condition of the man who rises above the dead-end of mediocrity, or inertness, improves each year; the hope of the man below that line is in the schoolhouse. "We must protect him," says this man of mighty achievements, "by good law honestly enforced, and see that the means of education are open to him. Beyond that no one can help him but himself."

The truth of this last remark is so manifest that it does not need the endorsement of an Edison. While practical, observant men may differ with him in regard to the statement that a poor boy can get on easier now than he could when he himself was a boy, the value, the indispensability, of self-help in making a success in life is beyond dispute. It is well to put a lad upon his feet, i. e. to extend to him the hand without which he could not take the first step forward. Mr. Edison himself was thus helped to help himself more than once while a poor lad seeking an opening for his efforts in the world. If this help is in the line of self-encouragement, it is the best that can be given, and it is the best that should be given to the young man who is first in the pursuit of knowledge which is first aid to power, its mission is fulfilled wisely and well. As large capital and organization were necessary to produce the magnificent results of Mr. Edison's endeavor, so is the knowledge which can only be acquired by the outlay of some money, and in the case of the boy without means, of financial help, a necessary equipment precedent to self-help of the type that the age requires, as shown in the growing demand for intelligent, thinking, well-prepared men in every line of work.

The story that comes from the South of the cruel condition under which men—white men, friendless and forlorn—are held in slavery in lumber camps of Alabama and Florida, but another story, that of the inhuman conditions that man under conditions that favor tyranny. The story is centuries old. Its chapters have been written and rewritten until nothing new in the devices of cruelty remains to be told. We shudder at the bloody recitals that come from Russia, are appalled at the tales that reach us from the Congo; and recall the incidents of slavery days in the South with horror that the years do not mitigate. From this latest tale we can only turn away with a feeling of personal helplessness, and he hasn't been struck dead yet.

Messrs. Miller and Kincart, who will go to McNeill's Island for a year, probably expected instead a testimonial of appreciation from the court for telling the truth of the witness-stand for the first time in their lives.

The railroad cannot take freight from Portland to San Francisco and the Harriman coast steamship line isn't fit to. There is nothing left for the shipper but to try the log raft route.

abandon the effort until Jupiter Pluvius sends the moisture, which he can be depended upon to do on time. It is more essential for the many to have water for culinary purposes and for bathing than for the few to have green lawns. The spirit of neighborliness should rule in this matter.

GAMBLING IS A VICE THAT MERITS UNIVERSAL REPROBATION.

But all the gambling ever carried on in Portland, through the common games, could not, if put together, equal a moiety of evil created and exerted among us by those who have engaged in such operations of "high finance" as gambling franchises, swallowing estates and crushing everybody who wouldn't pay the tribute demanded and required. These estates, boasted by the first families, have been built up by operations infinitely worse and more immoral than being on the "inside" of the picture is a record of broken hopes, partial or utter failure, with here and there colossal monuments of ruin and despair. See Marquam for an example, and Colburn Barrrel for another; and watch the outcome of the Johnson case for another. The City of Portland can stand the steal of its franchises, though the steal amounts to millions; but private individuals, lacking the resources, are not so fortunate.

The Oregonian doesn't know and doesn't care what was said in its columns many months ago, concerning a local clairvoyant, who witnessed the arrival in the regions above of a prominent soul from Puget Sound, Osborne on a current of hot air, the Seattle spirit broke the record to the nearby gates.

"Well," he asked that individual, as his eye swept over the velvety surface, and then to the neglected, weed-tangled portion surrounding the church, "your half of the lot is fine, but God's half is rotten."

Many times has the story been told relating how some person of vast importance has died, winged a rapid flight to the golden-gated Jerusalem where he was given a seat at the right hand of his Creator in a chair which the Son of Man was compelled to vacate. These stories were mostly inventions. However, things were done the other day, according to a local clairvoyant, who witnessed the arrival in the regions above of a prominent soul from Puget Sound, Osborne on a current of hot air, the Seattle spirit broke the record to the nearby gates.

"Yes," said he, "if you want to do business with me, trot out your maps and plans. I'll buy all the corner lots and tidelands you've got."

"I am afraid, dear friend," remarked St. Peter, with dignity, "that this is not the place you are looking for. You will find the elevator to the left."

"Down," replied St. Peter with emphasis. "But I just came up," expostulated the shade from the shores of Elliot Bay. "I thought I would look the town over, and, if I like it, I will stay and make things hum."

"Yes, I know," said St. Peter, "we had a man here from Seattle for a few days not long ago. He said he was going to make things hum. Well, he didn't. He wouldn't stay. He said that this place was worse than Tacoma, and that he was going somewhere else."

"No," he went further down. If you hurry you will catch him before he melts. The elevator boy will fit you with an asbestos suit for the way down.

"Good-bye, old man; take care of yourself. I may see you later. If you feel a wave of extra hot air coming up the shaft, you'll know it's me. So long." "Rather warm, isn't it?" ventured the elevator boy as they neared the bottom. "Not so very. Ever been in Seattle? Not that too bad. Seattle's a hot town, and don't you forget it."

THE PESSIMIST.

The czar has dissolved his Duma, and John Alexander Dowle has risen from his deathbed to tell what he is going to do. Nicholas and John should let their jobs out to private contractors.

In a small Western town where the rain seldom falls and the souls of the inhabitants need constant attention, the Episcopal church and the rectory stand on the same lot. Besides administering to the wants of the morally weak, it was the duty of the rector to mow the grass and keep the walls from growing. This matter he attended to with diligence as regards the grass which immediately surrounded the rectory, but the ground around the church became parched and covered with weeds.

"How do you like the looks of the lawn?" he asked of a sarcastic parishioner who had been walking by. "Well," replied that individual, as his eye swept over the velvety surface, and then to the neglected, weed-tangled portion surrounding the church, "your half of the lot is fine, but God's half is rotten."

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"Is this the place?" asked the Seattle spirit as the elevator came to a stop. "Who's that standing by the gate?" "Oh that's Creffell," replied the boy. "They won't let him in."

"What's he going to do about it?" "I dunno. It's against the rules to take anybody up. Here comes the old man."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Seattle spirit with a gasp. "I thought it was Rockefeller." "Come to think of it," said the boy, "that's what they are going to do with Creffell. When John D. comes they are going to build a place for the two of them."

The Summer Bachelor.

Houston, Post. The house was dark and empty. As a barn; And its master doesn't hardly love a date. Whether he stays there as all. Where the phantom voices call. It's a long, long time till fall. That's no voice.