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ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

In the fifth section of The Oregonian today is reprinted an article (in extenso) from the National Review, an English monthly magazine, which sets forth the English view of the German policy of aggrandizement, beginning under direction of Bismarck, developing through various stages, and crushing in turn Denmark, Austria and France—till now it threatens Britain's supremacy at sea. We have here one of the evolutionary phases of history. We, of America, are spectators. But we must have wonder and doubt about the consequences, as to ourselves, of such a conflict.

We are neutral, absolutely neutral, as between Germany and Britain. Yet the question arises, the question presses, whether it would be better for us of America that control of the sea should remain with the English, or pass to the Germans. Doubtless we should be able to get on with either. Yet our interests might be involved in the strife between them.

The British Empire, having obtained or acquired everything that it is possible to gain at sea, now naturally fears the rise of a sea power that might become able to dispute its own pre-eminence. Again, defense of the British Islands, head and heart of the British Empire, might be broken down or overborne by the rise of a power superior at sea. Knowledge of this situation and these facts is what makes the British mind so nervous at this time—causing all effort and energy to take the direction of building battleships. Is it to be a repetition of the old story? The wooden walls of Themistocles, his warships, saved Greece. Such also saved England from the Spanish Armada, and from Napoleon's menace. Every effort of the English therefore will be directed to maintenance and increase of the efficiency of their navy, against what they regard as a new danger. How it will result no one can foresee. For England is at no great expense to maintain an army; while Germany, for her own defense, must maintain the hugest army in Europe. So England must maintain the greatest navy. German resources at home are greater than those of England; but Germany first must maintain her army. Then the question is whether Germany can find resources also for a navy equal to or greater than that of England.

Rivalry among the nations of Europe, and especially rivalry at sea, assumes a new phase. Americans, though not participants, cannot be uninterested spectators. But, whatever the prepossessions of anyone, there can be no doubt that the safety of the British Islands, head and heart of the British Empire, "consists," in Bacon's phrase, in "commandment of the sea," or that the fate of the empire itself depends on its power to defend its head and heart, and its outlying members, too. Whether the empire ought to stand or ought to be destroyed, is another question. But we must not be surprised to find the English alive to the danger, and preparing for fight, to avert it.

A SPORTSMAN'S PLATFORM.

Dr. William Hornaday, veteran naturalist and director of the Bronx Zoological Park, is authority for the statement that at the present rate of extermination there will, within fifty years, be no large game in the United States or Canada except such animals as are rigidly protected in the preserves. In view of this menace, he has drawn up a "sportsman's platform," which hunters and sportsmen are asked, through their organizations, to indorse. It has already been approved by a number of them, and each individual sportsman is urged to adopt it as a code of ethics. The opening statement of the code or compact is as follows:

> The wild animal life of today is not ours, to do with as we please. The original stock is given to us in trust, for the benefit of both the present and the future. We must render an account of this trust to those who come after us.

This is a prelude merely and will not be convincing to many minds in which the desire to kill is strong and has never been restrained except by lack of opportunity. More practical, however, are some of the statements that follow. For example:

> If rightly conserved wild game constitutes a valuable asset to any country.

And further:

> In the settled and civilized regions of North America there is no real necessity for the consumption of wild game as human food, nor is there any excuse for the sale of same for food purposes.

There is no question as to the truth of this statement. Still, acting upon its literal interpretation, the prolific rabbit would in a few years in some districts render impossible, through the force of its simplest needs, the raising of grain and vegetables for human food. In this as in other things extremes should be avoided, though possibly in this more than in most other sports, so-called, it is difficult to avoid excess.

Be this as it may, we must respect Dr. Hornaday's judgment and magnanimity in dealing with this subject. His study of and association with animals of the wild has rendered him particularly humane in his attitude toward them. It is his intimate knowledge of these creatures that prompts him to say further that the best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the least and leaves behind him no wounded animals. And when he adds: "A fine photograph of a wild animal in its haunts is entitled to more consideration than a dead trophy of a similar animal," he but presents a lesson that has been given many times in recent years to this public through photographs of birds in their native haunts as against large numbers of lifeless pheasants, their beautiful plumage stained with blood and begrimed with mud or dust, borne in triumph over the shoulders of sportsmen who have returned, thus laden, from gory gleanings in October grain fields.

Of course predaceous animals that prey upon the flocks and herds of the rancher are not included in the estimate of animals that should be spared in the chase. But it is not too much to say that America would have more reason to be proud of her mighty hunters, who are seeking game in the jungles of Africa, if, when starting a gentle gazelle, a stately giraffe or a peacefully grazing eland, they would (if panting for the pursuit of game) give bloodless chase to these creatures and reserve their fire for the lion and other beasts of prey.

DR. ELIOT'S BOOK LIST.

Dr. Eliot, formerly president of Harvard, didn't exhibit his judgment at its best when he talked of his five-foot bookshelf. Every book he named is, indeed, of value beyond price; but Dr. Eliot himself, has not been formed on five feet of books, nor on five hundred. In his list he named a few great ones, but omitted ten times as many equally great. Most notable of his omisions were Shakespeare and the Bible—though perhaps he took it for granted that these would be lying on a special table, near the five-foot shelf.

But Dr. Eliot on his five-foot shelf could find no room for Homer and the Greek dramatists; no room for Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tacitus or Juvenal; no room for Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne or Pascal. He omitted Bacon (except the Essays) and Burke altogether; forgot, or couldn't find room for, Johnson or Byron, and thought to make shift to get on without Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, or any of the great novelists, English, French or German. He had no place for Gibbon, Hallam, Montesquieu or Lamartine, and named no American author, in any department of letters, save Emerson. His "shelf" had no room for Swift or for Carlyle.

But it is profitless to criticise Dr. Eliot's selections or to censure his omissions. His plan was too small; his proposition gave him no room to work in. If one were doomed to select five feet of books and to content himself with them, he would quickly realize how difficult the problem was which Dr. Eliot proposed to himself. The wonder is that Dr. Eliot should think of such a thing, or make essay to solve it.

"THE MERRY WIDOW."

To discuss what passes for the plot of "The Merry Widow" would be a waste of words. The frivolous and ephemeral performance has no plot except a weak imitation of one of those foolish stories which Bertha M. Clay used to rehash for a feeble-minded public. A handsome young woman who has been left a widow with a large fortune imagines in true vaudeville style that every man she meets is madly in love with her money. To escape their pursuit she goes to Paris, of all places in the world, where at the house of her country's Ambassador she is introduced to elegant society. The conduct of the men does not lessen her belief that they are in love with her money, but while they eagerly pursue her millions they are equally intent upon the pursuit of each other's wives. In all the play there is not one decently virtuous woman unless we can strain a point to give that title to the widow herself, while the men are openly and shamelessly lecherous. The infidelity of wives is the great joke of each of the three acts. Nothing is more funny to the characters than adultery committed by a woman, unless perchance it be the grief of a betrayed husband who has discovered his disgrace. One of the most killingly laughable scenes in the play is the blubbering sorrow of an old man who has been deceived by his spouse and her fat young paramour. What are husbands for if not to be hoodwinked and ridiculed?

The hero of the operetta, as it is called, is a young sot who divides his time between the brothels and his bedroom, where he manages to sleep off the effects of his debauches, at least in part. He comes upon the stage drunk and gives the audience, composed largely of young girls, to understand that he has passed the previous night at a house of ill-fame in the company of half a dozen prostitutes whose names are detailed over and over again with great particularity, so that no blushing maiden in her teens shall forget them. The lingo of their names reminds one of a verse from Verlaine's decadent poems.

All through the first act the audience is made to understand how funny it is for a young Prince to waste his time and squander his money in brothels, and how extremely womanly and beautiful it is for the Merry Widow to love him through it all, as she evidently does. Too evidently, in fact, for among all the wretchedly disgusting traits of the play perhaps the most disgusting is the way this foolish young woman throws herself at the head of the noble dipsomaniac. His resistance to her charms is at times a little brutal. But in a play where everything is brutal that is not vicious, this ought not to attract especial notice.

Prince Danilo pairs off admirably with the Ambassador from Marsovia to France. This horrible old man takes the audience of young girls and schoolboys completely into his confidence concerning his past life and present tastes. We know from the first line or two he utters that in his youth he was a worthy devotee of the brothels, and that in his old age he regrets nothing more than his lost capacity for vicious indulgence. Three lessons we learn from the first act of "The Merry Widow"—that marital infidelity is the most fashionable and the funniest thing in the world, that the only really excellent way for a young aristocrat to pass his time is in alternate debauchery and sleep, and finally that the choicest memories an old man can possess are those of the debaucheries he enjoyed when he was in his prime.

The second act of "The Merry Widow" is ingeniously wicked. It is as pretty as dancing can be and the music is of that lightly charming character which, according to Lord Kaimes, in his forgotten "Elements of Criticism," soothes and refreshes the mind after too great indulgence in debauchery. The melody that accompanies a dance like the one which in Gounod's "Faust" is called the "Danse de Seduction," could not be more appropriate to its purpose. As the Merry Widow hangs on the neck of the man she seeks to allure and lets her soulful eyes burn into his, the strains of the orchestra float into one of the most devilishly sweet and lilting melodies ever composed. The young girls of the audience sit, as it were, in one of those fine palaces of the senses which are described in Oriental tales and sip their dose of sentimental poison in a luxury of artistic enjoyment. Light, color, ambiguous movements and gestures combine with honeyed music to make vice delightful and virtue a subject for mockery. Nothing could be more completely adapted to promote the great cause of romantic depravity than the lovely second act of "The Merry Widow."

The third and last act does not pass in a brothel exactly. The place is one of those Parisian cafes where the demimonde meet with their admirers and no questions are asked. The representation of an immoral resort is perfect in every detail. There is the bright little prostitute who dances with her scant skirts flopping around her head. The amusing one who kicks the aristocrat's high hat out of his hand. The dance on the table top is not omitted. The libidinous lures of the scarlet woman to enchain her victim are exhibited with literal exactness. No young girl who attended "The Merry Widow" can fail to know all about the way things are managed in resorts where assignations are made and midnight suppers for the demimonde are eaten with champagne and miscellaneous caresses for sauce. If the same young girls in their later years seek to experience for themselves the joys of a life of this character, who can blame them, considering the education they received in their youth?

Dull beyond expression, containing not a single bright speech or a single witticism except a few stale jibes about women and a few jeers at matrimony, without plot or sense, the only charm of "The Merry Widow" is its open viciousness combined with much pretty music. How shall we account for the popularity of such a performance?

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Mayor Lane admits, sadly, that public ownership and direction of water supply have failed, thus far, at Portland; and he admits that municipal ownership and operation of public utilities will have to take a back seat, unless there can be proof and assurance of efficiency in public management.

This touches the very heart of the weakness of municipal ownership and management. It cannot possibly compete, for efficiency and economy, with private control and direction; because men in public employment always fall into ways of routine and indolence, and have no incentive to keep up with the progress of industrial science. The labor unions, too, their methods, exactions and hours, are a hindrance in public more than in private employments.

But since there is failure in management of water supply, where gravitation and forces of nature do most of the work, what can be expected from turning public lighting and management of streetcar service over to the city, under direction of men not selected for special knowledge and ability, but because they play the part of "good fellows" to a volatile electorate?

In public office there is enormous waste, twice as many employed as needed, short hours and general inefficiency. It is part of the system. We stand it, in order to maintain the fiction of "the rule of the people." In a clumsy way we get on with routine official business, where no science is required, and there is no real work to do. But when it comes to hard work, close attention and necessity of supplying the real needs and performing the actual labors of life, we shouldn't put the business into the hands of office-holders, whose chief thought is and ever will be to get the most they can for themselves and do the least possible amount of work, with no superior over them disposed to see that they do their duty and earn their money. We can get along with the water business, after a fashion, for nature does most of the work. But as to such matters as lighting the city and operating streetcar lines, Portland will wait awhile, and then a while longer.

A STRAIN UPON COURTESY.

The crushing defeat of the army of Sweden by Peter the Great at Pultowa in 1709 is to be celebrated with imposing ceremonies at St. Petersburg during the first days of July. It is a grave question whether it is wise or politic to turn back the tablets of two centuries in order to commemorate with rejoicing and pomp an event so fraught with helpless woe to a brave nation. Fought upon the border land between savagery and civilization, with all the ferocity of the one and the courage of the other, it would be as well to let the hand of time bridge the chasm that lies between that period and the present and allow the great struggle to rest undisturbed upon the impartial pages of history. The Czar will preside in person over the ceremonies, and to witness them all the members of the reigning family, the chief dignitaries of the empire, the foreign Ambassadors and their military attaches have been summoned.

Feeling the strain that the rejoicings upon this occasion will be upon the temper of the Swedish people, the Czar will, at the close of the ceremonies, hasten to Stockholm for a court visit and seek to allay by expressions of cordial good-will the sentiment of resentment that the joyful celebration of Sweden's crushing defeat at Pultowa may excite. Having opened a wound two centuries old, Nicholas will make haste to apply a salve to soothe the smart.

It is but human nature to rejoice in victory. It represents human nature sublimated, so to speak, by passing of the years when two gallant adversaries join one another in recalling the incidents of a stubborn conflict. Still, it must be admitted that it is something of a strain upon the courtesy and magnanimity of the nation that suffered, even in the long ago, bitter and crushing defeat, to join officially, through its Ambassadors, in the joyful celebration of a victory that inflicted upon its national life a crushing blow. The ceremonies at Pultowa and a similar celebration by the entire Austrian nation a few weeks ago of the centennial of the defeat of the French under Napoleon by Archduke Charles, at the battle of Aspern, near Vienna, which were attended by the French Embassy as well as other members of the foreign diplomatic corps, at the Austrian capital, raises the question as to what stage of the years defeat loses its bitterness and can be looked upon by the nation that suffered it in a wholly impassive manner. One thing is reasonably certain. The French people are not likely soon to join the German nation in celebrating the victory of the latter at Sedan. Nor can we conceive that France, even at this distance, is likely to join England in celebrating the victory at Waterloo.

Nicholas will doubtless be received at Stockholm with outward show of courtesy when he reaches that city fresh from the celebration of the victory of Pultowa, but we can well believe that there is a secret chamber in the heart of every loyal Swede that will be closed against him, since man is man, and who, indeed is more?

STANDING ON THE ROCK.

Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous editorial in a recent number of the Outlook makes brilliantly clear a point which was fairly evident to everybody before he touched it. Few persons could be found who would dispute that a mob may rule as tyrannously as an individual, nor is there much difference of opinion among sane people over the proposition that despotism is despotism, whoever happens to exercise it. The ex-President has a way of uttering these platitudes which makes them seem a great deal more weighty than they are, but we have no thought of reproaching him for it. The ordinary mind must feed on platitudes or go without intellectual nourishment. Bright ideas scare it. Profound ones stupefy it. Nothing but a good, wholesome platitude suits its appetite and digestion. Clearly, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt has been provided by a kindly Providence to give lessons in ethics and patriotism to the masses of mankind, and nobly does he fulfill his mission. There never was a man before him who could persuade them so completely as he does that they are devouring new and strange doctrines of unspeakable wisdom when they are only swallowing a hash of ancient saws.

Happily, the ancient saws which Mr. Roosevelt dishes out are good and true. He has been violently accused in some eminent publications of teaching that two and two are four. We would respectfully ask what else he could teach on that important topic without departing from the truth. The sum of two and two is four, and will remain so till the end of time, and if Mr. Roosevelt can thrill and exalt the multitude by telling them so in lofty and exuberant prose, why not let him do it? After all, the trite old truths are the basis of healthy National life. Decadence comes from forsaking them, and the most marvelous hortatory triumph is that of the man who can recall our footsteps to the straight and narrow way when the flowery meadows of sin and sloth have allured us to wander. If Mr. Roosevelt is the prophet of the commonplace, he is also the prophet of health. If his gospel is ancient as the hills, it is no less solid than they.

MENDICANCY ON PARADE.

Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth-Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, widely known as "Rockefeller's church," tells in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post of the trials of a millionaire's shepherd who is, by reason of this fact, erroneously supposed to be the dispenser of the rich man's bounty. The story is an expose of the pauper spirit that broods over the civilized world and finds, as it would seem, special lodgment in New York City. This spirit found expression during the first year of Dr. Aked's pastorate in more than 6000 requests through the mail, to put before Mr. Rockefeller appeals for money. These came, says Dr. Aked, "from every land beneath the sun; from men, women and children; from persons of every rank and class; from the rich who would be richer and from the poor who would escape from poverty; from people who bear great and famous names, and from the nameless and unknown; from people religious, non-religious and irreligious. They come by day and by night, and they make life a burden."

What an exhibition have we here of the bold, bald, indecent spirit of mendicancy! Of shamelessness—naked, except for the beggar's garb—which exposes that phase in human nature that decent self-respect prompts every honorable man, woman and child to conceal! The display is shocking, humiliating. Indeed, as an open record of the wide prevalence and audacity of the spirit of mendicancy it is little less than appalling.

Yet, after all, why should we be surprised? Do we not have an exhibition of the "get-something-for-nothing" spirit in the vulgar rush, so often witnessed at the bargain counter? In the frenzied effort to be first at the "land opening"? In the secret delight that is felt when by chance the conductor of the streetcar fails to collect the nickel that is due for a ride? This is, to be sure, to compare great things with small, but it may serve to hold a mirror before the face of many a one who would scorn to join the beggar ranks that press forward clamoring, with eager hand outstretched toward Mr. Rockefeller's millions, asking for something to which they have not the slightest claim in simple equity, nor yet in many cases upon the broad basis of charity.

Let us take refuge with Dr. Aked, who, in spite of incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, declares it "impossible to believe that there are so many foolish people in the world" as there really are, and be thankful that still, everywhere, the spirit of thrift battles sturdily against the spirit of mendicancy, scorning to eat the unearned loaf or beg its way along the open highway of opportunity.

CONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY.

Like all other branhces of effort, surgery has passed through three stages, the incipient, the destructive and finally the constructive. In the beginning the study of the human anatomy was carried on in secret nooks. Surgeons were persecuted. Corpses were deemed to be more or less sacred, and anybody who ventured to dissect one was impious. If detected he incurred not only secular but also religious penalties. The father of modern anatomy was hounded by the inquisition. The vulgar still look askance upon hospitals and medical schools where the structure of the body is investigated. In the destructive period, which is not very far in the past, surgeons took pride in cutting and slashing. It was the glory of some of them to boast how much they could sever from a man's body without killing him. Even if the patient died, more was though of the daring and brilliancy of the operating surgeon than of the results which ensued.

We are now just entering the period of constructive surgery. The art of applying the knife not to extirpate but to save members of the human frame is only in its infancy, but it has accomplished wonders. Skin grafting is common. Little patches of skin borrowed from Lucy and William are planted here and there on Joseph's wound and they adhere and grow, spreading far and wide until the gap is covered. The transplantation of internal organs seems curiously to have preceded the grafting of limbs. The accounts of a new stomach borrowed from a pig and successfully attached to a man's intestines may perhaps be fictitious, but it is known that a kidney can be removed from one dog to another. Why not, then, from a dog to a man? With these facts in mind we do not find it incredible that the surgeons in Billings will attempt to attach a new arm to the shoulder of a man who has lost one in a railroad accident. Some deft junctions of arteries, a little adjusting of bones, a dozen stitches in the skin, and the trick is done. Nature may perhaps be trusted to finish the job in her own way. Of course to find anybody who will part with an arm for the operation may not be facile, but for money anything can be obtained, even brains and souls.

THE TWILIGHT OF BELIEF.

Professor George Burnham Foster's remark that "modern man no longer believes in the dogma of the trinity" can hardly be disputed by one who tries to look candidly at the facts of life. There are many who think they believe it, but for the most part they are mistaken. For one thing, as Professor Foster truly says, they cannot believe it because it has no sense or meaning for them. If they attack the question of its significance at all, they either fall directly into the frightful heresy of confounding the persons or else they lapse into the still worse one of dividing the substance. The great majority of pious people who call themselves trinitarians are either polytheists or unitarians. Upon the truth or falsity of the dogma of the trinity they are utterly incapable of passing judgment, because they do not know what it means and it is impossible to make them know. Concerning many other tenets of the faith as it is commonly taught the same remark may be made. The acceptance of them even when most complete does not amount to belief, because it is unintelligent.

But while this species of passive agreement with dogmas which are not understood is found in a great many people, in a great many more even the semblance of faith cannot be discovered. They are not merely quiescent under the teachings of orthodoxy, they positively reject them. Probably infidelity, or agnosticism, is more common now than it ever was before. The world has always contained a certain number of unbelievers in the faith which happened to be orthodox in their generation, and they have invariably been among the most intelligent and kindly members of the human race, but nowadays their number is so large that it makes serious inroads upon the authority of the churches. How shall we account for this astonishing growth of rationalism? How shall we explain the increasing indifference of mankind to what the ministers and their sacred books have to tell us about an unseen world? Perhaps there are many reasons equally effective. One of them is the fact that in the process of time the world we live in has become so peaceful, plenteous, comfortable and interesting that we are willing to let the subject of heaven and hell sink out of sight. The affairs of earth fully occupy us.

Religions were invented, or revealed in times of squalor and misery. In our own day revivals flourish best in hard times, when the hope of men in the success of their own efforts has partially perished. In all ages it has been the same. Make men suffer, deprive them of hope, fill them with anguish, and straightway they have sought consolation in the expectation of another life where all will be made right, the wicked punished and the good rewarded; where the powerful will be cast down and the humble exalted. The world has upon the whole become so comfortable now that this factor in the support of faith can no longer be relied upon very strongly, though it is by no means negligible. We must remember, too, that in the ages of faith the average man had not much to interest him except speculation upon questions of theology. He knew scarcely anything of the reasons for what happened in the world around him. He was taught to believe that all was due either to the direct interference of the deity or to angels and demons. The advance of knowledge has eliminated supernatural interference from so many realms that few people can now convince themselves that it is to be discovered anywhere. The series of natural causes which we have found to be at work has taken the place of demons and angels in our interest and imagination. The old-time New England farmer had nothing to occupy his mind on long Winter evenings except argumentation about predestination, fate and free will. His hours may now be passed in listening to a phonograph or in reading a book on electricity. Our interests have become so varied and rich that we have no time left to speculate about questions which can never be solved.

Again, whatever pessimists may say to the contrary, the chances of the modern man for success in life are incomparably greater than they ever were before. We still have plenty of failures, but upon the whole the reward of intelligent effort is fairly adequate and it tends to approach nearer and nearer to what it ought to be. Never before in all history was the sense of social justice so keen and active as it is now. Thus, in spite of much outward discontent, men are becoming more satisfied with life. It means so much to them and gives them so much that they are not disposed to think about the life beyond the grave. The advance of knowledge makes belief in a personal God who takes an active part in human affairs increasingly difficult. "Where is He, what does He do?" are questions continually asked without receiving satisfactory answers. The investigation of natural causes has been destructive to faith of the old-fashioned kind. Consequences which our fathers attributed to Providence or to the devil we are constrained to explain by invariable law. Little by little the domain of the supernatural has been so contracted that now hardly anything is left of it. Besides that, the discovery that the earth is not the most important body in the universe has set up religious difficulties of the most serious character. As long as we could believe that our world was the center of things with the stars revolving around it to give us light by night, there was no trouble in thinking that God had sent his only son to die on the cross to save creatures of such immense importance as we were. Now all that is changed. The earth is only a bit of star dust and we are mere specks of vitality. Knowledge of our insignificance has shaken whatever faith in the theory of the fall and the atonement had survived the doctrine of evolution. Finally we must remember that theology is a science whose essential parts were constructed in ages of ignorance and superstition. Hence it would be rash to expect that they should survive the general advance of civilization and intelligence.

It is singular that there is so much difficulty about building a new theater in Portland. Money is ready in abundance for other enterprises, some of them less important, and others perhaps more important; but it remains true that a modern theater has an indispensable place in the life of every large city or town. We have only one theater here—long known as the Marquam Grand—that might answer the requirements for staging high-class dramatic or operatic productions, and seating comfortably and safely a Portland audience; but it is devoted now to vaudeville; and another structure must be procured. A practical plan has been proposed by Mr. Heilig, of the Northwest theatrical circuit, and it ought to have support. Indeed, it is the only plan proposed by anybody for a theater to house the numerous road attractions of high order that desire to play in Portland. If it shall fail, it is likely that such companies as the experienced and discriminating theater-goer desires to see and is accustomed to see, will not come to Portland; or at least we shall not have many of them. It is unthinkable, of course, that Portland should not have a good theater; but we have no such theater now, and will not have unless one shall be built.

In Virginia the Democratic bosses have contrived a scheme of so hampering elections by pledges in the primary that those who vote in the primary will have to vote the ticket that may be nominated, or refrain from voting altogether. "There was something very much like a sensation in Virginia last year," says the New York Sun, "when so-called Democrats found that having previously voted in purely local contests of great and burning interest they were bound by the terms of their ballots to vote for the nominee of the Lynchburg convention, the Hon William J. Bryan." So "Bryan, with the aid of a lot of underground conspirators got the state's vote—which Taft did not need—and the thousands who would otherwise have voted for Taft found themselves disqualified by the operation of a vulgar ambush." A primary election again approaches, and the state is likely to be badly shaken up by the attempt to gag its voice.

The search for the brute who assaulted the young woman near Council Crest Thursday night has been futile. It is not strange, perhaps, that there have been no results in view of the circumstances of the crime—its isolation, the darkness and the failure of the fellow's victim to recognize him. It was easy for him to escape. It is likely enough, however, that he has had companions who know about the deed; and it is such as these from whom the information will come, if at all. If a reward were offered by the proper authorities—say $500—the villain might be apprehended. Probably he never will be unless it shall be offered. And no stone should be left unturned to get and punish such a scoundrel.

The Department of Agriculture has notified a number of experts in horticulture in various states that it can no longer pay their salaries. Among them is Professor P. J. O'Gara, who has been studying Rogue River conditions for the past year and giving practical advice to fruitgrowers up there. Among the lessons of value he taught was one that showed a great loss from peach blight that had always been ascribed to frost. If the others are like O'Gara, it would seem the department might retrench in another direction to the benefit of the fruitgrowers of the land.

It is, says the New York World, "a desperate situation" for the "adjusters" at Washington; for, "unless there is a corporation tax, there must be an income tax; for unless there is some form of special taxes Congress would have to scale down the protective schedules to a point at which they would permit sufficient revenue for the support of the Government."

It seems that the Lane administration has never enforced even the eight-hour rule, but city employes have been accustomed to go and come, to lounge about and do as they pleased. But Lane's man Greene now says the men must be on duty eight hours. At the end of this administration one humbug after another fostered by it develops. Great is "reform."

"The fate of Elsie Sigel," says the New York Tribune, "ought to put an end to the practice of permitting young women to become teachers in Chinese mission schools." It ought to lead to the abolition of the schools altogether.

Schively says he will "expose things" if brought to the bar of the Washington Senate for trial. Schively should by all means be given his opportunity to tell all he knows about everybody, including himself.

There will be universal rejoicing among his more or less numerous friends and admirers that Colonel Hofer has found the way to get rain through prayer. Things may thus be made pleasanter for him hereafter.

Mrs. Gould wins divorce and $36,000 a year alimony. The alimony is insignificant compared with the divorce, because she can win a far larger sum by picking up another rich man.

Mrs. Gould says she talked with Farnum only about returning to the stage. After her divorce revelations she might make a great "problem play" actress.

Colonel Hofer, of Salem, reports the quickest answer to prayer for rain ever recorded in history. Will this make him Governor of Oregon?

If Portland churchgoers do not get a full supply of genuine Baptist sermons today, it will not be due to lack of able ministers.

Of course there may not be enough high water to suit the Baptists; but they should have come in 1894.

Colonel Tucker is willing to give his wife $20,000 with the divorce. The reading public would give more.

TOPICAL VERSE

To H. R. H. Juliana Lou.

J. K. B. in Harper's.

The little Crown Princess of Holland has been christened Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina.—Cable dispatch.

The Holland folk are tickled much
Because they've got a Princess Dutch—
A brand-new blue-eyed baby girl
To keep their loyal hearts awhirl;
An heiress for their little throne
That they can call their very own,
Who soon will rule them as she likes
As little Princess of the Dikes,
And for her name
This very same
Is christened by her subjects true
As Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you!
A Princess fair
You truly air,
O Juliana Lou!

Some day you'll come into your place
As ruler of the Holland race,
And as a Queen, serenely calm,
You'll rule o'er giddy Amsterdam,
And Rotterdam,
And Potterdam,
And all the other dams there be
Along the beauteous damson sea;
And as you walk your regal ways
May all your sauce be Hollandaise,
And may you never use a crutch
Because somebody's beat the Dutch;
But rule serene,
A happy Queen
Your days all through.—
O Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you,
A Dutch treat fair
You truly air,
O Juliana Lou!

Rosy of the Footlights.

Puck.

Oh, Rosy's in the chorus, in the chorus,
don't you know;
She elevates the drama when she swings
her saucy toe.
While Marcia's a patrician from her head
to dainty toes,
I'm very fond of Marcia, which is likewise
true of Rose.
But why is it, I wonder, tho' both of them
possess
An equal grace in form and face, I hesitate
to press
My suit on her who has besides both wealth
and pedigree?
Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Oh, Betty's been to college, she was "finished" in Paree;
But down at the Casino Rose was handed
her degree;
And Betty is the mistress of a dozen
limousines,
When Rosy takes a taxicab it's way beyond
her means.
Then tell me what obsession leads a young
man to prefer
A chorus maid each night arrayed for public view, to her
Whose dainty charm of person might be his
exclusively?
Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Kitty speaks the tongues of France, of
Spain, and Italy;
But Rosy talks Manhattan, which is good
enough for me.
And Kitty's traveled everywhere, from
Frisco to Bombay;
It's on a tour of "one-night stands" when
Rosy goes away.
But I prefer Schenectady when Rosy's playing there
To all the courts and foreign ports there
are, will be, or were;
And even chorus slang's assumed a sort of
harmony—
Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Oh, Rosy, little Rosy, is it you for whom
I care,
Or is it just the glamour and the glitter
and the glare?
The languor of the music, and the spotlight's dazzling ray,
The magic of the footlights which is holding me in sway?
There's Marcia, Kit, and Betty, each one's
surpassing fair;
Each one's a catch the town can't match,
but ah, my heart's elsewhere,
With you, dear, in your tinsel world of
song and revelry—
Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Comrade Love.

Edwin Markham in the Nautilus.

Here in the valley where the river bends
I see the great oaks standing like close
friends,
Holding their frequent whispers in the high
still privacies of sky.
I see the comrade bees in music pass
About their merry business with the grass.
I see old cart-worn horses by the creek,
Neck over neck, as though their hearts
would speak—
As though it helped them bear unto the end
The unjust lash, to know they have a
friend.

The West and the East.

Rudyard Kipling.

Now, it is not good for the Christian health
to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian writes and the Aryan smiles
and weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone
white, and the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here
who tried to hustle the East."

Maude and Her Garden.

Horace Dodd Gazit in Harper's Weekly.

"Come into the garden, Maude," sang he,
For he was much given to poetree;
And then Maude came, and since that time
He speaks in prose and forsakes all rhyme—
For Maude looked around that garden fair
And kept him working ten hours there.
She made him gather five barrels of stones,
She made him plant all her cabbage seeds,
She made him hoe
Row after row
Of 'tater hills—two dozen or so.

She made him hitch up the garden hose
And water an acre of sweet-pea blows.
She made him take
Her brand-new rake
And scrape till his spine bade fair to
break.
Despite his moans
And his awful groans,
She made him gather five barrels of stones,
And squirt the patent old spouting-machine
That kills off the bugs with Paris green.
She made him fix
Seven dozen sticks
With netting to keep out the neighbor's
chicks,
And mend the leak in the fountain pipe,
And taste a tomato that wasn't ripe.

She made him push the lawn-roller about
Till his face freckled up like a speckled
trout.
She made him prune
Half the afternoon
Till he cussed the Poet that wrote that
rune.
She made him dig
Like a hungry pig
A hole so deep, so wide and big,
That an elephant might have been planted
there,
While she bossed the job from a swinging
chair.
She made him tinker the garden wall,
And skip the dead wood from a hemlock
tall.

She made him mow all the nice lush
lawn,
And lay out the lines for ten rows of corn,
She made him paint all the latticework,
And fill up the holes where the woodchucks lurk,
And finished by using his brand-new clo'es
To hang on a pole for to scare off crows.
And that is the why that I can't rehearse
The words that he speaks when he hears
that verse!

OREGON.

The roses nowhere bloom so fair
As in Oregon.
Their incense nowhere fills the air
As in Oregon.
Nowhere such foliage is seen
The grass grows nowhere half so green,
The eye rests on no fairer scene
Than Oregon, fair Oregon.

The skies are nowhere half so clear
As in Oregon.
One can live outdoors most all the year
In Oregon.
Nowhere such noble rivers flow
Such giant trees nowhere do grow
Nowhere such mountains, capped with snow
As in Oregon, fair Oregon.

The sun shines nowhere half so bright
As in Oregon,
To breathe the air is pure delight
In Oregon;
And I would have no fear to die
If after death they'd let me lie
Close where the Columbia goes rolling by
In Oregon, fair Oregon.

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