

Editorial Page . . .

WAR.

Nearly twenty-seven centuries have elapsed since the voice of a divinely inspired prophet was heard proclaiming, "Men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall war be longer learned." That voice has been drowned in the red deluge of centuries and that prophecy remains unfulfilled. The desolation and destruction on the soil of classic Greece, the homage of a subject world for Alexander, the shaking of Europe from center to circumference can bear testimony to "man's inhumanity to man." The lowly Nazarine came and preached "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" but he was given a crown thorns, was nailed to a cross, and turmoil has never ceased.

Despite increased intellectual power and refinement, despite the long continued efforts of Christianity to remould him the germ of strife planted in man by so many generations of struggling ancestry has not been exterminated; it has remained through all the ages, self-propagating, generating contagion and matured by evil passion. Alas, for humanity! the erring human heart may still conceal the deceptions of Esau, the treachery of Judas or the cruelties of Nero, and the pride, selfishness and desire for personal aggrandizement and pre-ferment which rankle in the human breast find their expression in the conduct of human strife and contention somewhat mitigated in its flow, but reddened at intervals by human blood, still sweeps onward and the day of universal peace to which we have long looked forward seems to be a mere chimera of the brain.

From the time of that primitive conflict when guilty terror and wringing remorse a fratricide viewed his awful deed, down to the time of our civil war, has been determined principally by the manner in which nations conduct their warfare. Between the rude tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage and the gatling-gun and marine torpedo of the civilized man there exist the same degree of difference as is perceived between the degrees of civilization which they represent. Strangely enough, carnage has always appeared in the role of an educator, has elevated the civilized man above his erring brother who still lingers in the shades of savagery, has torn the shackles from slaves, paved the path of wisdom for free men, removed mighty wrongs, until one bolder than others exclaimed that "Carnage is God's daughter," and a world of men though shocked were silent.

Over eighteen million men trained to arms are standing ready for battle in Europe. Two antagonizing forces monopolize the situation. In the center of the continent stands Germany, with her allies, Austria and Italy. On either hand are France and Russia. The members of the Triple Alliance are interested in holding their own territory, while France longs for her old boundaries, and Prussia is but waiting for a good opportunity to seize Constantinople. England on account of maintaining her supremacy in the Mediterranean is drawn into much closer relations with Italy while she is viewing with alarm the encroachments of France in Africa and is dreading the great influence of Russia in Asia. Thus there are five powers standing ready at a moment's warning to clutch at each others' throats, to devour each other as remorselessly as wild beasts are in the habit of devouring their prey. Today war clouds are gathering heavily over America and American statesmen are advocating war, are going to exterminate Spain unless she makes certain concessions, which it is highly improbable that she will do. So war is discussed by the fireside, advocated by the press, urged by the diplomat, sanctioned by the pulpit and is an inevitable thing. A mighty wrong has been committed and force of arms is the only arbiter. International arbitration, or peaceful settlement of difficulties, in such cases as the present one cannot be applied, and while the results of war for this nation are clearly seen unless Spain makes many concessions and re-

lieves her suffering people, there is no alternative. The cry of distress from an oppressed people touches a sympathetic chord which vibrates throughout our nation and the deliberate murder of two hundred and fifty sailors demands justice. Difficulties such as the present are bound to arise as long as nations exist. There was war yesterday, there is war today, there will be war throughout all tomorrows.

SYMPATHY WITH CUBA.

"Suffering," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is a part of the divine idea and the common bond of humanity." When once met with, it remains an indestructible force, only changing its form and passing from pain into that sympathy which being the outcome of suffering forms a common bond which unites all of humanity. That suffering tends to make the whole world akin is seen in all the calamities which have befallen mankind. From individuals to communities, communities to states and states to nations this is a divinely established law. Today there is standing at our depots train loads of food supplies ready to traverse a continent and reach a foreign people. In all afflictions to which nations are liable, so long as there are neighboring people on the globe, so long will the afflicted be assured of sympathy and help.

The first lesson of life is one of vicarious suffering. When a man allows himself to be led into crime, his moral nature that feels the transgression, suffers. If the brain be overwrought the body suffers, so one part of our being is destined to pay another's penalty. It is the law of social life that one man suffers for another's benefit. Christ obeyed this law in a nobler and grander way and the world was regenerated. It is a fact that where individuals or nations pass through a sad experience the reward purchased by pain and distress is a fuller life and higher development, and these bring a sense of added strength; the world can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or a musician can wish to return to his cruder manner.

Commerce has so perfected the union of nations as to make of the world a neighborhood, and today we hear with fear of a great pestilence, famine or war raging across the continent for tomorrow the calamity may reach us; it may be brought to us, as in the case of Cuba today, through sympathy, we may seek it. Were the dangers much greater than seem imminent now it were utterly impossible for a nation which has passed through a struggle for liberty, which in a few days will assemble its people at the graves of the soldier heroes to commemorate their deeds, to remain quiet and unresponsive when a neighboring people, goaded to desperation, were being down-trodden, starved and murdered, in a similar struggle. That keen sympathy which pervades the nation sweeps aside all thoughts of national policy, and we boldly proclaim ourselves their allies and supporters. The result of this remains to be seen, but be it what it may, America is never going to repent extending a helping hand where it was so sorely needed.

We take pleasure in publishing the following interesting letter from Alice Moore McComas, of Los Angeles, Cal., regarding the recent Woman's convention held in Portland:

To THE EDITOR:—Will you give a California woman a little corner in your Woman's Edition, in which to express her admiration for Oregon women?

It was my good fortune to be a guest of the Second Biennial Congress of Oregon Women, and I am so delighted with it that I want to give vent to my feelings on the subject.

Having attended women's congresses ever since they were first inaugurated I consider myself a fair judge of such matters, and to say I was pleased and surprised but faintly expresses it.

Never in any congress have I listened to better prepared papers, the reading of which—in clear, strong voices—would serve as a splendid lesson to women of older and, so-called more cultured com-

munities. But papers were less frequent on this program than is usual on such occasions; many of the most interesting addresses being either committed to memory or entirely extempore.

Where so many were fine it seems unfair to specialize; but the addresses of Madames Governor Lord, Narcissa White Kinney, W. H. Games, Bronson Salmon, Judge Ward and Sara Reed were particularly fine.

The able, liberal and eloquent address of Hon. C. E. S. Wood, one of Oregon's leading lawyers, was a telling evidence that the most progressive and intelligent men are interested in woman's advancement. Owing to illness Mr. Wood could not appear, but Mrs. Dunniway read his address with full expression, and with justice to the honorable gentleman.

Too much cannot be said of Abigail Scott Dunniway as a presiding officer. Eminently popular among men as well as women she seems, to me, the well-appointed leader of the woman movement on the Pacific coast. Through her long years of leadership in the great Northwest, she has made herself beloved among the people, and particularly acceptable to the voters of her community. As the voters are the most important factor in our battle for "equal rights to all and special privileges to none" she is to be congratulated. She was from the first to last in a most happy mood; never allowing the interest to flag. Her closing address, in which she read—with happy little incidents and anecdotes interspersed—letters from the judges of the supreme court of Idaho; letters from leading lawyers of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado, expressing their approval of and perfect satisfaction with equal suffrages in their respective states, was the happiest "hit" of the Congress. As she brought down the yellow-ribboned gavel, closing this successful congress, Mrs. W. W. Spalding went forward with a beautiful floral tribute of yellow roses.

This called forth a round of applause and in answer to a ringing call from another lady in the house—whose name I did not get—"Three cheers for Mrs. Dunniway!" the cheers were given to the echo.

I know of no more fitting close to this, my tribute to the women of the congress, than to append the following editorial which appeared in the Portland Evening Telegram the day after the congress closed.

[We regret that lack of space forbids our publishing this interesting editorial.]

MAY DAY.

The observance of this once popular day, the day for amusement and freedom from care, is of very uncertain origin. Ovid traced the origin to the mother of Mercury, while other authority, equally good, pronounces the celebration and festivals of this day to be an old Teutonic custom. Among the early Romans the day was held sacred to Apollo and on every day of the month high festival was held, the ninth, eleventh and thirteenth being observed in memory of the dead, but on the first day was held the greatest floral and festal rites of which Chaucer speaks in "Knights Tales":

"Forth goeth all the court, bothe mooste and leste, to feche the flowers freshe, and branch and blome."

During the middle ages the month was ushered in by popular merriment in all European nations, but no connection was held between these festivities and the celebration or Roman festival of Floralia which was held on the twenty-eighth of April. In England the "going a-maying" which Chaucer mentioned was a common recreation. Festivities began early and the search for the May flower, commonly known as the trailing arbutus, was made while the dew was on the ground. Doors and windows of houses were gaily decorated and May poles were erected and the prettiest girl in the village was chosen queen of the May. In Germany instead of a queen was chosen a count of May, generally the wittiest and most handsome youth. The May day frolics consisted of satires on life at court. It is a curious and interesting fact that this quaint old custom, handed down through so many centuries, entirely disappeared in England with the exodus of the Puritans. In Denmark the day is still observed by the peasants who rise early to see the sun dance. In the Highlands it is called Beltein day, fires are built and ceremonies in reference to Baal, sun worship, are held. There has never been any regular observance of the day in this country.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A fire in a planing mill is no more or less lurid than some of this spring's hats.

Guatemala, Costa Rica and Nicaragua can declare war, fight it out, and get all done with it, while this country is getting out the old gun and polishing up its handle.

The press says that Secretary Kincaid has been at Eugene nursing the grip. In the face of the near future, the secretary wants to nurse it well, and run no risk of losing it.

One of General Alger's late and fiery speeches is, "What we do we should do well." Certainly, general. You just start to "doing" and the people will see to the well part of it.

Since Joaquin Miller's love for a mining camp couldn't thaw the Klondyke frost this winter, he is going home to California to stay. No more trying to square the arctic circle for him.

Disenchantment Bay is the name of an inlet on the Alaskan coast. It must be better for a man to be disenchanted on the coast than to wait for frost, cold and starvation to do it inland.

Sound the tocsin to the maidens of America. Leap year will shortly die out for a time. With judicious hustling now, much may be done before the axe falls.

"Then be not coy, but use your time; And while ye may go marry: For having lost but once your prime, Ye may forever tarry."

The June campaign is coming on apace, and speeches will soon be flying through the air. The politicians who have wheels in their heads will be known by the spokes that come out of their mouths.

The French aeronauts who are going to seek Andree, are having a balloon manufactured which in form resembles a sausage. It is painful to observe that the relief party can always sit down and eat sausage.

A Madrid Sunday paper says "There was no bull fight today." Just let Madrid keep along her previous line of behavior, and she will get a bull fight that will compensate for this lost one. John Bull himself may not disappoint her.

Joseph Hoffman, the pianist, took a most unfortunate bicycle ride, not long since. He fell from his wheel, spraining one wrist so badly that an engagement to play for some prominent New Yorkers, whose fee for his performance was to have been \$1250, had to be canceled. It isn't every young man that can afford a \$1250 sprain.

One hundred and thirty-five apprentice boys have been transferred from the school ship Essex to the different vessels now fitting for possible action. These boys, although all under the age of 21 years, have served their time of apprenticeship, and will, from this time, do the work of seamen. Upon the various school ships where they receive their training, order and discipline as rigid as that observed in a standing army is exercised, which begun and enforced as it is, from the time for entering service until they are assigned to real duty, makes the obedient and efficient seamen whose bravery and adherence to duty, characterized the surviving heroes of the Maine. What a legion of mothers, struggling to make their girls useful women, would rise up and call Uncle Sam blessed were he to institute some training school for girls, whose work in its more feminine way, is as necessary to the country's comfort as is the service given by the Jack-tars.

A woman inventor offers the government a tent pole made of aluminum. Perhaps Spain could be persuaded to adopt it with a view to the free coinage of tent poles into pesetas.

WASCO LETTER.

To THE EDITOR:—As I find on my trips through the country that much interest is manifested in our little town of Wasco, more commonly known throughout Eastern Oregon as the Klonlike, I thought a few words descriptive of the town, its inhabitants and chief industries might not be uninteresting to your readers. For a new town Wasco has had and is having a phenomenal growth. Furnishing as it does one of the most important wheat centers in the country, it needed only the completion of the railroad to boom the town, and unlike most booms ours shows no signs of diminishing.

Leaving the Columbia river at Biggs, Oregon, the railroad of which we are so justly proud, makes a gradual ascent through a winding canyon whose sides loom up one to two hundred feet. As the train arrives at Wasco, the present terminus, a glance around shows a busy little place; carpenters at work excavating and erecting new brick buildings or painting the old wooden ones, while in the distance is seen the remains of the enormous wheat piles, that will soon begin to grow again. Walking or riding to higher ground, the entire country is spread before you with its gently rolling fields of wheat in various stages of growth, and the different shades of green exhibited, furnishing a coloring most beautiful, a picture most complete and framed by lofty mountain ranges—Klickitat, Hood, Adams, Jefferson, Ranier, Olympia and Simcoe to the north and west and the Blue mountains to the south and east.

The people are a prosperous, healthy and intelligent class with no knowledge of what hard farm work means. You have only to look upon one of their giant harvesters at work to be confirmed in this opinion. This big machine will have forty horses attached and with six men to guide it will cut, thresh and sack ready for market forty acres per day. What would a Mexican think of that? The farmers own great tracts of land, which is all under cultivation, and with but few exceptions live upon it. This fact is significant as it is a deplorable truth that most of the land in Illinois and Iowa is owned by foreign capital, which of course is unimproved as renters will not spend energy and time in improving land not their own. Every few miles in our surrounding country a church spire is seen and beside it a school house, in which presides a bright American girl. The school elections are of general interest and the women take an active part in all such matters, and while we cannot claim all the credit due, we are happy in the possession of good schools and good teachers, and it is a matter of great pride with us that our young people are fitted for college at an early age. Another interesting feature is that we have only one saloon in the county, the men resisting all appeals made in the shape of bribes and threats for the establishment of such places in Wasco and Moro. I trust they will continue their good work.

MAE ENWRIGHT.

To determine the effect of the vapors of melted asphalt on plant life, experiment has been made by Prof. Sorauer with various plants, shrubs, etc., by subjecting them for a few hours to the action of the vapor. No immediate injury was noticeable, but after a few days changes took place which varied with different plants. Horse chestnut trees and rose bushes showed a shrinking of the epidermis; plants rich in tannin acquired a brown color and coagulation of cell contents took place; others became white, probably from the filling of the interior with air, through breaking down of cell tissue.—Sudd. Ap. Ztg.; Phar. Era.

Important experiments dealing with a plague of locusts are reported from South Africa. Mr. Edington, director of the Bacteriological Institute of the Cape Town government, has succeeded in destroying millions of insects by inoculating a few and turning them loose.

He makes a sort of toxin by grinding up the bodies of locusts which have perished of disease. The resulting powder is mixed with water and smeared over the bodies of a few hundred locusts which are released. The disease soon spreads and the swarm all perish.