

The Oregonian.

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For sale in Oregon by E. F. Gardner... For sale in California by E. F. Gardner... For sale in Minnesota by M. J. Kavanagh.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Forecasting, with possibility showers during the afternoon or evening... YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61 deg.; minimum temperature, 44 deg.; no precipitation.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8. IT IS NO ENIGMA.

The Chicago Inter Ocean predicts that Tammany will win in New York largely because of the business class belief it is more profitable, or at least more gainful, to have the town kept "wide open," or at any rate fewest possible limitations upon the human disposition to order one's life as one pleases, without interference of law.

In every city there are large classes of business men and owners of property who are opposed to any restrictive regime—drawing the line only at actual crime. Canvass of the City of New York shows that the German voters, who were largely for Low two years ago, are now against him almost solidly.

Other multitudes object to various restrictions that check them continually with reminders of authority and power. In matters that they hold concern merely the ordering of their own conduct, small shopkeepers also are up in arms against restraints that are put upon their old ways of doing their business, and cry out against vexatious regulations.

There are not enough of the vicious classes in any city to control it, but when these classes are reinforced by the great number who will not have the law put them in strait jackets for actions or habits which they hold to be harmless, or at most concern themselves mainly, you will see an uprising that is very likely to sweep "reform" away.

IN THE MAIN SUCCESSFUL. It must have been mere inadvertence that caused the press dispatches last night to refer to Professor Langley's contrivance for celestial navigation as a flying machine.

on the water. Dr. Langley professes himself well pleased with the experiment, and will soon launch the aerodrome for another trip. It seems unnecessary and perhaps discourteous to advert to a single untoward incident in connection with the experiment.

"I like flyin' well enough," said Darius Green, "but it ain't such a thunderin' sight 'n fun when you come to light." Darius undoubtedly told the truth; he lacked the mettle of the true man of science, with long biography, endless titles and imperishable name.

HOW CIVIL SERVICE HAMPEERS. Every energetic administrator is apt to feel just as Mayor Williams, of Portland, felt a few weeks ago when vigorous projects of municipal improvement were embarrassed by the difficulty put in the way by the civil service rules.

One of the October magazines contained a spirited denunciation of Chicago's city administration and affairs, including a severe condemnation of Mayor Harrison, who is opposed by various factions in the newspapers.

When, therefore, Mayor Harrison said that the City Hall was full of grafters, and that every department of the city government had grafters in it, whom he would put out if he had the authority, but which he could not put out until the civil service rules became his, he could not formulate the necessary accusations in writing and submit evidence to prove them—when he said this it is fair to assume that he sincerely meant a good deal of what he said, and that he was not merely, as has been charged, voicing the natural chagrin of the masses.

It is idle to assert that restlessness under civil service rules springs always from advocates and manipulators of the spoils system. We have had this same protest against the aid given incompetent men in the departments at Washington from nearly every legislature that has gone in there with the desire of getting honest work out of the superannuated and idle clerks who encumber the payrolls and get in the way of the few who do the work.

This plain situation is sought to be explained away by the plea that it is easy for the administrator to weed out incompetents under civil service rules by simply preferring charges against them. But this is an answer in theory only, and to practical purpose, it is simply out of the question to get the evidence to correct clerks of incompetence or in municipal government to prove license or police officers of grafting.

In such cases as this it is out of the question for an executive to prefer charges of corruption against persons who have not proved guilty of a single act of misconduct. If they are detected by civil service rules, they are safe. If they are not, the honest and efficient executive will let them go at once. No merchant would consent to file written charges against a clerk he had been associating with loose characters. He merely finds out that he doesn't need the young man, and the clerk's feelings and saves himself a libel suit.

Dr. Langley professes himself well pleased with the experiment, and will soon launch the aerodrome for another trip. It seems unnecessary and perhaps discourteous to advert to a single untoward incident in connection with the experiment. The aerodrome fell precipitately to earth, smashing itself into a thousand pieces and unceremoniously ducking the dignified person of Dr. Langley in the water.

Joseph Chamberlain is easily the ablest man in English political life today. He is the ablest debater, the ablest man of business; he is a man of strong will and buldog tenacity of purpose.

He knows what he wants; he refuses to temporize like Balfour; he knows that tariff retaliation is as much an attack on free trade as the preferential tariff is. In his eight years' administration of the Colonial Office he has identified himself more than any other English statesman with the cause of imperial consolidation and imperial growth and power.

There is a growing tendency to increase the great powers of the Senate, which is seen in the conferring of special powers upon the Senators individually. Of the five commissioners to negotiate a treaty with Spain in 1888, three were Senators.

Representative McCall, of Massachusetts, contributes to the current number of the Atlantic Monthly an admirable article in which he expounds the prerogatives of the House.

Oberlin M. Carter, once a Captain of Engineers in the Army of the United States, who graduated at the head of his class at West Point Military Academy, will be released from Fort Leavenworth prison, where he has been serving his sentence for embezzlement while in charge of Government work at Savannah.

New York at the last session of her Legislature closed the season for killing water fowl on January 1. Heretofore the custom has been to allow shooting till May 1. Texas has stopped the shipment of wild fowls out of her borders.

The Senate, not satisfied with the great powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, has directly encroached upon the prerogatives of the House. One of the provisions of the Federal Constitution declares that if instruction should never be amended so as to take away the equal representation of the states in the Senate without the consent of every state, which is obviously equivalent to providing that the Constitution, in that particular, should never be amended at all.

Russia's armed forces in the Far East are reported to number 250,000 men, distributed thus: Fifty thousand, with eighteen batteries of artillery, in Manchuria proper; 110,000 on the lines of communication between Port Arthur and the Amur River, and 90,000 in Garrison at Port Arthur and Talien Wan. Thirty forts were erected at Port Arthur and fifty more are being built.

The Milwaukee Sentinel has an interview with Michael Walsh, a former president of the Typographical Union of that city, saying that the form of oath prescribed by the international union for its members will be changed. He declares that it was never intended to make allegiance to the union paramount to that due to the church or the Government.

by substitution. It was such an abuse of the right of amendment as to destroy the power to originate taxation laws when the Senate, in 1872, substituted for a House bill relating to a tax on coffee a general revision of the tariff. Garfield held that this action of the Senate was an abuse, and that its action should be confined substantially to the subjects in the House bill. Webster always held that it was purely a question of privilege, and that the decision of it belonged to the House.

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Philadelphia North American. Heredity is a marked trait. Lillian Russell's daughter has begun getting married. Possibly thickheaded. Atchison Globe. It is said of an Atchison girl that she is thick enough to make a good book mark.

THE DECLINE OF DRINKING.

New York Sun. It rarely happens that the periodical announcement that intemperance is increasing among women comes from a playwright. That is the chief novelty of the recent utterances of Bronson Howard.

As has been said many times, anybody who comes in contact with society women of the day knows that indulgence in liquor has not increased among them, but declined. They have learned that their health and beauty are to be kept only through sanitary living.

Intemperance among women is one of the first things that doctors nowadays prohibit. Indeed, most physicians of the younger school are so rabid and uncompromising on that point that the effect of their advice is sometimes on par with that of a "man always tell at a glance," said one of the physicians who have many New York women of social importance under their care.

"Formerly women, and for that matter men, never knew what caused their troubles until it was too late. But in recent years they have been made aware of the cause of their troubles, and they are now wiser.

"The general decrease in drinking during the past few years has had its effect chiefly on the women, of the kind that Mr. Howard spoke of because they, more than any others, are compelled to guard against the results that liquor causes.

"The increase in drinking," said the head of the institute visited by the Sun reporter, "seems to be the result in a measure, of our progress in general. The resulting growth of the drinking on all sides. People go to expensive restaurants and order wine—usually champagne—who are not to be thought of as drinking a thing a decade ago.

"I want to hear him crow like they used to crow when I was in the country," said the rooster purchased for him and taken to his bed.

J. C. Ex-Minister. It is in New York now. When first we heard your name, 'Twas more mixed up with steel, Joe, And statistics than I could find a time But once emerged from Birmingham, You quickly let us know Brains lay behind your pomace, Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Joe, When Birmingham first sent me, Her iron idol and her Mayor To serve in Parliament, 'Twas laughable to see you throw Those somewhat political, Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Joe, The other side room found, You were in the West, Birmingham, Keen edged and finely ground; Of manufactures and of trade You showed how much you know, And made the Ministry afraid, Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Joe, They could not understand What our British Joe-Joe Had taken them in hand, And when the whirligig of time Upset your party, Joe, You became a political, Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Joe, Then came the heavy load, The task to guide the counties, 'Including Cecil Rhodes, much to me In many small ways, but the most remarkable outbreak occurred at noon, when a gang of some four or five men, including an upper class man, were the witnesses leaving the death-house.

THE BLOOD OF HIS FAMILY.

"Jim" Tillman, whose trial on the charge of murdering N. E. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia, S. C. State, is now proceeding, is at present the center of interest in the South. As to the outcome of the trial, the general opinion is that it will result in a disagreement of the jury.

"There has been no lack of excitement in view of the trial of the Tillmans," said he. There are a number of dark tragedies in their wake. Besides the crime of Jim in the murder of Mr. Gonzales, at least three other members of his family have been concerned in murder, either as victims or as murderers themselves.

"John Tillman, brother of Senator Ben and uncle to Jim, was a stern and a kind in his way of life. He was physically unlike his other brothers. Ben and the rest grew up into tall, raw-boned men. John on the other hand was shorter and inclined to stockiness. He was a handsome fellow, and in his normal condition rather an engaging person in address and bearing.

"That he had wild blood in his veins, and it frequently came out in crazy spree. It was a favorite amusement of his when he was on one of these binges to strip himself stark naked, and stand around like a madman about the country in broad daylight.

"On one of these excursions he invited an old and peaceable ex-civilian in the army, Major May, to accompany him to his country. Both May and his son were quiet and orderly in their lives and were much respected. Yet everybody who knew them knew that they were not to be trusted when they were on a spree.

"I don't know just what particular offense John, in one of his Lady Godiva excursions, gave the Mayor, but it was a mortal one. He was shot and his son John cleaned up their shotguns and went out prospecting for John Tillman.

"The trial was a long one, and it was a tragedy end. He went down to Florida, where he was seated at a hotel table he got into an altercation over some trifle with a man who sat opposite him, and who right then and there drew a pistol and shot him dead.

"George Tillman, brother of Senator Ben and father of Jim, now about to be tried for the Gonzales murder, was himself a murderer. He was charged with a murder over a game of faro. George fled the country and went down to Mexico or Central America and remained for two years. Then he came back, stood his trial, was acquitted, but it was a long time before he was released, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay \$2000 fine. He served the full term of imprisonment, but did not pay the fine. The Governor remitted the fine and George was released.

"I understand that there was a tacit agreement that George was to enter the Confederate army, but that he was not entering the army, but bustled himself making powder for the Confederacy down on the Savannah.

"Senator Ben did not enter the army, except as a sort of home guardsman, along toward the close of the war.

Cincinnati. The death of Tom Flanagan, who died here yesterday, was made easy by compliance with a request made by him, and which is considered a very strange one, in view of the fact that he was believed to have died shortly before his death he called his sister to his bedside and asked her to buy a rooster for him.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Joe, They could not understand What our British Joe-Joe Had taken them in hand, And when the whirligig of time Upset your party, Joe, You became a political, Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Hugh Dittie Make a Mash. There was quite a mistake in the news last week. It was George Dewey instead of Cora that called on Hugh Wright—Dittie Creek Correspondence of Current Events (U.) News.

Southward the course of crime. It would seem that more mail should ensure more mail-carriers. This is October 8, but then Russian calendars are still made in the Old Style.

The Japanese Irving is dead, but the Japanese Patti has not yet said good-bye. Ex-Mayor Dowd, of Woodburn, has got out of the woods. Some other Mayors have not.

Judging from all its talk of sugar, the Department of Agriculture must be full of bees. The bogus son of J. P. Morgan gave himself away by purchasing an opera cloak that cost no more than \$200.

M. Lebouché thinks of founding an empire in the Sahara. He won't leave any footprints in the sands of time in that manner. By all means let us call the woman that packed with the Lewis and Clark outfit Tsakawaka. It looks more Indian than Sacajawea.

A youngster tried to hold up a man in Astoria and got a walloping. In some respects the Oregon Veneno sets the state an example. The police seem disinclined to work overtime for nothing, which shows that, in spite of white gloves, they are just like other people.

New York scene-shifters having mixed up in a scrap after the show, along comes a non-property patrol wagon and takes a bunch off to jail for change of scene. Mr. Howe, of Atchison, appears to have grown intoxicated on Seattle spirit. He gravely records the fact that the "Flyer" is said to be the fastest steamer afloat. Oh, Lord!

It makes one feel young again to read of the two ebullizers in the Philippines and their stolen steamer. Crime had seemed to be so commonplace, and the field so hammed in by telephone and telegraph, that all its romance was lost. But two absconders, headed for Borneo, a stolen steamer burning pirate coal under them, and stolen gold in the treasure chest—there is a stirring picture.

This, by Arthur Symonds, is described in a recent publication as supremely great poetry: I drank your flesh, and when the scale I brimmed up, In that sufficing cup, Then slowly, steadily, I drank You were the wine, and I was the man, Thus I possessed you whole. Why not this? I eat you up, because you are so sweet, But, coming to your feet, You had small swallow, yet they won't Go down. No bigger get in town.

"Who is that man in the bullpen?" asked the stranger at Cripple Creek. "That," replied his military monitor, "is an editor." "And why is he here?" "He wrote an editorial." "What is in the long row of teeth?" "There is a Colonel in each." "Who are all these people getting into the train?" "They are friends of people who know officers who can get transportation for their men." "Where are the privates?" "There are only two left; they didn't have pluck enough to get commissions." "Why are the privates here at all?" "There's money in it." "For the military?" "Sure."

Some people were astonished and dismayed yesterday to read that three men had died in Philadelphia as the result of drinking punch. The whiskey's share to indignation on learning that the "punch" was a mixture of sugar, lemon juice and wood alcohol. To give such poison as this the glorious name of punch, a name redolent of literary inspiration and achievement! The sugar and the lemon are of pleasing suggestion, and duly compounded with hot water and the spirit which has kept alive the spark of life for so many years, form the most delectable drink known to man. In many a hospitable Irish house, dinner is no sponger over than the host calls for the "materials," and with jealous care mixes the simplest and most potent drink that can be found. Here is no striving for strange effects, no mixing of incompatible ingredients. The whiskey's the thing. Sugar and lemon are but to enhance the already ravishing flavor of the mountain dew, merely to intensify the central joy. Is not the Irish receipt for punch the only one of worth: "Put some sugar in to make it sweet, some lemon to make it sour, some water to make it weak, and plenty of whiskey to make it strong." No wonder the privates with a skinful of this steaming inspiration gave the world immortal melodies, and how could a man full of liquid blarney be other than eloquent?

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS. The trouble about never offending people is that it leaves most of them unconsciously of your existence—"Pack. "Some people fall," said Uncle Eben, "because they try to eat de perfume befo' de' rize, an' so some because dey let it lay aroun' till it's no good."—Washington Post.