The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES.
Editorial Rooms....106 | Business Office.....667

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$0 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year..... 2 00
The Weekly, per year..... 1 50
The Weekly, 6 months..... 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

Puget Sound Bureau—Captain A. Thompson, office at 1111 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. Box 955, Tacoma postoffice.

Eastern Business Office—The Tribune building, New York city; "The Rookery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, New York.

For sale in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, near the Palace hotel, and at Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street.

TODAY'S WEATHER.—Occasional rain, with brisk southerly winds.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11

MERELY SENTIMENTAL POLITICS.

All men are entitled to liberty, but it is civic liberty, not the liberty of savage freedom. Liberty is for every people, but national freedom is not for every people, for every people cannot maintain civic liberty. The root of the mistake made by such men as Senator Hoar, in their talk about our position in the Philippine islands, lies in their assumption that all men are equal in their capacities and powers, as they are equal or ought to be equal in their personal and property rights; and therefore that every creature in the form of a human being ought to participate in government, and that every people has the divine right to natural independence, whether it have actual fitness for self-government, or not, or can maintain a government with justice and freedom, or not. This is a theoretical, sentimental and therefore practically absurd view of human nature and human affairs.

Senator Hoar's criticism on Senator Beveridge was that the latter's speech did not contain the words "justice," "liberty," "right," "freedom." It was a speech of practical sense and duty that Senator Beveridge delivered; not a speech of theories and platitudes. Wherever the American flag may be planted, as the symbol of American authority and institutions, justice, liberty, right and freedom attend it. The best words in any vocabulary may become words of emptiness and cant. The flag of the United States is a better emblem of liberty and justice than the flag of any semi-civilized or savage tribe of the Philippine islands—Mr. Hoar's theories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Under the flag of the United States there will be real liberty in the Philippine islands. Under Tagal domination there could, at best, be nothing better than a semi-civilized despotism. There may be national independence without liberty or justice for individuals, but not under the American flag.

If Senator Hoar will introduce a resolution or act plainly declaring that the Philippine islands are entitled to national independence, and directing the president to withdraw the military and naval forces of the United States immediately from the islands, the country will consider what he may have to say. For this is the only alternative to maintenance of the sovereignty of the United States over the islands. The proposal that we shall assure them national independence and then guarantee their protection against foreign enemies, is preposterous. We should soon have enormous indemnity bills to pay, or be involved in a war on account of our proteges, to which the Spanish war would bear only such comparisons as small things bear with great.

The whole question is simply whether the people of the United States desire to keep the Philippine islands or to abandon them. Observe that if we keep them we are doing no more as to them than we are doing as to Puerto Rico. The principle is exactly the same; the facts exactly the same—with the only difference that the one place is an island in the Atlantic, the other, islands in the Pacific. Observe further that if, as Senator Hoar says, we have bought the Filipinos as a flock of sheep, we bought the people of Louisiana and of California in the same way. Your oratorical sentimentalist pays little attention to actual facts. He is guided by his emotions or palpitations; in his hands the greatest words, as freedom and justice, become as cheap as copper counters; he confounds liberty with national independence, and sees no difference in the capacity of men of different races, of men civilized or uncivilized, for the functions and responsibilities of government and political life. He sees no mistake and contends there was no mistake in the indiscriminate endowment with suffrage of the negroes of the United States just delivered from slavery. So he thinks the tribes of the Philippine islands can erect and maintain a government on principles consistent with justice and freedom. The lessons of the world on such subjects are no lessons to him. He has his fixed idea, called by a great word-coiner "eleutheromania." It is sentimental politics gone to seed.

FOR BOYS ONLY.

Tuesday was a proud day for a certain woman to whom was born, on a farm in Highland county, Ohio, thirty-seven years ago last October, a boy that was named Albert Beveridge. The mother is still living, and we may be sure there is no prouder woman in the land today than she whose son's name is upon all lips, as the man who takes front rank among the men of the country, by reason of the great speech delivered in the senate. His career is one fit to be set before any boy as an example to emulate. Not that Senator Beveridge is a great man; but his success is already far above the average, and he has attained it only through making the most of his powers, through humble opportunities, thankfully and laboriously embraced.

Mr. Beveridge had no wealthy relatives to educate him or political influence to help him to be supported by government. He has never been an office-seeker. Among the senators in the congressional directory, no "biography" except one is as short as his. Its events are few. He was born on a farm. His father and brothers were soldiers in the Union army. He was married in 1887 and elected in 1899. From other sources we know not only that he made his own way, but that early there fell to him the support of his widowed mother. He worked on the farm, he sold papers on the streets. He worked his way through school, and he studied law as he could in the intervals of breadwinning. He made friends, not through wealth or social station, for he had neither, but because he was manly and respectful, honest and faithful. He let the saloons alone, but he was not a prude. He went to church, and is still an earnest Methodist, but without cant or ostentation.

There are all kinds of ways of getting on in the world. A man can get wealth or power, as Croker and Gorman have done, at the expense of his own conscience and the loss of the respect of mankind. But the price is too high. The success of Mr. Beveridge, who has raised himself from poverty to eminence by honorable methods, is at once a rebuke to demagogues like Bryan, who say a poor man has "no show" in this country, and also a reproach to those who, like Croker, advertise to the youth of the country that the way to honor and wealth is through trickery and corruption. Every career like that of Senator Beveridge should be stamped upon the minds of American boys so that its lessons will never be forgotten.

THE MISTAKES OF WOLSELEY.

Every severe war is a deadly image-breaker. Popular idols perish by its iconoclastic hand. Sometimes the victim is a veteran who has done good work in his day, but has become senile through age and the luxurious inactivity of a long peace; sometimes he is a man whose military scholarship and professional learning, married to exceptionally strong political and social influence, have rapidly promoted him to supreme command over sterling men who have learned the profession on the battle-field. Our civil war soon disposed of General Scott, an able soldier in his prime, but unequal at 73 to the military responsibilities of supreme command. Our civil war also shattered military idols like McClellan, men of personal gallantry, of sound military scholarship, but unequal to the extraordinary energy, resolution and moral courage which are demanded of a general upon the battle-field. General McClellan was in bed at 8:30 the morning of the battle of Antietam, when General Sumner, commanding the Second army corps, reported to him for orders. General Hooker had been in severe action since 8 o'clock with the First corps, and McClellan was still in bed. That kind of soldier may be a great scholar, or military critic, but he is not likely to make a great military executive on the battle-field. Two years of hard fighting, from January, 1862, to January, 1864, also shattered a good many military idols of the Burnside and Hooker quality, who lacked McClellan's military scholarship and were quite as destitute of moral courage and energy in the field.

The searching sternness of the South African war is rapidly pricking the bubble of military reputation that has been represented for many years by Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the British army. The London Mail, which has a million subscribers, does not hesitate to hold Lord Wolseley responsible for the blunder of sending an army of foot soldiers to face an army of mounted men, unaccompanied by large bodies of cavalry. We are glad that this General Wolseley has lived long enough for his country to find him out. Wolseley is a good illustration of the old adage that "kissing is won not by merit, but by favor." He is 67 years old, the same as Lord Roberts, and yet while everybody knows that Lord Roberts won his honors by forty years of service in India, including his historic march from Cabul to Candahar, few well-informed men could tell today why Lord Wolseley rather than Lord Roberts is at the head of the English army. This man Wolseley served as a subaltern officer in the Burmese war, at Sebastopol, on the staff during the Indian mutiny of 1857, and the Chinese war of 1860; quelled the first half-breed rebellion of Riel in Manitoba, captured and burned Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, a warlike nation of negroes on the west coast of Africa. At Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 he put to flight an army of Arabi Pasha's cowardly Egyptians. He undertook to relieve Khartoum, but was so slow that he failed of his object. He never commanded to exceed 10,000 white soldiers in action; he never as commander fought a battle against white civilized soldiers in his life, and yet this military snob had the impudence and ignorance to write this in his published books:

> Military students in Europe do not pay much attention to the battles of the American war because battles conducted by undisciplined and hastily raised soldiers have no interest for the military student of nations with great regular armies highly trained to the service and art of war.

General Sherman, an educated soldier, who had successfully commanded an army of 100,000 men, sharply called Wolseley down for this assertion. A very high English authority, Colonel Chesney, contradicted General Wolseley, and said that there was no such training for soldiers as fighting; that our four years of war had made our soldiers the equal of any in the world; that the actual fighting in our civil war was far more stubborn, as shown by the per cent of loss, than in the Franco-German war. This same General Wolseley, in his published letters, always insultingly spoke of "Mr." Grant and "General" Lee and "General" Jackson. While this man Wolseley sneered at "Mr. Grant," he did not hesitate in his wisdom to tell General Lee that he "blundered" in not attacking Burnside the next day after his disastrous repulse before he could recross the river. General Longstreet, in his "Military Memoirs," shows that Lee acted wisely. The Federals had at least 50,000 men who had not been severely engaged; they had a very large and splendid artillery which from the hills completely covered the ground over which Lee would have had to advance, and he would have been only less reckless than Burnside, had he left his defenses on the heights for the plain and attacked us standing on the defense. Wolseley glorified "Stonewall" Jackson as the great military genius of the Confederacy, when the truth was that Jackson's eccentricity or incapacity, call it what you will, as Longstreet clearly shows, cost Lee complete victory over McClellan at Gaines' Mill, and especially at Glendale, June 30, 1862, when Jackson's failure to take the right road saved McClellan's army, which otherwise would have been cut in two by Lee and destroyed in detail.

And this is the kind of British military snob who is at the head of the English army, and is getting found out as a military student and critic and closet soldier as distinguished from a great general. He laughed at our American volunteers in the civil war when today his boasted British regulars retire under less per cent of loss than our raw volunteers endured on both sides at Bull Run. Twelve per cent were lost in killed and wounded at Bull Run, green troops, before the Northern lines broke, while Methuen's "regulars" at Magersfontein only lost 8 per cent before they lost all appetite for further advance.

IS A CORRUPT OLIGARCHY A REPUBLIC?

The attempt of the anti-expansion, pull-back democracy to persuade the American people that an edict to extirpate cannibalism should be preceded by "the consent of the governed," that is, by the assent of the eaters rather than by the protest of those doomed to be eaten, is calculated to amuse sane and intelligent folk. The mass of the American people are not disposed to be fooled so far by a phrase as to remit the government of the Philippines to the rule of a class of half-civilized pirates, who to this day cut the throats in cold blood of all intelligent Filipino insurgents who have made submission to our government. From the Philippine point of view, assent to the doctrine of "the consent of the governed" when it implies the permission of piracy and the organization of a predatory community, whose ship of state would be a pirate Malay proa, is absurd enough, but is it more absurd than this ridiculous apotheosis of the Boers as a republican or democratic form of free government resisting the supremacy of what Senator Mason, of Illinois, and kindred spirits call "British tyranny"? We publish elsewhere a letter to the New York Times from a very able and eminent New York lawyer, Thomas G. Shearman, which recites the facts about the governing Boers of the Transvaal, which prove them to be, what The Oregonian has always named them, not republics at all in our American or English understanding of the word, but mere obsolete medieval oligarchies, like the Italian states of Venice, Genoa and Florence in the middle ages.

Paul Kruger and his political clan are no more fighting the battle of equal political rights and privileges of republican democratic liberty than were the Medici, the despots of Florence, when they warred against Pisa or Rome; than was the republic of Venice when it fought that of Genoa for commercial reasons. Paul Kruger, with his whole Boer "republic" is nothing but a survival of obsolete, brutal, political medievalism, and is a perfect medieval tyrant and a despot who holds both courts and the legislature firmly by the collar, subject to his ultimate decision. The pro-Boer democracy, like the pro-Philippine democracy, are really fooled, or pretend to be fooled, by mere phrases.

The facts set forth with lawyer-like conciseness and logical precision by Mr. Shearman show plainly that Kruger and his personal and political clan are a band of corrupt creatures, who are naturally making the fight of their lives to save their stake, which is immense, in the perpetuity of their oligarchy. The taxes levied by the Transvaal government since Kruger and his clan invited the presence of foreigners, sold them their lands at enormous prices, exceed $20,000,000, nine-tenths of which are collected from these foreign settlers. Half of these enormous taxes have been expended in making preparation for war, and half have been divided among Kruger and his clan. Kruger gets $35,000 a year salary, and has received enormous sums through legislative bonuses on various pretexts. His son-in-law and private secretary lives in a $250,000 house; every Boer official is by his own confession bribed by the Boer railway company. The 50,000 foreigners who built Johannesburg are denied any municipal privileges whatever. There is no free press, and all the courts are under the thumb of Kruger, who can overrule their action. No business can be done in Pretoria except by bribing Kruger's family and political and social clan.

A RULE TO WORK ONE WAY.

We are just through reading the protests of California against giving French fruitgrowers access to our markets. "Let them not interfere with us," we can hear them saying; "let them sell to their own people, and let tariffs be placed so high as to keep their wares out." It is with something like a shock, therefore, that we come across this dispatch, which appeared in yesterday's papers:

> San Francisco, Jan. 9.—Commissioner Kasson, the negotiator of reciprocity treaties between the United States and foreign countries, will soon receive a petition, in which the fruit-canners of the state and dealers in California canned goods unite in asking him, in negotiating treaties with foreign countries, to give due consideration to the necessity for increasing the exports of California canned fruit, which the petition declares can only be done by material reductions in the tariff placed on said goods by foreign countries. Many signatures to the petition were obtained today in this city.

With one breath we demand of congress to throw away the reciprocity treaty with France because it encourages trade in fruits, and with the next we implore Kasson to go ahead with more such treaties. There is no room for error or inadvertence or hurried calculation in this matter. The purpose is deliberate. Pile on the duties on fruit from Europe, but cajole Europe into taking down their duties on fruits from us.

This is not an inspiriting or a very statesmanlike view of international trade. Through sharp practice it might for a time be made to prevail. But the destructive tariff, as an engine of commercial war, is rapidly becoming obsolete. Upon the United States has descended the mantle of champion of the Open Door. We have left behind standpoints from which we have been wont to view the promotion of commerce. Old things have passed away, and, behold, all things have become new.

The announcement of the death at Salem a few days ago of a worthy pioneer woman, known in the early days in the familiar manner characteristic of country neighborhoods as "Mrs. Sam Allen," will recall to many men and women, old or growing old, kindly and even tender memories of a farmhouse on the Abiqua, in Marion county, where openhanded hospitality was dispensed to wayfarers for many years. And not alone wayfarers, but the entire settlement for many miles around shared upon "meeting days"—the master and mistress being stanch Cumberland Presbyterians of their day and generation—the generous hospitality of the farmhouse, and went their way stronger spiritually, no doubt, in that the needs of the "perishing body" had been supplied. The faded face shown in The Oregonian yesterday as a portrait of this generous house-mother and devout churchwoman of a past generation holds, it may be said, but little resemblance to the cheery face so widely known in pioneer times, but in its lines a character sketch of kindliness and endeavor may be traced which needs no elaboration to those whose memories run back to the "early days." We are accustomed to say:

> The light of a brighter era
> Shines on the frontier line,

Yet it is doubtful if any era will or can be brighter with the light of true hospitality and neighborliness than that to which this woman, whose passing is herein noted, belonged.

Secretary Gage has done wisely, if his special report to congress is correctly epitomized by the dispatches, in explaining the points raised without going into the general subject of the sub-treasury system and its bearings on currency conditions. The currency experts are theoretically unanswerable in their contention that absorption of large sums from the circulation embarrasses business, and the corollary is unassailable that this diminution of currency supply puts a responsibility of remedy in some shape on the government. Yet a comprehensive system of deposit of government funds in banks is not to be undertaken with the nonchalance assumed by students of theoretical finance or bankers anxious for government deposits. It is well enough to remember what Director of the Mint Roberts said the other day:

> No possible supply of money can prevent stock-exchange panics or periods of monetary stringency, because speculation and rising prices will absorb any possible increase until the pressure for ready cash is just as great upon the new plane as it was upon the old. The cry for more money is as unappeasable as the demand for more wealth. A new supply, instead of satisfying the demand, stimulates it.

As for the accumulation of funds in the treasury, that is the highest sort of wisdom, in view of the unknown cost of the war upon which we entered twenty-one months ago. Many of those who complain of the surplus now would have been merciless in their criticism and unbounded in their wrath if our preparations in a financial way had proved inadequate.

One thing which greatly hinders British movements in South Africa is the rainy season. The earth everywhere is saturated with water and in many places very soft, rendering movement of wagon trains and artillery difficult; and streams that carry little or no water in the dry season are now raging torrents. In the dry season the Tugela river runs nearly dry. It is now a formidable stream, and passage of it is easily obstructed with modern rifles and artillery. The country is hilly and open, much resembling wide stretches of our own interior. There are some stunted trees, but no forests and very little brushwood. The country, with range of modern arms and opportunity of extended view, is admirably suited to defensive operations in war.

Judge O'Day complains that a few men have got all the money nowadays, and nobody else can get any. We think the judge in error. Money can be got by working for it, the same as ever. There, for example, is the useful occupation of cutting cordwood. Cordwood is wanted, and as good price can be had now for cutting cordwood as could be had in those halcyon days thirty years ago. There is plenty of money to be had, as of yore, by working for it; but it comes a little slow to those of us who want to play at statesmanship for it.

"Believing that the pension roll should be a roll of honor and a symbol of fidelity to the nation," the veterans of Sedgwick post, G. A. R., at Salem, protest earnestly against the passage of Senator Cullom's bill to make deserters from the Union army eligible to pensions. Their resolution does credit to their sense and patriotism.

Senator Hoar says he believes Aguinaldo is "honest and patriotic." He is the same honest and patriotic gentleman who, before the Americans came, had sold out to Spain for something like half a million dollars and left the country. Senator Hoar is a man of excellent intentions, but his definitions of honesty and patriotism need revision.

General Butler during the civil war refused to surrender escaped negro slaves because they were "contraband of war;" that is, the slaves were as much property of the enemy open to military appropriation and confiscation as Confederate horses, mules or cannon.

There are democrats who want more expansion. Here is the New York Journal insisting that the United States ought to buy the Danish West Indies. The price, it says, is a matter of no real importance.

J. J. Hill is heavily interested in steamship lines. Yet he has the courage to denounce the subsidy scheme as "a national scandal and disgrace." It is a testimony that should have weight with thinking men.

A QUESTION OF FACT.

Temper and Touchiness Will Not Decide the Delagoa Affair.

New York Times.

If Great Britain has made a mistake, or a series of mistakes, she is able and doubtless willing to pay for them. We have seen no evidence of any irritation on this side, except such as was obviously worked up for the occasion. That is not apparently true of Germany. The somewhat hysterical remarks of the German press irresistibly recall a remark of Stevenson's about the behavior of the Germans in Samoa: "Touchy themselves, they read all history in the light of personal affronts." Given this state of mind, and it is not wonderful that the German press should see, in the attempt of Great Britain to keep recruits and arms and ammunition out of the Transvaal, nothing but a deep-laid plot to insult and humiliate Germany. The German government has shown itself superior to nonsense of this kind. But one of the misfortunes of the situation is that just now the German government has a reason for not discouraging it, in the urgency of its own desire for an increase of the navy. The government is willing to have its own purpose advanced by arguments never so flimsy. And, of course, it has not escaped the attention of the German government that the seizure of German steamers in or just out of Delagoa bay is used by the German press as such an argument. If Germany only had more ships in Delagoa bay, say the German publicists, such insults could not be offered to her. A strong German squadron in Delagoa bay, whatever else it might be, would not be a peacemaker. There was a strong German squadron in Manila bay last year, and it proved to be simply a very effective irritant. An equally strong squadron, under the command of officers no better instructed in international law or international manners, would not prevent the British from exercising what they believed to be their belligerent rights; but it would add to the exercise of them an enormous amount or superfluous friction.

A DIPLOMATIC VICTORY.

For Which Secretary Hay Deserves His Country's Thanks.

New York Times.

That is really a remarkable diplomatic achievement which the state department modestly records. It announces that in answer to our application for equal privileges of trade in any possessions, spheres of influence, or claims that may be gained or made by European powers in China, all the powers concerned have returned favorable answers except Italy. Italy's concern is comparatively slight, but her consent also is expected.

We do not know how Mr. Hay has managed this. We seemed to be giving away our whole case when we refused to take any part in the British effort for the open door in China, and when our state department actually "gave out" the amazing and palpable untruth that our commercial interests were not involved in the struggle between Russia and England in Peking. Of course, we were bound to give to all others what we had given Spain in the Philippines by our treaty of peace. In any case the potential trade of the Philippines is a mere trifle compared with the potential trade of China. So that it seemed that we had no "quod pro quo" to offer.

As for Russia, the commerce of Manchuria by sea is not likely to concern her as a carrier, but only as an owner. It is only if sea-borne commerce should threaten to oust her land-borne products from the "hinterland" that any Russian interests would seem to be threatened. As for Great Britain and Japan, they were already fully committed to the principle of the open door. It was only the interference of Germany, France and Russia that prevented Japan from applying it to China at the close of her victorious war. And as for France and Germany, it seems that they have been converted to the British theory of colonization, against that which they have held and acted upon hitherto, and have determined to take a leaf out of the book of the most successful colonizing power the world has ever known. According to this principle, the owner, partitioner or claimant of a piece of foreign territory merely puts himself to the trouble and expense of policing it, and for his reward takes such a share of the proceeds of its trade as he can get in free competition. This is a doctrine which the German government can afford to accept, and has come near to showing its readiness for accepting. But that France will accept it, even after her four centuries of failure of making the other theory pay, is a real surprise. It may be that she expects "compensations elsewhere," say in commercial treaties. This, of course, the administration cannot grant. It may have promised to use its good offices toward getting it granted.

In any case, it is a signal public service that Mr. Hay has performed. Handicapped as he was, he has won a diplomatic victory, and has succeeded in repairing the huge blunder of his predecessor, which seemed irreparable. He deserves the congratulations and thanks of his countrymen.

Moody No Faith Curist.

Medical Record.

Mr. Dwight L. Moody, who died last week, offered a gratifying contrast to many of his cloth, especially revivalists, in his appreciation of regular medicine and his antipathy to quacks. In speaking of a prominent Christian Scientist, or faith healer, or what-not, in Chicago, whose offenses against humanity and common sense are many and notorious, he praised medicine as the noblest of professions, after that of the ministry. "Never yet," he said, "in all my years of work have I called upon an able doctor, telling him of the sickness and need of some poor friendless person, that he did not at once go to the rescue, without money and without price. Some of the noblest men I ever knew have gone out as medical missionaries, devoting their lives to doing good with the skill and healing medicines the Lord has conferred upon them." "These are the men," he continued, "who are called devils by the 'faith healers,'" but he prayed God to forgive those guilty of such slander. "God heals," he said, "through doctors and through medicine. Do not be carried away through ravings of fanaticism. We have a new 'ism' in America about every year—beware of the 'isms'! What would I do if I fell sick? Get the best doctor in Chicago, trust to him and trust to the Lord to work through him. The doctors have done wonders as their knowledge has grown; they have reduced the dangers of death from diseases that once slew all they touched; and the doctors, if God helps them, will yet find a way to stop the ravages of other terrors."

Blessedness of Kipling's Modesty.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The best thing about Kipling is that he can't speak. He tried to the other day in the schoolroom at Rottingdean before the members of the Navy League. First he grew red, then ghastly pale, and he dumped out his words like a load of coal, with his eyes fixed on a lantern at the back of the room. Then after five fidgety minutes, he shot out of the door, as the reporters said, "as if somebody had yelled, 'The roof's giving away.'" He will never make one of those author-orators, bless his heart! He will never be reading from his own works with minutely explanatory gestures and with pumped up tremolo for the pathetic parts. He will never be turning up in small towns and telling crowds of poky provincials how he came to be what he now is. His voice will never be heard at alumni dinners quavering over the possibilities and the dangers of young manhood, and urging it upward, ever upward. He will not be called upon on all occasions for an oratorical indorsement of virtue, and of the righteousness of doing right. The kindly niggardliness of nature has gagged and stiffened him and given him gooseflesh and a snow-white liver for all this sort of thing. It has bottled him up with his own talent in order that he may not prove flat when the cork is drawn. And the world will be the gainer thereby.

Paying for Their Presumption.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

If a reported interview with General Kitchener is authentic, he goes to South Africa with an appreciation of the difficulties before him. He attributes the British defeats to the ignorant impatience of the jingoes, who insisted that "the Boers were only half-civilized and could be easily defeated by troops only half prepared for war." He thinks that with an avoidance of the mistakes already made, it may require a year's hard campaign to end the war. There can be no doubt that Kitchener, if allowed his own discretion, will make thorough work of anything he attempts. He never strikes till he is ready, and when he is ready his army is as complete a fighting machine as can be made of human flesh and blood.

Yellow War on Business.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The contemptible attacks being made upon Secretary Gage by the yellow journals of New York are a repetition of the similar disgraceful assaults upon Secretary Carlisle. Mr. Gage is following the example of his predecessor and ignoring the vicious ragings. Every man in New York knows how to appreciate these slanders, but there are some hysterical people and newspapers in the back districts for whose benefit Mr. Gage should teach a few metropolitan editors a lesson. It is a passing shame that the secretary of the treasury cannot devise a simple plan for restoring to the market a portion of the money it needlessly takes away without being accused of prostituting his great office for private gain. It is a heavy load of slander that secretaries of the treasury must reckon with the emoluments of their high post.

NO CASE AT LAW.

Quay's Claim Ruled Out on More Than One Account.

Chicago Times-Herald.

The most hopeful sign of the new year in politics is the realization on the part of the friends of Quay that he cannot be quietly railroaded into the United States senate because he is a "good fellow" or a "good republican."

This is the achievement of public sentiment. The supporters of the ex-senator are at bay. In the expressive language of the prize ring, they are "sparring for wind." Those who have committed the amazing folly of declaring that they would vote to seat Quay now find themselves forced to defend the indicted boss. That is a hard task for an honest man. Those who vote for him now fully realize that the people will demand an explanation. Senators who vote to stultify themselves by overturning all precedents, merely for partisan considerations, must face an angry constituency at home and an outraged public sentiment throughout the Union.

As a matter of fact, there is no defense for Quay. No man who votes to seat him can justify the act by any honest argument. He has no legal claim whatever upon a seat in the United States senate. No man ever presented more spurious credentials for admission to that body.

Waiving all questions of precedent and conceding the right of the senators to stultify themselves by voting against their convictions as recorded in the past, will the supporters of Quay violate the plain mandate of the law as expressed in both the state and federal constitutions? The federal constitution provides that a governor may make "a temporary appointment" to fill a vacancy which happens "during the recess of the legislature." The senatorial vacancy in Pennsylvania did not happen "during a recess." The vacancy arose March 4, 1899, by the expiration of the term of Matthew S. Quay, and a republican legislature refused through 79 ballots to re-elect Quay.

But the constitution of Pennsylvania makes express provision for filling a senatorial vacancy. It says:

"In case of a vacancy in the office of United States senator from this commonwealth in a recess, the governor shall convene the two houses by proclamation in notice not exceeding 30 days, to fill the same."

So that even if the vacancy had occurred "during a recess" the action of Governor Stone in appointing Quay was illegal and indefensible. The clause in the federal constitution which vests governors with discretionary authority to fill senatorial recess vacancies applies only where a state constitution has failed to make express provision for such an emergency.

The amazing impudence of Quay in asking the senate to violate law and precedent to give him a seat in that body on such credentials should receive prompt and fitting rebuke. The time is propitious for this stroke for clean politics and good government.

Ought to Be Passed.

Chicago Tribune.

Senator Beveridge's resolution is a clear-cut declaration that the United States intends to keep the Philippines—that it does not at this time contemplate the possibility of ever giving them up. All who favor the abandonment of the Philippines, either at once or in the near future, will vote against this resolution. All who believe in American expansion will vote for it. That resolution will be adopted. It will be taken by the president as the expression of the will of congress that he shall continue the work of pacifying the Philippines and preparing them for whatever kind of government congress may at a later day deem it wise to establish. With the adoption of that resolution the moribund "anti-imperialist" issue will be heard of no more.

Interesting for Carnegie.

New York Press, rep.

Mr. Carnegie's published determination not to give $50,000 to the republican party would have been worth at least 500,000 in votes to the party in question in the year 1892—the year when Mr. Carnegie made the largest single "personal contribution" in political history to a party's defeat. It is still worth a good deal to git rid of him, though his renunciations and denunciations do not command the bouncing premiums of the year of his unfortunate, if misleading, exhibition as the typical "vulgar accident of a protective tariff."

A Triangular Town.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

The newly founded town of Triangle, Tex., promises to be unique. It is laid out in the form of an equilateral triangle; its lots are triangular in shape and the ground plan of each of the 23 houses which have thus far been erected there is three-cornered. The three principal streets are named Equilateral, Scalene and Isosceles, and the residents have even carried their curious idea into the local government, which consists of a so-called triangular council, having three members.

Modern Girl.

Indianapolis Press.

"Harold," said the dear girl, "am I the only girl?"

Harold groaned involuntarily.

"Am I the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you loved?"

Carries It Too Far.

Chicago Times-Herald.

"My daughter has a great ear for music."

"Well, that wouldn't be so bad if she didn't think she had a voice for it too."

The Unanswered Letter.

Chicago Record.

"How did your correspondence end with Miss Jimp?"

"I wrote to her, and she couldn't think of anything to say in reply."

Unseasonable Remark.

Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—It's ridiculous to suppose that all dogs are growlers.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—And just as absurd to think that all the growlers are dogs.

Rhymes for Small People.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

LORDLY MAN AND LOWLY MULE.

Man is the greatest work of God,
The oxen are his slaves;
He lures the lightning from the cloud,
And harnesses the waves.

To him alone a soul is given,
And he receives at birth
The glorious hope of joy in heaven
When he is done with earth.

Man is sublime, the homely mule
Is made of poorer stuff;
But mules quit drinking, as a rule,
When they have had enough.

MAN THE GODLIKE, GOAT THE MEAN.

The goat is not regarded as
A noble beast, and it
Has never won distinction for
An undue share of wit.

Compare the homely goat with man:
How Godlike does he stand;
How pitiful the beast becomes
And how absurdly planned!

Yet, while we look upon the goat
As neither fair nor wise,
It doesn't live by taking pills
Instead of exercise.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Clothes speak louder than words—sometimes.

The question now is, How are we going to pronounce '00?

The man who is the first to wish for snow will be the last to shovel off his walk.

Judging from past experience, the less news London gets from South Africa, the luckier she is.

People who pay dues to the Kennel Club realize, of course, that their money is going to the dogs.

"Truth answers every purpose of life."—Ladies' Home Journal. Perhaps; but not every question.

The climate of South Africa is not rigorous, but there is plenty of slaying over there most of the time.

The latest advertising scheme of variety actresses, that of having themselves shot, does not promise to become popular.

A whole shipload of Missouri mules has been sent to General Buller, yet all the kicking thus far has been done by the London press.

Strangers in Oregon suppose, naturally enough, that Tongue point is right in the mouth of the Columbia and between the teeth of every gale that blows there.

Having made $40,000 out of his book, and nothing but questionable glory out of his war services, Bryan can now appreciate the adage to the effect that the pen is mightier than the sword.

General Yule, the officer who led the British retreat from Glencoe and Dundee to Ladysmith after General Symon's death, has gone insane and is now in England. Mortification, combined with illness, unhinged his mind.

There is no race question at the moment in Jackson, Miss. Alderman Smith Robertson, colored, died a day or two ago, and the white mayor and aldermen will act as pall-bearers at the funeral. It is a tribute never before paid to a negro there.

An up-country paper prints a "special dispatch," telling how Cecil Rhodes, "premier of Cape Colony," succeeded in "effecting an escape from Ladysmith on horseback." When Rhodes became premier, and how he reached beleaguered Ladysmith from beleaguered Kimberley, the "special" does not state.

"This is the 20th cent—" began an Arizona man. "I was about to remark," he resumed, when he recovered consciousness in the hospital the next day, "that this was the 20th centipede I had seen yesterday." Moral: When a man lives in Arizona, don't place his intelligence on a par with that of Emperor William until you can make out a case against him.

All the Hohenzollern princes born since 1722 have slept in a curious old cradle of carved oak. On the four sides is carved the text: "He hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all his ways." The emperor regards this old heirloom somewhat in the light of a "luck" of the Hohenzollern race, and all his children have one after the other been cradled in it.

The people of Beveridge, Kan., thought it would be a graceful thing to invite Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, to lecture in the town. But their invitation brought the following reply:

"I beg to say that it is not my present or ultimate intention to enter the lecture field. Thanking you for your suggestion, I am, very respectfully,

"ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE."

Hon. J. J. Howser, the new mayor of Medford, was the dudish young populist representative of Jackson who withstood the blandishments of the rump house managers in the attempted legislative session of 1897, and was reported, after due deliberation, to have returned a trifle of $2000 that found its way to his room from a statesman's pockets. Enjoying the honors of the mayoralty, he doubtless feels that virtue brings its reward.

In Lane county, all roads seem not to lead to Eugene, if one may judge by the Register's suggestion that "arc lights be erected on Skinner's butte, to serve as beacon lights to the whole surrounding country on dark nights." It would be, apparently, a sort of lighthouse in the plain, to warn the masters of prairie schooners against the billows of the valley, or perhaps the breakers that always beat about the foundations of a state school.

The Gray Mother.

(TO AN OLD GAELIC AIR.)

—The colonial volunteers proceeded to the front.—Public Press.

Lo, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me.

East and south my children scatter,
North and west the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,

Me, the gray, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me,

Far from south seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me.

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
Come, in their children's children. . . .
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves to me,
Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the gray, old northern mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep ye safe for me,
Christ watch ye in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me.

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
Bravely we'll stand together,
I and my sons with me.

—L. McLean Watt in London Spectator.