

The Oregonian

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TODAY'S WEATHER: Fair, with northeast winds.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900

If Mr. Bryan should speak in the other states with the same effect as in Oregon—where everybody heard him, for The Oregonian put his Portland speech in the hands of every person in the state—then he would make the most effective canvasser known in our political history.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down for management of our new insular possessions. In the case of each a policy must be adopted suited to circumstances and conditions.

There's one comfort: Oregon will not be troubled this Fall by orators of the Bryan Democracy from other states. "Pitchfork" Tillman, "Cyclone" Davis, "Calamity" Weaver, et id genus omne, will not think it worth while to work their leather lungs and raucous windpipes in Oregon this Fall, as they have been accustomed to do.

Nearly three months of actual work under the gold-standard act seem to show that Congress underestimated rather than overestimated the value of the gold clause in the refunding bonds.

What is the reason the new bonds, drawing only 3 per cent interest, stand at 103 1/4 premium? The reason is that they are payable in gold. And what is the pertinence of the fact? It is to the scheming conception in the body of arrant demagogues who have conspired, on one excuse and another, from making our obligations payable specifically in gold.

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If Mr. Bryan taught that "money is the master and man the slave," as a principle of belief rather than an appeal to discontent, the misconception would be worth clearing up. Most people know, however, that money, instead of being the master, is merely a tool of man, and one of his most effective tools.

It is to be hoped that he realizes that his virtuous necessity declines in exact ratio to the increase of his bank account.

BRITANNIC SELF-REVEALED.

The new Bryanism is laid bare with commendable frankness in the North American Review for June, by no less an authority than Bryan himself. Here in his Oregon campaign speech he has crystallized doctrine. Here we have, as we had in the looser rhetoric of the hustling, the product of Bryanism reached through four years of evolution.

What is the central thought of Bryanism in 1900? It is simply this, that "Money is the master and man the slave." In this magazine article Bryan treats three things—money, trusts and expansion; but he only uses them as different garments in which to deck out the skeleton of socialism.

Equally striking is the demonstration in his eagerness of socialism. He affixes his stamp of approval to every exclusion of every other consideration. There is not a word in this article about reform of our monetary system by what is right and just, or regulation of the trust by what is right and just, or treatment of the dependencies by what is right and just, or correction of tariff abuses by what is right and just.

Thus is raised aloft in the land the black standard of war on property. It is the spirit that menaces established order all over Europe today. It is the spirit that has made the world a home to the horrors, Chicago its riots. It may not seem formidable today, but formidable it may easily become the next time that panic strikes us and hunger and want take the place of prosperity and employment.

What will the answer of the American people be to this appeal of wanton men to the savings of the living and dead? We do not attempt to say. We only say that there is no excuse now for intelligent men to profess inability to see the truth. The real character of the new Bryanism stands confessed in this utterance of its founder.

THE GERMAN MEAT BILL.

The German meat bill, as passed by the Reichstag by a vote of 163 to 123, is a direct blow at the American packing industry. If it is approved by the Bundesrath, it will remain to be seen what measures, if any, can be taken by the United States to parry the thrust or retaliate, commercially speaking, for the imposition of this legislation.

The real significance of this action is wide of the claim made for it in the interest of the public health. American meats, especially canned corned beef and some of the pork products, are very popular with a large class of consumers in Germany, and German meats have suffered.

WOMEN IN THE HARVEST FIELDS.

Last year, owing largely to the keen competition between mining and agricultural industries, Western and Northwestern farmers had great difficulty in getting men to care for their crops, and the same problem seems likely to confront them again this Summer.

likely stronger were they to "work out of doors."

It is not necessary to refer to the fallacies that attend this opinion. Suffice it to say that American women, from climatic and other causes, are of a type distinctly different from the female yeomanry of Europe, just as American homes are different from those of the European peasantry.

It is safe to say upon this score, without taking into account the fact that the physical strength of American women is wholly unequal to the performance of field labor, that if such work is performed in the United States to any considerable extent by women, the workers will be of the more unwomanly class of foreign immigrants.

THE PRESIDENT'S STRUCTURAL WEAKNESS.

President McKinley's structural weakness was never more in evidence than in his nomination of John R. Hazel, the representative of the Flat machine in Buffalo, to the place of Federal Judge in the newly created district of Western New York.

Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence, United States Army, has been ordered to report to the War Department on the subject of the Army's purchase of the Potomac until Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded.

Geographer Henry Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, has prepared an interesting and accurate map of the State of Washington, showing in colors the areas bearing merchantable timber and those from which the timber has been burned or cut.

Democratic Guff on Trusts.

It was a happy circumstance that a speech of the Democratic Party in Congress should have delivered the regulation Tammany speech against trusts at the very time when Tammany officials are undergoing exposure of their share in the most nefarious combination from which New York City has ever suffered.

Her Idea of a Trained Nurse.

A little artist friend of mine on P street has a very black cook named Lily. She is a creature. She has a wonderful way with a steak or an omelet, and she has a great many wise views on general subjects.

possibilities of destruction too great for it to be safely given to the care of men not thoroughly trained in its management.

Harmony between officers on shipboard is desirable, but it is manifest, if the foregoing assumption is correct, that too heavy a price can be paid for it.

THE SORROWS OF ATKINSON.

The Army and Navy Register is good-natured enough to notice a criticism of a Seattle newspaper. For certain statements it had made relative to the Port Orchard drydock. They were substantially that the Puget Sound station was so far north that the men were not able to work more than five hours out of the twenty-four, thus seriously delaying the completion of any job.

Quite beautiful and doubtless quite true, but not complete. There ought to have been added a tribute to Seattle's inspiring cause, when the tide is out from the mudflats, and where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

The dockyard is too far from the main sources of transportation, the great base of supplies and the convenient market of labor. From the standpoint of the Puget Sound station on the Pacific coast, the Port Royal is on the Atlantic, but Puget Sound will for many years be nothing more than a remote and isolated harbor.

Money Power and Telling Masses.

"New York Commercial Advertiser." The New York Review article written apparently before he took that self-denying resolution of silence till after the National convention. The Republican party is the enemy of the tolling machine because it established the gold standard. This thesis occupies nearly half the article.

Then all that list of stockholders in the American Ice Company which was "too long to read" yesterday are Republicans. It is interesting to note how many of his lieutenants have gone over to the enemy. Finally, expansion is a plutocratic policy, because it promises exorbitant profits to the few.

San Diego Party.

The Nicaragua Canal is a National enterprise, American in spirit and character. It is advocated by people of all parties, and, unless the surest method of getting it built would be to pledge the Republican party in that behalf. The platform adopted at St. Louis last year says: "The Nicaragua Canal should be built, owned and operated by the United States."

Ernest Renan's Criticisms.

"The Life of Jesus" was a newspaper reporter at the Paris exposition of 1889, and in his report heaped ridicule upon it. He denounced expositors as the height of frivolity, tending toward degeneracy, and blamed the women for them all.

How Not to Handle Strikes.

The present strike has this discouraging feature: that it shows a vastly increased readiness on the part of the strikers and their adherents to resort to the use of firearms and other instruments of death. In 23 years the spirit of lawlessness has developed to degrees into a spirit of murder.

They're Mr. Krueger.

Among the mine owners are many Boers. Mr. Krueger himself is one of the most blasted of the "blasted millionaires," because he has the largest amount of individual owners of gold mine stocks. Hence the mines were not blown up.

GOSSIP OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—One of the editors of the Washington Star, Mr. T. W. Noyes, recently made an extended tour through the Philippine Islands, and spent much time in Manila, and upon returning to this city, has contributed a number of articles to the general fund of valuable information about that metropolis.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Stand up and be counted. Is the rain holding off, as usual, for the Fourth of July? Let us be thankful that we have no American laureate.

The Bosses have undertaken the partition of China with a vengeance. Even as cold-blooded a rascal as Neely couldn't make a stamp award stick.

The number of applications on file for missions in China is not so large as it was a few days ago.

We are beginning to forget that Dewey was a candidate, but we have not forgotten that he was a hero.

The present House of Representatives desires not only to make the laws of its country, but also to sing its songs.

The situation in Missouri is so serious as almost to make necessary the recall of the mules that have been sent to South Africa.

The eagle has fully recovered from the cold with which he was suffering early in the Spring, and will scream at the old stand July 4.

In Winter when the chill winds blow, there was there wasn't any snow. We wish there wasn't any snow.

It is well known that in England the social dead line is drawn on the retail trader, whose wife cannot enter royal presence, no matter how large the business may be.

Byron's birthplace, 24 Holles-street, London, has been marked by a memorial bronze. It is in a barometer and is a good representation of the noble poet in profile, after what is described as a family portrait at Newstead Abbey.

A citizen whose little boy was bitten by a huge mastiff dog some time ago is negotiating for the purchase of the big lion connected with the "Que Vadis" Company. He saw this fine animal run his paw out of a cage a few days ago and rip the scalp of a big bulldog as sickly and quickly as a man would peel a banana, and now he is determined to have that lion at any price.

In the Saturday Evening Post a good story is told of how a few years ago a reckless, careless, but brilliant Scotch journalist got a position on the London Daily Telegraph. For some escapades in Edinburgh he had lost his place on a paper there. He announced to his friends that he was going to London to seek his fortune. They celebrated his departure for several nights running, so when the young man turned up in London one morning he felt rather limp and discouraged. He had scarcely a penny in his pocket, so, although he felt himself not at his best mentally, he went off at once to Fleet street and asked the editor of the Telegraph for work. "What can you do?" asked the editor. And the applicant, feeling he must make a tremendous bid, replied: "Anything."

"Anything?" "Yes, Anything."

"Very well, I think probably you're the man we want. I will leave you alone for a half hour, when I will come back, and you must have an article ready."

"On what?" asked the Scotchman. "On anything," answered the editor. "For five minutes the young man sat despairing. He didn't seem to have even the ghost of an idea in his head. Finally an impudent inspiration came. Around the room he went scribbling on the typewriter. He pulled one out, about eight years old, and hurriedly turning the leaves came to an article by George Augustus Sala on London streets. Setting copy paper and a pen he raced the clock and jammed the file back into its place only a minute before the grave editor returned. This gentleman looked over the article which the Edinburgh man had "just dashed off" and said: "I think I can find a place for you, sir. You seem to catch our style."

The Unbidden Guest. E. Wetherell in New England Magazine. I made a feast in my banquet hall. The guests were chosen and few; There were Shocors with his ghastly eyes, And death with his ruddy hair.

And there was Joy with his radiant smile, And Love with her lily breast; And I said, we five will eat and drink— There shall be no other guest.

I set five plates upon the board, With falcon fruits of gressard; When suddenly from the banquet hall, Heaped high with bitter bread.

I set five glasses on the board, And poured in them the wine; When suddenly a sixth appeared, Piled full of tears and brine.

I placed five wreaths upon the board, Rose-tinted like June roses; When suddenly a sixth appeared, Enwrought with naked thorns.

Then gay we sat in the banquet hall, With merry laugh and jest; While at the unbidden sixth stood The uninvited guest.

Oh, lightly, lightly bowed the talk, And laughter rang again; Yet louder stood in my heart The specter of the Pain.

The Love-Stricken Lobster. Baltimore American. The Lobster and the Lady-crab Were sitting side by side. The Lobster asked the Lady-crab If she would be his bride.

If she would be his bonny bride— So happy they would be, A honeymooning all around. The ever-singing all around.

The Lady-crab, she murmured soft: "It's sudden, don't you know, And though I hate to cause you pain, My answer must be 'No.'" She said, "Because you backward go, Instead of walking gracefully In side steps. Yes, it's 'No.'"

The Lobster fairly boiled with rage When he heard what she said, In fact he boiled at such a rate, His color turned to red.

He sneered and cried: "Your divorce gait! So here my pathway must diverge, Right-angled unto this!" And A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that time I dug out more out of my garden than any man I ever employed.