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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Rain; brisk southerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JANUARY 8.

THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENARY.

Oregon must make preparation for celebration in a proper way of the centenary of the expedition of Lewis and Clark; and Portland must take the lead in such preparation.

We have not too much time in which to prepare for this event. Lewis and Clark came down the Columbia River and passed the Winter of 1805-6 near its mouth, at a spot fully identified by the Historical Society of Oregon. The spot has been marked, and it is hoped the State of Oregon will purchase it, with sufficient body of land in addition for a public park.

Lewis and Clark were the first Americans who came across the continent to the Oregon country and the Pacific Ocean. Alexander Mackenzie, twelve years earlier, had come from Canada, passing through the continent and over the mountains from Peace River, which flows into Athabasca Lake and thence discharges its waters through the Great Slave River and the Mackenzie, into the Arctic Ocean. From the headwaters of Peace River Mackenzie passed on west to the stream which later took the name of Fraser River, and after following this river for some distance struck directly west for the Pacific, which he reached in July, 1793. Mackenzie was the first man who crossed the continent to the Pacific Ocean, north of the Spanish possessions, which at that time had an indeterminate northern boundary. This boundary was fixed afterward at the forty-second parallel by treaty between the United States and Spain.

It was not the acquisition of Louisiana that secured the Oregon country to the United States; but the acquisition of Louisiana was the hastening cause of the exploration of the Oregon country, and therefore of the expedition of Lewis and Clark. Our claim to the country rested upon the right of Gray's discovery of the Columbia River in 1792; but there had been no exploration, and the world's knowledge of the country was of the most limited and meager description. Upon the acquisition of Louisiana it was perceived how desirable it was that our people should obtain knowledge of the country belonging by the usage of nations to the great river discovered by Captain Gray. President Jefferson saw this perhaps more clearly than any other man of the time. To his prescience of the importance of the country, to his perception of the necessity of establishing our claim upon it, we owe the expedition of Lewis and Clark. On the results of the expedition of Mackenzie and of the voyage of Vancouver the British Government was already basing a large and general claim to sovereignty on the Pacific. Jefferson resolved to start an exploring expedition overland, from the United States, for the purpose of strengthening the rights we had acquired through Gray's discovery, and of anticipating further expeditions and claims of Great Britain. Lewis and Clark were not here too soon, for the English already had other expeditions in preparation, and their explorers were on the Upper Columbia but a little later than the return of Lewis and Clark from the mouth of the stream. Simon Fraser, in 1806-8, followed to the sea the river that bears his name, believing at first that he was on the Columbia; and another Englishman, David Thompson, whose name is perpetuated in the well-known tributary of the Fraser, was the first man who explored the upper courses of the Columbia, which stream he followed as far down as the mouth of the Lewis or Snake River.

It was out of these conditions that the controversy between the United States and Great Britain, known in our history as the Oregon question, arose. Neither party was, in truth, able wholly to exclude the other; but it was the expedition of Lewis and Clark that gave us the strength of our argument. The talk on our side of "fifty-four-forty or fight" was merely the cry of a party; say rather the insolence of partisanship, for Great Britain's claims rested on a basis too solid to be disposed of in this way; and, besides, our claim of "fifty-four-forty" rested merely upon a convention between the United States and Russia, through which the latter had named fifty-four-forty as the southern boundary of her American possessions. But to this convention Great Britain was not a party, and she justly declared that her rights could not be concluded through any negotiation in which she had not participated, or in whose results she had not promised agreement. The question, therefore, was still open, as between Great Britain and the United States. Both countries had undoubted claims. Great Britain, by recession of Astoria to the United States after the War of 1812, had conceded to us a right in the country; but that right was undefined. It was the expedition of Lewis and Clark, following Gray's discovery, that gave us our main hold. Then the slow migration of our traders and settlers to the Oregon country gradually established American influence here; and finally the considerable migration of 1843 gave the Americans a decided preponderance, especially in the country south of the Columbia. But the boundary question dragged along, the British claiming as far south as the Columbia and we claiming as far north as fifty-four-forty, till the final settlement in the year 1846.

The National importance of the Lewis and Clark expedition comes out strongly through examination of the subject, and even in this brief recital. It was that expedition that enabled us to follow up the claim based on discovery of the Columbia River, and enabled us, moreover, to anticipate the English in their further exploration and discovery. It enabled us to hold the country west of the Rocky Mountains and south of the forty-ninth parallel, to the United States. It gave us the footing that enabled us to negotiate with Spain for the southern boundary of the Oregon country, which was fixed at the forty-second parallel. And, as we were already firmly placed on the Pacific Coast at the time of the war with Mexico, it was one of the direct sources of our acquisition of California by the double method of conquest and purchase. Thus we have acquired on the Pacific a vast coast line; we have established great and growing states, supported by a cordon of interior states from the Mississippi westward; we are in position for defense in war and for defense and aggression in trade; at our Pacific ports we are nearest of all the great nations of commerce and civilization to the trade of the Orient. The Lewis and Clark expedition, to which the great results so plainly run back, stands therefore as one of the leading episodes of our National history. We must celebrate its centennial in 1905; and celebrate it in a manner and on a scale commensurate with its National and historical importance. Oregon, of course, must take the lead in the preparation for this event, and Portland must take a first place in preparations in behalf of Oregon. How this is to be done and best done is matter for consideration; and The Oregonian will have more to say on the subject. Oregon, moreover, is now a mother of states, and celebration of this great centennial event is a feast in preparation as well as participation of which we believe her daughters will be glad to share. And, in view of its National importance, the United States should be asked to assist, and we think can be induced to do so. It may be made an occasion of immense interest, not only to the states of the old Oregon country, but to the entire United States.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Mr. Armour's fortune is estimated at $25,000,000 to $50,000,000, and at first glance this seems like an enormous sum for one man to have withdrawn from the people. But the fact is that this wealth was created by Mr. Armour himself, and would not have existed without him. It is also true that his fortune is but a small portion of what his exceptional talents and industry have added to human possession, and that in a large sense even his private possessions are not absolutely withdrawn from the public use.

Mr. Armour belongs to what Mr. W. H. Mallock calls the aristocracy of intellect, which is so well studied and described in his admirable work, "Aristocracy and Evolution." The great man, Mr. Mallock shows, can only succeed if he offers mankind something they greatly need and desire, in better shape and at less cost than mankind has otherwise been able to obtain it. His service, therefore, to the race is noteworthy, to say nothing of the employment he offers and the allied activities he sets in motion. Left to themselves, the masses could accomplish nothing except along the simplest and most commonplace lines. The great man is the engine of all progress. What Shakespeare is to literature or Napoleon to war or Euclid to mathematics, the great captain of industry is to the people in their daily life. It is the law of evolution that the end pursued selfishly by the great business man is inferior in its effects to the unintended transformation and improvement he confers upon the material and social conditions of his time.

Whatever Armour's fortune, he has left it all behind to those who may perhaps be able to employ it, as he has done, in enabling thousands to get on in the world, or may possibly, in default of that talent, dissipate it in expenditures whose merits perish with their making. Yet this disposition of his earnings is little more real and widespread than took place in his lifetime through his multiform method of investment. Little, if any, of his wealth was withdrawn from productiveness. It went into all sorts of investments which made the world busy and well supplied with creature comforts, to say nothing of the considerable sums he disbursed in undisguised philanthropy. Men like Armour are the poor man's best friends; and if those who denounce his acquisitions could have their way, the race would speedily descend to a dead level of stagnation and distress. Those who are powerless to produce any wealth or give any man a job are the loudest in their clamor against those exceptional minds in whose efforts alone the productive power of the community is organized and made available.

JACKSON'S DAY.

The Democracy of all shades of opinion today the country through will celebrate "Jackson's day," the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, which was fought and won by Jackson January 8, 1815. There is something supremely ludicrous in this universal honor of the memory of Jackson by the Democracy that shouted for Bryan. It will hardly be pretended that the statesmanship of Andrew Jackson is peculiarly the statesmanship which today guides the Bryanite Democracy in Congress or is voiced in its bellowings against "expansion" and "imperialism," so-called. If there ever was an "expansionist" in both theory and practice, of most imperious temper, it was Andrew Jackson. The memory of Jackson is pledged by a party whose present policy and conduct is utterly at war with the policy and views of President Jackson. The Bryanite Democracy is composed of the advocates of flat money, whether unlimited paper or unlimited silver; of Populists, who believe in state socialism, and in a Supreme Court that is the creature of the Congress that packs it to stamp its wildest lucubrations as the highest law of the land. Jackson warned the Nation of the consequences of paper money inflation; he scouted the Populist theory of extreme paternalism in government; he believed that it was the business of the people to support the Government, not the business of Government to support the people, and his successor and political confidant, Van Buren, reiterated his view when the New York merchants in the first month of the panic of 1837 clamored for legislation in their behalf. There was no identity whatever between the policy and views of Jefferson and those of Jackson, although their names are always coupled by the Bryanite Democracy as objects of equal admiration. Andrew Jackson, patriot, ardent Unionist, anti-Populist, worshiped at a modern Democratic banquet by a conglomerate of fiat-money infatuates, inflationist and Populists, is a sorry sight.

There has not been a day since the election of President Polk, in 1844, when the National Democracy has reflected the statesmanship of Jackson. Jackson was a patriot, and was never a sectional President. He had some great faults of character; he did some mischief by his purely personal administration, but in all the great essentials of statesmanship he was in all important emergencies an able and illustrious American, who believed in honest money, and upheld the doctrine of Federal supremacy and the Union over that of state supremacy and secession. This is the real Jackson that is worth remembering today with public honor and reverence. But what has this modern Democracy to do with Jackson? It repudiated his sound statesmanship concerning National supremacy and honest money in 1844, and has continued to repudiate it to the present day. The picture of Andrew Jackson is hung up at Democratic banquets and his name invoked in the same spirit which prompts the Calabrian bandit to cross himself before he shoots his victim. The picture, the name and fame of Andrew Jackson are to the modern Democracy a subject for incantation, but not for imitation, and so the flat-money Populist Democracy drinks to the memory of the honest-money statesman, Andrew Jackson.

Jackson was without cant or hypocrisy; a man who never dealt in abstractions. There was no disguise about him; he was headstrong, bold and defiant, he shouldered every responsibility; he was a man of unforgiving nature. No man had more devoted friends and more bitter enemies. He never gave quarter, never asked it, and never needed it. He never forgave a friend who deserted him. He could forgive Benton, with whom he had fought a duel, but he could not forgive Clay and Calhoun, who had censured him for his high-handed course in Florida. And yet this strange man had the most successful public career of any man in the annals of the country. He was always in a fight from youth to old age, and yet his popularity was so great when he closed his second term that nothing but his decisive refusal prevented his election to a third term. His influence with his party enabled him to dictate his successor, and forced the renomination of Van Buren in 1840. To the day of his death Jackson was the most popular Democrat in his party. He never won his way by suavity; he would rather conquer two enemies than conciliate one; he hated Washington; he was the friend of Burr; he hated Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun and John Quincy Adams; he defied the leading men of his own party. He was a successful soldier, but not an able General; he had no standing as a lawyer; he was not an orator. His virtues were veracity, fearlessness, sincerity and strength of will; and yet this remarkable man had a more enduring popularity during his whole lifetime than any man in our whole history. His intellect does not explain his success; neither does his singularly narrow but intense force of character. He was fortunate in his time, which was a transition period in American history. The development of the West had created a demand for a man of the primitive pioneer virtues of Andrew Jackson. He was the man for the opportunity. He had military courage, personal hardihood, pugnacity and integrity. He had the political sagacity to see his opportunity, and the energy and resolution to pursue it. This explains the success of a very remarkable man, who, without being in any large way a great man, certainly played a very great and important part in history.

The death in this city at the advanced age of nearly 90 years of Judge S. S. White serves to recall the old days wherein Oregon City was the legislative and commercial center of Oregon Territory, and the goal of the weary immigrant toiling with ox teams across what was vaguely known as the Great American Desert toward the sunset land. Full of years and the honors of an upright life, Judge White has passed on to join the silent majority of his erstwhile comrades—the state-builders who half a century or more ago set their home stakes in and about Oregon City. Dr. John McLoughlin, Dr. Forbes Barclay, Governor Abernethy, W. C. Dement, Thomas Pope, J. C. Ainsworth, A. Warner, A. F. Hedges, S. S. White, Thomas Holmes, S. K. James, J. L. Barlow, Berryman Jennings, M. M. McCarver, A. L. Lovejoy, Robert Caufield, are names that recall distinctly the years when Oregon City was the Mecca of the travel-soiled multitude that sought homes in Oregon Territory. There are other equally honored names upon the pioneer roll, whose owners are yet able to respond "aye" upon call; familiar names against which "not yet the fatal asterisk of death is set." But most of those above enumerated have long since been given to tablets of granite or marble, set over lowly mounds in the old cemetery on the hill above Oregon City. There, after life's fitful fever, these honored men of an era heroic in its very simplicity, sleep well. Representatives of a time that stands out in memory strongly against the background of the years, these names serve to recall incidents that entered into the structure of statehood, that are dear to the heart of every pioneer, but which belong to the unwritten history of "days that were for a time but now are not."

We had it not long ago from an eminent reformer of Portland that the way to reform a community is to turn out such officials as we have and get new ones. "Mr. Chamberlain bore the reputation of an honest man, and we elected him," said Mr. Thomas N. Strong, in a letter to The Oregonian; "if he has blundered, or worse than blundered, we won't try to elect him again, but will try some one else. I, at least, do not despair of the legal profession, but somehow and sometime we will elect a lawyer who will fearlessly and honestly enforce the laws as they are written and will live up to the full spirit and measure of the oath that he took before God to enforce the laws of the State of Oregon. Some day, out of this cemetery of professional and personal reputation, the District Attorney's office, will emerge an officer with a reputation like that of Judge Shattuck of honored memory—a man who never paltered or trifled with the law." A most pertinent answer to this conception of public morality was given by Bishop Potter in his address on municipal morality at New York, Saturday night. He said:

> I tell you, my brothers, that it does not make a copper's difference whom you put in or whom you put out. No one man can create a force loyal to duty unless, behind that man or Commissioner there is a pressing force of public opinion which makes him feel that his position would be intolerable unless he did what was right.

The Eugene Register is making strenuous efforts to found a style of journalism here that thrives in California, but is not likely to succeed in Oregon. It says:

> Mr. Corbett has a desire, it seems, to "perpetuate a worthy name." This can be accomplished at considerable less expense by contributing a reasonable sum to the building up of some one of Oregon's numerous worthy institutions of learning or charity, and we understand Mr. Corbett does a little in this line occasionally, especially just preceding legislative sessions when a United States Senator is to be elected.

This statement is false. It is the kind of statement no truthful person would make unless he knew it to be true. In attacks upon Mr. Corbett's generosity, the Register is playing at a very dangerous game. The reputation of the man it seeks to injure is too well established for such aspersions upon his motives to harm any one but their author. They have no power to harm the object of attack. They only introduce a novel and unwelcome element into Oregon journalism.

Gambling and other vices in the city are not favored because they make business and a live dollar. They are not favored at all. The gambler's dollar is not economic, and nobody of intelligence advocates it. Gamblers are not taxed so that they may stimulate business, but so that they may contribute to the expense of city government. Let it be remembered that abortive crusades against vice cost property-owners more than the good they do, and that taxpayers, not reformers, have to foot the bills. And let it be clearly understood that we are against open vice and would destroy it if possible, but that we are against secret vice more and have to choose between the two.

In the death of Narcissa White Kinney the cause of temperance, as championed by the W. C. T. U., loses an energetic, tactful and persuasive worker. Her earnestness and womanliness in her public work commanded respect and admiration, even in those who radically differed from her in sentiment and methods. Her name will live long in the annals of local temperance work.

The State of Idaho is the scene of one of the last dying kicks of the silver party. Fred Dubois is to be elected to the United States Senate because of his record as a silverite. It is amazing that any rational community should still tie itself to the body of this death.

It is hoped the pet measures with which our solons will hold up the Legislature are not too important. Oregon wants something done.

Next time the British finish the job in South Africa they will get the concurrence of the Boers that it has been thoroughly done.

The new Assessor got his office, but did he get his index?

The West Point Graduate.

National Review.

That the prejudice in favor of playing instead of working, loafing instead of preparing for a career between 16 and 19 years of age, should have ever arisen among the upper and middle classes of our fairly practical nation is as marvelous as that it has lingered so long. Not one of our great naval heroes "played" boyish games after 16, nor did the makers of our Indian and colonial empire. The idea would have seemed utterly absurd to our Elizabethan or Georgian military heroes. I assert without any fear of contradiction that not one of our leading English Generals in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns was in the least degree indebted for his moral, physical or mental excellence to any playing-field or to any public school.

His mother, Lady Mornington, forthwith removed Arthur Wellesley from Eton to the celebrated French "coach," Pignerol, of Angers, who taught him physical exercises, drill, tactics and French, and he joined the service at the age of 18.

I spare my readers long lists of heroes, 20 British chiefs in Spain and Belgium who never played any games in any school after the age of 16. Most of these went into the army straight from private tuition or from home. Here is a goodly roll: Hill, Cotton, Hope, Hardinge, Colville, Moore, Erskine, William Napier, Parkenham, Ponsonby, Leith, Beresford, Charles Napier, Pack, Le Marchant, Graham, Maitland, Baird, Picton and Crauford. A famous list! Where can 20 better all-round men be found? Yet not one of these entered from a public school. Manifestly, we have not improved our scholastic institutions during the past century. These were brave men of the world at 19; their exercises tended to prowess, their leisure was largely spent at books or on horseback. Cricket or football as regular duties or daily delights would have seemed to every youth of them, and to every man, utterly contemptible. It is not the lads who play, but those who "shun delights and live laborious days," that make their own names famous and their country great and prosperous. At present it is manifest that an average West Point graduate could teach an average Sandhurst graduate every branch of learning that it becomes a young soldier or a young civilian to know, and a "one-year volunteer," so-called, from Germany could teach nine-tenths of our militia Lieutenants both tactics and field fortifications as things unfortunately now stand. Yet any one of the soldiers just mentioned was in the habit of making short work of foreigners.

LOVE LETTERS OF THE GREAT.

Not Designed for Publication, They Look Funny in Print.

Chicago Journal.

That people like to read love letters is evidenced by their perpetual publication. The love letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were published a year or two ago. The love letters of Bismarck have been given to the world, showing that even a man of blood and iron is not impervious to the sharp-tipped darts of Cupid. Those of Victor Hugo are now appearing in print, and it is said that Goethe is to be the latest victim of the literary resurrectionist.

Interest will always cling to the love letters of great men and women, because personages of meaner mold are ever curious to know the effect wrought by the tender passion upon the superior mind. Love, of course, is the universal passion, and smites its victims impartially. One of its effects is the writing of letters that are foolish in proportion to the violence of the attack. The compilers of volumes of the love letters of great personages, however, are not always fair; for it will be observed that such letters, as they appear in print, are always marvels of rhetorical construction, whereas no man or woman has ever been really in love without writing at least a few letters with something idiotic in them. Thus we find in volumes of famous love letters many exquisite flights of fancy, couched always in impeccable English, and none of the convincing, if dignified, expressions of endearment, such as "tootsy-wootsy," "itty birdy-wirdy," etc., found in the modern vocabulary of love and offered occasionally as testimony in breach-of-promise suits.

For our part, we shall always question the propriety of publishing any love letters whatever. If love is a sacred passion, the production of written expressions of it is a more or less sacred rite, interest in which is confined to the two offenders. Philosophers agree that it is wise for those in love to write no letters at all, for fear of consequences; but if it were possible for those in love to exhibit wisdom, they would find no pleasure in it. Some lovers, successful or unsuccessful, find no greater delight than in deluging the object of the holy passion with letters, the perusal of which is enjoyed by the recipients in the degree that the sentiment is reciprocated. Would the output of such letters lessen if the publication of all love letters were to be made compulsory by law? We think it would increase.

It is a painful thing, perhaps, to say, but most of the original love letters printed in books bear the appearance of having been prepared for publication. This may be due to careful editing, or else to the fact that love letters that are not structurally perfect do not challenge the attention of he compiler. In any case, it is hard on the dead to print their love letters without their consent. It produces the uncomfortable feeling that they might not like it, if they knew.

TRULY EPOCH-MAKING.

The Most Marvelous Era in the History of Mankind.

New York Sun.

The nineteenth century will always remain as the beginning of a new era in the history of the world. It will divide all time before from all time to come.

The world up to the last century had continued substantially the same since the days of Nineveh and Memphis, so far as concerned mastery of the great forces of nature. Travel and transportation on the land and the sea had undergone little change in its means and methods.

The nineteenth century transformed the world with steam power. An age of stupendous mechanical achievements came in and the whole world was opened up to civilization, and the avenues for industry and the productions of industry were multiplied and diversified indefinitely. Then came telegraphy, and industrial chemistry was born. The conditions of human existence were transformed radically and incidentally profound political changes resulted. For the first time in history time and distance were overcome, and all the world was brought into communion and blended so that even distinctive characteristics of races are now departing.

The nineteenth century carried to completion the emancipation of the human intellect and laid down the lines along which human advancement will proceed through all time to come. It allowed no limits to its inquiry and accepted no limitation to possible scientific discovery.

The age of Pericles, the Renaissance, the age of Elizabeth sink into relative insignificance as compared with the revolutionary nineteenth century, the century which will divide human history into two great and distinctive eras, or time before and time hereafter.

Southern Progress.

Chicago Tribune.

The South has had a full share in the prosperity of the last few years, as can be demonstrated by a few statistics in agriculture and manufactures. In 1899 it raised 11,235,000 bales of cotton, as compared with 6,605,750 in 1880; 591,022,000 pounds of sugar, as compared with 188,962,278; 490,325,976 bushels of corn, as compared with 367,862,141; and 55,351,246 bushels of wheat, as compared with 51,625,136. During these 20 years the number of factories has increased from 180 to 663, and the amount of cotton consumed in these mills from 233,686 bales to 1,597,112. In the first six months of 1900 there were 194 cotton mills built in the United States, 175 of which are in the South. The production of iron has more than doubled in 12 years, while the output of coal has increased from 6,037,163 tons in 1889 to over 50,000,000 tons in 1900. With the increase in wealth which such statistics indicate, there is every reason to believe that the South in this century will make corresponding advances on the lines of educational, religious, scientific and judicial progress. Considering the manner in which it has been handicapped during the latter half of the 19th century by the results of the Civil War, and the want of capital and skilled labor, its acomplishments are remarkable.

Hay and McKinley.

Washington Mirror.

While Secretary Hay may not want to resign from President McKinley's Cabinet, it is more than probable he will be asked to do so, or, at least, will not be pressed to accept the premiership of the new Cabinet! Public clamor against him, because of his extreme friendship for Great Britain, and his desire to please that country, yielding to it all the demands on the Nicaraguan Canal question, may force the President to permit him to retire as one of his advisers, though it is not improbable that he may be again sent as Ambassador to England. Secretary Hay's friendship for England recalls to mind the time when the late Thomas F. Bayard was Ambassador to England, during Mr. Cleveland's second term. Ambassador Bayard made a number of addresses in various parts of England, in which he spoke in complimentary manner of that country and its people. He was not accused of saying anything that was not true, but his offense consisted in his good opinion of England, which resulted in his being reprimanded by the House of Representatives, one of the most foolish acts that body was ever known to commit.

WHEAT SHIPPING SUPREMACY.

The steamer Ching Wo, after taking enough wheat at Portland to sink her keel 24 feet in the water, has since dropped down the river to Astoria, where 430 tons more will be added from lighters. She will then cross out to sea en route to Europe. This is the first steamer to load wheat at Portland this season.—San Francisco Bulletin.

No wonder the Portland papers admit the necessity of a deeper channel if Portland is to keep her grain export trade. The Glenlochle cleared from Tacoma December 20, with 5824 tons of wheat, and the Hyson is now loaded at the London wharf with 7588 tons, and the Glenturret is now loading with 3000 tons of wheat as a part of her cargo. These three steamers carry alone 616,811 bushels of wheat, or twice as much grain as the entire fleet of 26 sailing vessels reported at Portland for wheat cargoes.—Tacoma News.

It is perhaps a waste of time and space to call attention to anything so ridiculously untrue as the above comment by the News, but it affords such an excellent example of the Tacoma method of misrepresentation that The Oregonian will print the facts regarding the December grain exports. Nineteen wheat ships clearing from Portland in December carried 2,083,963 bushels of wheat, and four other ships clearing the same month carried 135,970 barrels of flour, a total (flour included) of over 2,800,000 bushels, instead of half of 616,811 bushels mentioned by the News as going forward on three steamers from the Sound. Tacoma's grain exports for December were 1,079,792 bushels of wheat and 88,110 barrels of flour. These shipments included the cargo of the Hyson mentioned, although the Tacoma papers apparently were not aware of the fact that she finished loading until several days after the new year. It may perhaps interest the News to learn that nearly all of the ships that load wheat at Tacoma are chartered in this city, and that nearly all of the money which is paid for the wheat is handled in this city. The wheat firms which do business on the Sound nearly all have their headquarters in this city. For example, take the charterers of the Hyson, which carried away the largest cargo of the season from Tacoma. Kerr, Gifford & Co., of this city, loaded the vessel, and while they were sending her out with 292,000 bushels of wheat from Tacoma they dispatched the following December ships from Portland:

Vessel—	Wheat, bushels.
Maipo	97,429
Muskoka	129,694
Hersogin Sophie Charlotte	119,619
Louis Pasteur	93,503
Asterufer	150,814
Alice	62,189
Total	653,928

The same firm has since dispatched the steamship Kaisow, with 182,000 bushels of wheat. The Kaisow was in Portland four days and six hours, and went through to Astoria fully loaded, drawing 24 feet 3 inches. The Hyson was in Tacoma 21 days. The Ching Wo, about which the News is so distressed, arrived at Portland the same day the Hyson reached Tacoma, and was nearly 1000 miles on her way to Europe before the Hyson got away from Puget Sound. The Oregonian is well aware of the fact that Puget Sound is handling a greater proportion of the crop this year than last. A representative of The Oregonian, after a trip through the wheat belt, followed by a visit to Tacoma and Seattle, predicted this state of affairs, and gave the reasons for the predictions in an article printed in The Oregonian September 27, 1900. The following portion of that article will undoubtedly be recalled by the News, which was reprinted by it at the time:

> Tacoma as a seaport is making considerable headway in the grain business, but is not at the expense of Portland. The Sound cities will ship more grain proportionately during the season of 1900-1901 than was shipped by them during the season just closed. They will do this, not because it is a cheaper port for ships, for such is not the case, but because there is a larger amount of wheat directly tributary to Tacoma than ever before.
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> . . . . . .
>
> Ten years ago Tacoma and Seattle shipped 39 per cent of all the wheat set afloat in the Pacific Northwest. They beat that record in the big Palouse crop year of 1893-94, by shipping 44.5 per cent of the entire crop, but never since that time have they shipped so large a proportion of the crop.
>
> Accurate figures on the wheat and flour shipments for the past 10 years show that for the five years ending with the season of 1894-95, Tacoma and Seattle shipped 40.4 per cent of the total amount exported from Oregon, Washington and Idaho; but for the five years ending with this season, the Sound cities shipped but 34.6 per cent of the amount exported. Portland, which could show average shipments of but 59.6 per cent for the first five years mentioned, has for the past five years pulled up to the average yearly shipments of 65.4 per cent of the entire Northwestern shipments.
>
> The figures for the actual shipments for the past 10 seasons are herewith given. Flour shipments are included on the basis of 4½ bushels of wheat to the barrel:

YEAR.	Total Northwest shipments, bush.	From Portland, bush.	Per cent.	From Puget Sound, bush.	Per cent.
1890-91	10,560,624	6,444,675	61.0	4,115,949	39.0
1891-92	10,851,266	6,858,469	63.1	3,992,926	36.9
1892-93	11,673,577	6,692,599	57.4	4,980,694	42.6
1893-94	11,602,896	6,432,792	55.5	5,170,103	44.5
1894-95	17,029,037	12,075,666	61.0	4,953,371	38.9
1895-96	12,126,901	8,085,493	66.7	4,041,408	33.3
1896-97	14,807,546	10,275,087	69.0	4,532,495	31.0
1897-98	29,900,239	19,394,534	64.8	10,505,705	35.2
1898-99	28,873,240	15,884,282	61.9	9,853,958	38.1
1899-00	21,836,151	14,151,114	64.8	7,685,037	35.2

Average for 10 years—From Portland, 62.53 per cent; from Puget Sound, 37.47 per cent.

From these figures it will be seen that, in spite of all of the new territory brought in by the building of the Great Northern, and of the new feeders of the Northern Pacific, the Sound ports have been unable to make any headway toward securing Portland's wheat trade. During the current season, as previously stated, Tacoma and Seattle will ship a larger proportion of wheat than they shipped last year. This will be due to the record-breaking crop on what is usually the poorest land in the Northern Pacific territory, and also to the new business from the Clearwater. The Portland exports will be cut down by the nearest approach to a crop failure that the Willamette Valley has ever experienced.

The increase in Puget Sound's shipments for the season July 1, 1900, to January 1, 1901, is less than was expected. The figures are as follows. From Portland, 8,858,354 bushels; 60.4 per cent. From Puget Sound, 5,794,539 bushels; 39.6 per cent; showing that she is still behind her record for 1893-93 and 1892-94, and but a fraction ahead of 10 years ago. For reasons well known to wheat dealers and shipping men, but not to the News, this percentage will be increased in the latter half of the cereal year.

Portland has never denied that there was "necessity for a deeper channel." We need the channel perhaps as much as Puget Sound needs that $3,000,000 breakwater at Neah Bay, for which she is clamoring so loudly, and the absence of which annually costs the underwriters more money than they lose in 10 years on the Columbia River. It might be well for the News to secure a few facts as a groundwork before it makes any more flings at Portland.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

England has reason to congratulate herself that her greatest General is safe from the Boers.

McKinley has a cold. The Czar of Russia is not the only distinguished man who can be sick if he feels like it.

Roosevelt partially retired when Odell was inaugurated, but he will still be heard from occasionally until March 4.

It is a mean man who will congratulate himself that he did not shovel the snow from his sidewalk before the thaw came.

If this weather is submitted as a sample of the twentieth century product, we are not prepared to place any very large orders.

Cleveland's duck hunt has been successful, and all Democrats in favor of reorganization will have mallards for their Sunday dinner.

There is but one man in the country who can work millionaires so successfully as Pat Crowe, and that is President Harper of Chicago University.

The Duke of York has been promoted from a Captaincy in the Navy to the rank of Rear-Admiral, probably for distinguished services in the Boer war.

Bryan says: "Whether I shall ever be a candidate again is a question which must be determined by events." Verily, events are cruel things.

The reception accorded to Edwin Markham's last poem is calculated to inspire him with belief that the man with the hoe is mighty lucky that he isn't the man with the pen.

In a certain parish near Dumfries, Scotland, a newly-made elder was summoned to the sickbed of a parishioner. Being naturally a bashful man, he was in great anxiety as to the "prayer he wad ha'e to pit up," and wished to avoid going altogether. At length he was persuaded by his wife and started on his errand. On his return his wife greeted him with the query:

"And how did ye get on, William?"

"Oh, grand! He was deid."

Glasgow undergraduates are said to have given Lord Rosebery an uncertain moment recently. He was making an address before them and when he said, "Within six weeks we shall have closed the nineteenth century," a surprising blaze of "Hear-hear-hears" ran through the hall and ended in a roar of cheering. Lord Rosebery kept his countenance, as he always does, and said: "Well, gentlemen, I hope you will be better pleased with the twentieth." But that was not the point, nor were they guying the new lord rector. The university had been perturbed unduly with the question when a century does end, and so the orthodox acclaimed a Daniel.

Among the societies whose objects are the insurance of various benefits to their members not the least curious is one whose office is in New York and whose object is to assure its members of a free incineration of their bodies after death. The announcement which this organization makes to prospective members is phrased thus:

> JOIN THE CREMATION
> AND PROVIDENT SOCIETY.
>
> Initiation fee up to 50 years..$1 00
> Annual dues 1 00
>
> FREE INCINERATION FOR
> MEMBERS.

The concluding phrase of this prospectus, it must be added, is not conceived in any spirit of profane levity.

James Eads How, of St. Louis, has again refused to take the fortune left him by his father. "I want no money," he says, "beyond what I earn by the sweat of my brow. I am out of the wild struggle for existence, for wealth or power. None of these things interest me. I am living, as nearly as my frail nature will permit me, an unselfish life. There is nothing of mine that I would not give to help a needy person. My time, my talents, if I have any, and my small earning capacity are held by me in trust for the benefit of mankind. I do not regret the course I have pursued in refusing to take what I have inherited from my father. I regard that as unearned increment. That represented what my father did not need and what his laborers earned for him. They should have it. If I have a factory and employ 100 men and they earn $200 a day, it is not a fair distribution of profits if I take $100 and give the other $100 to the men, I get $100 to $1 for the men. My legitimate share is what an equal division would bring me. The other is unearned increment, the rainy day fund of the laboring man, which I unjustly take. That was the way I regarded my inheritance. Hence, I refuse it."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

In the Latin Quarter, Paris.—She—What's the French for mashed potatoes? "Why—er—pomme de terre d'Amour, of course!"—Life.

They Pass.—Daughter—But he is so full of absurd ideals. Mother—Never mind that, dear. Your father was just the same before I married him.—Brooklyn Life.

The Stern Father—Have you any means, young man—any expectations? The Suitor—I certainly had when I came in to see you.—Boston Transcript.

The Criminal Poor.—Parson Primrose—Don't you know, little boy, it's wrong to play baseball on Sunday? Freddy—Yes, sir; but our club ain't got the money to run golf links.—Puck.

Housekeeper—See here, I ordered a dozen eggs this morning, and you only sent me ten. Dealer—Well, ma'am, two of 'em were bad, and I didn't think you'd want 'em.—Philadelphia Record.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor's biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the zoological gardens. "Not the least, ma'am," cried the keeper; "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."—Tit-Bits.

Ignatius Donnelly.

Chicago Times-Herald.

He sleeps the long, last sleep that men call
Death!
Yet, does he sleep, or has he just arisen
From what was troubled sleep, to draw new
breath,
To stand soul-free, as one released from
prison?

He fretted over ills men have to bear
And pounded at the walls of circumstances!
Who knows? Perhaps he gayly circles there
With angels, lightly clad, in airy dances!

He may perchance look back on us today
As one who stands upon some height and
gazes
Down at a lot of mites who thread their way
Along the winding paths of gloomy mazes.

And, hearing the reformers fret and stew,
He may be moved to unrestricted laughter,
Full knowing, from his higher point of view,
How futile are the ends they struggle after.

But, whether he looks back at all or not—
Whatever the new form he may have taken,
O, let us hope he now may know just what
The merits are of Shakespeare and of Bacon.