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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Cloudy and threatening, with probably occasional light rain; slightly warmer; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16.

The blackest and stickiest mud in all Ireland could not be cleaner than the explanation vouchsafed from Manila of the controversy between the Catholics and the Taft Commission. The churchmen boldly and earnestly represent to the commission that the habits of the Filipinos would be respected by wise statesmanship, that the prevailing custom of religious instruction in the schools should be perpetuated, for a time at least, and that to stop this practice summarily would be most injudicious. Notice carefully that to this specious plea of priestly greed and intolerance the commission returns a stern and unequivocal answer. The demand cannot possibly be complied with. On the contrary, Chairman Taft promptly replies that to stop the practice of religious instruction in the schools is not to be thought of for a moment, that the custom should be perpetuated, for a time at least, and that unless concessions to Catholics are made the public school system's efficiency will be seriously impaired. One hardly knows whether the more to admire the hardihood of the ecclesiastics in thus daring to appear before the commission in advocacy of religious instruction in the schools, or the high courage of Judge Taft in forcing down the throat of the recalcitrants his drastic decree that the schools must have religious instruction. If this cogency and pertinence is the natural fruit of the withdrawal of the heinous censorship, one would fain see it reimposed, or else induce General MacArthur to establish a canteen for the press colony, where its denizens may attain lucid intervals for the preparation of copy.

It is perfectly evident that numbers of legislators, especially in the Senate, have gone up to Salem with the idea that a certain elastic fund, in possession of the State Treasury through taxation, has been acquired for their personal advantage through alms to their political henchmen and female admirers. The Oregonian does not wish to asperse the name of any honest man or virtuous woman, but it will say here and now, what everybody knows, that the majority of clerkships at Salem every session represent dishonest and immoral use of the public funds. There is need of some clerks. That few earn the money paid them. But the many do not earn their money, and on the contrary they tempt and even drive well-meaning legislators into robbery of the state, impede public business and disgrace the Statehouse by their presence. What is the use of talking about vice in Portland or looting in China, when a horde of shameless harpies descend on the capital from all parts of the state every biennial session, intent on looting the State Treasury? An act of the session of 1899 enables members to do their duty in this respect. If they deliberately succumb to these dishonest demands, they betray their official trust and violate their official oaths. Their names and the names of their accessories should be spread before the people of the state for abhorrence and execration.

Under the pledge and seal of the strictest secrecy, The Oregonian obtained at 10 o'clock last night thirteen columns, more or less, of Governor Geer's message, not to be printed until it had been delivered to the Legislature; that is, not before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. We trust the Governor and his excellent staff of trained assistants have not inconvenienced or strained themselves through this noteworthy display of forehandedness, and we only mention the matter to express regret at any sleeplessness or other mental perturbation that may have arisen over the peril of premature publication. Breaches of confidence in these matters are not numerous enough in Portland to justify any grave fear of their occurrence. The message of Governor Rogers, of Washington, by the way, not yet delivered, is already in type in every newspaper office in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, and will not be printed till delivered. They do, however, order these things differently in California. Governor Gage, we are informed, had the not unmixed amusement of seeing his message in the San Francisco papers the morning of the day on which it was delivered, and consequently played his engagement to a very thin house. Governor Gage will doubtless know enough another time to keep his message locked up or else ascertain to whom he is giving it in confidence. In Oregon there is, happily, no such risk to run, and we invite Governor Geer to get his 1901 message ready in time to retain the respect of the linotypes.

The appeals of Hawley and Carter in the Senate, added to those of Secretary Root, for relief of the Army in the Philippines, apparently fall on heedless ears. The troops are coming home and there is no provision for men to take their places. Portions of the islands we are now effectually administering will have to be abandoned. Garrisons now securing protection to the inhabitants must be withdrawn, and the prominent Filipinos, who have accepted our sovereignty and are carrying on peaceful and orderly self-government will be murdered by bandits, their property will be destroyed, and our obligations, legal and moral, will be shamelessly repudiated in the face of a justly indignant world. This is a result from which every patriotic American should shrink in dismay; but no such course suggests itself to Teller and Pettigrew, who seem disposed to stop at nothing to obstruct passage of the bill and embarrass the Government. These men seem unable to distinguish between their country's welfare and the fortunes of the Republican party. Our obligations in the Philippines are non-partisan. The Army is non-partisan. Yet because a Republican Administration is in charge of these undertakings, Teller and Pettigrew conceive it their civic duty to blacken the name and fame of the American Army and the American Nation. That is the only effect of their course. They cannot prevail on this Nation to surrender to the assassins of Luzon, or to yield its sovereignty, acquired by heroic conquest and generous terms of purchase. They can advertise themselves as traitors in heart if not in profession. Their country's welfare and honor has for them no concern, so they can strut in the Senate as independent and pigheaded statesmen.

ASPECTS OF THE MESSAGE.

Everything that Governor Geer writes is imbued with his own spirit of good-fellowship and practical sagacity. He has that rare gift of exciting sympathy which can only spring from sympathy in the speaker or writer, and he has a certain homely way of looking at things directly, yet good-humoredly, that makes him an interesting author of state papers as well as an effective campaigner. The dry and dismal verbiage of the courtroom, the studied appeals of the advocate, are conspicuous by their absence from this biennial message, and in their place we have the simple language and the air of contented placidity that one might expect our popular Governor to have imbibed as he followed his plow's long furrows in the Waldo Hills.

Assessment and Taxation.

The Governor is very sure that our tax system is in a bad way, and he speaks hopefully of reform, but he is unfortunate enough to submit documentary evidence establishing a powerful antecedent improbability. These troubles have always existed, he says; experience has been ample, yet no state has been able to get rid of them. The ex-Attorney-General's quoted arraignment of the Oregon code may be applied verbatim, it appears, to New York, and in all the states persist complaints of contradictory statutes and unjust procedure. The Governor's suggestions are for assignment of state taxes to counties on basis of population or wealth, for a board of equalization, for penalties against delinquent Assessors and Clerks, for semi-annual payment of taxes, and for abandonment of notice to taxpayers. These are all worthy consideration. The most promising, because the most comprehensive and thorough, would be apportionment of state taxes among counties by population, inasmuch as wealth might be manipulated by county perfidy, so blackly painted by the Governor. Take the Federal census as a basis, and let it stand for ten years. It will be a better plan than we have now, juster and more productive.

State Lands.

The chapter on state lands discovers the Governor distinctly on the defensive. This is not to say that the charges he rebuts are true, for some of them manifestly are not; yet, in spite of all the arguments and explanations designed to put the land system of the state in favorable light, an unpleasant impression persists that if the transactions are honest, they are far from lucrative or edifying. This applies with peculiar force to the subject of school lands, and to the Governor's nimble arithmetic. Whether the state is making money by lending its school funds on mortgages and whether its accumulations may profitably be invested in other securities, as discussed in the Land Board's report, should receive the careful consideration which the message bespeaks, and the Legislature ought to discharge the duty in no perfunctory manner.

Convicts on Roads.

The munificent sum of $750 lies in the trusty vaults of Treasurer Moore as the unexpended balance of the appropriation for employment of convicts on the public roads. This might have been spent for draft horses if the statute of 1899 had authorized it. Another saving was made by employing a roadmaster for only three months in the year, and the Governor gives a pleasant picture of the Penitentiary farmer changing works with the warden. The "trusties," also, seem to have taken the parts allotted to them with dignity and effect. In these respects the operation of the law is certainly all that could be desired, and almost renders it ungracious to inquire, since the Governor does not advert to the matter, whether any trace of this manifold and decorous activity is to be found on the highways of Marion County.

Indian War Veterans.

It is a deserved and an admirable tribute Governor Geer pays to the Indian War Veterans, whose claim for recognition at the hands of Congress has reached the stage of pathetic waiting so dramatically ascribed by Dickens to the gentleman from Shropshire in "Bleak House." The Governor's reference to the matter reflects the uncertainty concerning the bill of which the Washington dispatches just now are so dishearteningly full. The work these men did is truly that they "unselfishly performed such a leading part in wresting this country from the hands of the savages and vesting its title in the United States Government." No one who knows their history can dissent from this assertion, or fail to regret that in this case the movement of justice is so disastrously and painfully slow.

Senatorial Elections.

It is Governor Geer's idea that the Oregon Legislature might inaugurate a beneficent and hopeful undertaking by applying to Congress for a National convention to propose amendments of the Federal Constitution, whose primary object should be the election of Senators by popular vote. The Legislature might very well act on this suggestion early in the session, for the news of its action would be likely to promote similar steps in other Legislatures now in session all over the country. It is apparently impossible, as the message says, to get this reform through the Senate now. But we may do something with the Legislatures themselves. No Legislature, we take it, would willingly forego the election of Senator at this session. Hold-over members would doubtless have conscientious scruples against foregoing the election of Senator next time; but few legislators would fail to see the advisability of removing temptation from the path of their successors, say forty years hence. Therefore, the Governor's suggestion is practical and seductive. Here is a chance for Oregon to point the way as in the matter of primary reform.

Scalp Bounty.

It is disconcerting to be told that while the state must pay all the warrants drawn against the scalp bounty fund, yet no way exists to recoup itself upon such counties as prefer not to contribute their share of the tax. We take it that this awkward conclusion will not be accepted by the Legislature without demur. Of this subject we shall hear more anon, and it is to be hoped in line with the Governor's invocation of fairness and forbearance. There is more than one delegation in the Legislature that would have trouble in proving how its much-prized section of the general appropriation bill confers impartial benefits on the state's entire population.

The Carey Law.

Acceptance of 1,000,000 acres of public lands under the Carey law is not the simple undertaking the casual observer would suppose. The Oregonian has made an exhaustive investigation of the efforts made in this direction by the State of Washington, and as our readers will remember, they make up an arduous and expensive record. Few things are held out as gifts to be had for the taking that the alert men of Washington do not reach out after with both hands. So they reached out for the million acres. Then they discovered the string. To prove to the Secretary of the Interior that arrangements have been perfected for bringing 1,000,000 acres of land under water is not a thing to be turned off in a few minutes by a statesman appointed irrigation commissioner on account of signal services rendered at primary fights. Washington had a commissioner, and made some appropriations, and went to law, and acquired several vast tracts of experience. Then she grew tired and let go. Meanwhile Uncle Sam has the same amount of arid land he had before. Whatever steps the Oregon Legislature takes in this matter, it will do well to observe the example of Washington and do differently.

A CHEAP EXPLANATION.

F. Hopkinson Smith, a Southerner by birth, talking before a social club at Newton, Mass., last week, said that Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a great deal to do with, in fact, precipitated, the war between the North and the South. He said:

> This book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the most vicious book that ever appeared. It compares with Kennan's first book on Russia. I could go into the prisons of the North today and write such a book. The book precipitated the war, and made the North believe nothing but the very worst of the South. We are not an inhuman people; we are all alike; we are Americans. It was an outrage to raise the North against the South. The book was an appalling, awful and criminal mistake.

The logic of Mr. Hopkinson Smith is very cheap and very shallow. American slavery, not Mrs. Stowe's book, was the "appalling, awful and criminal mistake" for whose initiation and perpetuation the South and the North were both responsible. It was once the fashion to hold the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire responsible for the outbreak of the French Revolution. It is of small practical consequence to discuss this question, but it is safe to say that no book ever produced a revolution of such reverberating quality as the French Revolution or our great Civil War. Wrongs, not wind, make revolutions. Seven hundred years of social, political and industrial tyranny had preceded the French Revolution, which was inspired not by outworn creeds and moth-eaten theories, but by terrible abuses. The French Revolution came and it ought to have come under the terrible circumstances of the time; it ought to come again under like circumstances. With all the mad excesses that marked it, the French Revolution wrought vast and enduring reforms that more than offset all it cost. Wendell Phillips only reiterated the thought of the conservative Englishman, Macaulay, in describing it as "the greatest, the most unmixed, blessing Europe has had in modern times, unless perhaps we possibly except the Reformation."

Europe would not have escaped the French Revolution had Voltaire and Rousseau never been born, and our great Civil War would have come had Mrs. Stowe never published "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The threat of civil war over slavery had been an obvious outcome, soon or late, since the struggle over the Missouri Compromise of 1820. John Quincy Adams predicted it; Theodore Parker prophesied it before 1850; Webster and Clay always dreaded it. This very dread of civil war and anxiety to stand it off by the compromise measures of 1850 was what precipitated the Civil War; not Mrs. Stowe's book, which was not published until two years after the fugitive slave law had gone into odious operation in New England and the Middle States. The compromise measures of 1850 really furnished the plea for beginning the conflict for the possession of Kansas. The Southern Democracy held that the act of 1850 had by implication repealed the Missouri Compromise; then in 1854 an explicit act of repeal, the so-called Nebraska bill, was passed; later, in 1857, came the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, which ruled that the slaveholder had always had under the Constitution a right of access to all the territory of the United States, which right could not be taken from him by act of Congress. The so-called compromise measure of 1850 was the beginning of the end of the Whig party, because Webster and Clay gave their support to a more stringent fugitive slave law, which Webster knew would not be obeyed by thousands of Northern people who were not abolitionists, but had no more respect for a slave-trader or man-stealer than the South had. The compromise measures passed to secure peace really precipitated war, for the odious object-lessons of attempted slave-catching in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio incensed people whose opposition to slavery was limited by a desire for its constitutional non-extension.

If Clay and Webster had been shrewd enough to advise the Whig party simply to sit still, ultimately all the anti-slavery Democrats and free-soilers would have joined their ranks; they would have retained connection with the Southern Union Whigs; there would have been no distinct sectional party, and probably no Civil War. Slavery would have gradually disappeared, dying of inanition, and consenting to Lincoln's hope of gradual emancipation. Slavery had become a moral and historical anachronism, and only needed to be let alone and suffered to go on with its dying, but the compromise measures were passed and in them the Southern secessionists found their opportunity to divide the Union by the formation of political parties upon sectional lines. Out of the compromise measures of 1850 civil war logically grew, and Mrs. Stowe's book did not precipitate it, for her book would have fallen comparatively flat but for these compromise measures, which, through the fugitive slave law, incensed the North, and by making slavery legally possible north of the Missouri Compromise line, invited the Kansas struggle and the Civil War. Without Mrs. Stowe's book civil war would have come out of the compromise measures of 1850; and without these measures her book would not have been written, or would have fallen flat.

BAD ROADS.

The bad roads, the wretched, abominable roads, that pass for thoroughfares in the Willamette Valley are now at their very worst. They have been at their worst for the past two months, and will continue so to be for at least two months longer. As the roads now stand, or, more properly speaking, lie, buried in mud, the depth of which is varied by chuck-holes into which even empty wagons sink hub deep, and moderately laden wagons are not infrequently hopelessly stuck, while horses strain and harness breaks and drivers swear in the vain attempt to move without unloading them, they present the strongest possible argument in favor of good, substantial highways, systematically and intelligently constructed.

The fact has long since been fully demonstrated that slop-work and piecework—any kind of work that will satisfy the demand—for "road tax" is a waste of time, labor and money, so far as Oregon roads are concerned. It cannot be held that good roads are incompatible with our moist climate, since here and there are stretches of highway a few miles in length that show the fallacy of such assumption. Nor are materials wanting for the construction of good, durable roads in Oregon. What is wanted is, first, an awakening among farmers to the tremendous wastefulness of bad roads, followed by a determination that this wastefulness shall cease, even though the first cost of good roads will work something of a hardship upon them in the way of a specific tax.

The isolation of the Oregon farm is a matter of local history. This isolation was bred in pioneer conditions and fostered by an unwise land law that gave, under certain conditions, 640 acres of land to each settler and his wife. Long outgrown in these times, it is still perpetuated by a road system the outgrowth of which is seen in roads, the very worst in any civilized community in the land. It is high time this condition of affairs was changed, or that some feasible plan looking to that end in the near future was formulated, not only with the consent, but in response to the urgent demand of farmers.

The case was succinctly set out by a correspondent in yesterday's issue of The Oregonian. A plan for raising money for road construction was also presented, which will at least bear consideration and discussion. It certainly requires no argument to prove that Oregon farmers have dwelt in muddy isolation, ill content, all too long for the social, economic and educational welfare of themselves and their families. Farm life can never be made attractive the year round unless during the entire year it can be kept in touch with community life, with all that this implies in social, educational and postal advantages. There is but one avenue through which this touch can be maintained, and that is by means of comfortably passable highways throughout the year.

Ex-Police Commissioner Moss, of New York City, spoke the truth when he bluntly said:

> Though vice is bad, it is not the worst thing. If it was not for corruption in business life there would not be so much in politics. The Police Commissioners are as guilty as Devery. One of them broke faith with a chief with whom he had no fault to find to put Devery where he is, at the behest of pettiness and gamblers. The men who are far behind the machine are responsible for municipal misrule.

Mr. Moss is right. There is a deal of dust raised about gambling, under which a far more frightful evil escapes criticism, and that is cultivation of gambling as a parlor plant by the public authorities on the flimsy plea that there is no choice between a public graft and a private graft. If this is true, it is a shameful indictment of the authorities who are clothed with ample legal powers to make a private graft impossible; with ample legal powers to make the gambling business as unprofitable as it was last year, when there was a universal flight of the whole tribe of nomadic card sharps to Spokane and Seattle. A private graft could be stopped by an honest Police Commission cutting off the heads of the grafters, for a time, at least. A public graft exists only by consent of the public opinion. As for the gamblers, they are of small consequence. Of what consequence to this community is it whether or no a group of more or less useless people get together by day or night to play cards for money through various devices? The regular visitors of gambling-houses, like chronic saloonites, are, as Falstaff said of his ragged recruits, "only fit for powder." In a broad view it is safe to say that the gambling hall and the saloon seldom swallow anybody that is fit for a better fate. If there are any boys permitted in the gambling-houses, they are there because their parents, preachers and other teachers have not been able to educate them to a taste for better things. We need not worry about the fate of the kind of folk that frequent gambling-houses. The fellow whose salvation depends upon the elimination of vice in this naughty world will never do the world any good.

Fred T. Dubois, who has been elected United States Senator from Idaho to succeed George L. Shoup, is one of the men who walked out of the Republican National Convention in St. Louis in 1896. He is the only one of these Republican seceders of 1896 who plays today any prominent part in politics. Cannon of Utah joined the Democrats and was a candidate for re-election until the Republicans carried the recent election. Senator Pettigrew is stranded in South Dakota. Charles A. Towne is enjoying a few days of Senatorial life under his short-lived appointment from the late Governor of Minnesota. All the others are back in the Republican party except Senator Teller, of Colorado, and Dubois, of Idaho. Teller was re-elected before the reaction set in, and Dubois is the only other representative of the bolters from the Republican National Convention of 1896 left today in public life. Dubois was the leader of the Silver Republicans of Idaho in 1896, and his friends demanded of the Democrats that they indorse Dubois for re-election to the United States Senate in 1896, but the Democrats refused to do so, and effected a fusion with the Populists, and Henry Heitfeld, a Populist, was elected Senator. In 1898 Dubois tried to secure the nomination for Representative in Congress, but he was unsuccessful, and Edgar Wilson, a Silver Republican, bore off the prize. Dubois has become to all intents and purposes a Democrat; he is bitterly opposed to expansion and to a protective tariff. He joined his forces with those against Governor Steunenberg in the state convention, and is in full sympathy with the Populists, who have abolished the permit system in the Coeur d'Alenes. Dubois is an energetic man of fine personal appearance, of considerable ability in debate, but is at all times and under all circumstances an absolute demagogue.

Mr. Tongue, in his contention for Oregon's interests in the House of Representatives, has been very earnest, able and efficient. Mr. Cushman, of Washington, attempted a foul blow, which he parried well. The notion of the peculiar statesman of Washington seems to be that the river and harbor bill should not carry appropriations for places where river and harbor work is needed, but that the money should be "handed round" among the districts, pro rata. Hence his contention that Puget Sound has been neglected—though it is the boast of Puget Sound that it is the only perfect place for shipping in America, and indeed the paragon of the world. Tongue's answer that what was done for the Columbia River was done for Washington as much as for Oregon was a good counter stroke; and the remark might have been added that Idaho was interested also.

Even thus early in the fray the crusade against vice in this city gives evidence of an over-reaching on the part of ministerial idealists that threatens to bring the main purpose of the effort to naught. This is plainly indicated in the declaration, no doubt wholly sincere, that the purpose of the ministerial committee is not only to suppress gambling, but to put to rout the social evil; that Fourth street is to be "cleaned out"; that is, that prostitution is no longer to be allowed to maintain lodgings there. Words, words, words—mere words, though backed by a worthy motive. This vice can be made to shift its locality, and it may be that this much will be accomplished by this reform movement; but to talk of suppressing it, of stamping it out, is to reckon without the debased element in human nature, upon which it feeds and maintains itself in every center of population in the known world.

It is probable that Mr. Bryan will make a great deal of money with his weekly paper. It will soon have a heavy subscription list, and some advertisements; and as it will cost but little to produce it, his profits the first year will be very large. After the novelty shall wear off its list will decline; but there are good judges who think it may net him $200,000 or even $300,000 the first year. Party loyalty will cause a rush of subscriptions from all parts of the country. But the paper will not furnish matter upon which the Democratic party can build a future. The party has too much Bryanism already.

La grippe is known in Chicago as the "popular ailment." This estimate is based alone upon the fact that 100,000 people are struggling in its embrace. Strictly speaking, it is perhaps the most unpopular malady on earth, the universal testimony of its victims being that it is the meanest and most persistent of all diseases, and withal the most exasperating, since it is classed with toothache and other inconsequential ailments by those who have been fortunate enough to escape its clutch.

A Presidential Elector of the State of Washington, who could not get himself appointed emissary to carry the electoral vote to the Capitol, got grumpy and said there is no chance for a poor man. Apparently he considered the mission not as a function, but as an affair of personal pleasure. He should abstract his personality from the function.

Would semi-annual payment of taxes make them any less? It certainly is hard to raise a year's taxes all at once, but provident persons do not raise them that way.

The Oregon cadet who took all the honors at West Point must have done a strenuous number of eagles and swallowed an enormous quantity of tobasco sauce.

Although Bryan will at all times obey the call of his party, he will not withdraw. This is not an enigma, because he is the party, or imagines he is.

The Oregonian doesn't like to criticise, but could it have had the ear of Governor Geer, it would have suggested, "Boil it down."

How much indemnity should China get for the looting by the powers?

MISSOURI'S TYPE OF PATRIOTISM

New York Tribune.

In the year 1814 the United States was at war with Great Britain. Many excellent and pious men believed it was engaged in a foolish war, brought on by Western and Southern jingoes and French sympathizing Jacobins. Our campaigning on land had been for the most part a failure, and the outlook for honorable peace was gloomy. The righteous men whose business was being ruined by a war which they did not approve, carried on by a party to which they were in opposition, gathered themselves into a convention at Hartford, Conn., "in order to decide on the course which a crisis so momentous might seem to demand." It is not recorded that they ever did any overt act of treason or that they even passed resolutions favorable to the British. But their friends and sympathizers had from the outbreak of the war been unmeasured in their condemnation of their country, and some of them had gone so far as to argue unflinchingly for the English right of search—John Lowell, for instance, calling it a "consecrated right"—and to declare that they would refuse to obey some war measures if the Government took them. Everybody knows the result. The Essex Junto and the Hartford Convention passed into history as types of unpatriotic political protestantism. No Federalist politician who did not, like John Quincy Adams, distinctly repudiate the efforts of his party to obstruct the policy of the opposition engaged in war ever emerged from retirement. The blight of reputed treason shrivelled the Federal party, in spite of its splendid earlier service in starting the United States on its career as a nation, and it never again was a force in American politics.

This bit of history is recalled by a telegram from Jefferson City, Mo., giving account of the adoption by the Missouri House of Representatives, by a vote of 74 to 47, of a resolution proposed by Representative Kendrick, whose name may perhaps be remembered hereafter. The resolution was as follows:

> Whereas, The sympathies of the American people go out to all nations and all people struggling for liberty; therefore, be it
>
> Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the Forty-first General Assembly of Missouri extend sympathy to the people of the Philippine Archipelago in their heroic struggle for freedom.

It is not necessary to characterize that resolution or the men who voted for it. Article 3, section 3, of the Constitution of the United States does this with great clearness. If this is not a case of adhering to the enemies of the United States, it would be interesting to have Mr. Edward Atkinson or Mr. William Lloyd Garrison tell why not. Anxious as they have been to secure our withdrawal from the Philippines, and extravagant as have been their individual utterances of admiration for Aguinaldo and the consecrated rights of his followers, we doubt if they will be prepared to commend publicly the formal action of a State Legislative body extending sympathy to persons engaged in conflict with the Armies of the United States. The attention of the Hon. George G. Vest, Senator from Missouri, should also be given to this resolution. He is one of the leaders of the party which says and is now trying to get the Supreme Court to say that the Philippines are an integral part of this country under its Constitution, and that these same Filipinos are citizens of the United States. If that is the case these Filipinos in "their heroic struggle for freedom" are not striving to throw off a foreign yoke, but are in domestic rebellion against their own country. Does the Missouri House wish to encourage rebellion and break up the Union?

We do not suppose the Government at Washington will care to take notice of such mad extremes of partisan opposition, but the American people will. If in the day of almost embryonic nationality, when large bodies of men doubted the permanence of the Union and thought it not unpatriotic to make plans counter to the general action—if in that day the suspicion of unfaithfulness to the Government could ruin the Federal party, is it possible to suppose that the people who went through the Civil War and established the claim of this Nation upon the loyalty of its citizens will take any more lenient view of the persons responsible for the Missouri indorsement of the Filipino insurgents, who are killing men of the American Army engaged in maintaining their country's authority over its lawful territory? South Carolina conscientiously disapproved of the tariff of 1832, just as some conscientiously disapprove of subduing the Filipinos, but the people never ceased to honor Jackson for his threat to hang the nullifiers. The right of the Missouri representatives to their opinion of their Government's acts is conceded. But an attempt to ally their state with that Government's armed enemies is quite another thing.

THE USE OF WAR.

Shove These West Point Bravos Up Again Filipino Rifles.

In the answers of some of the West Point cadets to the questions put by the Congressional committee there is mixture of impudence, insolence and brutality. Note the colloquy that took place yesterday. The cadet on the stand was Joseph F. Barnes, of the District of Columbia. We reproduce the whole scene, in order to call special attention to the cowardly and brutal infamies of West Point, viz.:

> Mr. Driggs, of Brooklyn, took the witness in hand today, and asked him minutely about the Keller-Boos fight. While listening to Barnes' knowledge of the affair, the Brooklyn Congressman interrupted the witness and asked him:
>
> "Under your code of fighting, is it not understood that an upper classman is selected especially for the purpose of administering a sound drubbing to the fourth classman who is called out?"
>
> "Yes, sir; it's understood when a fourth classman is called out he is to be whipped."
>
> "Oh, so that's the code," said Mr. Driggs, as he shook his finger at the witness, while he arose from his seat beside the chairman. Then, leaning towards the witness, he shouted:
>
> "Young man, this dishonorable practice you have described would not be tolerated in any athletic club in the world. The upper classman who is a party to the calling out of a fourth classman for the purpose of having him thrashed is a coward, and the fourth classman who is beaten is nothing else but a hero. This morning I received four letters from Kansas, Massachusetts, New York and Brooklyn, in all of which the mode of fighting and hazing here is called brutal bullying. That is too mild a description. I call it brutal cowardice."
>
> "Suppose that an oath were administered to a cadet when he received his appointment as a cadet to this academy, the provisions of which prohibited fighting, do you think it would stop the practice?" asked Mr. Wagner.
>
> "Yes, sir; I presume it would, as I don't believe any man would break his oath. But, as for myself, I will say that if I had to go back to the time of my appointment and an oath was about to be administered to me which would prohibit me from resenting an insult, I would unhesitatingly refuse to take it and content myself in some civil occupation," replied the witness.
>
> "You expect to become an officer very soon, do you not?" inquired Colonel Clayton.
>
> "Yes, sir."
>
> "Then, after you have become an officer, would you, in violation of your oath, accept or send a challenge to a duel, fistic or otherwise?"
>
> "If the provocation occurred in well-defined terms, I would not violate my oath, but would resign and send or accept a challenge, in the event that I could not meet and shoot my man on sight."

Now we want such enterprises as we are conducting in the Philippines, and we want them very much, and we should have them always on hand, in order that we may have something hot to shove such fellows as this witness up against. The rifles of Filipinos in ambuscade are just the thing needed to take the starch out of these blatant bravos. Shove them upon the Filipino rifles!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Leavenworth method of suppressing the negro vote is slow, but remarkably effective.

That railroad to Mars will be built just in time to get into the Morgan-Hill-Harriman syndicate.

Andrew Carnegie is going to fight the pipe trust, and the latter will find it expedient to smoke up.

To close the incident we submit that Pat Crowe has vanished as completely as Adlai E. Stevenson.

The fact that the grip landed Dewey's name in the newspapers again softened the blow it aimed at him.

Aguinaldo has a new agent at Paris, but his Boston agency still remains in charge of Edward Atkinson.

The Harvard professor who advocates burning at the stake as a punishment must have come from Leavenworth, Kan.

> I do not want at all to be
> A Legislature clerk,
> Because they've passed a law this year
> To make them do their work.

Most of the witnesses in the West Point inquiry are trying to convince the world that hazing is as harmless as a French duel.

Paderewski escaped from that alleged duel without losing a hair, and in consequence is in perfect condition for another American tour.

There can be nothing in the theory that salt is a revivifying agent, for the politicians who have voyaged up Salt River have never returned alive.

The invention of the sub-marine telephone will enable the investigating committees in New York to get more accurate information concerning the submerged tenth.

Hon. James Coogan, who tried to drop $100,000 by investing it in the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency, is now thinking of going into the newspaper business. Mr. Coogan must have been in the mind of the man who said that a certain kind of person and his money are soon parted.

Perhaps Mars is signaling to know when and where the Jeffries-Ruhlin prizefight is to come off, or to ascertain the result of the last Presidential election, or what has become of Pat Crowe, or for information as to the celebrated railroad projected by an Oregon ex-Senator. Either of these is probable, and we cannot blame the Martians for their anxiety.

Miss Helen Gould carries the religion she professes into the smallest acts of her every-day life, says the New York World. If this unassuming mistress of millions is entertaining a party of intimates at luncheon or heading the board at any formal banquet of 40, her custom never varies. She rises in her place and solemnly asks a blessing upon the food and the partakers. It is a grace almost child-like in its straightforward sincerity.

There was plenty of fun at a poultry show held at Wilkesbarre last week. During the absence of the superintendent a mischief-maker fed the ducks with whisky-soaked corn. They naturally became intoxicated, and proceeded to engage in a desperate combat. The uproar excited all of the fowls in the neighborhood of the drunken ducks, and for a time it was feared that the show would have to end. But the ducks were soon subdued, and after some bromo-seltzer had been mixed with the drinking water they became as peaceful as ever.

Two murderers, whose crimes attracted unusual attention in Europe last year, have just been beheaded. One was the Swede, Nordlund, who killed seven persons on the steamer Prinz Karl in May. The other was Gonczi, who killed a rich widow and her daughter in Berlin three years ago, and was convicted, after being extradited from Argentina, where he had taken refuge. He protested that he was innocent, and left unsolved the legal knot as to whether mother or daughter was killed first. The distribution of the victim's property, which amounts to several million marks, depends on the decision of that question.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

At First Sight.—"I loved you," he raved, "from the first night I had your father's rating in Bradstreet's."—Philadelphia North American.

He Felt Honored.—Father—My daughter tells me, sir, that you have been making love to her. Clubberly—I don't know why she should single me out among so many.—Detroit Free Press.

Sweeping.—"Giggstone says he will not recognize any one who lives below Fourteenth street." "Too bad. I was going to introduce him to one of the richest girls in South America."—Life.

Pearson—I'd like to know who sent me this abusive letter. I'll bet it was that crank next door. Mrs. Pearson—I don't think so, John. It must have been some one who knows you much better than he does.—Tit-Bits.

Watching His Opportunity.—"Your son has a very robust appetite." "Yes, I'm so ashamed of him. He always over-eats when we have company." "Then's the only chance I ever git," said the terrible infant.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Modern Test.—"I wish I knew whether there is anything in Mr. Shadyside or not," said Miss Hellefield to Miss Bloomfield. "Have you thought of testing him with the cathode ray?" asked the latter.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Dilemma.—Mr. Askit—And how do you like keeping a diary? Miss Gabbleigh—Oh, it keeps me so busy writing about what I have been doing that I do not have time to do anything to write about.—Baltimore American.

Diary of a Boarder.

Catholic Standard and Times.

> Monday.
> Roast beef tonight for dinner!
> I ate to beat the Dutch.
> A treat like that's unusual;
> We don't get many such.
>
> Tuesday.
> The aftermath we've garnered
> Of yesterday's delight.
> From that fine roast they gave us
> Some nice cold cuts tonight.
>
> Wednesday.
> That luscious roast of Monday
> Is lingering with us yet;
> 'Twas served to us this evening
> Disguised as beef croquette.
>
> Thursday.
> It seems Miss Skimp's investment
> In roast was not so rash
> As we supposed. This evening
> 'Twas served again—as hash.
>
> Friday.
> Today we all were grateful
> To get a little fish.
> No beef, we hope, remaining
> To form another dish.
>
> Saturday.
> Ah, me! Tonight we greeted
> Once more our dear old friend—
> The beef bones boiled for "potage!"
> Well, this must be the end.
>
> Sunday.
> Gee whiz! This beats the record!
> Last Thursday's hash—Oh, my!—
> With crust and raisins added,
> Is served as mincemeat pie.