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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Increasing cloudiness, probably followed by rain; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, FEB. 12.

There is a job of the worst character in House bill No. 45. It is a bill to create in counties of 50,000 or more inhabitants the office of Public Administrator. The bill is not for protection of estates and heirs, of course, but has for its object the enrichment of grafters and looters, who intend to prey on estates. Under this bill, if, within thirty days after the death of an intestate, the widow or next of kin shall not have applied for letters of administration, this harpy, to be called the Public Administrator, is to get in and begin his work of sucking the estate dry; and there will be no possibility of getting rid of him but by paying the full fees of administration, whether he may have done anything or not. This is but one feature of the bill, which has been shrewdly drawn up by shysters, for the single purpose of looting estates and robbing heirs. When the Public Administrator, who will lie in wait for every opportunity, shall once succeed in getting his "flippers" into an estate, revocation of his administration "shall not impair his right to receive from the estate his legal charges and disbursements, to be computed in the same manner and to the same extent as the charges and disbursements, including attorney fees, as fees of other administrators"; and, moreover, such Public Administrator is to have the guardianship of all minor heirs. The Oregonian dislikes to use harsh terms, but it is compelled to say that this is a scheme of robbery and infamy, worked up in the interest of rascaldom. It begs the Legislature to reject it. The present law as to administration and settlement of estates is good enough. The office of Public Administrator, whenever it has been created with considerable powers, has become a synonym for corruption and spoliation; and this would be equal to the worst.

We cannot suppose the Tacoma Ledger intentionally misrepresents The Oregonian. It is evident, however, that it has carelessly read The Oregonian. Else it would not say that The Oregonian urges that the pledge of independence to Cuba, given by the United States, shall be broken. On the contrary, The Oregonian has distinctly said, many times, that the pledge must be kept. But it has said, many times, and as plainly as possible, that it was a pledge that was wholly unnecessary, that it ought never to have been given, and that it will certainly involve us in another war. Cuba does not belong to the United States. By our covenant we renounced the sovereignty, and by that covenant we are bound. Cuba is foreign territory, is setting up as an independent state, and will have all the rights and powers of a sovereign nation. What then? She will have a right to make such engagements with other nations, to enter into such relations with other nations, as she pleases. And Cuba is the key to the Gulf of Mexico and to isthmus transit. The time will come when we shall be compelled to take measures to check or remove this menace to our interests, and then we shall be compelled to fight some first-class power with which Cuba has entered into relations. This is what will come of "the extreme demagogical stupidity" that gave the pledge by which we now are bound. Some nation will acquire influence with Cuba, get a hold on Cuba, and mould its policy, which policy will be unfavorable to the United States. Then what? The Oregonian is simply invoking the providence that is, or should be, watchful in a state.

An interesting inquiry, whose answer can be furnished by time alone, is, How is community of railroad ownership going to work to achieve the exact details of harmony upon which it has presumably determined? Most of us are at least distantly acquainted with those entities of the railroad world called "traffic departments" and "operating departments." They have well-defined characteristics, and most of their leading figures are men of originality and force. All owners look alike to them. But even if we admit that Mr. Traffic Manager and Mr. General Superintendent are to be moved about as pawns upon the chessboard by Messrs. Morgan, Harriman or Vanderbilt, the further speculation is pertinent, How is the shipper himself to be reduced to a bit of clay in the potter's hands? For it is an open secret that the tyrant of the transportation world is Standard Oil or the Big Four in beef quite as often as it is the terror-stricken railroad, vainly pleading the moral law and the consent of the governed. That is to say, a promoter is not necessarily an operator, nor is a financier necessarily a railroad man. Mr. Morgan, for example, is one of the ablest bankers in the world, but whether he can make steel as successfully as Mr. Carnegie did is not to be admitted without demonstration. So in the railroad field. Who is going to decide whether the Northern Pacific shall build into the Clearwater country or abandon the territory to the O. R. & N.? If the officers of the road can't decide it, or have their advice taken, the owners will shortly be looking for a president at $2000 or so a year. And if the design is to abolish discriminative freight rates so that the humble shipper is to get the same figure per ton as his great rival gets on his thousand carloads, who is to nullify the acumen of the big shipper who plays one traffic bureau against another and gets rates, as it were, at wholesale? These great stock operations are easily engineered through Wall street, but the actual management of the roads is yet in the hands of railroad men. Their part in the matter is yet to be ascertained, and how great a transformation has come over them must develop before the community of ownership has any practical meaning.

After all the Northern Pacific and Great Northern have done for Puget Sound cities in the business of foreign trade, it is a trifle wearisome to read in Seattle and Tacoma papers that the blessings those bumptious towns enjoy are wholly due to their own physical and intellectual superiority. The reason why trans-Pacific steamships unload tea and rice and load up cotton and steel rails at Puget Sound docks is simply because the transcontinental railroads with termini there are determined on that proceeding. Even then a large part of the outbound cargoes are derived from Oregon farms, mills and lumber camps, and a large part of the inbound cargoes are brought by rail to Portland consumers. The railroads do this work for the benefit of their Puget Sound terminals and for the sake of the hauls they get on the merchandise that goes across the country. The superior wit and environment of Tacoma and Seattle are not in evidence in the matter, or at issue. So with Government transport outfitting, which has made business lively on Puget Sound this last year or two. The Government ships horses and forage from Seattle, but they are Oregon horses, hay and oats, which the Government, in its desire to do something for the railroads, hauls over to Puget Sound from Portland, or else they are Eastern supplies, which are also obtained through railroad influence for the long haul across the country. These same vessels are frequently in port in the Columbia River, the Government's diverting fiction being, first, that the ships cannot come here, though at times they are actually chartered while in Portland harbor and taken elsewhere to load, and, second, that supplies cost so much at Portland that the Government is compelled to buy them here and reship them to Puget Sound. In all this unlovely record, the teeming resources of Puget Sound and the high business acumen of its men stand out as clearly as sunken reef on a dark night. We trust the Puget Sound papers will continue to expatiate upon the prowess of their cities in earning the prosperity their railroads have forced upon them. Otherwise, the gaps that would be left in their instructive columns might require some intellectual exertion to fill.

WE HAVE TARRIED.

It is evident that Congress will take no step this session for the Nicaragua Canal. We cannot, indeed, in decency go forward without first completing with Great Britain an arrangement for supercedure of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, or giving her formal notice that we shall consider that treaty at an end, since the purposes for which it was negotiated have lapsed and therefore we must go forward now and construct the canal ourselves. But we cannot act abruptly, and the influences in the Senate that would put the canal off indefinitely, or forever, are glad to have opportunity to hide behind the obstacles which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty presents.

The Oregonian never has thought it necessary, or even important, that we should insist on our right to fortify the canal. We cannot ignore the relation of the canal to the commerce of the world, nor overlook the precedent of the neutralization of the Suez Canal, nor be indifferent to the fact that authorities of our Army and Navy do not urge the construction of the canal as a defensive measure or think the fortification of it a strategic or military necessity. The canal would be of small value in war, difficult of defense and practically impossible of protection against damage. Its value must be almost exclusively commercial, and the only efficient protection it can have is an agreement by all maritime nations to respect its neutrality. It would be so easy temporarily to disable the canal that access to it by all nations at all times must be conceded in order to protect it. But if we are to depend on force for its protection the wisest thing would be to maintain an understanding with the nation most powerful at sea; for protection of it will be a naval problem.

It seems not to be expected that Great Britain will accept the amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty in the form in which it has been presented to the British Government. Counter propositions undoubtedly will be forthcoming. We suppose the final outcome will be a dissolution of the partnership between the United States and Great Britain for construction of the isthmian canal, that has existed more than fifty years; yet we of the Pacific Coast are tired of being told that we must yet for an indefinite time sprinkle cool patience on our desire to have the canal. We know that he who would have his cake must tarry the grinding and the baking; but have not we tarried?

DEMOCRATIC HARMONIZATION.

In the February North American Review Mr. Perry Belmont explains the desired reorganization of the Democratic party. He goes back to '72 and '76, and it is his idea that from the demoralization of '72, like that of 1900, the party should adopt the principles of 1876 for a victory in 1904. Now the platform of 1876 was for honest money. That is, it averred "reform is necessary to establish a sound currency, restore the public credit and maintain the National honor." Speedy resumption of specie payment was urged, and the Republican party was criticised for failing "for all these eleven years of peace to make good the promise of the legal-tender notes, the non-payment of which is a disregard of the plighted faith of the Nation." Such a plank in the platform of 1904 would doubtless be acceptable to the Gold Democrats, but it needs no argument to show that it would not in itself be sufficient to hold the Bryan Democrats.

The platform of 1876, moreover, declared for free trade. The existing protective system, it said, had "impoverished many industries to subsidize a few." Then it went on with this arraignment: "It prohibits imports that might purchase the products of American labor. It has degraded American commerce from the first to an inferior rank on the high seas. It has cut down the sales of American manufactures at home and abroad, and depleted the returns of American agriculture—an industry followed by half our people. It costs the people five times more than it produces to the Treasury." But Mr. Belmont conceives "anti-imperialism" as a corollary of tariff reform, whereas free trade and expansion are entirely consistent, expansion being, in fact, a great destroyer of economic isolation. Numbers of Democrats, also, are expansionists, though they insist, with independent Republicans, that the islands be justly administered. What the Democratic party needs, evidently, is a platform about like this:

We demand the maintenance of the gold standard, the parity of all the currency, and the inviolability of the National credit. To this end we advocate the free and unlimited coinage of silver, unlimited issues of paper, and payment of bonds in silver.

We are in favor of territorial expansion, and to this end we demand abandonment of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

We are in favor of asserting thte National dignity and honor, and to this end we demand the dismemberment of the Army and the withholding of customary appropriations for its support.

We demand law and order, and to this end we disapprove all efforts of our National authorities to suppress rioting by either police or judicial power.

The fact is that Mr. Belmont does not go far enough back, by some twenty years, for his precedent. Let the party adopt the plan in use before the war on the slavery question, when it had a free-state policy in the North, a slave-state policy in the South, and let the territories' inhabitants fight it out with knife and musket. If Mr. Belmont really wants harmonization, there's his model.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln is a legal holiday in Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania and Washington. Full justice has long ago been done to the idealized Lincoln; to Lincoln, the philanthropist; to Lincoln, the tender-hearted, who has been pictured as sinking public justice in private mercy, but full justice has not been done to Lincoln, the great conservative force in the statesmanship that guided us through the red sea of civil war. The wooden Lincoln that has been palmed off upon our school children is a creature who was primarily a soft-hearted man, a philanthropist whose habit it always was to pardon deserters, a kind of a wingless angel of mercy and only incidentally a statesman. The truth is that Lincoln, like Washington, was primarily a most masterful statesman, and only incidentally a philanthropist. The greatest loss the Nation suffered in the murder of Lincoln was that in him expired the only statesman whose influence was sufficient to have persuaded the country to accept a scheme of reconstruction which did not incorporate the blunder of negro suffrage.

When Lincoln was elected in 1860, he had disclaimed all intention to bring about social and political equality between the white and black races. He believed that by our form of government the states which had slavery were to retain it or surrender it at their own pleasure, and that all others—individuals, free states and National Government—were constitutionally bound to leave them alone about it. He believed with Henry Clay that Congress had and should exercise the right to oppose the incorporation of slavery in our new free territories. But Lincoln also declared that "it does not follow that social and political equality between whites and blacks must be incorporated because slavery must not." In his last Whig speech, delivered at Urbana, Ill., October 24, 1854, Lincoln accepted the fugitive slave law as a finality "to be as fully and honestly obeyed as any other," and denies any intention of seeking the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The same speech foreshadows Lincoln's attitude toward slavery in the Civil War: "Much as I hate slavery, I would consent to its extension rather than see this Union dissolved."

Lincoln firmly held to the doctrine of the inferiority of the negro and his inability to live as a free man among white men. Before and after emancipation he was a colonizationist. Emancipation was a revolutionary alternative which he abhorred, and was forced upon him as a military necessity. He was the unwilling instrument of emancipation; he sincerely hated slavery and he intensely loved the Union, but he did not want to emancipate the negro until he could colonize him in some country like Brazil. So conservative was Lincoln in his anti-slavery attitude that Wendell Phillips more than once in his public speeches after Lincoln's election stigmatized him as "the slavehound of Illinois," because of his submission to the fugitive slave law. Sumner and Wade, after a very hard parliamentary contest, defeated Lincoln's reconstruction plan for the government of Louisiana, proposed in February, 1865. If Lincoln's plan had prevailed for Louisiana and the other insurgent states, it would have resulted in the permanent exclusion of the colored people from the suffrage in all the old slave states. To the radical, sentimental Charles Sumner, and not to the conservative, sagacious Lincoln, do we owe the fact that suffrage irrespective of color or race became fixed and universal in the American system. His last public speech, made in Washington City April 11, 1865, shows that Lincoln did not think the franchise should be at once conferred upon any negroes except those who "were very intelligent or had served our cause as soldiers," and he intimated that, so far as sustaining the new state government of Louisiana, he would not keep his promise to uphold it whenever he became convinced that keeping it was bad public policy.

This latest public deliverance of Lincoln, uttered three days before his murder, inspires the conviction that he would have opposed the immediate and sweeping enfranchisement of the colored people, and that plan of reconstruction whose outcome was the carpet-bag governments. Not only was Lincoln's attitude regarding negro suffrage sure to have been marked by conservatism, but above all other leaders of the Union cause Lincoln's moderation of language and his humane temper had moved the admiration of many influential leaders among the insurgents. Lincoln had offered the South peace with full payment for their slaves after Gettysburg, and again at the famous Hampton conference, and finally, as late as February, 1865, before the final campaign of Grant, Lincoln read a message to his Cabinet, again urging upon Congress a renewal of the offer of peace to the South with payment for their slaves. As the first and the last man during the Civil War to lift the olive branch and offer it to the South at the eleventh hour when the occupation of Atlanta and Savannah and the great disaster of Nashville had settled the fate of the Confederacy, Lincoln had impressed the strong men among the leaders of the wrecked Confederacy with the conviction that they could safely trust their future to the conservatism and humanity of his statesmanship. His heart had been full of compassion, and his face had glowed with kindness, born out of his broad human sympathy, when other faces had grown stern through the long vigil of the war.

Lincoln was at once the conservatism and the courage of his admiration. He completely rewrites Seward's dispatch in the Mason and Slidell case with his own hand. He writes every line of the order removing General McClellan with his own hand. His letters of stern rebuke to General Hooker and his letters of earnest remonstrance to General Meade are those of a determined, masterful man, whose personal eye was always on the gun. He checks Fremont and Hunter upon the premature attempt to force emancipation. He resolves to attempt the relief of Forts Sumter and Pickens against the judgment of his Cabinet. He was always a forceful, independent, conservative, courageous, masterful Executive, who did not hesitate to differ with Seward, Chase and Stanton within his Cabinet, or Carl Schurz and Greeley without his Cabinet. He always decided his executive policy if he did not always imperiously dictate it. In all matters of importance he had a distinct policy, and he enforced it. He held the reins as firmly and took the responsibility as promptly and completely as ever did Andrew Jackson.

Another consumption cure is proclaimed, this time by a Brooklyn doctor, who asserts that he has discovered a remedy which, taken by inhalation as a vapor, hypodermically or through the stomach, will kill the germs of that dreaded malady without destroying the tissues which they have invested. The announcement will inspire renewed courage in the hearts of thousands who are flitting hither and thither in the vain hope of routing the insidious enemy that is preying upon their tissues. Beyond this, the promise of the newly discovered cure does not as yet extend, though intelligent people everywhere, unwilling to admit that science can be altogether baffled by any disease the germs of which it has discovered and the course of which is so plainly marked, join the pale host of sufferers in the hope that a reliable cure for this most common and dreaded of all maladies has at last been discovered.

Spain, rent by factions, her people quarrelsome and distrustful of each other, cannot even be happy and make merry over the marriage of a Princess of the reigning dynasty. The most charming feature of The Hague wedding, and withal the one most promising to the peace and stability of the Dutch kingdom, was the unaffected pleasure with which the people, high and low, but now celebrated the nuptials of their Queen. The trouble brewing over the Spanish royal marriage is strongly suggestive, by contrast, of the difference between a contented people, happy in their traditions and conditions, and loyal to their government, and a restless, discontented, turbulent race, dominated by suspicion and superstition, and living constantly upon the verge of governmental change through popular uprising.

Milan of Servia has succumbed to death. Dissolute, incapable except for evil, an old roue burned out by the fires of his own vices, he goes to his grave unwept even by the son who succeeds him on the Servian throne or by the wife who, herself unscrupulous in morals, has by turns execrated and cajoled him through many scandalous, stormy years. The time has come when to be of "honored and blessed memory" a sovereign must at least preserve the semblance of decency before the world. In this, Milan of Servia signally failed, and any display of grief at his demise will be for the sake of appearances only. All things considered, there is no man on the face of the earth who could better be spared than this decayed ex-King of a not over-nice Balkan state.

Sixto Lopez says the Filipinos demand an "inalienable right." But what is an "inalienable right"? Does any exist? A right is inalienable only when it cannot be alienated, when a people can maintain it. It is the height of presumption to declare the Filipinos could maintain an "inalienable right," because nowhere on earth except with the Teutonic nations is a political right inalienable. However, it is not credited that the Filipinos burden their minds with such subtleties of political philosophy.

The concinnous logic wherewith barbers argue the Sunday-closing scheme would have more virtue as such, and the lubricity of its polish would be more immaculate, if there were a corollary to keep men from shaving themselves on that day. But when a man has license to use the razor himself on Sunday, who should deny him the assistance of his friend or brother?

The primary work of woman suffragists must be with women, not men. The only reason women do not have suffrage is that the majority of them do not want it. If they wanted it, they would have it.

Perhaps it is well for the framers of Portland's new charter that they have kept its provisions secret. Otherwise it might have so many flaws that no toil and trouble could remedy them.

Cleveland says the United States will never be the same again. Very true. Neither will Grover, nor should he want to be if he is progressive.

The Boer plans are reported by Kitchener to have miscarried. Then the British must be in more difficulty.

THE SPIRIT OF CONQUEST.

It Is, in Other Words, the "Ascent of Man."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

"If the world powers have any recognized creed," says ex-President Harrison in the current North American Review, "it is that it is their duty as 'trustees for humanity' to take over the territories of all the weak and decaying nations." He finds that "there has been an attempt to associate the United States with this programme of civilization, upon the theory that the 'Anglo-Saxon' has a divine concession that covers the earth."

"The argument," he adds, "runs thus: Major premise—God's purpose is that man shall make a full and the best use of all his gifts; minor premise—dominion is one of his gifts, and the Anglo-Saxon makes a better use of dominion than the Latin, etc.; conclusion—the Anglo-Saxon, therefore, executes a divine purpose when he subdues these peoples and takes over their lands."

Mr. Harrison, of course, meant to be sarcastic when he formulated the foregoing syllogism, but he is not the first who in sarcasm has expressed a fundamental truth. His protest, although he does not perceive the fact, is really directed against conquest of any kind, whether material, mental, or moral. We have but to substitute for "Anglo-Saxon" in his syllogism "every progressive race," and we have a statement which expresses the central fact of all human history.

Let us make this substitution. His major premise may stand. His minor then becomes: "Every progressive race makes better use of dominion than the unprogressive races." The conclusion is obvious. The progressive races do, indeed, execute a divine purpose when they subdue and elevate the unprogressive. This is what they always have done.

The truth is, "the ascent of man" is a continuous history of conquest, physical, mental and moral. These waves of conquest overlap. Cæsar conquered Gaul, not so much by the sword as by the mental superiority of his legionaries. It was the triumph of mind over matter. Then moral strength had its turn, and the despised and rejected Jewish teacher led captive Judea's conquerors. Though made by persuasion, this was none the less a conquest. The meek inherited the earth simply because of their superior moral strength.

The American people conquered their continent, and swept aside less progressive races, not so much by their physical as by their mental and moral strength. They were animated by that spirit of conquest which springs from the very conviction of superiority of which Mr. Harrison complains. The same spirit animates the Christian missionary. He is absolutely convinced that his religion is better than all others. He wishes others to have it because it is superior. So he goes forth upon his persuasive campaigns of conquest.

We have gone into the Philippines because our duty carried us there. We believe we can help the Filipinos as well as ourselves. Why should Mr. Harrison bewail our conquests for civilization?

Public Ownership in Vogue.

New York Evening Post.

The notion is rather generally held, especially in regard to the railway "deals," that these large purchases of affiliated companies are made by the millionaires concerned wholly from their own resources; are paid for, so to speak, out of their own pockets. No idea could be more delusive. Purchase of a corporation, involving a dozen or a score of millions, is almost invariably settled through the resources of the investing public. Twenty years ago, the favorite mode of payment was through the issuing of new stock or mortgage bonds by the purchasing corporation. These securities were sold to the outside public; the proceeds of the sale were used for settlement of the properties acquired. What the millionaire syndicates did, with the assistance of the banks, was to "finance" the operation, and advance temporarily the needed capital, between the time when the purchase money was paid over and when the public assumed the resulting investment burden. The modus operandi is almost precisely the same today. The chief difference is the more liberal use, nowadays, of the "collateral trust bond" device, whereby the purchasing company is enabled to acquire and hold control without too irrevocably pledging its own perpetual credit. Whether this contrivance is as advantageous to the investor as was the older practice of issuing a bond on the purchaser's whole property, may be an open question. That it is a safer and wiser recourse for the purchasing corporation, however, cannot be doubted.

A Rich Beggar.

Kansas City Star.

Another proof of the needlessness of encouraging American shipbuilding with subsidies is afforded by the action of the Atlantic Transport Company last week in putting orders for four more large freight and passenger steamers with the New York Shipbuilding Company. These vessels are to ply from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to London. The company is an American concern which owns a large fleet of steamers. It cannot sail them under the United States flag because they were built abroad. As Atlantic Transport stock is quoted at about 300, it is to be supposed that the company is managed on good business principals, and that it bought its ships abroad for reasons of economy. It would presumably not be ordering vessels built in the United States unless conditions had changed so that the American Shipbuilding Company had underbid its foreign competitors. Mere sentiment would not induce a corporation organized to make money to pay more than the market price for steamers simply for the privilege of sailing them under the Stars and Stripes.

Here Is American Spirit.

There is an American journal called "Freedom" published at Manila. It rings with patriotism and gives forth no uncertain sound concerning American policy in the Philippines. Referring to the rapid coming over of late insurgents to take the oath of allegiance, and to the deportation of recalcitrant prisoners of war—who have violated their oaths—to the Island of Guam, Freedom wittily says:

To sit in idleness, unable to attract attention, would be galling. The Filipino knows that. For him death has no such horror as oblivion. To him the most comfortable home in Guam would be a hell if haunted with the vision of political rivals in Manila basking in the sunshine of success, gained by taking the right side and leading their followers to accept American sovereignty.

Aguinaldoism in the Philippines is deader than Bryanism in the United States. Now is the time for the Filipino "patriot" to get into the band wagon. Better be a ward boss in Manila than a political Napoleon in Guam.

Better than all, to be a prosperous, peaceful man on the American plan, with family and friends about you, safe in the possession of life, liberty and property, a part of the greatest Nation on earth.

For Sport on Sundays.

Wallowa News.

The barbers who are pushing the Sunday bill through the Legislature are not doing so on account of any holy reverence for the Sabbath, but wish to go duck-hunting, etc., on that day. In other words, they wish to make it a day of sport and recreation, and are afraid they will lose their custom to their more diligent brethren, and so wish to compel them to close up also, whether they wish to go fishing or not.

We Should Have Trouble.

Boston Transcript.

A Cuban Government which should run up an enormous debt; which should frequently in the Latin-American manner constantly irritate European powers, would sooner or later—probably sooner—be seeking our friendly offices to save it from the consequences of its acts. To prevent such resort to us at the very outset some degree of oversight by us should be established.

RESTORATION OF EGYPT.

Appropriate Place for the Renewal of Civilization.

Kansas City Star.

The rehabilitation of Egypt suggests the possibility of the restoration of the ancient lands of Babylonia and Palestine and Assyria. It seems inevitable that nations and lands shall become degenerate and dead. Asia is filled with the ruins of extinct empires. In Europe what was once glorious is now the seat of decay. Civilization having traveled Westward, may be expected to turn Eastward again. Where could the revival of activity more properly begin than in the ancient land of Egypt?

This unique country occupies a curious position among the governments of the earth. Its sovereign is a Viceroy of a declining power, the Sublime Porte. But the Khedive or Turkish Viceroy of Egypt occupies a hereditary princely seat. At the same time everything he does must be scrutinized and indorsed by the British agent, who is Lord Cromer, a man of great achievements and the real master in the rejuvenated land of the Pharaohs.

Beginning as Major Evelyn Baring, a member of the International Commission sent in 1877 to solve the financial puzzles of the government of Egypt, Lord Cromer has gradually made himself the great Egyptian expert. With the power of England behind him his diplomacy has worked one of the wonders of modern times.

To young Major Baring, since created Lord Cromer, is credited the complete failure of the powers to counteract British influence, and certainly he is the man who discovered Kitchener and restored the Soudan to Egypt. Now he is building a dam across the Nile, at Assouan, to help navigation and prevent the recurrence of famine. Taxation has been reformed; life and property are safe; there is a well-conducted army and the police of Cario and Alexandria are said to be perfect. Twenty years ago Egypt was regarded as a hopelessly effete country for which nothing could be done.

Today the ancient cities of Cairo and Alexandria teem with life, commerce and gaiety. The bonds of Egypt, quoted 20 years ago at 43 cents on the dollar, are now above par. Trade has expanded to such a degree that the land of the pyramids is enjoying the biggest boom in its history. A modern society is growing up upon the ruins of ancient Egypt. A Cape to Cairo railway would be the final guarantee of the old land's transformation into the leading commercial district of the Levant.

Century Dispute in Advertisements.

Pall Mall Gazette.

It is all to the good that whatever controversy still remains with regard to the new century should be banished to the advertisement columns. Here are two from today's Times:

TO the ENGLISH PUBLIC and the PUBLIC ABROAD.

A widespread haziness about the beginning of the Century should be dispelled. A Century is a series of one hundred consecutive years and must therefore begin with a year and end with a year. The 20th Century could not begin on thte 1st of January, 1901, because the tenth decade ended with the 31st of December, 1899, and so terminated the 19th Century, and its first birthday will be on the first of next month, Dec. 20, 1900.

A widespread haziness about the beginning of a street should be dispelled. A street may be a series of one hundred houses, and must therefore begin with a house and end with a house. The twentieth house could not be Number 20, because the tenth house is Number 9, and so terminates the 1st decade. Number 0 is the first house, and the second house is Number 1.

This advertisement is dated 28-12-00, which means the 27th day of the eleventh month of the ninety-ninth year of the century.

Could any greater evidence of national wealth be imagined than that two controversialists should in this way pay the price of their emotions?

Lincoln's Favorite Hymn.

Lincoln's favorite hymn has been determined by Secretary John Hay, who as his private secretary might konw, and who says that "there was one which he particularly liked." It was that beginning "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss."

The religious poem, rather than hymn, which Lincoln most often repeated was the melancholy strain of William Knox, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

The hymn which remains in Mr. Hay's memory is Anne Steele's, and is always sung to Lowell Mason's tune "Naomi." The verses are but a small part of the whole hymn as Miss Steele wrote it. As used, it is as follows:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

"Something Too Much of This."

Pendleton East Oregonian.

To establishe several institutions that are not needed and that could accomplish no good, with the aid of state money in Eastern Oregon, as has been proposed in the Legislature, would not abate or equalize one jot or title the burden on the people's back, placed there by the establishment of these institutions in other parts of the state. An industrial school in Eastern Oregon would accomplish nothing for the people of the state. It would provide several soft places for a few of the army who clamor for such jobs, and give a kind of free education to a few sons and daughters who should be educated at the expense of their own parents. The institutions of this character now being supported with a liberal supply of state money are too numerous by far, and unable to do a work that can be better done by private institutions. The state is undertaking too much in the educational line, while doing nothing well.

Mr. Rosewater's Megaphone.

Chicago Tribune.

The people of Nebraska, speaking through the esteemed Omaha Bee, are sternly demanding the election of Mr. Rosewater to the United States Senate.

My Captain.

Walt Whitman's lament for Lincoln.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head.
It is some dream that on the deck
You're fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck—my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

And yet some people are praying for rain!

The first robin of Spring is now due to appear in large numbers.

In spite of legislative assaults upon it, the glorious free lunch still stands.

Of course, Bryan, Altgeld, Towne, Hill and the other patriots will celebrate today.

Today's Senatorial forecast—Severe frost in the region occupied by the McBride camp.

Ignatius Donnelly is dead, and Hon. Charles A. Towne is about the same, thank you.

Hereafter Kansas people will be obliged to drink their liquor out of tin cups, or else tip the bar'l.

The Sangerfest prize fight still deprives Kruger of the place in the news columns he will need for a fitting demise.

The moral wave should not be allowed to subside without a law to prevent salmon from spawning on Sunday.

The British have at last resigned themselves to sending soldiers to South Africa, instead of peace commissioners.

Personal.—After a brief sojourn in Colorado and Kansas, Judge Lynch has returned to his home in Kentucky.

The remarks of Hon. Samuel L. Clemens on imperialism will not be taken seriously. And perhaps they were not meant to be.

Since little has been heard of the war veterans who went to Washington, it is presumed they have encountered Mark Hanna.

Mrs. Nation will never see herself in a Topeka saloon again—at all events until the joint-keepers can lay in a fresh stock of mirrors.

Inasmuch as Tennyson did not write a thanatopsis on Victoria, Austin labors under a kinder opportunity than has ever oppressed him before.

Sing Sing prison has been declared unhealthful. The death rate there might be lowered, however, by modification of some of the electrical appliances.

The Atlanta Constitution wants to know why a native of Cuba should not be called a Cube. Has the Constitution observed that the natives of Cuba are built that way?

Idaho legislators will visit Oregon's distinguished solons at Salem. Perhaps what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina will bear repetition.

Cat's claws have been discovered in Virginia sausage. The supply of man's faithful friend in that state must have been consumed by a phenomenally industrious poundmaster.

Maybe if the state did not own 640 acres of land at Union, there would not be so much argument for an agricultural college at that place. The state might sell the property if overburdened with argument.

Several aspirants will be candidates for the Oregon Senatorship at the proper time. It is solacing to note that tomorrow always is the proper time, even though today changes to tomorrow every 24 hours.

The Tragedy of the Cherry Tree.

It was only a little cherry tree,
It had lived but a year or two,
And so it couldn't be blamed, you see,
For the terrible, terrible tragedy
That blasted it where it grew.

When Autumn came it went to sleep,
And the season of cold and snow
Disturbed it not, for a tree can keep
Safe, snug and warm, in its slumber deep,
Though the blizzards howl and blow.

And the sharp frost fell, and the chill wind blew,
And the light of the sun was gone,
And the weather colder and colder grew,
And the rivers were frozen through and through,
But the little tree slumbered on.

But then there came a sudden thaw,
And a burst of the beaming sun,
And the tree peeped out and beheld with awe
The snowdrifts melting away, and saw
Them vanishing, one by one;

And there came from the south a balmy breeze,
With a breath that was soft and warm,
And it whispered to all the little trees,
"Wake up, wake up, for we're done with these
Chill days of snow and storm."

Yet something within its bosom said:
"Sleep on for a little while,
For there's biting frost in the days ahead,
And the bright sun's rays will soon be fled,
Though they now so kindly smile."

But the warm breeze flattered the little tree,
And the sky looked kind and blue,
And the sunshine bright was good to see,
So it said: "These friends have been kind to me,
And I'll see what they mean to do."

And it roused itself from its long, long nap,
And its buds began to swell,
While its veins all filled with the flowing sap,
And that very night, like a thunder clap,
A killing frost there fell!

And when in the Spring, through the orchard wide,
Grew a filmy lace of green,
It was seen that the little tree had died.
Though the warm wind 'round it sighed and sighed,
Yet never a leaf was seen.

This story shows that the little boys
Who like to get up too soon,
And bang around with their drums and toys
And waken the house with their fearful noise,
Should stay in their beds till noon.

Abrraham Lincoln.

Extol the name
Of one whose fame
The tongue of scandal ne'er can mar,
Our country's pride,
For her he died,
Grandest figure of the Civil War.

Born as lowly
As the holy
Son of God, the Savior of the world.
Ambition's zeal
He did not feel
Till slavery's war-flag was unfurled.

Strong and fearless,
Never tearless
While his Southern foes his will defied;
Unbounded power,
Was his dower
Ne'er abused except on mercy's side.

Kind and cheerful,
Never fearful
Of the final triumph of his cause;
A navy brave,
Crowned ev'ry wave;
Men in arms who won the world's applause.

Priceless treasure,
Is the measure
Of the Nation's estimate of thee;
Great peacemaker,
Shackle-breaker
Of the many millions who went free.

History's pages
Through the ages
With the theme of Lincoln's fame shall shine,
And the story
Of his glory
Shall resound until the end of time.

—J. H. Fletcher.

Salem, Or., Feb. 5, 1901.