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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Partly cloudy, with occasional showers probable; southwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13

President Hadley's prescription of an Emperor for the trusts would doubtless be effective, but it will not be tried till other means have failed. The handiest experiment would be dislocation of the Republican party from the trust it has so indifferently discharged. A trust may be all right and it may be all wrong. Because it is a trust is not conclusive evidence of its mischievousness. We must have grounds more relative. As to the merits of the trusts the country has been disposed to suspend judgment, but it will decide quickly enough if certain existent manifestations are suffered to go on unchecked. For example, if railroad trusts are to kill the Nicaragua Canal, put an end to river and harbor improvement, annihilate all competition, including that of waterways, we shall soon have drastic legislation in nine-tenths of the states that will make life a burden to every business corporation. For example, moreover, if our steel trusts are to own all the mills and mines as well, control the home market through tariffs and limitation of output, while selling at half-price abroad, and compel Congress to pile subsidies on top of protective taxes, there will be a free-trade majority in the House of Representatives bigger than stood at W. L. Wilson's back in 1894. Pierpont Morgan is a shrewd financier, but he may not be a very astute politician; and if he reckons on perpetual license to do as he likes with combinations, regardless of the people, he will be sure to find some early day that the people will reciprocate with small regard for his millions or his feelings. The voters will take a whirl or two at the trusts before they call in an Emperor.

They say that experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. They say that you can't catch a hare twice in the same trap, and that the burnt child dreads the fire. All this may be true, but there is little in the experience of American heiresses with worthless foreign husbands from which Poor Richard's philosophy can derive support. How long and ardently would the Duke of Manchester or the Count de Castellane have looked at the Zimmerman or Gould girls if it had not been for a father's millions? Are these American girls blind, that they cannot see how eagerly the broken-down nobleman or aristocrat seeks their hand, for no love of them at all, but solely to retrieve their scattered fortunes? Where is the maidenly modesty that shrinks from the coarse and impure, where the gentle reserve of virtue that yields only to the key of true and unselfish love? It is humiliating to think that our American life, with its New World naturalness and freedom from aristocratic convention, should produce young women without the distinctive qualities of their sex. And if we suppose the fault is with the parents, the case is not helped. There is an old aunt in "Zaza," and there are mothers in Ouida's books, who shamelessly sacrifice young innocence upon the altar of their own vanity and laziness; but this degeneracy of a rotting aristocracy ought not to be paralleled here among families only a generation away from the farm, the telegraph office or the butcher-shop. All example seems lost upon these wooden-headed and brass-hearted title-hunters. Doubtless we shall continue to pay the husband's debts and pension his cast-off mistresses. And in one sense we are the gainers. Among our increasing exports let us point with pride to the poor fools who go to breed fit progeny for the aristocracy of France and England.

Washington correspondents are threshing over the old straw of the Congressional session with the result of some interesting kernels of gossip anent the river and harbor bill. Passage of the Spooner amendment was purchased, it appears, with promises of appropriations. Cockrell got $5,000,000 for the St. Louis fair, and that bargain was kept. Tillman got $250,000 for the Charleston exposition, but that was not delivered. The Republican and Administration New York Tribune avers that most of the money in the river and harbor bill would have gone "to the South and West in return for the Democratic 'lay-down' on the Philippine and Cuban propositions." The Chicago Times-Herald, also Republican and Administration, quotes an unnamed Republican Senator as saying that the river and harbor bill was "a strong pusher for the measures which we must get through in order to carry out our plans. The St. Louis fair bill has been purposely held up as another pusher for the scheme to put a protectorate over Cuba and to give the President unlimited power in the Philippines." But the Democrats, developments showed, had bought a gold brick. The St. Louis appropriation was the only consideration delivered. Senator Carter, though interested in several items in the river and harbor bill, took the floor against it and prevented its passage. Why he did this nobody knows, except that all concede he did it under orders from the White House or some correspondingly high party authority. The determination was to defeat the river and harbor bill and with it condemn the waterways of the country to neglect and abandonment. The only interest to be served by this is the railroad interest. Have the producers and consumers of the country any representatives in Congress?

Precisely what was foreseen has happened to Oregon's exhibit at Buffalo. The official estimate of the Oregon commission, pared down to the lowest practicable figure, footed up $30,000. In a spirit of reckless parsimony this was cut down by the Legislature to $25,000, and then by a stroke of wanton craziness $5000 of this was set aside for the Charleston Exposition, and wasted. Persons of experience in affairs know that what seems an unimportant reduction very often means just the difference between enough and nothing. If you can ride to Mount Tabor for 5 cents and no less, how much will 3 cents help you to get there? With $30,000 we could send to Buffalo exhibits of our mines, forests, fisheries, farms, orchards and schools. With $20,000 we can send an exhibit of half of them, or we can send a one-horse exhibit of all of them. Of course, no one of these various departments wants to be left out, so a one-horse exhibit all must have, unless some way can be found to eke out the proper amount. What the Legislature wants is therefore quite plain. It wants to see at Buffalo second-class specimens of ore, tended by a $1-a-day man and left alone at night to be carried off. It wants a few boxes of wormy apples and poorly dried prunes to represent our fruit industry. It doesn't want a gold medal for its mining exhibit, as we got at Omaha and Spokane, or the blue ribbon for wheat and apples, as we got at Paris and Chicago. It wants a cheap exhibit, tended by cheap men, who will live on six bits a day and sleep on the floor. If there is a prize at Buffalo for a Jim Crow exhibit and a jay outfit of attendants, the joint ways and means committee of our late Legislature will loudly demand it on behalf of Oregon. It is theirs, hands down.

DISADVANTAGES OF NOT BUYING.

If official and manufacturing Europe should succeed in establishing a tariff wall effectively exclusive of American products, how would consuming Europe stand it? Should we have such a remonstrance as the corn laws once raised up in England, or would the masses patriotically bear the burden for the sake of their "struggling home industries"? To Mr. Charles R. Flint, who believes in tariffs, subsidies and no end of impediments in the way of trade, provided they are erected on your own side of the boundary line, it has, incomprehensively enough, occurred that maybe consuming Europe would indulge the fancy that the American goods it had been buying were actually of some use to it. In the current North American Review Mr. Flint undertakes to show how much more necessary we are to Europe than Europe is to us. Illustrating this by the table of exports and imports, he says that last year Europe bought of us $1,111,000,000 worth of goods. During the same period we bought of Europe only $449,000,000. This gave us against Europe alone a balance of trade amounting to $672,000,000. They bought from us more than 2½ times as much as we bought of them. For every dollar invested by us in European productions they invested $2 50 in American productions.

The New York Journal of Commerce, however, has been at some pains to pick flaws in Mr. Flint's reasoning. His apparent intention being to demonstrate the impossibility of a tariff alliance against the United States, it argues that the British figures should have no place in the comparison, there being no pretense of any readiness on the part of the United Kingdom to join a European zollverein in order to check the growing industrial power of the United States. For the calendar year our exports to Continental Europe amounted to $514,000,000 and our imports from the same countries to $290,000,000. The proportionate excess of sales over purchases is thus very much less than in Mr. Flint's statement. Of the exports to Continental Europe, 47 per cent was credited directly to Germany and France, the total being in round figures, $280,000,000. Considering the proportion of imports that find their way into Germany by way of Belgium and the Netherlands, the actual total is doubtless very much greater than these figures indicate.

Another qualification of Mr. Flint's argument that must be recognized is the fact that high tariffs are already in force in French and German ports against many of our principal products. The German tariff is frankly prohibitory of the import of some of our iron and steel products, and the French is only somewhat less drastic. The United States Senate has, in its wisdom, declined to do anything to break through these barriers by the approval of the reciprocity treaties already negotiated, and the Journal of Commerce makes the sound observation that unless this country is ready to buy more of the finished products of other countries it cannot sell to them more of its own. Happily, our good friend Russia is the only European country that is capable of the economic barbarism of taxing raw materials, the Russian tariff on cotton being 4½ cents a pound, and on copper ingots 5 cents per pound. These two items account for a very large share of our trade with France and Germany, the total for last fiscal year being about $131,000,000 out of the total export of $280,000,000. Add to these items $13,000,000 for lard, $11,000,000 for mineral oil, $5,000,000 for cottonseed oil, $8,500,000 for wheat and wheat flour, and $19,500,000 for corn, and there is accounted for $187,000,000 out of the total export to France and Germany of $280,000,000. It would be extremely difficult, therefore, for Continental Europe to do without very many of the goods it is now buying from us without going hungry or crippling its own manufactures.

In one way and another, therefore, Mr. Flint's arguments and even errors go to show the inadvisability of promoting trade by embargoes or encouraging commerce by strangulation. Yet we take it that when it came to the possibility of the United States injuring itself by going without desirable things from Europe, the Flint school of economics would look the other way and say nothing.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO.

In an address before the Merchants' Club, of Chicago, Saturday night, Booker T. Washington, the colored man who is leading his race out upon the higher levels of freedom through the gospel of work, said: "When we take a broad view of developments in this country during the last forty years as they relate to the negro, I think the north, the white South and the black men have no reason to become despondent because conditions are no better, but every reason to congratulate themselves that the entire situation is so hopeful and satisfying."

This speech must come as a revelation to those who take cognizance of the negro only through some crime that one of his race, still groveling upon the lower levels of animalism, has committed, or turn shudderingly from the spectacle presented by his violent death at the hands of men as drunken in one type of passion as he was in another.

Writing of the tenth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference, recently held, a colored woman whose heart is with her race and its endeavor related the story of a negro who, inspired by the gospel of work and its correlative doctrine, the ownership of home and lands, says: "This man had struggled many years to earn and save the price of his home. For weeks together he had not seen it by daylight except on Sundays, because he left for his work in the morning before it was light, and did not return until after dark. His wife toiled to help him, and finally he became the owner of forty acres of land, a two-room house, mules and cattle." Standing up before the conference in Tuskegee Institute chapel, his face glowing with the pride of honest achievement, this man said: "Now, when I go out of my house in the morning and look around me, the land I see is mine; the earth under my feet is mine as far as I want to dig down into it; the air above my head is mine; even the birds that fly through the air above me are mine." This is the true chant of freedom. It is voiced by a self-dependent manhood that the immortal Emancipation Proclamation was powerless to purchase for the negro, and it rings with the note of individuality, without which there is no accumulative purpose.

The object of the educational effort for which the name of Booker T. Washington stands is to bring the negro up to a full realization of the value of self-endeavor; to encourage the buying of land; of getting rid of the one-room cabin of the old slavery days, and of the abuse of the mortgage system; the raising of food supplies, building better schoolhouses, lengthening the school term, getting better teachers and preachers; the doing away with sectarian prejudice, the improvement of the moral condition of the masses, and the encouragement of friendly relations between the races. As contemplated in this endeavor, the race is passing from a political status that was at best undefined and turbulent to the economic basis that underlies good citizenship. If the negro is to become what he may become, it will be through work systematically directed toward the ownership of land and the building and maintenance of homes in a sense distinct from the old-time housing and herding in plantation quarters. In no sense a politician, he must eschew politics in an active sense and strive for recognition as an economic factor in the community. With the attainder of thriftlessness of the hand-to-mouth order upon him, he must, if he is to gain a foothold, gain it through persistent, purposeful industry; with the attainder of the lawbreaker to overcome, he must rigidly observe the laws, bearing in mind that lawlessness begets crime and hardens and deadens not only the conscience of the lawbreaker, but also the conscience of the community.

The work of the race must for many years lie along the lower levels that contribute to self-respect and individual prosperity. The young people must be prepared for trades and for domestic employment. The attention of the women is especially called, by these promoters of the gospel of work, to the wealth that lies for them in "the garden, the cow, the pig and the poultry-yard." Children in finance, in economy, in responsible industry, these people were thrown upon their own resources forty years ago and left to shift for themselves. Freedom to them was an empty boon. To the vast multitude, indeed, it was not a boon, but a cross which they knew not how to lift, much less to carry. That all have stumbled under the burden is not strange; that many have fallen is true; that thousands have been unable even to stagger to their feet and attempt to carry it is not surprising. That even a few, relatively speaking, under the wise tutelage of a grand teacher of their race, have come to recognize the fact that work—lowly, purposeful, persistent work—must be the salvation of the race; the only lever that can lift them out of a bondage the last estate of which has been to them worse than the first, is a source of intelligent hope to those who are interested in the solution of the negro problem.

The railroad has long been known as an agent of temperance, its work requiring clear heads and steady hands. It now appears through an order of the Dubuque superintendent of the Chicago & Great Western Railroad Company as a stringent promoter of total abstinence among its employes. By this order its men are forbidden, on penalty of dismissal from the service, to enter saloons or to drink at any time, whether on or off duty, intoxicating liquors. A corporation sufficiently powerful may enforce a law of this kind, which, for obvious reasons, could not be enforced by the state, though numbers of its men will doubtless continue to use liquor sparingly, uncensured and unobserved. There are, as corporations officials well know, men whose experience, skill and judgment make them valuable as employes when strictly sober, yet who are robbed of all sense of responsibility by "the first glass of whisky." The object of this order is to render such men reliable, and in some instances it may succeed. As a rule, however, men who have so far allowed their hold upon their manhood to slip that all self-control is destroyed by a single drink of liquor, have passed the stage at which corporation rules can control them. In a few years, by natural processes of business elimination, men of this stamp will disappear from responsible positions, giving place to those who recognize the virtue and value of self-dominion and have never surrendered their will to self-indulgence. This rule of the Great Western Railroad will be more effective in keeping sober men from acquiring the tippling habit, to the ruin of those among them who are of weaker will, than in reclaiming from fixed habits the victim of periodical excesses. To the extent that it is influential in this line it will prove an individual, domestic and public benefaction.

FLEETING MEMORY OF GREAT RICHES.

The tearing down of the famous marble mansion of A. T. Stewart, on Fifth avenue, New York City, recalls the fact that the memory of great riches is a short-lived fame. Stewart died in 1876 worth between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000. He was a bald eagle in business, feared and hated at home, despised and depreciated abroad; he was a tyrannical employer, a remorseless persecutor and exterminator of smaller tradesmen than himself; he ignored the humane maxim, "live and let live"; he was a grab-all; an inexorable absorber, an acrid miser and a mean landlord. When he died the ministers undertook to assign him a seat among the seraphs, even as, at a later date, they whitewashed Jay Gould when he gave his church a lump sum of $10,000. Gould was in failing health; he was a sick devil who felt like a monk, and, like every sick, superstitious bandit, he was willing to pay liberally for masses said for his soul. Stewart, like Gould, left nothing behind him to make the world congratulate itself that he had been born into it. He endowed no college, founded no art museum or great hospital, and established no great charity. He had no legitimate children, and his millions were fought over by distant and doubtful kinsmen. His body was stolen from the grave and held for ransom by rascals who were too cowardly to murder him in life.

The splendid Stewart mansion, which has just been torn down, was furnished by him with everything that could make it attractive and luxurious. The house included a splendid art gallery, on whose walls hung the masterpieces of Meissonier and other great French artists. For one single painting Stewart paid $50,000.

But in the great house there was no happiness. There were no children, no grandchildren. There were no festivities in it beyond an occasional dinner party, when the cynical old merchant entertained a few celebrities in shape of foreign or domestic millionaires or men of conspicuous political consequence, to whom Stewart paid court as a matter of business. He was a man who had been well educated in his youth, and yet he had become so completely corroded with the rust of sordid living that his society was never sought by eminent men of business, by nobody save those who had something to sell that it was possible he would wish to buy.

The memory that Stewart died worth $50,000,000 is fading fast; the monument of his wealth represented by his Fifth-avenue mansion has been torn down. It is true that nothing dries so quickly as tears for the dead, but no tears were ever shed for Stewart, and even the name and fame of his great riches only serve to recall the difference between the noble use of extraordinary riches and the ignoble abuse of or neglect of the opportunity and responsibility of enormous wealth. We shall not compare Stewart with men like Stephen Girard, Peter Cooper and Amos Lawrence, men who were primarily philanthropists, although endowed with great talents for business. We are content to compare the miserable fading memory of Stewart with the permanent esteem and solid fame obtained in our history by such men as John Jacob Astor and the Vanderbilts. These men were not primarily philanthropists, but they did great things for our country in life by their Napoleonic genius for business expansion and combination, and did part with some of their money for public charity. Astor for his means endowed the library that bears his name magnificently.

Vanderbilt endowed a university, and the third and fourth generations of the Vanderbilts not only have inherited much of the ability of the great Commodore, but they have risen to a nobler and wiser philosophy of life. They all believe in mixing benevolence with the administration of a great business as a sound industrial policy, and in the common-sense charity of giving with your own hand. The Vanderbilts all do something, or at least try to do something, worth doing. One of the youngest representatives has educated himself as a mechanical engineer, and is already recognized as an inventor of superior talents. William K. Vanderbilt, who once hunted pleasure in a seagoing yacht, has succeeded to the place of his brother, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, at the head of the Vanderbilt railroad system, and is reported to be a man of great business ability. They all have an honorable desire to be conspicuous for something more than just brains enough to be permitted to inherit money.

There is a fly in the coyote ointment. The new bounty law revives the old method of certification, by which the man who kills a "varmint" presents the scalp to the County Clerk, makes affidavit that he slew the beast in the county and state aforesaid, and gets his warrant for the bounty. This is a comparatively simple process, but it happens that a considerable number of certificates had been issued by notaries or Justices under the former law that had not been formally canvassed by the County Courts. How to get the bounty on these certificates is a problem, for the certificates in most cases are in the hands of third persons, and it is clearly impossible to qualify them under the new law. This leaves some of the scalpers of bounty certificates in an unpleasant position, but it is not presumed that the scalping industry will suffer from it.

Professor Edward G. Bourne is right. The perversion of history cannot honor a man like Dr. Whitman. A devoted missionary, self-sacrificing in his endeavor, faithful to his obligations to humanity, courageous to recklessness, he lost his life at the demand of what he conceived to be his duty. Well, indeed, may it be said that "the unceasing labors of his life, and his death in the service of Christian missions in the Northwest, deserve every honorable mention." A brave man, but an impractical one; humane without the distrust of humanity necessary for self-protection among savages; too kind to impose necessary discipline upon the Indians, after the masterful but still kindly manner of Dr. McLoughlin, he fell at his post in the beautiful wilderness, smitten to death by the hands of those unto whom he had ministered. These are undisputed facts of history, and they entitle Dr. Whitman and his gentle wife, Narcissa, who shared his life and its labors and met death and its horrors with him, to the admiration and pity of future generations.

The Legislatures of Idaho and Utah favor the 1905 fair. There is no reason, indeed, why they should not, and every reason that loyalty to the great region explored by Lewis and Clark a century ago can suggest why they should. The names of these explorers are stamped upon all of this great Northwest country—coast and inland. The records they left of it belong in common to the people that inhabit the then vast solitudes of the continent. Not "mine" or "thine," but "ours," is this vast heritage, and "we" in the widest sense of the word should join in the Lewis and Clark centennial.

Chief Justice Marshall, in 1831, when he was 76 years old, underwent the torture of the operation of lithotomy before the days of ether. Dr. Randall, who assisted in the operation, records that Judge Marshall exhibited extraordinary fortitude, scarcely uttering a murmur throughout the whole procedure, which, from the peculiar nature of his complaint, was necessarily tedious. From the patient over a thousand calculi were taken. He had a perfect recovery; nor did the disorder ever return.

President William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, died of bilious pleurisy, April 4, 1841, when he was a little past 68 years of age, having been born February 9, 1773. Benjamin Harrison was born August 20, 1833. President William Henry Harrison contracted the disease which killed him by foolish exposure to the weather on inauguration day, when he headed the procession on horseback.

"Tom" Carter, of Montana, couldn't let the river and harbor bill pass, because it was "a steal." But he has no compunction whatever against taking for himself a salary of $5000 a year for an indefinite period out of the United States Treasury, for a sinecure position in the St. Louis fair—that is, for no service whatever.

So E. H. Flagg, of Salem, for his vast political services, gets a chance among the Eskimo of Alaska, at $1200 a year. It takes very little to meet the wants of some of our statesmen.

CALIFORNIA'S USUAL ALERTNESS.

It Will Put Its Best Foot Forward in Immigration Work.

San Francisco Bulletin.

It is well that the local merchants are making provision for the immense immigration which will come to this state during the next few months. An information bureau will be established for the benefit of colonists, and persons who come to settle in this state will be advised in regard to the soils, climates, conditions and possibilities of the various sections. For years our merchants have been endeavoring to attract immigration in this direction. Circumstances now have turned a great tide of travelers toward California, and it behooves us not to let the golden opportunity slip by.

The low rates from the East, the several conventions soon to be held in this state, and the returning regiments from the Philippines will bring more than 100,000 strangers to San Francisco before midsummer. It is calculated that 20,000 returned soldiers, each with $400 in coin, will be mustered out in this city. These are very desirable immigrants. Most of them are able-bodied, unmarried men, and if the greater number of them can be led to settle on farms in this state, California will be distinctly the gainer. There is plenty of work for them here. Last year in certain parts of California the fruit crop went to waste for lack of men to handle it. There are fertile districts in California where good land can be had for $15 an acre. Intending settlers should be persuaded to go into the country where they can better themselves. The State of California needs a larger rural population, and the tendency toward the cities is hurtful.

If the commercial bodies of San Francisco assist 30,000 or 40,000 immigrants to settle in the northern part of this state they shall have done a very laudable and important work for California. The merchants of Los Angeles have organized for the purpose of taking means to draw the immigration southward, but the merchants of San Francisco have the double advantage that this city is the point of arrival for the immigrants and that Northern California offers better opportunities to settlers.

VIEWS OF THE CHARTER VETO.

It would be interesting to learn how the Democrats who voted for Senator Mitchell calculate that they have accomplished their duty toward the reform they shouted for last Spring. They have denominated Mark Hanna as the Administration, and now comes the Chronicle, of The Dalles, a ship subsidy advocate, praising Senator Mitchell in these words: "Oregon will now have a Senator whose power and influence for good to the state will not be marred and nullified by his opposition to the Administration."—Burns News.

Governor Geer's reasons for vetoing the Portland charter were entirely sound, one of the best being that the citizens of Portland, generally speaking, were ignorant of its provisions. The veto should make the Governor more friends than enemies.—Toledo Leader.

Word came Wednesday that Governor Geer had vetoed the Portland emergency charter bill. This bill was the one on which the swap was made with the Democrats whereby Mitchell was elected Senator. The Governor has saved his good name by showing that he was not a party to the deal.—Wallowa News.

Lynch Law for Saloons.

New York Tribune.

There are crimes more serious than the illicit sale and consumption of liquor. Murder is one of them, and reputable citizens of many places have often taken it upon themselves to put a murderer to death, either before or after trial and condemnation by the courts. In advance, while their passions are at fever heat, they always defend the thing they mean to do on the ground that the wretch does not deserve the protection of judicial processes, and even after the event they sometimes plead the sanction of what they call the higher law. But intelligent, sober-minded men and women know that this is not a valid justification. It is lynch law that Mrs. Nation and her followers are administering in Kansas, and their only defense is the defense which utterly breaks down when a murderer is hanged by a mob.

A SOUTHERNER FULLY ANSWERED

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"A Southerner" in Oregon sends the Courier-Journal an article from The Portland Oregonian, with a request which is too patriotic to be kept from the public.

"Here is a paper," he writes, "which says the South had no literature before the war. Now, personally, I don't know anything about Southern literature before the war, but I do know that this is a lie. Rip it up."

The article is headed "Literary Growth of the South," and after sketching antebellum American literature, says:

> The outbreak of the Civil War found us with a literature highly creditable to so young a Nation, and yet to this literature the South may be said to have contributed nothing. The active genius of the South before the Civil War was exclusively devoted to law and politics. No section of the country produced so many men of brilliant forensic eloquence and of superior distinction in legal debate. The atmosphere of the South, its social habits, so much favored the cultivation of natural talents for public speech that a Northern-born and bred man, Sargent S. Prentiss, of Maine, seemed to rise to a level of eloquence in Mississippi, of which he had not been suspected in his youth. Able statesmen and lawyers were found in every Southern State, but to the American literature of poetry and fiction the South contributed nothing worthy of note until after the Civil War.
>
> Since the Civil War the Southern mind has been conspicuous as the most gifted and versatile contribution to our new body of prose and verse. The destruction of slavery "took the nigger off the valve" of the Southern native genius for literature. . . . The fine brains of the South went into law and politics exclusively before the war, but since the war the fine brains of the South have been devoted, a goodly portion, to the production of excellent literature, to the pursuit of business, as well as that of law and politics.

The Courier-Journal fears that it must disappoint its appreciated correspondent who, while saying that he does not know anything about the assertions which The Oregonian makes, yet insists that they are lies. Unquestionably we have all heard much of "Southern literature" before the war, and how could we have heard of it if there was no such thing? Many ornate essays have been written about it; much tribute has been paid to it in high-sounding adjectives; scores of its authors have been cited by name; yet who has read their productions?

Honesty compels the admission by the Courier-Journal that if there is any such thing as an ante-bellum Southern literature it has been unable to find it. Nor can we see that this is any reproach to the South. The bent of the people in this region was then in other directions, and that they won primacy in those directions is everywhere conceded. It is not worth while to go into the causes which diverted the intellectual energies of the Southern people in those days into other fields than creative literature. The fact is all that is here under consideration, and it is a fact which grows the more obvious the further that period recedes from us.

But surely if the lack of literary activity before the war was any discredit to the South, it has been more than atoned for since. The Oregonian as readily recognizes one condition as the other. It is admitted freely in the North that the greatest literary impetus in this country since the war has been in the South, and that its real additions to American literature have outweighed those which have been made by any other section.

After all, however, why insist on drawing sectional lines in the literature of the United States? This is one country, and what is to its credit in Georgia or Virginia is to its credit in Vermont or Maine. Good literature is good at every point of the compass. It is in no sense sectional, and the sectionalism of those who discuss it can not make it so. It may be geographical in that it may be peculiar to local conditions, but its fidelity to those conditions makes it literature anywhere, and in that broader sense only can it live.

TABLED IN INDIANA.

Rude Treatment Which Can Hardly Fail to Discourage Suffragists.

Chicago Times-Herald.

The efforts of the woman suffragists to break into the Indiana constitution have been "tabled" once more. The attractive lobby that has been trying to operate upon the susceptibilities of the Hoosier legislator must go home to its hungry husbands and neglected firesides.

A lot of mean and ungallant lawmakers seem determined to keep the Indiana constitution "for men only." They won't leave the constitution outdoors over night for fear the equal suffragists will break into it with a jimmy or crowbar. The constitution-makers sewed it up tight, so far as excluding the women is concerned, and all propositions to strike out the word "male" have been promptly, decently and quietly buried in committees on rights and privileges.

The Indiana Legislature played the same old trick of leading the suffragists up to the top of "an exceeding high mountain" in one branch and then pushing them off in the other branch. The customary procedure is to give the women a majority in one House, raising their hopes skyward, with the quiet understanding that the other branch of the assembly will reject the proposition to give them the ballot. The Indiana House voted in favor of a woman suffrage amendment, but when it came to the Senate it was promptly referred to the committee on privileges, which is regarded as a Christian burial for propositions of that kind. The champion of the suffragists, however, was not satisfied with the form of the obsequies, and very foolishly asked to have the amendment disinterred. Thereupon the remains were rudely and unceremoniously "tabled."

This continuous tabling process can hardly fail to discourage even so hopeful and valiant a band as the woman suffragists. Public opinion has apparently reached the point where legislators are not disposed to favor further extensions of suffrage to women until they manifest a more general disposition to use the privileges already granted them in school elections.

When in Danger of Nervous Collapse

American Queen.

A woman who finds herself tiring at every exertion is in danger of nervous collapse. She who fails to sleep soundly is especially liable to such a break-down. To avoid such a possibility, rest is absolutely necessary, but not a rest which means idleness; such rest would be the worst possible thing. What is necessary, though, is to break up the accustomed routine of work, and to do all things moderately; take your breakfast in bed, rise late, retire early, abandon all unnecessary exertions, drink two or three quarts of rich cocoa a day . . . or use this same amount of milk with cereals or in simple puddings. Eat nourishing food, the heavy meal preferably in the middle of the day. Keep out of doors as much as possible, but do not allow yourself to become exhausted with too much walking. Occasionally during the day take 10 minutes' rest, on the flat of your back, if possible, and if you manage to get the proverbial "forty winks," so much the better. Go to bed early, and go to bed each night at the same time. Darken your room absolutely, and at once. Do not try to read, knowing you cannot sleep, or you will not. Close your eyes, and, selecting a comfortable position, with all the muscles and nerves relaxed, direct your glance upward. In doing this, avoid the slightest effort; it may take several nights' trial to quit making the effort, but when you succeed—and you will in a very short time—you will sleep restfully and well; the more sleep one manages to get while in a nervous, collapsible condition, the less will be the danger of prostration.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Duke of Westminster did not learn the way to court till after his courtship was over.

The Boers who stole General Kitchener's personal baggage may soon have use for his supply of regret-to-report blanks.

Richard Croker says that New York is the best governed city in the world. And without the consent of the governed, at that.

Silence is golden, and gold is what counts in a Montana election. But Senator Carter didn't find this out till too late.

> We know that Spring is coming,
> But we will not know it's here
> Till we see the advertisement
> Of the first bock beer.

Webster Davis says he has sold his book for $180,000. Thus he firmly establishes his reputation as a producer of fiction.

They are trying to abolish gambling in Kentucky. If reform is allowed to go much further down there, restrictions will soon be placed on killing people.

> Now doth the gentle maiden
> Say, and insist upon it,
> That she must have $50
> For a modest Easter bonnet.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite dish is corn beef and cabbage. That is the way of the world. The man who is drawing $6 a week prefers terrapin and champagne.

If Edwin Markham will take a tour of the country these Spring days, he will see his friend, the man with the hoe, riding on a sulky plow and smoking a Havana cigar.

> Oh! why does the poet sing of Spring,
> Of the birds that their way to the northward wing?
> Because, forsooth, he is forced to roam
> Out of doors, for they're cleaning house at home.
>
> Wind that howls and whistles,
> Frost that stings and bites,
> Misty, clammy mornings,
> Clear and starry nights,
> Warm and genial sunshine,
> Almost hot at noon,
> Red and glowing twilights,
> Shining, radiant moon,
> Rain and sleet and hailstorms—
> Then the sky's blue arch,
> Every kind of weather,
> Mixed to make a March.

The three society men of the Senate—Depew, Kean and Wetmore—who are so popular that they never dine at home except when they give dinners to their friends, stole quietly into the Senate restaurant the other day, a Washington correspondent says. Each Senator looked at the menu card listlessly. "I'm very tired of terrapin and game," said Senator Kean. "So am I," said Senator Wetmore. "So am I," echoed Senator Depew, "and I am going to eat some bacon and greens." Kean and Wetmore almost shouted for joy. "That's what we want," they said, and in five minutes three Senate society men could have been seen eating bacon and greens as if they had never tasted anything one-half so good in their lives.

The Wallowa News chronicles a case of touching gratitude on the part of the citizens of Sodaville, who, in convention assembled, passed a resolution thanking the Legislature for appropriating $1000 for the mineral springs at that settlement. This is only fair. It was exceedingly kind of the Legislature to make this appropriation, particularly as there was no reason for it except that the springs needed the money. If every community favored by the Legislature would thus express its gratitude, how much happier it would make the legislators; how it would influence them to do as much for other springs, of which there are several thousand in the state. The people of Sodaville are a bright and shining example for other communities. For example, the Legislature did several things for Portland, such as passing a fine, new charter bill, and yet it has not occurred to a single mass meeting to return thanks.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Not to Be Expected.—"Yis, Mike has a stiddy job, but 'tis har-rd wor-ruk." "Oh, well, ivery man can't be on the polace foorce!"—Puck.

Aristocracy.—"And she is reckoned one of the aristocracy in Kentucky?" "Oh, decidedly! Her family feuds with the very best people there!"—Detroit Journal.

Little Elsie—Sister, do you know what Lent is? "I'm not so sure, Elsie, but I think it's forty days set apart in the year for people to be sorry for being Episcopalians."—Life.

"Mamma, will heaven be as beautiful as they say in the books?" Mother—Certainly, my dear; why do you ask? "Places we go to in the Summer are never as nice as the circulars."—Life.

Lenten Meditation.—"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I am going to church, kind sir," she said. "What do you there, I would ask, pretty maid?" "I pray and I think up new hats," she said.—Detroit Free Press.

Sir William Sampson.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

> When I was a lad with my strong right arm
> I pulled up weeds on my father's farm;
> I plowed, I sowed, and I mowed the hay
> And I carried swill to the pigs each day—
> Oh, I carried the swill so successfullee
> That now I'm the ruler of our great navee!
>
> As a farmer boy I made such a hit
> That they sent me to school, where I done better yit;
> I learned to read and I learned to write
> And I earned my board doing chores at night—
> I done the chores so admirablee
> That I'm Admiral now in our great navee!
>
> I made my name such a powerful name
> That a naval cadet I soon became;
> I wore white shirts and I brushed my hair
> And I soon had the other boys beaten there—
> Oh, the rest were thrown in the shade by me,
> And now I'm the boss of our great navee!
>
> I polished myself from tip to tip
> And I cut a dash on our training ship;
> I learned to dance and I learned to bow
> And forgot all about how to milk a cow—
> I forgot my farming so thoroughlee
> That now I'm the hero of our great navee!
>
> I grew so great that they picked me out
> To bottle up and put the Dons to rout,
> And I smashed their fleet on that glorious day,
> Though I chanced to be a dozen miles away—
> Yes, all their ships were riddled by me—
> I'm the only hero in our great navee!
>
> Now sailors all, whoever you may be,
> There are lines we must always draw, you see;
> You must stick to your guns, you must stay below,
> For you haven't the right to presume, you know—
> Just stand at a distance and admire me,
> The greatest thing in our great navee!

Divine Immanence.

Alexander Pope.

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
> As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
> As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
> As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns;
> To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
> He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.