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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Showers, with westerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1901.

RESPONSIBILITY UPON CONGRESS.

The Constitution follows the flag, but it will not be in any unseemly haste in doing so. It will follow at a respectful distance, under due process of law, and may be subject in its voyage to an occasional tack.

"Many men of many minds." That is the decision long ago rendered by the court of proverbial philosophy, from which the United States Supreme Court, august and all as it is, proves itself not exempt. No motive appeals to every mind with the same force. No complicated array of evidence and argument makes an identical impression on every Judge. The contest between ideal theory and hard facts that has agitated the public mind for three years is settled by the Supreme Court, but it is settled in one way only because of the scant majority of one. Four of the nine Judges dissent from the opinion that sustains the Government, and they charge the majority with "confusion" of mind. Yet quite as good a case can be made out for their own confusion. Porto Rico may not be a foreign country, and yet may be subject to tariff discrimination. Whether duties must be "uniform" throughout the United States and all its territorial belongings or only throughout the states themselves is a question for construction, and the court has construed it. This does not, as Mr. Justice White seems to think, impair the soundness of the dictum that Porto Rico is not a foreign country.

Admit that the decisions are obscure, mixed and in apparent conflict. It remains, nevertheless, that the opinions as a whole must be resolved, for practical uses, into a coherent view. The whole must be reconciled into a theory. And this can be done. It discovers itself readily enough to a little study. The fact as to our new possessions, as the court has laid it down, is that Porto Rico and the Philippines are parts of the United States, but in a restricted, territorial sense. They are not foreign countries, neither are they states, nor are they even organized territories. They are under the power and control of Congress, and Congress, therefore, can levy duties on their goods hither bound. Yet this is not to say that duties are to be collected before any act levying them has been passed by Congress. Hence in the Delima and Goetze cases the claimants win. They paid their duties before the Porto Rico act was passed, and those duties were invalid because Porto Rico was not a foreign country.

The decision, and especially the manner of its promulgation, may afford a timely rebuke to those hair-trigger intellects that desire everything reduced to a plain issue between sounding phrases. All there has been in this controversy for many enthusiastic and wordy disputants is the simple issue whether or not "the Constitution follows the flag." The court decides that the Constitution does follow the flag, but yet it sets aside substantially all that the flag-following party has contended for. And this is well. It discredits the passion for lazy generalization, which is the vice of present-day thinking. Because the Constituiton follows the flag, it does not follow that it follows it "ex proprio vigore." Because the Constitution says all taxes, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States, it does not follow that this means that they shall be uniform throughout all the territory belonging to the United States. Nor does it follow from this decision that the Constitution is to be in any way discredited or the Republic endangered. The way is simply open for Congress to go ahead and do whatever is right and necessary to be done.

Yet it is idle to blink the fact that this decision will cause pangs of disappointment and misgiving in many of our best and brightest people. Partly growing out of our natural mistakes in the new possessions, partly from the conservative sentiment, partly from recollection of European colonial systems, and partly through unconscious promptings of captious opposition and partisanship, there has grown up in this country a feeling of distrust of and antagonism to the retention of the Philippines. That feeling is best summed up in its animadversions on "colonialism," and those who shared it have hoped to see this decision set the seal of disapproval upon the acts of Congress looking toward exploitation of the islands on the plans of Continental Europe. These persons must now again be reminded that the duty of this Nation to be just to the dependencies is laid not upon the courts, but upon the political representatives of the people.

The responsibility for fair treatment of the new possessions cannot be shirked by President and Congress, and the voters who elect them. It cannot be thrown upon the courts, but it must be met and faithfully discharged by those to whom the political functions of the Government have been intrusted. Let those who have been hoping that the mistakes of Congress would be corrected by the Supreme Court, realizing as now they must that Congress must correct its own mistakes, redouble their efforts toward a public opinion that shall demand of Congress, not a scheme for exploitation and robbery of the new possessions, but an honest plan by which the boasted blessings of our free institutions shall be transplanted to those unhappy islands, not as toy republics to be wrecked by inexperience within or European rapacity from without, but as indeed parts of the American Union, under the flag, under the Constitution, welcome at the lengthening, bountiful family table of Uncle Sam, glad and proud to be there.

POOR PREACHERS ENOUGH.

A poetical contributor to The Sunday Oregonian pokes fun at the Presbyterian Church in connection with the proposed revision of its creed, and hints that this may be made broad enough to take in the Jewish rabbi. This is a very suggestive illustration of the senseless hostile criticism the churches have to meet. This same poetical contributor in this identical contribution upbraids the Presbyterians for their narrowness. The simple fact is, of course, that numbers of clever wits and most excellent haters have a fixed determination to carp at everything bearing the mark of religion. A church that is conservative is upbraided for its conservatism, and if any shows signs of liberality it is scorned for its looseness. The very same critic will inveigh against the pulpit for failure to preach the good, old gospel of our fathers, and for its unwillingness to adapt itself to modern conditions. You can censure the church for not making its service attractive to the people, and if it tries to do this you can censure it for trying to conduct a show instead of worship. The moving force in all these criticisms is unyielding and unreasoning hostility to the church and religion.

Is there not in this censorious spirit some part of the explanation of the difficulty encountered in trying to provide preachers enough to supply the demand—a problem that has engaged this as well as previous sessions of the Presbyterian General Assembly? We are all human, and the young man naturally shrinks from a career in which everything he does is sure to be pounced upon as too hidebound or too liberal, too severe or too lax, too yielding to the world or too loyal to exploded notions. At any rate, the complaint is of steady decrease in the number of students for the ministry. The report of the General Assembly's committee on education views the situation as alarming. The supply of ministers is not equal to the demand of the church, and each year the discrepancy grows. "Christian young men," the report continues, "are turning their attention to law, to medicine, to journalism, to teaching, and are neglecting the claims of the gospel ministry." The committee urges the church to discover the cause of the shortage in preachers and to remove the difficulty if possible.

A very apparent difficulty, of course, is the small pay. At a recent Presbyterian synod in Oregon a calculation was made which showed that the average cash salary collected by the ministers of that denomination in Oregon does not exceed $200. In many cases more is promised, but after the preacher has earned his salary and earned it again trying to collect it, he is often unable to coax, wheedle or bully his dues from his promising but non-performing congregation. At the Philadelphia meeting the Board of Ministerial Relief makes this plain in its report. The smallness of the preacher's rewards, as revealed in the church's salary roll and pension list, will go far toward accounting for the fact that able young men in the church are attracted to other professions. The Board of Ministerial Relief had 931 families of Presbyterian ministers on its roll during last year. To those on the honorably retired list it paid an average of $285, and to other families $180. This is a slender stipend for a man of family who has devoted his life to a profession in which he has had no chance to lay up anything for old age or a rainy day.

Persecution of the pulpit in various effective ways, such as starvation and unfeeling criticism, has apparently sent the ministry into a decline—a phenomenon which can be comforting to none except the select circle where nothing could give greater edification than the spectacle of all the preachers floating in boiling oil. In this age of religious toleration we have nevertheless a few choice spirits who interpret freedom of worship as freedom to caricature and subvert all worship. But aside from these a decline of the pulpit will be recognized as a cause for regret. Its effect will be impairment of quality as well as quantity, for it is unfortunately true that those with the loudest internal call to preach frequently possess very limited external qualifications. The old superstition that there is some miraculous choice of preachers and that the calling is not to be weighed for its attractions and disagreeable features, the same as other professions, is practically obsolete now, and we recognize that a young man will select the ministry or avoid it from the same motives he obeys in regard to other callings—he will balance its inconvenience and deprivations against its rewards and his capacity for usefulness in it. He will think of his family and his future, and he will not imagine that a godly life is discredited by being out of the ministry or that a useless life gains a special halo of dignity by being in the ministry. Unfortunately, we have enough poor preachers as it is. The need is for better ones. And while we are apt to think that the poor preacher should be cutting wood or spreading manure, we should remember that there are failures in all callings, and some men can't succeed in anything they undertake. Probably the poor preacher would make a bad woodcutter or farmhand.

THE TARIFF ON STEEL.

Every man who has had any use for the manufactured products of iron and steel, whether for fastening the slats on a chicken coop or for building a cantilever bridge, has recently noted a large increase in the amount of tribute that is paid to the steel trust. Having cheaper raw material, cheaper coal, and Hungarian, Italian and Slav labor fully as cheap as it is in Europe, this mammoth combination of capital can and does manufacture steel and iron cheaper than it can possibly be manufactured abroad. It goes a step farther. It ships iron and steel to Europe and undersells the European manufacturer. American steel rails and bridge material are being shipped all over the world, and in most cases are sold cheaper abroad than they are at home. Exclusive of sugar and oil, there are few things controlled by the trusts for which there is such a general demand as there is for iron and steel products, and for this reason tribute naturally is exacted from an immense number of consumers.

When American steel and iron products are shipped abroad and sold at lower prices than can be met by the foreign manufacturers, it might be expected that the American citizen living next door to the factory could purchase them as cheaply as the European. Unfortunately for the American consumer, who is much more numerous than the manufacturer, a high tariff, which does not prevent the manufacturer from selling to the foreigner at low prices obviates the necessity for his selling to his neighbor at the same figures. The protection thus afforded the steel trust is a fine help to the foreign consumer and to the trust, but the American consumer, who actually pays the tariff in the form of million-dollar salaries and fabulous dividends, derives no benefit whatever from it. The trust harms the consumer by exacting unnecessarily heavy tribute for the manufactured product, and it harms the American laborer by bringing in swarms of cheap men from the Old World to compete with him.

Within the past five years the competition of American manufacturers has closed down many steel plants in Europe and sent their employes to this country. America is a big country of marvelous resources, but it is too small to carry to an indefinite length a policy which eventually would depopulate Europe and reduce the American laborer to the position of a serf. The infant industry which provided Andrew Carnegie with more millions than he can spend, and which has developed into an aggregation of capital appalling in its magnitude, should have its nursing bottle removed before it reaches a stature greater than the indulgent nurse who has supplied the nourishment. The greatest good to the greatest number is a policy which finds no reflection in the operation of the laws which have permitted half a dozen men to become enormously wealthy at the expense of a Nation of 50,000,000 consumers and laborers.

UNDUE ALARM.

Senator Lodge and Vice-President Roosevelt are very different men in point of personal scholarship and public attainments, but they are both disposed at every opportunity to talk "jingoism." Roosevelt is excusable on the ground that his iteration of his threadbare tune of "the strenuous life" has made it difficult if not impossible to make a public speech that is not saturated with a superfluity of pugnacity for mere pugnacity's sake. Senator Lodge is a man of far greater ability, both natural and acquired, than Roosevelt, and is not obliged by the barrenness of his mental outfit or the paucity of his learning to talk "jingoism" in season and out of season. Why does he stoop to such talk? The only answer that can be made is that Senator Lodge talks "jingoism" because he thinks it is popular, and that as an ambitious demagogue he cannot afford not to talk "jingoism." Senator Lodge went clean out of his way in his speech at the opening of the Pan-American Exposition to say that "the chief message of the exhibition and our highest hope is that renewed and formal notice should be served by it upon Europe that we are more than ever determined jealously to maintain the doctrine of Monroe." Among other things, Senator Lodge said:

> Under no conditions, under no stress of circumstances, can the smallest island or the most barren promonotory on either continent ever be ceded or sold (or even leased, he said in another sentence) to one of the great powers of Europe.

Great Britain and France already have naval stations in the Caribbean, and it is clear that Lodge's language refers to the recent report that the German Government is negotiating with Venezuela for the lease or purchase of a barren rocky island of insignificant dimensions for a coaling station. If any power should do this, Senator Lodge asserts that "the danger would be real." But France already has both a coaling station and a naval station at Martinique, and France is really a great naval power, while Germany is not. Great Britain, the first naval power of the world, and France, the second, both have naval and coaling stations in the West Indies, and we do not lose any sleep at night because of this fact. There is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine which would prevent Venezuela from leasing to Germany a barren island for a coaling station. "Interposition for the purpose of oppressing or controlling," was what President Monroe warned the despotisms of Europe not to attempt in South America. To purchase or lease an uninhabited rock in the ocean with the consent of Venezuela would not be oppression or control. The United States under the Monroe Doctrine would not forbid the independent states of South America, regardless of their own desires, to lease or sell a coaling station to Germany, or any other power of Europe. This is wrenching the Monroe Doctrine more violently than it has ever been strained before. No European country has ever taken such extreme ground in opposing the acquisition of naval or coaling stations by other countries. Why would a coaling station for the service of the growing needs of German commerce and the accommodation of her cruisers be "an eternal menace to our peace"? We have a coaling station off the coast of Mexico; is it an eternal menace to the peace of Mexico? Have we any business to say to Venezuela that she shall not sell a barren rock to Germany for a naval station without our consent?

Senator Lodge holds that the Monroe Doctrine guarantees "the absolute independence" of the South American Republics. Granted. But what becomes of their absolute independence if they cannot sell or lease an island off their shores? According to Senator Lodge, however, they cannot do it. This forced construction of the Monroe Doctrine has not a leg to stand upon. Senator Lodge asserts that a German naval station is an eternal menace to our peace; argues that she would use a naval station as a point of military and naval concentration against us in the execution of a projected policy of commercial aggression for the future. And yet this same Senator Lodge tells the Cubans that our naval stations in that island are the best assurances of future peace on the part of Cuba. He is the ablest, the most ingenious and therefore the most dangerous of our jingo demagogues. He could not refrain from playing jingo during even the financial debate of 1896, for he seriously urged the bulldozing of Great Britain through an absolutely prohibitory tariff in order to force that great power to abandon gold monometalism. He defeated the French reciprocity treaty; he is a perpetual stirrer up of international hatred and strife, just at the moment when President McKinley urges a policy of peace and trade with all nations. There is no foundation for the pretense that the German colonization in Rio Grande do Sul would furnish any nucleus for a new Germany in Brazil, for the United States Minister, in a letter published in the Washington Post, writes that the German settlers of Rio Grande do Sul are thorough republicans "who are ready with a well-equipped army and militia to defend their territory valiantly, if threatened. They recognize their obligations to the United States of North America for the free institutions which they enjoy, and for our sympathy, past and present."

One of the most interesting and suggestive of what may be called the minor anniversary occasions of the present year was that celebrated at Oregon City last Sunday as the semi-centennial of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in that city. The church building is a modest structure, somewhat gloomy on the inside, but occupying a site overlooking the Willamette River, romantic rather than commanding, and with the atmosphere of the pioneer era still hanging about it. No one has known Oregon City at any time, however, during the past fifty years without having had some knowledge of this unpretentious little church and its workings. The commemorative exercises last Sunday could not fail to recall to the older members of the congregation many honored names that were unspoken, but which represented years of faithful endeavor in the narrow but gradually widening life of the metropolis of territorial Oregon. To many, perhaps, the most reverent memories of the life and work of this church are connected with the ministry of Rev. John W. Sellwood, who for many of what may be called the middle years of its history went in and out of the little church and rectory perched upon the river bank, among the members of his parish, prompt in response to every call of duty from whatever quarter the call came, a genial element in community life, a gentle ministering presence at the house of sorrow, a reverent teacher of religion as interpreted by the creeds of his church. The record of conscientious endeavor was written in the lines of his face—prematurely aged—and closed by his death while yet in the prime of his years. But he still lives in St. Paul's parish—an earnest, genial, persuasive presence, the memory of which the years have dimmed but cannot efface.

The Texas newspapers are full of glowing advertisement of oil companies. One company advertises a capital stock of $300,000, and offers a "limited number of full-paid, non-assessable" shares at 25 cents each. Shares by the thousands can be bought at 50 cents each, while one company, which claims a capital of $1,000,000, concludes its description of its wonderful oil fields by saying:

> Have had an expert locate sites for wells on this land, and will at once bore for oil, which the expert is positive will be found in gushing quantities. Our deed was among the first recorded after the Great Lucas geyser came in, and we had many enticing offers for the land before incorporating, but, always feeling sure of oil, preferred to develop it ourselves, and declined all offers of sale. Our board of directors has authorized sale of a limited amount of stock for development, and we offer the same at 6 cents per share.

Six cents a share for a property that is sure to produce oil in "gushing quantities" seems to meet all the conditions of future prosperity, as completely as did the ideal frog pond of which it was written: "The worms is large and the snakes is small; what more could a frog desire?" The only fly in the ointment is that most of the companies admit that they are not yet actually pumping oil, but assure the investor that boring outfits have been ordered and the boring contracts have been let.

The gist of the Supreme Court's attitude towards the power of Congress concerning the new possessions is contained, curiously enough, in the very opinion rendered against the Government, that is in the Delima case. Thus:

> Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that there has not been a session of Congress since the Territory of Louisiana was purchased that that body has not enacted legislation based upon the assumed authority to govern and control the territory. It is an authority which arises not necessarily from the territorial clause of the Constitution, but from the necessities of the case, and from the inability of the states to act upon the subject. Under this power Congress may deal with territory acquired by treaty; may administer its government as it does that of the District of Columbia; it may organize a local territorial government; it may admit it as a state upon equality with other states; it may sell its public ownings to individual citizens or may donate them as homesteads to actual settlers. In short, when once acquired by treaty it belongs to the United States, and is subject to the disposition of Congress.

That is the basic fact of the dependency problem, and the case for the antis hasn't a leg to stand on.

Sampson's retirement will go far toward appeasing the popular clamor against a brave man and a most useful naval officer. It is a pity that the declining years of two of our best naval officers should have been embittered by a controversy in which the fool friends of each took the leading part. Sampson's famous message from Santiago was an unfortunate mistake, but history will remember him as a faithful seaman and in an important sense the father of the new Navy.

The Astoria rate war is settled at last, to the satisfaction of all concerned. It has done nobody any good, and has done some at least considerable harm. People who want to travel should pay the price, and fortunately Oregonians can do so now, thanks to the general prosperity. The beaches are looking forward to a record-breaking season, and the facilities provided justify schedule rates. There is no reason why pleasures should be expected on the bargain counter.

The decision in the Delima case leaves the impression of a weak presentation on behalf of the Government. It is just possible that the general principles affirmed in the other cases might have been applied here if proper groundwork had been laid in the pleadings.

Dangers of trouble in Northern Pacific still perplex and terrorize the stock exchanges everywhere. The corner is still on.

POET'S BLOOD IN FINANCIER.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The theory held by some psychologists that an active imagination is essential to success in the ordinary pursuits of life, as in art or literature, would seem to find splendid verification in the case of J. Pierpont Morgan. No one but the possessor of a powerful imagination could have conceived the remarkable schemes of finance, covering such varied fields of enterprise and welding together so many interests, which have been attempted and carried through by this highly endowed individual. He comes by his imagination as naturally as by his deftness in the manipulation of capital. The latter is an inheritance from an English father, one of the foremost of London bankers. The former comes by heredity from his American grandfather, John Pierpont, a New England poet, some of whose contributions to the verse of the period between 1812 and 1865 were of a very high order. He was, by way of example, the author of that stirring piece, "Warren's Address to the American Soldiers," commencing:

> Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
> Will ye give it up to slaves?
> Will ye look for greener graves?
> Hope ye for mercy still?

Also the popular threnody entitled "My Child," whose first stanza is:

> I cannot make him dead!
> His fair, sunshiny head
> Is ever bounding round my study chair.
> Yet when my eyes, now dim
> With tears, I turn to him,
> The vision vanishes—he is not there!

Although the poet was well known in Connecticut, where at one time he ran for Governor on a Free Soil ticket, his largest personal acquaintance with the people of the country as a whole was made during the years of the War for the Union. He patriotically entered the Army as a chaplain when about 76 years old; but it was found that the hardships of life in camp were too great for one of his years; so, since he was too proud to accept a position of dependence upon wealthy connections, he was given a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, with liberty, practically, to spend his time as he pleased. His magnificent face and figure, snowy white hair and beard, attracted attention in every assembly where he appeared. Never was the spirit of poet more fittingly housed than in that venerated frame. He died in 1866. The knowledge that the great financier of the day is his grandson will awaken in the bosoms of not a few Americans a kindlier feeling toward J. Pierpont Morgan than could be won by the greatest monetary successes.

The First Battle-Ship Ohio.

Salt Lake Tribune.

The Chicago Tribune gives an account of the first battle-ship Ohio. It was launched at the Brooklyn navy-yard May 22, 1820, and was designed and constructed by Henry Beckford. It did not go into commission until 1838, and on its first cruise it sailed to the Mediterranean under the broad pennant of Commodore Hull. It served in the Mexican War and was flagship of the American fleet in the bombardment of Vera Cruz. It was a great old ship in its day, a very queen of the Navy. It mounted 110 guns, spread 16,000 yards of canvas, and outsailed everything afloat. It was so beautiful in design that when it was at Trieste an Austrian naval commission, by permission, took its model, and, according to a journal of the cruise, "the King of Austria has ordered a ship to be built as like it as possible." It was finally sold to Israel M. Snow, of Greenport, Long Island, and was broken up there. No doubt it was a beautiful craft when it was new, but one shot from the Ohio that was launched last week at San Francisco would sink such a ship as that. There has been a change in ships and guns since 1838. But speaking of sailing crafts that have borne the name Ohio, that steamer that used to sail from New York to Aspinwall ought not to be forgotten. She could sail a little faster sidewise than she could straight ahead, and when in a mood for rolling it was easy for her to convince any landsman aboard that with the next roll she would not stop, but continue and make a capsize of it, and, after about three hours of experience on her, the landsman began to take on the idea that it would be a good thing if she would, and have an end of it.

Mr. Carnegie as a Humorist.

New York Evening Sun.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg; Fifth avenue, New York, and Skibo Castle, N. B., has never been accused of being a humorist. But this time he is guilty of a joke, and a practical joke at that. How it will strike the Scots is another story. Mr. Carnegie has written to the Lord Provost of Glasgow offering to provide $500,000 for the establishment of branch libraries in Scotland. He states that it is just 52 years since his family sailed from the land o' cakes and that he "will be delighted to commemorate the event." It is possible that Mr. Carnegie's former fellow-countrymen, being frugal souls, and money being money, will be content to pocket the cash and say nothing. On the other hand, the subtle humor of the situation may not strike them for many years to come. But should it finally dawn upon them, one thing is certain, they will not think of giving back the coin. But really to propose to put up a monument in a country in lasting memory of your leaving it for your own good is going a little too far. It is not considerate to those you left behind you.

Dr. Sam Johnson had to snub the devoted Mr. Boswell on one occasion. He did it with an epigram which has been resented by all Scots ever since. "The noblest prospect," said the doctor, "which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England." If Mr. Carnegie wants a motto for the front of his Scottish libraries he might do worse than express his apologies to the sage of Fleet street and adopt the following: "The noblest prospect that the Scotchman ever sees is the ship that carries him to the United States."

Presidents and Husbands.

Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer.

We have often found our President to be a tallow dip as President; but we find him to be a calcium light as husband. We are sure that he is entitled to a high mark for excellence in this walk of life, and cheerfully declare it. The public man encumbered with a physically or mentally demoralized wife carries a heavy burthen. President Lincoln had, however, a load to which President McKinley's does not compare, and he won a special saintship in carrying it, while he achieved at the same time a great fame as President. But President McKinley is very exemplary. Mrs. McKinley is a gentle and lovable lady, and the President but follows an ordinary man's disposition in caring for her. It should not be extraordinary for a President to follow along the ordinary man's path in this line, but the world seems to think it to be; which is not speaking well for Presidents and potentates, who seem to have earned repute as selfish fellows, with little liking for domestic life and little talent to shine there. It may be a pity that we cannot accept a high-class certificate for the domestic virtues as satisfactory in passing candidates for high executive position; but undoubtedly we cannot. We must throw out all the political men; and a great many who are brimful of beautiful virtues, but lack the steel fiber which the domestic graces do not seem to hang upon.

Why?

Kansas City Star.

Why did Hill, of the Northern Pacific, give personal and pecuniary support to Pettigrew's campaign for re-election to the United States Senate? Why, also, is he now enriching the ex-Senator with good tips on Northern Pacific stocks? Why, also, does he permit the report to circulate that Pettigrew is to be made president of the Northern Pacific? Can all these things be simply because Pettigrew is an enemy to trusts, expansion and other things of advantage to the railway corporations?

SCOTLAND PASSES IRELAND.

Chicago Record-Herald.

For the first time in the history of the two countries the population of Scotland exceeds that of Ireland. The change in rank is, however, one that has been expected, because during the last 60 years there has been a steady increase in the former country and a steady decline in the latter. Ireland's greatest census figures are those of 1841, when the divisions of the United Kingdom made the following showing:

England and Wales	16,035,000
Ireland	8,197,000
Scotland	2,620,000

It will be observed that at that date Ireland had more than half the population of England and Wales and more than three times the population of Scotland. By 1891 a remarkable variation had taken place in the relative strength of the three divisions, as the subjoined census returns indicate:

England and Wales	29,001,018
Ireland	4,706,448
Scotland	4,033,103

As between Ireland and Scotland, however, there was still a difference of nearly 700,000 in favor of the former, which has only now been wiped out. The figures for the present year are:

England and Wales	32,525,716
Ireland	4,456,546
Scotland	4,471,957

Ireland, therefore, has less than one-seventh the population of England and Wales, while its tremendous superiority over Scotland has disappeared entirely and Scotland begins the new decade with a lead of 15,000. Furthermore, as between Scotland and Ireland the difference in emigration goes very far toward explaining the change, and it is one that is likely to continue, in spite of Caledonia's bleakness and Ireland's greater area, for industrial reasons.

Meanwhile the question of political power will be more and more affected. Ireland has already a much larger representation in Parliament than she is entitled to on the score of population. Her members of the House of Commons number 103, Scotland's only 72 and England and Wales' 495. A fair division would leave England and Scotland about as they are and reduce Ireland to a representation no larger than Scotland's.

The City of London has now a larger population than Ireland. But there are enough Irishmen in London to make a respectable Irish city, although it has never been the Mecca to them that it has been to the sons of Scotia.

Concerning J. Ham Lewis.

New York Mail and Express.

Although the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington State, is not taken altogether seriously as a political sage, and although the Kansas City Convention refused to consider him at all as a Vice-Presidential possibility, his ticket for 1904, announced today, has right to respectful treatment, because it shows a mind unexpectedly open to the filaments of new ideas, a modesty as unexpected—Mr. Lewis is not on his own ticket—and a measure of partial political sense to qualify an accommodating and mercurial imagination.

Mr. Lewis does well in casting overboard free silver and "militarism" and, by implication, "anti-imperialism." He may be excused for his desire to resurrect free trade, on the ground that he is too young politically to know the disastrous leadings of that road through the slaughter-houses and open graves of the past. The only accusation which he exposes himself to in nominating David B. Hill for President and Tom L. Johnson for Vice-President is that of "opportunism"—an accusation which he courts by the jauntiness with which he heaves to the waves the treasured idols of two National campaigns. Hill and Johnson are not impossible at all as running mates on a Democratic ticket.

If the electorate is as willing to forget differences of principles as each of these two eminent citizens, it would be a vote-getting combination. They would catch the Democrats coming and the Democrats going—the old guard and the young blood, the gold bug and the silver flea, the banker and the Populist, the spoilsman and the theorist, the single taxer, the income taxer and the man who is neither. "Hill and Johnson" runs the gamut and pushes the limit. With such a ticket no Democrat could be read out of his party, as Bryan has read multitudes. He could find something to suit him somewhere inside the fold.

And They're Not All in Boston.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cisneros, one of the members of the Cuban constitutional convention, informs that body that he is in receipt of letters from New York advising the convention not to accept the Platt amendment, and assuring him that public opinion in the United States would support the convention in rejecting it. It is entirely probable that Mr. Cisneros has received such letters. Nothing has been more clearly shown in the last two or three years than that there are a number of Americans who are always most active whenever there is a chance to oppose their own country.

Have They Been Reading Twain?

Chicago Chronicle.

The Chinese are generally supposed to be destitute of humor, but when China offers to pay the powers an indemnity fund of $291,000,000, provided the powers lend her the money to do it with, it looks as if Mark Twain had figured somewhere in the negotiations. If this new way to pay old debts should prove satisfactory there will be no further use for the law nor the courts, and such a thing as a dishonest debtor will be unknown.

Danger in the Combinations.

New Orleans Picayune.

The mighty combinations of capital have produced a situation such as has never before occurred in the financial and industrial world. Thoughtful and experienced observers in every country have had their attention called to the conditions and they all see in them great presages of evil. Unless some means be found to arrest the evil it must result in a terrible revolutionary upheaval and outbreak.

Mother Didn't Try.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Are these as good biscuits as your mother used to make, Arthur?"

"Oh, mother belonged to five clubs; she always bought baker's rolls on the way home."

The Argonauts of the New Age.

Theodore Watts-Dunton in the Athenaeum.

PERCY AYLWIN.

(In starlight in Gypsy Dell, listening to the Rington chimes in the distance, which sound clear through the leafless trees.)

> Say, will new heroes win the "Fleece," ye spheres
> Who, whether around some King of Suns ye roll
> Or move right onward to some destined goal
> In Night's vast heart, know what Great Morning nears?

THE STARS.

> Since Love's Star rose have nineteen hundred years
> Written such runes on Time's remorseless scroll,
> Impeaching Earth's proud birth, the human soul,
> That we, the bright-browed stars, are dim with tears.
> Could Shakespeare, Goethe, compass man's release?
> What "Ship of Hope" shall sail to such a world?

(The night passes, and morning breaks, as gorgeously over the tree tops as it broke many years before, when Rhona's face appeared to her lover.)

PERCY AYLWIN.

> Ye fade, ye stars, ye fade with Night's decease!
> Above yon ruby rim of clouds empearled—
> There, through the rosy flags of morn unfurled—
> I see young heroes bring Light's "Golden Fleece."

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Now the barbers are striking. Next!

Alfred Austin's poem on the Shamrock wreck is about due.

"Home, Sweet, Home," will have a new meaning to the President hereafter.

McLaurin and Tillman have evidently secured the right kind of press agents.

The New York Yacht Club, in rejecting Lawson's boat, proves itself unworthy to race with a man like Lipton.

> The hobo toward the country now
> Doth take the railroad track,
> But when the harvest time begins
> We'll see him coming back.

It was a Portland little girl who prayed: "O Lord, make little Olivia a good girl, and—and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

> In the Spring the weather prophet vainly tries
> to find out why
> That most problematic season lasts clear
> through until July.

If those Marion County jail-breakers are caught they should be prosecuted for stealing the jail blankets.

If King Edward's presence on board made such a wreck of the Shamrock, what will become of her when Emperor William takes a spin on her?

> How wisely now the servant girl
> Th etable set increases;
> She'll take a ninety-nine piece set
> And make a thousand pieces.

McKinley was annoyed on his trip by the amateur photographer. He must admit, however, that they are more endurable than wielders of high-power bombs.

The following anecdote is sent to the London Mail by an officer serving in the Transvaal, where it has gone the rounds of the camps. It naturally lacks official confirmation, but, happily, this does not affect its merits as a story: "They tell a story of Botha and Kitchener's meeting about terms of peace last week. At the end Botha said: 'Well, I must be going.' Kitchener replied: 'No hurry; you haven't got to catch a train.' 'But that's just what I have got to do,' said Botha. And two days afterward a train was held up and looted on the Delagoa line, not very far from the place of meeting."

In the distribution of a morning paper of large circulation, frequent complaints are lodged against the carriers' failure to deliver the paper in the appointed place, total neglect of delivery, destruction of windows when papers are thrown from the sidewalk, etc., ad infinitum. But something entirely new is the wail which comes from a residence on Madison street. The subscriber complains that "The Oregonian carrier drinks the cream off my bucket of milk every morning." The Oregonian apologizes for its carrier and reprimands him severely. It commands him to report upon this charge in writing, that he may be investigated—his weight compared "before and after taking." On request, the subscriber will be furnished a stomach-pump, with which to recover his property. And the subscriber will confer a favor upon his neighbors by letting them know the name and address of the dairyman who furnishes milk so rich that it will make a showing of cream by 5 o'clock in the morning, the hour of delivery of The Oregonian.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

A Good Suggestion.—He—I am tempted to steal—to steal a kiss. She—Oh, don't! It's wicked to steal. Let me lend you a few.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Briggs—It may seem strange to you, but my wife thinks I'm about as good as there is going. Griggs—Sort of an acquired taste, I suppose, like tomatoes or olives, for instance.—Boston Transcript.

Drawing a Distinction.—"How much does a member of the Legislature get in this state?" inquired the tourist. "His salary," answered Farmer Corntossel, "is $5 a day. Nobody knows how much he gets."—Washington Star.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?. Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—'Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.—Tit-Bits.

"I overheard that man who calls on you say something about betting, Bridget. I hope he doesn't frequent the poolrooms?" "Sure, ma'am, he doesn't know there's such a place in New York. He's a policeman, ma'am.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Lazy Scoffer's Scheme.—"Martha, you are a Christian Science believer?" "Of course, Jonas." "Well, Martha, don't clean house—just sit out in the yard while I'm down town, and give all the rooms absent treatment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Their Favorite Diet.—"The bulls and bears in Wall street are all carnivorous animals," remarked the Horse Editor to the Snake Editor. "Indeed?" "Yes; they are fond of spring lamb with United States mint sauce."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Pacifying Her.—His wife—If this scandal in the family is going to make any difference in our social position, it will be more than I can bear. Chicago millionaire—Don't let that worry you a bit. If it does, we'll move to New York.—Harper's Bazar.

One very cold day Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit. "Tom," said his father, "button your coat." The boy demurred. "Look at mine," added his father. "Yes," said Tom, ruefully, "but everybody knows that you wear trousers."—Current Literature.

Bacon and Greens.

James Barton Adams in Denver Post.

> The sweet songs of Springtime are merrily ringing
> Out on the soft breezes with musical swell;
> The amateur poets are everywhere singing
> In lines that sometimes rhyme remarkably well.
> They sing of the birds that inhabit the bowers,
> The brooks that are babbling 'mid fair rural scenes,
> The grass-covered meadows, the trees and the flowers,
> But never a warble of bacon and greens.
>
> O! that was the dish that our forefathers relished
> When called in at noonday from field of their work—
> A big dish of greens with its bosom embellished
> With generous slices of country-cured pork.
> Their lips they would smack in extreme satisfaction,
> Unloose the top button that served on their jeans
> To give them more room when they got the right action
> Upon the loved lay-out of bacon and greens.
>
> The women their faded sunbonnets would tie on
> And seek for the treasure in lane and in wood,
> The tender young mustard, the sweet dandelion,
> And other green things that they knew to be good.
> From out the great pot they the fruit of their labors
> Would stack for the feast in the waiting tureens,
> The fragrance borne forth telling all of the neighbors
> The tale of the dinner of bacon and greens.
>
> New Yorkers may dine on hot birds and cold bottles,
> The Jerseyites feast on the succulent clam,
> Chicagoans send down their ravenous throttles
> Most liberal swallows of home-doctored ham.
> St. Louis may feed on corn-pone and molasses,
> The Bostonese revel in brown bread and be