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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Fair and warmer; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1901

VOICES FROM THE THRONE.

To the appeal of accurate scholarship and profound philosophy, embodied in Chauncey Depew, there is now added the disinterested and self-sacrificing appeal of Ohioan politics, in the person of Representative Grosvenor, on behalf of a third term for our beloved President. It is easy to fill in the picture—Hanna, Heath and Dick, all worshipers at the McKinley shrine, and laborers at its wheel. Opinions differ as to the rank of two members of this Mutual Admiration Society—as to whether William sits at the head of the table and Marcus Alonzo at the foot, or vice versa. Some will have it that Hanna is the King and McKinley the pliant subject, and others that the Senator is in reality but McKinley's patient, sleepless eremite. But that is a mere matter of detail. In that select circle of five or six all is blessed harmony. There, difference of opinion is a thing without meaning. There, McKinley is not only "the most popular President we have ever had," but the one altogether lovely with whom none else can be compared.

The thorough-going sincerity of the third-term promoters it is difficult and indeed unnecessary to call in question. Whatever their minds can conjure up of goodness, greatness and unapproachableness, right before them is its embodiment—McKinley. In him they recognize a heroic determination that would put Grant or Cleveland to the blush; for McKinley never changes. Now as always he has been as a rock for the gold standard, for low tariff and the markets of the world, for civil service reform, for justice to the dependencies, for fitness in Army appointees, for incorruptible postmasters in Louisiana and Oregon and Pennsylvania. When he takes a position, like that in opposition to retention of more than Manila in the Philippines, or that in favor of free trade with Porto Rico, or that in support of Alger, or that against Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency, nothing turns him from his purpose. Nothing to him is pressure of Senators for recognition, nothing the voice of popular clamor as it reaches the listening ear of opportunism, glued to the echoing ground.

Yet the time, perhaps, is inopportune for recognition of such immovable steadfastness. What Grant could not get, how shall McKinley attain? Is the trend of thought favorable to perpetuation of cliques? When the air is filled with deprecation of arrogated power, and ominous dread of imperialistic tendencies, and apprehension of centralization of Federal functions in select coteries of grasping political machines—is it a good time to suggest a third term for the man who has become through force of circumstances the exponent of all the centripetal movements of the time? If not, the persistence of Depew and Grosvenor is brave to the point of hardihood.

There are hundreds of thousands of Republicans who will never vote for a third consecutive term for any man, though he combined in himself the purity of Hayes, the brains of Harrison and the moral courage of Cleveland. There are other thousands who will never vote in particular for perpetuation of the McKinley oligarchy. Inevitable it is, perhaps, that there grows up around a President a group of politicians, whose fortunes are inextricably bound up with his continued preferment. Natural it is, doubtless, that they can see no other future for humanity so bright as one with themselves still warming the choicest seats around the throne. But, under our form of government, some limit has been set, by common consent, to such dreams of uninterrupted power. We cannot change the custom of oligarchical government; but we can at least change oligarchies.

WHO ARE PIONEERS?

Notice has been given of a motion to change the rules of the Pioneer Society of Oregon, so as to admit to membership of the society the sons and daughters of pioneers. By the rules of the society pioneers are those who came to Oregon before the admission of the state, February 14, 1859.

To The Oregonian this proposal does not seem well advised. There can be no pioneer society, in any proper sense of the term, without pioneers. Nor is there any propriety in extending the date so far that the word pioneer shall have no meaning. Natives of Oregon, born after the year 1859, are not pioneers, any more than persons born elsewhere, who came to Oregon after 1859.

In the course of time with the disappearance of the pioneers, the Pioneer Society must cease to exist. The name cannot be perpetuated without the fact. It would be a solecism, noticeable as an absurdity. But it is very proper that there should be a society of the sons and daughters of the pioneers. Such society, indeed, is now in existence. It can take up the work where the pioneers leave it. This society recently completed its organization. Judge M. C. George is the president.

The Pioneer Society of Oregon will survive many years yet, since it has a good many members not much over 40 years of age; and there are yet many more persons eligible to membership who doubtless will join it. But in the course of nature it must have a termination. It was necessary to fix some date as the limit of arrival for those who could be called pioneers; and so late a date as the year 1859 was accepted upon a compromise, as the lowest date that could with any propriety be adopted. The word pioneer has no elastic meaning. It can rightly be applied only to those who participated in the early settlement and formation of the state. The name carries no hereditary title. There may be and should be a society of the sons and daughters of pioneers, but there can be no society of pioneers after the pioneers all shall have passed away.

CIVIC DECAY NO DREAM.

The marks of civic decay are plainly visible in the United States, but they are visible in the place where their presence is wholly unsuspected, and whence issues the only complaining. It is in the ranks of anti-imperialism, so-called, that the permanence of American institutions is menaced and the extension of American ideals is put in jeopardy.

Future greatness of the American Nation has been the dream of its greatest minds. Washington touched upon it in his Farewell Address; Jefferson held it above his loyalty to the Constitution; Benton urged extension of the way to India, and Senator Hoar predicted the day when the eagle should plume itself for flight to the islands of the sea. These men had confidence in their country. They hoped the most for its prosperity, the proudest for its prestige, the widest for its dominion. In that day of the Republic's lusty youth no oversophisticated pessimist had arisen to cry shame upon his country's advancement among the nations of the earth or to deprecate its wider sway as a curse upon humanity.

In these latter days has arisen a school of patriotism that thinks all possible evil of the American name. To extend our borders is infamous in its view, because we cannot govern except in tyranny and injustice. Pity the land that comes under American rule. Beshrew the day the flag of freedom flies above some spot erstwhile ground under the heel of Old World despotism or given over to warring factions of revolutionists. Is a hand raised against the flag—find there a hero for encomium. See you a boy in blue redeeming his oath of allegiance—he is a cutthroat and a robber. This is the antithesis of patriotism, and the obvious decay of civic spirit. When we are all like that, the Nation has no future.

In practice this spirit has put us in sore straits. In the Philippines it fomented insurrection and held the Administration back from summary measures that would have crushed it in its cradle, instead of subjecting us to the long, costly and bloody but inevitable end now manifest. Its latest fruit is the intolerable Cuban situation. Farseeing patriots have long looked forward to the day when Cuba should be gathered into the American Union. They considered its strategic value to us, its greater possibilities under liberal and orderly government, and they advocated annexation. In this they had neither scruple nor apology. To advance their country's cause they felt no cause for regret or shame. Its rising greatness, its more secure position, its widening bounds, they thought worth while without apology. But today we labor under great perplexity in Cuba, because anti-imperialism forced upon us a disclaimer of sovereignty. We think so little of ourselves, Congress said, that we should blush for shame to think of possessing Cuba. Valuable as she is to us, unfit as its untrained people are to institute and administer government, we cannot entertain the thought of American sovereignty there. As a people we are not to be trusted, as a Nation we are a failure—therefore let our rule be restricted to the smallest limit, lest the Spanish islands be enslaved by our despotism.

By this foolish pledge our hands today are hampered. We cannot abandon Cuba to her own destruction, and we cannot govern her in any proper way. Upon the mischief its own hands have wrought, anti-imperialism sits and gibes the Nation with its awkward dilemma. A sense of justice, we take it, has not altogether departed from the American people. Let them, therefore, do the best they can with Cuba, reconciling promise with circumstances, as appears possible; and let them clearly apprehend the spirit and the fruits of anti-imperialism, which in its distrust of National soundness, only advances the proofs of decay in its own adherents. The troubles that the antis have brought upon us they are estopped from censuring. They have earned the intellectual contempt as well as the patriotic odium of every virile mind.

P. H. D'Arcy, in his address to the graduating class of the College of Law of Willamette University, included among the great lawyers Mansfield, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, Erskine, O'Connell and Sir Charles Russell, in the Old World, and Adams, Jefferson, Marshall, Clay, O'Conor, Calhoun and Lincoln in the New World. To name Pitt, Burke and Sheridan as lawyers may be nominally correct, as they were all called to the bar, but as a matter of fact none of them passed into the condition of legal practice. Pitt was called to the bar in 1780, when he was about 21, but he was returned to Parliament within a year, and spent his whole subsequent life in politics. Burke was the son of a small country attorney, and began the study of the law, but left it very soon for literature, to the great indignation of his father, who at once cut off his allowance. Burke absolutely hated the study of the law. Sheridan began the study of the law, but was never called to the bar or practice; but followed literature, politics and the theater all his days. In his long Parliamentary career he made many eloquent speeches, but they were not marked by any knowledge of law. These men were all statesman, but in accurate speech they cannot be described as lawyers with any more propriety than the poet James Russell Lowell can be described as a lawyer because he was admitted to the bar; he deserted the law for literature after keeping open a law office a few months, during which time his only work was making a few collections. Oliver Wendell Holmes originally chose the law, and after a year's study abandoned it for that of medicine. Wendell Phillips is not often mentioned as a lawyer, and yet he was longer in practice than Calhoun and far better entitled to be classed as a lawyer than Pitt, Burke or Sheridan, who never practiced at all. Macaulay, who is not mentioned as a lawyer, was called to the bar in 1826, and practiced industriously until 1830, when he was sent to Parliament. William Mackworth Praed, who is remembered chiefly as a clever writer of verses, was really a strong lawyer and an able member of Parliament. The poet, William Cullen Bryant, began his career as a lawyer, and this list of nominal lawyers, that is, of men who have pursued legal studies in youth but never have been in active pursuit of their profession, might be greatly prolonged. There is an evident impropriety in classing as lawyers great advocates and jurists, like Eldon, Stowell, Mansfield, Thurlow, Erskine, Sir Charles Russell, John Marshall, Joseph Storey, Webster, Rufus Choate, with men of eminence in public life who in their youth were mere nominal lawyers; that is, had studied law and been admitted to the bar, but were never in active professional practice.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN LEE AND DAVIS.

The Springfield Republican expresses surprise that General Robert E. Lee should fare much better in the esteem of posterity, at least in the North, today, than Jefferson Davis. The Republican can see no other explanation for the superior esteem in which the "rebel" Lee is held at the North over the "rebel" Davis than the fact that Lee was a great "rebel" soldier, while Davis was only a "rebel" statesman. The Republican says:

> One reason for this may be that admiration for military genius is irrepressible, while there is always a disposition to isolate the soldier from the political cause he contended for when his career is being studied. The French admire and applaud Moltke, while their detestation of Bismarck endures.
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> There is a simple and obvious explanation which seems to have escaped the eye of the Republican. The defenders of the Union treat the memory of Lee with more respect than they do that of Davis because Davis was an original secessionist and conspirator against the flag, while Lee was never a secessionist, never a conspirator, confessing in his letters to his sister that he saw no justification in the situation for secession, and frankly saying to General Scott, as did General Joe Johnston, that unless his state, Virginia, seceded, he should stand by the Union. Virginia was precipitated into secession by the craze that followed the shot at Sumter, an act approved by Davis and his fellow-conspirators, and then Lee, with Longstreet, Johnston and many other eminent Southern soldiers, reluctantly, sorrowfully and with gloomy forebodings of the result, cast their fortunes with a revolutionary experiment they had never fomented, never approved or even excused. Lee wrote his sister that he recognized nothing in the situation that justified the resort to so desperate and revolutionary a remedy for "real or fancied grievances." Although not a secessionist, his political education, his ties of blood, family and landed property were such that the secession of Virginia, precipitated by the shot at Sumter, swept Lee away from his Union moorings to sail the rough and doubtful seas of rebellion.

The defenders of the Union remember that when Lee, Longstreet and other able captains of Lee's army were humanely ready to accept Lincoln's offer of peace on terms of complete amnesty, with payment for the slaves, Davis spurned the offer more than once, refusing it even in the eleventh hour, in February, 1865. The defenders of the Union remember that Lee did not plot rebellion, but most reluctantly joined it; that he was ready for peace when Davis insisted on useless war. They remember that Lee remonstrated with Davis by official letter against the dreadful condition of the prison stockade at Andersonville, Ga. They remember that after the war Lee threw his influence quietly for healing its wounds. The example of General George H. Thomas has been often quoted against Lee, but this example is not very striking, for in the Confederate archives was found a letter from George H. Thomas to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, saying that Virginia appeared to be on the eve of secession, and asking Letcher, in that event, what military consideration awaited him (Thomas) at the hands of his native state. General Fitz John Porter, who was with General Thomas at Carlisle, Pa., during these days, wrote that General Thomas was strongly disposed to cast his lot with Lee and the other Virginia Confederates, but finally the influence of his wife, who was a Northern woman, born and bred, turned the scale and he gave his sword to the Union. But aside from these facts, Thomas was not bound to Virginia by the same kind and number of strong ties that bound General Lee to the Old Dominion. General Lee came of a family of historic renown; the Lees had always been by blood, brains and property in the front rank of Virginia's landed aristocracy. His wife came of a family of equal historic renown and culture; through his own patrimony and wife's estates Lee was strongly bound to the soil of Virginia. Thomas was not a Virginia landholder; he had spent his whole life in the Army.

Environment and his Northern wife made Thomas a Union soldier, even as environment and a Southern wife made the Northern born and bred Pemberton a Confederate soldier. Environment made Lee cast his lot with his family and his state. Had Thomas been a large Virginia landholder; had he belonged to one of the ancient, historic, patrician governing families of Virginia, as did Lee, he would doubtless have answered "Here!" when the Confederacy called the roll of her sons. As it was, Thomas made a square bid for a military appointment from Confederate Governor Letcher, of Virginia, in spite of the fact that the Army of the United States had always been his home; in spite of the fact that all his ties of sentimental self-interest bound him to the Nation rather than to his state. These are some of the obvious reasons why the North has always treated Lee's memory with courtesy and respect, and his motives with charity. Furthermore, Lee was not only a great soldier, but behaved like a humane statesman in his early desire for peace when war was hopeless, and in his refusal after the war to pose, like Davis, periodically as the tramp ghost of the Lost Cause.

In the thirty years from 1867 to 1897 the world's commerce increased more than 78 per cent. This increase is due to the extraordinary development of transportation and the consequent cheapening of freight rates, the constant growth of the world's population, the increase of wealth and the consequent enlarged demand for commodities, the improvement and cheapening of manufacturing processes, and the comparatively long periods of peace the world has had since Waterloo. The value of the world's imports in 1880 was $8,565,000,000, and of the exports $7,390,000,000, and in 1897 the imports were $10,284,000,000 and exports $8,900,000,000. Europe, which commands from two-thirds to three-fourths of the entire foreign trade, is compelled to import so much food for its population and so much raw material for its factories and so large a part of all it produces and imports is consumed at home that its imports are always largely in excess of its exports. The value of Europe's imports in 1897 was $7,169,000,000, and its exports $5,415,000,000. America has long sold to the other continents more than it has bought from them. In 1897 the American imports were worth $1,500,000,000 and the exports $1,894,000,000. Asia and Australia are now selling more than they buy abroad, but Africa imports a good deal more than it exports. The exports of Africa have increased from $167,000,000 in 1882 to $339,000,000 in 1897.

An Astoria paper, in one of its characteristic attacks on Portland and The Oregonian, says:

> The very fact that wheat is worth $2 more a ton at San Francisco than at Portland is conclusive evidence that The Oregonian is championing the cause of the grafters who make up the wheat and railroad pools. These grafters are robbing the producers of the Inland Empire of more than $3,000,000 annually, and it is this fact which prompts the hostility to Astoria.

Walla Walla wheat in Portland has been quoted for the past week at 59 and 60 cents per bushel, but some sales were made at higher figures. Bluestem, which commands the same figures in the foreign market as No. 1 California shipping, is quoted in Portland at 61 and 62 cents. In San Francisco No. 1 shipping wheat has been quoted through the week by the Commercial News, Examiner, Call, Bulletin and Chronicle at 97½ cents to $1 per cental, or 58½ to 60 cents per bushel. Of course, nothing but the peculiar system of mathematics in vogue at Astoria could deduce from these "facts" that "wheat is worth $2 more a ton at San Francisco than at Portland."

Swift & Co., the Chicago packers, have set an example which may profitably be followed by other institutions by the posting of an order forbidding profanity by their employes during working hours. Whatever may be a man's religious views or lack of them, it must be admitted that the wholesale use of foul language in ordinary conversation is not only in bad taste, but is decidedly offensive to a majority of the people with whom the user of it may be thrown in office hours, and who cannot choose but listen to it. A clerk in an office would hardly allow himself to be overheard swearing by his employer, and it is hardly reasonable for him to expect that his fellow-employes will enjoy his epithets any more than the man for whom he works. It is not expected that a rule against profanity can be enforced among deckhands or loggers, but young men who have sufficient education to enable them to keep books or attend to other office duties should have sufficient of the instinct of the gentleman to keep their language within the bounds of decency.

United States Senator Hanna was recently mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic as a member of Memorial Post, of Cleveland, O. Hanna was a member of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which was mustered in for 100 days' service in 1864 to guard Washington. This period of service was sufficient to make Hanna eligible for membership, and General Rassieur, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, easily persuaded him to join the order. Hanna's service was long enough to entitle him to a pension if he chose to plead that he "was incapable of earning his own support by manual labor." The Government is doubtless carrying a large number of these "100-day men" on its pension rolls, for besides Senator Hanna there were mustered into the United States' service between April 23 and July, 1864, for 100 days' service, 93,612 men.

The Spooner wing of the Wisconsin Republicans is reported to be secretly organizing for the defeat of the renomination of Governor La Follette next year. Henry C. Payne, of the Republican National Committee, who for many years was chairman of the Republican State Committee, will assume personal charge of the campaign in the interest of Senator Spooner. It is reported that Wisconsin will present Senator Spooner's name as the candidate of the Republicans of the state for the Presidential nomination, and that in order to keep him before the people it is necessary to give him a triumphant reelection as Senator. Senator Spooner is a very popular man, and deservedly so, in Wisconsin, and the adherents of Governor La Follette stoutly deny that their programme includes the defeat of the Senator for re-election, saying that no Republican opposes the return of Senator Spooner.

The trustees of the Kansas Wesleyan University have taken a stand against "higher criticism of the Bible" by dismissing from the faculty of that institution Professor Tubbs, who has held the chair of natural science therein for the past two years. So far from being ended by this course, the troubles of the trustees seem to have just begun, as the theological students of the university generally indorse Dr. Tubbs' views and have called upon the trustees to give specific reasons for dropping him. It is easy to dismiss a professor who has set theological students to thinking, but what to do with the students who insist upon the right and duty to think is a problem not so easily solved.

Depositors of the First National Bank of Vancouver are fortunate in that an early dividend of 40 per cent has been declared, releasing for their use two-fifths of their unfortunate deposits. There is no intimation as to what proportion, if any, of the remaining 60 per cent will be paid to them. Perhaps no one knows, since the blood-sucking properties of a receivership are yet to be reckoned with in bringing the affairs of the defunct bank to a close.

WEST POINT ESCAPADES.

New York Evening Post.

Washington.—What military officers most condemn in the recent escapade at West Point, which has cost several cadets so dear, is its near approach to technical mutiny. They reason that, from posting the reveille-gun in front of the commandant's quarters with the muzzle aimed straight at his door, to loading and firing it in that direction, would have been but a short step, just as imitating a signature for amusement now and then heads a person towards forgery.

The guns at the Point, however, have always played a conspicuous part in the outlaw reveiries of the cadets. One instance is well remembered by officers who have not yet grown gray, and has been recalled by the events of the last few weeks. It was in 1880. Colonel H. M. Lazelle was then commandant of cadets, and Captain Edward J. McClernand one of the tactical officers. Those were the days of strict discipline, before baseball and football and other undignified but healthful sports had received the sanction of the authorities and given the youngsters a chance to work off some of their superfluous energy. Both the officers mentioned were pretty keen disciplinarians, and, as a consequence, not overflowing with popularity in the student circle.

Word had been passed around the Academy, by that freemasonary which eludes all pursuit, that the last night of the year was to be celebrated by a somewhat noisy demonstration of the cadets' affection for McClernand, and he, getting wind of it, had asked specially to be made officer in charge for that night. After bedtime he made repeated visits to the barracks, but not a sound was audible anywhere. The cadets seemed to be sleeping the sleep of the just, and every light was out. The chapel clock was striking the midnight hour, when a tremendous roar shook the houses at the post. The post commander, the tactical officers, and others rushed out of their quarters, fearing that the magazine had been blown up. Investigation showed that the noise came from the field battery guns, all of which had been discharged. The mountains were still faintly echoing the roar when it was followed by a cannonade at Trophy Point, where several of the captured Mexican guns were kept.

McClernand had meanwhile hastened to the barracks, but the first door he tried he found locked. He tried a second and a third, with the same result, and then dispatched an orderly for an ax. Before it could be brought, another explosion sounded from the roof of the barracks. This proved to be one of the 600-pound Mexican brass guns which the young mischief-makers had dragged, early in the evening, from Trophy Point, three-eights of a mile distant, and then upstairs to the roof. The explosions were timed in such order that the gun on the roof should not be discharged till the cadets who had fired the field battery had had a chance to get back to quarters.

Resolved to bring the boys to terms, and that quickly McClernand organized the other tactical officers into an assaulting party; but as they approached the barracks, windows were suddenly opened and hands thrust out, each holding a lighted Roman candle, from which balls of fire shot directly at the officers, and of course caused their retreat. Two or three times the assaulting party charged, only to face the Roman-candle fire again, and be turned back; and in all this time not a cadet had shown his face or any part of his person which would serve to identify him.

At a safe distance McClernand called for the cadet officers on duty, but no one responded. The assaulting party then broke into separate groups, one of them smashed a door in, and a systematic examination of the building was made. In a small room were found the cadet officers bound, gagged, and locked in. All they could say for themselves was that each had been captured separately by two or three men in civilian's dress. A search of the rest of the building showed every cadet in bed and every room in perfect order.

The question, how the young fellows had contrived to do all this without detection, was the subject of a long and exhaustive investigation. It then came out that, as already stated, the Mexicans' gun on the roof had been taken thither by hand. What an effort this cost may be judged by the fact that it took a company of engineers two days to restore the piece to its place. The powder was obtained by the practice of economy. For six weeks the cadets had been slyly extracting powder from their exercise cartridges and secreting it where it could be gathered up in bulk when necessary. As the outside explosions were at considerable distances apart, the group told off for the first had a hard time in getting back to their barracks. The distance to be covered was about a half-mile, the snow was more than a foot deep, and sentries and strolling officers had to be avoided. The boys having rooms on the second and third floors climbed up dangling ropes, hand over hand, and got in at the windows. One cadet on one of the firing squads lost his way and fell behind. On getting into barracks, the leader discovered his absence; but it was observed from a window that the missing boy had come within sight of the building, and was hiding in the shadow of a tree. The leader ran down stairs, unbarred the door nearest the hiding cadet, and whistled. The cadet made a run for it, his companions sending off a second volley of Roman candles to distract the attention of the besiegers. A few of the latter caught sight of the lad as he was darting through the door, and started after him, only to have the door slammed in their faces, and to hear the bars within slide into place.

In this instance, the investigators concluded that the entire cadet corps was involved in the scrape, and that to punish a few of them for the sins of all would appear invidious. The matter was therefore dropped. This was perhaps the most serious cadet revolt in the history of the Academy.

Germany and America.

Kansas City Star.

The anti-American utterances of the newspapers of Germany are much more harsh than the retorts they have called forth in this country. Undoubtedly the large German element in the United States is a strong factor in maintaining the peace of the world. Without it dangerous hatred might spring up between the two nations. There is no check on anti-American feeling in Germany, while in the United States there is a restraining influence of the large German-American element. The American is thus better able to understand the German than the people of Germany can know the Americans.

Hanna Has the Last Word.

Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

Mr. Hanna is so in the habit of telling President McKinley what to say that when the President says something without consulting the boss of the Republican party the latter does not hesitate to make the necessary correction, thereby saving the President the annoyance of retractions, denial or explanation. Hanna's decree is final, of course. He says he knows the President's views on the tariff and adds that they are also Senator Hanna's views.

The Stamp of Infamy.

Chicago Record-Herald.

No mystical phrases about the marriage relation can condone in the public mind the offense of Herron against public morals and common decency. His unwillingness to recognize the parental obligation to the children he brought into the world is the inexplicable phase of his insanity, and places upon him the stamp of infamy.

He Knows!

New York Press.

When the King of Italy was informed of the suicide of the murderer of Humbert he replied: "It is, perhaps, the best thing that could have happened to the unhappy man." This does not seem to imply a total ignorance of Italian prison methods.

URSO'S GENIUS UNDIMMED.

It is now 10 or 12 years since Camilla Urso has been heard in Portland, and those who remember her in her more youthful days cannot see that she has lost any of the marvelous flexibility of wrist and purity of tone that gave her the honored place she has held for over a quarter of a century in the music world. The audience that greeted her last night at the Marquam was enthusiastic as of yore. Madame Urso was recalled many times, and generously responded to the hearty desire for more than her genius evoked. Her first number was a movement from Mendelssohn's brilliant concerto in E. This was given with much fire and feeling, proving that the spirit of youth has by no means left her. This energy of temperament, united with the rich maturity of thought and interpretation which the years have brought, is a combination as rare as it is delightful.

The "Bourree," from Bach's second violin sonata, showed the intellectual side of her art. Guirand's andante, the sweetness and purity of her tone; while her own variations on the Chopin "Polish Song" gave illustration of a fine and delicately poised nature, and poetic temperament intimately in sympathy with the genius of the great Pole.

A capriccio by Paganini, together with his famous "Witches' Dance," which closed the programme, gave her an opportunity to display her brilliant technique, which, is to all appearances, unimpaired. Madame Urso's encores comprised an arpeggio study—her own composition—a Chopin waltz, and the "Last Rose of Summer," which always appeals forcibly to an audience. Madame Urso's violin is a Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, this being the Guarnerius—the most famous one of the name—who always ended his signature with a cross, and hence became known as the Guarnerius del Jesu. A standing offer of $10,000 for her violin is laughed at by Madame Urso, who would not part with it for twice or thrice that sum.

Miss M. Sheldon Pearce, the pianiste, who has been studying with Rudolph King, himself a Barth pupil of Berlin, accompanied Madame Urso with skill and good taste. She also gave several enjoyable solo numbers, by Chopin, Raff, Godard and others.

Miss Helen Hall charmed the audience with the freshness and sweetness of her voice, which is a pure contralto, Totsie's "Ninon," Goring Thomas' "Winds in the Trees," Nevins' "The Dream-Maker Man," and the well-known ballad, "Land o' the Leal," so full of pathos and simple beauty, completely won the sympathies of the audience, while her attractive stage presence captivated their admiration. Miss Hall is a pupil of Fraulein Schoen-Rene, of Minneapolis, and this is her first tour. Both she and Miss Pearce received recalls to which they gave a kind response.

One more opportunity will be granted Portland people to hear Camilla Urso and her assisting artists, as they will give a return concert at the Marquam Thursday night.

A Derisive Critic.

New York Times.

Some weeks or months ago, when the unpleasant subject of expectoration in public places was receiving more attention than, we are glad to say, it now requires, we printed an editorial article in which was included the following sentence:

> The certainty of losing 5 cents and possibly of having to walk would appeal to the man who spits more forcibly than the remote chance of having to pay $500 or pass a twelvemonth in jail.

Now, the peculiarities of that sentence escaped notice, so far as we know, not only in this office, but in this country, and it remained for a critic on the other side of the world, in a place where it is somewhat doubtful if a word of English was ever spoken or written until very recently, to make us wonder how the words came to be arranged in just that way. We have, it seems, a reader in the town of Bacolod—accent on the second syllable, please—a town for which the most that can be said is that it is regarded as of some importance by the inhabitants of the Island of Negros. That island, as not quite all of us can yet tell without the help of maps not to be found in every atlas, is about the center of the Philippine group, and Bacolod, which is not a few miles to the southward of Manila, is even further away from anywhere, according to the measurements of civilization. Yet from that town we received yesterday a letter inclosing a slip clipped from our editorial page and a sheet of coarse paper, on which was written with a blue pencil the slightly derisive admonition: "You make him spit too forcibly." We have been taken to task for a good many things by a good many correspondents in a good many places, but this is the first time that criticism has reached us from Bacolod, and somehow it gives a queer, new pain. Was it for this that we have supported the Administration's foreign policies—for this that we have earned the horror of the Bostonian anti-imperialists?

Results of Canteen "Reform."

Harper's Weekly.

As a means of bringing the evils of drunkenness to the attention of the public, the anti-canteen law seems to be a very great success. From Army posts all over the country, and especially from such as are near large cities, come frequent reports of demoralizing results that have followed the closing of the canteen. It is the same story everywhere. The soldiers, when they get a chance, go to grog shops and get drunk. The post exchanges, deprived of the canteen feature, are no longer social centers, and are fast losing their usefulness. That is the story that comes from Fort Schuyler, Fort Totten, Fort Wadsworth, and other posts near New York, from Fort Sheridan, near Chicago; from Fort Snelling, near St. Paul; from Fort Ethan Allen, in Vermont; from every Army post, apparently, that is heard from. Commandants of posts in the Department of the East have been ordered to report to General Brooke the results of the closing of the canteens, which have come to their notice, and no doubt the War Department will gather complete reports of this nature from all departments. From these reports Congress will be able to judge whether the canteen was good or bad for the Army, and whether or not it is expedient to re-establish it.

Merely an Opportunist.

Boston Herald, Ind.

It was never reasonably to be supposed that President McKinley had changed his views as to the protective policy of the Government in dealing with the tariff question. He is not that kind of man. The tariff gave him his nomination to the Presidency, though the currency had more to do with electing him to that office. We have never seen anything to lead us to doubt his sincerity in favoring a high tariff, and it is not necessary to suppose that his belief has altered to account for his abandonment of it now—supposing it has undergone alteration. It is more probable that the case is another instance of his putting his ear to the ground. Mr. McKinley reversed his position on the currency at an early day as the effect of this process, and he has proclaimed it to be the cause of the stand he took on our foreign affairs, since he has been in the Presidency. It is entirely natural that he should follow the same path in dealing with the tariff, and there are abundant causes for such action.

The Best Rule to Follow.

Sioux City Tribune.

The people of the United States are used to treating all people well. They know the golden rule and appreciate the deep philosophy under it. They have lived under it, and are not going to depart knowingly from it. There is no better rule for the Filipino.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

It is now up to June to adopt an open-door policy.

Mrs. Nation, thank Heaven, is giving the rest of the country the absent treatment.

There certainly is no excuse for rain now the baseball teams have gone to other fields.

> The valiant British General
> Has always one resort,
> And that is, with a brilliant skill
> Regretting to report.

Carnegie is giving away more money on this side of the Atlantic, where it is not only needed but appreciated.

> This weather may hurt fruit, but yet
> It cannot be denied
> It has a blooming influence
> Upon the fair June bride.

Richard Croker is not coming back to New York for the present. He has money enough to last quite a while longer.

It is lucky that Bryan was not among the men who made fortunes in the Wall-street flurry. He might be tempted to go into politics.

If the Texas cowboy expects to survive he will have to contrive some means of beating the lariat into an oil derrick and the six-shooter into a 500-gallon tank.

The top six stories of that 12-story building they are talking about in Seattle will probably be constructed of a material very plentiful in that city, which is used in Portland only to breathe.

Colonel James G. Miner, once Assistant Secretary of the Confederate Navy, when he died at Milford, O., recently, had in his trunk $1,000,000 in Confederate bonds and money. Had he sold these to collectors he would not have been so poor that his wife's burial and his own need be at the charge of friends, as was the case. Colonel Miner's wife, 80 years old, died three weeks before him; a neighbor then took him to her home, where the desolate man died at the age of 82.

There are signs already that shirt waists for men are to be tolerated, if not encouraged at informal functions in and near New York in the coming Summer. Members of yacht clubs and other out-of-door amusement associations which give evening entertainments at their clubhouses welcome the shirt waist as a happy solution of a troublesome problem in dress for these occasions, and the shirt waist is therefore sure of meeting at least some measure of popularity. Indications of these are to be seen in the notices of these functions now being sent out. Many of them have a note in the corner in regard to dress. One Jersey suburban yacht club announces boldly: "Shirt waists may be worn." Another boat club, announcing a series of Saturday dances says: "Informal; men in shirt waists not barred. Be comfortable."

A story is being told about a German who has a hotel in Philadelphia. An artist—one of those barroom artists who make pictures on mirrors with soap—called on the German the other day and asked for some work. "Well," the German said, "you might paint a brown bear on my sign. How much would you charge to do it?" "Two dollars," the artist answered. Thereupon the contract was made and the bear was painted. At the end of the job the artist said: "Don't you want me to paint a chain on the bear?" "Would you charge extra for that?" said the German. "Yes; that would cost $1 extra." "Then I can't afford to have it done." The artist departed; that night it rained, and lo! in the morning the bear had vanished from the sign; the rain had washed it away. The German sent for the painter at once. "My bear," he said, reproachfully, "is gone." The other answered: "Well, I wanted to put a chain on it, didn't I?" The German then handed out $3—$2 for the painting of another bear, the third for a chain to make the picture permanent. The chained bear now remains upon the sign impervious to the weather.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Her Very Own.—"Is that all Eliza's own hair?" "Yes, every bit of it. She saved enough out of her pin money to pay for it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Carrie—I suppose you'll think it funny, but Billy White asked me to marry him. Bertha—Funny, you dear creature! Why, it's positively ridiculous.—Boston Transcript.

Love Finds the Way.—Laura—Her father cast her off without a penny, when she married without his consent. Claire—How did they manage? "Oh, they published two volumes of their love letters."—Life.

"I understand that Noitall says your new picture is a monstrosity." "I don't mind him," quietly remarked the artist; "he never had an opinion of his own. He merely repeats what others say."—Philadelphia Times.

How It Will Soon Be.—Mr. Subbubs (pleadingly)—Can't you help me out for a few days until I make other arrangements? Miss O'Rourke (the cook)—Not on yer life! Me toime is booked solid for 18 months ahead, all one-wake shtands.—Puck.

Did the Best She Could.—Louise (in surprise)—You don't mean to say Grace Pretty married a millionaire old enough to be her father? Good gracious! Why did she do such a thing? Muriel—Why, she couldn't catch one old enough to be her grandfather.—Brooklyn Life.

Husband (meekly)—This is the fourth time this week we've had corned beef and cabbage, Maria, and I'm just a little tired of it. His Wife—I'm sure, Thomas, you're very unreasonable. You know I've had to correct the proof-sheets of my new book, "One Hundred Dainty Dinners."—Tit-Bits.

A Custom in Danger.—"The Chinese," said the man who is always trying to unload back-number information, "have a very curious custom of paying all their debts the first of the year." "Well," answered the man who takes everything seriously, "I guess they will get over that habit when it comes to indemnities."—Washington Star.

Manager (to new actor)—Your performance of Hamlet is the very worst I've ever seen. If there had been any money in the house I should have been bound in honor to return it at the doors. As it is, several friends have sent in and peremptorily demanded that their names should be removed from the free list.—Glasgow Evening Times.

He Heard No Protests.—"You have been executing criminals by electricity in your state for several years now. How has the system seemed to work?" asked the chairman of the investigating committee. "Well," replied the prominent citizen, "we have never heard a word of complaint from the fellows we have worked off that way."—Chicago Tribune.

Preaching.

Chicago Record-Herald.

The preacher used to preach and pray—the Holy Book his guide;
He had no time to fling away in doing things outside.
He kept within his church, and there he sought to do his best
To give to those who followed him the faith that he professed.

Today the preacher takes a shy at nearly everything,
From writing blood-and-thunder tales to common lecturing;
He mounts the stump or does a stunt with gloves to fill his purse,
And, just to help along, he loads the magazines with verse.

The preacher used to preach—perhaps some preachers pre