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

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

THE CROWN PUT BY.

The hurriedly called Cabinet meeting Monday night was, we were solemnly assured, of a social or personal nature, of concern chiefly to the Cabinet officers. It now develops that the subject actually discussed was the third-term pronunciamento. It was necessary to hold the news over for a day or two, to keep the country guessing. But the announcement is ours, and it only remains to read the comments of the Salem Statesman, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and other profoundly discriminating and self-obliteratingly independent organs. On this wise:

> Again our noble and beloved President has spoken and put to shame the envious machinations of his defamers. Those who knew William McKinley did not need to be assured that in his own time he would speak out upon the subject of the third term in no uncertain voice. Though he is held in the highest estimation of the people today, he voluntarily puts aside the thought of another term and truly says his only ambition is to serve through his second term to the acceptance of his countrymen, whose generous confidence he so deeply appreciates, and then with them to do his duty in the ranks of private citizenship. No one can read those sterling sentiments of exalted patriotism and fail to realize that William McKinley is the greatest and only that ever happened.

This, in condensed form, is the sincere and unbiased judgment on the third-term pronunciamento to be found this morning in all papers indulging the fond expectation of Federal patronage. They know their business and they will not shrink from it.

Meanwhile it is reassuring to see that the President's ear is on the ground with all its wonted alertness. Even Hanna recognizes the popular antipathy to third terms, though he is far from upholding it. The President says he would not accept the nomination if it were made, but he has been known to change his mind before, and might be induced to do so this time. The unique honor of such a preferment would tempt a more obdurate heart than his.

They are not, in fact, a very heroic lot of opponents in the field. They are sufficient in their own minds, doubtless, Roosevelt, Fairbanks and the rest, and their serene confidence makes a McKinley boom unnecessary from a party point of view. All the merits of William will be possessed in turn by whoever is elected, so soon as the "regular" organs get their focus on him. In the nomination of the National convention there will accrue to the lucky man a halo of divinity which every needy and hopeful organ will be instant to apprehend. Yet they are, as we say, an unpromising set, at best; and therein lie the hopes of Depew and Grosvenor, Hanna and Heath. Out of this select coterie shall arise some day, perchance, an Antony, to say:

> You all did see that on the Lupercal
> I thrice presented him a Kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Whichever of the gallant band doth enact Antony, he will fulfill the part utterly. Once only hath McKinley refused the crown; but we shall hear from the courtiers of the throne-room again.

THE STATE'S UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

An abuse, and in a way a peculation, by state officials, that should long ago have been abated, is that to which attention has been called by the action of the State Board of Education in abolishing certain privileges in the way of the wholesale entertainment of friends at public expense, indulged to a shameless extent for some years by the superintendents of the state educational and charitable institutions at Salem. The condition of affairs to which public attention has been recently called should never have been allowed to exist, and, it may be said, could only have been inaugurated by men secure in the political influence to which they were indebted for their positions.

From the recital alluded to it appears that the taxpayers of the state have long been contributing to the entertainment and more or less temporary support of a privileged class composed of men and women who have been boarded, banqueted, amused, lodged and driven about at the public expense, guests, as it were, of royalty, the cost of whose entertainment has been duly audited as contingent expenses for the maintenance and care of the insane, the instruction of the deaf and blind, and the supervision of the incorrigible. The sturdy principle of self-respect, the basis of which is self-supporting endeavor that is supposed to be born in Americans and fostered by our institutions, is aghast at disclosures which prove that the pauper principle of getting something for nothing has been shamelessly fostered by the officials of these institutions, and as shamelessly indulged by a multitude of men and women as unbidden guests of the state.

It is, it seems, a mistake to suppose that there is, under a republican form of government, no royal family. True, we have no royal grants, so designated, asked and allowed by the Legislature, but the bills that are presented and audited one session after another contain items under various heads more or less misleading, which, in effect, go to make up royal grants to officialism, since they contribute to the maintenance of a privileged class.

The taxpayers of Oregon, generous, sympathetic and withal practical, grudge nothing that will ameliorate the sad condition of the defective classes. Recognizing the great responsibility imposed by the obligation to care for and instruct these people, they pay without protest good salaries to those who discharge these duties. Furthermore, these officials are provided with comfortable and even luxurious homes for themselves and families, and are "found" in provisions, fuel and lights. But when, in addition to all this, these servants of the state keep open house to an army of friends and relatives, drive these, as their guests, about in the state's coaches, and keep a number of the state's employes on waiting orders for their delectation, all honorable and just persons must feel that it is time to call a halt, and will be glad to learn that this has been done, to some extent at least. It is scarcely conceivable that any self-respecting man or woman will, after this expose, break unbidden of the state the state's bread, or make unseemly visits, short or protracted, at the homes maintained by the taxpayers for those who are charged with the grave responsibility of caring for its defective classes.

WEST POINT'S REAL WORTH.

The annual graduation exercises at West Point Military Academy always provoke discussion of its value to the country and of the necessity for the creation of a body of scientifically educated soldiers. Our Civil War would seem to have tested the supreme value of West Point so thoroughly that there ought not to be much room for debate concerning the necessity for the creation of a highly trained body of educated soldiers. It is easy to point out the fact that there have been military commanders who won great distinction without any severe formal military education beyond the school of the soldier as it is found on the battle-field. But the notable exceptions of commanders in modern times who became great Generals without much military learning or experience have been men of universal intellectual genius, like Napoleon, or men of great native talents for war, like Wellington. While it is true that Napoleon became an artillery officer at 16 after about a year's residence at the Military School of Paris, and that Wellington was an officer at 18 after a brief residence at a military school in France, these men are but illustrations of the fact that men of extraordinary natural powers sometimes obtain by severe self-education all that the technical schools could have imparted. But Napoleons, Wellingtons and Cromwells are as rare in war as Franklins in science and diplomacy and Lincolns in statesmanship.

The modern art of war may not be as severe a test of native genius as it was in the days of Napoleon and Wellington, but its successful application to present conditions requires more versatile and extensive scholastic acquirements in the officers of the staff and line than was needed in the Napoleonic wars. Even as far back as our Mexican War General Scott, who was not a graduate of West Point, confessed that he was indebted for his brilliant success to the trained artillerists and accomplished military engineers which West Point had given to the regular Army. When we remember that Lee, Beauregard, Isaac I. Stevens, Longstreet, Grant, "Stonewall" Jackson, Emory, Fitz John Porter, Meade, Sedgwick, Joe Johnston, Charles P. Stone, C. F. Smith, Getty, were among the educated young officers that marched with Scott, it is easy to believe that he won the day largely because he had the best arms and the best-educated military brains at his command. General Taylor clearly owed his wonderful victory at Buena Vista to the extraordinary skill and accuracy with which his batteries were served by his West Point artillerists, and to the courage and conduct of such West Point graduates as Colonels Clay, Davis and McKee, who commanded volunteer regiments.

The conclusive proof of the value of West Point was given by our Civil War. Its time of duration was long enough; its field was large enough; its armies great enough, to make its history an admirable test of the comparative value of the military education of the march and the battle-field, and that same education preceded and fortified by a sound technical military training in the schools. It cannot be said that the civilian of military aptitude did not have a fair chance. He had more than a fair chance. Dix, Butler, Banks and Fremont were at once made Major-Generals and placed at the head of most important commands. Politicians like McClernand, Oglesby, Schenck, Sickles, Blair, Schurz and Logan, and a host of men far less known to fame were made Major-Generals of Volunteers before the war had seen more than a full year of serious fighting. When the armies East and West were mustered for the Spring campaign of 1864, the fire of battle had completely purged the Union armies of blatant military charlatans, like Fremont, and of brave blunderheads, like Sickles. Such men no longer were trusted with high and important responsibilities of life and death. The trained soldier led our armies in the persons of Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Meade, Sheridan, Schofield, Hancock, Gibbon, Ord, Parke, Howard, Humphreys, Slocum, Stanley, A. J. Smith, Emory, Warren, Crook, Merritt, Wilson, Wright, Wood and Canby. Four years of hard fighting had weeded out the weaklings, whether they were children of West Point or of civil life, but it found very few volunteer soldiers in places of high and responsible command. Four years of war had educated hundreds of civilian subalterns into admirable colonels, had given us a good many able civilian Brigadiers and Division Commanders, but it had educated very few civilian officers up to the level of the able command of a corps in campaign. The civilian General could be relied upon to fight his command with courage, resolution and energy, but with a half dozen exceptions four years of war had not educated any volunteer officer to the level of capacity for the independent command of an army of 25,000 men. What the civilian officer lacked was just what the technical training of West Point would have given him.

If gallant General Sickles had been an educated soldier, he would not have disobeyed Meade's orders at Gettysburg, first because he would have been trained to the habit of absolute obedience when under the near eye and hand of his commander; and, secondly, had Sickles been an educated soldier, he would have seen the fatal error of lifting his entire corps out of line of battle and exposing it to being rolled up on both flanks by the enemy before he could be extricated from his false position at great sacrifice by the rest of the Army. West Point teaches a man the art of war, both in theory and practice, and it was the lack of what West Point would have taught him that cost General Sickles the wreck of his corps and 10,000 men killed and wounded. Politics made Sickles corps commander of 15,000 splendid soldiers, with a most accomplished, educated soldier, Humphreys, for his subordinate, but had Humphreys been at the head of the corps, where he belonged by virtue of his profession, and had Sickles been the commander of a brigade, Meade would not have been compelled to fight a desperate and costly battle to save his army from the consequences of a blunder that was a military crime.

THE SIWASH TRAGEDY.

The American Indian problem has been overshadowed of late by the question, "What shall we do with our Filipinos?" but it is still a problem, or rather was, until it became illuminated by the fierce light that beats upon the Siwash settlement near Vancouver, B. C. Lo has been tried as a farmer and found deficient in the industry requisite to wringing a living from the stubborn glebe. He has entered the professions, but finds the courts flat, stale and unprofitable compared with the powwow, and the science of medicine slow and clumsy beside the tomahawk. He makes a fair soldier, but it is inexpedient to arm too large a number of him at the same time and place. And until the good brethren of Chilliwack, burrowing deep beneath his stoic bosom, found the chord to which his heart strings are attuned, it never occurred to any one that he was fashioned by nature for an actor, and that the flower of his genius has been blushing unseen for these many centuries.

Five hundred Siwashes have united to give the Passion play at Chilliwack, and so successful has been their rendition that there can be no doubt of their having at last "struck their gait." The profession of the drama is one which suits an Indian right down to the ground. It calls for much night work, in which he excels; it requires the exercise of voice, in which he delights, and it brings a maximum reward with a minimum of toil, an end which he has been seeking with diligence since the invasion of the whites drove the game from the happy hunting grounds of the North American continent, and cooped up the noble red man on a few paltry tracts of land known as reservations.

When one considers the matter deeply, it is astonishing that no one has ever noticed before how the divinity has shaped Lo's ends for the drama, notwithstanding the rough hewing of them he has been engaged in for so long. He is naturally an actor. He prides himself on never allowing friends or enemies to know him as he is. He delights in spectacles, as is evinced by his passion for burnings at the stake. And long before the Greeks wrote and acted classic tragedies Lo had mastered the art of "make-up" and had dug from the bowels of the earth brilliant pigments with which to adorn his heroic visage.

This, then, is the destined goal of the copper-colored race. Hereafter our Booths, Irvings and Jeffersons will be drawn from the people who have unconsciously been in training for the stage since their ancestors found their way across the frozen northern seas and began to populate the Americas. Lo will now figure prominently in the divorce courts and on the three-sheets; he will be able to indulge his unquenchable appetite for firewater with no other penalty than hearing the world say what a great actor he might have been if he had only let whisky alone, and he will lead a life of inaction during the day that he may better be able to shine forth in all his glory when the rabbit seeks his hole and the bird of the air his nest. He will be petted, admired, advertised, well fed, well clothed, and supplied with the best cigars the slot machine affords. And with such a glorious and congenial occupation, who shall say that he will not forever give over the haunting dream of the warpath, and the unrest and craving which, being founded on a desire for something, he knew not what, has always slumbered fitfully in his breast and aroused him at frequent intervals to bursts of savage violence?

The Woodbury-Eddy libel suit, that has been making quite a stir recently in Christian Science circles, especially in Boston, has been dismissed from court, on the ground that the allegations of libel were not sufficiently definite to constitute grounds for legal action. The case appears to have been one of a not unusual type wherein no one doubts the truth of the allegations, but the facts of which are not susceptible of proof. Opinion is not evidence, hence the assumption that "Mother Eddy" exercises autocratic powers in her church could not be substantiated through the very attitude of her followers. The fact that no departure from her prescribed services is allowed in any Christian Science church at any time; that to each of her thousands of disciples is given the same "lesson sermon" on the same day, and that nothing may be added to or taken therefrom without condemnation, are in evidence of the correctness of this contention. Wise people decline to be brought into a legal controversy with those who develop facts with a vagueness of expression that may mean one thing or another to suit the present purpose.

It is a pity that the splendid varieties of fine game birds sent hither from China and Japan by the late O. N. Denny in 1885, and later turned loose on Protection Island, in the Straits of Fuca, should be entirely lost to the state. Certainly there has been gross carelessness on the part of sportsmen, who are supposed to look after matters of this kind and are generally very persistent in their demands upon the Legislature for the protection of game birds, in the treatment that this splendid gift of Judge Denny has received. After having become exceedingly numerous, these birds, it would seem, were slaughtered without mercy on Protection Island, which became the property of a sportsman's club of Seattle. It is rather late in the day for Oregon sportsmen to move in the matter, but perhaps, if they are duly respectful, the Seattle Rod and Gun Club will entertain a proposition that will enable those who take sufficient interest in the matter to buy a few pairs of the birds, the ownership of which was forfeited by neglect, and bring them over to this state.

An insight is given into the work that is being done in the permanent improvement and temporary adornment of the City Parks at the sessions of the Park Commissioners that cannot fail to be gratifying to our citizens. It can never be said in derision or for the purpose of invidious comparison that "God made the country—man the town," as long as parks are maintained in cities—veritable beauty spots within their limits—that invite rich and poor, high and low, to rest, recreation and pleasure such as can only come through close touch with nature in "growing things." For our own city, with its environment of hills and woods and water; where a 5-cent fare and a car ride of half an hour will take one in almost any direction out to the budding, blossoming, fragrant woods and fields, the necessity of parks has not been felt as it otherwise would have been and as it will be a generation hence. It is for the future largely, therefore, that our parks are being acquired, and beautified, and it is wise and commendable forethought that is being thus shown. Nature has done much for Portland in location. We have it from Milton that

> Earth hath this variety from heaven,
> Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.

In this view we may be pardoned if we assume a likeness to celestial landscape in the delightful environments of our city, while for material reasons we indorse the forethought that has acquired and the generosity that has bequeathed to the city the tracts that form the nucleus of what a generation hence will appear as a magnificent park area, maintaining nature at the doors of the people of a great and busy city. In the meantime, the parks, with their beauties, natural and acquired, will become the pleasure resorts of a constantly increasing multitude, and will pay their way as they go along in the softening and refining influence that birds and flowers and trees exert upon those who spend their working hours in factories and shops, in mills and counting-houses, in offices and upon the docks, and each week some of leisure in these open-air resorts.

Whatever else may be said for Dreyfus, he is certainly lacking in gratitude—in the first quality of a noble mind. Labori, the lawyer who defended him, when to speak in his favor meant political, military and social ostracism in an army-ridden nation, he now slights in a manner so pointed as to draw public attention to his neglect. A moral hero Dreyfus is not, whatever qualities of physical courage he may have displayed under the pressure of injustice and suffering. That he was a persecuted man—the scapegoat of conspirators, and shamefully oppressed by the military power that rules France, there can be no question. But that he is a man of generous and loyal mind cannot be maintained, since his attitude toward the man who defended him so earnestly and successfully in his hour of sore need is that of coldness if not hostility. Ingratitude in such a case is more than an offense, it is a crime scarcely less heinous than that of which Dreyfus was falsely accused.

The popular delusion that cannonading produces and may be made to produce rain has been thoroughly disproved, both in this country and in France, by practical tests. Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, declares it to be a delusion as remarkable as is the belief in the effect of the moon upon the weather, and adds: "The great processes going on in the atmosphere are conducted on too large a scale to warrant any man or nation attempting to control them." This, taken in connection with the further citation that the energy expended by a tornado or a rain storm exceeds the combined energy of all the steam engines and explosives in the world, should settle the question for the rainmakers of this country, at least, and rally individual common sense against the delusion which they pursue.

Sara Bernhardt is to play Romeo next season to Maude Adams' Juliet. The defects of Bernhardt's "Hamlet" were largely inseparable from her sex. No woman as feminine in voice and physique as Bernhardt could possibly make a first-class "Hamlet." A woman of the masculine stature, the strong head and face, the deep voice of Charlotte Cushman, could play Hamlet fairly well, but women of the Bernhardt physique and voice ought not to attempt any of Shakespeare's masculine parts beyond that of Romeo, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Prince Arthur, parts of young striplings, whose youth implies a slender, boyish figure, and speech that is marked by a passionate rush of feeling rather than weighted with strong thought

Ex-President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, voices a great truth when he states that "too much reading is a dangerous habit, like a stimulant." Any practical person, whose family numbers among its members an insatiable reader, will indorse the statement of Dr. Gilman. The truth is that any excess is a "dissipation," and the reading habit, encouraged by what Dr. Gilman calls an "era of Carnegie," will as readily and surely debauch the mind as physical excesses the body.

The Union Pacific takes a broad view of the commercial outlook in the Pacific when it suggests, through President Mohler, of the O. R. & N., that Portland build a 16,000-ton drydock. Why? To accommodate the shipping that is to be the Columbia River's share of the trade. With a salt-water harbor at San Francisco, and a fresh-water harbor on the Columbia, Harriman's position on the Pacific Coast is well-nigh impregnable.

In yesterday's dispatches W. C. P. Breckinridge was quoted as saying: "It is equally true that the American people will approve of the territorial policy advocated by Mr. Bryan." The context shows that the dispatch was erroneously given. Mr. Breckinridge meant that the people will support expansion, as he reiterates later on in the same interview.

Mr. McKinley knows he couldn't be elected again. It is doubtful whether he could have been elected in 1896, and certainly he could not have been elected in 1900, but for the stupid and fatuous course of the Democratic party in its adherence to Bryanism.

A RATIONAL VIEW FROM ASTORIA

Letter From Hon. C. W. Fulton, in Reply to Rabid Local Editor.

The following letter is reprinted from the Astoria Daily News:

Astoria, June 10, 1901.—(Editor Daily News.)—In your issue of Saturday last, commenting on an article in The Oregonian of that date, you made several statements, any one of which, if accepted by other communities, throughout the state as reflecting the real sentiment of our people, would justly merit and doubtless secure for us their universal contempt. Fortunately for our character, the statements do not express the sentiment of this community, but, unfortunately for our reputation, such articles seemingly justify the really unjust charges of The Oregonian against us and furnish proof corroborative to the minds of others, of the truth of the charges.

You say "perhaps the Portland channel will always be maintained, and Astoria sincerely hopes it will, but Astoria objects to the use of Government money to keep the 23-foot channel open."

Pardon my use of plain words, but you profess to speak for Astoria, and candor compels me to say that the statement quoted is, manifestly, at once untrue and insincere.

It is not true that any considerable number of Astorians object to Government aid in keeping the channel of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers open, either to a depth of 23 feet or to any other depth that can be secured It is insincere to say that we "sincerely hope" the "23-foot channel will be maintained," and then to assert that we object to Government aid to that end. If we "sincerely hope" such a channel will be maintained, why should we object to Government aid? I believe it is in the interest of the commerce of the entire Northwest that the best possible channel be secured and maintained, and that we should all work earnestly to secure Government aid therefor.

You further state that "maintenance of the Portland channel is purely a private affair," and characterize appropriations in its aid as "robbery," and assert that "this matter will be called to the attention of the members of the rivers and harbor committee on the occasion of their visit, and the fact made clear that Portland is holding a false position," etc.

This is puerility run wild. When one presumes to speak for a community, he should be equally certain of his authority to speak and of the truth of his statements. In this instance I challenge both. No such representations will be made by any committe or any member of any committee of Astorians appointed to meet the distinguished visitors, for your statements do not represent or express the judgment of our people. Moreover, they will be men endowed with too great a sense of propriety and neighborly decency to engage in such work. Should any person attempt it, his reward will be to have earned the contempt of those approached and to be remembered only for his asininity.

But, aside from the question of propriety, what right have we to oppose Government aid in improving the river channel? Even if it be true, as you contend (though you are mistaken) that it is a matter of concern only to Portland, then it concerns more than one-fourth of the people of this state. But you forget that the river is a great highway of trade and commerce, which accommodates the coast as well as the interior, and that Astoria is vitally concerned in its every improvement. Were it otherwise, opposition on our part would be inexcusable. We should be, and I know and you should know, that our citizens generally will be glad to see Government aid extended to the improvement of every river and harbor that serves or can be made to serve any community or section of our state. We want the entrance to the Columbia improved. It is not only a matter of local interest to us, but it is a matter of wide public concern throughout the entire Northwest. Its improvement is of first or primary importance to the commerce of the Columbia Basin, because it is the entrance; but that is not all we want. Second to that, and second only to that in importance, are improvement of the channels of the Columbia and the Willamette, and the construction and maintenance of the necessary locks to overcome the obstructions and serve the commerce of the Upper Columbia. None of these improvements concern any one locality alone; on the contrary, each is vitally important to the state at large and to vast sections beyond our state. The Astoria committee or committees, will, of course, so represent the situation to the visiting Congressmen.

We want that Astoria shall be granted common rates with Portland and Washington ports. We are entitled to such rates, and are gradually securing them, and I doubt not they will shortly be conceded throughout. But, as The Oregonian says, that is a railroad problem, and it bears no relation whatever to the improvement of the river channel. Fortunately for us. The Oregonian has, on the whole, favored the extension of common rates to Astoria.

Let us have done with all attempts to antagonize the interest of any other locality, and with all talk of that kind.

We will be sufficiently employed in attending to our own affairs.

C. W. FULTON.

Picture Colors by Wire.

New York Letter.

Philip K. Stern, a mechanical and electrical engineer, says that he has perfected and now has patents pending for an apparatus for the transmission of optical images in colors. The device will be known as the teloptoscope. "The principle upon which the thing works is this," Mr. Stern said. "The transmitter is focused upon the optical image to be sent. The luminous rays are transformed into electric currents and sent to the receiving end over an ordinary electric circuit. One additional wire is necessary, however, for manipulating the receiving apparatus. The electric currents are again employed at the distance end to vary the intensity of the ray of light which is thrown on the receiving instrument."

Ireland's Population.

New York Press.

On its 32,000 square miles Ireland supports nearly half a million more people than find homes on the 40,000 square miles of the state of Ohio. The race has fultiplied manifold beyond sea, and the ascent in the scale of civilization has been far more marked than the descent in local numerousness. Americans who have noted the improvement in the character of the Irish immigration are competent to speak on this head. The Irish people certainly, and the Irish island probably, are better off today than in the period when the immoderate increase began to be succeeded by an immoderate decline.

Safe From Jail, Anyway.

Chicago Chronicle.

With the assistance of Rev. Mr. Brown, who, as a mere matter of form, and for the purpose solely of keeping Rev. Mr. Herron and Miss Rand out of jail, signed the heathenish marriage certificate, Mr. Herron seems to have settled this question for himself, for the present Mrs. Herron has money and is willing that he shall live on it so long as he does not discover that he has made a mistake in the matter of affinity.

Hanna and Roosevelt.

Kansas City Star.

Senator Hanna has been appointed a Colonel on the official staff of General Rassieur, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. There may be no political significance in the incident, and it is certain that it does not place Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt on a parity as Presidential probabilities. A G. A. R. Colonel by compliment could never compete in a National convention with a "Rough Rider" immortalized by the achievements of San Juan hill.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Through by Daylight," a melodrama, the scene of which is laid in New York, was presented by the James Ward company to a good house at Cordray's last night, and, judging from the enthusiasm with which it was received, it made a decided hit. The story is one of considerable complication, but the happy ending makes everything serene before the fall of the last curtain, and the audience goes away happy.

James M. Ward, who is always at his best in Irish parts, took the part of Mickey Corrigan, and his faultless brogue and jolly humor kept the house laughing whenever he was on the stage. The remainder of the company were well cast, and made the most of their several parts. A bright specialty bill relieves the intensity of the situations, and the several "turns" were very well done. At the close of the second act three curtain calls bespoke the favor of the house unmistakably. The play was handsomely mounted, the first scene of the second act being especially fine.

"Through by Daylight" will close with tonight's performance.

NEW ROMANTIC PLAY.

"D'Arcy of the Guards" Produced in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—"D'Arcy of the Guards," a romantic play by Louis Evan Shipman, was produced last night for the first time on any stage by Henry Miller at the Columbia Theater. The entire action of the play takes place in Philadelphia during its occupancy by the British under Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis in the Autumn and Winter of 1777 and 1778. At that time General Washington and the Continental Army were encamped at Valley Forge, 20 miles from Philadelphia.

The story has to do in the main with Major John D'Arcy, of the Grenadier Guards, on the staff of Lord Cornwallis, and Pamela Townsend, a stanch adherent of the American cause, who meets D'Arcy while he is quartered at the house where she resides. D'Arcy is a young Irishman who has won distinction in the British service, and his winning over of the pretty American makes a romantic and pretty story.

What Were Pitt's Last Words?

Good Words.

As William Pitt lay dying at his villa on Putney Heath, in January, 1806, the news of the complete rout of the Austrians and Russians by Napoleon at Austerlitz, in December, cast a shadow over the nation's rejoicing for the victory at Trafalgar. The success of the French Emperor preyed also upon the mind of the dying statesman. It counterbalanced, in his opinion, the destruction by Nelson of the combined French and Spanish fleets a month before. "Roll up that map," said he, pointing to a map of Europe; "it will not be wanted these 10 years." The end came on January 23. "Oh, how I leave my country!" he cried in anguish with his last breath.

So died Pitt of a patriot's broken heart. The Whigs averred at the time that he died of port wine. Half a century later Disraeli used to tell a humorous story, which gives a different version of the last words of the dying statesman. "Late one night," said an old writer at the House of Commons to Disraeli, shortly after he first entered Parliament, "I was called out of bed by a messenger in a post-chaise, shouting to me outside the window, 'What is it?' I said, 'You're to get up and dress and bring some of your pork pies down to Mr. Pitt at Putney.' So I went; and as we drove along the messenger told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies.' And so I was sent for post-haste. When we arrived Mr. Pitt was dead. Them were his last words: 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies.'"

Bellamy was caterer to the Houses of Parliament for more than half a century, embracing the last decade of the 18th century and the first 40 years of the 19th.

Wanting to Be an Actor.

Everybody's Magazine.

"All the professions are overcrowded. The placard of 'No application for engagement received' might just as well be hung at the doorway of every law, medical or editorial office as at the portal of the theater. That is what I have thought in reading the letters of inquiry about going on the stage. They come from all parts of the United States, but not from all kinds of persons. Hardly any of the writers have betrayed the lack of at least a fair education. Many have given reasons, real or fancied—such as proficiency in elocution at school, or experience as actors in amateur performances—why they deem themselves fit to get into a theater by the stage door instead of the public entrance. So I have not felt like replying to all of them, 'Don't try.' I have, instead, advised them to go to the traveling and resident managers, especially those with companies of moderate merit and scant prosperity, and offer themselves for inspection. Possessors of good looks and crude abilities will not fail, with some persistence, to secure in that way a trial, if not much remuneration. But if they find that not one in a succession of 20 experts is favorably impressed at all, then they should be convinced that they have been mistaken about themselves, and that they have simply sought an opportunity for their ambition to 'o'erleap itself.'"

Third-Term Talk.

New York Press.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew is reported in a newspaper interview as asking, "Why not nominate Mr. McKinley again?" Well, because there is an unwritten law in the United States that two terms as President shall be the limit for one citizen of this country. It has been determined by the people of the United States that, however satisfactory a President may be, and whatever good he may have accomplished or may be in the process of accomplishing, it is better for the institutions of this country that his career as President shall close with eight years of service—better for the reason that the precedent established by George Washington, and not permitted to be broken by General Grant, must be maintained as an earnest that the Government must lie in the hands of the voters, without reference to "succession."

That is the law—unwritten, but, we believe, absolute—and if President McKinley could do what General Grant was not able to do—that is, obtain a renomination after having served two terms—we have no doubt that the electoral court of the land, the voters, would enforce the law.

Ham Lewis' Prophecy Unheeded.

New York Tribune.

Senator Green, of Binghamton, N. Y., was walking down Broadway last night in the company of Assemblyman Bedell, of Orange County. When the Senator was asked what he thought would be the result of Ham Lewis' booming Governor Odell for the Presidency, he said: "It isn't necessary for our friend from Washington to come here to tell us that. We know that the Governor is the man without being told."

The Delight of Living.

Lloyd McKim Garrison.

Prove that my mind dies when my body dies,
That I do not possess an immortal soul
Save in desire; prove that the utmost goal
For Kings or beggars is the grave; and lies
Of cunning priests, or poets' fantasies,
The future life and the divine control;
Spare not one kind delusion to console
For failing senses and fast-dimming eyes;
Nay, even, like old Crusoe bid me spend
My little hour, at the world's farthest end,
Mute as my fellow-brutes in that sad place—
And then 'twere sweet to live, so weak a thing,
To breathe, if nothing more, the fire of Spring,
Or feel the Winter beat against my face!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Even the golf player is on the cold outside this kind of weather.

Mr. Carnegie is still about a billion dollars removed from a Christian decease.

A cook killed a sailor on a schooner recently, and was unprofessional enough to do it with a revolver.

Some one should remind the weather clerk that it spoils a Summer month to keep it on ice too long.

The young man who is ambitious to become an Army officer should remember that his future is still hazy.

The Emperor of China need not go far to visit Europe. He will be right in the midst of it in a few more years.

There are so many sensational murder trials in Eastern cities that San Francisco must be consumed with jealousy.

"There's always room for one Moor," said King Edward, as he invited the North African Ambassadors to his reception.

The Chicago woman who is offering $1000 reward for an honest man has concluded to extend her offer outside of Chicago.

Some of the Texas oil well owners are complaining that their wells yield nothing but dust. But what more could be expected of a gold mine?

The following conversation was overheard in Washington yesterday between William McKinley and Miss Columbia:

> "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
> "To get a new President, sir," she said.
> "I'll not run again, my pretty maid."
> "Nobody asked you to, sir," she said.

At a dinner of the New England Society, of New York, some years ago, Joseph H. Choate, now Ambassador to Great Britain, proposed the following toast: "Woman, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

An American who was in Pekin recently says that nobody made any suggestions to General Chaffee about "pickink up" rare bits of plunder in that city after the unpleasant experience of a wealthy American who thought it well to get a share of the treasures for America. This gentleman intimated to the General that he would gladly bear the expense of transporting two magnificent temple bronzes to this city as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art if the General would overlook their removal. The answer he got was conclusive: "The American caught looting will be shot on the spot!"

The following story is being told in the cafes in Stockholm: The telephone in the stage manager's office at one of the variety theaters was ringing, and an inquiry was made if the scene box was vacant that evening. "How should I know?" brusquely answered the stage manager. "Inquire at the box office." "What is the number?" inquired the speaker. "Look in your book, you idiot! I am not a telephone directory," was the answer of the exasperated manager. "Excuse me for troubling you," came the voice over the wire. "This is Prince Carl who is speaking," and the telephone rang off. The poor manager gave a gasp and almost fainted away. No Prince Carl attended the performance that evening.

A clergyman tells this story: "I was stationed in the town of P— during my early ministry, and was profoundly impressed from what I saw that I ought to preach against the rebellion against God's law. I selected for a text Isaiah 1:2, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.' I had formally introduced the subject, and repeated the text that the audience might see the connection between it and the first proposition, when my little 2-year-old boy slipped out of his mother's arms, and, taking his stand directly in front of the pulpit, gave such a scream of defiance as to startle the entire audience. It is needless to say that this, following immediately the quotation of the text, destroyed the solemnity of the sermon, so far as the audience was concerned."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Chemistry Master—What happens to gold when it is exposed to the air? Student (after long reflection)—It's stolen.—Tit-Bits.

A Starter.—He (fervently)—You are the only girl I have ever loved. She—Ah! What lots of fun you have ahead of you!—Puck.

Celebrated.—"He seems quite celebrated as an author, and yet he has written very little." "Yes, for, you see, pretty much everything he does is silly enough to afford material for a literary anecdote."—Detroit Journal.

Equal to the Occasion.—Antiquity Dealer—Madame, this Spanish coin is old—more than 100 years old. Madame—H'm; it is stamped 1870. Antiquity Dealer—Is that so? Well, that, of course, is a misprint.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Reasons.—Miss Polkadot—You are not wearing birds on your hat any more? Miss Slimwell—No, it is an awful practice. Besides, they are not nearly so stylish as they used to be, since the Audubon Society took the matter up.—Brooklyn Life.

The Rag-Time Favorite.—"Who is that quiet individual whom the guests seem to avoid?" "Oh, he's a famous composer of classical music." "And that young man who seems to be the lion of the evening?" "Why, he's a rag-time piano player."—Ohio State Journal.

True to His Word.—"You know you said before election that you were a friend who would divide his last dollar with me." "That's right," said Senator Sorghum, blandly; that's right. But it's going to be a good many years before I get down to my last dollar."—Washington Star.

In the Hospital.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Ah, hear the moaning over there—
The sudden, bitter cry of pain!
The smell of drugs is in the air,
Death's shadow on the wall is plain,
And by the window, stooping down,
A nurse with fluffy locks and brown
Looks in the eyes of one who lies
Half propped in many a snowy fold,
And, blushing, holds a willing ear
Close to his eager lips to hear
A story that is ages old.

The doctor gravely shakes his head
And bends above an ashen face;
A widow, waiting for her dead,
Is led half-fainting from the place,
And over there a jeweled hand
Is weakly raised to give command,
And weakly falls—and through the halls
Death paces slowly, loth to leave,
While still the nurse beside the cot
Bends lower, listening to what
Exultant Adam told to Eve.

Death stooped, last night, behind that screen,
And smoothed a martyr's weary brow
Where one with new hope looks between
Soft pillows at her baby now,
And over there beside the door
Lies one whom pain shall reach no more,
Whose work is done, who ere the sun
Goes down shall soar or dumbly rest,
And she that blushing bent above
Yon cot goes dreaming dreams of love
To cross two hands upon a breast.