

The Oregonian

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TODAY'S WEATHER: Increasing cloudiness, probably followed by showers; northwesterly winds, shifting to southerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER: Maximum temperature, 85; minimum temperature, 56; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19.

UNFORESEEN DEMANDS.

Famine is abroad in the land—the famine induced by abundance. Crops need more money than the banks have on hand to lend...

The fact is that nobody has had the gumption to keep pace with the development of the country. The inertia of the human mind prevails among the most far-seeing and enterprising.

The steel strike is vainly pleaded now in extenuation of a car famine for cars not delivered in sixty days from date of order.

Financiers figured wisely, in calculating the increase of wealth in the West and the increased holdings of Western banks.

There are more men in Oregon now than in 1890; and it is impossible to get regular help to harvest crops...

This change in the condition of the people is general throughout the country. It has already been revealed in the increased consumption of food products and merchandise.

It is reflected in the advanced prices of a long list of our staple products. The price of wheat would also reflect it if it were not for the increased demand for ocean tonnage...

Of this general activity there are, of course, many causes. The most direct one is the extension of the gold standard, with its accompanying stability to confidence and facility of international trade.

Another profound cause is in the advance of American chemistry and invention as applied to raw materials and manufacturing processes.

These two things have operated to accumulate in the United States, and in Europe as well, a surplus of money to produce and of merchandise, made at low cost and afforded cheap transportation.

It is well to remember that Europe has shared in this prosperity, and that much of our own accumulation and comfort has been achieved only through the increased ability of Europeans to buy our foodstuffs and merchandise.

To reduce Europe to a state wherein its people can sell us nothing and therefore buy of us nothing, is an ambition as vicious as it is impossible.

THE SURPLUS BOGIE.

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it so formidable and produced such enormous revenues. It is held, and with sound reasoning, that the fears freely expressed concerning the disastrous effect of locking up this immense surplus in the Treasury...

ACCOMPICES OF CZOLGOSZ.

The imbecile attempts of Czolgosz to simulate insanity show forth the utter emptiness of the man's mind. He has no discernment, no discretion, no application. These weaknesses have been abundantly demonstrated by such incidents of his useless life as research has brought to light.

Presently mishapen minds of this sort do not deserve the full measure of odium which we visit upon the intelligent and willful anarchist of the most mad Goldman type.

The degree of a man's guilt depends not upon the remote consequences of his sin, but upon the moral value of his conscious choice.

Under the Constitution of the United States and of all the states no person can be deprived of life, property or liberty without due process of law, and this right of a full, fair trial which belongs to the assassin cranks with it the right to counsel.

It is not likely that the plea of insanity will be made for Czolgosz, for while the assassin is doubtless a degenerate so far as brains and moral sense are concerned, he is medically sane enough to be responsible for his actions.

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Quebec three years, and won the respect and affection of the people, and he spent several years at Halifax from 1794 to 1800, in command of the imperial troops.

Not until 1850 did another English Prince come to Canada. In 1850 Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, then the young of 19, visited Canada.

The Oregonian was in error in its statement that Sergeant McKinley distributed ammunition under fire at Antietam. He distributed food under fire; his heroism was of the sort that Kipling sings in his tribute to the gallant Hinkoo carrier.

The bloodstain of the war, the day on which more men were killed and wounded than on any other day of the war, was the 17th of September, 1822, in the battle of Antietam.

In 1861 Prince Alfred, afterwards the Duke of Edinburgh, made a flying visit to Canada, and in 1869 Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, came to Canada as an officer in an imperial regiment.

In 1878 the Princess Louise came to Canada as the wife of the new Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyll, and at the same time arrived at Halifax the imperial regent, Prince Arthur, commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh.

In 1890 Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, landed at Vancouver, on his way to England from the East, where he had been commander-in-chief at Bombay.

Twenty years ago today, September 19, 1887, shuddering wires bore to the east heart of the sorrowfully waiting Nation the mournful tidings that President Garfield had passed away at Elberon.

The assassin of President McKinley refused to plead on arraignment, but the court assigned him the court entered the plea of not guilty.

The Indiana clergyman who said that in his opinion President McKinley in life was a political demagogue made an ungracious and untimely speech, but he did not exceed his legal rights of free speech.

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defied the law, knowing it to be the law, and they are legally and medically sane enough to suffer the consequences of their crimes. They are sane enough to understand that they have no right to execute every man they have tried, convicted and sentenced to death for some real or fancied violation of the law of cranks.

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IMMORTALIZED IN OUR HISTORY

Lincoln's Favorite Poem. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying flash of lightning, a break of the wave, Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved; The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blest— Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by; And the memories of those who loved her and loved her, Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath closed, The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn, The eyes of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot is to sow and to reap, The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep, The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of the bread, The sinner who dared to remain unrepentant, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed, That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights that our fathers have seen; We drink the same stream and view the same sun, And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink; To the life we are clinging they also would cling.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers will come; They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; and we things that are now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwelling a transient abode— Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim's road.

Yeal hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We mingle together in sunshine and rain; And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath; From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud— Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? —Henry Knox.

Garfield's Favorite Hymn. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changeless art, abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile; And, tho' the rebelious, perverse I feel; Tho' dark and dreary be the night I live, On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can fill the tempter's power? Who, like Thee, my guide and stay can be? Thy rod and staff, O Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Great God, our God, our Father, Thou art best; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. —Henry F. Lyte.

Garfield's Favorite Poem. Commend me to the friend that comes When I am sad and lone, And makes me glad, my heart, The suffering of his own; Who coldly shuns the glittering throng At pleasure's gay levee, And comes to find me, when I lie, And gives his heart to me.

He flies not with the fitting stork, That seeks a Southern sky, But lingers where the wounded bird Hath laid him down to die. Oh, give a friend he is indeed, Whose'er his lot may be, A lamb in the storm of life, An anchor on its sea.

McKinley's Deathbed Hymn. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; 'E'en tho' it be a cross That our great God may send, Still all my soul shall be— Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Thou like a wanderer, The sun gone down, His shadows e'er me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear Steps to His heaven; All that Thou sendest me In mercy given; Oh, give a friend he is indeed, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

AMUSEMENTS.

Time is a sovereign remedy for a broken heart or a blighted life, and 50 years is a long, long time, but rosemary is for remembrance, and rosemary grows like a green bay tree long after the broken heart is healed and the blighted life has bloomed again.

But, after all, Sir Jasper Thorndyke is hardly a target at which to level much sympathy. He discovers a happy pair of lovers in the full glow of an engagement, takes them in and gives them shelter, and after reconciling the girl's parents, whom he intercepts in hot pursuit, he sends a maid to elope with him had some small claim upon her; a wiser one might have known that a good girl does not cast a lover off as lightly as Thorndyke.

The honors of the play fell in equal measure to Mr. Neill and Harry Dean, whose portrayal of the part of Dorothy, the winsome maid with whom Thorndyke falls in love, was the first fine work she has had a chance to do during the present season.

John W. Burton, as the tramping father of the runaway girl, Lillian Andrews, as a professor of violent temper; Donald Bowles, as William, the lover, and Scott Seaton, as George, the rival, were also good. A postboy, all contributed their full share toward the pleasure of the performance.

The play was mounted with the attention to detail which marks all the New York productions, and costumed with a careful regard to the time of action. Tonight, out of respect to the memory of President McKinley, there will be no performance tomorrow night. "The Royal Box" will be repeated.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"A Baggage Check" at Cordray's Next Week. "A Baggage Check" will be the attraction at Cordray's next week, beginning Sunday evening. This farce comedy is said to come direct from London, and is said to be replete in catchy music and specialties of a recent date.

"A Runaway Girl" at the Marquans. The sale of American plays by actors in "A Runaway Girl" which appears at the Marquans Grand Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, September 23, 24, 25, will open tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

The tour of S. Miller Kent in "The Cowboy and the Lady," will begin next week at Atlantic City and will extend to the Pacific Coast. In "The New Yorkers," which will be given with Dan Daly as the star, the comedians were originally anarchists.

Cordray's Theater having remained closed Sunday night as a tribute to the memory of the late President, will give the usual performance Monday night. Ralph Stuart has been engaged to support Grace George.

James K. Hackett will probably produce this season Winston Churchill's dramatization of his novel, "The Crisis." The tour of S. Miller Kent in "The Cowboy and the Lady," will begin next week at Atlantic City and will extend to the Pacific Coast.

It is said that the "boogie," as it is called, of American plays by actors in London, is due to popular resentment at American invasion of theatrical London. The better class of theatergoers and the press protest against the practice.

The new Ziegfeld Follies company will present Anna Held in her new venture, "The Little Duchess." She will have with her that clever comedian, Charles A. Dreyfus. He will be seen in a role which is said to fit his talents like a glove, with plenty of amusing situations.

Should Be Expelled.

George L. Wellington is the name of the Senator from Maryland whose term will expire with the present Congress and whose name Arthur Pue Gorman is trying to capture. He was elected as a Republican, but he had a quarrel with the Administration and left his share of the control of the Federal patronage in Maryland. Hence he remained in an interview on the subject of the attempted assassination.

McKinley and I are enemies. I have nothing good to say about him, and, under the circumstances, I cannot care to say anything bad. I am indifferent to the whole matter. No enemy of the Government could have made a remark in worse taste and spirit. A movement is being made to expel Mr. Wellington from the Senate and would be vigorously opposed even if ex-Senator Gorman should be appointed to fill the vacancy.

Care Nothing for the Franchise.

Two years ago, by a vote so emphatic that glory names were recorded in favor of negro disfranchisement, Georgia declared for the opposite course. Yet, in two weeks after this declaration over 3,000 negroes emigrated from Greene, Morgan and adjoining counties. The first things that ever came from a pen. "There's a new breed of pigs 'n' me," commented Mr. Westward Othmer Lynne. "Are they anything like Berkshire?" Ohio State Journal.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Got the dust out of your eyes? A breach-of-promise case might be cited as an unattractive suit. Many Indians are actors—Dramatic note. The converse is also true. Judging by the delay in signing it, the terms of the Chinese protocol must be about 10 years at hard labor.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," so sang the sad-souled oyster as he wiped away a tear. Now that hopping to over, there is a prospect that the salaries of servant girls will be set down to about \$30 a week.

Miss Clara Morris, the gifted author, has made such a reputation in literature that she is thinking of going on the stage. Directors of railroad and steamship lines are again busy writing demands of ransom that they have been absorbed by J. P. Morgan.

King Edward tips the beam at 20 pounds. This explains why he is not the author of any of the anti-fiat manifestos. William Waldorf Astor says the newspapers drove him from the country. This is what is known as one of the triumphs of the press.

The scoundrel who disguised himself with burnt cork before committing a foul crime used bad judgment. All "concocted look alike to a lynching bee." A New York minister has been censured by his congregation for speculating in futures. A minister is supposed to regard the future as a dead sure thing.

Another Kansas express train has been blockaded by grasshoppers. We are looking for a report to the effect that the Kansas mosquitoes have gone over into Nebraska to massacre the inhabitants. Nothing is to fall to come out of Kansas.

Anxious housewives will be glad to know, a London paper tells its readers, that "vegetaline," made by a Marseilles firm by refining oil extracted from the copra (dried coconut), and now placed on the English market, is not, as it was feared, an imitation butter or even a substitute for butter in its domestic uses.

According to the maker's agents, "vegetaline" is almost entirely a manufacturer's article, although it can be used in the kitchen for making pastry and will be supplied in retail if there is any demand for it. But the value of the process by which "vegetaline" is made will, it is claimed, be in providing bakers and flour-mill manufacturers with a substitute for butter which is not only pure and cheap, but which, for biscuits in particular, is better than butter.

It was an uptown grocery which a little girl about 5 years of age entered the other day, saying, relates the Philadelphia Record: "I want a spoon of cotton." "You won't get that here," replied the grocer, jokingly. "You'll have to go to the blacksmith's shop for that." "I want a spoon of cotton," the child repeated, clutching something very lightly in her right hand. And she continued to reiterate the request for a long time before quitting the store.

Presently her mother appeared in the door with a very faint countenance. "Try to tell me to tell me that you haven't got a nutting," she inquired indignantly. "Was that what the child wanted?" exclaimed the grocer. "She asked for a spoon of cotton." "Couldn't you see the nutting in her hand?" retorted the mother. "I saw something in her hand, but I didn't know what it was." "Well, all you had to do was to smother it," continued the grocer. "You were the mother who departed. Witnessed to this scene have amused themselves ever since, asking the grocer why he doesn't exercise greater detective skill in finding out what his customers require when they don't know themselves.

Said Wilhelm to Wilhelm, "I think, O cousin mine, I need you in my army for a soldier of the line. The Fusiliers regiment a Colonel now is—say, I know behind you in the field they'll battle till they die." Said Wilhelm unto Wilhelm, "Great Caesar, I give you a commission in a German regiment. You're just the kind of fighting stock I need to lead my men; I'll make of you a Hauptmann with a flourish of my pen."

Said Nicholas to Wilhelm, "It is very good of you to give me a company of trusted men and true. But if with Russia Germany should fall into a quarrel, pray where then would yours truly have a chance to get off at?" "For you as Colonel in my ranks could take your regiment! And leave me shy ten companies, while I must outdo you!" "I'll make of you a Hauptmann with a flourish of my pen."

Said Wilhelm unto Nicholas, "Dear cousin, outdo me sure! A German company is worth a Russian army corps. And so you get the best of it, no matter what befall. Your job will be equivalent to that of General."

But Nicholas could hardly see the justice of this. And Wilhelm could not see his way to make another deal. So both the other's offices declined with many thanks. And now they serve each other as mere privates in the ranks.

PLEASANTNESS OF PARAGRAPHERS. That Hired Girl Again—"Do the Smiths keep a girl?" "No, they hire good maids, but they don't keep them."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. The Great Pain—"What has become of that octogenarian who was telling us the other day how to live to be a hundred years old?" "He died at the age of 82."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Herald. On the Line—"Oh Lady—Can you tell me, if you please, where I'll get the Blackrock Cream?" "Dear Sister—Beware, ma'am, if you don't watch yourself, you'll get it in the small of your back in about half a minute."—Punch. Criticism Old—"Friend—Why are you standing in at Tippler's now? Artiss-I am getting illustration for a great marine picture. Would you sell me a few of those 'Blue Islands' that you had in the 'Blue Islands'—Chicago News.

Not the Grammatical Kind—"What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher. "What joins things together," was the prompt reply. "Give an illustration," said the teacher. The pupils gazed hesitated and blushed.