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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers and cooler; southwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 75; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3.

THE TROUBLE WITH RECIPROCITY.

The reciprocity problem labors under the grievous handicap of imperfect popular information. The disposition is widespread to shout for reciprocity "on general principles," as a movement in the direction of freer trade, without inquiry into any of the specific proposals under consideration. Recent expressions of The Oregonian on the subject have excited considerable adverse comment throughout the country from those who recklessly read them as carrying hostility to tariff reform, and censured them accordingly. The Oregonian has always welcomed reciprocity as a step in the direction of freer trade, but it recognizes it as at best but a clumsy expedient for tariff reform, and in constant peril of inequitable adjustments. What has been said in these columns on the pending treaties has met the approval, so far as we have seen, of those who understand the problem, and for the rest, the most charitable view possible is that they have not read the treaties in question.

A reciprocity treaty is not a slogan in favor of tariff reform. It is an accurately devised instrument for the achievement of certain specific purposes. To get down to the naked truth, it is a bargain by the terms of which we sacrifice certain of our industries in order to benefit certain other industries. It makes no difference whatever whether the sacrificed industries are punished with increased duties, or are merely singled out for exception from the general scope of the arranged reductions. The pending treaty with France, for example, is specifically calculated to help certain American industries to easier access into French markets, and these benefactions are to be purchased by reductions at our ports upon wares that very largely come into competition with home productions.

The chief promoter of the French treaty, outside of official circles, is Mr. James Deering, an eminent implement manufacturer of Illinois. Mr. Deering is one of the best men that ever lived, honest, generous and just; but his advocacy of the treaty is explainable not only as a matter of public spirit, which it undoubtedly is, but also by the fact that the largest single item in the proposed concessions by France to us is $75,000 in duty on agricultural implements, which France offers to forego. The second largest concession is on miscellaneous machines, $20,000, and the duty France offers to forego on iron and steel manufactures easily amounts to as much more.

Now, what do we propose to sacrifice in order to help these tariff-protected plants, most of them in trusts, sell more wares abroad? The French diplomats insist on complete exemption of nineteen articles, including horses, butter, sugar, fodder, prepared skins and hides, boots and shoes, dynamos, eggs, honey and cheese. The great staple foodstuffs are conspicuous by their absence. There is no help offered, so far as we can see, to the mass of producers, or the mass of consumers. While France offers concessions of duty amounting to $257,000 a year, at current volumes of traffic, we offer concessions aggregating $828,000 a year, of which $288,000 is upon the single item of silks, which can well afford the duty. Other articles upon which concessions to the French impofter have been made are: Cotton and linen goods; leather and skins; prepared and preserved vegetables and fruits; nuts; prunes; olive oil; soap; wood; cement; furs; hats; musical instruments and mineral waters. Some of these wares come from the soil without much process of manufacture, and others are wares that are as fully entitled to government aid, if government is to aid them, as are the iron and steel manufactures, implements or machines.

No one can grasp the reciprocity situation of today with any efficacy who does not understand that the tariff problem in the United States has undergone revolutionary transformation since this French treaty was negotiated by Kasson and Cambon in July of 1899. These reciprocity treaties set out to help the tariff-protected trusts to the markets of the world. This is not tariff reform, as the American people understand it now. What is wanted now is tariff reductions that will relieve the American consumer from paying higher prices than the foreigner pays. It ill becomes the giant corporations that sell abroad cheaper than they do at home, thanks to the tariff, to come before Congress and ask that other industries be sacrificed to help them still further to extend their operations. It is probably this sense of propriety, added to the protests of affected industries, that has so far defeated the pending treaties. Is it likely to be weaker at the next Congress than in the one of last year?

OUR PROSPEROUS COUNTRY.

The October Treasury statement, coming on the heels of Secretary Gage's Evanston interview, affords a most impressive demonstration in our unexampled National prosperity. The country's volume of business and its capacity to buy things at high prices and pay taxes are almost incredibly ahead of previous records and even the fondest hopes.

The public debt has decreased $4,800,000 in September, and by $125,000,030 within a year. This has been partly accomplished, of course, through bond purchases, the full $20,000,000 advertised for having been redeemed and the purchase discontinued. Not much was expected of this expedient of the Secretary when he undertook it, but its wholesome effect on the debt is not more beneficent than its relief of the currency through disbursements. The purchases have sent out some $24,000,000, which would otherwise have been locked up in the Treasury.

The net cash balance stands some $40,000,000 higher than a year ago, but the aggregate holdings of the Treasury are larger than last year by about $235,000,000. Here is a reflection of our recent heavy additions to the currency, both through gold and through bank notes.

But the most striking exhibit of the statement is that of the revenue. Those timorous souls who feared Secretary Gage was too sanguine in his expectations concerning the revenue must now recognize in themselves very poor prophets. Expenditures have declined, it is true. The War Department used only $6,000,000 last month, against $15,000,000 a month last year, and $25,000,000 two years ago. But has increased despite the reductions, not in the aggregate for the year, of course, but latterly beyond all expectations. Expenditures are $17,000,000 less, but the receipts, instead of being only $128,500,000 for the past three months, as estimated by the Secretary himself, are $136,000,000, or only $3,000,000 below the figures of a year ago. This showing is the more remarkable, because the lower rate of taxation demonstrates a far greater volume of business.

This is only one of the many signs of tremendous business activity and general prosperity. Bank clearings are nearly $700,000,000 a week in excess of last year's. Business of all kinds is great in volume, and prices, with few exceptions, are high. Produce is very high, and living expenses great, yet in spite of this all classes seem to be making money and to be able to afford luxuries as well as necessities. All these things are corollaries of the gold standard.

IMPRACTICABLE REMEDIES.

The belief that anarchism is a foreign exotic which has obtained foothold in this country through our liberal naturalization and immigration laws is perhaps plausible, but not profound. Assassins and anarchists of all kinds and shades of belief have existed under all forms of human government. John Brown was a thorough-going anarchist; he and his associates killed several citizens of Harper's Ferry with no more shadow of law or authority than a pirate; and there is no reason to doubt that if John Brown had believed that President Buchanan's death would break the bonds of the blacks and let the oppressed go free, he would not have hesitated at his assassination. The murder of Lincoln was accomplished by a native-born American citizen, whose father was a highly educated and accomplished Englishman. Our reformed naturalization and immigration laws would not protect us against a possible crazy political enthusiast, like Booth; his confederate, Payne, who nearly succeeded in killing Secretary Seward, was an American of pure stock running back to the Revolution. Guiteau, who killed Garfield, was a lunatic of native growth. His crime could not have been prevented by "stringent immigration and naturalization laws." The anarchist, Parsons, who was hanged in Chicago in 1887, was American born and bred, and the assassin of McKinley was native born. The statement that "no anarchist was ever born under the Stars and Stripes who can trace his parentage to our Revolutionary fathers" is not a very convincing statement, for John Brown came of the very best old Revolutionary stock.

Good stock is not perfect assurance that some of its representatives may not some day suffer mental confusion to such an extent that they deem acts of anarchism only "acts of obedience to the higher law of God," as John Brown deemed it when he and his sons robbed the slaveholder of his negroes and other property and ultimately killed a number of citizens who made lawful resistance to his acts of land piracy. All this kind of talk about the origin of anarchism and its cure is entirely superficial. Your assassin of public men, whether he be a political enthusiast, a half-crazed actor, like Booth; a lunatic, like Guiteau, or a self-confessed anarchist, like Czolgosz, cannot be accounted for by liberal immigration or naturalization laws; such creatures are as old as organized society. Every government has known them; every government will know them occasionally for many years to come. They cannot be successfully excluded from our country by law, if they seek to come for any murderous purpose, for if they can evade the police and the million bayonets of France or Russia, when they seek to kill a public man, they certainly can find their way into America. Oaths are nothing to such creatures; naturalization laws are nothing.

It is desirable that our naturalization and immigration laws should be made more stringent, but the presence of anarchists would not be prevented by this reform, for your assassin of public men is likely to appear unexpectedly under any form of government on earth. If he is a religious fanatic, he murders the Shah of Persia; if he is a desperate convict, he murders the Governor-General of India, as Earl Mayo was murdered. The assassin of public men has always been busy, and he is always successful when he is willing to lose his life to succeed. This is why Kings and despots have been easily reached. Felton kills the Duke of Buckingham in daylight in the presence of witnesses; Ravaillac kills Henry IV in his coach; the assasin of the great French General Kleber killed him when he was walking in his garden. These creatures expect to die; they stake their lives on success, and, of course, succeed. To expect to repress or suppress such creatures by increased stringency of immigration or naturalization laws would be utterly unreasonable, for your assassin of public men is always an unexpected creature. Who ever suspected the handsome, magnetic actor, Booth, would turn assassin? Nobody ever thought Guiteau, who was a notorious coward, had courage enough to shoot anybody; nobody ever saw a possible assassin in Czolgosz. If your anarchist assassin is a foreign exotic, you cannot possibly keep him out of the country except those who have become notorious enough to be blacklisted as anarchists, and of course those who desired to come would come prepared to swear their way into the country; proof of anarchism which had not been exhibited in public speech or acts would be impossible.

No; when your anarchist assassin is a foreign exotic you will not keep him out of the country by reforming your immigration laws, and when he is not a foreign exotic your reformed immigration laws will not reach him. Furthermore, if your reformed laws could reach him, it is quite likely they annot be reformed, for the Democratic party and the Labor party have always opposed stringent immigration or naturalization laws, and always will. They are willing to enforce the exclusion of "contract labor," but beyond this they will not go, for there are too many men in their ranks who are old-time immigrants and the sons of immigrants who do not relish stringent immigration or naturalization acts. Assassins of public men have always been with us, always will be with us, so long as human society includes creatures of degenerate minds, whose tottering brains are likely to flame at any moment into acts of murder. Such creatures are no more the product or peculiar characteristic of any particular form of government than tuberculosis is the earmark of free institutions.

MILITARY APTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.

A correspondent, whose letter is published in another column, quotes the recent remark of The Oregonian that the Southern blood of President Roosevelt "explains somewhat his pugnacity, his military aptitude, his love of outdoor sports, his impulsiveness, his frankness and his love of frontal assaults rather than stratagems in politics," and drawing some conclusions which are just and some which are without warrant, asks The Oregonian for an explanation. Our correspondent evidently needs to be told that unflinching courage in battle may be manifested without the possession of superior natural pugnacity or superior military aptitude; that of two honest and upright statesmen one may be as impulsive, frank, genial and aggressive as Clay and the other as reticent, cold and deliberative as Webster; that whether a man always strikes from the shoulder or cautiously spars for advantage no more implies a treacherous nature in politics than it does in war; it is merely a matter of temperament. To atiribute certain strongly marked qualities of President Roosevelt somewhat to his Southern blood not only is not extravagant, but it implies no depreciation of the Northern character; it only notes a well-recognized difference between the Northern and Southern temperament, which is due something to stock and a good deal more probably to difference of social and industrial environment.

Passing by as unworthy of serious consideration the peaceful frolic of the Boston Tea Party and "the embattled farmers" taking pot shots at the redcoats on their retreat from Lexington and Concord, The Oregonian is prepared to maintain that in native pugnacity and military aptitude the Civil War found the South better fitted for battle than it did the North. Lieutenant-Colonel Francis W. Palfrey, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, at whose head he was severely wounded, discusses the question, "Did the Southern men fight better than the Northern men, and if they did, why did they?" Colonel Palfrey concedes that greater results were habitually achieved by a certain number of thousands or tens of thousands of Lee's army than by an equal number of the Army of the Potomac. There was no difference in the patriotic zeal of the two armies, but the different modes of life at the South and the North made the Southern soldiers fonder of fighting than the Northern men. The intenser and more passionate character of the Southerner, as compared with the Northerner; the comparatively lawless life (not to speak invidiously) at the South, where the population was scattered and the gun came ready to the hand, made the Southern man an apter soldier than the peaceful, prosperous, steady-going recruit from the North.

The Southerners showed that they felt what the old Romans called "the gaudium certaminis," the joy of the conflict. The Northern men were ready to obey orders, ready to do the work to which they had set their hands, ready to die in their tracks if need be, but they did not go to battle as to a feast. With officers and men it was the same. They did not like fighting. Sheridan, Hancock, Humphreys, Kearny, Custer, Barlow, and such as they, were exceptions, but the rule was otherwise. Major-General Don Carlos Buell, a Northern born and bred man, a graduate of West Point, distinguished for personal gallantry in the Mexican War, who commanded the Union forces in the campaign against Bragg, which culminated in the severe battle of Perryville, and personally handled 20,000 men at the second day of Shiloh, has discussed the same question in his military memoirs. General Buell reaches the same conclusion as Colonel Palfrey, towit, that while there was no difference in the matter of patriotic courage that enables a soldier to die in his tracks between the average Northern and Southern soldier, there was a very marked difference in natural pugnacity and military aptitude in favor of the South. Buell's troops were men of industrial training, mechanics, farmers, men of orderly, peaceful antecedents, while the rank and file of the South were drawn from the "poor white" class, hardy men, of excellent stock, accustomed to the daily use of arms and educated to consider physical courage the highest human virtue.

General Buell confesses that when he was neither outnumbered nor outgeneraled he was sometimes outfought by an enemy that possessed, not greater courage patiently to do and die, but far greater creature pugnacity. The conclusion of General Buell is that, compared with the Northern man, the Southern soldier entered the war far more familiar with the use of arms, was by temperament a more intense and passionate man, was naturally more pugnacious and far fonder of fighting than the average Northern man. Of course, discipline and experience finally made it a splendid body of soldiers, and yet from first to last there was no time probably when the Army of the Potomac was the equal, man for man, in military aptitude and pugnacity to the Army of Northern Virginia; it was its equal in courage, in endurance, in patriotism, but not in that natural pugnacity that makes men like fighting. The Irish are not only celebrated for courage, but they are a pugnacious people; they enjoy a fight under any honorable flag. The English are a very courageous people, but they do not love fighting for fighting's sake; they are not a military people, like the French, who have a passion for military glory. This is entirely outside of a question of generalship. Italy has been the birthplace of more great Generals than either England or Ireland. So far as outdoor sports are concerned, the South was a land of bold horsemen and ardent foxhunters from the days of the Revolution, and as it is an agricultural region of sparse population such sports obtained more devotees than they did at the North.

Oats, hay and other supplies needed by the Government for the Philippines may be bought cheaper, constantly, at Portland, than at San Francisco or Puget Sound. Government now wants 1700 tons of oats. They may be had at Portland today for $2 60 a ton less than at Puget Sound. Yet Portland has no chance to supply them, for direct shipment to their destination. The facts are fully set out in The Oregonian today. Puget Sound gets the business; and forage that might be shipped from here direct, with saving to the Government, must pay the additional railroad charge, and other charges, to go through Puget Sound. The Oregonian has no disposition to complain; it is unwilling to be censorious; it is unwilling to throw blame on anybody. And yet it feels constrained to ask whether the people of Oregon think their interests in these matters are rightly represented at Washington? And who should represent those interests? We think Senator Mitchell will do all he can—and he can do much—if the facts shall be laid before him. Ships for the Philippines can be cleared from the Columbia River as well as from Puget Sound, and great saving may be effected by purchases here. Is it not possible to get this matter attended to? And is this not a reasonable request? Our people would be glad to interest Senator Simon in it, as well as Senator Mitchell, and the members of the House of Representative also.

The death of Mrs. Fred Page-Tustin at Wrangel, Alaska, on the 23d ult., closed the career of a woman whose life, with the exception of the years of her infancy, was passed in pioneer conditions. The tragical death of her father, Captain A. G. Hembree, in the Yakima Indian War, in 1855, and the return of his body to his Yamhill County home for burial in the rural cemetery hard by, is one of the well-remembered incidents of pioneer life. A widow and a large family of children, of whom Mrs. Tustin was one, mourned the tragedy that was enacted in the effort to preserve the "settlements" or Oregon and Washington Territories from devastation by the savages. There are few, perhaps, who recall the events of this heroic struggle. Time has dimmed its incidents and molded its tragedies into the commonplaces of history. There are a few, however, to whom the announcement of the death of a daughter of Captain Hembree will bring recollections of a far-away time of anxiety and suffering and loss which, happily, in all our future history can never come again.

With a reckless disregard for all of the bullish news that can be produced, the wheat market continues to show daily declines. The Liverpool market, which is the world's market, is securing more wheat than is needed to meet immediate requirements. Russia is shipping an average of 2,000,000 bushels per week, a quantity which is not at all in keeping with the famine reports which have been sent out, and the Argentine, with only half a crop for the season just closing, exported over 40,000,000 bushels. America is waiting with a record-breaking crop to supply any deficiency whenever there is an opening. A new factor of strength must be introduced in the situation before much improvement can be looked for.

The principal "slumps" in the New York stock market this week have been in steel, copper and sugar. These three commodities were supposed to be in the grasp of the greatest trusts on earth, but the colossal aggregations of brains and capital which direct the movements of such prominent staples seem to be powerless to prevent occasional breaks in prices. These breaks are invariably the result of natural causes affecting the supply and demand. It will be a difficult matter to eliminate these factors from any industrial situation which may arise, and the trust can never live up to its popular reputation until it has a more perfect control of them.

The move to get the National Livestock Association to hold its meeting next year in Portland should be encouraged. That organization embraces all livestock interests—horses, cattle and sheep—and they are among the more important industries of the country. Oregon's livestock interests are so great that it has a right to demand consideration in such a matter. The preliminary work is already in enterprising hands. It only remains for Portland and Oregon to show proper interest, and this they will surely do.

Pendleton's efforts to establish a monthly market fair, to have a regular sale day when farmers and stockmen and others may meet and exchange wares with each other, or sell to those who wish to buy, are entirely commendable, and should succeed. They will succeed if the people who have products to sell will take an active interest in the enterprise. A successful institution of this sort would be of great benefit to the producers, and, therefore, an important agency in the welfare of the country.

Now it is said there is guaranty of a railroad to Nehalem if Portland capitalists will but exploit the coal measures of that region, so there may be traffic for the railroad at once. What does Portland propose to do about it?

It is safe to say that in E. H. Harriman the Southern Pacific has a president who will not play second fiddle to the traffic director. The harmony grows thicker.

AN INTERESTING PRESIDENT.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Roosevelt is going to make the Presidency interesting at any rate. That is no small matter in a world whose progress from primitive barbarism to the highest civilizations is marked by constant increase of dullness. Theodore Roosevelt has been one of the most dramatic figures in public life since he jumped into it out of college nearly 20 years ago. He has always been doing something interesting, with speech or pen, with hunting rifle or cowboy quirt. As the scholar in politics fighting for reform in New York, as ranchman and hunter in Montana, as romantic historian, as rattler of dry bones in the Civil Service Commission and Navy Department, and as a torch of reform in the dusty purlieus of the New York City Police Department, his life has been touched at every point with dramatic fire. His meteor-like career as a soldier in Cuba was the natural climax of a youth and early manhood that shines and sparkles through its whole course like the path of a rocket.

This dramatic quality in Roosevelt contributed to his almost universal popularity, but it is not certain that it would have helped him greatly to the Presidency by election. The instinct of the American people has been to choose rather grave and what are called "safe" men for the Presidency. Even intellectual brilliancy has usually been a handicap in the contest, and the possession of humor has been a positive disqualification. To go no further back, the failure of Thomas B. Reed to realize his highest ambition, in spite of the most brilliant intellectual endowment of his time, is a warning to ambitious statesmen not to be too clever.

When dramatic personal qualities are added, disqualification for the Presidency seems complete. Henry Clay, the most romantic and interesting personality in American history, strove in vain for the Presidency, in spite of a popularity apparently without limit. From Aaron Burr to James G. Blaine, the Americans whose personality appealed most to the popular imagination and filled most space in the public interest missed the highest political reward.

The only really dramatic personality the White House has contained before Roosevelt was Andrew Jackson, the most interesting character that ever attained the Presidency. Jackson succeeded where Clay failed, because he was at the same time a popular military hero and the most genuine living representative of the extreme democratic spirit, just then uppermost in the conflicting ebb and flow of American public feeling. Sober and conservative citizens thought him highly dangerous, of course, and the reaction from him filled the White House with extreme dullness and stable respectability for a generation. There were dramatic sides to Lincoln's character, but he was a special product of a tremendous National crisis, and Presidents after him reverted to the familiar type.

Roosevelt is an entirely new departure. As full of dramatic personal qualities as Jackson, he represents the opposite social scale, though his democracy is no less genuine. He will fill the White House with human interest and his words and acts will make constant appeal to the popular imagination. It is the nature of the man. He can no more be different than he can stop breathing. Whatever else his administration may be, it will not be dull. If it is wise and practical and successful as well as interesting, as those that know best and the strong fundamental qualities of the man hope with confidence, a distinct service will be done to the ideals and standards of American public life. He will prove, what is well understood in England, that brilliancy and humor and the dramatic instinct are not inconsistent with sound statesmanship, and that the ruler of a great and free people can be sagacious and prudent without being always dull.

ROOSEVELT'S SOUTHERN BLOOD

PORTLAND, Oct. 2.—(To the Editor.)—In a most interesting and otherwise valuable editorial article, on the ancestry and achievements of the Roosevelt family, The Oregonian makes use of the following language:

"It is a most interesting historical fact that on both his mother's and his father's side President Roosevelt should be lineally descended from the very best patriotic stock of the Revolution, and should represent by his blood the Empire State of the North, and the Empire State of the South. This patriotic ancestry on both sides is thoroughly reflected in the career of President Roosevelt, and his Southern blood explains somewhat his pugnacity, his military aptitude, his love of outdoor sports, his impulsiveness, his frankness and his love of frontal assaults rather than flank attacks and stratagems in political warfare."

Now the writer hereof would be pleased to have explained to him what ground there is for stating or supposing that the Southern blood in President Roosevelt, more than his Northern blood, explains "his pugnacity, his military aptitude, his love of outdoor sports, his impulsiveness, his frankness and his love of frontal assaults rather than flank attacks and stratagems in political warfare."

Has an instance ever occurred when the North and the Northern people were not as ready to defend their rights and principles as were those of any other section of our country? The Boston Tea Party was distinctively a Northern affair, and Concord was far north of the line which once divided North and South.

Have the sons of the "Sunny South," at any stage in our National progress, given evidence of greater military aptitude than have the natives of the colder North? Have not at least three-fourths of our greatest commanders on land or sea, in any of our wars, or in times of peace, been men of Northern ancestry, birth and education? Did any body of Northern soldiers ever fail to acquit themselves with credit when arrayed against an equal force of the "boys in gray," or, when fighting side by side with soldiers from the South against a common foe, did the Northern soldier ever suffer in a comparison with his comrade from the South?

In what particular has the Southerner shown greater love for, or proficiency in, outdoor sports than has been evident in every generation of the North? From what section have always come the great boat crews, the football and baseball teams, and the winners of all our National and international contests of skill, brawn, muscle and endurance?

In what particular do the people of any section, and especially those of what we call "the South," exceed in frankness and in love of fair play and honor in all things, the people of any other section? Is treachery a Northern characteristic? and have the men of the South ever shown themselves to be fairer (or better) fighters, politically or otherwise, than have their brothers of the North?

Will The Oregonian please explain why the qualities ascribed to Roosevelt in the paragraph herein quoted are, in its opinion, due more to his Southern strain than to his long line of Northern-born ancestry? EDWARD C. FINCH.

A Time to Act.

Rural Spirit.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial seems to have taken a back seat. This is a good way to have no exposition. Now is the time to move. There are some large fairs each year, and reading and advertising matter should be plentiful in each and every one of them; also a good, live representative sent to each one to distribute this literature. By having this exposition Oregon will gain an hundredfold for all expense gone to. It will be the awakening day for the Eastern people. They think that the conditions of 25 years ago are still in vogue; that we have no large cities and that transportation facilities are small. We have the very best of transportation facilities, both by water and rail; we have a goodly number of large cities and the modern improvements of a long-settled country. We must stir our Eastern people up, and let them know that we are ahead of them in many respects.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SOUTH

Chicago Record-Herald.

President Roosevelt was twice challenged for his attitude toward the South at a McKinley memorial service held by a Grand Army post in Manchester, N. H. Frank H. Challis, past National commander of the Sons of Veterans, said:

I confess that it was with some misgivings that I read the letter which President Roosevelt wrote to a Southern friend, in which he said that he was proud of the fact that two of his uncles served in the Confederate cause, one as an Admiral in the Confederate navy, while the other had fired the last gun on the Alabama. I have some misgivings as to the future. I don't like to see the pendulum swing that way.

Upon this Senator Burnham felt constrained to pursue the topic and to add the following cry of defiance:

We shall not yield one jot or tittle of the principles that we fought for during the Civil War or abandon the idea that we were right and that the South was eternally and wickedly wrong.

There was a great waste of energy in all that excitement and a great muddling of ideas. The President's meaning was, of course, that he was proud of the personal courage of his uncles and their devotion to their duty as they saw it. He was not considering the absolute right and wrong of the conflict, was not swinging a pendulum or yielding a principle. Southerners themselves have admitted that it was best for them as well as for the North that the Union should be preserved. That principle at least, is as firmly fixed as the law of gravitation, and it is rank nonsense to bring it up as though it were a live issue in current politics.

To say that the South was "wickedly" wrong is equally irrelevant unless the proposition is wickedly made to prevent a growing reconciliation and perpetuate sectional hatred. This, too, is a historic question whose wholly devoted students will have to bury themselves between the years 1820 and 1860 while the rest of the world keeps moving.

Spirits less concentrated will probably agree, however, that if the South considered as an entity was wicked the individual Southerner was, like most men the world over, the creature of his environment and traditions who earnestly believed that he was in the right and found his justification in history. The North had the larger vision because it was free to have it, but it did not have all the good people, and the President's uncles acted according to their light. They were not villains or cowards or shirks, but honest exponents of the strenuous life, fighting for their homes, their families and the confederation which they mistakenly looked upon as their country. Why, then, should the President not be proud of them?

Are not the vast majority of us proud of General Robert E. Lee?

Chamberlain's Little Lapse.

New York Evening Post.

Mr. Chamberlain came out strong on history in the Commons debate on arming natives in South Africa. Sir William Harcourt had quoted Chathem's indignant protest against the use of Indians in the American War—"My Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs to our Army, has dared to authorize and to associate with out arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage, etc.?" Now hear the learned Chamberlain's rejoiner: "It is quite true that Chatham denounced, perhaps on good grounds, the employment of Indians in the American War, but certainly, if I am to pay attention to that example, I should be rather careful of what I said of the employment of natives, lest, like Chatham, I should find myself a few years afterwards employing them in a war, as was done in the case of the Seven Years' War, and when we were fighting the French in Canada." Sir W. Harcourt—"The American War was after the Seven Years' War." Mr. Chamberlain—"That is perfectly true; my history is at fault. It is perfectly certain that the employment of Indians by civilized governments was common on both sides of those days. What I was going to say was this, 'etc.' Was there ever such calmness in going right on with an argument after its premises had been destroyed?

Didn't Care for Roosevelt's Book.

Indianapolis News.

President Roosevelt was once traveling in Idaho and passed a book store, in the window of which was a copy of his "Winning of the West." Going into the bookstore, he inquired: "Who is this author, Roosevelt?" "Oh," said the bookseller, "he's a ranch driver." "And what do you think of his book?" asked the President. "Well," said the dealer, slowly and deliberately, "I've always thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him that if he had stuck to running a ranch and give up writing books, he'd have made a powerful more of a success at his trade."

Julian Ralph once asked Mr. Roosevelt: "What did you expect to be or dream of being when you were a boy?"

"I do not recollect that I dreamed at all or planned at all," he answered. "I simply obeyed the injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might,' so I took up what came along as it came. Since then I have gone on Lincoln's motto: 'Do the best; if not, then the best possible.'"

Goldwin Smith's Gift to the University of Toronto.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

The University of Toronto has received a substantial addition to its endowment through the generosity of Professor Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith. The donation consists of $10,000 to the library of the university, and is to be applied for the purpose of such of the departments as the trustees may from time to time determine.

In his letter accompanying the gift, Professor Smith refers to the celebration of the millenary of King Alfred, which is now in progress in England, and to the fact that King Alfred is the patron hero and legendary founder of his old college at Oxford. It is the wish of the donors that the gift should serve the double purpose of paying tribute to the memory of the restorer of English learning and of manifesting their interest in the University of Toronto.

The gift is a timely one, in view of the straitened financial circumstances of the university.

Of Immense Benefit.

Shaniko Leader.

The big fair to be held in Portland in 1905 in commemoration of the Lewis and Clark expedition will be of immense benefit to the empire State of Oregon. Oregon's rapid stride forward will date from this event, as her resources and excellent climate, together with her many advantages, will be more clearly set forth to the people of the United States than could be done in any other way.

A Good Drawing Card.

Toledo Leader.

Oregon's showing at the Buffalo Exposition will act as a big drawing card to the Lewis and Clark Centennial and American Exposition at Portland in 1905. Thousands of visitors to the Pan-American will have an intense desire to see more of our state, and the 1905 exposition will give them the opportunity, at moderate expense.

Wives in the Sere.

Thomas Hardy in the Living Age.

I.

Never a careworn wife but shows,
If joy suffuse her,
Something beautiful to those
Patient to peruse her—
Some one charm the world unknows,
Precious to a muser;
Haply what, ere years were foes,
Moved her mate to choose her.

II.

But, be it a hint of rose
That an instant hues her,
Or some early light or pose
Wherewith thought renews her—
Seen by him at full, ere woes
Practiced to abuse her—
Sparely comes it, swiftly goes
Time again subduces her.

NOTE AND COMMENT

There is no shortage of colds in the head.

Your footpad is no respecter of officials.

The Fall crop of footpads promises to be unusually good.

The next thug who comes along will probably try to hold up the City Council.

The Chinese pheasant season is on, and already the country hospitals are filling up.

Czolgosz expected his trial to last several weeks. He will not last that long himself.

Judging from his picture, Chief Martin Spadis is of rather a before-taking cast of countenance.

Major-General Corbin will find that two can play at knowing all there is to know about the Army.

If Pennoyer had been held up the fault would have lain entirely with the accursed gold standard.

James J. Corbett says that diamonds are vulgar. It would be interesting to know what diamonds think of Corbett.

With the yacht races and the court of inquiry on at the same time the country is getting an extensive vocabulary of nautical terms.

Bryan objects to any abridgement of free speech, and yet he would rate a good deal higher if his had been abridged earlier in his career.

Aguinaldo's body guard can now be employed to keep the newspaper correspondents from hurting his feelings by asking him questions he cannot answer.

After the first bill for repairs to the White House comes in, Uncle Sam will begin to understand why proprietors of flats say "no children" in their advertisements.

Once two gentlemen attended a temperance meeting, and on returning home by a dark and narrow lane were thrown out of their conveyance. The incident was reported in the local paper, and the account closed with the words: "Fortunately, both men were sober." The editor received an angry letter from one of the gentlemen concerned with a request for an apology. He was equal to the occasion. "In our account of the unfortunate accident to Messrs. ——," wrote the editor, "we stated that fortunately both men were sober. It appears this statement has given great offense. We therefore beg to withdraw it."

The late Lord Savile used to say, according to the Candid Friend, that high diplomats had always to be on their guard against intriguing women, mainly Russian agents, who would use any wile to extract information. During the Russo-Turkish War, when Europe was always on the verge of a crisis and Russian statesmen were most anxious to know what England would do under given circumstances, a lady came up to him suddenly at a ball and said:

"I hear that the Russians have made a forced march and entered Constantinople," hoping no doubt, that he would be surprised into some indiscreet expression.

He merely replied:

"Indeed! And I suppose the Sultan has conferred on them the Order of the Turkish Bath!"

The lady continued gravely:

"And they say in Paris that, if England does not interfere, the Eastern question is settled in favor of Russia."

"And that," replied his excellency, "is, I suppose, the new judgment of Paris!"

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

A Mercenary Beauty.—Dolly—Would you marry a title? Madge—I wouldn't mind one of those coal barons.—Judge.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist? Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Tit-Bits.

Tempered.—"Here's a photograph I had taken 10 years ago. Do you think it still does me justice?" "Justice? Why, my dear fellow, it does you mercy!"—Puck.

Vicar's Daughter—Oh, Mrs. Upton, do you know I am going to Lady Raceby's garden party next week? Mrs. Upton—Really, dear? I hope you'll enjoy it. But they tell me that Lady Raceby is so much less exclusive than she used to be!—Punch.

Too Bad.—"I didn't see you in church last Sunday." "No, I was going, but at the very last minute I discovered that I didn't have a solitary cent for the collection." "Is that so?" "Yes; nothing less than a dime, and no place to get it changed."—Philadelphia Press.

Ambitious.—"You say you are ambitious," said the relative who lectures. "I am," said the young man. "But you are not doing anything to distinguish yourself from the rest of mankind." "Yes, I am," was the serene reply. "I am staying away from the golf links. I expect in the course of time to be famous as the only man in the world who doesn't play golf."—Washington Star.

In a Bad Way.—"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little 4-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed." "What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor, with a show of friendly interest and sympathy. "She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her left leg's gone, she's got nervous prostration and can't wink her eyes."—Chicago Tribune.

In School Days.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen
Deep scarred by rude official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a Winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low-eaved' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.