The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with frost in the early morning; warmer during the afternoon; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61; minimum temperature, 48; precipitation, 0.16 inch.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8.

NEED FOR TARIFF REFORM.

A powerful argument in favor of tariff reform is supplied by the surplus in the National Treasury. We are collecting more money from the people than the Government needs, and the only honest course in such emergency is to cut down taxes, and not try to find ways to spend them. As to whether the internal revenue or the customs should be selected for reductions should be readily apparent, when we reflect that the internal revenue taxes remaining are not burdensome, whereas tariff exactions exert a twofold pernicious influence, in addition to the injustice of excessive taxation. They increase the cost of protected necessities, and they minister to the growing power of our protected corporations.

When the Dingley tariff law was enacted, steel billets were $15 a ton, now they are $26; steel rails were $18 a ton, now they are $28; standard granulated sugar was $4 47 per 100 pounds, before the recent cut aimed at beet sugar it was $5 87; Shanghai silk was $3 20, now it is $4 10; lead was $3 61, now it is $4 37; tin plates were $3 70, now they are $4 20; coarse salt was $4 50, now it is $19. All these things are heavily taxed at the Custom-Houses. Some of them are imported and go to swell the surplus, others are kept out by the duty and enable home manufacturers to exact unnecessarily high prices at home, while selling more cheaply abroad.

In the seven months ending July 31, 1901, we collected at our Custom-Houses $141,268,000, or at the rate of $240,000,000 a year, duties which enhanced the cost of consumption by that much and added largely to the fortunes piling up in iron and steel, lead, news paper, starch, rubber goods, tin plates, salt, etc. The goods that paid these taxes aggregated in value $289,000,000, and were apportioned as follows:

Food and animals	$60,000,000
Raw materials	41,000,000
Unfinished manufactures	28,000,000
Manufactures	70,000,000
Luxuries	70,000,000

The tax on tea alone yielded in the twelve months ending June 30 last $8,259,000, upon a gross valuation of $10,005,000.

An incidental but profound effect possible for us in judicious reduction of these duties is the stimulus certain to be received by our trade and especially our shipping. The needless tax on tea and Japanese matting, for example, handicaps our trade with Asia, and discourages by that much our trans-Pacific commerce. Tariff reform of this sort commends itself in many ways, to the comparative disadvantage of reciprocity treaties aimed to afford our protected corporations easier entrance into foreign fields.

MR. CORLISS IS WRONG.

We have some queer people in this country, and Representative Corliss, of Michigan, is one of them. He is thrown into a panic by Mr. John W. Mackay's offer to lay a Pacific cable without subsidy or other cost to the Government than tolls on its own messages at about half the present rates, on which it will get the right of way over commercial business. It revolts his giant Corliss heart that the project should be done by private enterprise, when he has so long and fondly entertained other plans looking to a substantial reduction of the surplus and incidentally to a monument of extravagance and glory to the name of Corliss. He has for years advised a Government cable system, and delay has not discouraged him. He believes success to be at hand. "Unless," he is reported as saying, "this exclusive privilege is granted, Congress will pass a bill next Winter providing for a cable to be operated and owned by the Government." He has declared unalterable opposition to the private project, and has urged the President and the Attorney-General to deny the application. He further assures us that the cable "will not cost more than $8,000,000, and the saving the Government could effect in tolls would constitute a fair income upon the outlay."

We sincerely hope and trust that Congress has not many men of the Corliss mind. The offer made by Mr. Mackay is one of the most welcome demonstrations of the day in the commercial belief in trade possibilities on the Pacific. It ought to receive generous and favorable consideration and approval. The Government should be glad to embrace the opportunity to let work of this kind be done by private enterprise, rather than to load the taxpayers down with more expense, and open the door wide to fresh extravagance and official corruption. The plea of economy is most specious. Everybody knows the construction and operation by Government would be costlier and less effective under public than private management. If we should prefer Government cables to private cables, then there is no reason why we should not at once raise money by taxation to take over the land telegraph lines, and double the cost and corruption of our civil service, now the prey of unscrupulous spoilsmen. Questions like these are moral questions, and appeal to the fundamental instincts of patriotism. They involve more than money or economy, for they put in jeopardy the National spirit of sturdy self-dependence and rigorous limitation of public undertakings to the legitimate functions of Government. The Democrats, we take it, will be a unit against Mr. Corliss and his Government cable. They should be joined by independent Republicans enough to give them the victory and let the contract to Mr. Mackay.

HOMEBUILDERS MUST BE ENCOURAGED.

The range stock business of Oregon and other Western States is important, but it is incompatible with full development of the native resources of the country. The processes of industrial evolution, which are constant and inevitable, will not permit the vast tracts now held as stock range to remain in this condition of only partial use. The livestock kings themselves can hardly afford to go with such comparatively small returns from such extensive ranges as they occupy, and it is only a question of time when they will adjust themselves to new conditions or be crowded off the earth. The land hunger of the American people is driving them to explore and occupy every corner of the Republic. It is of greater importance to have settlers penetrate the wilderness and establish prosperous homes and rear families in comfort and industry than it is to keep livestock grazing at will over the vast areas. Such grazing on the public domain inures to the profit of individuals or companies who own the livestock. This may be tolerated where there is no other demand for the land, but when settlement and development have progressed to the point that citizens desire the land for homes, the range must be broken up. The settler who will till the soil has the prior right to it, and livestock companies have no right to interfere with the occupation of the public domain for that purpose. If settlement and farming are incompatible with the range stock business, it must move on.

It is not to be said, of course, that the livestock interests are not entitled to fair consideration. There can be no question that they have secured rights where they own grazing land, and they must be protected in those rights. But acquisition of title to a few locations that command the water supply for a wide region of arid or semi-arid land ought not to give them control of all the land. It may be that the time is ripe for a new construction of law on this point, or for new statutes. If the rights acquired by the livestock corporations go to the extent of giving them the entire use of vast public areas whose water supply they may control, something must be done to extinguish those rights, even if they must be purchased back by the Government. The state cannot endure the bottling up of large parts of its area for the benefit of people who do not pay taxes on it. The land must be opened to the homebuilder.

The advent of the irrigation company brought a new factor into the situation. It is not to be denied that irrigation renders cultivable much land that could not otherwise be farmed. At the same time, this is accomplished by diversion of water from natural channels, and where the supply of water is limited the question as to who has the best right to it arises. Vested rights must be respected, but the conditions of the country must also be considered. Private interests cannot be permitted to paralyze a state. The ends of justice do not require it. Society will not halt, for example, at the grazing stage of progress. Rational irrigation enterprises should be encouraged, because they tend to development and enrichment of the state. The livestock, crowded from the public range by homebuilding farmers, will not disappear. Such states as Ohio and Iowa have no Government range, but they have more cattle and sheep and horses than Oregon, with its more than 30,000,000 acres of vacant land. They also have other things besides livestock. Such a development is what Oregon needs—not precisely the same as in the states farther East, for the conditions here are far different, but the closer working of natural resources that always attends the building of numerous homes. This transition must come to Oregon, and it should be welcomed. Eastern Oregon must be opened to irrigation and settlers wherever there is public domain to be utilized. This can be done equitably and justly, and the process cannot begin too soon for the welfare of the state.

SUBSIDY AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

The promoters of the shipping subsidy bill are already lining up for action at the next session of Congress. They are seeking to eliminate from the revised measure many of the features that made the original bill so objectionable. It is not apparent, however, that they have any intention of abandoning the plea that a steamship line is entitled to the same public support that is granted hospitals, churches, universities and other philanthropic establishments. After nearly four years of unparalleled prosperity in shipping, the pendulum of trade is again pausing for a backward swing. Ocean freights out of New York, Philadelphia and other Atlantic Coast ports are hovering around the lowest figures ever recorded, some engagements for grain for Europe being made at less than $1 per ton. As low freights at a time when wheat is commanding such small prices are of special value to the producers, there is no wailing among the farming communities over this surplus of shipping, with its attendant low rates. The subsidy grafters, however, see in the weakening freight market a gleam of comfort for their pet measure. When the bill was last before the public, every steamer that could turn a wheel and every sailer afloat was in demand at high rates, and shipowners were fairly coining money, irrespective of the flag under which their vessel sailed.

In the face of such prosperity on the high seas it required an abnormal development of "nerve" on the part of the advocates of the subsidy bill to intimate that shipping was in need of any aid except the right to go forth and share in the rich gains which ocean traffic was then offering. There is little or no profit in the rates at which freight is now carried across the Atlantic, and the subsidy advocate can wax eloquent on the lack of inducement offered American capital to embark in the ocean transportation business. The force of this argument may be impaired, however, by the indifferent attitude of the producers as to what nation carries their products to market. If the British, Germans, French and other maritime powers will make a low rate on American products, why should the producer be forced to pay a higher rate in the form of a subsidy tax? The wheatgrowers of the Middle West and Southwest are willing that Mr. Morgan and his associates should carry their wheat across the Atlantic, but they will object to paying any additional freight in the way of a subsidy when the present flag on the Morgan fleet is replaced with an American flag.

If there is sincerity in this desire to enhance the glory of America on the high seas, let the patriots demand the immediate passage of a law granting Mr. Morgan and all of the other American owners of foreign ships permission to register them under the American flag without the aid of a subsidy. An act of this kind would bring a million tons of shipping under the American flag immediately, and would silence a lot of cheap clap-trap about the ascendency of other nations on the ocean. If we intend to keep pace with the nations making the greatest strides, we must adopt the methods that are proving so successful with the leaders in maritime greatness.

The French exporters are at present reaping the benefits of a subsidy, and are making wry faces over it. Their vessels are carrying freights for other nations at moderately low rates, and the French Government is paying the bills in the way of a subsidy. On freight carried from French ports by the subsidized steamers, such exorbitant rates are demanded that French exporters, instead of shipping direct to distant countries where they have business relations, find it cheaper to send their products to Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen and Rotterdam, trans-shipping from those ports on the steamers flying alien flags.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

General George W. Getty, of the retired list of the regular Army, died Friday at Forest Glen, Md., aged 82. General Getty, measured by the length and distinction of his services, was one of the ablest soldiers who won fame in the Army of the Potomac in its last great battle year under Grant and Meade from May, 1864, to April 9, 1865. He came of Southern stock, was born in the District of Columbia, was graduated from West Point in 1840, ranking No. 15 in a class of 42 members, which included Generals William T. Sherman and George H. Thomas, of the Union Army, and Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. General Getty served in the Mexican War as First Lieutenant of the Fourth United States Artillery, and was brevetted for gallantry in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. In the peninsula campaign of 1862 Colonel Getty rendered distinguished service as an artillery officer at the battle of Malvern Hill, and was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in September, 1862. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Army, for gallant services during the siege of Suffolk, Va., in April, 1863; was brevetted Colonel for gallant services in the battle of the Wilderness, where he was severely wounded, in command of the Second Division of the Sixth Corps; he was brevetted Brigadier-General, United States Army, for gallant services at the capture of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, when Getty's division led the charge of the Sixth Corps, and he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers for gallant, meritorious services at the battle of Opequan and Cedar Creek, under General Sheridan. He served in the regular Army on the active list until October 2, 1883, when he was retired with the rank of Colonel, which he had held since July, 1866.

General Getty's honors were all won by splendid soldiership. He was a perfect soldier, absolutely indifferent to political influence; he wanted no honors that came through intrigue, but in the records of the war the name of General Getty always stands for military deeds of high distinction. At the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, it was a matter of vital consequence to the safety of the Army to hold the Brock road from capture by Hill's corps of Lee's army until General Hancock, who was moving up the Brock road to its intersection by the Orange plank road, could arrive up. Lee's army was pushing down the Orange pike and Orange plank roads, and if the Brock road, which crossed both these pikes, had been taken and held by Lee's army, our Army would have been cut in two and the Army of the Potomac would have been forced to retreat. General Getty held this important position of the intersection of the Orange plank and Brock roads firmly, at terrible cost to his division, one of his brigades losing over 1000 men killed and wounded, or half its number.

At Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, General Getty, who commanded the Sixth Corps, saved our Army from total ruin. The Eighth and Nineteenth Corps had been surprised and dispersed, but the Sixth Corps under Getty, arrested the progress of the victorious enemy by its stout resistance and made a stubborn retreat to a strong position near Middletown. When Sheridan reached the field the only organized forces left of his Army were the Sixth Corps, supported by 10,000 splendid cavalry. The Eighth and Nineteenth Corps had been swept from the field. How Sheridan reorganized the broken Nineteenth Corps on the line of the Sixth Corps, and, attacking in his turn, tore victory out of Early's grasp, is a twice-told tale, but Sheridan would have found no Army to reorganize had it not been for the splendid courage and skill with which Getty retreated slowly, fighting stubbornly until he reached a strong position, and then, halting, he planted his feet and stood there like a sullen, angry porcupine, whose quills were lines of bayonets, across Early's path. Sheridan won the victory, but Getty saved the Army from utter rout and made Sheridan's subsequent victory possible.

The great charge of the Sixth Corps, whose success broke Lee's lines before Petersburg, was organized by Getty. He detected the weak point to assault; his division was first over the works leading the charge in the center in column by brigades. General Getty was one of the few surviving officers in the regular Army who were under Scott in the Mexican War. As a corps commander he was one of the very ablest soldiers of the war, ranking with such men as Hancock, Humphreys and Couch. In battle he was cool, calm, prompt, resolute and energetic. As a man he was a most modest, courteous and accomplished gentleman. He leaves behind him no Union General of the Army of the Potomac of equally distinguished soldiership.

Now that khaki-clad hunters are blazing away at pheasants at every turning of a country lane, it is just as well for innocent bystanders to leave unexplored any direction from which they may hear the banging of a shotgun. Good hunters know that their firearms are loaded, or rather take care that they are unloaded when climbing fences or traversing rough ground, but good hunters are not even in a working minority. The majority of the young men who are now exercising their inalienable right to bear arms have utterly no understanding of how a gun should be used, and in consequence are constantly placing their own lives—and, what is a more serious matter, those of other men—in jeopardy. The list of victims has already several entries, and may be depended upon to grow, until it makes the usual appalling exhibit at the end of the season. Men who handle locomotives or stationary engines, men who compound prescriptions and men who pilot vessels are required to pass an examination into their fitness for their positions, the theory being that they hold the lives of their fellow mortals in the hollow of their hands, and should be measurably trustworthy. Men who carry guns are just as capable of instituting a massacre by their carelessness, and there is no reason why they should not prove their fitness to wield firearms before they are allowed to take them across their shoulders.

Citizens of Montana feel keenly the disgrace brought upon their state and its civilization by the lynching that took place in Helena last week. The scene immediately following the lynching and following it for some hours is said to have reversed the power of civilization and thrown the car back thirty years for the time being. An indication of the moral paralysis that follows such an exhibition of the savage in man was noted in the fact that for several hours children were allowed to throng the morgue where the mob's victim lay as he fell, an object shocking to look upon. Witnesses at the inquest perjured themselves boldly and shamelessly, or insolently refused to answer questions bearing upon the identity of the leaders of the mob. Well might Governor Toole, after denouncing the act that disgraced his Capital City, exclaim: "Last night's tragedy took us back thirty years in one short hour." It may be added in this connection that there is a strong feeling among the sober-minded men of Montana that a law should be enacted making the heinous crime of which the mob's victim was guilty punishable by death.

Another victim of the demands of society in the official circle in Washington has fallen. Miss Helen Long, the amiable and accomplished daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, has succumbed to consumption after a slow wasting of many months, the malady resulting from overstrain in social matters during her father's first term in the Cabinet. Mrs. Harrison, the wife of President Benjamin Harrison, was one of the most conspicuous victims of this type of overwork in connection with official life, going to her grave near the close of her husband's term, a martyr to its exactions. Such a result is sadly deplored, but cannot, it seems, be averted. It is the price that any woman may and many do pay for social distinction, based upon the political success of husbands and fathers. If there is any help for it, it must come from within themselves, since neither medical science nor the subtle sorcery of climatic change has proven able to undo the mischief wrought by physical exhaustion.

The Walla Walla Union is still imploring its readers to break off trade relations with Portland and send their business to Seattle. The effect on Portland is not severe as yet, and leads to the belief that none but the readers of the Union have followed this advice. While the Union is changing the commercial map of the Pacific Northwest, it might carry the reform a little farther and insist on its Seattle and Tacoma friends designating Walla Walla wheat by its proper name. The name Walla Walla is good enough for Portland, Liverpool and San Francisco wheat dealers, but the Puget Sound papers insist on ignoring the proper name for this grade of Washington wheat and using the name "club" instead. This, of course, is of great assistance in advertising Walla Walla, and the ports which are doing this should by all means be rewarded by additional business.

The Baltimore Sun has wheeled into line, and will hereafter meet the demands of progress by publishing a Sunday edition. The inevitable comes to us all. We must either march in the ranks or fall behind. The enormous reserve force of energy possessed by this veteran in the journalistic army would not permit the latter course. Hence its carefully digested decision that "a newspaper which helps to improve the world is a blessing, whether published on Sunday, Monday, or any other day," and its action thereon in issuing a Sunday edition of as clean and wholesome a journal as exists in the newspaper world.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish in their Riverside biographical series a volume entitled "Lewis and Clark." It is one of the many recent publications that show interest in the historical expansion of the United States to the Pacific Ocean. The book is a very readable summary of the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition, with a short account of the after life of the leaders of it.

Arizona and New Mexico will co-operate in efforts to secure admission into the Union this Winter. Outside of the opportunities that statehood will furnish to politicians who have an eye on Congressional honors, emoluments and patronage, there is nothing in the admission of these sparsely settled territories into the Union. There is one Nevada in the Pacific group of states, and one is quite enough.

Admiral Sampson has ventured on to Washington. With the Navy Department at his back, determined to protect him at all hazards, he is perfectly safe.

The Portland Savings Bank matter is like the South African War, which, although finished long ago, is not yet ended.

General Miles should be duly grateful. His enemy, General Alger, has "written a book."

SENSE ABOUT THE CABLE.

New York Journal of Commerce.

Since the United States acquired two groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, besides Guam and one of the Samoans, it has been evident that we must have a telegraph cable across the Pacific. Thus far the discussion in Congress and before the departments had been around the question whether the Government should construct the line, or whether a private company should be authorized to do so in consideration of which it should receive a subsidy. One company proposes to lay a cable along the Alaskan Coast and crossing the Pacific Ocean near Berhing Straits, follow the Siberian Coast down till connection could be made with the Japanese land lines and then to connect the southern extremity of the Japanese lines with the north end of Luzon. It was argued in support of this that the distance was the least, the cable could be laid in short lengths, from landing place to landing place, and in water of only moderate depth, for which reasons it would be possible to use a much lighter and cheaper cable than could be used in striking directly across the Pacific Ocean where stations are more than 2000 miles apart and the cable must be laid in deeper water than any cable has ever been laid yet. This proposition received very supercilious treatment for reasons some of which are not of much account, but the one substantial reason was that the line touched Russian waters and traversed the whole of Japan, and it was argued that a telegraph line between the United States and the possessions thereof should at no point be subject to any foreign jurisdiction.

Another proposition came from a company which proposed to strike directly across the Pacific with one probable exception. West of Guam there is a vast valley in the bottom of the ocean called the "Nero deep," from the United States vessel which surveyed the route. The direct line from Midway Island must traverse the ocean where it is over 5000 fathoms deep. No cable has ever been laid at such a depth, and if once laid it would be abandoned in case of accident; the attempt to raise it from such a depth for repairs would never be made. It has been proposed to avoid the "Nero deep" by going to Nagasaki before going to Manila. But this would carry the line into foreign jurisdiction, and it has been said confidently that the Japanese Government would not permit the landing of a Government cable on its soil, though it would offer no objections to a cable owned by a private corporation. On the part of the Government objection has been offered to allowing the cable to touch any foreign jurisdiction. This company asks a subvention of $300,000 a year.

That is less than the Government has been paying in the way of tolls, but the Commercial Cable Company, through Mr. Mackay, has made a far better proposition. It offers to lay the cable, having the part from San Francisco to Honolulu in service in nine months, without any subvention. It only asks the privilege of landing on the American coast and the coasts of its islands. In return it offers to give Government business the right of way, to give the Government absolute control of the line in the event of war; and to reduce the charges from 40 to 60 per cent.

An average reduction of 50 per cent would cut the expense to the Government, on the basis of what it was paying before rigid economy was enforced by Secretary Root, to $175,000 to $200,000 a year. This is much less than the subsidy that has been asked. There is no doubt that this cable line should be constructed by a private company instead of by the Government if one can be found to construct it, and that of two companies offering to construct the line the privilege should be given to the company which asks no subsidy and agrees to make a radical reduction in charges. If the company proposes to go to Nagasaki before going to Manila, and it is deemed important and practicable to avoid this, the company may be indemified for the extra expense of traversing the "Nero deep." This is a question that would have to be be settled whether the construction were by the Navy Department or the Signal Service, or by a private corporation, subsidized or not. Therefore it cuts no figure in determining by whom the work should be done. Unquestionably the work should be done by a private corporation which asks no subsidy.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

The Example Which Grover Cleveland Set of the Way to Deal With It.

Des Moines Leader.

In all this discussion about yellow journals, the New York Evening Post seems to get at the root of the matter when it says all diatribes should properly be directed, not against the conductors of these journals, but against the buyers of them. And as long as these journals can advertise among their contributors leaders in the legal, literary, religious, and business world, the people can hardly be blamed for buying the papers. Hardly an issue of the New York Journal, for example, that does not contain a message from some recognized moral leader, which only goes to show that there are few men and women in the world whose talents are not for sale to the highest bidder. Once in a while, however, it is gratifying to note that a man arises courageous enough to refuse to have anything to do with a paper notorious for its vulgarity, indecency, unreliability, and general demoralization, as Grover Cleveland did when W. R. Hearst asked him to accept membership on his committee to erect a monument to the men who went down with the Maine, and he replied:

Princeton, N. J., February 28, 1898.—To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal, New York: I decline to allow my sorrow for those who died on the Maine to be perverted to an advertising scheme for the New York Journal.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Anarchists' Flimsy Defense.

Chicago News.

There is absolutely no excuse for misunderstanding the meaning of an anarchist who says he does not approve of acts of "violence." Of the anarchists who claim to disapprove of violence the Goldman woman is prominent. It is this same woman who now praises Czolgosz' act, which she claims has "wounded government in a vital spot." If, as anarchists declare, government is an evil to be abolished, and if they believe that assassination strikes at this evil "in a vital spot," their declaration that they disapprove of violence is simply a falsehood designed to conceal the heinous character of their teachings and to lessen the danger of interference on the part of the police.

Procrastination the Thief of Time.

Sumpter American.

It is not unfair to Portland to say that its citizens do not seem to realize the big affair involved in the Lewis and Clark Centennial, and that the time for preliminary work is rapidly fleeting by. The success of the event necessitates stupendous work, and its success will prove of greater benefit to the State of Oregon than the most brilliant writer can predict or human brain conceive. To sum it up in a nutshell: The success of the centennial means to repudiate the statement that nothing but mossbacks constitute Oregon's population.

Merit to Be the Test.

New York Times.

But in considering requests for appointments to office coming from Senators, coming from no matter what source, President Roosevelt will be guiled by one fixed principle, to which he has made it known he will adhere. The men they recommend must be fit and worthy of appointment, or they will not get the offices they seek.

Is This Sarkasm?

Eugene Register.

It has been reported from several directions that Oregon is talking of holding a Lewis and Clark Centennial in 1905 at Portland. But, like all rumors, it is hard to trace the report to its origin.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Sporting Life," which must be rather a strenuous affair, was on exhibition for two hours and a half at the Marquam last night, during which time one lady purchased a ticket for that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns, a noble lord jumped into a prize ring and put a husky young slugger over the ropes in a minute and a half, a villain developed a severe case of foiled and a large black Percheron horse won the Derby in a stroll. Needless to say "Sporting Life" is a melodrama. It is a good melodrama, too, for it is the type of its kind, emphasized strongly by just the kind of a company that makes a melodrama one of those hair-lifting, heart-stalling affairs that are highly conducive to sharp, quick breathing and the kind of cheers commonly described as wild and tumultuous.

It is long on plot. Plot stalks brazenly through the five acts and unravels obediently at the finish. The villain plots, the hero counterplots, the minor characters throw in a few side plots just to keep busy, and the ladies and gentlemen whose portion is that of eloquent though peripatetic silence seem to look plot from their soulful eyes, and drink it in with the copious quantities of amber liquor they sip when the stage pictures are deep and full of perspective.

Lord Woodstock is most of it. He is passionately devoted to the turf. Even his voice is a little hoarse. He bets unabridged decks of stage money on everything that is doing in the sporting line, from Derbys to prizefights, and he loses with unfailing regularity till at the last moment his draught horse wins the Derby and he pulls down several times as much money as he has lost, pays all his gambling debts and weds the daughter of his trainer, said girl being the lady of his choice. Malet de Carteret—the very name reeks with villainy—cuts in wherever possible to block the hero's game, and is generally successful, although the trainer's daughter persists in handing him the stand-aside-sir glance. He has a wife who puts the girl's brother up to forging the name of Woodstock to a check for a few thousand, and whose indiscretion in this regard is rewarded by strangulation, the repentant forger being the strangulator. Carteret has a black mustache and iron gray hair, but they avail him nothing in the end, and his we-shall-see of the first act is changed to a damn-him in the last, when he seese the dead game sport win the girl as a final prize, and reap the reward of his blameless career as a spendthrift and a betting man.

The scenery is plentiful and effective. Scenes follow one another with kalleidoscopic rapidity, notable among the pictures being Covent Garden, Lord Woodstock's stables and the side of the sounding prizering—the ring in which Woodstock, whose man has been drugged, sheds his coat, jumps over the ropes and puts the other fellow to sleep, thereby landing a few thousand sterling to the good.

Lorimer Johnstone was an athletic Earl of Woodstock, John T. Dwyer made a fine figure of a knave, H. G. Henderson won the favor of the audience as a money lender who was always converting himself into a philanthropist, and William Desmond was a strenuous Phillip Cavanaugh, the boy who stars in the strangulation scene. Grace Whitworth made a guileless Nora Cavanaugh, Lord Woodstock's sweetheart, and Lillian Lamson, as Mrs. De Carteret, the female villain, improved several large opportunities to get very busy.

"Sporting Life" will be the attraction tonight and tomorrow night, and judging by the reception it received on its opening performance, will play to crowded houses.

She Prefers to Give Up Her Title.

Chicago American.

New York.—Lady Sybil Cutting, after a brief stay in democratic America, has come to the conclusion that titles are out of place here, and has decided to abandon hers. Hereafter she will be known simply as Mrs. William B. Cutting, Jr.

Her decision may have been influenced by the fact that, under her urging, her husband has decided to go into the sugar refining business, and in order to master its details, will begin at the bottom of the ladder. This Winter the young couple will go to Oxnard, Cal., where Cutting will obtain employment in the refinery owned by the Oxnards of Brooklyn. They will occupy a plain workingman's cottage there. Mrs. Cutting will do her husband's cooking.

As she is an adept in the culinary art the former New York society man as he trudges to work in his overalls will carry a toothsome meal in the dinner pail, which the Cuttings' friends here already portray as part of his outfit.

Mrs. Cutting was Lady Sybil Cuffe, daughter of Earl and Countess Desap. She was married on April 30 to William Bayard Cutting, secretary to Ambassador Choate in London. Mr. Cutting is an American.

Ways of Assisting Commerce.

Washington Times.

There is no doubt that our ocean marine has been handicapped by unjust and idiotic navigation laws and that a wholesome modification of those laws would do a world of good. A few years ago an American navigation company desired to give American registry to two fine ships built in England, and it required a special act of Congress to confer the right to do so. The privilege was accompanied by the condition attached that the company should build two vessels of the same class in American shipyards, and the condition was performed by the construction of the St. Louis and St. Paul. This proves that there are other ways of building up the ocean marine than by the payment of bounties, and much better ways, too.

Prohibitionists Should Apologize.

Kansas City Star.

There is due a humble acknowledgment from those violent temperance zealots who branded the dead President as a wine bibber and a corrupter of public morals, because wine was served during his administration at state dinners at the White House, in harmony with a custom which could not be violated without a notoriety for ostentatious puritanism which is scarcely becoming to a great world power like the United States. The bitter maledictions showered upon the late Chief Magistrate by these gentle reformers should now be retracted, especially as Mr. McKinley was himself a pattern of exemplary sobriety.

Anarchists and Their Methods.

Washington Post.

It is not good government or bad government, but government per se, against which the anarchists are allied. And their method of destroying government, as illogical as it is infamous, is assassination of the heads of government. Their creed is as simple as it is diabolical. It is as defiant of reason as of humanity. Their presence in any country is an intolerable menace. But the work of gettiting rid of them will not be easy.

October.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

October is the treasurer of the year,
And all the months pay bounty to her store;
The fields and orchards still their tribute bear,
And fill her brimming coffers more and more.
But she, with youthful lavishness,
Spends all her wealth in gaudy dress,
And decks herself in garments bold
Of scarlet, purple, red and gold.
She heedeth not how swift the hours fly,
But smiles and sings her happy life along;
She only sees above a shining sky;
She only hears the breezes' voice in song.
Her garments trail the woodlands through,
And gather pearls of early dew
That sparkle, till the roguish sun
Creeps up and steals them every one.
But what cares she that jewels should be lost,
When all of nature's bounteous wealth is hers?
Though princely fortunes may have been their cost,
Not one regret her calm demeanor stirs.
Whole-hearted, happy, careless, free,
She lives her life out joyously,
Nor cares when Frost stalks o'er her way
And turns her auburn lock to gray.

NOTE AND COMMENT

What is so well done as a day in October?

This politicsless Autumn is indeed a triumph of modern civilization.

"I report with regret" is now kept standing in all the London newspaper offices.

Automobiles are respectfully notified to keep away from the horse show. Magnanimity is a gracious virtue.

The local milkmen who have gone into the trust will, of course, water their stock. If only that were all!

Anarchists will do well to remember that it is about as risky to appear in public in London as it is in New York these days.

With such a big gun as J. Pierpont Morgan attending the Episcopal Convention it is not surprising that it is considering a change in canons.

A movement against dueling is to be started in Germany. They duel with swords in Germany, and once in a while they actually shed blood.

An American has been appointed Admiral of the Colombian Navy. Colombia can now do any old thing to Spain without fear of bringing on a war.

Now Emperor William is talking of issuing a challenge for the America's cup. The New York Yacht Club might as well get ready to commit lese majeste.

Now that they have got the Oregon into the court of inquiry, the proceedings become interesting. It is not recorded, by the way, that the Oregon made any loop.

Mr. Carnegie is now giving organs to Scotch churches, but it is hardly likely they will provide enough harmony to neutralize the effects of the church choir rows.

Another corn king has turned up in Kansas City. If he will communicate with ex-King Phillips he will learn something about the condition of the head that wears that kind of a crown.

With the Duke of York paddling in a canoe across Lake Manitoba and several dozen other boats forming a guard of honor, what mallard will not be sufficiently impressed to fly low and be shot?

A dispatch from Sinan Fu via Shanghai announces that the Imperial Court has started for Kaifunfu. There is nothing improbable about the dispatch, save the fact that it comes from Shanghai.

A widow has been arrested in Dayton, O., who is supposed to have killed 14 people. Some day people will begin to think the elder Weller knew what he was talking about when he warned his son Samuel against that kind of women.

A New York broker, who boasted acquaintance with J. Pierpont Morgan, wrote to the multi-millionaire, asking for an invitation to view the yacht races on Mr. Morgan's yacht Corsair. The magnate answered, regretting that he had lent his yacht to a friend, adding: "If you think you would care to go on the yacht of either Mr. Gould, Mrs. Goelet, Colonel Astor or any of the others that may be going down the bay, I will try to get an invitation for you, and will assure whoever may take you that they will have the honor of entertaining the checkiest man I ever heard from."

Among the interesting things on view with the collection of books by negro authors at Buffalo is an autograph of Webster, dated March 19, 1847: "I have paid $120 for the freedom of Paul Jennings. He agrees to work out the same at $8 a month, to be found with board, clothes and washing, to begin when we return South. His freedom papers I give him. They are recorded in this district." This Jennings was the son of one of President Madison's slaves, his father being an Englishman of family. He became a body servant of Madison, and afterward wrote "A Colored Man's Reminiscences of President Madison."

"No man can disguise his voice in talking through a telephone," said an exchange operator to an interviewer recently. "Every person has some little peculiarity of speech that, no matter how infinitesimal it may be, is sure to be accentuated and made more recognizable over the wire. The man who has a sharp ring in his voice will seem to speak more sharply; a gruff voice will be made more gruff, and by the same rule an insincere voice is given a greater tone of insincerity. The speaker who chews his words has no chance at all with a good, lively 'phone. He may only contort his speech very slightly, but the 'phone will do the rest, and at the other end of the wire his remarks will be about as intelligible as pied type."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

The Chastisement.—Kind Lady—Why are you crying, little boy? Little Boy—Cos maw jis made a example out o' me fer my little brother's sake.—Ohio State Journal.

A Formula.—"Aren't you going to buy me one, mamma?" "Buy you another new hat? That would be extravagant!" "Oh, we could tell papa it was such a love of a hat I had to have it."—Brooklyn Life.

Wanted a Test.—The Tramp—Yes, 'm. I've tried to cure the drink habit. Mrs. Good—You have? The Tramp—Yes, 'm. I'm tryin' the faith cure now, an' I'd like to git a nickel to see if I cud kep wit'out spendin' it for beer.—Puck.

Poor Chumpleigh!—"Why, pa, this is roast beef," exclaimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor. "Of course," said the father. "What of that?" "Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home for dinner this evening."—Philadelphia Press.

The Publisher—You say this is your first novel. A Chinese romance. Never been abroad, hey? Just made it up as you went along. Well, this is a find! (To clerk)—James, order 50,000 copies printed at once, advertise whole edition of 200,000 sold before publication and get out lithographs of the young lady.—Life.

Back to the City.

Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

I've ben away to the mountain inn,
And the seaside spot where they charge like sin,
And I've spent my coin in the search for joys,
And bluffed my bluff at the social poise,
But I gladly hail all the fuss and noise—
I'm glad to be home.

I'm glad to be back where the people stop
At the upraised hand of the noble cop,
Where the folks go by with a vacant stare,
And the drivers block up the street and swear,
And the din of traffic beats the air—
I'm glad to be home.

There's something sweet in the roar and crash
Of the rushing street where the people dash
From the crossings, swift, like to hunted deer,
And the 'mobile folks do their best to steer
Past the heavy trucks—and I'm glad I'm here—
I'm glad to be home.

I'm glad to get back to the crowded town,
Where the street cars try to run you down,
And the street piano bangs and blares,
And the peddler man calls out his wares,
And nobody knows who you are, nor cares—
I'm glad to be home.