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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with occasional rain; cooler; south to west winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 51; minimum temperature, 43; precipitation, 0.17 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3.

"AMERICANIZATION OF ENGLAND."

The change of tone in Great Britain, in dealing with the United States, is one of the most marked things in current history. We find English writers talking now about "The Americanization of the World," and actually discussing their own suggestion that Great Britain may one day become a member of an American Federation. That goes far and away beyond our own American notion of "Manifest Destiny," which formerly was the butt of ridicule not a little. It is remarked, however, that the invincible spirit of caste in Great Britain is likely to make this forever impossible; and probably this is true. But the London Daily News, in an article that has obtained wide notice, admits the enormous influence which the United States wields over the British colonies. The News further says it would be interesting to see what would happen if the United States should drop its protectionist policy and should offer to Jamaica, Canada or even Australasia the immense bribe of admission on reciprocal terms to its vast, ever-extending markets.

A topic something less than "The Americanization of the World" is "The Americanization of England." This latest is the title of an article in the current number of The Forum, by Earl Mayo. He remarks that the Englishman, through contact with his Yankee cousin, is rapidly acquiring many of the latter's characteristics; and that while the batch of British dough is large enough to stand a considerable amount of leaven, there is no doubt that it is being materially modified by this all-pervading American influence. It is admitted further that this is a sudden reversal of opinion, since not long ago there was hearty dislike, or frigid indifference, which passed frequently into the region of positive contempt; but the British man during recent years has been learning rapidly that he is not the sole being in the universe, and the American whom he could not endure a while ago and would not even pity, he is now quite ready to embrace.

The shopkeepers of London and of the great provincial towns are taking hints from America in the arrangement of their shops and wares. There are "American" tailor shops, "American" tobacconists, "American" shoe stores, "American" bars and restaurants by scores, and even "American" patent medicines and soda fountains. Many places bear the sign "American Patronage Solicited." But the invitation is not merely to American customers. The Briton also is attracted, and the shopkeepers themselves testify that they have been able to find no more effective advertisement for appeal to their English customers than that afforded by American goods. It is admitted, too, that the influence of Americans on English social customs is becoming very noticeable. It is seen at dinners, at house and garden parties, and in greater freedom among younger persons in their social intercourse. Its effect is seen also in English speech and politics, and is noticeable even in modification of inveterate usages of British orthography. Many of the hotels are rapidly becoming Americanized in their organization and management, and it is easy to find in London many such that are in all essential respects like those of New York.

These statements are not emanations of American vanity. They are testimonies of British writers. And it is admitted that the influence of America in all these ways and in many more is certain to become greater and greater, through progress of time.

Though America is not to be flattered by it, yet it yields a satisfaction to witness it; for neither of the two great bodies of English-speaking peoples can live unto itself. Nothing can be more desirable than friendly intercourse between them, and it is gratifying to observe that the Englishman is losing some of his self-sufficiency and lordly contempt of others. These qualities in him have hurt himself more than they have hurt his neighbors, and he is paying some of the penalties now, in the realms of industry, of commerce and of war.

In the earlier part of the last century De Tocqueville wrote: "In England the criterion of what is honorable or just is to be found in the degree of favor or of opposition to British interests." We all of us are open, to large extent, to this criticism. Just as, in the eyes of an Englishman, a cause is just if it be the interest of England it should succeed, so in candor we must admit that it is much the same way with all of us. What is useful to us has every kind of merit, in our eyes; what does us harm has every possible fault. But the world is tending toward a wider basis of morals. International ethics have real existence. Quickness of communication is doing wonders in this way among men.

During a very long period English writers have been publishing books on America—books mostly of travel and observation. It began in colonial times, when writers dwelt with satisfaction on the novel features and free scope of life in America. Immediately after the Revolution a new spirit became manifest. The disingenuous and deprecatory temper began to prevail. English writers thought it well to persuade themselves and their readers that in losing the brightest jewel in the British crown their country had lost little, after all. We were depicted as a race of vulgar and of incorrigible barbarians. The War of 1812 intensified the dislikes on both sides, and worse than all was the manifestation of partiality by the ruling classes in England for the slaveholders' rebellion in America. English literature through a long period teemed with contemptuous misrepresentation and caricature of our country and countrymen; and personal pique often sharpened the tone, as in the case of Sydney Smith, whose investments were unfortunate, or Leigh Hunt, whose copyrights were invaded, or Dickens and other British lions, who found adulation and success less a cause for gratitude than ridicule. Almost every popular British novelist had characters drawn from traditional caricatures of American manners and speech, and vituperative British travelers outdid each other in working up grotesque forms of misrepresentation. Heine said: "All England is congealed in medieval, never-to-be-rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is intrenched, awaiting the death struggle." This was the spirit of the criticism of such powerful writers as Carlyle and Alison, who, as philosophers of the anti-democratic school, could see nothing but insufferable coarseness and lack of culture in America. In truth, the tone of British literature towards America was, until recently, little else than that of monotonous scurrility and of hopeless augury. But Great Britain herself has been making strides in democracy, and with those strides she has been gaining breadth and refinement. The habit of abuse of America, once the monomania of British authorship, has so far ceased that it is seldom indeed that we hear even a note of it. From that torrent of abuse to present talk about the "Americanization of England" it is a far cry, indeed.

WITHOUT GOVERNMENT AID.

For a long time persons interested in the extension of American banking facilities into South American and Asiatic territory have been laboriously importuning Congress for legislation looking to that end. Although Congressional committees have been impressed with their arguments and disinterested observers have urged the proposals on grounds of public policy, nothing could be done, apparently, for no more cogent reason than the native inertia of Congress and the reluctance of its demagogues to do anything that might seem to favor financial interests. The theory of the Bryanite leaders is that anything which tends to destroy banks tends to help the depositors, and promote the general welfare, and few if any Republican leaders have the temerity to combat the doctrine. Few public men in the United States would voluntarily assume the opprobrium of any effort to save banks from ruin or strengthen the Nation's currency. But the New York dispatches bring the news of the incorporation and plans of the International Banking Corporation, which is to enter the South American and Asiatic field, incorporated in Connecticut and contemplating branches in every important city in the countries designated.

So thoroughly has the protection idea saturated our thinking that we are all disposed to ask Government aid before embarking on any great enterprise. There is no doubt at all that not only many improper objects of Government aid, but many others now recognized as properly the Nation's care, might have been attended to by unaided private enterprise. The "principle" of protection has been extended to cover Government aid of every kind. Dairymen implore Congress to save them from the competition of beef-fat butter; creditors repair to Congress for a law by which they can collect their debts; money is voted for expositions and charity to suffering communities. Public buildings, improvement of waterways and conservation of moisture for reclaiming arid lands owned by the Government are more properly chargeable to the general taxpayer; but in general it may well be doubted whether the appropriations made for railroads, ships, expositions and indirect support of various industries have not produced more harm than good in the long run, when we consider the mistakes that have been made, the scandals that have arisen and the moral effect of dependence thus inculcated in the general character.

The International Bank is a good example for the promoters of ship subsidies and Government cables. It has added impressiveness from the fact that it follows so closely upon the proposal of Mr. Gage, Mr. Stickney and Mr. Hepburn for a central bank for banks, to be organized without Government cooperation. Mercantile concerns interested in Pacific cable needs are protesting at Washington against a Government cable because they fear it will necessarily be less effective than the cable now under construction for Mr. Mackay and his associates. It is not surprising that business men are at last growing impatient of the slowness of Congress and are going ahead without it. It would be surprising if they did not.

The railroads have had to despair of a wise and just pooling law, and frame their own expedients. Shipbuilding is forging ahead so rapidly as to cast a humorous light on the frantic advocates of subsidies, and now we have the Pacific cable and the International Bank, which can no longer wait for Government initiative. Perhaps trade will soon abandon its prayer for a department of commerce and for aid to South American steamship lines. Perhaps some of our millions will ere long be enticed into construction of the isthmian canal and reclamation of the arid lands, without Government aid. All that we can do without the Government should be done. What the American business man needs is to abandon the idea of Continental Europe that the Government must do everything for us, and ask of it simply a fair field and no favor.

Over against the fact, as developed by careful investigation, that there is no legal basis for the compulsory vaccination rule of the School Board stands the other fact that intelligent parents generally have their children vaccinated, with only such compulsion as common prudence dictates. It is useless to argue with persons who scorn all material agencies for the prevention, treatment and cure of disease. In numbers such persons are relatively few, and they are therefore not a special menace to public health. Let them have their way until a contagious disease breaks out among them, when the Board of Health will deal with them as with ordinary people, sequestering, vaccinating, fumigating or whatever is necessary to prevent them from becoming pestilential.

PHILIPPINE LABOR NOT DANGEROUS.

Before the Philippine bill comes to a vote in the Senate, some of its grave and reverend seigneurs should summon up the courage to expose the contention, on which the bill is supported, that we must protect our American labor from the cheap labor of the Philippines. The contention doubtless reckons upon the sympathy and aid of American labor, but we take it that the time is about gone when our skilled American mechanics can be frightened with the bogy of foreign "pauper labor." The cheap labor of Asia and Europe is a very cheap affair, and its competition is daily becoming more and more impossible as a bugbear. The dearest labor in the world is so-called cheap labor, and the most economical labor in the world is the skilled American mechanic, who draws high wages, but does more in one day than the so-called cheap laborer can do in ten.

As to the Filipinos, we have testimony of direct and unimpeachable character in the report of the Taft Commission. This authoritative document informs us that labor in the Philippines is "irregular, poor and much more expensive for the work done than in the United States." The report goes on to show that our domestic labor is better adapted to the production of articles at a low cost. "There is not the slightest danger," says Governor Taft, "of pauper competition in these islands with the labor of the United States." Such Chinese as are in the Philippines are useful in humble occupations, as they are here, but they are to be excluded from further immigration to the islands, just as they are here and for the same reasons.

This estimate of labor is nothing new. The fallacy of the doctrine that the cheapest labor is the most dangerous in a competitive market has been demonstrated wherever it has been tested in practice. Japan was to run us out of manufacturing, but she buys more of us now than ever. The competition that is today striking terror to the industrial workers of Europe does not come from cheap labor conutries like South America, Asia, Russia or Turkey, but from the highest-priced labor in the world, that of the United States.

What do the Republican leaders in Congress hope to establish in a political sense by their activity in offense against the Philippines? Do they want to prove everything the anti-imperialists have been contending for? It certainly looks like it. If the Filipinos cannot become citizens without endangering our civilization, or subjects without endangering our form of government, as Bryan says; if we cannot expand into the Pacific without setting up Georgian colonialism; if there is no extension of sovereignty without oppressive imperialism—why, then, of course, enact this hostile tariff bill, treat the islanders as aliens, drive them to discontent and pave the way for their alienation. Here, perhaps, is a mitigation of the Democratic apparent inanity on the tariff bill. The majority was playing their hands for them.

"WORRY" AND ITS VICTIMS.

Worry, it is said, was a prominent factor in the illness which terminated the life of Governor Rogers. This is not improbable. The debilitating effects of anxiety are well known. In the years of financial and industrial depression they caused many a man to succumb to disease who would otherwise have been able to throw it off. This was perhaps particularly true in affections of the respiratory and circulatory system. Many a death was attributed to "heart failure" the cause of which lay back of the symptoms that characterized the disease in its later stages. The same may be said of pneumonia, and even consumption. Depressing influences in finance, the loss of property and position inducing "worry" having broken down the powers of resistance, both physically and mentally, in hundreds of cases made the subjects the easy prey to the active agencies which promote these diseases.

It is notable that in late treatises on consumption as a preventable disease great stress is placed upon the necessity of avoiding distressing and disturbing topics and conditions. Depression of spirits, it is said, lowers the vitality and breaks down the resistant power necessary to cope successfully with this dreaded disease in its earlier stages. This being true, a care-free mind is one of the requisites of "the open-air treatment" of tuberculosis that is now depended upon by pathologists to arrest the development of the pernicious germs that feed upon the tissues and ultimately destroy the lives of thousands of human beings every year. This statement is worthy of careful, intelligent consideration. It has been decided that consumption is a preventable disease; that it is not hereditary except in the limited sense of constitutional tendency which furnishes "good ground" for the seed that is sown broadcast in every community. The causes, it is asserted, can be dealt with and turned aside, thus preventing the development of the disease. Among these causes is "worry," inducing, as every one knows, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general unrest.

But is "worry" a preventable condition? Is it not largely temperamental, and, to a certain extent at least, beyond the control of the individual who is keenly alive to responsibility, and the law of whose life is to discharge and not to evade duty? We may envy the man who boasts that he "does not let anything trouble him," but can we emulate him? Is it possible at all times to confront responsibility and defy care, saying "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and make good the interdiction by sinking into restful slumber? It may be answered, "That depends." The temperament of the individual and the pressure that is upon him are conditions to be reckoned with in the fight against "worry," which is, after all, only a condition of a responsible mind wrought upon by a high sense of duty and beset by obstacles and doubts.

Perhaps, after all, it is not greatly to any man's credit that he "never worries." Certainly it does not detract from the high esteem in which the late Governor Rogers was held that his desire to discharge honestly and acceptably the exacting duties of his office weakened his physical powers of resistance and caused him to fall prey to disease. It may be regretted that his temperamental tendency contributed through this means to the shortening of his days, but only the phlegmatic and the dull will censure him because he felt so keenly the responsibilities of his office, or, in other words, "worried" over its perplexing obligations.

Mrs. Hannah W. Roberts died in Salem last Monday night at the age of 95 years. This is a simple, commonplace announcement, a little unusual because of the length of years that it chronicles, but otherwise a thing of every day. Behind it, however, is the record of long years of endeavor covering the period when the "Oregon Country" was afar off, as reckoned from the centers of civilization; when to make a home on its far Western borders meant isolation, danger and privation that cut to the quick the sensibilities of delicate women and tried the endurance and courage of strong men. Rev. William Roberts was a sharply defined personality in the early days when Methodism and civilization went hand in hand in Oregon. Traveling, preaching, exhorting, praying, organizing, his figure stands out in memory as one of the landmarks of the early days. Concluding a life story of a pioneer preacher of the great Middle West, into which the author wove a woof of plain romance, Edward Eggleston says: "There rise before me as I write these last lines visions of circuits and stations of which this man was preacher in charge, and of districts of which he became the presiding elder. Are not these written in the Book of the Minutes of the Conferences? But the silent, unobtrusive heroism of his wife and her brave and lifelong sacrifices are written nowhere but in the Book of God's Remembrance." A fitting summing up of the lives of hundreds of women, who, like Hannah Roberts, played a silent but not the less a heroic part in carrying the Gospel message into the wilderness.

The long fight of Methodist women for "equal rights" in the general conference of that church has ended in victory. Begun in 1888, the war has been waged with courage and persistence, with victory always in sight, and yet postponed from one general conference to another by ecclesiastical prejudice, backed by the declarations of St. Paul in regard to woman's place in the church. The late Frances Willard was a consistent advocate of this claim. Dignified, womanly, persistent, Miss Willard was ever ready to give reason for the faith that was within her, and her argument upon this subject was practically unanswerable. It was simply ignored by her opponents, and the proposition that it supported was arbitrarily voted down. Though she did not live to see the culmination of this effort, she never faltered in the belief that victory would come in good time, and her faith at last has been justified.

The timber resources of the Philippines are much greater than the first cursory survey of the islands under United States authority showed. Captain George P. Ahern, of the Ninth Infantry, is in charge of the Bureau of Forestry at Manila, and, according to his estimates, after close inspection, there are from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of heavily timbered land in the islands, among the trees many specimens 150 feet high. As classified, there are 600 species of woods, many of which can be utilized for building, fuel, oil-producing tanbark, medicine, edibles and textiles. Others are gum, rubber, gutta percha and dye-producing. The whole area is practically in a state of nature, showing the lack of energy and enterprise in the former possessors of the islands in regard to the development of their natural resources.

The death of William F. Eastham, of Marion County, a few days ago closed the life of a man useful in his day and generation. It is recorded in connection with his passing that he was, so far as is known, the last survivor of the jury before whom were tried the five Indians for the murder of Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife in 1847. His death slips quietly the last link in a chain of events that connects the present with the past and gives the Whitman episode over entirely to history. A worthy man and useful citizen, he performed his part in life well and has passed on.

They put a duty on sugar in Great Britain to raise money for the Boer War, but so briskly does Germany pump her bounty-fed beet sugar into Britain that the price keeps coming down in spite of the import tax. To use a Hibernicism, with one hand Germany rebukes England for suppressing the Boers and with the other she contributes bounties to carry on the war. As an exhibit in statesmanship, this is wonderful, my masters, wonderful!

Now we get them and now we don't—the Danish West Indies. Coyness on the part of the owner, and a carefully restrained eagerness on the part of the would-be purchaser are expected in a matter of this kind. Otherwise would dignity compromise itself and diplomacy fail in acumen. We shall get the islands in the long run, of course, for the good and sufficient reason that we need them in our business.

Great Britain buys large numbers of horses in the United States for use against the Boers, and the only reason our Boer sympathizers abide it is because they know a good many of the horses eventually fall into the hands of the Boers and thus prolong their resistance. Here we see the sense of humor performing an international service that facts and argument would be powerless to effect.

In Cuba the admirable precedent has been established of the weaker candidate for the Presidency withdrawing. It saves wind and railroad fare. Its advantages should be brought to the attention of Jones and Bryan.

The telegraph announces that the contest over the Northern Securities merger is ended. Give this to Lew Dockstader, along with the closed incident of Schley and the end of the Boer War.

Observe that the London bank clearings are $2,000,000,000 greater in 1901 than in any previous year in British history. Thus is English finance fading from the earth.

It is certain that the Cubans have elected Mr. Palma President, and now what everybody wants to know is what they are going to do with him.

Since happiness comes only out of work, the rockpile should make a happy New Year for the hobos.

THE ONE GRAVE FACT.

The Astorian, for a time silenced by the serious condition of the Columbia River, between Astoria and the sea, has resumed its former policy of misrepresentation, and on December 31 printed the following:

> The Oregonian in commenting on the wreck of the Henrietta in the harbor here during the recent storm says in view of that accident, Portland is not yet ready to transfer the harbor of the Columbia to Astoria. In reply we can assure The Oregonian that in view of the number of ships now resting on the bottom of the river between this city and Portland, Astoria is not willing that the harbor shall be moved from this city to Portland. The day of overland ocean-going ships has not arrived, and until it does the effort to make Portland a seaport town will be futile.

Of course the Astorian knew full well when the statement was printed that there was not a ship, steamer or any other kind of craft aground anywhere on the river between Portland and Astoria. A newspaper guilty of printing such a deliberate falsehood as was put in circulation by the Astorian may well be considered unworthy of any kind of mention. The Oregonian refers to it, not with any hope of securing any fairer treatment of a subject in which Astoria is perhaps more deeply interested than Portland, but simply because it is necessary in order to show up the influences which are at work to ruin the maritime commerce of the Columbia.

Every item derogatory to Portland printed in the Astoria papers is reprinted in the Seattle and Tacoma papers with due credit and comment. This malicious practice has resulted in creating a sentiment among Washington residents that is hostile to the improvement of any portion of the river except that which lies above the Cascades. Ask a Washington man to assist in securing appropriations for the mouth of the Columbia, and he will refer you to Astoria papers which assert, in the most vehement manner, that the entrance of the Columbia River is the finest in the world, and that all of the delay to shipping entering the river is between Astoria and Portland. Now at the risk of incurring the displeasure of some of our friends who are still hugging the delusion that the position of the Columbia River is impregnable, The Oregonian wishes to state that the river between Astoria and the sea is in worse condition than it has been at any time for the past 20 years. Its condition is such that ships which have been towed from Portland to Astoria in a single day have been delayed by the bar from one week to four weeks.

Nineteen wheat ships crossed out from Astoria in December. The average time of these ships in going from Portland to Astoria was less than two days. The average time between Astoria and the sea was 14 days, and 10 of them were delayed from 16 to 23 days each. This is a plain statement that can be verified by the marine records, and it shows too plainly for quibbling why Portland can see no advantage to be gained by transferring her business to the mouth of the river. Our ostrich-like friends will withdraw their heads from the sand long enough to protest against this exposure of some of the vulnerable points in our commercial position. They will tell us that the publication of such facts will "hurt the port." To such it may be said that every shipowner who sends a vessel to the Columbia River has the fullest possible knowledge of these facts. He demands and receives from his captain an accurate log of the vessel's movements. When the captain reports that the ship was 18 hours going from Portland to Astoria and 18 days going from Astoria to the sea, the port has been "hurt" to the fullest extent.

Understanding the cause of this "hurt" with which we are afflicted, we shall do well to seek and apply an immediate remedy to the particular portion of the river that has caused the shipowner the greatest financial loss, through delay. This is not a local matter in which Portland or Astoria alone is interested. It is a question which concerns every producer in the Columbia Basin. An open river channel from Lewiston to Astoria would be of no advantage, if neglect permits the mouth of the river to close and drive deep-water shipping to other ports. The detentions and delays are at the Columbia River bar, not on the river between Portland and Astoria.

WAR ON THE SHORT POUND.

If the State Food Commissioner shall succeed in the effort he is making to enforce honest dealing in the butter trade he will have done an important service, not merely for the buyer and consumer of butter, but as well for the maker and seller. The right of the buyer to a full-weight package of butter, or coffee or flour, or what-not, calls for no argument, since it rests upon the simple and manifest basis of morality and expediency. A deficient "pound" weight is a pickpocket, a petty thief, injuring him who sells and him who buys, and tending to establish business of every kind upon the low basis of knavish trickery. The fraud upon the buyer is, perhaps, the least mischief connected with it, since material injury is less to be deplored than moral injury. Far more serious is the corruption and confusion it creates in the general channels of trade, for dishonesty breeds distrust and distrust stifles traffic.

If there is one branch of trade in which dishonesty or carelessness seems even less excusable than in any other it is the butter trade, for during the past dozen years or more the dairyman has been persistently appealing to the public to protect him against the deceptions of his rival, the oleomargarine maker. His demands have been granted; in nearly every state it is required, under severe penalties, that oleomargarine shall not be sold under the false pretense that it is butter. It comes now with poor grace from the butter-maker to seek for a petty and fraudulent profit by methods akin to those he has so long denounced—methods no whit more worthy or honest. Of course, it is to be borne in mind that comparatively few among the makers and sellers of butter approve of the short-pound fraud. By far the greater number would rather do an honest business than resort to petty trickery, but what a few do others will follow to escape loss in competition and thus it soon comes about that the bulk of the butter product put upon the market is of short weight.

The Food Commissioner has made a good beginning in his war upon the short-weight butter package; and now, having gotten his hand in, he will do well to employ his energies all along the line of short-weight and otherwise fraudulent commodities. Short-weight coffee, sanded spices and adulterated drugs are as little worthy of toleration as short-weight butter. They present to the Food Commissioner a wide field for exploitation; and if he can devise ways for the public protection there will be multitudes to declare their gratitude.

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Girl From Maxim's," much heralded as a French farce, played at the Marquam last night to a fair-sized house downstairs, and an expectant gallery, which, however, waited in vain for the shady situations it was evidently hoping for. Only in one song were the proprieties overstepped, and in that instance the offense was committed so quickly that it escaped the notice of most of those in the house.

Aside from possessing no particular merit in itself, and being in the hands of a company which, though large, does not make up in numbers what is lacks in enthusiasm, the show will do very well. It elicited considerable laughter, and got a certain call. It is to be continued the rest of the week, with a matinee Saturday.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Frederick Warde at the Marquam.

This morning at 10 o'clock the sale of seats for Frederick Warde's engagement at the Marquam Grand Theater will open. Mr. Warde will present on Monday night "The Mountebank," Tuesday night, "Julius Caesar," Wednesday night, "Virginius," Thursday night, "King Lear." The company supporting Mr. Warde this season is said to be the best he ever had. Mr. Charles D. Herman, who is the principal leading man, is an actor of rare experience and quality. His achievements include his performance of "Macbeth" with Madame Modjeska, also his excellent interpretations several seasons ago, when as the leading support of Frederick Warde-Louis James Company, he appeared as Cassius in "Julius Caesar," Angelo in "The Lion's Mouth," Paola in "Francesca da Rimini," Edmund in "King Lear," and other important roles.

Continuance of "The Irish Pawnbrokers."

Owing to the great demand for seats during the engagement of "The Irish Pawnbrokers" at the Baker, it has been decided to give two extra performances. There has been already an excellent sale for the remainder of the week. The theater will be dark for the week after Monday, as new opera chairs are to be installed.

"What Happened to Jones."

George Broadhurst's funniest comedy, "What Happened to Jones," will be the attraction at Cordray's Sunday night and all next week. The comedy is one which has been a tremendous success both in this country and London, and is a fine example of what an American playwright can make of American material without importing a single line or situation from France. The company producing it this year is said to be the best that has been seen in the West, and has been received with favor wherever it has been seen.

Might Have Known Better.

New York Evening Post.

The officer who has been reprimanded has served his country well, but nothing suits him much better than parade. Something to the same effect may be said of the Admiral. Miles and Schley are signally alike in a quickness to welcome the keen sunlight of publicity. They enjoy it. They have more different uniforms, more photographs and are accessible to more reporters than any two men living. The infirmity may be harmless, but it is an infirmity. It is in striking contrast with the characteristics, the contempt for mere tailoring displayed by such campaigners as Sherman and Grant. At the threshold of the barracks certain liberties are relinquished. They include the right to speak too freely. They are exchanged for life pay, light work ordinarily, free travel, many allowances and other more or less substantial inducements. A reprimand is stinging an officer who has not been in touch with the department for some years. His dissatisfaction dates from the days of embalmed beef. The subsequent history has been of friction, cross purposes, sulking. The relations have been strained. Under such circumstances, a judicious soldier would have kept his head out of the lion's mouth—he would not have left an opening. Miles deliberately placed himself in an exposed situation. He rendered himself defenseless. Something more than a gross and rank violation of the military properties has been added to his record. His "break" was almost inconceivably stupid. Almost any subaltern would have known better.

Francis for President.

Kansas City Star.

David R. Francis, as the leading spirit of the St. Louis World's Fair, will be invested with a degree of distinction which has never before come to any person in a similar position. It was Francis who pushed the scheme to the front and was instrumental in causing the people of St. Louis to take hold of it with zeal and enthusiasm, a feeling which has been followed by a great wave of municipal reform. St. Louis, a rich but apathetic community, afflicted with a bad government, will blossom forth as an object lesson of civic enterprise, and all this will bring Mr. Francis into flattering prominence.

The ex-Governor has been regarded for some years as the foremost citizen of Missouri and his connection with the fair to celebrate the Louisiana purchase has not developed any qualities in his character which were not known before. But his conspicuous position and the fine style in which he is filling it makes him an object of renewed interest and gives force to the proposition to nominate him for President on the Democratic ticket in 1904.

The direct and intelligent methods of Mr. Francis, and his notable ability to grapple with practical problems, not to speak of his polite accomplishments, ought to commend him to a political organization that has wasted two fruitless campaigns on William Jennings Bryan and his impossibile theories.

Portland Is Energetic.

Lakeview Rustler.

The Port of Portland Commission has practically decided to build a drydock at an estimated cost of $325,000. This is only another evidence of the enterprise and push of Portland's business men; when they settle upon a proposition they usually make a go of it. Portland has long felt the need of a drydock, and, now that she is to have one, the repairing of ships and the shipping traffic generally will be greatly augmented.

Childhood's Lost Beliefs.

Eugene Field.

I once knew all the birds that came
  And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
  My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I know what thrived in yonder glen;
  What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
  But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
  Where the checkerberries could be found—
In knew the rushes near the mill
  Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
  Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
  But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
  I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
  I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet there's this youngster at my knee
  Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he!—
  But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain
  Of whatso'er the fates decree,
Yet were not wishes all in vain
  I tell you what my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
  Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
  But that was very long ago.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

When Filipinos are routed, they ought to be routed via the Styx.

The bell-less telephone is the next thing to be hoped for from science.

Austin's New Year's poem will keep his reputation in the same old place.

It appears that the Board of Education rule for enforcing vaccination didn't take.

Richard Croker is the latest addition to New York's reformers. See the joke?

Cuba elected a President unanimously. And yet people talk about politics in Cuba!

People going to California will please say "Hello" to the sun for their home-keeping friends.

Resolutions that have lasted this long should be looking around for some one to hang up a prize.

William Allen White certainly has given Platt cause to be angry. He published some of his poetry.

The Electoral College is up to date the only educational institution which hasn't tried to get a few millions out of Andrew Carnegie.

It is reported that General Miles smiled while attending the President's reception. Perhaps he was trying to heap coals of fire on Teddy's head.

The Czar has decorated his American dentist. A man who can furnish new crowns to a monarch is certainly entitled to some consideration.

The opera singer Sybil Sanderson is to marry Count Henri de Fitzjames, who is descended from the Duke of Berwick, a famous soldier, the illegitimate son of King James the Second of England and his mistress, Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough.

A Chicago minister has proclaimed the folly of a clergyman's picking a wife out of his own flock. The reverend gentleman is probably trying to get even with some pretty parishioner who doesn't think a girl ought to throw herself away on a minister.

Melrose Park, a Chicago suburb, has a new club—popularly known as the Pig Club. The tie that binds the members together is a common liking for what used to be called in Indiana "hog fixin's." The president of the Melrose Park Savings Bank, Ferdinand Dunnebecke, is president of the club. "We hold sessions each week," he says, "and pork will be the one meat served. Between times, too, we will eat no other meat than pork."

A strong sense of the proprieties on the part of a provincial clergyman of England was responsible for a curious entry in the programme of an organ recital not long ago. There once lived a composer who used to call himself Clemens non Papa, to avoid confusion with the Pope of the same name. In his programme the organist had included a piece by this composer, but the vicar, on looking over the proof, thought the name terribly ribald, so he instantly altered it to Clemens Junior.

Poster collecting, according to the newsdealers, has died out almost completely in the last year or two. Four or five years ago when the fad was at its height a number of worthless magazines were started on the strength of the posters which were made to advertise them. Several of the magazines have survived, and so have some of their posters, and not the good ones. The most voracious of the poster collectors were college students, many of whom plastered not only the walls but the ceilings of their rooms with gaudy, staring Beardsleyesque prints. Now even in the college rooms the fad has lost favor. Posters, as a rule, however, are made better now than they were, not only in plan, but in execution. The newsdealers bless the lapse of the craze because they can now keep attractive posters in their windows.

"Children will please give seats to older persons." Is it possible that the old-fashioned era is returning, or is this stentorian cry, heard day after day upon a certain car of the City & Suburban Street Railway, in this city, but an echo of a far away past. One thing is certain. This man, following the honorable but humble calling of street-car conductor, was brought up to give place and preference when a child to older people when there were not chairs enough to go round. No doubt he has often heard the command of his father, and, hearing, responded to it with alacrity, "My son, get up and give your mother the rocking chair," or "My boy, give your sister your seat," until this simple act of courtesy and consideration became a habit so strong as to partake of the quality called second nature. However this may be, startled mothers are day after day given a lesson in duty to the rising generation, and in courtesy to older folks, by this smiling but serious-minded street-car conductor as they gather their children in their laps or instruct them to rise and give seats which they have not paid for to grown persons who have. On other cars it is quite common to see tired women and elderly men holding to straps and swaying with the motion of the cars, while little tots who might well be taken upon the maternal knee, and boys of 10 and 12 years who ought to have learned at least the alphabet of chivalry, costly occupy seats. This is not, abstractly considered, a question of right, but a lesson, instead, in kindness, deference and politeness that if faithfully given at home would, in the course of a few years, solve a vexed question in street-car ethics. All honor to the conductor who reflects his early training by shouting as he ushers passengers into his crowded car, "Children will please give seats to older persons." "May his tribe increase."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

A man's idea of an ideal wife is one who thinks she has an ideal husband.—Chicago News.

Heart Interest.—She—Oh, Jack! I do hope your college wins the game tomorrow. He—I am glad you are on our side. She—Yes, indeed I am—I think the other team wears such unbecoming colors.—Brooklyn Life.

Many From One.—Tess—So you're really engaged? Jess—Yes, and to think I should do it after rejecting nearly 50 proposals. Tess—Fifty? Well, well, what a persistent young man he must be.—Philadelphia Press.

No Cause for Anxiety.—She—My trousseau is already beginning to show wear. He (startled)—But we've only been married a month. She—Now, don't you worry about it at all, dearest. I can make it as good as new for $500 or $600.—Harper's Bazar.

"I say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" said the cabman to the librarian. "Yes," replied the librarian. "That's the one." "Well, said the cabman, "you can just take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em when he got out 'flung his purse to the driver.' Now, when I want that sort of literature I'll go to Jules Verne and get it pure."—Tit-Bits.