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TODAY'S WEATHER—Rain; brisk to high, squally southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 58; minimum temperature, 44; precipitation, 0.40 inch.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JAN. 7, 1902.

BRYAN AND THE BOERS.

In his speech before the pro-Boer meeting at Cleveland, Mr. Bryan said he thinks it a disgrace that no official expression of sympathy with the Boers has yet been made by this Government. In this utterance Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Bourke Cockran, is simply playing the part of a demagogue. He is too intelligent a man not to know that our Government has gone as far in the matter of the Boer War as it possibly could without violating the decencies of diplomatic intercourse with a friendly power. At no time in the history of this Republic has our Government officially interfered in behalf of foreign peoples upon sentimental grounds. In the case of Cuba we were compelled to interfere as matter of self-interest and to enforce punishment for the blowing up of the Maine. But in all cases of foreign disturbances we have steadily upheld the conservative policy of non-interference. We refused to interfere in behalf of France when she became a republic in the days of Washington and Adams, and we refused to become her ally in the Napoleonic wars. We took no step toward intervention in behalf of Greece in 1824. We treated Kossuth in 1851-52 with distinguished honor, just as England did, but, like England, officially our Government treated his plea for intervention as utterly impracticable and at variance with the most venerated traditional policy of our Republic.

George Washington, in his farewell address, solemnly urged this conservative policy of non-interference with the affairs of foreign nations upon our people, and John Randolph warned us against imitating the ancient error of England, whom he described as at one time "the gamecock of Europe." In the case of Hungary in 1848-49 the appeal to the sympathy of our people was far stronger than in case of the Boers. Hungary had actually won her freedom, had crushed Austria and established a government, when Russia interfered, poured her armies over the frontier, defeated the Hungarians and re-established the Austrian rule over Hungary. Austria abused her victory shamefully. Women were stripped naked and flogged by orders of the Austrian General, and insurgent prisoners were shot in cold blood by hundreds. Nothing in the history of modern Europe since Waterloo has exceeded the horrors which followed the defeat of the Hungarian revolution save the military executions which followed Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat of 1851 or those inflicted upon the captured communists of Paris in May, 1871, by the government of the French republic.

We did not interfere in the case of Hungary, which made the strongest possible appeal to our sympathies, simply because no nation could possibly afford to interfere in the affairs of a foreign nation upon any other ground save that of self-interest and self-preservation. On grounds of pure sentiment there never has been a year of our existence when there was not some foreign people able to make a moving appeal. In 1798 there were horrors inflicted upon the insurgent Irish peasantry that completely exceeded anything that has happened since in the civilized world. As late as 1837-38 the French-Canadian rising in Canada was barbarously suppressed. Nineteen of the insurgents were hanged in Montreal alone, but our Government did not hesitate to arrest all American sympathizers who attempted to invade Canada in 1837, and our Government was equally prompt to arrest and punish the Fenian invaders of Canada in 1866 and 1870.

Under President McKinley our Government even strained the bounds of international propriety to signify to the British Government our willingness to act as mediator at any time. Lord Salisbury promptly served notice upon all "inquiring friends" that when England desired any mediation they would be duly notified. Since that date our own military attitude in the Philippines is not so entirely saturated with the rose-water of philanthropy and the perfumes of peace that we can afford to be hypercritical over the British military methods against the Boers. Our efforts to tame the Tagals are as freely denounced by anti-imperialist Americans as are the efforts of England to subjugate the Boers by the Irish home rule party and the Bryanite Democrats.

The secret of the sympathy of the Bryanite Democracy for the Boers is that they hope to embarrass the Administration. If the Administration were foolish enough to exceed diplomatic decency by expressing sympathy officially for the Boers, why, then, the Bryanite Democracy would instantly inquire why our Government didn't make peace with the Tagals on the basis of home rule. There is not the slightest probability that our Government will place itself in any such stupid position as that to which it is invited by Mr. Bryan. There have been times in the last fifty years when our own country treated some millions of its inhabitants in such a manner as to extort severe popular criticism from Europe, but there was no official expression of remonstrance, or rebuke, on part of any of the powers of Europe. Mr. Bryan is at full liberty to express his sympathy for the Boers in public meeting, but for our Government to do so would be an act of diplomatic impropriety as gross as it would be for Lord Salisbury to lecture us concerning our present military methods in the Philippines. Mr. Bryan is in the demagogue business, but Mr. Roosevelt is President of the United States, and not at liberty to play demagogue. Nor, had Mr. Bryan been elected to the Presidency, could he interpose for the Boers. The rebuff he would get would be such as to leave no alternative but to accept the humiliation or declare war on Great Britain.

NO SEA-LEVEL CANAL.

Most of the newspapers of the country display the same breadth, height and profundity of knowledge concerning the Isthmian Canal project which they showed in advocating the French reciprocity treaty as a rebuke to the steel trust, in fact its great beneficiary. In exudation of this knowledge, they talk glibly of a sea-level canal at Panama, and venture that it would be preferable to a canal with locks at Nicaragua. Now the fact is that nobody of responsible or authoritative connection with Isthmian Canal projects proposes a sea-level canal at any place on the isthmus. Nor has anybody held to that project since 1887, when France awoke from the De Lesseps dream, to mourn her vanished francs and think of something practical. The only place on earth where a sea-level Isthmian Canal is under construction is in the hair-trigger minds enthroned in certain American sanctums.

If you could get men, money and machinery enough together to cut through the Panama mountain range six miles wide and 333 feet high above the sea, it could be done, of course, but it would take many millions of dollars and twenty years of time. The Panama Company has abandoned the sea-level plan, and the American Commission rejects it. The present plan, therefore, contemplates two levels above the sea level, each to be reached by a flight of two locks. As it is, the summit cut on the Pacific or mountain section of the canal is a stupendous affair—7.91 miles long, and a depth of 286 feet below the natural surface of the ground, with a bottom width of 150 feet. The cut alone would take eight years to complete, at a cost of $44,000,000, a concentration of excavation that is without precedent.

Yet it is entirely practicable. Nobody denies that a canal can be cut at either Panama or Nicaragua. A consideration which is likely to have great weight in turning the scale in favor of the Nicaragua route is the fact that Nicaragua and Costa Rica are within our more immediate sphere of influence and that the construction and ownership of the canal would increase that influence. As the report of the Walker Commission puts it, "the intimate business relations that would be established with the people of the United States during the period of construction by the expenditure of vast sums of money in these states and the use of American products and manufactures would be likely to continue after the completion of the work, to the benefit of our manufacturing, agricultural and other interests."

There is the basis here for great development of thriving communities in the fertile soil and healthy climate of Central America. On the other hand, as the commission says, "a canal by the Panama route will be simply a means of communication between the oceans."

WELL WORTH WHILE.

Inasmuch as the United States forbids European powers to acquire American territory that its present owners wish to part from, like the Danish West Indies, for example, we can hardly do less than take over such territory ourselves, provided the price is satisfactory. The islands, moreover, have value in themselves and in their strategic position. Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, the largest of the islands, lies sixty-five miles east-southeast of Porto Rico, and is about twenty miles long from east to west by about five miles broad. Its area is 110 miles. It is flat, well watered and fertile. Its temperature varies from 54 to 92 degrees. Sugar and rum are its principal productions, but it raises some cotton, coffee and indigo. Its population in 1890 was about 20,000. St. Thomas is thirty-eight miles east of Porto Rico. Its length is seventeen miles and its breadth about four miles. Its capital, St. Thomas, has a population of 13,000, has an excellent harbor and an extensive trade. St. John has an area of forty-two miles and a population of about 1000. The three islands together cover about 127 square miles, and the present population is estimated to be about 30,000. In 1866-67 our Government, through Secretary of State Seward, agreed to pay $5,000,000 for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaty. The United States today offers but $3,240,000 for the three islands, of which Captain Mahan said in September last:

> The purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States places within the hands of Uncle Sam a Gibraltar which the navies of the world would be powerless to wrest from his grasp, for St. Thomas is the gateway of the Caribbean, and nature has given this half-way house of the sea the choicest of harbors for commercial and naval supremacy.

St. Thomas has a fine harbor, large coal wharves and a drydock. There is no color line drawn between the Danish whites and the blacks. Intermarriage is not unusual, and all the children, black and white, go to the same schools. In the Colonial Council are black men and white. There is no color line in business or society, or in the churches. Everybody speaks English on these islands, and, although the official language is Danish, English is used in the schools as well as in the courts of justice. On the Island of St. Croix there are two Masonic lodges, one French and one English, and in each of these there are as many black as white members. One of the deacons of the Dutch Reformed Church is a full-blood negro. The white people and nearly all the sugar producers of the islands are in favor of annexation, but the blacks, who are of a superior class, are opposed to it, because they apprehend that with American ownership will come the establishment of a distinct color line in society and business, which has hitherto been unknown. A great naval station can be built at St. Thomas far more cheaply than at San Juan, Porto Rico, whose harbor would need to be dredged at the cost of several millions of dollars. St. Thomas today has the best harbor in the West Indies.

THE POOR PREACHER.

Perhaps the most pathetic story brought from the lost Walla Walla is that of the poor preacher, Erickson, who has just arrived at San Francisco, almost dead from exposure and crazed from grief. Mr. Erickson had taken passage on the Walla Walla with his wife and three children. They couldn't all go first cabin, because funds were low, as they always are in the poor preacher's family, so Mrs. Erickson went first cabin and the father took the children second-class. When the ship struck they found each other for a few moments, but in a short time were separated and the father found himself on a raft in the open sea, accompanied only by the oldest child, a boy. Exposure proved too much for the little fellow, who soon died in his father's arms, and after the heartbroken man had bowed his head in silent prayer over his dead child the body of the boy was consigned to the waves as tenderly as possible, and when the raft was at length picked up the father was a physical and almost a mental wreck.

These are sorrows which need the consolations of religion, if any do, yet they are hardly heavier than the severe strain of self-denial and privation to which the poor preacher is continually subject. No calling is so brutally maligned and so cruelly misunderstood. The average pay of country clergymen in Oregon, in one denomination at least, has been ascertained not to exceed $200 per annum. Yet on this slender sum he has to maintain appearances for himself and his family on a par with the richest of his congregation. He has to earn his salary and earn it over again collecting it. His family would often go hungry if it were not for the donation party and inadequately clothed if it were not for the cast-off clothing flung to them by the members of city congregations.

There is very little the poor preacher gets in this world but the reward of a good conscience and the hope of heaven. He is usually looked down upon by those who have the talent for money-making that has been denied him. He is not a money-maker, he is not a hustler. It is to be feared that he is frequently deficient in the practice of Poor Richard's philosophy. But he goes on his way rejoicing, in the thought that he has obeyed a heavenly vision, in the hope that what he misses here will be made up hereafter, good measure, pressed down and running over. There are those so incompetent to understand his nature that they would doubtless grudge him even these rewards, which are, however, beyond the reach of envy or malice. The poor preacher is easily pleased. He has been known to shed tears of joy at the prospect of attending synod at Portland, where he could hear committee reports an hour long and meet in intimate converse a lot of preachers as poor and overworked, as physically worn and mentally starved as himself.

A GREAT PLAY.

The play of "Julius Caesar" keeps the stage chiefly because of the three great parts of Antony, Brutus and Cassius. The wonderful speech of Antony over the dead body of Caesar is a model of that artful eloquence which, playing with the passions, the reason, the imagination and the tender sympathies of human nature, sweeps its audience in turn from tears to mutiny and rage and then back again to tears. The oratorical contest between Antony and Brutus is marked by fine contrast. Brutus speaks first with noble simplicity and sententiousness. His appeal is to the judgment, the conscience, the patriotism of his hearers. Then Antony follows with a versatile attack upon all sides of human nature; he plays on the hearts of his audience as a great musician does upon a great organ. He makes some of the pipes peal forth the deep bass notes of rage and revenge; he makes others whisper hoarsely in accents of horror; he makes others still melodious with the sweet flute notes of tender sentiment and pathos. When that oratorical duel is over Caesar is avenged; all Rome has risen behind Antony and Brutus and Cassius are fugitives.

Brutus is a poetic-minded, captivating dreamer, as imaginative as Macbeth, for he sees Caesar's ghost even as Macbeth does that of Banquo. He is as full of charming courtesy and chivalry with his friends as Hamlet; but he is the imaginative dreamer with a conscience like Hamlet, not the imaginative dreamer and doer without a conscience, like Macbeth. Brutus is a creature of the Girondist type; the fellows that can die for liberty but never have the gift to organize it into any form of efficient government, like Cromwell. Cassius as a man is the foil to Brutus, even as Brutus the orator is the foil to the overpowering eloquence of Antony. Cassius is no dreamer; he is your true conspirator, a lean, critical, saturnine fellow with something of subtlety and crafty persuasiveness about him, and yet he is as true to his flag and his friends as Brutus. He is a practical man; he reads Antony right and urges his death when Brutus sees nothing in him but a wild and flippant reveller, not dangerous enough to be put to the dagger. Cassius is the better soldier, for the battle is lost at Philippi because Brutus gives the word too soon.

The brief, fleeting glimpse we get of Caesar shows that Shakespeare correctly estimated him as a statesman, a philosopher, a fascinating man of the world, fearless, good-natured, sagacious, easily the foremost man of all the world. The quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius is justly famous, and yet a finer bit of delicate art is Brutus' disclosure to Cassius of the news of Portia's death. Portia, the wife of Brutus, briefly but beautifully comes and goes, a phantom of delight, of whom Brutus eloquently says:

> You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart.

Shakespeare's keen apprehension of the real noble strength and sincerity that underlie the irritable jealous temper of Cassius is well set forth in his speech to the conspirators. Cassius is not a sweet-tempered, refined Roman gentleman, like Brutus, but in the capacity to die with courage for his convictions he was the peer of his noble friend. The art of Shakespeare makes Cassius as complete a foil in character and temperament to Brutus as Hotspur is to Prince Hal.

An anomaly of Cuban trade is that most of the island's ocean carrying trade is in the hands of foreign countries which take only a minor fraction of Cuba's products. For example, Sweden and Norway in the first three months of this year carried between Cuban and United States ports nearly $5,000,000 worth of goods, and yet purchased from Cuba goods worth only $2365. And in the first six months of this year 74 per cent of the sugar exported from Cienfuegos was in foreign vessels, though practically all of it came to this country. Nearly 90 per cent of the sugar brought from Cuba to the United States is brought in foreign vessels. The New York Tribune suggests that the merchandise passing between Cuba and the United States, in order to enjoy the proposed preferential rates of duty, should be carried in Cuban or United States vessels, and that only vessels built in Cuba or the United States be admitted to Cuban registry. Thus the mercantile marine of the two countries would receive a fine stimulus, and in a short time the goods would be transported by the countries which produce and consume them. The suggestion is not a liberal one, but it is in thorough harmony with the protective theory and the practice of our coasting laws. It is probable that long before we can get free ships our coasting regulations will be extended to the Philippines as well as to Cuba. It is the mischief of subsidies that once these maritime arrangements are inaugurated they are apt to be permanent.

One of the points on which Senator Hanna rests his advocacy of subsidies is the payment of $200,000,000 annually to the foreign carrying trade—a sum which he would doubtless have us understand is a clear gift. But the Shipping World, of London, easily confutes this Hannaian idea. "From 85 to 90 per cent," it says, "of the freight earnings are paid out—in cost of navigation, of provisions, coal, repairs, general depreciation, administration, insurance and other expenses; about one-half of these payments are made in American ports, and go into American pockets; not even all the profits go to foreign owners, for in a large number of important instances some of the owners, as managers and shareholders, reside in America, and are often American citizens. Senator Hanna is a shipowner, and knows." The Shipping World might also have put in a plea in abatement that the foreign shipowners probably render value received for every penny of the $200,000,000.

The importance to the performance of a great work that one human being may be, and in this instance is, is shown by the suspended effort on the part of Salvation Army workers incident to the severe illness of Mrs. Booth-Tucker in San Francisco. Her husband, canceling all engagements, hurried to her bedside; all of her own dates, covering a tour of the United States, were canceled, and the National congress of officers of the Army in New York will be abandoned. Having so recently appeared before a Portland audience, there is a generous local interest here in this earnest woman and her work, supplemented by sympathy with her in her suffering, and ardent hope that she will live to continue her work for humanity.

Who says that the climate of Oregon has changed; that the gently descending mists that wooed the pioneer to dreamy idleness while volunteer crops sprang up and throve luxuriantly in his stubble-fields belong to the early years about which the vague shadows of forgetfulness are gathering? Are we not now in the enjoyment of typical Oregon weather—balmy, moist and full of the promise of honest abundance? It is true that latter-day Oregonians cannot depend upon crops from volunteer or self-sown grain. Too much has been drawn from the soil by the grain yields of half a century to permit this. But "Oregon mist" is still on duty—mild-mannered, soft-falling and full of promise.

The farmers of Yamhill County do not seem to be as loyal to their river as it was supposed they were from the clamor of years that ended in the construction of locks at the falls of the Yamhill at La Fayette. Owing to lack of paying patronage, the one boat that was put on the McMinnville River in the Fall was drawn off after two trips. Another effort will be made to run a boat between this city and McMinnville, but shippers have been given to understand that the only way to keep a boat on the route is to make it pay the owners to run her. This is a plain proposition, the terms of which must be met if steamboating is kept alive on the Yamhill River.

Calamity, bearing the brand of insanity, disgrace, sorrow and shadows, frequently overtakes members of the royal house of Belgium. The Queen a wretched prisoner by edict of her husband; his sister, the ex-Empress Carlotta, a hopeless maniac; one daughter, the widow of the profligate suicide, Archduke Rudolph of Austria, and another lately sequestered as hopelessly insane after years of sorrow, scandal and disgrace—truly this most unhappy family furnishes in the light of history an example wherein the fathers having eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge.

The Boston papers are weightily impressed with the Panama route. They have also been impressed from time immemorial with the desirability of sacrificing American railroads in favor of the Canadian Pacific and its New England connections. Boston is the cradle of liberty, and also the incubator of railroad politics.

Commissioner Banfield tells what he should do if he were one of the three warring Commissioners of the Port of Portland. He would propose that all three resign, and let the Multnomah delegation fill their places. It is up to Commissioners Hughes, Swigert and Adams to consider the merits of this rare suggestion.

"One swallow does not make a Summer." No more does one failure in the poultry business condemn all efforts in this line to failure. At least, this seems to be the consensus of opinion among men engaged in this business in this vicinity.

Perhaps Mr. Hughes, as chairman of the Port of Portland Commission, might get rid of the members not agreeable to him by a "Pride's Purge," or something of that kind. He might call on the Governor for the troops.

No Subsidy Needed.

Philadelphia Times.

France has spent $42,000,000 on ship subsidies and has received no results. With no subsidies in sight the American shipyards are full of work. The subsidy promoters are being hit on all sides.

THE NEW YEAR'S OREGONIAN.

Astoria Astorian.

The Oregonian published a New Year's edition of exceptional merit, largely in the interests of the Lewis and Clark Fair, to be held in 1905. The edition contains many interesting facts concerning Oregon, her people, industries, growth and possibilities, and as an advertising medium will prove especially valuable. Every county is properly represented. The Oregonian shows that Oregon is forging rapidly to the front, and that the growth of the state, so long delayed, will soon go on unrestricted. The memorable Lewis and Clark expedition is given considerable space in anticipation of the coming fair. Clatsop's magnificent resources are dealt with, and the showing made for the gateway county is particularly gratifying. All in all, the edition is one of the best special numbers ever published on the Coast, and reflects great credit on the publishers and contributors.

Cottage Grove Nugget.

The mammoth New Year Oregonian, 64 pages, splendidly illustrated and covering with minute detail the vast and varied resources of the whole state, is an achievement worthy of that great paper. As year succeeds year this great journal excels its past excellence in the matter of its annual edition, the ever unfolding resources of Oregon furnishing new and surprising themes. The native and pioneer have for many years accepted it as their Bible, and now the prospector and the miner are looking to it as their Moses leading out to the financial world. All praise to the enterprise and push of The Oregonian.

Union Republican.

Of all the great papers issued in the Pacific Northwest, the New Year's edition of The Oregonian is the greatest. A perusal of its 64 pages will convince anyone that we have in Oregon one of the grandest and most promising countries on earth. The state owes much to the enterprise of the publishers of that journal for so generously presenting to the world its varied resources.

Baker City Democrat.

The New Year's edition of The Portland Oregonian has the distinction of being the handsomest paper, typographically, ever issued from the press of The Oregonian Publishing Company, which is noted for fine newspaper work. It is also more carefully edited and filled with more reliable news and information of Oregon and the great Northwest than any previous edition of that paper, or any other paper or pamphlet yet published upon the resources of Lewis and Clark land.

Junction City Times.

The New Year's Oregonian from an Oregon standpoint is a library within itself. Her products and resources, her fluctuations and vast concerns are graphically portrayed and its array of facts and figures cannot be gainsaid. The Lewis and Clark expedition, its effect on the United States, is intelligently and interestingly treated. The issue consists of 64 pages and handsomely illustrated. Every citizen should send a copy to Eastern friends.

Portland New Age.

The New Year's edition of The Oregonian is a magnificent production in the way of comprehensive data of practical value to Oregon particularly and to the entire Northwest generally. It is presented in the usual newspaper form. Statistics are given in an attractive and succinct way, concerning the remarkable development of the vast territory considered. The great array of details thus carefully compiled, without unnecessary bluster or attempt at sensational headlines, present a volume of evidence of the material growth in industrial and commercial interests of which Oregon especially should be infinitely proud. This great number of The Oregonian should be liberally distributed throughout the overburdened communities of the East for the immeasurable good it will do in the way of disseminating reliable and much-desired information concerning our boundless resources and the ease with which they may be profitably developed. The historical narrative concerning Lewis and Clark's exploration of the "Oregon Country" is especially interesting in view of the proposed commemoration of that notable expedition by a grand centennial celebration in this city in 1905.

Weston Leader.

The Oregonian's annual, issued January 1, 1902, consists this year of 64 pages. Like everything of this nature The Oregonian undertakes, the number represents a vast amount of careful, intelligent effort, and some of the best writers in the state have contributed to its columns. Statistical and descriptive matter of great value to Oregon and the Northwest is presented in readable form, with attractive half-tone illustrations.

Democrats Rebuked by a Democrat.

Chicago Chronicle.

Three-fourths of the Democratic vote of the country is at the North. Outside of two or three large cities, where it is sometimes debauched by corrupt leadership, this vote is thrown for principle and without expectation of individual gain. This vote is practically nullified by the conditions which prevail at the South. It is betrayed as in Louisiana. It is sacrificed in National affairs to serve the local interests in the South. It is made the fag-end of a Southern party which accepts offices, tariffs and subsidies from a trading opposition, and now it is likely, through the connivance of the Administration with vote suppression in the black belt, to find itself more than ever the victim of betrayal even in its own conventions. There can be no triumphant Democracy while the true Democratic party is thus made the sport of a huckstering and vote-suppressing oligarchy at the South. Relief from this intolerable condition of affairs is of as much importance to the true Democrats of the South and border states as it is to the great mass of the party at the North.

The Croker-Belmont Fight.

Boston Herald.

The controversy that has come between Richard Croker and Perry Belmont over the Democratic nomination to Congress in the Seventh New York district would seem to afford a favorable opportunity for Republican success in that quarter. The district voted in its election of a Congressman in 1900: Democratic, 13,654; Republican, 9322. This is only a little over 4000 Democratic majority, which, it would seem, Croker should be able to overcome in case Belmont is declared to be the Democratic nominee, as is the prospect at present. The fight is an ugly one between the two men. Croker has the superior power in the Democratic ranks, but Belmont has a good deal of money. There is a fine opening for the Republicans to slip in a member of Congress between the two. The gain of a Republican member will not be important in the present composition of the House of Representatives, as the Republicans have nearly 50 majority already.

Immortality in Pensions.

New York Times.

The chairman of the Confederate Pension Board in one of the largest counties of Virginia tells the Richmond (Va.) Times, as that paper says, that he has determined to hand in his resignation solely because the board is unable to shut out an unworthy class of professional Confederates who are clamoring more loudly for pensions. "A class of men have come before us," he says, "who were on the reserve list, and never had been, except on stated occasions, called out. Many of them were working in machine shops and drawing wages during the war, and were never in the regular army. I think I might say that at least 50 per cent of the pension money disbursed by my board went to people who did not seem to need it or deserve it." The Times says that under the new Virginia state pension law the number of pensioners has increased about fourfold.

AMUSEMENTS.

Frederick Warde, always welcome in Portland, reappeared at the Marquam last night, and, warm as have been the greetings accorded him year after year, none has been more enthusiastic than that of the large audience which gathered to see him in "The Mountebank." Curtain calls followed every act so fast that they were hard to count, and nothing but the speech the audience felt sure they ought to have would check their ardor after the scene in which the long-persecuted mountebank finally gains an advantage over the man who has wronged him. Mr. Warde is supported by an unusually good company this year, and never before has he presented his plays so admirably in point of costumes and scenery. In the part of Belphegon the Mountebank, he has a fine chance to prove himself the master of his art that he is, and he improves it first, last and all the time. Whether "barking" on the street in the endeavor to extract coins from the spectators, paying loving attentions to his wife or voicing his despair at her desertion, he is always the artist, and not a scene in the play fails to yield all of interest or pathos there is in it at his skillful touch. The finest thing he did last night was in the last act, when, in the guise of Laverennes, the persecutor, the mountebank pours the tale of his long suffering into the tortured ear of his wife. So real, in fact, does the sorrow of the husband, the hunger of the child and the distress that has fallen on the household become that its duration might be considerably curtailed in several instances to the gain of the play. Strong medicine should be given in small doses, and it is necessary to harrow up the feelings of an audience but for a little space in order to teach them the lesson of trouble that is so readily learned.

Of the support, Mr. Charles D. Herman, as Laverennes, the spurious Count who brings so much woe into the suffering of the mountebank, had the best opportunity last night, and he made much of it, in his usual even and admirable style of acting. Barry Johnstone, who never does anything carelessly, devoted much attention to the part of the Duc de Montrason, and won for himself a generous measure of applause. John E. Haynes extracted much comedy from the part of a clown. Miss Antoinette Ashton, a young woman possessed of a good voice and considerable talent, made an excellent Madelaine; Miss Virginia Drew Trescott did a great deal with two small parts. Miss May Warde played the part of a danseuse in a fashion which showed that she has improved a great deal since her last appearance here, and Miss Aileen Bertelle did a bit of splendid work with the role of Henry, the son of the mountebank. The remainder of the company, which is very large, was all that could be desired.

Tonight, "Julius Caesar."

"The Burgomaster."

The sale of seats will open tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock for "The Burgomaster," which comes to the Marquam Grand Theater next Friday and Saturday nights with a matinee Saturday. Its sprightly musical score is not all that commends "The Burgomaster" to public favor. The book is said to be genuinely funny. It has made its author, Frank Pixley, all but famous. His subsequent success with "King Dodo" has fully borne out the promises he made and fulfilled with "The Burgomaster." The career of "The Burgomaster" is such as to leave no doubt of its merit, for it has enjoyed "runs" of 150 performances in Chicago, 100 in New York, 100 in Philadelphia and 100 in Boston.

Good Man for the Coronation.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The suggestion that ex-President Cleveland be appointed to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward VII is a good one.

The occasion calls for an envoy who has been or is closely associated with our Government. Other nations will be represented by sovereigns, or by personal representatives of sovereigns. The United States, where sovereignty rests with the people, should be represented by a man of the people, by one who bears the signet of popular approval or indorsement.

Mr. Cleveland is such a man—our only living ex-President. He was twice elected to the highest office within the gift of the people. Whatever may be said of his policies or of his partisanship, it must also be said that when he retired from office he carried with him the respect not only of the American people, but of all the countries that had, during his administration, dealings with this Nation. No President went further in asserting our traditional policy against England than Mr. Cleveland, and probably no man in this country is more highly respected in England than the President who intervened in the case of Venezuela.

In the Venezuela case Mr. Cleveland unmistakably represented American sentiment and conviction. His courageous action, his readiness to assume all the responsibilities of such action, won him the favor of his bitterest political opponents at home and the regard of the masters of diplomacy abroad. If he should go to England in a representative capacity he would represent a distinctive Americanism—a well-defined policy, which, while it was his policy, is also that of President Roosevelt.

Other public men, in special equipment, may be better qualified for the place than Mr. Cleveland, but no other man will be, under the circumstances, so fit a representative of the American Government and the American people. Therefore President Roosevelt will do well to name the ex-President special envoy to represent the sovereignty of the largest republic in the world at the coronation ceremonies of the sovereign of the largest empire in the world.

Cut Off the War Taxes.

Detroit Journal.

It is stated that it was the immense and constantly growing Treasury surplus that overwhelmed Secretary Gage, and that Secretary Shaw will be confronted with a similar problem. Practically, however, the problem is one for Congress, and it seems likely that it could easily legislate to prevent the accretion in the Treasury of the money of the people in an amount dangerous to the commercial interests of the country and onerous on the taxpayers as well. At the last session of Congress the press of the country was nearly a unit in demanding the removal of the war revenue schedule. The response was a partial revision of the schedule under the mistaken impression that the revenues of the Government would thereby be brought into close relation to its expenditures. But still the surplus has continued to grow, so that during the first six months of the current fiscal year the Government will have received from the people nearly $45,000,000 more than the expenses during the same period. What Congress should do, then, is to cut off the war schedule bodily and trim the special tax list, and it should do this before it begins to hack at the rich red meat of the present surplus.

Death.

William Ellery Channing.

O Death! thou art the palace of our hopes,
The storehouse of our joys—great labor's end;
Thou art the bronzed key which swiftly opes
The coffers of the Past; and thou shalt send
Such trophies to our hearts as sunny days,
When Life upon its golden harpstrings plays.

And when a nation mourns a silent voice
That long entranced its ear with melody,
How must thou in thy inmost soul rejoice
To wrap such treasures in thy boundless sea!
And thou wert dignified if but one soul
Had been enfolded in thy twilight stole.

Jesus.

O Jesus! if thy spirit haunts this vale,
When sweetly on the air the church-bells wail—
If to some lonely soul thy memory brings
The healing of thy beauty on its wings,
And to that gentle heart its truth does say—
That thou wert mild and gentle—pure alway—
And promises a rest in sacred camps,
Where holy angels tend unfailing lamps;
Where all that here that lowly heart did love
Dwells in the sunshine of that sphere above—
Then thou, serenest Jesus! art to him
As lustrous, mild-eyed, blissful Seraphim.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Why don't you take that 1901 calendar down?

The sun's New Year's call is getting long overdue.

Secretary Long is saying things to Senator Nelson, but Nelson can talk back.

White called Platt a poet. Platt thought of Alfred Austin, and brought suit for libel.

The Venezuelan Navy has only one ship, unless you count the bad seamanship of her crew.

We have received no seed for our 1902 flower garden. (Congressional Record, please copy.)

New Year's resolutions have not materially increased the receipts of the water committee.

A toy trust has been organized, but it can't do anything unless it makes terms with Santa Claus.

Great Britain has sent 1462 stoves to South Africa. Christmas dinner parties are organizing early this year.

Melbourne MacDowell says he was drugged and married. Here is a suggestion for impatient spinsters.

South Carolina having made $500,000 out of the saloon business in a year, her Governor has nothing whatever to say to the Governor of North Carolina.

A Virginia woman placed 13 buckshot into a man who stood beside the target at which she was practicing. But perhaps the gun went off by accident.

Come, gentlemen, now and join all in the vow
That one habit, at least, you will quit;
That you'll find it is wise to do what I advise,
I think you will quickly admit.
For a Frenchman has found that not only sound,
But sight for a mile can be thrown,
And invented a plan by which any man
Can see through the telephone.

And now do you think, when you stand on the brink
Of madness and wildly "Hello,"
And get no reply you can savagely cry,
"What makes you so all-fired slow?"
When a telephone girl, with a fluffety curl,
A peach, and a pearl, and a prize,
With all maidenly grace and a picture-book face,
Is looking right into your eyes?

Do you think you will dare to splutter or swear
When your number is busy all day,
When a girl looks at you with a glance that goes through
Your soul in an impudent way.
Do you think you will yell, "This service is ——!
I'll talk to the boss about you,"
As you often have done since the early year one,
When the girl is right there in full view?

You'd better prepare such rough talk to forswear
And take what you get silently,
For you can't be so gay, with your browbeating way,
To a telephone girl you can see.
It is her turn to crow, and she'll hand you, you know,
The worst of it right straight along.
If you think you're deuce high when you look in her eye,
Why that, my dear friend's where you're wrong.

PUZZLES THE SPANIARDS.

Result of Schley Inquiry Compared With Praise for Cervera.

The Sun, Havana, Cuba.

What few Spanish officers or ex-officers remain in Havana have been greatly interested in the reports regarding the Schley inquiry. An old ex-Colonel of Spanish artillery asked us some questions concerning the trial. "Doubtless the Americans are great people," he said, "but why should they condemn Admiral Schley for destroying Cervera's squadron? I think it is more absurd than the verdict given at Admiral Cervera's trial after he had lost his fleet.

"No wonder that Spaniards and Americans do not understand each other. In Spain the Admiral who loses a battle is praised and in the United States the Admiral who annihilates the enemy's naval power is condemned."

Too Good to Be True.

Des Moines Leader.

It is related that on the last tour of President McKinley in the South Andrew Carnegie was in the party, and all were asked to attend a negro church in Thomasville, Ga., where a very fervid colored minister officiated.

It is said that whenever a lull came in the services the deacons took up a collection, but through hospitable motives avoided passing the box to the white visitors. The old pastor arose at last and preached a sermon that was at the same time eloquent, earnest and ridiculous—preaching right at the white folks, and his description of the poverty of the church was so impressive that when the deacons passed the contribution-boxes around for the third time Mr. Carnegie intercepted one and dropped a $50 bill in the box.

The old preacher counted their contents. When he had finished he placed a handful of small change on one side and a crisp greenback on the other. Clearing his throat, he said:

"Breddren, we has been greatly blessed by dish yer conterbution. We has heah fo' dollahs an' fo'ty cents; dat is good; an' if de fifty-dollah bill put in by de white gemman wid de gray whiskers is also good, we is blessed a whole lot moah," and he looked suspiciously at the giver of libraries and campaign funds.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Probably His First.—He—Aftah all, I—aw—think second thought ah best, donchoo know. She—Oh, have you had a second one?—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sinecure.—Mrs. Flynn—An' phwat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey? Mrs. Casey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' anything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a Government job.—Leslie's Weekly.

How He Spoiled It.—He—I thought you looked charming last night. She—Oh, now! Did you, really? He—Yes. Why, I could hardly believe it was you.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. Cahey—Y' lead me a cat and a dog loife, y' do. Mrs. Cahey—Ach, it's that werry thing Oi do. You layin' an' loafin' aroun' the house and me workin' hard th' whoile t' feed ye.—Harlem Life.

A Malicious Exposure.—Emeline—How I should love to overhear the conversation of several highly intellectual men. Edgar—Pooh! I've been with them; they always begin on books, but soon get to talking about something good to eat.—Detroit Free Press.

The Main Point.—Mrs. Gatterson—You will come to dinner anyway, Mr. Tutter, will you not, though I am afraid there will not be many interesting people present. Tutter (gallantly)—What difference does that make? One is always sure of a good square meal at your house.—Brooklyn Life.

No Thoughts.—"The postman has just brought me Aunt Jane's present," said the poet's wife. "What do you think it is?" "I don't know," replied the poet, disturbed at work. "But can't you think?" "Gee whizz! How do you expect me to think now? I'm writing something for the magazines."—Philadelphia Press.

Pertinent.—Mrs. Duguid (president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals)—My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even have a family of pet toads. I love them so that I catch flies to feed them. Small boy—Please, missus, ain't flies animals?—Town and Country.

A Pretty Custom.—"Don't you think that the writing of letters to Santa Claus is a pretty custom for children?" "I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is very much like the practice of introducing bills in Congress. In the majority of cases there are no practical results. But the author is gratified and there is no harm done."—Washington Star.