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TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy and occasionally threatening weather; north to east winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 46; minimum temperature, 38; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JANUARY 14.

PORTLAND IGNORED.

We have already been apprised of the self-sacrificing efforts Mr. J. J. Hill purposes to take upon himself on behalf of the downtrodden people of the Pacific Northwest, and now the Union Pacific sets out at length its extensive plans for the benefit of the toiling masses reached by its lines.

Within the year 1902 the Union Pacific is to spend between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 in improvements and extensions. What is the object? The object is frankly avowed to be perfection of the road "between Omaha and San Francisco," especially "west of Salt Lake and Ogden," especially the "Salt Lake-Los Angeles branch of the Oregon Short Line."

When this present struggle between rival amalgamations began, the Hill combination had Puget Sound, the Harriman combination had the Columbia River. The prize aimed at was, as each side confesses, the Oriental trade. As the Union Pacific announcement already quoted puts it, "the Union Pacific has long since decided that it must have a fast line to the Coast gateway in order to retain its hold on the Oriental trade." It has been thought necessary to make such improvements as will "fix us for the Oriental trade, which is something enormous, especially to and from the Philippines and Japan."

In order to be able to handle the Oriental trade, then, the Union Pacific set to work. Mr. Hill on his part ordered steamships for Puget Sound and acquired connections West and East. The Union Pacific, on its part, raised some $75,000,000 to buy the Central Pacific and get into San Francisco. If it had any idea that the Orient could be reached either going or coming by way of its Oregon road and the Columbia River, the knowledge was most studiously and effectively concealed.

But the Union Pacific has other plans. One is to cover Central California, another is to get to Los Angeles. "The Southern Pacific improvements are by far the most important," continues the announcement, "since they have direct bearing on the gateway business, but this extension of the Oregon Short Line to Los Angeles is also a big proposition. It will require between 500 and 600 miles more to reach Los Angeles, and it is hardly probable that this can be completed in 1902, although the effort will be made."

The Union Pacific is known to entertain plans also for the improvement of the line to Portland. No one supposes it is ignorant of this country, or forgetful of its purposes of betterments here. It simply feels that they are not worth mentioning, that's all. Every day or two somebody at San Francisco or Omaha gives out engaging statements of the extensive operations the Union Pacific has in view for California and for its Oriental trade routes which exist nowhere outside of California, but if it has any plans for Oregon or its Oregon routes, it cannot spare the time or trouble to make them known.

Within the last few weeks three long statements of the Harriman plans, one from San Francisco and two from Omaha, have been given to the press. They covered improvements and Oriental trade. They contained not one word concerning Portland or the Oregon lines.

DECIDEDLY INCONSISTENT.

We are indebted to the Division of Insular Affairs, War Departrment, for a very interesting article on the attar of ylang ylang. It appears that this exceedingly valuable perfume is produced to best advantage in the Philippine Islands. The War Department seeks to inculcate the idea that the attar of ylang ylang is in reality the heir of the other great favorite odors of history, such as the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans, Cologne's famous water, the Balkan attar of roses, and the violet. The ylang ylang, sometimes spelled ilang ilang, while indigenous to many parts of tropical Asia, reaches its greatest perfection in the Philippine Islands, where it is a favorite among the natives. "Besides its value as an attar in preparations for the hair and toilet waters," says the circular, "it is also claimed to possess curative virtues in tooth and other aches and pains. In a preparation of cocoanut oil known to commerce as Macassar oil, for the hair, attar of ylang ylang is the perfume. The perfumers of Europe, and to a less degree of the United States, make it the base of some of their most costly extracts. The Manila oil is practically without competition in the markets of the Western nations on account of superiority."

It is very good of the War Department to interest itself in this product of the Philippine Islands and draw attention to the desirability of increasing its trade in the United States. But the War Department is not consistent with itself, for while in this circular it dwells fondly on Philippine production, otherwise it is doing all it can to discourage it. The opposition to fair trade for Philippine imports into the United States is said to reside largely with Secretary Root, who insists on the speedy passage of the Payne tariff bill through the Senate. Schedule A, paragraph 70, of the Dingley law, reads as follows:

. . . Articles of perfumery, whether in sachets or otherwise, not containing alcohol, and not specially provided for in this act, 50 per cent ad valorem.

Ylang ylang, worth $40 a pound at Manila, will cost $60 here. With favoring tariffs this industry might stand some show of extension here; but with the War Departrment insisting on the Dingley tariff of 50 per cent ad valorem, its pleas for ylang ylang are, as they should be, vain.

DELIBERATION RUN TO SEED.

A good deal of complaint is heard against the House of Representatives because of its facility in doing business. The House, as the Boston Herald maintains in an article which has been widely reproduced, is, in fact, not a deliberative body. It has "no dignified part in legislation." It passes bills "practically without consideration." Therefore it "is developing no leaders of the people," and the Herald asks how many men in the House are reckoned of Presidential size.

In this discussion The Oregonian will declare at once and irrevocably on the side of the House. The Senate is our truly deliberative body, and long may it remain so. It deliberates to the last degree. It deliberates to the point of obstruction. It deliberates, but it seldom acts. If you want meditation, speeches, oratory, circumspection, go to the Senate. If you want action, go to the House.

The Senate has been deliberating, lo! these many years, on the election of Senators by the people, repeatedly approved, in the shape of a constitutional amendment, by the House. It has been deliberating these many years on a Nicaragua Canal, sent up to it by repeated bills passed in the House. It deliberates on river and harbor improvements until they are killed by adjournment; it deliberates on currency reform bills till they are sacrificed to silver; it deliberates on tariff bills till they are made over in the interests of protected trusts. The Senate does this because it is entrenched in decorum, conservatism, irresponsibility to the people, density and gloom. This is deliberation, but it is not business.

Deliberation is not the need of the hour so much as promptness is, or honesty, or intelligence, in any of which properties the Senate is far below the House. The idea that public questions are passed upon without sufficient consideration is utterly preposterous. They are discussed thoroughly and intelligently in the newspapers. What the Senate does is simply to befog them with disingenuous and misleading inventions of partisan politics. The reciprocity treaties, the finance reports, the canal reports—everything, in short, that has a legitimate bearing on the action of Congress is printed in the papers and completely threshed out long before it emerges from the committee-room of their High and Mightinesses in the Senate. The Senate delays a great many things, obscures some and spoils others, but the idea that deliberation in the Senate sheds light upon a single point in legislation is too remote for entertainment, even in Boston.

Because the House acts instead of talks is a strange reason to offer for its lack of Presidential timber. If the House has given us Blaine, Carlisle, Reed, Garfield, Bryan and McKinley, the Senate certainly did not give us Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland or Roosevelt. The deliberative Senate does not, in fact, seem to impress the people generally as excessively strong in Presidential timber, or even Cabinet material.

The special cause of complaint that gave rise to the Herald's indictment of the House is the prompt passage of the Hepburn bill. An isthmian canal having been assiduously debated, deliberated on and delayed for no longer than the brief space of 400 years, the Herald feels that the precipitation of the House is unseemly. Incidentally we all know how anxious New England is for the Nicaragua Canal, and especially those Massachusetts communities that are intimately affiliated with the Canadian Pacific and other transcontinental railroads.

WHY FREIGHTS DECLINE.

After nearly four years of remarkable prosperity in shipping, ocean freights are again settling down close to the dividing-line between profit and loss. The charter of a spot ship in Portland Saturday at 22s 9d, compared with 37s for the last previous spot charter, shows a remarkably weak freight market. For several years prior to 1898 it was not unusual for freights to decline toward the end of the season, when the wheat was practically all shipped out, but a decline of such proportions as is now shown right in the busiest part of the season is very unusual. The present situation again illustrates the fact that world-wide and not local conditions alone govern freight rates for ocean carriers. The lowest rates on record out of Portland were paid early in 1897. All over the world ships were in idleness, seeking business at rates barely sufficient to keep them moving from one port to another in the vain hope of finding something profitable. Sail suffered worse than steam in this period of depression, and it was at this time that Great Britain sold to German buyers big fleets of fine sailers at rates far below the cost of building even at a time when labor and raw material was at lowest ebb.

Then the pendulum swung back. There was an unprecedented demand for ships in the nitrate trade. The rice crop of the far East reached record proportions. Argentina and the Antipodes had immense crops of wheat, and here on the Pacific Coast there was more grain to be moved than ever before. Vessels which had been forced out of the wheat trade into the lumber business for want of better employment came into the market again as wheat-carriers, and every old tub that could wear canvas was pressed into the lumber trade. High premiums were paid for steamers, because freight was wanted in a hurry, and with world-wide prosperity rates were secondary considerations. In fact, the business could not have been checked, and was not checked, with the rates doubled, and in some cases trebled. These were the conditions which resulted in bringing more mammoth steamships into existence than had ever been launched in a corresponding period. Before the presence of this enormous increase in tonnage facilities had been felt in general trade the Boer War and the Spanish War came to the rescue of the shipowners, and scores of big freighters and passenger ships were pressed into the transport service at rates even more profitable than were offered on the mercantile route.

The limit of rates was reached, however, several months ago, and then the old law of supply and demand began getting in its work. The change was felt first in the thickly crowded avenues of commerce on the Atlantic. Then it worked around to the nitrate trade, which is one of the greatest regulating factors in North Pacific wheat freights. France had meanwhile been making heavy additions to her fleet of sailing ships, and these vessels were roaming around the world with the government bounty to pay their expenses. These ships were in a better position to cut rates than the vessels of any other nation, and they have contributed materially to the lower rates now in force out of this port. Incidentally, the charterer of the Charles Gounod at 28s 9d shows how little benefit a subsidy proves to the country which pays it. The Gounod was chartered at a rate about 6 cents per bushel under the last previous charter. As the French taxpayers pay a subsidy of about 4 cents per bushel to their ships for carrying cargoes of Oregon wheat to Europe, it is plain that the shipowner, and not the French people, are the gainers by the subsidy system.

There will always be enough ships to carry the commerce of the world, and there will always be periodical eras of depression following those of prosperity. Supply and demand, and not subsidies, should regulate the profits of shipowners, and now that the supply of ships is greater than the demand, the producers of the Pacific Coast will reap greater profits from their labors, just as the shipowners increased their profits when the tonnage supply was inadequate to the demands made on it.

A WORD ABOUT STREETS.

It goes unchallenged, we believe, that the streets and sidewalks of Portland are the very worst in the universe. What with our soft-metal system of street dressing, with our habit of using wood where only stone or concrete ought to be allowed, with our long-suffering tolerance of chuck-holes, rot and ruin, our endurance of the unspeakable practice of dumping slops and rubbish into the streets, and—on top of all—our overmoist Winter climate, we have attained the limit of unsightliness, discomfort and intrinsic nastiness. Our streets, in truth, are a public discredit as well as a direct and universal injury. Every visitor betrays his surprise and disgust and every citizen of decent sensibilities feels the shame of it.

There is no way, so we are told, as the law now stands, to get anything better. There are, to be sure, ordinances which were designed to give us good streets and sidewalks, but they prescribe nothing adequate and enforce nothing at all. Every property-owner or tenant outside the business district is practically free to work his own will so far as the streets are concerned, and what we have is the natural resultant of the do-as-you-please system. When matters like the maintenance of streets are left to personal initiative, nothing gets done, worse follows worst, and the climax is precisely the condition we see in Portland.

Other cities and even moderate towns contrive to get fairly good streets; and it is universal testimony that nothing else so contributes to the comfort and to the advantage of community life—not to mention its self-respect. In the East—excepting in New York, where the streets are dirty in sympathy with the municipal politics—well-made, carefully maintained and clean streets are the rule; and even in California, where nobody expects to find anything good but the climate, the streets are almost uniformly well cared for. In no town developed beyond the village stage is the wooden sidewalk general, and in cities much smaller than Portland—for example, Pasadena, San Jose, Fresno and others—not one foot of such sidewalk may be found. What these towns first did in a small way for the convenience and comfort of their own people, they now all do in a general way, because it has been found profitable.

This matter of the creation and maintenance of streets is one of the minor but none the less important of the responsibilities resting upon the makers of our proposed new charter. We shall have no change—at least no radical change; and nothing short of radical change will do any good—excepting upon the basis of a new system which will take the initiative out of the hands of the individual property-owner and fix it in the powers of the corporation. Leave it with the property-owner and he will find excuses plenty as blackberries for inaction—for literally wallowing along in the old ruts. The Charter Commissioners have it in their hands to establish our street system on a better basis, to give us the means of making here such streets as the public necessity and welfare demand. It can be done only by bestowing upon the municipality very positive and even arbitrary powers, and this the commission ought to do.

Wood is wholly unsuited for street pavement or for the making of sidewalks in a moist climate like ours. It is temporary at best, dangerous at worst, dirty and unsightly at all times, and more or less a menace to public health. Its use in early times was allowable only on the score of immediate and pressing necessity, and of the universal poverty; for its use of late years there has been no excuse at all. Never again should a foot of wooden street or sidewalk be laid within the populous districts of this city; and as road structures now existing fall into ruin they should be replaced with better materials, preferably stone, concrete or bitumen, or at least some hard and impervious road-metal. But these details are for the Council to prescribe when authority shall be granted to it. The immediate and important thing is for such an adjustment of powers in the projected charter as may serve for the basis of a definite and positive street system, with no power of obstruction in the hands of a property-owner too lacking in enterprise, public spirit or decency to do his public and private duty.

NO PENSIONS FOR PRESIDENTS.

The bill introduced by Representative Lovering, of Massachusetts, providing a salary for ex-Presidents of the United States at the rate of $25,000 annually from the date of retirement from the Presidency, and to apply to any ex-President now living, ought to fail of enactment. If the present salary of the President is not sufficient in view of the heavy expenses for official entertainment, let it be increased, but let us have no pensioning of ex-Presidents.

It is true that Thomas Jefferson, through his own bad management of a large estate, became embarrassed before his death and was obliged to sell his library to the Government to obtain relief; it is true that Monroe was poor in his last days, but these facts furnish no reason for a Presidential pension. These cases of exceptional improvidence might be more common among our Presidents if they could count upon a very handsome retiring pension.

As it is, all our Presidents save those we have named died possessed of a competence, and some of them were rich men for their day. John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren, Fillmore, were rich men at death. Lincoln was worth $50,000 when he was elected. The pranks of Grant's sons in Wall street bankrupted the father, but his book earned him nearly $500,000 before death. Hayes died well off; Cleveland is rich, Harrison and McKinley both left a large estate.

The example of John Quincy Adams and Benjamin Harrison show that the last years of an ex-President's life may be his best.

A plain, concise and careful statement of the condition and needs of School District No. 1 is furnished by the School Board for the information of the taxpayers of the district. The giving of this statement to the public was most timely, as its publication forestalls any reasonable complaint against the board for expenditures for the coming school year by throwing the responsibility upon those who furnish the money. To maintain the schools upon the present basis of salaries, retire certain bonds and provide such additional room for pupils as the increasing school population demands, will require a levy of 25 mills; to grant an increase of 8 per cent in teachers' salaries (just one-third of the increase asked by the teachers) will require a further levy of .4 of a mill. This is plain and to the point. The levy first named must be voted if the schools are to be maintained upon the present scale of wages, and the seating capacity of the district is to be increased to meet the legitimate demand upon it; the last will be required if the teachers are employed for the ensuing year at an increase of 8 per cent in salaries. A full expression of the taxpayers upon these matters is desirable, and if this is not given at the annual meeting after the fair and full notice served, only they will be to blame. There is a week in which to consider and discuss the matters presented. The burning questions are the incorporation of the kindergartens with the public schools and the increase of teachers' salaries. Simple and direct as are these questions, many irrelevant opinions and unwarranted statements concerning them are likely to be made. It is, however, but just to expect that responsible, considerate people will have something to say upon these matters that will be worthy of attention. The Oregonian will follow its long-accustomed policy concerning matters of public interest and give space to a discussion of these questions; but it respectfully suggests and indeed insists that all those who have, or think they have, something to say in regard to these matters give the weight of their names to their opinions and allow "Taxpayer," "Old Subscriber," "Teacher," "Anxious Mother" and all the rest who weaken by moral cowardice whatever force their opinions may present, a much-needed rest.

Olwell Bros., of Central Point, Jackson County, have proved the value of the apple crop in Southern Oregon when intelligently produced and properly placed in the market. While possibly so full a measure of success as that which has rewarded these orchardists could not be secured in the Willamette Valley, there is no doubt that apple-growing could be made to pay in a very satisfactory degree. In the view of John D. Olwell, all that is necessary to make large orchards successful in what may be termed "Middle Oregon" is to be careful in the selection of soil and location, and then take good care of the orchard. In other words, intelligence and industry govern the matter, and it may be added capital and time are required as pledges to profitable returns. The commercial apple orchard is certainly inviting as an investment, providing always that the investor knows how to manage it or is determined to learn. In proof of this is the fact that the Olwells had at one time last Fall $12,000 worth of apples on the way to market from an orchard of 160 acres, the present being its fourth year in full bearing.

From all indications the Pacific Northwest country is going to go forward in development during the next five years at a rate that will distance the progress of the past twenty years. The foundation was laid deep and strong by patient hands that did the bidding of loyal hearts. Building better than they knew, but not better than they hoped, the pioneer column has passed on. The work so well begun will be pushed forward by younger hands—not to any completion, for growth knows no such word, but to fruition.

Jack Wade is probably a desperate, devil-may-care youth whose sensibilities have been blunted and in a measure destroyed by his chosen associations since childhood. Sympathy in his dire extremity is wasted upon one who persistently and maliciously chose the ways of crime until he was taken with the blood of an upright young man upon his hands; who would, no doubt, if in prison, plot mischief, and if released return to ways of lawlessness. The world had need of the man he slew; it has no use for him.

The death of Daniel M. French at his home in The Dalles on the 12th inst. closed the record of a citizen active in the business life of the wide community of which The Dalles was the center covering a period of forty years. His failing physical powers represented the strain incident to a struggle in the industrial and business world for more than three-score and ten years, and the event of his death was not unexpected.

There was prompt action yesterday on organization of the corporation for the Lewis and Clark Centennial. Some were happily disappointed. They had feared there might be a flood of oratory and eloquence at the meeting that would not run out till after the expiration of the year 1905.

The State Board of Medical Examiners is not the close corporation that it was, by many, supposed to be. It last week enlarged its boundaries to admit seventeen new doctors to the privileges of the profession, and then turned them loose upon an unsuspecting world.

TRUE CENSUSES WHILE YOU WAIT

Chicago Record-Herald.

The Census Bureau reports with great particularity that the population of the United States is now 84,233,062, and concludes its statistical summary with the proud boast that there are but three countries which have a greater population than our own. This assertion would be true if there had been no expansion beyond our continental area, with its population of 76,000,000, and there is a good deal of guesswork in at least one of the particulars which credits the Philippines with just 6,691,339 inhabitants.

Now as ever the method of enumerating the people of those islands is largely through an exercise in pure mathematics. The bureau explains that "a census was in progress in 1896 when the insurrection broke out," and that "returns for over two-fifths of the population were found stored at Manila." Over two-fifths, then, were unaccounted for, and what we have in the census is an estimate based on doubtful and incomplete Spanish figures and faithfully carried out to the unit's place.

From time to time the archipelago has been populated and depopulated by the statistician at an amazing rate. In 1882 one of Spain's lightning calculators counted 10,436,000 Filipinos without moving from his desk, which suggests the grewsome thought that in assimilating our island wards we must have slaughtered 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of them. But Whitaker's Almanack, just published, accepts 5,500,000 as the proper figure for 1898, which would seem to show that there had been a remarkable increase while the process of assimilation was going on. Other estimates are: Ecclesiastical census, 1876, 6,173,636; civil census, 1877, 5,561,222; Spanish census, 1887, Christian population, 6,000,000. The figure last named was taken as the basis for an estimate by Major-General F. V. Greene, who reckoned the total population in 1898 at between 7,000,000 and 9,000,000.

Amid all the uncertainty it may be assumed that the Spaniards had a nearly accurate idea of the number of Christians in Luzon and the Visayas, which they placed at 5,422,000. For the rest there is little besides conjecture and speculation, and a shrinkage from the larger estimates was to be expected. Censuses have been known to do deadly execution even in American cities, so that they are naturally inimical to the exaggerations of the Orient.

SELF-SUPPORTING.

Enough Revenue to Govern and Maintain the Philippines.

Boston Journal.

There has been very skillful financiering by our military and civil administration in the Philippines. Within the past year the available cash balance in the insular treasury has risen from $3,022,834 to $15,106,518. This, it should be borne in mind, is gold, and one gold dollar has an actual purchasing power in goods or labor of two of the silver dollars that form the currency of the archipelago. For all purposes of public improvement the $5,000,000 gold surplus is, therefore, practically equal to $10,000,000.

It is expected that the Philippine revenue will be materially reduced by the new tariff with its lower duties, unless, indeed, those lower duties lead, as perhaps they will, to larger importations and consumption of foreign merchandise. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that we ought not to go on collecting in the Philippines more income than is actually required for current needs. Five million dollars is enough to hold in the treasury against the inevitable "rainy day." In addition to this surplus our officials have on their hands about $1,000,000 of public funds captured from the Spaniards and insurgents. No use has been made of this money; it has been held in reserve. The suggestion is a good one that it be devoted to the extension of the American public school system throughout the archipelago.

The past year of our Philippine administration has been an unusually costly one because of the great repair work of roads, bridges, etc., made necessary by the waning war. But even in spite of this exceptional drain, a large surplus has been accumulated. It is the belief of our Philippine Commissioners that the United States will never be called upon to contribute a cent toward the expense of the insular government, and that with the complete restoration of peace and prosperity the Philippine revenues will be sufficient to defray, besides, all the expenses of the American as well as the native troops and police throughout the archipelago. This may seem to be too sanguine, but Judge Taft and his colleagues are very cool, level-headed men, who have now been in Manila long enough to have acquired a perfect grasp of the situation.

Here Are Names!

New York Tribune.

When Representative Lawrence, of Massachusetts, was with the rivers and harbors committee last Summer, on the trip to the Pacific Coast, he made a speech at Whatcom, Wash., where the people are working earnestly for an appropriation to deepen a waterway called Swinomish Slough. An address of welcome was made by the Mayor, and Mr. Lawrence responded. He called attention to the public spirit of a citizen of Portland, Or., who was such an enthusiast in promoting the construction of jetties at the mouth of the Columbia River that he had named his girl baby "Jetty Columbia." Mr. Lawrence said he hoped that there might be a similar display of public spirit at Whatcom. He felt sure that if some citizen would have the nerve and patriotism and self-sacrifice to name a boy baby "Swinomish Slough," it could not fail to impress the committee. Mr. Lawrence recently received this telegram: "A boy has been named 'Swinomish Slough,' per your suggestion. Photograph will be sent by mail."

Dead Against Panama.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

After the recommendations of the Ammen, Ludlow and Walker commissions; after the surveys and recommendations of Childs, Craven, Shufeldt, Lull, Hatfield, Menocal, Collins, Selfridge and numerous other eminent engineers; after the reports of the surveying parties sent out by Admiral Walker; after millions of dollars have been spent in surveys and resurveys and investigations by commissions—all to the utter condemnation of the Panama route—the American people are asked to consent to further delay in building the Nicaragua canal, that we may not lose the opportunity to purchase the ruins of this bankrupt enterprise—a thing that we never wanted, and do not want now, as a free gift.

The trick is so transparent that none should be deceived by it, and we doubt that many are. In nine cases out of 10, in fact, we think it safe to stamp the public man who agitates for the Panama route as the opponent of any canal whatever across the Isthmus.

The Place to Pause.

Philadelphia North American.

Let the scientists pause ere they assassinate the innocent joys of gastronomy. Let them not attempt to compress the Christmas turkey into half a dozen pale and slippery capsules. Let them understand that, in spite of all the cunning of chemistry, one swallow does not make a dinner.

No Disturbance in the Near Future.

Indianapolis Journal.

It is fortunate for the American people that there is no Presidential election in the near future with a Democratic candidate on the National-contraction, currency-expansion, silver-inflation, debt-repudiation platform.

Where Minister Wu Can Learn.

Washington Post.

There are a great many things that Minister Wu doesn't know, and one of them is that it is a wanton waste of time for him to endeavor to influence Congress upon the question of Chinese exclusion.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company completely captured a large audience at the Marquam last night by its clever singing of "The Geisha," which is one of the most beautiful of comic operas. Although 14 years is the outside age limit of the company, and many of its members are mites who have scarcely graduated from their walking lessons, they have been so well trained that they sing with the precision of old stagers, read their lines with far more intelligence than many an actor who has grown gray on the boards, and both individually and collectively give a performance of which one who had not seen them would not believe children capable.

Every solo or duet was sung with an expression that brought out its full significance, every chorus was given with a spirit and dash that few "grown-up" choruses succeed in catching, and the dancing was a feature of the performance well worth while in itself. The costumes are beautiful and in excellent taste, the scenery is elaborate, and the beauty of the stage pictures, of which the children formed the foreground, has seldom been excelled in the theater. Applause was the rule most of the time, and the youngsters were at last obliged to decline to respond to encores in order to get through the performance before midnight.

A glance at the programme shows that almost all the principals and nearly every other person named on the programme is a Pollard, and a very clever company of little people this talented family composes. Miss Alice, who, as O Mimosa San, does most of the singing, has a voice of much sweetness and power, and the audience clamored for repetitions of everything she sung. Willie, as Wun Hi, the proprietor of the tea garden, does some effective comedy, but the honors in comedy were carried off last evening by Daphne, a tiny Pollard, who, though hardly bigger than a medium-sized doll, is a born actress, and never lets slip an opporunity to be funny. Ivy, as Reginald Fairfax, is a graceful little girl and a good singer, Fred, as Captain Katana, has a fine voice and knows how to use it. Jack, as Marquis Imari, does an excellent bit of character work. Connie is a pretty little French girl, and Eddie and Myrtle sustain the reputation of the family in minor parts.

The daintiest and most winsome little maid in the whole company, however, is Miss Woodson, who is about two feet tall, and the prettiest and most graceful Molly Seymour imaginable.

The children enter into the spirit of the opera with genuine enjoyment, get plenty of fun out of everything they do, and altogether seem to be a happy lot, for all of the long and patient lessons they must have learned before such a performance as that of last night could be possible. They make a very pretty picture in the gay Japanese costumes, and those who saw the performance last night will not soon forget it. "The Geisha" will be repeated tonight. Tomorrow night "The Gaiety Girl."

Which Way the Wind Blows.

Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Governor McBride has made but one appointment aside from that of his private secretary. He has made Dr. Elmer E. Heg, of Seattle, a member of the State Board of Health. That is not an important office, but it shows which way the wind is blowing. Dr. Heg is an intimate personal and political friend of George U. Piper, and the two office together. Thus, both of Mr. McBride's appointments thus far indicate that Mr. Piper is close to the throne. As Mr. Piper and Mayor Humes are close friends, the whole matter will probably result in the strength of the Humes municipal machine being thrown to the support of Mr. Preston. Mayor Humes has never definitely declared his desire to be renominated for a third term; but if he is desirous for such an honor he can probably count on the full Preston-McGraw strength. Mr. Piper has had phenomenal success in Seattle politics, and from present indications he is still on the band-wagon. He has lost a couple of state fights, but in the arena of Seattle politics pure and simple it yet remains for him to be defeated.

Decline of Rum Drinking.

Boston Herald.

It has long been apparent that the people of this country do not drink rum as they used to in early days, when in New England even the clergy partook of it, and at ordinations and other pulpit celebrations it was a standard refreshment. It would appear from statistics that the rum distilled here is much less a favorite than some other alcoholic beverages. The total abstinence people, however, who are disposed to raise a paean of thanksgiving over the decline in the production of rum would be saddened if they consulted the statistics of whisky in the same connection. The one has increased more than the other has declined, and it has not been established that a gain in temperance has been made by the substitution. Rum certainly does not stimulate more than whisky, and experts have declared the former to be the less harmful drink. The late Judge Charles P. Thompson once wittily said in a debate in the Massachusetts Legislature that the heroic age in New England was at the time when Medford rum was sold there for 3 cents a glass.

Gave the Senator All They Could.

Baltimore News.

Senator Burrows, of Kalamazoo, and Senator McMillan, of Detroit, are not only colleagues, but also close friends. They are given to joking each other at times. A day or two ago Senator Burrows had occasion to go to the Department of Agriculture in behalf of a constituent. On his way back he met Senator McMillan, who stopped him and said:

"Where have you been, my son?"

"Over to the Agricultural Department," replied Senator Burrows.

"Did you get anything?" asked Senator McMillan.

"Nothing but a pretty plant they gave me for my wife," replied Senator Burrows. "That was the only thing I could find that was not in the classified service."

Cuba Not Afraid of Beets.

Havana Sun.

We do not venture to assert that beet-root sugar production is an artificial industry, but we do believe that nearly the whole civilized world has gone crazy over it and is artificially stimulating an absurd overproduction as compared with cane sugar. Why, even in Cuba, many of the best restaurants serve us beet sugar lumps for our coffee and do not seem to realize that nearly double quantity is required to sweeten the coffee as compared with genuine cut loaf lumps made out of the honest cane sugar.

Watterson's Mature Choice.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teddy's "hand-maiden of protection" is a trollop. She cannot hold a candle, that is, she can only hold a candle, to the Star-eyed Goddess, while the Star-eyed adjusts her wings and arranges her back hair. Your kid damsel may be good enough to show off at evening parties in low-neck and short sleeves, but the Goddess was made to wear and is massive, and, being entirely recovered of her recent illness, she can walk away with all the trundle-bed trash they trot out against her!

This Is Certainly Rich.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

If there are legitimate arguments against the subsidy scheme, why are they not used? Why is it necessary to manufacture facts and to misrepresent the condition of the law in order to find basis for an argument? Yet misrepresentation of the effect of the proposed law, of the amount to be appropriated, of the beneficiaries of the legislation, and of the existing law, are the usual and familiar weapons of the opponents of shipping subsidies without a single notable exception.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Even the submarine boats are going to the bottom nowadays.

Mr. Belmont conducted too quiet a campaign. He ought to have made his money talk.

There are said to be 4000 millionaires in this country. It will soon be fashionable to be poor.

The Port of Portland Commission seems to be in need of a referee and a couple of time-keepers.

The only thing Admiral Schley has escaped so far is a biography by W. A. White, of Kansas.

According to Mr. Dooley, the executive residence of the leader of the Rough Riders is a rough house.

At $80,000 a seat it isn't everybody who can go 'way back and sit down in the New York Stock Exchange.

The Panama Canal people will have to get up a clearance sale if they expect to do any business with Uncle Sam.

Marconi has gone on the lecture platform. If this keeps up his invention will not only be wireless but valueless.

A Roman railway bridge collapsed and plunged a train into a river. They seem to be doing in Rome as do the Americans.

The ground hog awoke yesterday and overhauled his signal locker. He hasn't decided on which flag to hoist as yet, however.

Admiral Schley corrected the proof sheets of the latest history of the battle of Santiago. Now let Admiral Sampson ask for a court of inquiry.

An American company is going to control the tailoring business in England, but unless they can get King Edward's trade they can do no business in their own country.

President Roosevelt has been looking in vain for a man to succeed Secretary Long. Why doesn't he glance in the direction of that distinguished authority on naval affairs who recently severed his connection with the Brooklyn navy-yard?

Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, wants Governor Odell, of New York, to pardon James Flaherty, who was convicted of wife murder in 1882 and sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for life. Perhaps Flaherty is a pervert who has become a convert through Mrs. Ballington Booth's prison chapel eloquence.

As a preface to his attack upon the recent army appointments in England, Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a man who was carrying a bag and of whom a fellow traveler asked what it was that the bag contained. "Mongooses," was the answer; "my brother sees snakes, and I'm taking the mongooses up to kill them." "But your brother doesn't see real snakes." "No; but these aren't real mongooses."

A special dispatch from Pekin of January 8 to the New York Sun announces that the Empress Dowager has signed a decree ordering the decapitation of General Tung Fu Hsiang for his connection with the murder of Belgian missionaries in the Province of Kansu.

The sentence passed on General Tung Fu Hsiang is the result of a joint memorial by Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai, Liu Kun Yi and Chang Chi Tung, laying blame on Tung Fu Hsiang and recommending that he be executed before he fomented a rebellion that would involve the government in fresh difficulties with the foreigners. The Tartar General in Kansu is ordered to carry out the sentence.

London has about 1000 cases of smallpox. There is no compulsory vaccination in England; the clamor of the anti-vaccinationists induced Lord Salisbury to suffer its repeal. He expressed his deep regret at the repeal at what he said was a most wholesome law, and predicted the result that has followed, viz., the outbreak of smallpox in various cities of England since the repeal of the compulsory vaccination law. In Germany every doctor is obliged to vaccinate the children of his patients at birth. Vaccination is enforced in the army, and the result is that Germany keeps pretty clear of smallpox.

In its report of five recent cases of smallpox, the Health Department of Chicago says:

"The first case of the group was imported from Iowa; never vaccinated; had been in the city some days before discovery; contracted from his brother—an imported Wisconsin case. Cases 3, 6 and 7, adults, never vaccinated; contracted from a previous imported case found in the Salvation Army lodging-house. Cases 4 and 5, aged 2 and 3 years, respectively; never vaccinated.

"The unbroken record of 'never vaccinated' among nearly 400 cases taken charge of and treated by the department within the last three years emphasizes the importance of the first article of the department's vaccination creed, to wit: Vaccination, repeated until it no longer 'takes,' always prevents smallpox. Nothing else does. And of hardly less importance is the second article of the creed: True vaccination—that is, vaccination properly done on a clean arm with pure lymph and kept perfectly clean and unbroken afterward—never did and never will make a serious sore."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

She—He kissed me, and then he proposed. He—Man's usual fate. She—How? He—Lost on the coral reefs.—Philadelphia Record.

At the Concert.—"His voice has a good compass." "Y-yes; but it didn't prevent his being all at sea in that last song."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Human Nature.—Smith—There goes a man who hasn't a friend in the world. Jones—Poor fellow! How did he lose his money?—Chicago Daily News.

Our Christmas Tea.—Unregenerate Youth—Pass the seedy cake. Vicar's Daughter—If?—If?—— Unregenerate Youth—If 'e don't I'll shove 'im in the falce!—Punch.

Bill—How long was your friend, the artist, working on that canvas? Will—Eight years. Took him six months to paint it and seven years and a half trying to sell it.—Tit-Bits.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time? Lady—In my boudoir arranging my hair. Lawyer—And were you there also? Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Chicago Journal.

On Their Wedding Trip.—Bride—Darling, what caused you to pick out Milwaukee as the end of our bridal tour? Groom—It was the farthest place I could get a pass to.—Louisville Evening Post.

Not an Enthusiast.—"Is he a golf enthusiast?" "Oh, no. He pretends to be, but he isn't." "How do you know?" "Why, he gives up playing when the thermometer gets down to zero."—Chicago Evening Post.

On the Ark.—"This is tough luck," said Ham, mournfully, as he leaned out over the side of the ark. "What's wrong now?" queried Shem. "Why, all this water to fish in," replied Ham, "and only two fishin' worms on board."—Ohio State Journal.