The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year..... 2 00
The Weekly, per year..... 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months..... 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c
POSTAGE RATES.
United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 28-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy; westerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 43; minimum temperature, 30; precipitation, 0.02 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17.

"DELAYED AND FORGOTTEN."

Within a few days following McKinley's death two distinct movements were set on foot looking to the erection of a great monument to his memory. One project was for a tomb at Canton, O., and the other for an arch or some other structure at Washington. Many moderate subscriptions were made during the first days of these organizations, but by the end of two months both movements lagged and for their better prosperity the two were combined, the question of form and place for the projected memorial being left to future determination. But it appears that consolidation has availed nothing, for now it is declared officially and in a tone of censure that funds come in slowly, that the rich men who were expected to contribute liberally have "delayed or forgotten, leaving the enterprise to be carried forward, if at all, by the poorer sort of people and by school children."

This is the common fate of efforts of this kind. They originate for the most part in moments of abnormal sympathy and largely among people who plan to supply the eloquence and engross the distinctions, while others—"the public"—are expected to put up the money. They fail generally, and fail miserably, for in the presence of living necessities and under the pressure of a thousand calls for money, most men are glad to "delay and forget." And even among the large class of liberal and constant givers there is a marked preference for living and growing interests over such projects as monument-making. It is an interesting fact that the moving force back of pretty much every monument which gets itself built in an American city is the strictly business energy of some needy and worthy designer or some enterprising firm of strenuousness. The sentiment of the country does not spontaneously express itself in this fashion.

It is true that New York erected a great tomb for Grant, but the circumstances were in all respects extraordinary; and, be it confessed, there was an underlying motive not wholly separate from the commercial spirit manifest in most of the fine things done by New York. The movement for the Dewey arch fell flat, sharing the fate of many a similar project which came before it. The only city in which the monument-making spirit accomplishes anything is Washington, and that is because the Washington people have fallen upon the trick of getting the country at large through Congress to pay the bills. It was by this means that the Washington monument was completed after nearly half a century of neglect. Not even to this day is there in the National Capital a memorial either of Lincoln or Grant.

TWO PATRIOTS.

The self-sacrificing labors of Messrs. Hill and Harriman in the railroad world, by which they bring, at pains to themselves, salvation to the far West, is not more obtrusive in its modest virtue than is that of Messrs. Havemeyer and Oxnard in the field of government, where they labor with authoritative activity in such intervals as they can spare from their private business and pleasure.

Mr. Havemeyer, as is well known, leads a dual life. He is at once a struggling manufacturer, needing protection from German beets, humbly disclaiming any inordinate share in the sugar business of the country, and lifting up his voice upon occasion on behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed. Suffering Cuba touches his heart, and the poor man's need of protection from cheap and deleterious tea excites his lively sympathy. At other times, according to his biography, in a certain popular volume derived from the subjects treated, he is and has been since 1891 "President of the American Sugar Refining Company, capital now $75,000,000, uniting the large sugar interests of the United States."

Mr. Havemeyer is strong for free sugar from Cuba, on behalf of the consumer, but he has no word for lower duties on refined sugar. The sugar trust, in point of fact, would get its raw sugar cheaper and could maintain the refined product at present prices. As to refined sugar, the only kind the consumer buys, he has nothing to say. So about tea. He urges retention of the duty as a protection to the poor man against "deleterious and poisonous" cheap tea, though the duty has operated to bring in cheaper tea than we had before. The sugar trust's concern to have tea taxed is simply that its coffee, which pays no duty, thanks to the trust's influence with Congress, may have an advantage of 10 cents a pound in competition with tea.

Equally humble and struggling, equally solicitous for the poor consumer, is Mr. Oxnard, who is, when not posing, "President of the American Beet-Sugar Company, President of the American Beet-Sugar Association, COMPRISING ALL THE FACTORIES IN THE UNITED STATES." Mr. Oxnard deprecates the unholy aspirations of the sugar trust, which covets a monopoly, and would, if it had its way, mulct the poor consumer. He trembles for the people if duties on raw sugar are lowered. Rather than see that, with the incidental disturbance of the American Beet-Sugar Association's profits (comprising all the beet-sugar factories in the United States, Henry T. Oxnard, president), he would cheerfully sacrifice a drawback to the Cuban planters, paid out of the United States Treasury.

It is well that Messrs. Havemeyer and Oxnard, the while constructing tariffs in the consumer's interests, permit their solicitude for the toiling masses to escape them. Otherwise, the world might be unaware of the touching emotions that animate their breasts. Otherwise we should be in ignorance of their sincere and simple characters.

CUBA CAN WAIT.

There is increasing agitation on the Atlantic Coast over the wrongs of unhappy Cuba. The American people are appealed to in strong language to redeem the implied promises of economic fairness made to Cuba the past three years, and Congress is vehemently upbraided for its evasion of a pressing moral obligation. Many expressions of this nature might be quoted, but one is sufficient, because typical. The New York Evening Post, after dwelling on the "distressing conditions prevailing in the island," and premising that so far we have only "spent her own money in schoolhouses and street-cleaning, while the inhabitants were sinking deeper and deeper in the most direful poverty," says:

> They are now provided with schools and sewers, but have little or nothing to eat, and when they ask for a market in which to sell their products on terms of fair bargain and exchange, they are told that we have done enough for them.

With all due respect to the wrongs of Cuba and the representations of her active sympathizers, it must be pointed out to one and all of them that Cuba can wait. Pressing as her case is, there is another more pressing. Heavy as is our obligation to her, there is a heavier obligation elsewhere.

Cuba has been promised independence. She is going ahead and we are going ahead on that programme. She has been vouchsafed a President, whose peaceful election American forces have guaranteed and brought to pass, and whose inauguration and accession we must stay there to effect. She has at all times the alternative of annexation, carrying with it free trade and potential statehood. In any event, she is on equal terms with other non-American islands of the West Indies, in whose behalf we have never taken up arms, established schools, laid sewers or stamped out yellow fever.

How different the Philippines! They are denied independence. Held by force of arms, they are yet to be accounted, for purposes of trade, alien. Cuban sugar 100 miles from our ports must have concessions, but Philippine sugar, 7000 miles, must pay Dingley rates. Export duties, oppressively maintained by Spain, are not only retained but doubled. Cuban tobacco, the highest priced and most profitable in the world, must have concessions; but Philippine tobacco, which must fight for a foothold, must compete on even terms with Sumatra leaf. This is injustice, compared with which Cuba's complaint does not deserve to be mentioned.

As to promises. Who does not recall the moving rhetoric with which the late President was wont to set out our purposes of benevolence and fostering care toward the Philippines? Common honesty forbade that we should go there or remain there for exploitation of the islands for our own benefit or to quench their aspirations for our own selfish ends. We are there, we say, for their good, and the first act of Congress concerning them strikes at the very core of self-respect and self-support.

Of what avail is it to appropriate money for subduing them to our rule, to apply taxes levied there to harbors, sewers and schools, if with the other hand we press down their industries so that they cannot provide their own sustenance? What claim to wisdom can that statesmanship put forward which strikes down self-respecting self-support and offers to condone the wrong with alms from those very exactions?

Cuba is at our door, but the Philippines are inside the door, chained to the family board. Charity begins at home. When we have dealt justly by those we insist upon retaining, it will be time enough to extend favors to those we are setting up in business for themselves. Cuba can wait.

The ways and means committee is holding animated sessions to hear vehement protests from eager witnesses on behalf of Cuba. Yet this same committee prepared in a day and rushed through in two days a bill putting Philippine imports on the basis of foreign goods. No sessions were held, no evidence asked for, no witnesses called. We are not after justice. The sugar trust cries for free sugar from Cuba, and the cry reaches all ears. Justice only calls from the Philippines, but none can hear.

A NEW INCENTIVE TO MATRIMONY.

The Legislatures of a number of states have, in recent years, attempted mildly coercive measures for the promotion of marriage by the introduction of bills imposing a special tax upon bachelors who remain single beyond a certain age. In all cases these bills failed to become laws, though their pendency caused considerable apprehension among men who were selfishly devoting their entire accumulative power to taking care of and entertaining themselves and their friends of congenial tastes, and in criticising young women who engage in industrial vocations, or, in common terms, "shirk family obligations." Coercion having failed to accomplish the end in view, a farsighted millowner in a thriving Pennsylvania town (as related by the Pittsburg Gazette) conceived a plan whereby he hoped to make matrimony attractive to his employes. His plan was proposed during the heated term of last year, when all of the men were earnestly longing for vacations. The vacation order came, but its privileges were limited strictly to those who would use it in taking a bridal tour. As manifestly there can be no bridal tour without a bride, the purport of the order was plain. The result has not, so far as we have observed, been announced, though it was looked for with some interest.

It may safely be predicted, however, that this scheme to promote matrimony and thereby increase wage-earning responsibility failed to meet the hopes of its promoter. In point of fact, a man with a healthy body, active brain and genial nature does not need any incentive to marriage beyond that furnished by companionship in his leisure hours of a capable young woman of attractive personality. If he does not succumb to these influences, it is not worth the while of legislators or employers to seek to inveigle him into a sense of decent responsibility to himself, the community and the state. It is an old-fashioned theory—sterling in economic and social worth—that the men of the world should support the women of the world in homes as wives and daughters, and particularly as mothers of the race. That this theory is not in universal practice is a matter to be justly deplored, but it cannot be corrected by legislative enactment or by commercial devices that appeal to individual selfishness. Sociologists tell of a growing disinclination to marriage, and statisticians rally to the support of the statement with figures that are conclusive. How much of the underlying cause may be charged to the selfishness of men and how much to the growing independence of women in the industrial field, are questions upon which opinion is divided. It may justly be assumed that there is here a divided responsibility.

A FAKER FISHING FOR SUCKERS.

John Alexander Dowie, of Zion City, Ill., has made a convert of the son-in-law and daughter of General Booth, of the Salvation Army. Dowie proclaims himself to be the second Elijah, "Elijah the Restorer." He calls himself the general overseer of the Christian Catholic Church, and his followers number some 60,000 persons, who have trusted their property to his keeping. In his official organ, "Leaves of Healing," he says:

> I hold in my hand, and in the various financial and commercial institutions which I control, the moneys of the widow and the orphan. I hold the money of those who have worked hard to get that money.

Dowie is a private banker, and defies state supervision of his banking enterprises. Like Brigham Young, he is at once a "prophet" and a man of business. He is president of Zion College, has a "divine healing home," a bank, a printing and publishing-house, a livery stable, a home for erring women, a lumber concern, a mail-order business, a meat market, is in the land and investment business, and also has a dry goods store. He boasts to his followers that Zion City will be very rich, and that he will be one of the richest men in the world. To join Zion you have "to repent, confess and promise to obey implicitly the overseer of the Lord." Dowie's followers fear him and believe that the death of Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, was a punishment for his attacks upon Dowie. They believe that Dowie can call down the curse of God upon the head of any one, and can heal the sick by his prayers. Dowie came to the United States from Australia with only $100 in his pocket, and is now reported to control several million dollars.

There is nothing more remarkable in the success of Dowie than there was in the rise and rapid growth of Mormonism or in the growth and vitality of modern spiritism, or the "Christian Science" of which "Mother" Eddy is the venerable high priestess. There never was a time in the world's history when an impudent impostor could not secure a large following. There are plenty of people whose brains are as eccentric as the flight of a flock of bats. Such people are the natural prey of every faker in medicine, finance, politics or religion. Sometimes the faker preaches and screeches about "free silver," sometimes about "the faith cure," sometimes about spiritism, Mormonism, theosophy or Dowieism. The faker, the impostor, is sure to get his following out of the ranks of fellows of small acquired intelligence and unarranged if not deranged brains. The faker is always fishing for suckers, but he does not always use the same lure. These religious vagaries are the periodical expression of the mild and generally harmless insanity of that large number of persons whose brains never grow after childhood, so that they reach maturity with the credulous imagination of an illiterate Southern negro joined to the reasoning powers of a rabbit.

A great deal is said about the hypnotic, mesmeric and magnetic powers of these latter-day "prophets" in explanation of their success. Nobody ever saw a man of well-recognized public repute for vigorous brains and high intelligence who in the prime of his bodily health and mental strength was ever "hypnotized." The fools, the ignorant, the knaves, the superstitious, or the feeble-bodied furnish all the good hypnotic subjects. There is no more "hypnotism" in the success of Dowie than there was in the success of Joanna Southcote, the ignorant impostor who made thousands of people in England believe that she was with child by the Holy Ghost. Hypnotism is not needed to fool the fools, to dupe the credulous, to convert the superstitious or bewilder the fellow who was born with a flock of bats in his brains. The pool of human society has always been full of loose, worthless fish, of which impostors can always catch a basketful with little effort. These human suckers and gudgeons are so silly that they will bite at anything from a bit of red flannel to a dead mouse. The only difference in fakers is in the matter of bait. It is always the same fisherman angling for the same kind of fish. He changes his bait periodically, but he always catches human suckers and bullheads.

The organization known as the Daughters of the Confederacy in Kentucky is gasping with indignation over the rendition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the theaters of Lexington and other cities of the state, and desires the Legislature to pass a law shutting the play off the boards. They allege in support of this demand that Mrs. Stowe's story exaggerated the conditions and incidents of slavery, so far as that institution in Kentucky was concerned, and that its continued presentment gives offense to some of the best citizens of the state, who were at one time slaveholders. There is something in this presentment, no doubt, and it might be well in the interest of harmony and good feeling to withdraw the play from the boards in Southern cities, just as, in the interest of National good feeling, it might be well for the protesting organization to disband and permit its name to drop into oblivion. The "first families" of old slave-holding Kentucky, however, have a remedy for the matter of which they complain without appealing to the Legislature. They can simply stay away from the theaters where the offending play is billed. No theatrical manager will play long to empty seats. With such a sovereign remedy at hand, it is surprising that the dignified women who call themselves the Daughters of the Confederacy are found clamoring for legislative relief, especially when in so doing they advertise extensively the play which they seek to ostracize, and thereby make all the young bloods of Kentucky, who care nothing for the traditions of the old South, anxious to see its presentment—bloodhounds and all. It is but just to observe, however, that the play has grown far away from the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and it might be retired without loss to the drama.

Conflicting rumors in regard to the physical condition of the Pope continue to find their way to the public. But now, Dr. Laffoni, physician to his holiness, gave out that for years the Pope had not enjoyed such perfect health as at the present time, adding: "I do not care to speculate upon the question of how long he will live, but there is no reason why he should not live to reach the age of Gregory IX, who was a centenarian." This would mean eight years more of life, which would make Leo's pontificate longer than that of St. Peter, and even longer than that of Pius IX, who reigned thirty-one years. However, though this information and its conclusions were given out less than a fortnight ago, it is now said that the Pope is in semi-comatose condition all the time, eats little or nothing, and dozes in his chair, awaiting the end, which is likely to come at any moment. The truth is that he is a feeble old man, far gone in senility, the number of whose days, so gentle and deliberate is nature in her dealings with age, it is impossible to forecast. We only know that at 92 death cannot be long delayed, and that the interval preceding it can scarcely be called life, so void is it of all that is comprehended in that word.

A plant for drying sugar-beet tops has been established near Gottingen, Germany, which as an economic venture is proving very satisfactory. The fodder thus obtained is excellent, contains much nutritive property, is very dry, and is eaten readily by cattle. It has also a pleasant smell, similar to that of fresh, sweet bread. Consul Baehr, of Magdeburg, who reports these facts, states that the government and agricultural authorities are taking much interest in the process, and that when well established it will notably increase the profits of the beet industry in Germany.

The Penitentiary costs the taxpayers of the state, in aggregate, a large sum of money every year. Statistics showing the cost per capita of maintaining the prison, however, indicate careful administration of the funds. The salaries of the officials and their subordinates absorb nearly one-half of the entire amount, but, as far as the public knows, or, from any data obtainable, is able to judge, this expenditure is not out of proportion to the labor and responsibility incident to the service.

Populists of Idaho have put out a manifesto that has all the earmarks of ancient history. After numerous "whereases" of ancient date, they have resolved to "nominate and support a straight Populistic ticket in the coming election." It is evident that their lines of communication with Kansas have not been open during recent years, otherwise they would not make this stupid bluff at prosperity.

The Senate has fixed up the Payne bill, which was rushed through the House without attention or thought, and now it is ready for the real work of legislation. This is one case where the Senate has improved upon the work of the House, and it is to be hoped it will stand by its guns.

Farmers who cannot make money a year like this, when all products are bringing high prices, must be very few, and indeed they are very few.

When Miss Stone gets her turn at the magazines, she will make Hobson, Sampson et al. think that fame is all a shadow that passeth away.

Miles desires to be President to cure himself of talking. Roosevelt used to speak his mind before he got to be President.

Prince Victor of Italy is coming to America. Our heiresses will put off their weddings until he makes his choice.

This Is the Way to Talk.

New York Evening Post.

It is safe to say that in any other country than this the properly constituted authorities would long since have taken prompt measures to bring the officials of the New York Central to book. District Attorney Jerome's prompt action yesterday gives the positive assurance that, so far as his department is concerned, it will not be found lacking hereafter. He will find himself supported by a unanimous public sentiment in any measures he feels called upon to take. And if the city authorities cannot compel the Central to modernize the tunnel, the public will welcome action by the Legislature at Albany.

Meanwhile the moral responsibility for the tunnel conditions rests upon these officials of the New York Central:

William H. Newman, president, in office only since January 3, 1901.
P. S. Blodgett, general superintendent.
A. M. Waitt, superintendent of motive power.
W. J. Wilgus, chief engineer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

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William H. Newman, president.*
W. K. Vanderbilt. Samuel F. Barger.
F. W. Vanderbilt. H. McK. Twombly.
J. Pierpont Morgan. Wm. Rockefeller.

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H. McK. Twombly. Wm. Rockefeller.
Darius O. Mills.

The Return of Gorman.

Boston Herald.

Gorman is it. The Democratic caucus of the Maryland Legislature nominated him on Wednesday "unanimously and enthusiastically." There were 64 members of the Legislature present, and 61 votes are enough to elect a Senator. We see no reason for presuming that Gorman will not return next year to the body of which he was for a long time the real Democratic leader. We presume that he will quickly be restored to his former prestige. The nomination of Gorman is not adapted to strengthen any hope that the Democratic party will become more worthy of public confidence. He is not a leader who inspires a hope of party regeneration. He belongs to the past, and knows no future that is better than the past. He is a hunker in politics, and a bound servant of all the sordidness that degrades the present times. He has no liberal ideas, no nobility of motive. He is a boss with all the traits that make a boss powerful and successful for his own advantage. If the Democratic minority in the Senate was composed wholly of men of Gorman's caliber it would mean nothing good to the country.

THE SECRET OF NERVES.

New York Sun.

The dispatch from Chicago containing the extraordinary announcement of a new hypothesis in relation to the dynamics of the nervous system, would have been received by the scientific world with reasonable incredulity if there had not been attached to it a name so well known in that sphere as is the name of Professor Jacques Loeb, the author of a valuable book on the "Physiology of the Brain." Professor Loeb's scientific standing is so high and so well assured that anything coming from him bearing on the subject is bound to receive more than a common degree of credit.

The time has been ripe for the solution of a problem of this kind. It has been in the air, so to say, for a long time that neuron energy, and perhaps all kinds of vital energy would ultimately be determined to be a form of electrical force or manifestation. It has been felt that our further progress in the investigation of the nervous system would be largely through a study of its dynamics and chemistry rather than through microscopical observation of nerve elements in health and disease. The account as given is rather the outline of a hypothesis, as we have described it, than a statement of facts; and, naturally, the scientific world must await the publication in detail of the experimental and other facts which are supposed to sustain the theories propounded before it will be in a position to digest, corroborate, accept or reject the theses of Professor Loeb and his colleague, Dr. Mathews.

These things have already been matters of surmise among scientific men: that the proteid molecules of nerve and muscular tissues are colloidal, that the contractibility of muscle fiber is due to some sort of stiffening or coagulation, that nerve cells retract their processes in some such way, and that neuron energy is a form of electrical energy. They have been matters of surmise heretofore; now Professor Loeb puts them in the form of a hypothesis. It is to be assumed that in due time he will present in methodical, scientific form sufficient and satisfactory data to support the preliminary statement in our dispatch, and the scientific world will await their appearance with expectant attention.

The discovery, if discovery it be, will give us a new foothold for further climbing, but it would be folly to say that it brings us any long step nearer the stupendous problem of organic life. Suppose that it does explain the modus operandi of an anesthetic or of alcohol on the nervous system. Surely, the discovery of anesthesia itself was the greater performance. How the anesthetic acts will satisfy scientific curiosity, and incidentally lead the way perhaps to the solution of other problems. The postponement of death in the eggs of sea urchins by the use of cyanide of potassium solutions, while an interesting phenomenon, is probably not of so great importance, nor of any greater significance, than the everyday postponement of death in human beings by the use of proper foods and the exhibition of various stimulants to the heart and other organs. So, too, in regard to the employment of alcohol as an antidote to snake venom, the discovery of that means of cure ranks higher as a gift to humanity than any explanation of how the effect is achieved.

In saying this we have no intent to minify the results of the investigations of Professor Loeb and Professor Mathews. As contributions to science, as a step forward into the shadows that hang over "the million acres of our ignorance," as a stimulus to inspire investigators with the hope of some day reaching the center of the labyrinthine puzzle all around us, we hail these achievements with praise and encouragement. We hope that they will demonstrate their utility as well as their interest to the human race.

Getting the News Then and Now.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The following editorial announcement which was made by the New York Evening Post of January 8, 1902, just 100 years ago from Wednesday last, is as suggestive as almost anything can be of the world's advance in not only scientific achievement, but in that of the newspaper press:

> The captain of the British packet, Prince Earnest, which arrived here this morning, has obligingly favored the editor with his papers to the 10th of November, inclusive. We have made from them such extracts as we thought most interesting to our mercantile friends, and shall continue to extract till we have exhausted their columns. The article of greatest moment which they contain is the Dutch Constitution, but its length precluded its insertion for this day. It will be given tomorrow. We shall not make out here a bill of fare; the viands are various, and every one must suit his own palate. The debates in the House of Commons will be only partially given, and will consist of the speeches of leading members; more would engross too much of our paper.
>
> The enterprise of our contemporary a century ago was so extraordinary that it was enabled to "beat" all its rivals by presenting to its readers, all whom long ago were gathered to their fathers, news from "the mother country," two months old, lacking only two days.

The fleet British packet Prince Earnest is now as forgotten as the Indian canoe that crossed Lake Michigan a thousand years ago, and her place has been taken by the "ocean greyhounds," and as a carrier of news, the Atlantic cable has usurped her office.

In today's Ledger there are reports of things which happened in England and on the Continent of Europe this morning, according to Washington Observatory time, which is about five hours later than that of Greenwich.

The New York Evening Post of January 8, 1802, with its two months' old news of the Old World, is scarcely "deader" than is the same alert and excellent journal of yesterday, as although the "livest" thing of all is the real newspaper of today, that of yesterday is to the general reader as dead as the doornail of the adage.

The electric wire which girdles the earth in less than Puck's forty minutes is now the only carrier which can transport it fast enough to satisfy the newspapers and their readers. The stately old packet which brought the news from abroad 60 days old is now as strange a thing at sea, even as a freighter, as would be a copy of the enterprising Post of a century ago.

He Is Not a Goliath.

Washington Post.

Senator Simon, of Oregon, the most diminutive man in the Senate, had to stand a long time yesterday before he caught the eye of the presiding officer.

There is a story afloat that once upon a time Senator Simon was trying a case before the Supreme Court of his state. Out in Oregon the men are nearly all of tall stature, so that when Mr. Simon began to address the court he was almost lost in the throng of lawyers around him. As he commenced his argument, the Chief Justice looked over the bench at him.

"It is customary," said the Judge in a kindly tone, "for lawyers to arise when they address the court."

Mr. Simon blushed and remarked that he had arisen as high as he could rise. Some waggish attorney near by suggested that he stand upon a chair, but the suggestion was not carried out.

Prince Chun's Return.

Shanghai Mercury.

Prince Chun has returned. The roads along which he passed yesterday were bright with native bunting, while here and there the "Rising Sun" of Japan shed its lurid beams upon the scene. To outward appearance the Prince has changed but little. He is darker in complexion, as though sunburned somewhat; that is all. Inwardly, such a journey as he has just taken, fitted as he was by a youth spent entirely among native surroundings to appreciate at the full its strangeness, cannot but have left its mark, a mark which no length of life will ever efface. It is a great pity that many more of the native youth cannot be sent on similar journeys, not, let us hope, for similar reasons, but as traveling students of the world's ways.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Gerard specialty company gave, under the auspices of the Order of Washington, an entertainment at the Baker Theater last evening, which was enjoyed by a fair-sized audience of members of the order and others. Webber and Elliott, in their musical "act," made the hit of the evening. A sketch called "Fun in a Chinese Laundry," was presented, and several specialty features made up the remainder of the programme. The entertainment will be repeated tonight.

"In Town" Tonight.

"In Town" will be the bill tonight at the Marquam. It is a musical comedy, in which the Pollard juvenile opera company is said to be at its best, and an unusually good performance is promised.

The Neills in "Barbara Frietchie."

The sale of seats will open this morning at 10 o'clock for Mr. James Neill and company, who come to the Marquam Grand Theater next, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with a matinee Wednesday, in Clyde Fitch's drama, "Barbara Frietchie." The first act of "Barbara Frietchie" discloses the exterior of the Frietchie home, in Frederick, Md. Upon a darkened theater the curtain rises slowly and softly, without orchestral music. It is the starry twilight of a Summer night, and the air is full of the scent of honeysuckle and jasmine. On the steps of the Frietchie house sit three pretty young girls, dressed in the quaint, soft, light dresses of the period, open at the neck and sleeveless. Through the window Barbara is heard singing "Kathleen Mavourneen." The conversation outside turns to the love affair of Barbara, particularly her love for Captain Trumbull, a Union officer, then stationed at Frederick.

Programme for Grand Opera Concert

Following is the programme for the opening concert of the Collamarini-Repetto operatic company at Cordray's Sunday night:

Polonaise ..... Liszt
Benoist.
Prologue—"I Pagliacci" .....Leoncavillo
Ferrari.
Aria—"Don Pasquale" ..... Donizetti
Repetto.
Solo—"Mignon" ..... Thomas
Russo.
Solo—"Mignon" ..... Thomas
Collamarini.
PART II.
(All vocal numbers in costume.)
"March Militaire".....Schubert-Tausig
Benoist.
Cabaletta—"Barbiere Seville"..... Rossini
Ferrari.
Duetto—"Barbiere di Seville"..... Rossini
Russo and Ferrari.
Cavitani—"Barbiere di Seville..... Rossini
Repetto.
Duetto—"Barbiere di Seville"..... Rossini
Repetto and Ferrari.
Havanera—"Carmen" ..... Bizet
Collamarini.
Scene from "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi

"East Lynne."

There has been a very good advance sale of seats for the engagement of "East Lynne," which begins at the Baker Theater Sunday night. The company which will present this well-known drama is said to be fully competent. Elizabeth Hale, who heads it, is a young woman who has received many flattering notices for her emotional acting, and other members of the company are Hamilton Armor and Percy Oblein. The play will be mounted with an entirely new scenic equipment.

Sure Cure for Snobbery.

Chicago Tribune.

Professor George E. Coe, of Northwestern University, who pointed out to Evanstonians the "snobbery peril" which he says confronts them, believes the advent of the workingman into that or any other wealthy community would result in more benefit to the rich than to the poor. At the same time he does not think that all people can be put on one plane of social equality.

Professor Coe yesterday amplified the statements made by him at a citizens' mass meeting, in which he told the older men of the suburb that their exclusiveness would produce moral degeneracy and a community of snobs.

The remedy which he gives to keep society healthy, he calls the principle of give and take between the different social elements.

"This give and take," said Professor Coe, "is illustrated in the social settlements. It is the common testimony of the settlement workers that they receive more than they give.

"People of wealth and refinement would be happier and better if they could live next door to the poor. Why? Because it brings them down to simplicity, and breaks their artificial views of life. It destroys a tendency to selfishness and snobbery and conceit that is always found when a person is shut up in a little exclusive circle.

"For that reason people of wealth receive more from the laborers than they can give them. The most they can give in return is a knowledge of social propriety and aid in the building up of social communities."

The ultra exclusiveness of the rich and the sullen retirement of the poor into their small communities are among the greatest of social errors, Professor Coe thinks. He urges that a less clannish spirit would produce a better society.

"The segregation of class from class is always an evil," he said. "The separating of the residences of the rich from the residences of the poor in the large cities has resulted in a disadvantage to both the rich and the poor. If the well-endowed children of self-made men are segregated from the rest of the world the effect on them must be moral degeneracy. The polite man needs to lear nsome of the directness of the rougher man, and the latter would profit by the contact by becoming more refined.

"The principle that he who tries to save his life loses it applies to classes in society as well as individuals. Those who are fortunate in respect to property and culture need opportunities for sharing their gifts with those who are less fortunate. On the other hand, they have much to gain from personal contact with the simple, sturdy life of the honest toiler."

Darien.

A. D. 1513—A. D. 1901.

(The American Senate has ratified the isthmus treaty.—Washington telegram.)

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien"—
The Spanish steel red in his conquering hand,
While golden, green and gracious the vast land
Of that new world comes sudden into ken—
Stands Nunez da Balboa. North and south
He sees at last the full Pacific roll
In blue and silver on each shelf and shoal,
And the white bar at the broad river's mouth,
And long, ranked palm trees. "Queen of heaven," he cried,
"Today thou giv'st me this for all my pain,
And I the glorious guerdon give to Spain,
A new earth and new sea to be her pride,
War ground and treasure-house." And while he spoke
The world's heart knew a mighty dawn was broke.

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"
Four hundred years being fled, a Greater stood
On that same height; and did behold the flood
Of blue waves leaping: Mother of all men!
Wise Nature! And she spake, "The gift I gave
To Nunez da Balboa could not keep
Spain from her sins; now must the ages sweep
To larger legends, though her own was brave.
Here on this ridge I do foresee fresh birth.
That which disparted shall bring side by side,
The sea shall sever what hills did divide;
Shall link in love." And there was joy on earth;
Whilst England and Columbia, quitting fear,
Kissed—and let in the eager waters there.
—Sir Edwin Arnold, in the London Telegraph.

The Sky.

R. H. Stoddard.

The sky is a drinking cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.
We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Keep your eye on the groundhog.

Thus far no congregations have felt a call to pray for snow.

Mr. Chamberlain and Count von Bulow may yet get into a serious misunderstanding.

Mr. Kipling said ill-natured things about Americans, but he did not call them flanneled fools or oafs.

The New York Evening Sun says the President is standing by Cuba. He must find the footing rather sloppy.

It is said that the people of the United States bought 150,000 pianos last year. This is bad news for their neighbors.

Von Bulow cannot say anything to Chamberlain that is half as mean as the language used to him by his own countrymen.

Kansas is beginning to worry about its Winter wheat crop. The hope that Populism was dead in Kansas is, it appears, premature.

The Legislature of Porto Rico transacts business quietly and with expedition. But it must be remembered that it is new at the business.

Nothing has been heard about the Treasury surplus for so long that it is suspected it has folded its tent and silently crept away.

Aguinaldo, General Funston, Miss Stone, Webster Davis, the battle-ship Oregon, James K. Jones, Richmond Pearson Hobson—where are you all at?

The performance of "Damon and Pythias," which the Port of Portland Commission ought to give, should be at the dress rehearsal stage by this time.

A man who has been studying the question says he has discovered that clearance sales are held for the purpose of getting enough money to buy stock for the rest of the year.

Marconi has not yet felt the need of sending out a wireless telegraph feeler in the direction of Johannesburg, to see if Mr. Kipling has any poetry ready for the waiting world.

The engravers at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing have completed a vignette of President Roosevelt that will always be used as the official picture of the President. After his death it may be used on Government money or securities, but not until then. This vignette was made from what was decided to be the best photograph of the President after every photograph he has had taken in the last 10 years had been examined.

The newspapers are recording the fact that Vincent Astor, the only child of Colonel John Jacob Astor, is to occupy a villa by himself at Tuxedo this Winter. Although the boy is 10 years of age, and likes to be out of doors, he will not be expected to help at the chores. He has not only separate apartments of his own, but also his tutor, governess, music teacher, athletic instructor, valet, maid, waiter and groom. His life is regulated by his father's orders, and his health is watched with a closeness that must make the poor little kid tired. He is the only heir to so many millions that they don't dare take risks.

Senator Dolliver says that Governor Shaw has a great penchant for telling stories. One of Shaw's stories was related under interesting circumstances. It was after the newspapers had announced that he had been offered a place in the Cabinet, and there was considerable curiosity to know whether he would accept. He was at dinner with some friends and they plied him with questions, couched in language as near a direct examination as they dared. Governor Shaw paid no attention to their hints until the dinner was nearly through. "Gentlemen," he said, finally, "you have been trying to find out whether I am going to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury. I can only say that I am reminded of the story of the two little boys who were at dinner. They were asked if they wanted some pie. One of them helped himself to a large slice. The other did not take any at all. The first boy looked at the other in astonishment. 'Bill,' he remarked, 'always take a piece of pie when pie is passing.' Gentlemen," added Governor Shaw, "I am going to take that boy's advice."

John W. Starke, a prominent young man of Richmond, Va., was arrested by Postoffice Inspector Buller on the 11th inst. for sending through the mail an insulting letter to President Roosevelt soon after the President entertained Booker T. Washington at the White House. The charge is that of sending obscene matter through the mail. The letter was directed to "The President, Washington, D. C.," in a large white envelope and the address was printed with type. The offensive document consisted of a sheet of blank letter-paper, on which was written in pencil under date of "10-24, 1901":

> To Teddy:
> White without and black within,
> A "nigger" in a white man's skin.
> J. W. S.

Inclosed was the picture of a negro with an outrageous legend. Starke, when confronted with the charge, confessed that he had written and sent the two lines of the doggerel, but denied that he had put in the cut and the legend.

President Cleveland was in frequent receipt of insulting letters from Populists, and Thomas Jefferson, in his Presidential canvass, was made the subject of vulgar caricature, entitled, "Long Tom and Black Sal."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Sawin—How did you happen to get such a cold in your teeth? Burwin—I went out without my gum shoes on.—Boston Transcript.

"Give me a penny for the fresh-air fund, pop?" "A penny, my boy?" "Yes, pop; that's all they charge for filling my bicycle tires."—Yonkers Statesman.

Tickled the Taxidermist—Seizing some old comic papers, the skillful taxidermist proceeded to fill the defunct animal with them. Smiling merrily as he worked, he remarked: "This is a case of stuff and nonsense."—Baltimore American.

In New York.—"The doctor says my wife will never be any better as long as she lives in a little tucked-up Harlem flat." "Is it so bad as that?" "Yes, it is. He says there isn't room for improvement."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Comparison.—"It is a brutal, degrading sport," said the visitor from South America, after witnessing a football game. "There is some truth in what you say," replied his host. "Still, the game isn't much more dangerous than your revolutions, and it's a great deal more dignified."—Judge.

This incident illustrates the sort of gallantry that is most prevalent in this degenerate age: As a man and his wife were pass