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.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 469 "The Rookery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, Eastern representative.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy and continued cold; easterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 40; minimum temperature, 36; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1902.

DEMOCRATS MAKING FRIENDS.

Americans who hope and pray for confusion upon our flag and uniform in the Philippine Islands have lately found pleasure in expatiating upon the difficulties and hardships undergone there by our soldiers. The canteen has been abolished, but that has not stayed the torrent of vituperation our sacrosanct prohibitionists devoutly pour forth upon the heads of our military authorities. New England antis and ubiquitous prohibs make common cause against their country's progress and welfare. They count that day lost which does not record their ecstatic joy over the illness, or suicide, or assassination of some American soldier boy; and when a few days ago an official report used the euphemism "nostalgia" in speaking of the homesick ones, rejoicing knew no bounds.

Military service has its seamy side. There are the shouts of the charge, the paeans of victory, "the silver voices of heroic bugles," the "wild, grand music of war." But there are dangers and disease, temptations and homesickness. A man gives up a good deal when he enlists to uphold his country's flag on a distant shore. His country calls, he feels that some one must go, and he enlists. He leaves behind him all that is dear, he goes to face all that is doubtful and dangerous. At this stage he needs encouragement and sympathy, and instead of that he hears the voice of the anti-imperialist. You are a fool, says the kind and sagacious anti. Not only that, but you are a robber and a cut-throat. You are a drunkard and a libertine. You are suffering from unmentionable diseases, the climate is killing you. The Filipinos are uncomfortable. You are engaged in a hopeless struggle. You are tired, miserable and homesick. Doubtless there have been people of this ilk in all times and places; but by them liberty was never achieved, wrongs redressed or rebellion quelled. Infinitely superior, for all purposes of National security and progress, is the spirit behind the voice of Colorado in the Republican Convention of 1900: "Our dead lie buried along the sands of Luzon, and on that soil no foreign flag shall ever wave!"

Enter the Democratic minority in Congress. It yields nothing to Boston or the prohibs in unwavering and enthusiastic disparagement and discouragement for our boys in blue across the sea; but it has something better, something more to the point, something calculated to decimate the ranks of our columns and put insurrection on stabler feet. It can cut off the soldier's supplies. Secretary Root, whose sincerity and ability not a mother's son of the Democrats can call in question, asks for the means of proper shelter and protection of the American troops in the Philippines. And only one man of all the Democrats in the House, men of military experience and ancestors from the South and men of business training from the North, has the patriotism to vote in favor of the appeal. That one was Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who reflected honor upon the newspaper profession, to which he belongs, as well as on his party and his state, as he shook his fists in the Democratic faces behind him and said that when he refused to vote support and care for an American soldier he hoped paralysis would seize him.

There are various ways of changing a National policy concerning communities in revolt. One is by appealing to the people in Presidential and Congressional elections. Another is by agitation on the floor of Congress. Another is by impressing the Executive Department. These do not content the Democratic minority in Congress. It is its nobler and more high-minded way to visit displeasure on the common soldier in the ranks. The man who has responded to his country's call for troops, who has taken the oath of enlistment and even now is carrying his gun through tropic swamps and under tropic sun 7000 miles away from home, tired and homesick, perhaps ill and wounded—if this soldier boy, weak in body and health, perhaps, and strong only in courage and fidelity, if he can only be discouraged and cast down, or induced to desert, or left to die of wounds and neglect, then the immortal principles of Democracy will be gloriously vindicated, and the party of the expansionist Jefferson and the soldier Jackson can call upon mankind to witness a great victory of statecraft.

Where is the Democratic party going to look for friends to further its ambitions? Not among our manufacturing industries, which it has continuously pursued with threats of free trade. Not in trade, which it has menaced for years with threats of the silver basis. Not among the masses of home-tending, country-loving people whose patriotism it denounced in 1900 as in 1864. Then where, except among the turbulent discontented ones of great cities, to whom liberty means only license, and to whom orderly government is oppression?

DOLLIVER'S UNDUE OPTIMISM.

Much as we like an optimist, Mr. Dolliver suits us too well. On the occasion of his re-election to the Senate he addressed himself to the tariff problem in the United States, and, having correctly diagnosed the case, passes a unanimous vote of confidence in the present staff of physicians. His assurance seems to us unwarranted.

The Dingley tariff, says Senator Dolliver, is behind the time. The rates may have been right enough in 1897, but that was five years ago, and things have changed. Many of them have been rendered unnecessary, many of them absurd. The trusts are here, and once infant industries are now selling abroad at less prices than at home. These unjust rates therefore are today "no longer a shield for American labor," but are "turned as a weapon of defense against the American markets themselves." These defects, he says, ought to be corrected.

Oh, yes, but how, and especially when? Mr. Dolliver reposes implicit confidence in Congress. It will correct these defects in a business-like way. Unfortunately, he gives no evidence in support of his trust, no reason for the faith that is in him. He ought to know that Henderson and Payne, who make tariffs in the House, and Allison and Aldrich, who unmake them in the Senate, have declared that no reductions are to be made in the tariff at this session. Representative Babcock has a bill which is made the occasion of impatience and mirth, but it is no nearer passage than it was when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. We cannot amend the steel schedules, because that would be an entering wedge, and an entering wedge might split in twain the whole fabric of protection. We can't make any beginning on tariff reform, because that involves tariff agitation.

Nothing could be more engaging than this apprehension of tariff agitation. It is akin to that insane desire in possession of most detectives, who wish to keep robberies out of the newspapers in hope that the robber will not know his crime is known and he is pursued. What is going on in this country today, men and brethren, unless it is tariff agitation? What are they talking about in Congress and discussing in every newspaper and magazine, unless it is the tariff in some shape, reciprocity or concessions to Cuba and the Philippines, retaliation on Germany, reduction of war taxes, relations with South America, sugar from the British West Indies? Nothing could be more absurd than the theory that to pass a tariff bill would cause agitation and not to pass it will allay agitation. Mr. Dolliver deprecates a change of doctors. Then let him produce results from the present consultation.

"Unless we are compelled to admit that Congress has become helpless in the presence of questions like these." That is Mr. Dolliver's alternative. It is not bad as a conclusion, but in one respect it is inaccurate. Congress is not helpless in the presence of questions. It is helpless in the presence of the protected trusts. There is a first-class opening for a deliverer, and as Mr. Dolliver is not 43 till next month, he might qualify for it. Then by the time he is as old as Senator Morgan, he may see a tariff reform bill passed by the Republican party.

"CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS."

While reprobating the crime for which Bresci, the anarchistic assassin of King Humbert, was guilty, and approving the view that the criminal's life was justly forfeit to society, enlightened people everywhere shrink with horror from the penalty that was inflicted upon him and regarded it as unjustified and unjustifiable by any crime that a human creature could commit. This penalty, it will be remembered, consisted in confining the prisoner in a dungeon barely large enough to contain his body in an upright position, affording him no means of lying or even of sitting down, compelling him to breathe over and over again the contaminated air of the place, and feeding him insufficiently and at rare intervals. Of course, he did not and could not long survive the extreme of cruelties inflicted upon him in the name of punishment by a government that abjures capital punishment as unjustifiable, and in a short time he became insane, his death speedily following.

And now, what about the punishment that is being inflicted upon the convicts in the McNeil's Island prison, who were captured a few days ago after a desperate attempt to escape? These men, ten in number, we are told, are confined in two dungeons, each six by eight feet in dimensions and six feet high. No bedding is provided (indeed in such close quarters it would be a superfluity, since there is not room for the men to lie down and it would further cramp them for room). Though nearly famished when taken, they were not given food for ten or twelve hours after their incarceration, when each received a single slice of bread and a cup of water, their allowance for twenty-four hours. In this place and under these conditions, we are told, it is the purpose of the Government prison authorities to keep these convicts for at least fifteen days! And yet this is an American, not an Italian, prison, and the time is the first month of the second year of the twentieth century, which we are proud and thankful to assure ourselves is far, far removed from the abhorrent prison tortures of the Middle Ages!

Is it possible that such treatment of human creatures, under the name of punishment, will receive the sanction of the most enlightened Government in the world? That the terrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta can be repeated and its methods boasted in a United States prison? Will it be any wonder (if any one of these criminals survives this treatment, and, serving the period of his sentence, becomes again a free man) if his hand is turned desperately and brutally against society in the blind effort at retaliation? Instead of being preventive, is not such treatment of criminals in a wide sense retaliative? If the Government prison at McNeil's Island is insecure, should not the Government at once proceed to make it secure by other means than the torture of convicts who have attempted to escape from it?

These men are desperate men against whom heinous crimes have been proven. The penalty they were serving in the United States prison was deserved. Of that there can be no doubt. In recognition of the fact (well based in human nature) that all prisoners will evade penalty if possible by escaping from confinement, prisons are built, made strong and, presumably, vigilantly guarded. If, on its part, the state or the United States fails in the undertaking to hold convicts in prison, it should see to its defenses and strengthen them, whether the weak point lies in insecure walls or negligent officials, and not in blind attempt at self-justification proceed to inflict the torture of starvation, thirst, foul air, darkness and insufferable crowding together upon the men who found the weak place in the prison walls, and, catching the wardens off their guard, made use of this discovery to effect their escape. Confinement upon meager and very plain fare; the withdrawal of all privileges of social intercourse with their fellows; the extension of sentence and the imposition when possible of hard labor, are justifiable and legitimate means of prison discipline. But no power of state or nation can scant the air, water and light supply of a human being and cut off all opportunity for him to secure sleep and look to an enlightened community or age for justification. To guard against such a possibility "cruel and unusual punishments" are forbidden by our statutes, and the prison officials who go beyond the decrees of the courts and inflict them should themselves be subject to such penalties as befit their lawless acts.

THE REAL BURNS.

Tonight our Scottish fellow-citizens hold festivities in memory of Robert Burns. The fame of Burns has suffered both at the hands of unjust critics and ignorant admirers. His severest critics have been the great Scotchman, Carlyle, and the Englishman, Henley. Carlyle did full justice to the poetic genius of Burns and to his sterling virtues of personal integrity and independence of spirit. He did justice to his honest hatred of bigotry, hypocrisy and inhumanity masquerading in the stolen robes of religion, but Carlyle was not entirely fair in holding Burns to the same standard of social morality that is enforced in our own time. Burns was born and bred a peasant, and the free use of whisky was almost universal with the Scottish peasantry in the last half of the eighteenth century. The clergy used it freely; it was served at funerals, and the intemperate use of alcohol was not held up to public opprobrium and denunciation as it is today. In America there was no such thing as a serious temperance reform movement until 1840, and Walter Scott, who was a young man when Burns died, records that drinking was universal among the better classes in his youth, so much so that men and women of good repute for piety and purity of life drank hot whisky in public restaurants to an amount that would be regarded today as excessive and scandalous. If these were the vices of the upper classes of Scotland in the day of Burns, it is certain that the use of alcohol was common among the peasantry.

Men were not held to as stern account in the day of Burns for the intemperate use of alcohol as they are today, and that fact must be considered in passing judgment upon him. The Puritan minister in colonial times sometimes drank enough between services to show it in his afternoon discourse. His indiscretion was indulgently treated then, but it would not be tolerated by any congregation today. The virtues of Burns were rare in his day, and were all his own. He came away from the company of the great unspoiled and unspotted by the flattery of the feast. He never became the fawning hound or lackey of a lord. He was a democrat in politics; a satirist of the degenerate, supercilious nobility, the corrupt court and heartless, hypocritical hierarchy of his day. He never forgot he was born a peasant, and always dedicated his genius to the defense and exaltation of the primitive rights of the people as contrasted with the acquired rights of caste, class and aristocracy. He was consequently hated by the Tory aristocracy and church of his day as a political and social incendiary, even as Byron and Shelley at a later date were hated by Tory England for their democratic views. The virtues of Burns, his humanity, his belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, his sturdy, independent spirit, which made him incapable of playing the part of social parasite or a political toad-eater, were very rare among literary men of those days. His vices were those of his time and of his social class. For this fact in our judgment Thomas Carlyle, himself peasant born and bred, has not made due allowance in his essay on Burns.

It was a day when all the great Scotch Judges were hard drinkers at social entertainments; when even so sober and decorous a statesman as William Pitt not seldom drank too much wine; when Edmund Burke almost alone of English statesmen was distinguished for abstemiousness. Men of that day cannot be measured by the social standard of sobriety in our day, any more than we can measure the Duke of Wellington, who gambled every evening at Crockford's in 1840, by the standard of our own day, which would not tolerate the spectacle of General Miles as a daily attendant upon a public gaming hall. Carlyle himself needs some charity, for while he did not exhibit the peasant vice of intemperance, he inherited and exhibited some very boorish traits of temper and speech, the result of his harsh and vulgar early environment, which were really serious social vices, since they betrayed him into brutal speech and repulsive manners. The fame of Burns, too, has suffered at the hands of the English critic, Henley, who has assailed the memory of Burns, the man, very much in the same spirit in which he has more recently assailed the memory of the man Robert Stevenson. Henley insists that there never was any particular "Highland Mary"; that Burns had a Mary or an Ann or an Eliza wherever he roamed, Lowland or Highland, far or near. Intelligent Scotch scholars resent this view of Henley as having little or no foundation beyond the spirit which leads some critics to delight in dragging an angel down from the stars to the bed of hell.

Something of the same spirit has been manifested by persons who knew a very little of Byron and Shelley in life, but have written them down extravagantly after death, men like Trelawney and T. Jefferson Hogg. Those who were in life the nearest and dearest to Byron and Shelley have written of them in terms of affection, admiration and respect, and those who wrote most bitterly about them were men like Hunt, who never failed to coin his illustrious friends into money, which he never returned. The Henley literary detective estimate of Burns has perhaps done the fame of the poet some harm by exaggerating the tradition of his vices. Burns certainly never apologized for immorality in his writings. In his "Letter to a Young Man" he spares neither intemperance, licentiousness nor irreligion. His faith in a supreme being who was the arbiter of the world is set forth in unmistakable language. Temperament and circumstances are among the formative influences of men, and, allowing for these differences, there was much that Byron and Burns had in common. Both had abounding masculine, athletic vigor and superfluous vitality. Robustness and vigor of understanding and expression prevail in the poetry of Burns and Byron, while the airy flight and music of the skylark is suggested by the work of Shelley. You feel certain that behind "Bruce's Address" and "Waterloo" sits a robust athletic man. You feel sure that behind "Adonais" sits a man of delicate physique as well as spiritual intellect.

STRENGTH OF THE PAPACY.

The Pope is 92 years of age; he is so feeble that his death may be expected any day; he exercises no temporal power, and yet the spiritual power of the Papacy is as strong today as it ever was under the most youthful and vigorous pontiff. So strong is the Church of Rome today in France that Premier Waldeck-Rousseau recently opposed the abolition of the Concordat by which the relations of the state and church in France have been regulated for a century. This Concordat was negotiated between the first Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. It restored Catholicism in France as the religion of the majority of the French people, and included the following article: "The Catholic worship shall be public, but in conformity with such police regulations as the government may judge necessary to the maintenance of public order." The Concordat was finally accepted by the French Legislature April 5, 1802. Under its terms, at the close of service in every church a prayer for the republic and its Consuls ascended. Salaries were paid by the state to all ecclesiastics, the ownership of church estates was confined to their actual possessors, and the Pope granted to the Consuls all the rights of sovereigns. On the other hand, the temporal power of the Pope was recognized, a nuncio took up his residence in Paris, and a French Ambassador was sent to Rome.

These were the reciprocal obligations embodied in the Concordat. Notwithstanding the Concordat between Napoleon and the Papacy, full toleration was allowed to Protestants, Jews and free-thinkers in France. The Calvinistic and Lutheran parishes were formed and regulated under state control, and their officers received state pay. The Catholics were forbidden wherever there was a Protestant church to celebrate their rites outside of the walls of their own churches, or to march in procession through the streets. The Jews were organized into synagogues, and since 1831 the payment of a stipend to their rabbis has been a charge upon the public treasury. To all other forms of worship complete protection was allowed under a system of voluntary support. During the whole Napoleonic period the secular power arrogated the right to exercise ecclesiastical functions, and the power of the Papacy has never been the same since the First French Empire. As time went on Napoleon relaxed the rigorous grasp of statutory law upon the Catholic church, and before his fall the rules as to religious processions had been relaxed, and certain religious communities had been established and tolerated.

The French Liberals that recently moved for the abolition of the Concordat contend that in practice it has been a reactionary measure, that under it the religious associations have been most powerful, while secular education has never been less influential. The French Legislature has extinguished by law the religious associations, but the Ministry has refused to abolish the Concordat and has rejected the proposal to abandon to themselves the Roman Catholic missions whose protection France long age assumed in the far East. This rejection of the proposal to abandon the Catholic missions in China to themselves, following the refusal to abolish the Concordat, proves that even the Radical Ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau hesitates to array the state against the Church of Rome in France.

When Leo became Pope in 1878 he was 68 years of age. The church in Germany was then assailed by Bismarck, who enacted the Falk laws. He had a powerful enemy in Italy in the person of the great statesman Crispi, but he has lived to see the Falk laws repealed and the Crispi laws repealed, and today at 92, with the shadows of death gathering about him, he will leave the spiritual authority of the Papacy in Europe far stronger than he found it 24 years ago.

In 1870 the King of Italy supplanted the Pope as civic sovereign of Rome. Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Church is as full of life and strength as any of the great faiths of the world, for with the death of the temporal power of the Pope his spiritual sovereignty has been vastly increased. That is, the influence of the Vatican has gained rather than lost ground in both Europe and America since the death of the temporal power of the Pope, who has not had to carry the political odium that was charged against Pius IX by the friends of young Italy from 1848-49 to the day of his death. The modern success of Rome is of course due something to the administration of Leo XIII, who is an able, tactful, astute statesman, but it owes its greatest prosperity to its converts from the ranks of ecclesiastical Protestants, who refuse to accept that rationalism that is the logical ultimate of the Reformation, and to the fact that the Roman Church is shrewd enough not to repulse the plain people by declaring for eternal punishment and a puritanic Sunday.

Rome is popular with the common people the world over. The humblest, poorest Catholic man or woman is welcome to enter St. Peter's at Rome and kneel before the altar. There is no color line shown in the Roman priesthood. The Catholic missionary to the Indians is not only their preacher; he is their doctor, their affectionate nurse and friend. The Catholic church preaches hope to sinners in this world and probation in the next. It gives up money, position, friends, and becomes an outcast for Christ's sake, and it holds the eye, the ear and the heart of the heathen world better than the Protestant church today, because it is a far more effective machine in its worldly organization and government. In the present and future conflict between Rome and Protestantism, we may be sure Rome will suffer less from desertion than will Protestant orthodoxy, for the intelligent and thoughtful Protestant will go fearlessly forward to rationalism, while the superstitious thinker and sentimental ritualist will go back to Rome.

The nominal orthodox Protestant Church will lose both by recession to Rome and by advancement to rationalism. Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee, one of the foremost figures among the clergy of the Church of England, has just gone over to Rome. He is a distinguished graduate of Oxford, an author of numerous volumes in prose and verse; and Episcopal Bishop Hall, of Vermont, has recently announced the going over to Rome of one of the clergymen of his diocese. The Pope today is an uncompromising champion of the supernatural inspiration of the Bible. The Catholic church tolerates no such thing as "the higher school of Biblical criticism," which reduces the Bible to a human authorship no more inspired than was Shakespeare or Dante. As time rolls on Protestantism will have to meet squarely the question whether the authority of the Bible is divine or human, and when that day comes intelligent, honest minds will have to go forward with Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott to rationalism or back with Rev. Dr. Da Costa to Rome.

The business of muleraising has grown to enormous proportions in Texas during the last two years, in response to the demand of the British Government incident to the South African War. It is said that fully a quarter of a million of these animals have been shipped through the port of New Orleans to South Africa within this time, the bulk of which came from Texas ranches. There is yet no sign of abatement of the demand. Indeed, agents of the British Government now in Fort Worth give assurances to ranchers that buying, so far as can now be determined, is likely to continue indefinitely, which means, of course, that the end of the war between Boer and Briton is not yet in sight. It is idle to protest on technical grounds against a traffic so big with profits and possibilities. While the demand continues (woe to the wretched animals), the supply will follow.

More than 200 clerks, mostly women, were dropped from the pay-roll of the Census Bureau on the 15th inst. The newsgatherer supplemented this announcement by the statement that "there was much weeping" among the women who were discharged. In view of the facts that the pay of this class of employes is small, their necessities great and the season midwinter, the supplementary statement is one to arouse legitimate sympathy, since it represents conditions of dire responsibility without adequate means or opportunity to meet them among sober, industrious persons who feel responsibility keenly. Something is wrong in our social or economic system, or both, when women in large numbers have to struggle as wage-earners.

The assumption that the taxpayers of the state find the Reform School a saving in criminal prosecutions is not borne out in the case of Thompson and Wright, the two boys that were sentenced to the penitentiary a few days ago for periods of twenty and ten years, respectively. The only return for the paternal efforts of the state in behalf of these youths was freedom from their predatory instincts and habits that the public enjoyed while they were boarded, lodged, clad and schooled at its expense. In other words, the Reform School served the purposes of a prison for these lads during several turbulent years of their predaceous lives. There is some reason for thankfulness in this which a public, duly grateful, accords.

It is the purpose of the Board of Education of Butte, Mont., to add a complete business course to the curriculum of the High School. A special teacher has been engaged to take charge of the work, and the board has ordered a number of typewriting machines for the use of the pupils in this course, which will begin February 1. It may be said that this is a much more practical expenditure of public money in the name of education than that which encourages pupils to dabble in water colors, model in clay and mouth unpronounceable French or unintelligible German. It is at least instruction that looks to some definite end.

The appointment of Captain Clark as representative of the United States Navy at the coronation of King Edward is especially pleasing to the people of the Pacific Coast, to whom he became in truth a hero through his exploit in racing the Oregon around the Cape and up the South American coast and fighting her valiantly in the battle of Santiago. His modesty, after all was accomplished, further endeared him to the people, who saw in it so sharp and wholesome a contrast to the self-adulation and jealousy of naval officers who with him helped to destroy the Spanish fleet and win renown for the Navy.

It is hard to conceive of a more useful career in life, along lines that make for humanity and minister to its needs, than that of Mother Joseph, for forty-five years identified with charity and educational work in Vancouver, Wash. Large executive ability was added to a conscientious discharge of duty in conducting an important institution of the church of her love and faith. More than half of her long life was spent in Vancouver, and the "House of Providence" in that city is a substantial monument to her endeavor.

The idiosyncrasy of suicide makes puzzling presentment in the act, together planned and executed, of two industrious, vivacious and exemplary young women of McMinnville, who ended their lives by taking poison Wednesday evening. The theory of insupportable wretchedness, and even the jaded excuse of insanity, fails to account for suicide in these cases. The act, so far as evidence yet reveals, must be dismissed as incomprehensible, and in this catalogue it does not stand alone.

Southern Oregon seems to be rich in every resource of nature, the development of which adds wealth to the state. Now it is asbestos which in paying quantities has been discovered in the Upper Applegate district, on the north slope of the Siskiyou Mountains. A number of men have entered the district and staked claims, confidently expecting good returns from the development of the mines.

AMUSEMENTS.

Last evening, which was devoted to Carmen by the Collamarini-Repetto Concert Company at Cordray's, proved by far the most enjoyable of the week. Collamarini, as well is known, is one of the best "Carmens" on the stage, and her singing of Bizet's great music was no less charming than her delightful acting. Ferrari sings the Toreador song with unction, and his fine voice had the first opportunity to do its best work. Repetto sang the smuggler's song so artistically as to call forth abundant applause. The best numbers on the "Carmen" programme, however, were the two duets of Collamarini and Russo, "This Flower You Gave Me" and "'Tis Thou." In both the dramatic possibilities of the situations were admirably brought out, both by the music and the acting of these two talented Italians, and both were enthusiastically applauded.

After the conclusion of the "Carmen" bill, Benoist gave a piano number so delightfully that he was compelled to respond to an encore, and played for it a beautiful Chopin impromptu which few of the great pianists could have excelled. The concert closed with the well-known tenor solo and quartet from "Rigoletto," which were splendidly given, Russo's singing in particular being brilliant in a high degree. Tonight's programme will be as follows:

Tonight's programme will be one of the strongest of the series, consisting of selections from "Barber of Seville," "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto." The artists will appear in costume.

"BARBER OF SEVILLE."

Figaro ..... Ferrari
Serenata ..... Russo
Duetto ..... Russo-Ferrari
Cavatina ..... Vittoria Repetto
Duetto ..... Repetto-Ferrari

"TROVATORE."

"Azucena," song ..... Collamarini
Duetto, first act ..... Collamarini-Russo
Song ..... Ferrari
Duetto, fourth act ..... Collamarini-Russo

"RIGOLETTO."

Song, "La Donna et Mobile" ..... Russo
Quartetto..Collamarini, Repetto, Russo, Ferrari

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"Quo Vadis?" at the Marquam Tonight.

Tonight at the Marquam the Whitney & Knowles' production of "Quo Vadis?" will open an engagement, which will run the rest of the week with the usual Saturday matinee. This version was made by the well-known dramatist, Stanislau Stange, and is the most elaborate on the road, the scenery and costumes being especially sumptuous. The story of the play is well known, and as this is the second time a really good production has visited Portland the attendance will no doubt be large.

"The Queen of Hayti."

The attraction at the Baker Theater next week, beginning with the usual Sunday matinee will be "The Queen of Hayti," a musical comedy, which is presented by a troupe of colored entertainers said to be one of the best of its kind on the road. New songs and dances, abundant comedy and a chorus of pretty mulatto girls are among the features promised.

"At Valley Forge."

"At Valley Forge," a drama based on the most critical time in the seven years of the war of the Revolution, will be seen at Cordray's Sunday night and all next week. The play is new on the coast, and is said to be highly dramatic. A company of competent players is promised, and the scenic equipment is said to be on an unusually lavish scale.

Teachers in Philippines.

A brighter side to the case of the American school teachers in the Philippines is presented by John F. Jennings, "office department public instruction," who, in a letter to the Springfield Republican, says:

"The teachers almost without exception are satisfied, intensely interested, and enthusiastic in their work. For the minor discomforts which they are willing to submit to they are amply repaid by the interest and deepest appreciation which the Filipino children and grown persons show in a work which has been denied them so long, and which comes in the nature of a revelation to these untrained people hitherto groping in darkness. Indeed, the missionary spirit of the work appeals to the teachers strongly. The fact that they are sending for brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and their betrothed ones is ample proof of their satisfaction with the conditions here. Letters are received daily telling of the progress made; requests come daily from towns throughout the archipelago for teachers, and calls come daily from division superintendents for additions to their staff.

"Personal danger is out of the question; military commanders will not allow teachers to remain in places where there is cause for apprehension. In fact, the very work of the teacher is a means of personal protection, so highly do the Filipinos, peaceful or even rebellious, appreciate this educational work."

William's Fond Desires.

New York Journal of Commerce.

An Austrian newspaper is entirely justified in assuming that there is a political significance in the visit of Prince Henry to this country. Imperial brothers are not so numerous that they can go around visiting or traveling without regard to considerations of state. It is not a violent inference that the Kaiser desires to demonstrate a thoroughly friendly feeling for this country when several little things have occurred to create some friction between the two peoples. One of these things is our tariff law and another is the tariff bill pending in the German Parliament. A third is the jealousy of German manufacturers and farmers over our success in international trade, and a fourth is the pan-German agitation, mostly in South America, but the discussion of which in German newspapers has frequently been ill-natured toward the United States. The Emperor's marked courtesy to Ambassador White, his invitation to the daughter of the President to name his yacht, his dispatch of his brother to attend the launching, and possibly the ordering of the yacht from American builders, are unmistakable expressions of regard for the United States and of a determination to maintain perfect harmony with this country.

Secretary Wilson's Dream.

New York World.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is again to the front with his favorite theory that the United States might and should grow everything out of which food, drink or clothing can be made. He insists that Egyptian cotton, coffee, rubber, bananas, tea, cocoa, rice, hops, macaroni and dates can all be stricken off the list of our imports and be raised on our own soil.

But how shall we increase our trade with the countries that produce these things if we stop buying anything from them? We now pay to tropical nations about $200,000,000 a year for their natural products. And if they don't sell their goods they can't buy ours.

An Electric Light Argument.

London Science Siftings.

That the amount of oxygen in a room is decreased alarmingly by our methods of illumination, the following simple statements show: A man may exist for an hour in a fair-sized room hermetically sealed if he has no light burning. Place a lighted candle in that room with him and his existence will be shortened by 15 minutes. If he had a lamp instead of a candle in order to make himself more comfortable with additional light, he would live only half an hour. If he had two good gas burners he would scarcely have time to make his will, for he would not live more than five minutes.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Continue to keep your eye on the ground hog.

Strange how well the Senate is struggling along without Pettigrew.

Wouldn't Captain Coghlan be the proper man to receive Prince Henry?

Perhaps the end of the Boer War is only visible from the top of the North Pole.

Croker is the only man on record who does not retire till after he is put to sleep.

Mr. Schwab apparently believes that Monte Carlo is in need of an endowment.

Venezuela is very much in need of the assistance of an international bankruptcy court.

Victor Colorado has been singing very low since the White House secured a new tenant.

The Atlantic and Pacific will soon be thinking that the missing link will never be supplied.

Boston recently had an amateur circus, what a pleasant affair it must have been for the polar bears.

Shamrock III has been designed, and Mr. Watson is now looking forward to an order for Shamrock IV.

Whitelaw Reid will be able to beat the rest of the New York newspapermen all hollow on coronation stories.

The division of opinion as to the two canal routes disproves the assertion that great minds run in the same channel.

Aguinaldo is spared the pain of being told to go w—y b—k and s—t d—n. He is already as far back as he can get.

Kentucky declines to stand for a "Tom Show," and the disapproval of a Kentucky audience means something more than eggs and cabbages.

The Panama Canal Company have already come down $70,000,000 in their price. Another reduction like that and we will get their trench with a $30,000,000 bonus.

Chancelor MacCraken, of New York University, practically admitted in an address delivered in Brooklyn the other day that the Hall of Fame at the institution named was the gift of Miss Helen Gould. "If the chancellor was the Christopher Columbus of the Hall of Fame," he said, after Miss Gould had made a speech, "a certain young lady present was the Queen Isabella."

A man in Ceylon recently made the following application for the position of conductor on an electric tramway: "Showth That the applicant in question is at present in very straitance circumstances and beg leave through the medium of this application to apply for the post of lightning conductorship, which has fallen vacant by the demise of the late conductor. I may mention that I belong to a respectable sinhalese family of Matara and has had my education as far as the 8th standard as per copy of certificate enclosed here in for your perusel, awaiting a favourable reply. The applicant as in duty bound will ever pray"——

A Philadelphia young man, of whom this story is told, has the trick, or habit, of saying: "Since you press me." On being offered a cigar he answers, smilingly. "Well, since you press me, I will, thanks," and to an invitation to luncheon, to the theater or to a drink his answer is always the same: "Since you press me, I believe I will." It happens that he is engaged to be married, and that his fiancee has a little brother. This lad has heard often and with much wonderment the phrase, "Since you press me," used on all sorts of occasions, and the other night at a dinner party in his house, when, unfortunately, there were some strangers present, he pointed his knife at the young man and said, in his loud, childish treble to his father: "Papa, why is Mr. Blank always a-sayin' to sister, 'Since you squeeze me?'"

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

How is it in the car we miss
Folks sit like this,
But in the one we're sure to catch
They'rejammedlikethis?—Judge.

Cured Him.—Father—I thought I heard our Johnnie say he was sick and now I see he's out coasting. Did you do anything for him? Mother—Yes, I brought in all the evening coal.—Ohio State Journal.

The Grandson of a Trust.—"Why so sad, Willie. Didn't you get nearly $300,000 worth of Christmas presents?" "But, mamma, I was thinking of that poor little boy next door. He got only $10,000 worth."—Life.

A Charitable Audience.—"Oh, no, our amateur dramatic club doesn't play for anything but charity." "I inferred as much the other evening, when the audience was kind enough to applaud your performance."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Only Waiting.—"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefly is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the Sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Point of View.—Mrs. Hiram Offen—How long were you in your last place? Applicant—Oi was there just a month, ma'am. Mrs. Hiram Offen—A month. What was the trouble? Applicant—The trouble was, ma'am, that I took sick, an' Oi couldn't get away anny sooner.—Philadelphia Press.

"What are you angry about?" asked the mother of her boy, who had just returned home from the Christmas entertainment. "Because I went to Sunday school every Sunday this year and gave a cent every time, and Willie Brown, he didn't go half as much as I did, and never put in a cent, but he got just as big a box of candy as I did."—Brooklyn Life.

After.

Robert Browning.

Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst!

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can;
And, absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both strike
On the senses, alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase
His offense, my disgrace?
I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold:
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
Were so easily born!

I stand here now, he lies in his place;
Cover the face!

"If My Bark Sinks."

William Ellery Channing.

Speak it not, I ask no rest forever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores;
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountains swiftly pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

. . . . . .

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call tomorrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky!
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infinite powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.