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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain; brisk to high south, shifting to southwest, winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 50; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, 0.37 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The Astorian has this to say with reference to the United States Senate:

> Since the inception of the American Republic its Senate has been its safety-valve. Other legislative bodies have been carried away on the crest of some sea of popular sentiment, but at all times the Senate has dignifiedly curbed the jingoist and the enthusiast. It is pre-eminently a body of gentlemen, compared to which the lower House of Congress is a gathering of cowboys. This fact is the first that impresses itself on the Washington visitor. In the Senate mature deliberation is personified; in the lower house, impulse let loose. Without the upper house there would be foisted upon the country some of the most unjust and harmful pieces of legislation conceivable.

The interest of this remark lies in its curious misconceptions, its comprehensive misstatement of history, and its misinterpretation of plain facts. It exhibits our neighbor of Astoria in a character not wholly new to him, namely, that of one who deals with things not as they are, but as he would like to have them. This is fine in itself, and it is practically handy—as our friend often finds opportunity to illustrate.

We have heard of the dignity of the Senate before; it is one of the Senate's familiar traditions, and, like many another hoary theory, it will not bear critical examination. It is, in truth, a pretended and fraudulent thing, made up, in so far as it exists at all, of false notions of character, antiquated forms of procedure and a heavy stupidity of manner. The notion that the House of Representatives as a political or deliberative body is inferior to the Senate is most absurd, for any comparison of the membership of the two houses upon the points of character, ability, sense of responsibility and duty and practical working habit exhibits in a contrast truly painful the immensely higher quality of the so-called lower house. And there is reason for this contrast. The members of the House of Representatives are elected by the people; and in some measure, at least, they must have the qualities which appeal to public consideration and respect. They are responsible directly to the people, and this means that they must maintain the character and pretensions upon which they were chosen and illustrate by the results of their work their practical energy and their power for useful service.

The membership of the Senate, on the other hand, has not such direct responsibility, and it is subject to no such incentives to active and worthy labor. Members of the Senate are not elected by the people, and they do not look to popular approval as the source of future favor. In very many cases—so many as to establish a fair presumption in relation to the Senatorial character—the United States Senate is a mere creature of some selfish interest or combination of interests. The average Senator owes his election not to those he is presumed to represent, but to some financial interest or coterie of officeholders whose advantage and profit it is thought may be promoted by a vote in the Senate and a voice elsewhere at Washington. This is the plain truth. It explains the presence in the Senate of a ruffian like Tillman, of a mere professional lobbyist like Dubois, and of others who stand notoriously as the agents of special financial interests or of notoriously corrupt political machines. It explains why there is always a "sack"—or many of them—for every Legislature that wants it, and the very curious fact that "Colonel Mazuma," as often as otherwise, is an openhanded supporter of some candidate known to be personally impecunious.

Then there is another familiar type of Senator—the man of wealth and nothing else, who grossly buys his seat with money jobbed from the people in one form or another, or gained through some lucky stroke in mines or on the stock board. His duties, so far as they are performed at all, are looked after by some clerk whose chief function is to keep his employer from publicly making a fool of himself. It is this bonanza type of Senator who, under the dictation of his womankind, who find at Washington their opportunity to exhibit themselves in what passes for high society, has so increased the cost of "political life" at Washington that all prudent men hesitate to enter it. He it is who bids champagne to flow with a gross lavishness, who stupefies and vulgarizes the life of the Senate, and obstructs its legitimate activities.

The House of Representatives, closely related to the people and the active popular life as it is, responds always and promptly at every crisis in American affairs; but the Senate, never. If not always wrong, the Senate is always tardy, and its habit of obstruction has long been the chief embarrassment of our political advancement. We need only refer to its record in relation to the slavery question, to the money question and to the tariff question—not to mention a thousand other questions—to illustrate an inveterate vice of the United States Senate in its dealing with the interests of National government. We need not point to its present attitude toward the Nicaraguan Canal question. In matters like these the Senate never acts with promptness, vigor or straightforward honesty. It cannot do it. Its active men are so tied up to special interests, its dotards are so grossly dull and habitually tardy, its worthy and capable men are so relatively few, that it is always slow, always behind time, always inefficient and invariably out of touch with what is best and what is progressive in National purpose.

These considerations explain why it is that the Senate is the citadel of so many abuses and grafts, including that greatest of all grafts, the so-called protective tariff. They explain why the Senate "does nothing," why it has played only an obstructionist's part for many years past, and why the virile and really effective political talent of the country is to be found in the House rather than in the Senate. They explain, too, why the Senate appears a place of small attraction and of limited opportunity to men whose taste and habit are for action and for study of public questions upon their merits and their relation to broad principles. Furthermore, they explain and justify the movement which looks to election of Senators by the people rather than at the hands of legislative bodies. Every consideration of propriety and expediency calls for this change; the opinion of the country supports it fully and cordially. In the Senate, and there alone, it is opposed. The motive is plain. Men like those who make up a large part of the present membership would have no show for election by the people; and none know it better than themselves. Again, the "interests" which maintain agents in the Senate do not want a change which would rob them of their "representation." Under these conditions, of course, the Senate makes no response to the general demand; and when the appeal for a constitutional amendment comes to be made, as it must in time under the pressure of the public will, the initiative will have to come through the alternative method prescribed by the Constitution—not from the Senate itself, but from the states.

YOUNG MAN, ASK FOR A SUBSIDY.

One of the most humiliating things about the present session of Congress is the apparent determination to compel the Government to lay a Pacific cable at public expense. The only excuse for this most transparent diversion of taxes from their proper to improper ends would be the unwillingness or inability of private capital to undertake the work. That was the ground of aid to the first Pacific railroads. That is the basis of Government irrigation work.

No such state of affairs exists concerning the Pacific cable. Private capital is not only willing, but anxious, to undertake the work. It has, in fact, already begun it. The most exacting could hardly frame a more favorable proposal for the Government than is offered by Mr. Mackay on behalf of himself and his associates. He asks "no subsidy or guarantee." The same conditions that have been prescribed by the United States in connection with the landing of Atlantic cables owned by domestic corporations "will be satisfactory to me." He does not ask the United States "to insure or indemnify me against any existing landing rights of any company or companies in respect to the Philippine Islands or any other islands in the Pacific." Subsequent inquiry has developed that the Government can not only have the use of the cable on its own terms, but may, after the cable has been successfully laid, acquire it under appraisal, in case of any necessity to make good its ownership. Mr. Mackay has also promised the Government a very heavy reduction in tolls, and puts the cable at the disposal of the Government in both peace and war. He binds himself not to acquire exclusive privileges from foreign governments. He will not combine or pool with other cable lines. He waives any liability on the part of the Government for results of censorships it may establish.

Of course, Congress ought to jump at this proposal. But it does not. Seven bills are pending, whose object is in some way or other to get money out of the Treasury for a Pacific cable. There is a company that wants to try its hand at making a cable (at Government expense), and it has found access to the ear if not the pocket of certain patriots. They are for a Government cable.

So paltry a motive does not, however, we are sure, wholly account for the antagonism of Congress to a cable built for business at the cost of its owners. It is a matter of principle. Your true modern statesman, who is up on silver, tariff, subsidies, and so on, comprehends the great moral truth that no man should do anything for himself that Government can do for him. No man should sell his wares in open competition if a protective tariff can possibly be secured for him. No man should do business on a business basis while there is a cent left in the Treasury that can be drawn out in subsidies. Therefore it is that while Mr. Mackay is ready to lay a cable and take his chances for business, Congress prefers to appropriate $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 out of the Treasury. Congress is evidently trying to do its full duty by legitimate business enterprise, and imbuing the youth of the country, so far as lies in its power, with the dignity of self-help and the glory of independent spirit.

TELLER POINTED TO HIS DUTY.

The senior Senator from Colorado (anti) rises to address the Senate. The embodiment of Senatorial dignity and courtesy, which forbid alike the dispatch of business, the support of Government and the accomplishment of any reform, he addresses himself to that charity which suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, etc., and which especially imputeth no evil. He bewails the ill-tempered language which has been hurled at the devoted heads of the antis. They should not be talked about in unfriendly terms. He will not, he says, "be disturbed by the unparliamentary and indecent charge made against those who do not agree with the Administration's policy, that they are unpatriotic and have not the public welfare at heart. Because I stand here with words of sympathy for the Filipinos," said he, "I am not guilty of treason, as has been charged against a Senator in this chamber."

It is doubtless well that the supporters of the Government should understand that animadversions are not to be recklessly bandied about the Senate chamber, if so be that they come from the Republican side and are addressed to the Democratic side. But the supporters of the Government should also understand that this great principle of charity is one-sided in its application. It is one of those rules that do not work both ways. Every consideration for the antis, none for the Government. As will appear:

The Senator from Washington (anti) rises to address the Senate. No pent-up charity contracts his vocabulary. He addresses himself to the Republican side and with unmeasured terms of censorious rage. "The leaders of the Republican party," he shouts with great vehemence, "have dishonored the Nation by their greed for power and spoils. They have done so under the false and blasphemous pretense that they were serving Almighty God by advancing liberty and religion. Instead of advancing the cause of liberty, they have struck it the worst blow it has received since it first found a foothold on the American continent." Mr. Turner adverts to the course of Republican leaders in drenching the Philippines with blood and destroying the liberties of an unfortunate people "dwarfed by you to conquest and subjugation and spoliation." He also finds that what the Republican leaders have done there is "a relic of barbarism too black even for the most despotic and tyrannical government that now exists on the face of the earth."

It is now up to the senior Senator from Colorado to administer a stinging rebuke to the senior Senator from Washington for his intemperate and uncharitable abuse of men belonging to the most dignified and courteous body of parliamentary spellbinders on the face of the globe. He didn't do it yesterday. Maybe he'll do it today.

THE WOODEN LINCOLN.

For more than fifty years after the death of Washington the wooden Washington of Weems was the popular view of that great man. Not until Theodore Parker delivered his series of lectures on "Great Historic Americans" was the "Father of His Country" delineated as a flesh-and-blood figure, a man of very great virtues and powerful understanding, but also as a man of strong passions and naturally passionate temper, which he generally controlled but did not always rule. For more than thirty years after Lincoln's death a wooden Lincoln was presented to the American people by preachers and teachers and professional public day orators. The real Lincoln, a man of masterful temper, a man whose natural benevolence and kindness of heart were never gratified at the expense of stern public justice, is at last in evidence; a man nearer to humanity and yet a far more imposing and immortal historical figure. To analyze Lincoln as a soldier, an orator, a politician, a lawyer, a Christian, is but a microscopic view. He was not a great lawyer; his actual soldiership as a volunteer in the Black Hawk War is not worth considering; his sound military instinct during the Civil War was only part of his strong common sense, and even this failed him miserably on more than one important occasion, as he confesses in his official correspondence. He was not a successful politician because he was too unselfish a man to scheme persistently and victoriously for his own advantage. A very eloquent writer, he was in no legitimate sense an orator, although he was a keen and vigorous debater. He was, of course, a Christian in his profound humanity, but he was only a devout deist.

What was Lincoln, then? He was, like Washington, a very great statesman, and, like Washington, he was more than a great statesman; he was a very great man because, like Washington, he subordinated all his great powers and extraordinary opportunities to absolutely unselfish moral purposes. This supreme moral force and purpose rather than his great intellectual endowments place Lincoln side by side with Washington, and with Washington alone, as not only a great statesman, but as a very great man. Great Englishmen confess that with the possible exception of Burke their history can show no great man equal to Washington in purity of purpose and public unselfishness, but Lord Rosebery, in his address on Lincoln, ranks our "martyr President" with Washington. Too much has been made of the superficial surface of Lincoln. Humor and wit he had in abundance, but the basis of his nature was gravity, which not seldom took the form of melancholy, as might be expected of a man who had a strain of poetic imagination in his nature. It was this gift of humor, his imagination and his moral gravity of soul and character that lifts Lincoln completely above the public plane of his great rival, Douglas, to that of the first rank among English-speaking great men. Lincoln's first thought was always to be loyal to right against wrong, while Lincoln described Douglas as caring less for the truth, as the truth, than any man he ever knew. And because of this vast difference, Douglas far outstripped Lincoln until great moral issues became the burning questions in politics. Without the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, effected by Douglas, Lincoln would probably have gone to his grave an obscure historical figure, but the anti-Nebraska struggle involved a desperate wrestle between the eternal principles of right and wrong that woke the moral energies of Lincoln's nature. They were worthy of the steel of a statesman; they reached into an atmosphere high above the tainted air of mere politics in which Douglas had always lived and moved and had his being. Lincoln's opportunity was as fortuitous for the exhibition of his moral genius as a statesman as the outbreak of the war offered to the unsuspected military capacity of Grant.

Lincoln became a hero by an intellectual evolution and moral growth, largely the result of what we might call the inspiring education of great events. Lincoln in his youth was a great, rawboned, clumsy, rustic-bred man of vast natural gifts and aspirations, groping and stumbling his way forward, his eyes growing clearer and his step firmer every hour of his eager quest for worthy service. The weaknesses of Lincoln's early years, a certain boorish lack of sensibility exhibited in his doggerel village satires, his strange actions and speech, his relish for "horseplay" wit and humor, are no more against the theory of his splendid ultimate moral and mental personal evolution than the ruffling tavern bully vagaries of Cromwell's youth or the early passionate outbreaks and pugilistic pugnacity of Washington. Lincoln rose with the rising flood of tremendous times, but the flood did not cast him ashore as driftwood. He was a man with all the passions, feelings and sensibilities for good and evil that belong to all men of robust mental and physical stature, who became a hero and a statesman not by mere birthright, but by struggle, aspiration, failure and occasional fall, until ultimately he shook his provincial narrowness and ignorance, took the bridle in his teeth and distanced all his competitors. Such men are not born; they grow; they are a harmonious moral and mental evolution of all that is best in their time before they lead a revolution that founds or saves a state.

> Endurance is the crowning quality
> And patience all the passion of great hearts,
> These are their stay, and when the leaden world
> Sets its hard face against their fateful thought
> And brute strength like a scornful conqueror
> Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
> The inspired soul but flings his patience in
> And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.

POOR, IMPERILED LIBERTY!

Senator Turner, of Washington, since he has become a Democrat, out-Bryans Bryan, and almost out-Tillmans Tillman. 'Tis simply awful how he roars against the acquisition of the Philippine Islands. Like Senator Money, of Mississippi, he would "let them go to the devil," at once. The reflex action on ourselves, he tells us, will be terrible, if we allow "consent of the governed" to be trodden down. He would despair of his country, if he supposed the Philippine Islands were to be retained by the United States.

Senator Turner pities his poor country now; but he will pity himself, his poor self, when he comes before the people of the State of Washington, as he is soon to do, asking them to re-elect him to the Senate on a platform whose main feature is to be, "Scurry out of the Philippines and let them go to the devil." No other state perhaps is so settled, so determined, on retention of the Philippine Islands, as Washington. On a direct issue the people of Washington would vote, twenty to one, to keep them. They regard possession of these islands as the basis of new and great commercial development in the Orient, in which the State of Washington is to have very large participation. As for Turner's bathos about imperiled liberty, and his ululation about tyranny and oppression, they know these things are the poor and reedy politician's stock in trade, very much shopworn.

In a recent number of the Commoner Mr. Bryan said: "The Democracy, both North and South, now comes nearer the ideals of Jefferson and Lincoln than the commercialism of Hanna or the imperialism of Roosevelt." Let the first statement be granted. But how about the second?

In 1809 Jefferson wrote to Madison: "I am persuaded no constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government." This remark is very like the "imperialism of Roosevelt." Fourteen years later the founder of the Democratic party wrote to James Monroe: "Do we wish to acquire to our own confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of states. The control which, with Florida point, the island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering on it, as well as those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well being."

It will be observed that Jefferson desired annexation of Cuba, not for the benefit of the island, but for the advantage of the United States. Why cannot our system of "empire and self-government" which we are establishing in the Philippines be as good and sound as Jefferson's conceptions about the same as to Cuba?

But note further the declared position of the Democratic party in the year 1860. This plank appeared in both the Douglas and Breckinridge platforms of that year, viz: "Resolved, That the Democratic party are in favor of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba, on such terms as shall be honorable to ourselves and just to Spain." Nothing here about consent of the governed.

Jefferson's doctrine of consent was a revolutionary doctrine. It was part of the declaration of war against Great Britain. Unless backed by force, the doctrine is merely an abstraction, meaning nothing; for there is not now in existence anywhere, not even in this country, a government of any sort which is exercising power by reason of popular consent unanimously given. On the contrary, all government, here as elsewhere, operates in defiance of the clearly expressed will of minorities made up of millions of men, and sometimes in opposition to unmistakable majorities. Ten great American States, a generation ago, were compelled by mighty armies to continue a political association which had become hateful to them, and, as they believed, or had persuaded themselves, an insupportable tyranny. But did liberty suffer in the outcome? No more will it in the Philippine Islands. Men like Senator Turner will not persuade the people of the United States to mistake any of the counterfeit presentments of liberty for liberty itself.

A further objection to the illustration of Mexico, used by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his argument that backward peoples can successfully work out their own governmental salvation, noted in these columns yesterday, is the simple fact that Mexico has not at all worked out her own salvation from within, except as it has been thrust upon her from without, partly from France and the United States, but chiefly from Spain. The Spaniards found the Mexican people worshiping the sun, living in communal houses and offering human sacrifices upon their sacred pyramids. Such progress as has been made has been due mainly to the heavy hand of Spain, which still rests upon them—for Spain remains, though the sovereignty of Spain has departed, and her bequeathed oligarchy today controls the masses as absolutely as autocracy rules in Russia or the army in France. Mr. Adams' illustration is most false to the truth. Mexico, on the contrary, offers as striking testimony as Hayti does to the inability of native Americans to rise to the present Anglo-Saxon level of self-government. If the Philippines are to be lifted even to the partly civilized status of Mexico, it must be done by Americans.

Critics of our Philippine policy, meaning not the antis, but those who want the best results there and regretfully observe the cross purposes of civil and military there, seem disposed to censure either Chaffee for his sternness or Taft for his optimism, or both for their lack of mutual tact. Different from these, and prepossessing in its fairness to both men, is Harper's Weekly, which is firmly of the opinion that our policy itself is at fault in maintaining there two separate heads of authority, power and responsibility. No better men could be had, says Harper's Weekly, than Governor Taft and General Chaffee. They are able, honest, sincere, fearless. But it pertinently suggests that we shall not get the best results there until both civil and military power is lodged with one man, just as in Cuba that double power has been lodged with Governor Wood. We wish that the President and Congress might be induced to accept this suggestion and act upon it. So long as there is doubt as to whether any given offense, project, institution, locality or body of natives shall be under the jurisdiction of the civil or the military establishment, there is certain to be that apprehensive indecision which every executive person, in army or civil life, knows is fatal to successful administration. No man can serve two masters, and no two masters can govern one man efficiently. The delay and uncertainty in the Philippines justify some such radical departure as Harper's Weekly suggests, and The Oregonian would like to see it tried.

The assertion that the Supreme Court of the United States was packed by President Grant in order to secure a reversal of its legal-tender decision is completely refuted by the real history of the reconsideration of the legal-tender decision of Hepburn vs. Griswold, as given in a statement of facts just published in a collection of the miscellaneous writings of the late Justice Joseph P. Bradley by his son. The decision in Hepburn vs. Griswold, declaring the legal-tender act unconstitutional, was handed down February 7, 1870. One of the majority, Justice Grier, was a very aged man who had tendered his resignation in December, 1869, to take effect February 1. On the same day that this opinion was announced, and before it was known outside the bench, President Grant sent in the nominations of Justices Bradley and Strong, both Republicans, to the Senate. It was not until some time afterward, when a new case came to the Supreme Court involving the validity of the legal-tender act, and it was seen that Justices Bradley and Strong, with Justices Miller, Davis and Swayne, made a majority of the court in favor of the validity of the legal-tender act, that the cry of a packed court was raised. A paper written by Judge Miller is published, which shows that the first legal-tender decision was obtained through the vote of the aged and infirm Judge Grier under circumstances that entitled it to no weight as the final judgment of the court. Among other things, Judge Miller says:

> In a week from that day every Judge on the bench authorized a committee of their number to say to the Judge who reconsidered his vote that it was their unanimous opinion that he ought to resign. These are facts. We make no comment. We do not say he did not agree to the opinion. We only ask, of what value was this concurrence, and of what value is the judgment under such circumstances?

The proof is perfect that the appointment of Justices Bradley and Strong had been determined on by President Grant before he knew the standing of the court on the legal-tender case, or could possibly have foreseen the effect of the appointments on that question.

Marked decline in Cuba's imports, in connection with gain in exports, will naturally arouse the sympathies of those who look to heavy imports as the sole measure of prosperity, but it is highly probable that the figures reveal a tendency to revert to the normal, which in Cuba's case, as in the case of every financially dependent nation, is attained in heavy excess of exports over imports. The decline in imports may mean that Cuba is now able to provide for herself some things she had to get from abroad in war times, and the gain in exports indicates that she is increasingly approximating to solvency. This is a tribute to the efficiency of the American occupation, but it does not absolve Congress from its "plain duty" toward tariff concessions.

There is a black spot on the moral map of Portland. It is bounded on the north by Glisan street, on the west by Fourth, on the south by Ankeny and on the east by the river. Within that area are pestilential groggeries, dives and "resorts" which are the nightmare of the reformer, the shame of every good citizen, and the despair of the police. It is in order to minimize the evil influences of these plague-spots and decrease the activities of their habitues that the city authorities are moving toward an increase in liquor licenses. Under these circumstances, nobody is likely to be much moved by the apprehensions of Councilman Merrill that the ordinance in question may drive people out of the city.

For two days men, women and children have stood in lines 50 to 150 long, filling the lobby of the Marquam Theater, patiently waiting their turn to exchange coin of the realm for tickets to a notable dramatic performance and a more notable concert. This is further evidence of the general prosperity of Portland in sharp and pleasing contrast with the depression which began to see its finish in 1897.

The tariff ought to be reformed, and it will be reformed by the Republican leaders with utter fearlessness and entire partiality whenever and wherever the protected trusts point out the changes they are ready for. This, as we understand it, is the Republican programme, and if we are in error, we are open to evidence to the contrary.

Perhaps it is auspicious that Senator Foraker has identified himself with the demands of justice toward the Philippines. He had his way with Porto Rico, and it may be hoped his more liberal plans for the Philippines may also be pushed by his zeal and diplomacy to successful issue.

The firemen on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad ask an increase of pay from $1 75 to $2 a day on passenger trains, and from $2 to $2 25 on freight trains. The increase ought to be granted, for the pay is very small in view of the severity of the Winter railway service in the North Atlantic region.

Three or four mutton chops, that used to sell for 10 cents, cost 20 now. Tenderloin steaks have passed into memory, and the drama. And yet the butchers in mass meeting assembled declare that meat is too low. Keep on, gentlemen, if you think there is no hereafter.

The new charter will commend itself to the average man, who has not yet mastered its details, as a promising avenue of escape from the domination of political bosses, by whom our every charter has been drawn for many years.

Another girl has been found mysteriously murdered under circumstances pointing toward illicit sexual relations—and San Francisco is once more happy.

AMUSEMENTS.

Madame Modjeska and Louis James, supported by Wagenhals & Kemper's company appeared last night at the Marquam in "Henry VIII" to a house that was just a little larger than the capacity of the theater. Scenically the production was equal to anything which these lavish managers have sent to the West, the succession of pictures being the most beautiful and magnificent that the taste of the artist could conceive or the liberality of the producer carry out.

Madame Modjeska is perfectly suited to the great role of Catherine, and her wonderful conception of the character and her passionate and fiery reading of the lines could not be surpassed by a living actress. In every scene, and there are many in which the wronged and injured Queen is the central figure, she carries herself with that queenly grace and dignity which does not forget the station of the monarch, even in the ill-supressed anger and suffering of the woman. Pleading for justice at the feet of her husband one minute and flinging defiance in the face of Cardinal Wolsey the next, she was all that the sympathetic fancy could imagine Catherine in the trial scene, and the haughtiness with which she finally swept out of the room when she could no longer endure the sham and trumpery of the trial were nothing short of magnificent. Again, when she received the cardinals in her apartment and finally, broken and distressed, left off her denunciations and besought the counsel and sympathy which had been so long denied her, she was all that she ever has been as an actress, and more than any other actress on the stage could possibly be.

Mr. James plays Wolsey with the same grace and finish he imparts to everything he undertakes. He is the keen-minded, ambitious cardinal, in every act but the fourth, when, his plans discovered and the smiles of the King turned to frowns, he stands only a dishonored man, and soliloquizes on the frailty of human hopes, and the wretchedness of that man who hangs on Princes' favors. Mr. James' reading throughout is masterly, and his acting is good throughout. He is fitted for the part in voice and figure, and it is doubtful if it could be better played. Norman Hackett was a fiery Henry, and the remainder of the company were more or less equal to the minor parts which were entrusted to them. "Henry VIII" will be repeated at the matinee this afternoon. Tonight, "The Merchant of Venice."

RECORD-BREAKING SALE.

Entire Theater Sold Out for Nordica Two Days Before Her Appearance.

The sale of seats for the Nordica concert at the Marquam Thursday night began yesterday morning, and as soon as the window was up the line of buyers, many of whom had been standing there since 9 o'clock of the night before, began to buy eagerly. Although the number of seats to be disposed of to each person was limited, the entire house was soon sold out from pit to dome. The crowd was the largest and most eager that has ever been seen at the box office window.

MATINEES TODAY.

"Henry VIII" at the Marquam—Vaudeville at the Baker.

Wagenhals & Kemper's fine production of "Henry VIII" will be repeated at the Marquam this afternoon. As this is the last opportunity Portland playgoers will have of seeing the production, there will no doubt be a crowded house.

At the Baker Theater a special performance will be given of the vaudeville bill which has been so successful all the week. There has been an unusually heavy advance sale.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Sale of Seats for Hope's Play.

This morning at 10 o'clock the sale of seats for "Rupert of Hentzau" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" will open at the Marquam Grand Theater, where the company appears Friday night and Saturday matinee in the first named play and Saturday night in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Charlotte Tittell, who will play Queen Flavia in "Rupert of Hentzau," is an old Portland favorite, and will no doubt be greeted by many friends and admirers. Of the remainder of the cast, Harry Leighton as the King is said to be an exceedingly clever actor, who has added much to his reputation in the dual roles this season.

The others are all capable, painstaking players. The scenery and costumes are new.

"Human Hearts."

Hal Reid's best and most successful play, "Human Hearts," will be the attraction at Cordray's all next week. The play is one which, as its title suggests, is full of heart interest, a commodity which Mr. Reid knows well how to extract. A good company and fine scenery are promised for this production.

Third Week of Vaudeville.

For the third week of vaudeville Manager Baker promises to keep up his record and make still further improvements. Many surprises are in store, and the patrons of the theater are looking forward to the most enjoyable bill since vaudeville became a settled success in Portland.

"The Princess Chic."

The Kirke La Shelle Opera Company, with Maude Lillian Berri in the prima donna role, will present "The Princess Chic" at the Marquam Grand Theater next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday matinee and night. This much-heralded attraction comes with the enthusiastic indorsement of Eastern music-lovers and theater-goers. It is an opera comique, dealing with medieval days, and, although the story is logical and consistent, it is full of fun and music that pleases. Kirke La Shelle is said to have secured a most accurate scenic mounting, and also to have costumed his chorus in the most gorgeous fashion. Miss Berri's own role, that of the Princess, gives excellent opportunity for her marvelous soprano voice, as well as a chance for the display of her charms in several becoming costumes.

The King's Soliloquy.

Shakespeare, "King Henry IV," part II.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! Oh, sleep! Oh, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch case or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, Oh, partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Register!

Do it today.

The hobos are registering. Are they better citizens than you?

The price of meat used bad judgment in rising just as Lent sets in.

San Francisco is in her normal condition. She has another murder sensation to talk about.

Count Tolstoi is quite ill. He probably wants to keep his press agent earning his salary.

The Kaiser is going to give his brother a farewell banquet. The White House cook should copy the menu.

However, beef is no higher than some of the poultry which people with keen noses may detect in the local markets.

With beef on the rise, and the price of liquor licenses advanced, it begins to look as if meat and drink were only for the rich.

If the Presbyterians keep on revising their creed, Calvin will soon cease to stand at the pearly gates to welcome members of the denomination as they come in.

The vice-president of a Detroit bank is accused of taking $1,000,000. Curious that a man with such business ability never rose higher than the office of vice-president.

European powers are quarreling over which was the first to befriend Uncle Sam during the Spanish War. The friends of James J. Jeffries had a similar dispute when that worthy won the championship.

In an essay on the set subject of temperance a London board school boy discoursed on the unpleasantness of not being able properly to direct one's limbs. His orthography, unfortunately, was less orthodox than his sentiment. "For these reasons," he wound up, "it must be very auquard to be a drunkhard."

RICHFIELD, Utah, Feb. 10.—Big John, a prominent Ute Indian, is dead, as the result of taking a bottle of lemon extract for a cold.—News dispatch.

> In the city known as Richfield,
> In the fertile plains of Utah,
> Lies the cold and prostrate body
> Of Big John, the well-known chieftain,
> He whose wisdom in the councils,
> Whose established reputation
> For good sense and simple living,
> Were unlike the reputations
> Of the ordinary Indians.
> Oh, the Northwest wind, Blowloudas
> And the river Wetandmuddy,
> Loudly mourn in fevered anguish
> For the unjust laws of nature
> Which made lemon extract fatal,
> Fatal to the seasoned stomach
> Of the noble old Ute Indian,
> Though he drank but one quart bott
> He curled up and soon expired,
> Like the indiscreet coyote
> Which partakes of luscious mutton
> Sprinkled with a dose of strychnine.
> He was taught that liquid blueing,
> Strong cologne and fragrant hair oil
> Were the best of drinking fluids.
> He had sampled every phial
> In the little Richfield drug store,
> And had got away with every
> Drink that he had ever tackled,
> From blue vitriol to acid
> Of the species known as prussic,
> And beyond some few sharp wrenche
> That he felt somewhere inside him,
> He experienced no sorrow.
> But a single little bottle
> Of the tempting lemon extract,
> Cut him down in all the glory
> Of his rugged Indian manhood.
> Loud the wind moans o'er the prairie
> Loud the wild coyote warbles,
> And the roaring of the river
> Is as deep and mighty music,
> But this voice of John will never
> More with their glad chorus mingle.
> Oh, the cruel lemon extract!

Tired Mothers.

By Mary Louise Riley Smith.

(Mary Louise Riley Smith was born at Brighton, Monroe County, N. Y., May 27, 1842. She was educated at Brockport (N. Y.) Collegiate Institute, and in 1869 married Albert Smith. She has published "A Gift of Gentians, and Other Verse" (1882), and "The Inn of Rest" (1888). Some of her short poems, notably "Tired Mothers," have been widely popular, and several of them, including "His Name" and "Sometime," have been published separately as booklets and have had a large circulation.)

> A little elbow leans upon your knee,
> Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
> A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
> From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
> Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
> Or warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
> You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
> You are almost too tired to pray tonight.
>
> But it is blessedness! A year ago
> I did not see it as I do today—
> We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
> To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
> And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
> That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
> I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
> The little child that brought me only good.
>
> And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
> You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
> This restless curling head from off your breast—
> This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
> If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
> And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
> If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
> I could not blame you for your heartache then.
>
> I wonder so that mothers ever fret
> At little children clinging to their gown;
> Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
> Are ever black enough to make them frown.
> If I could find a little muddy boot,
> Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor—
> If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
> And hear it patter in my house once more—
>
> If I could mend a broken cart today,
> Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
> There is no woman in God's world could say
> She was more blissfully content than I.
> But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
> Is never rumpled by a shining head;
> My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
> The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Something Unusual.—"That's a queer business firm Klockett is in." "How so?" "Why, his wife's the silent partner."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

As to Valentines.—Biggs—Silly custom this of sending valentines, don't you think? Boggs—Worse than that—it's dangerous. It often leads to matrimony.—Judge.

Homely!—Bennet—Did you ever know any one so homely? Nearpase—Hardly! Why, she is so homely that automobile goggles are actually becoming to her!—Puck.

Her Idea of It.—Clara—So Ethel is married at last. Did she marry a man of family? Maude—Yes; she married a widower with six children.—Chicago Daily News.

The Surgeon's Valentine.—He—You know about the doctors operating on Tom Archer for appendicitis, and discovering that their diagnosis was wrong? She—Oh, yes. Well? He—Well, they sent him home on Valentine's day with a note reading, "Opened by mistake."—Judge.

"I don't understand why any wealthy gentleman should object to giving up his box at the opera for the accommodation of Prince Henry," said Mr. Cumrox, as he looked in the glass to see if his white necktie was on straight. "It does seem a little inhospitable," replied his wife. "Not only that. Why should he neglect such a splendid excuse for not going to grand opera?"—Washington Star.

Not Equal to It.—"What's your order, sir?" asked the waiter. "Ch-ch-ch-cheese s-s-s-sandwich and a c-c-c-cup of c-c-c-c-coffee," said the stuttering customer. "Anything else?" "Y-y-y-es. A-a-a-a-ask me." "Apple pie?" "N-n-n-no." "Lemon cream pie?" "N-n-n-no." "Custard pie?" "N-n-no." "