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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain; brisk to high, squally southwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 49; minimum temperature, 44; precipitation, 0.66 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26.

THE PACIFIC CABLE "GRAFT."

It is a fact, says the New York Press, that private persons are willing to lay a Pacific cable and operate and maintain it at their own expense. It is one of the mysteries of Washington politics and lobbyism, therefore, why the Government should be expected to lay another cable for another company, to be supported with Federal subsidy. A private company offers to do the work without any subsidy or money grant or guarantee of any kind. It offers, should the Government wish to buy the line at any time, to sell the cable to the United States at an appraised valuation. The Government would be bound in no way to take it if it did not want it, should it be a failure, or not pay, or for any other reason. The company which offers to do the work as a commercial and business enterprise on a commercial and business basis asks nothing of the Government, except that it be allowed to land its cables. On the other hand, the lobby seeks to have the Government prevent that company from carrying out its work, and also asks the Government to subsidize another cable line. You ask us why the Government should step in. It is a question that is impossible of explanation on any other theory than that a lobby should get what it wants from the Government at whatever cost to the Government.

A LOW-BRED MAN.

United States Senator Tillman announces that as a people we consider the lie as the first blow; that no man could hold up his head in decent society not to answer the lie with a blow; that Prince Henry comes from a country where custom makes it obligatory upon any man to resent an insult who regards himself as a gentleman; that he did only what President Roosevelt would have done under the same circumstances; that the President had no business to judge him guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman; that he is willing to abide by the judgment of all brave and self-respecting men.

This defense of Tillman is worthy of an impudent ruffian. Patriotism, said Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a rascal, and there never was a ruffian yet that did not try to pose as a "gentleman." There are a good many things that go to make up a thorough gentleman, but one thing is certain, and that is that no man who habitually uses coarse and abusive language to an opponent in parliamentary debate is a gentleman, and no man is a gentleman who violates the decency, dignity and propriety of a legislative body so far as to answer what he considers offensive language with a blow. An appeal to the chair for protection is always open to any Senator, and whatever course may be taken outside the jurisdiction of the Senate, no man in American political history ever behaved as has Senator Tillman and was recognized as a gentleman. Andrew Jackson was a man quite as passionate in his temper as Tillman. He was brought up in rude times and among rude people; he was a duelist and a street fighter in his early career as a lawyer and a politician. But Andrew Jackson always respected the decorum of the United States Senate when he was a member of that body, and so did United States Senator Sam Houston, an old soldier under Jackson, a man of the rudest early training and rough life in Tennessee and Texas.

United States Senator John Randolph in 1826, on the floor of the Senate, upon which he was wont to appear inflamed with alcohol, denounced the assumed political bargain between John Quincy Adams and his Secretary of State, Henry Clay, as "the coalition of the Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay did not violate the dignity of the Senate by assaulting Randolph in the Senate Chamber, as Representative Brooks did in the case of Senator Sumner, but promptly sent a challenge to Randolph. Shots were exchanged, but nobody was hurt. Randolph's brutal treatment of Clay was resented by Virginia, whose Legislature replaced him with John Tyler. Mr. Clay behaved better in 1826 under most stinging insult than Tillman, and Randolph was a hard drinker and so eccentric in his temper as to be suspected of insanity.

The immediate predecessors of Tillman, who represented South Carolina in the Senate, Generals Hampton and Butler, were both soldiers and served in the Senate during stormy times; but they never insulted its proceedings by indeecnt language or behavior, because they were well-bred gentlemen, but Tillman came to the surface on the crest of the tidal wave of the "poor white" insurrection against the rule of what was called the Bourbon class in South Carolina. This Bourbon class stood for the old-time planter class, men of education, culture and fine social breeding. Tillman has the social vices and vulgarity of a low-bred man. He is an arrant demagogue, gifted with a bad, brutal temper, and a most unbridled tongue. He ought to have been sharply called to order on his first entry into the Senate, but he has been suffered to insult every Senator with whom he has differed on public questions. Such men have no business in a legislative body, because they do not pretend to be bound by any obligations of public decorum in public debate.

Tillman has clearly never associated with Southern gentlemen. He is a kind of political Jack Cade, at once a bully, a charlatan and a foul-mouthed agitator. He is "poor white trash" posing as a South Carolina gentleman. The ablest papers in his own state have more than once in the past warned the Northern public against mistaking Tillman as a proper representative of the best brains and breeding and humanity of South Carolina.

OUR SEATTLE ALTRUIST.

In its disinterested and self-sacrificing efforts to serve the producers of the Columbia Basin by closing up the river's mouth, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer hails with joy the loss of some 600 feet of the Columbia jetty in the recent storms. The jetty was not really damaged to any great extent, it is true, the losses being mostly false work, but that does not signify to the Post-Intelligencer, which welcomes the incident as showing "the waste of public money" in Columbia River improvement. It advocates, therefore, a cessation of work at the mouth of the river, and charitably ventures the suggestion that it would be better for all concerned if the entire jetty were destroyed.

All of which reminds us that in the storm of February 14 some 320 feet of the jetty now under construction at Gray's Harbor was washed out in a storm, and that this is only one of a number of disasters that jetty has undergone this Winter. We bring the matter to the Post-Intelligencer's attention, in order that it may proceed to point the proper moral of the incident. It is unfortunate, the Post-Intelligencer will say, now that its attention has been called to the matter, that the people of Gray's Harbor have been deceived into thinking that any money should be spent at the harbor's mouth so long as there are any unimproved logging streams near the headwaters of the Humptulips and Satsop; it is providential, therefore, that a part of the jetty has been washed away, and it is to be hoped that the rest may be carried out before the Winter is over. Meanwhile nobody should buy anything of the Aberdeen or Hoquiam merchants and Congress should be petitioned to seal up the mouth of Gray's Harbor as the true way to serve the commerce of its tributary region.

It seems unaccountable, come to think of it, that the Post-Intelligencer, being published at Puget Sound, should devote itself with such enthusiasm, assiduity and voluminousness to the true and effective method of improving the Columbia River. If its programme, involving the creating of a matchless waterway here, should happen to find favor at Washington, and the Columbia River should be enabled to get all Puget Sound's commerce away from it, how would the Seattle paper ever square itself with its betrayed and outraged constituents? Meanwhile, if Portland's present course is suicidal and conducive to the ascendance of Puget Sound, why does the Seattle paper tear hair and crack heels so violently?

It is something new in industrial development, so far as we are aware, for a newspaper to set out deliberately to injure another city by endeavoring to destroy its transportation facilities. They want a harbor at Philadelphia, but so far as we have seen they have never urged Congress to fill up the Narrows with rocks so as to destroy the port of New York. The City of St. Louis is jealous of Chicago, but it has never proposed to tear up all the railroad tracks leading to the Southern end of Lake Michigan. This unprecedented and contemptible method of warfare the Post-Intelligencer has adopted toward the Columbia River; and it is simple enough to suppose it can carry on that warfare under the lying pretense of sincere interest in the welfare of the Columbia Basin. The exhibit in morals and intelligence is one that needs no comment.

WHEAT'S LOST KINGDOM.

Over 100 cargoes of wheat have cleared from Portland since the opening of the current cereal year, less than eight months ago. In all that big fleet were but three cargoes of Willamette Valley wheat. These figures speak eloquently of a wonderful change that has taken place in that garden spot of the West in the past few years. A quarter of a century ago Valley, or, as it was known in the Liverpool market "Oregon," wheat overshadowed all other varieties sent from Oregon and Washington ports, and for a long time Walla Walla cargoes held a secondary place to Valley cargoes in all of the big markets of Europe. Now Valley or "Oregon" wheat has almost disappeared from the Liverpool market, and in a few years, even with favorable crop conditions in the Valley, exports will cease entirely. Oregon has been a distinct gainer, however, by the change that has been made in the commercial map of the Willamette Valley. There is still a considerable amount of wheat grown, and there is a big acreage in the Valley which can be turned into the cereal to advantage, but the Valley will never again figure as an exporter of wheat.

Diversified farming has been the great factor in the change, and the milling industry has finished what diversified farming left undone toward making the change. As the wheat exports of the Valley declined the population and wealth increased. The orchardist, dairyman, stockman, hopgrower, all found methods of extracting more wealth from the soil than could possibly be secured by growing wheat. The profits from these industries were so much greater than the wheatgrower could secure that the price of farm lands rose in keeping with their earning capacity. This advance forced the farmer either in a measure to abandon wheat and diversify his work or else move to the Inland Empire, where land was cheap enough to admit of wheat being grown at a profit, even with the world's markets at low ebb. This revolution of farming may in time extend to the Inland Empire. It has already made a start in some parts of Idaho and Washington, but as yet the growth of diversified farming in those states is small compared with the progress made in the Willamette Valley.

It is improbable that the Valley will ever entirely abandon wheat. As a matter of fact, the withdrawal of so many farmers from the business of growing wheat has already helped matters for those still in the business. In some of the fruit, hop and dairy districts of the Valley there was only about enough wheat grown during the past season to keep the local mills supplied with stock for grinding. Under such conditions the mills have been obliged to pay a premium of from 4 to 6 cents per bushel over export values in order to keep the mills running to turn out flour and feed for the local demand. Thus diversified farming is of assistance to the wheatgrower who still endeavors and perhaps will continue to grow wheat regardless of the handicap of high-priced land.

While three cargoes of wheat represent the entire shipments of Valley wheat this season, there has been a much larger quantity exported as flour, and the bulk of it was ground at interior mills, thus keeping the largest possible share of the profits at home. In time, all of the wheat grown in the Pacific Northwest may find a market elsewhere in the world in the form of flour, but long before that time floating cargoes of "Oregon" wheat will have ceased to figure in the Liverpool market. Willamette Valley wheat first made Oregon famous, but the products of the field, forest and farm that are now going into the world's markets from the Webfoot state will give us greater prestige and wealth than ever came from wheat.

IRELAND AND HOME RULE.

The so-called "coercion policy" is to be revived in Ireland by the British Government, despite the fact that the Attorney-General admits that there is no serious crime in Ireland. His words are: "Violent crimes were never at a lower ebb," and this is the situation that exists today, nine years after Mr. Morley, under Gladstone's government, suspended the coercion act. The excuse offered for the present repressive measures is that intimidation is in the air; that tenants are banded against their landlords in order not to pay their rents; that reckless agitators are stirring up sedition among the people. The Irish people are united today, not on the question of home rule, but in support of the advocacy of compulsory purchase, under the lead of T. W. Russell, who has recently broken away from the Unionist party. Mr. Russell is a member of Parliament from South Tyrone. He has hitherto been not merely a stanch Unionist, but at one time was a member of the Conservative government. He does not today join the Nationalists in demanding home rule, but proposes the compulsory purchase of the land by the state for the benefit of the peasant occupants. He contends that the bill proposed by the government to enable tenants to buy out landlords is a superficial and illusory remedy, like all the now discredited acts for land purchase in Ireland. He urges a comprehensive measure which will everywhere in Ireland replace landlordism by "occupying ownership," and on this platform he has recently wrested from the government the membership for East Down.

Mr. Russell's movement is bound to succeed. It is on the lines of peaceful agitation, and will command a large support in the British Parliament that would vote with Lord Rosebery, the old-time lieutenant of Gladstone, against home rule. Home rule Ireland will not get until Englishmen forget the reckless words of the Redmondite leaders, who, at the outset of the Boer War, expressed the wish that the British arms might be overthrown in battle. As a purely academic question, it is easy to say that if Canada and Australia have been given home rule with happy results, why not Ireland? Ireland ought to get justice and good government, but it does not seem any more necessary in order to achieve this result that Ireland should have home rule rather than Scotland or Wales. Constitutional agitation under O'Connell in 1829 gave Ireland Catholic emancipation, which was wrung from a Tory Ministry, and Lord Salisbury's government placed on the statute-book the Irish local government act, a more radical and more valuable concession to Ireland than anything which Gladstone advocated. The late Sir Charles Russell, the great British Chief Justice, expressed the opinion shortly before his death that "Ireland would get home rule from the Tories," saying: "They have given us Irish local government, which is the complement of Catholic emancipation; why should they not give us home rule, which would be only the complement of local government?"

There is no reason as a mere academic question, but the wild and reckless ridicule lavished upon the British Government's prosecution of the Boer War by the Redmondites. The brutal exultation over every defeat of the British arms has caused a good many old-time Liberals, like Lord Rosebery, to believe that it would not be expedient to endow the Irish people with home rule. There is a vast practical difference between the concession of home rule to distant colonies like Canada and Australia and its concession to Ireland. It was of comparatively small practical consequence to Great Britain whether Canada made a loyal or disloyal use of the gift of home rule she obtained in 1840, and this was still more true of Australia; but Ireland is so close to England that the question of home rule is more than a mere academic question; its geographical nearness to England makes the grant of home rule to Ireland a question of political expediency. Ireland was given home rule at the demand of Grattan during our Revolutionary War, and did not lose it until 1801. She lost it because the factious elements in Ireland were never weary of trying to deliver Ireland into the hands of the victorious armies of the French Republic. Had not a great storm scattered the French fleet, an army of French veterans 30,000 strong, under the command of General Hoche, who was inferior only to Napoleon in military genius, would have landed in Ireland and would have conquered it and turned the flank of England's defensive position.

As it was, the few French troops that landed under General Humbert achieved a remarkable but short-lived success. Two famous Irish conspirators, Wolfe Tone and Arthur Dillon, joined the armies of the French Republic. No wonder Great Britain grew distrustful of Ireland and extinguished Grattan's home rule Parliament, not because England doubted the loyalty of Grattan, but because it distrusted the good faith and good sense of the Irish people. The story of 1798 is terrible, but England was at war with France and had been frightened by the French expedition, and had lost confidence in the loyalty of Ireland. So today Great Britain holds a bitter memory of the brutal abuse of her flag in South Africa by the Redmondite orators, and will not soon as a matter of expediency grant home rule to a people whose leaders pray for the defeat of the British arms. Ireland may thank the rhodomontade and bombast of Redmond and Healey during the Boer War for the present reluctance of English Liberals to grant Ireland home rule. T. W. Russell sees this clearly, so he does not ask for home rule, but for comprehensive reform in the ownership of land.

A committee of the National Civil Service Reform League has issued an appeal to veterans against the passage of the veterans' preference bills. A preference to appointment in the civil service was long ago enacted for the benefit of soldiers and sailors discharged for disabilities incurred in the war for the Union, but now further legislation is proposed which would extend this preference to all discharged soldiers of the war for the Union. The Civil Service League fairly says that the effect of this new veterans' preference act would be to lower the efficiency of the entire civil service, from the fact that something besides fitness would be considered in making the appointments, and furthermore, that a large majority of those who would be benefited by the bill are now at the age when officers of the Army and Navy are retired by law. It would, of course, be injurious to the efficiency of the civil service to increase the number of superannuated eligibles to appointment. There are, of course, comparatively few residents of the Southern States who could avail themselves of the preference, and for this reason the new legislation would be regarded by the South as an untimely act of sectional disqualification. All these objections are of considerable weight, but the strongest objection to the measure is that if the proposed bill becomes a law it will be sure to be followed by a demand to place all the veterans of the Spanish War in the same privileged class.

"Billy" West, of minstrel fame, who died a few days ago, was not in any sense a great man. It is said of him, however, in passing, that he caused as many people to laugh as any man that ever lived—a distinction that is not to be despised if we take the rating of physicians that a good laugh is a tonic unexcelled only by sunshine, pure air and sleep. Even to the last, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, the ruling passion was strong in this man of jokes and smiles, and he frequently had clog dancing performed in his chamber as an anodyne to his intense suffering, rewarding the dancers with rich gifts. His career was not in all respects admirable, yet there is more genuine sorrow over his death than that of many better and more deserving men. The explanation of this is not far to seek. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." The man of smiles frequently receives rewards in popular approval greater than those bestowed upon philosophers and statesmen. The form of entertainment with which "Billy" West's name is associated has almost passed away. In Philadelphia alone, says the journal above quoted, his style of minstrelsy has held its own. Its passing is one of the signs of the times. The men who have made fortunes amusing the public are legion, while the failures of those who have tried to benefit humanity on the serious side are many legions more.

Health officers throughout the entire Northwest, Middle and Pacific, are taking strenuous measures to suppress smallpox. Compulsory vaccination in labor and mining camps, where the disease has appeared; strict quarantine of patients and thorough fumigation of infected premises, are the methods used to control and stamp out the scourge. These measures will be successful to the extent that the health officers receive the co-operation of the public. Workingmen are usually quite willing and even anxious to protect themselves by vaccination when called upon by the health authorities to do so, but are unaccountably careless about taking the initiative themselves. Objection to this preventive process is most frequently made by parents, who resent what they consider interference on the part of school officers or others who require children to be vaccinated. The folly and stubbornness shown in the presence of a public menace are enough to make one sigh for German and Russian methods—temporarily, of course, or until the danger of widespread epidemic has passed—of dealing with self-assertive people.

Count Tolstoi is an old though not an aged man, as judged by modern standards of live and living. He is frail of body, and yet shows a wonderful vitality, though he has been standing apparently upon the verge of life for some months. Now he is reported to be "sinking," and again he rallies, with a prospect of recovery. His work, manifestly, is done, and while his end cannot be far off, the fact that he has in the presence of almost mortal weakness so long kept death at bay is reckoned as a triumph of abstemious living and unyielding will. Though accounted "better" by latest report, the announcement of his death at any moment would not be surprising.

Prince Henry is every inch a sailor, and is as proud of his vocation as is any American Admiral. Americans who fear that in honoring him they are toadying to royalty can with easement of conscience meet him upon this ground, while others, not disposed to carp at blood and birth, will find pleasure in greeting him as a grandson of Queen Victoria, son of Frederick the Good of Germany, and brother of the reigning Emperor. The range of compliment and courtesy is a wide one, and American citizens, fancy free, can roam it at will. Having paid their money, they can take their choice, remembering for their own credit to be good-natured about it.

It will be difficult during the next ten days or more to tell whether we are in Germany or the United States. Temporarily, however, it will make little difference, particularly as everybody, with the possible exception of Representative Wheeler, of Kentucky, seems to be happy.

TILLMAN AND M'LAURIN.

The disgraceful fight in the United States Senate chamber between Senators Tillman and McLaurin is the culmination of personal and political differences of long standing. The story is not a pleasant one. It exhibits Southern politics in some of its worst aspects; and more deplorable still, it exposes the political degradation of a state which in earlier times boasted its equality with the best in the character and power of its representation at Washington.

Until very recent years the political leadership of South Carolina was vested in its traditional aristocracy, a class very strong in numbers and character, and associated from the earliest times with whatever has been most respectable or most distinguished in South Carolina life and history. Out of this system came Pinckney, Hayne, Calhoun, and, in later times, Hampton and Butler. The political authority of aristocratic South Carolina was really broken by the Civil War, but the momentum of long years was not immediately lost, and it was only about 10 or 15 years ago that nominal ascendancy passed from the higher to a lower order of leaders. It was at this time that Tillman came into power as a leader of that rough-and-ready system of popular politics which now commands the support of the white minority on account of its power to hold the black majority in complete political subjection.

Tillman is a man of vigorous mind, of unquestioned resolution and strength, and while wholly without the refinement and the character which distinguished the old-time South Carolinian politician, he lacks nothing of the force or of the power essential to successful and sustained leadership. He belongs to the Eastern district of South Carolina, and some years ago, when he had disposed of the last of the old-time political leaders, it suited his purposes to elect a colleague from the western part of the state, where the Scotch-Irish element predominates, as it has from the days of South Mountain. He picked upon McLaurin, a young, facile and gracious man of Scotch-Irish descent, who had for several years been associated with the Tillman, as distinct from the old aristocratic politics. McLaurin, while entirely respectable, both as to character and talents, was not, and is not, a man of independent force. But for Tillman he would have never been heard of outside of South Carolina, and a State Senatorship would probably have been the highest dignity to which, unaided, he would have reached. It was as Tillman's partisan that he came into public notice, and it was as Tillman's friend and subordinate that he was chosen Senator from South Carolina.

In the earlier years of his service at Washington, McLaurin kept faithfully to his relationship with Tillman, meekly seconding his efforts in the Senate and assisting to fight his battles at home. But there came a time when this complete subordination grew irksome and humiliating, and when, in the view of McLaurin's neighbors and political friends in the Western district, it became a discredit and a reproach. Circumstances of gross aggravation, due to Tillman's arrogance and assumption of command, soon added their weight to the growing difference between the two Senators, and about three years ago they came to the point of open rupture. McLaurin declined to obey the dictates of his old master, declined to hold his vote in the Senate and his influence at home subject to the will and subordinate to the purpose of Tillman.

This rupture came concurrently with the opening of the Spanish War, and at a time when the Administration margin in the Senate was very narrow. Tillman, as a chronic oppositionist, was in bad odor with the McKinley Administration, which had every political motive for embarrassing and thwarting him. The situation was precisely to McLaurin's hand. Without nominally abandoning his Democratic associates, his vote in every crisis was always found on the side of the Administration; and it was soon found that his recommendations in respect to South Carolina appointments found favor at the hands of President McKinley. It is not likely that there was ever a formal bargain, or even an understanding between McKinley and McLaurin, but the political interests of the two men worked admirably together; and certain it is that up to the hour of McKinley's death McLaurin had, in support of his interests, both at home and in Washington, whatever support Mr. McKinley was able to give him.

Some months prior to McKinley's death McLaurin had practically severed his close connection with the Democratic minority in the Senate, and, though still calling himself a Democrat, had taken his stand with the Republicans in general support of the McKinley policies. His explanation of his position at home and elsewhere was a peculiar one. He had not, he said, ceased to be a Democrat, but as he conceived it the opportunity and duty of the Democratic party called for a radical break with party traditions and the assumption of new motives and purposes. Calling himself a Democrat, and appealing to the Democratic party of South Carolina for re-election as a Democrat, he declared that he stood for the protective policies, for maintaining the results of the Spanish War—in short, for pretty much everything in the list of the so-called McKinley policies. The interests of the South, he declared, called for breaking off from the politics of reaction and opposition, and of turning face-about upon new and progressive lines. It was in connection with this announcement that there occurred last year the sensational incident of the resignations of both Tillman and McLaurin, each asserting his willingness to go before the people for re-election, one upon the established lines of Democratic party policy, and the other upon a progressive platform as above outlined. The Governor of South Carolina, it will be remembered, after a brief hesitation, declined to accept the resignations, and the incident, after making a nine days' stir in the political world, ended rather tamely, if not ridiculously.

From that day until now the fight between Tillman and McLaurin has been characterized by great personal bitterness. Neither has the refinement which serves to hold controversies of this kind within the bounds of propriety and decency. Tillman is much the rougher, as he is the abler of the two men, but both are of a "coarse-haired" breed, in marked and painful contrast with the old-time leaders of South Carolina politics. The shameful incident of last week was nothing more than might have been expected under all the circumstances, and the only wonder is that the postponement of violence has been until now.

For Monument to Soldier Dead.

EUGENE, Feb. 25.—Members of the Second Oregon Volunteers in this section will probably donate 10 per cent of the "extra" money they have just received from the state to the erection of a monument on the plot set aside in the Eugene cemetery for the Spanish War volunteers. This "extra" pay covers the time which elapsed between their reporting for duty in Portland and the date of being mustered into service.

PERSONS WHO LIVE TOO LONG

San Francisco Bulletin.

Clara Morris, one of the foremost actresses of yesterday, has been deserted by her manager on a provincial lecturing tour and is stranded in the West without money. She has lived beyond her time.

History is crowded with men and women who lived too long and whose careers were spoiled by an anti-climax. In the drama and in novels it is easy to prevent untoward longevity in the principals. The writer of fiction has so many diseases, so many poisons, weapons and inevitable accidents at his command that he can foresee the death of his heroes and villains to the minute and can make the necessary arrangements. He knows when to have the curtain drop on his play, and when to write "Finis" in his book. He relies on his Camille to die in time, however slowly and with whatever agony she cares to affect, and to give the proper cue. He is confident from the very prologue that his Hamlet, his Macbeth, his Lear will not survive the last act. He is aware that Little Nell and Young Dombey will not disappoint when they are due to expire. He can finish his Cato, as Addison did, with a soliloquy and a sword. He has foreknowledge that his villain will shoot himself in the last act, and that the superfluous woman in the cast will go into an opportune decline, and give up the ghost so that the hero may decently wed the other girl in the final chapter and with his wife, in after years, visit the weedy and decrepit grave of the deceased.

But History is neither a playwright nor a romancer. She has no skill in fashioning climaxes. She never knows when to drop her puppets through a trap door. Had she written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," be sure that Eva had lived to a sour old age instead of being translated to Heaven in a rosy glow of light. History has no sense of the dramatic. She has missed too many chances. Her work needs to be edited and revised by some competent play mechanic—say David Belasco. Would Belasco have permitted Napoleon to fritter away the last years of his life at St. Helena, engaged in petty quarrels with Sir Hudson Lowe, and annoying the world with his complaints? Not at all. If Belasco had cast Napoleon's career, L'Empereur would have led in person that last charge of the Old Guard and would have died waving his sword on the very bayonets of the English Grenadiers. Nor would Wellington have outlived that battle to go home and become a stupid statesman and to be stoned in later years by a London mob as he rode in his carriage.

Think of Agamémnon, King of Men, after commanding the Greeks at the siege of Troy, during 10 glorious years, going home to be murdered in cold blood by his unfaithful Queen. What a blunder to have let Anthony survive his victory at Philippi and fall into that disgraceful intrigue with Cleopatra. True, Caesar's death at the base of Pompey's column was really dramatic, but such good tableaux are so rare in history that one is disposed to give chance the credit of this one—chance or William Shakespeare. Critics say the legend is untrue that Belisarius, after his glorious military career, became blind and poor in his old age and begged his bread in the streets, but the case of Belisarius was unusual. The depth of his fall from the zenith of glory was so great that it made a new climax, as it were, in the nadir. Now that climax has beeen ruined and we have only a retired General in the bad graces of Justinian, idling away his last years.

Hannibal used to carry a draught of poison with him for use in emergencies, but he ought to have taken it at Zama, when Scipio Africanus routed him, instead of waiting, as he did, until ungrateful Carthage had exiled him to Bithynia. Alexander the Great should have perished in battle instead of drinking himself to death.

But they were not only Generals and statesmen who lived too long. Celebrities of every kind have committed this unpardonable fault. William Cullen Bryant should have died when his "Thanatopsis" was published. Tennyson lived a few years beyond his time. John L. Sullivan, according to the dramatic unities, ought to have died of a broken heart on the day after he had been whipped by Corbett.

How many of the great men of American history live too long. Poor old John Sherman should have lain under a tombstone long before he became senile and useless. Grant's career ended on the day of his return from his journey around the world, and the long period of his illness offended the laws of dramatic criticism. Had Garfield retired to a chicken ranch, as Hayes did, after quitting the White House, instead of having been murdered, his later years might have eaten up his glory, as the lean years in ancient Egypt consumed the savings of the fat years. Who can say what fickle fame would have done to Abraham Lincoln had not the bullet of Booth terminated the martyred President's great life just when his work had been gloriously accomplished?

After a man has reached the height of his career every moment sees him descending. In the life of every great man there is a supreme moment at which the dramatic instinct calls for the entrance of death. In most cases in real life death does not come at that moment, and the result, then, too often, is a painful anticlimax. It would be well if David Belasco would rewrite history according to the rules of the drama.

Cabinet Positions Expensive.

New York World.

A member of the Cabinet, to entertain largely, should have such a house as usually rents at from $6000 to $12,000 a year. Senator Depew pays $1000 a month for his house. On the other side, Secretary Wilson, who is a comparatively poor man, lives in a house that rents for not more than $75 a month. Postmaster-General Smith spent his entire salary of $8000 a year, and was compelled to write magazine articles and to add to his income in other ways to maintain his establishment. He finally wearied of the struggle and took apartments at a hotel.

Each Cabinet Minister is expected once a year to entertain the President and his associates at dinner. Beyond this he can cut out dinner-giving. The Secretary of State, in addition, must give a breakfast once a year to the diplomatic corps. Secretary Day resigned because he could not afford to follow the social pace.

Carriages and horses are furnished by the Government to Cabinet members. All other expenses they must pay themselves. A member of the Cabinet maintaining his own house would have to expend at least $15,000 a year, or nearly double his salary, to keep up even ordinary appearances.

Attorney-General Knox, upon taking up his residence in Washington, began by purchasing a house costing $140,000 and bringing with him a team of horses that cost $12,000. His expenses will be vastly in excess of $15,000 a year.

James S. Clarkson, when he became First Assistant Postmaster-General, rented a house at $3800 a year. His salary was $4000. Mr. Clarkson laughingly said to his wife: "What shall we do with the remainder of my salary?"

"Rent a telephone," was the reply.

Across the Street.

Truman Roberts Andrews, in March Smart Set.

Across the street there lives a maid,
A jolly, teasing little jade,
With wanton hair and witching eyes,
And yet, so staid and worldly wise
That, if she deigns to send a glance
Across my way, it seems mere chance,
And quick withdraws in swift retreat
Across the street.

Across the street I sit and look,
Forgetful of my pipe and book;
I see her shadow on the pane,
And build me castle in far Spain.
I watch and wait, with patience rare,
Till, just as I would quite despair,
She looks out from her window-seat
Across the street.

Across the street hath come a change;
The window hath a tenant strange.
Who moves me to no rosy dreams;
My brain no more with castles teems—
What use have I for fancies frail?
The maid, as fits romantic tale,
Hath moved, to make my joy complete,
Across the street.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Senator Simon is coming home. He seems to need himself here.

Miss Stone probably found a long line of theatrical managers awaiting her arrival.

The Prohibited Prohibitionists are the latest addition to the ranks of local martyrs.

Prince Henry's visit to Congress interested him, even if he did miss the main event.

Hereafter a Senatorial candidate will have to weigh in before he goes before the State Legislature.

Eggs are going up in the East. In the West, especially in the theaters, their trajectory remains elliptical.

Admiral Schley said there was glory enough to go round, but he didn't appear to think there was enough to go square.

The King of Italy has applied for a reduction of salary. He cannot put forth the claim, however, that he is worth less.

Of course, a bottle of beer that made Milwaukee famous ought to have been substituted for wine o nthe bows of the Meteor.

Senator Tillman may deny that he is in contempt of the Senate, but there is no denying the contempt of the rest of the country.

The Cincinnati brewers' strike has failed. Brewers who would strike while Prince Henry is here ought to expect to get the worst of it.

Perhaps, after all, there are enough Indians in Seattle to justify that city in requesting the removal of Vancouver Barracks to its vicinity.

The Filipinos, according to Governor Taft, are unfit for jury duty. And yet one would think that they ought to be able to put in some good stiff claims for mileage.

Officials of the Burlington road will prohibit the use of intoxicants among their employes. Of course, the rule will apply to the champagne in the lockers of the officials' private cars.

In the days when Senator Nesmith was in his prime there were arising the prototypes of the latter-day gentlemen who part their names in the middle, and write it H. Montmorency Smythe, when the honest old father christened him Hank Smith. Senator Nesmith was paying his compliments to one of the kind referred to, and wound up a fervid roast of the chap in question by observing:

"There is only one man in the world who parts his name in the middle that amounts to a damn—and that is E Pluribus Unum."

The Wisconsin State Board of Health has decided to employ two skilled physicians to travel about the state to assist local boards of health in diagnosing suspected cases of smallpox, maintain strict quarantine, insist on the vaccination of all persons exposed to the pest and help in all other possible ways to wipe out the disease. That state has been severely afflicted with smallpox for over a year past. The secretary of the State Board of Health recently said that in 1901 the disease had existed in every county in the State except two, that 4415 cases had been reported to him, and that he doubted if more than half the actual cases had been publicly announced. Dr. William M. Welch, who has been connected with the Philadelphia Municipal Hospital for 30 years, is quoted as saying that in 380 cases of the disease that have come under his notice, not one was of the "recently successfully vaccinated" sort.

Foreigners visiting American municipalities have commented upon the fact that civic affairs are left almost entirely in the hands of a class who make a profession of politics and derive therefrom splendid incomes through devious ways and questionable methods identified with and inseparable from machine politics. The lax disregard of the average American to exercise his right of suffrage stands out in bold relief as compared with the energies of ward heelers in rounding up the floating vote of undesirable and irresponsible voters, who can be swayed by influences of small denominations. The same situation prevails here to a greater or less extent, and is accountable for the small percentage of business men and substantial citizens of large affairs to register for the coming primaries. In a measure they have been aroused to the necessity for overturning a machine that has been in power for years, and has given extravagance and carelessness prominent places in the administration of civic affairs. But a spasmodic interest in the fight, when some particularly offensive instance of machine corruption is given to the public will not be sufficient. To show effective disapproval it will be necessary for all supporters of good, clean government to register as soon as possible. Not as soon as convenient, but it is often irritating for a business man to stand amid a crowd for a half hour jostled and elbowed by hobos and others who bear witness in their appearance of their unholy and illegal callings, but the presence of these classes in large numbers at the registration office ought to awaken him to a greater realization of the necessity for a greater interest in the administration of his own city. He pays the taxes, not the hobo—but the machine, controlled by the same leaders who are rounding up the offensive element of the city's slums is the machine that spends the money. Therefore register, and do it today.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

No Sole for Music.—"How queer!" exclaimed Miss Pertie Goodwin, at the Wagner recital. "My foot has gone asleep—and in all this noise, too!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mistress—Why, Jane, what did you use in making this sponge cake? Jane—Well, mum, I couldn't find any sponges in the pantry, so I took that big one from the bathroom.—Chicago Daily News.

In New York.—"They've been married nearly a year, and they haven't begun to doubt each other yet." "Of course not. They live in a Harlem flat, where there isn't room for doubt."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Apt Comparison.—"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance." "Sure," replied Gargoyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."—Harper's Bazar.

Horrid Fear.—"Well," said the girl's father, sternly, after the timid suitor had finally stated his case, "do you think you could support a family, young man?" "Gee whiz!" exclaimed the young man, "have you lost your job?"

Expertness in Law.—Judge—Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert? Prosecutor—Yes, Your Honor. Judge—Very well; let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert.—Ohio State Journal.

Uncle George—Come, Dick, why don't you shake yourself together and get to work at something? Industry, you know, must prosper. Harry—Yes, but isn't industry a pretty heavy price to pay even for prosperity?—Boston Transcript.