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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; fresh southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 49; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, 0.16 inch.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, APRIL 28

A LOSS TO PUBLIC LIFE.

American political life has had no more unique or estimable figure for a generation than J. Sterling Morton, who died yesterday at Chicago. There was a picturesqueness about him that bordered on the eccentric, there was an abandon in his undertakings that suggested knight-errantry, and there was a certain love of the spectacular in his methods which smacked of insincerity; but through it all the main purpose of his life was sound and his heart beat true to the highest ideals of patriotism and scholarship.

Mr. Morton was 70 years old last Tuesday, so his death is largely in due course of Nature, and to be deplored for no special considerations other than those that always attend the deathbed of the upright man. He leaves an honored name and happy memories in numberless hearts that have known his virile character and engaging temperament. Perhaps the saddest thing in connection with his taking off is its reminder of the flight of time and of the goodly company of old-line Democrats who are perishing from the earth.

Mr. Morton was a bright particular star in the Nebraska galaxy of Tilden Democrats—a band of saints that has had its counterpart in every state. His companions in that company who have achieved National reputation were such men as Dr. George L. Miller, of the Omaha Herald, J. M. Woolworth and A. J. Poppleton. They were against extravagance, against protection and for honest money. They and men like them elected McKinley in 1896. It was permitted them to see an anti-protection honest-money man twice elected President, and then it was the bitter lot of their declining years to see the party of Tilden, Seymour, Cleveland and Palmer wrecked through the piratical leadership of Bryanism. There is nothing in our politics today that answers to this devoted band, who loved the Democratic party for the honor and honesty it could put in the Nation's way. In a few short years the last of them will go the way of Palmer and Morton, and the curtain will fall on a brilliant passage in our political history.

The Nebraska City farmer was not a great statesman. He never could lead even the party in his own state. He was a devoted adherent, a game fighter and a counselor of charming sagacity. His speeches and newspaper articles, and even his official reports, bristled with an original quality of humor and vim. His services to historical research, forestry and scientific agriculture were noteworthy and efficacious. Arbor day is his child, and will keep his memory green. He has forgotten more than Bryan ever knew, and his funeral honors will carry on his life work even in death by serving, perhaps more than anything else, in drawing attention to the pitiful smallness of the tawdry figure at Lincoln, upon which the unthinking crowd heaped honors that would, tendered to Mr. Morton, have been fitting and would have honored the givers. The ranks of serious thought and true purposes are much thinner this morning than when Morton was alive, and the State of Nebraska has added to its Pantheon one of its most worthy names.

NEW POSTAL CURRENCY.

It is proposed to make a radical change in the money-order system of the country, and to an extent a change in the currency, by providing for the transformation of paper currency into postal checks for transmission by mail. In other words, it is proposed to substitute for all the small Treasury notes now outstanding another form of paper currency, printed with blank lines. So long as the blank lines remain unfilled the currency is to circulate without other formality than is now observed, but when the holder desires to use the note as a postal check he is to fill out the face of the note with the name and address of the firm to whom he desires to pay the money, affix a 2-cent postage stamp to a blank place provided for it on the bill, cancel the stamp with his initials and date, and the currency is thus transferred into a form which will only represent its face value to the intended recipient. The latter will cash the postal check at the nearest postoffice, just as a money order is cashed.

This is an ingenious plan. The advantage of it over the money order now in use lies in the fact that it avoids a visit to the postoffice on the part of the sender. This, especially in the rural districts, will, it is believed, be regarded with much favor. There appears, however, to be no way of avoiding a visit to the postoffice by the payee; but the person who is to receive the money will not think it much of a hardship to go to the postoffice for it. The cost of continual reissue will be something to the Government, but the plan is strongly recommended as a more convenient and cheaper, as well as safer, one of sending money through the mails than has hitherto been employed.

REGARDLESS OF STATUTES AND COURTS.

President Hill, of the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Securities Company, opens up a disagreeable question when he boasts that the aim of the trust will be reached in one way or another, regardless of the Supreme Court's decision in the Washington case against the merger. The charge that these great aggregations of capital override the laws and the courts is usually deemed radical when made by labor agitators. But here we have a leading exponent of the art of amassing and combining capital himself declaring that nothing can prevent him and his associates from attaining the end they seek. He did not go into details and say just how he expected to accomplish this, but left the plain inference that he did not stand much in awe of the machinery society has provided for protecting the weak against the oppression of the strong.

It may be that the Supreme Court does not have power under present laws to deal with the interstate railway merger; then, again, it may have that power. However, though the Northern Securities Company should be dissolved, it does not necessarily follow that the community policy in railroad ownership could be so far interfered with as to prevent common control of parallel and competing railway lines. The vast combinations of capital that make these operations possible were not contemplated when the anti-merger laws were enacted; therefore they are largely outside the terms of the laws and the precedents of the courts. But the spirit that said competition in transportation should be kept alive for the public good still lives, and it will not suffer Mr. Hill or Mr. Morgan or Mr. Harriman to ride imperiously over it. Defiance of popular will and legal rule will not long be tolerated. Trust magnates cannot buy Legislatures enough to preserve themselves harmless in violation of privileges conferred by the people.

The power to tax will reach these institutions and bring them to terms if no other will, and it is a power the states may use. For this purpose it may some day be found expedient to take them at their own valuation. The problem would be solved at once. Heroic treatment this would be, but does not Mr. Hill plainly invite drastic measures? Owners of railroads can ill afford to defy the constituted authorities of government, nor can they long continue to ignore public sentiment. It is both foolish and foolhardy of Mr. Hill to send forth such a challenge. The people will bring him to terms in one way or another, no matter what the Supreme Court may say in this case.

CHANGE OF INAUGURATION DAY.

It is believed that the proposal to change the time of the inauguration of the President of the United States from March 4 to a later date will receive favorable action in Congress. The principal reason offered for the change is the inclemency of the season at which the inauguration hitherto has taken place. Early March is the very worst time of the year at Washington, and the ceremony of inauguration is expected to be in the open air. This, indeed, has become the custom, yet execrable weather at that time of year is the general rule. It is proposed to fix the day within the last week of April, when the weather at Washington is at its best, and very favorable to all outdoor assemblages and exercises.

Only by indirection or implication is a time indicated in the Constitution for the Presidential term to begin. The twelfth amendment, after stating that in case the Electoral College and House of Representatives shall have failed, respectively, to elect a President before the 4th day of March next following the appointment of electors, then the Vice-President shall act as President, in case one shall have been chosen by the electors; or in case such election should fail, then the Senate is to choose the Vice-President. It is an exceedingly clumsy device which the Constitution has prescribed. The scheme appears to be a joint product of a fondness for metaphysical subtlety in politics, and of a desire to obstruct the course of popular influence in the election of the President.

But the 4th of March, so mentioned, is the only date given from which it is to be inferred that the Presidential term was to begin at the time which custom and later law have fixed for it. So indefinite is the date indicated in the Constitution, so uncertain its relation to the beginning of the term, that it is argued that Congress may well fix another day. It is admitted, however, that the date should not be radically changed, and the last week of April is suggested as the time when the weather at the National capital is uniformly at its best.

THE SALMON OUTLOOK.

Reports from the lower river regarding the run of salmon are fully as encouraging as those received a year ago, and as yet it is full early to place any undue stress on the gloomy view presented by those interested in advancing prices of the manufactured product. The testimony of the trapmen and of many of the gillnetters is to the effect that the run to date is fully equal to that of a year ago, and as the total pack for the month of April last year was only a little over 4 per cent of the entire pack for the season, there is no good reason for believing that the pack for the season of 1902 will fall below that of last year, and there are many reasons for believing that it will be greater than last year. This condition of affairs will not increase the price of old stocks of fish carried over from last year, nor will it induce buyers to stock up with 1902 fish at any premium over the already good figures which the commodity commands, but it is a statement of facts as they exist.

The unprecedented run of salmon last July demonstrated beyond all doubt that artificial propagation has at last placed the salmon business on a basis of undoubted permanency. On such a basis, and with restricting laws to prevent the killing of this goose which lays the golden eggs, the industry becomes one of the most valuable in the state. In the growing of grain, fruit, wool or any of the other big industries which have made this state famous, much labor and money must be expended before the crop is ready to harvest, and a large and expensive equipment is necessary to handle it while it is growing as well as when it is being harvested. As a wealth-producer salmon ranks well up with any of the natural resources of the state, and yet the grand old river annually yields up over $2,000,000 worth of the finest fish in the world, at no expense whatever to the fishermen except the cost of the gear employed in taking them.

Compared with the value of the catch each year, the amount of money devoted to the hatcheries seems very insignificant, no other industry in the state producing anywhere near the same returns with ten times the outlay. A comparatively new feature of the business is the cold-storage method of handling the product. This has given a commercial value to the formerly despised steelhead salmon, and has also been instrumental in elevating prices on the chinook salmon. The cold-storage men are placing the Columbia River salmon in the Eastern market in a condition that makes it a very easy matter for the consumer to distinguish this royal fish from any other kind of salmon that has ever been offered the public. Packed as Fall fish, and along with dog salmon and other similar poor stock, Columbia River salmon in the can sometimes loses its identity, but when put on the market direct from cold storage, retaining the delicate taste and color that has made it famous, there is not much likelihood that anything else will be substituted under its name.

Wheat, wool, fruit, stock and lumber have each assisted in spreading the name and fame of Oregon all over the world. There has been a steady increase in the output of each of these great products, and now that the benefits of hatcheries are thoroughly understood, well-directed effort will cause the salmon output to show an increase proportionate with other lines of industry. The market for salmon is widening, and no other fish can ever replace the Columbia River chinook in the favor of the ever-increasing high-class trade which demands the best.

It is a matter of regret to every one who understands the status of the Indian War Veterans' claim upon the Government that the effort made to secure pensions for the surviving Indian fighters of pioneer times has thus far failed. It is with added regret that there seems to be no present prospect that the bill, now and for so long pending, for this purpose will be reported upon favorably by the House committee in charge of it. The reasons for this delay, which amounts practically to a refusal, are doubtless satisfactory to members of Congress who have the matter in charge, but they fail to satisfy the waiting beneficiaries—a white-haired remnant of a fast vanishing host. The question, originally one of simple justice, has taken on a shadow of pathos that follows a plea made in behalf of men grown old for recognition of services rendered in their prime. The Oregonian would be glad to chronicle the passage of the Indian War Veterans' pension bill, first because it is based upon a claim at least as just as that upon which thousands of men are drawing pensions, and again because of the dependent and practically helpless condition of many of the relatively small band of men who in the pride of strength and patriotic purpose went out against a savage foe that menaced the civilization of the Pacific Northwest in its early years.

If Oregon shall elect a Democratic Governor, Oregon will be reckoned as a Democratic state, and it will be so in fact. This is a matter for Republicans to consider. It is a matter for all to consider who think it better that Republican policy and purposes shall prevail than that Democratic policy and purposes shall be substituted for them. Is Oregon to be put in the Democratic line, or held in the Republican line? This is the question. The personality of candidates is of little or no significance. The issue is on the question what the two contesting parties stand for before the country.

The Oregonian will be glad to see Governor Geer a candidate for the United States Senate. It will be glad to see his spirits rise with the prospect, till he shall discover once more that the world is not wholly a cave of gloom. Nobody has a better right to be a candidate for the Senate than Governor Geer. And The Oregonian wishes him well. However, it always has a disposition to utter a word of caution to those who build all their expectations on politics, and who set office up before them as their main stay, chief good and final hope. Confound it, there are so many setbacks!

The public will observe with gratification that the selection of a site for the Lewis and Clark Fair will be made in the interest of that enterprise, and hence of the public, and not in that of any specially interested freeholder. Careful deliberation and intelligent comparison of the advantages of the various sites offered will precede this selection. Herein the foundation for the success or the possibility of the failure of the great enterprise will be laid. It is hoped and believed that the selection will be wisely made.

Chicago is indeed "the windy city." At only two stations in the United States is there a greater annual wind movement than at Chicago. One of these is Block Island, on the Atlantic Coast; the other is Mount Tamalpais, at the height of 2375 feet, twelve miles from San Francisco. The total mileage of wind movement for a year at Mount Tamalpais was 163,203 miles; at Block Island, 152,838; at Chicago, 145,193 miles. At Portland, Or., it is less than 50,000 miles.

If they who have put out the fusion ticket in Multnomah, under direction of the Simon machine, are going to save to the taxpayers so much money as they say, why hasn't the process of saving been going on all this time? The public expenditures for years have been wholly under control of the Simon machine. Now these brethren tell us that "reform is necessary." It is not likely that the taxpayer will be fooled much on this business.

It is humiliating, and, indeed, pitiful, to find the name of Henry Watterson enrolled in the lists of the common scold. Such men as Senators Carmack and Tillman can assume this role with impunity, but Watterson in such a character is not pleasing. The reason is a simple one. Better things are expected of him.

UPPER DES CHUTES IRRIGATION PROJECT.

(BY A STAFF WRITER.)

In the month of April, 1885, I spent a few days in the Yakima Valley, which holds much the same general relation to Washington that the valley of the Upper Des Chutes does to Oregon. At that time the Northern Pacific railroad coming in from the East, had reached the point now called North Yakima and was breaking in upon a long-established but isolated order of life based on the range industry. Here in Crook County during the past few days I have been interested in marking the many parallel conditions in the two districts. Here is the same far inland country, the same semi-arid climate, the same elevated and wide-reaching areas of highly potential country, all but worthless for want of water, the same agitation and disturbance of long-established conditions by the near approach of the modern agent of transportation, the railroad. Here, too, is the same abounding river—or one corresponding to it—running to waste while adjacent prairie-sides lie thirsty and portionless. I was told by an engineer who chanced to come into the Yakima country with the first rush, that all of the high bench lands thereabout would be made productive some day by diverting some part of the Yakima River from its natural course and leading it out over the plain. It seemed at the time a chimerical project, but within a few years it was accomplished. The upland plains of the Yakima country have literally been made to blossom as the rose; what was once a mere sage waste has become the seat of a highly developed, bountifully varied and productive industry.

I am recalling the old observation with some detail because in the history of the Yakima I see a prophecy for the Des Chutes. The conditions of the one 17 years ago are the conditions of the other today; and what time has done in the one case time will do in the other. Development came earlier in Central Washington, due to accidental causes. But the forces which wrought the change there are now at work in Central Oregon. Ten years from now we shall witness along the Upper Des Chutes and in the Crooked River country a development which will do for these regions precisely what has been done for the Yakima country.

* * *

The Des Chutes River holds for a wide country now practically a desert possibilities of an amazing bounty. It is a most remarkable stream. It parallels the Willamette River in Western Oregon, draining the Eastern slope of the Cascade Mountain range precisely as the latter stream does the Western slope. It begins high up in the foothills of the Cascades and in its course to the Columbia about 20 miles east of The Dalles descends something more than 4000 feet. And with the exception of one stretch of 30 or 40 miles far up stream it runs like a millrace from start to finish. For full 200 miles it is a foaming torrent, and, most curiously, there is almost no seasonal variation in its surface level. From the highest point ever recorded to the lowest is not more than 18 inches. This, for a stream draining an immense country subject to even more than the ordinary vicissitudes of precipitation and carrying more water than the Willamette River, is a condition not duplicated in the whole world. There are many theories in explanation of it, the favorite one being that the stream is somewhere connected with vast underground reservoirs which serve to regulate its volume. This volume is so great that no overdraught can ever be made upon it. There is water enough to irrigate every acre which by any art may be brought below its levels—a region declared to be in the aggregate many hundreds of thousands of acres.

* * *

The people hereabouts, while by their own declaration anxious for the development of the country, look with very general disfavor upon the schemes by which private companies are now preparing to reclaim through irrigation large bodies of land on the Upper Des Chutes in this (Crook) county.

This project may not be generally familiar. Several years ago Congress passed a law known as the Carey act, granting to the several states which contain arid or semi-arid lands belonging to the Government the right to dispose of these lands through arrangement with private companies undertaking their redemption by irrigation. Under this act, the Oregon Legislature at its last session passed a law authorizing irrigation companies to proceed under arrangement with the State Land Board to reclamation of arid lands by the creation of irrigation systems, and to hold upon all redeemed lands a lien in proportion to the cost of the work. That is to say, if it shall cost $10,000 to redeem a body of 1000 acres of arid land, the company doing the work shall have a lien upon the land redeemed to the extent of $10 per acre; and after the land has passed into the possession of the purchaser, the irrigation company may impose a further annual charge upon it per acre in connection with the water service. It is also provided that the amount of the lien in any given case shall be fixed by the State Land Board upon estimates submitted before the work shall actually be performed. Under this law a company has been formed for the purpose of creating an irrigation system in the Upper Des Chutes region; its agents have filed upon very large tracts and by arrangement with the Land Board have been authorized to go ahead with their operations, under a scheme of estimates which gives them a lien in the sum of $12 per acre upon the redeemed land.

* * *

The weight of opinion here, where the issue is a local one, is most decidedly in opposition to this enterprise. Nobody, it is declared, will go upon this redeemed land if they must pay $12 per acre for it or any large part of that sum. Nor will anybody put himself under contract to pay a fixed annual water rate upon the whole acreage of his holding when it may not suit his convenience or interest to cultivate it all or any part of it. It is pointed out that the company has not merely its lien of $12 per acre upon the land, but that the amount of this lien shall annually be increased upon unsold tracts in sums equal to the annual interest reckoned upon the 6 per cent basis. In the first place, it is argued, the estimates upon which the lien is to be based will in the nature of things be made high; for no investor will accept the risks of such an undertaking unless its hazards shall be calculated with such liberality as to make him whole in any and all events. It is further argued that since settlers will not take these lands at the prices which must be put upon them to pay the redemption liens, the amount of the lien must grow with the addition of the interest allowance; that there will speedily come a time when the lien rights of the company must be enforced and that in the end the lands will pass under foreclosure proceedings into the hands of the irrigation exploiters.

* * *

These opinions it seems to me are wisely considered. No class of settlers likely to come into this country I think will be willing to pay so much as $12 per acre for land, particularly when in addition to this price they must accept an obligation to pay each year a fixed water rate upon every acre of every holding.

I believe with the people here that under the project now in motion the outcome will be to turn the lands involved in the redemption scheme into the hands of the irrigation people; that practically they will have these lands as a free gift. But even under these terms I am not sure that the enterprise is not a wise one. In their present condition the lands are practically valueless. They are used to some extent as a Winter range, but as soon as the snow leaves them they have to be abandoned, since stock cannot live without water. In the hands of irrigation exploiters they are bound to be settled, for these men, having their money invested, will naturally seek to get some returns from it. Instead of an unproductive and uninhabited wilderness which nobody has any particular interest in developing there will be a wide and fruitful country in the hands of a body of speculators eager to promote its development so they can get their investment out of it. The natural way to accomplish this—the only way in fact—is to bring in settlers and push the country along. The speculators will probably make a pile of money; but, practically, is it not better that they should than that the country should lie undeveloped and unproductive?

* * *

The general feeling here is that the Government ought to put in an irrigation plant for the general good of the country; and there is some faith that this can be done under the general policy laid down by President Roosevelt. To me this hope seems not very reasonable. The policy of the Government is not yet fixed in matters of this kind, and if it were it would take years upon years to get round to particular projects like this. Crook County alone has schemes of development by irrigation which would engross the energies of the Government and take all its bounty for the next 20 years. To wait upon the Government to undertake special projects is I think practically to postpone them indefinitely. Besides, under Government patronage there is the same likelihood that the advantage in so far as it is or may be speculative in character will go to a few especially enterprising or fortunate individuals. My own judgment is that the state would better do just what the Northern Pacific Railroad did with its Yakima lands, namely, sell them outright for the best obtainable price to companies of large capital who will undertake to reclaim them by creation of irrigation systems. There are a thousand motives for developing these wastes, but there is no reason in giving them away—and this, practically, is what is being done under the law passed by the last Legislature.

* * *

The local consciousness here is abnormally sensitive on the score of land schemes, from a long and irritating experience in connection with the Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon land grant. It is hardly worth while to go over the ancient history of this steal, since the original people have long been out of it. Like The Dalles Military Road job it was a land grab pure and simple. Today those who have succeeded to the rights of the road company under the original grant hold large bodies of land, much of it of considerable value, which they will not sell and which they turn to no practical account. It is withheld from improvement for purposes of speculation, and is, like any other dead property, a blight upon the country. It is natural that the Crook County people should fear in connection with the Des Chutes irrigation enterprise a repetition of this experience. It is natural, too, that a community whose main industry is based upon an open range should look with suspicion upon any project which is likely to put fences through the country. This, however, suggests another story—and it must wait for another writing. A. H.

Prineville, April 23.

Literature at the Settlement.

According to the Mansfield House Magazine, the organ of an English university settlement, a recent performance at the settlement of some scenes from Henry VIII provoked the following conversation between two young members of the audience:

BEFORE THE PLAY.

Tommy—Well, but who was 'Enery the Heighth? What about him?

Dick (scornfully)—Oh! don't yer know? He married six wives and cut their 'eads off.

Tommy (admiringly)—My word! Is they all in this pl'y?

Dick—No; they ain't all. Queen Kathleen is. She wears a kind of vile down 'er back, and 'as her arms stretched out. I sore a picture of 'er onst. Carnival Wolseley, he was standin' beside 'er dressed in red and talkin'.

Tommy—But who was he?

Dick (vaguely)—Oh, he was a kind of traitor that quarreled with the King. But it all ends in marriage.

Tommy—Which did Wolseley marry?

Dick—Oh, bother! 'Ere, it's all on the programme.

* * *

But the two small gentlemen are, perhaps, most interesting when, after reading the argument aloud carefully, they come to discuss the place of Shakespeare in literature:

Tommy (with an air of great enlightenment)—Oh, it's Shakespeare! My muvver's dreadful fond of Shakespeare. She thinks nothink ain't like "Paradise Lorst."

Dick—Get on! "Paradise Lorst" ain't Shakespeare.

Tommy—You old stilly; course it is!

Dick—Stupid, I tell you it ain't!

Tommy—I tell you my muvver's farver used to read it out to her every Sunday. She used to say it off herself, only she's forgot it.

Dick (with crushing emphasis)—"Paradise Lorst's" po'try!

Tommy (indignantly)—Course it is! So's Shakespeare!

Dick—He ain't! He's playa!

Tommy—Well, plays is po'try. Po'try's just the funny way they used to talk 'undreds o' years ago. Teacher's said if we was to walk about now five 'undred years ago—

Dick—Go on—we couldn't!

Tommy—We shouldn't know what they was talkin' about.

(Dick takes careful aim with his screwed-up programme at a lady's feather.)

Tommy (pursuing)—And their clothes was all kinds of things—

Shall I Not See Thee?

Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when clasp't in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

Oh, therefore, from thy sightless range,
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
Oh, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

IT IS "SCUTTLE"

Chicago Chronicle, Dem.

The Washington correspondent of the Chronicle reports that the Democrats of the House are trying to inspire the Democrats of the Senate with the spunk and cunning which enabled them to break up and defeat the Republican majority in the House last week. There is a prospect that the Democratic Senators may unite on a single policy of some kind.

But there is a sinister revelation as to the policy which will be adopted. It appears to relate mostly to the Philippines—not to a policy affecting the interests of the United States at home. If the Democrats hope to gain a National victory at the polls they will have to adopt a policy relating to the American people on this side of the globe—without reference to a policy for our Malay population at the Antipodes.

It is said that the Democrats in the Senate favor immediate abandonment of the Philippines and turning them over to an international protectorate, with European powers to share in the guardianship of our present wards. That is one method of "scuttling."

The House Democrats propose to establish a strictly American protectorate to run eight years—the islands to be given over to the inhabitants at the end of that time. That is another way to "scuttle."

It does not make any difference which form of folly the Democrats in Congress adopt, if they adopt either. Both policies are equally unwise and bad. A majority of the American people never will agree to surrender an acre of the foothold which they possess in any part of the world.

We cannot "scuttle" from the possessions which have cost so much money and so much blood. To abandon that which we gained at this enormous cost would be supreme National cowardice. We must stay where we are and make the best of it.

It remains to be seen whether the American people are not competent to solve this problem in time in their own way. Commerce is the civilizer of the world. Other benign influences will come to our aid. We shall not be defeated in the end. The road may be long and difficult, but we shall travel along its lines in safety to success at last.

At any rate, no political party in this country can gain a majority of votes with the "scuttle" policy for a platform.

Justice to Mr. Cleveland.

In the session of Congress immediately preceding the second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland there was an effort made to repeal the silver purchase law which was threatening financial disaster to the country. Speaking of that effort the New York Journal of Commerce says:

There were enough sound-money men in Congress to do it, but they had to be taken from both parties, and mere partisan feeling kept a sufficient number from getting together on a matter which they knew to be of vital interest to the country. Most of the Democrats were silverites; most of the Republicans were sound-money men. But the sound-money Republicans divided. A part, under the leadership of Mr. Reed, united with the sound-money Democrats to anticipate the wishes of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle. But the rest, under the leadership of a Western member, took the position that the silver purchase law was Republican legislation, and it would be bad party politics for Republicans to repeal one of their own acts in order to smooth the way for an incoming Democratic Administration. And yet the Western leader of this group of members said in private conversation that Mr. Cleveland alone had saved the country from the disaster of free silver coinage. Had the silver purchase law been repealed in the Winter of 1892-93, it is probable that the panic that came a few months later might have been averted. But the country suffered that party strategy might be vindicated. Mr. Cleveland did save the country from the disgrace and disaster of free silver coinage. His political opponents are now beginning to do him justice, and at some day in the future his own party will do the same.

Ignores Important Questions.

Salem Statesman.

Mr. Chamberlain proposes to ignore National politics in his canvass of the state. He is not to be blamed for this, for there is not a single policy of the Democratic party that commends itself to public favor. The party's record is enough to be ashamed of, and this will be kept in the background. Chamberlain evidently thinks he has troubles of his own without carrying the dead weight of his party. If he cannot indorse the principles of the Democratic party of the Nation he would better leave that party and come into one whose policies may be advocated safely before the people at any time.

Meanness That is Mighty Mean.

Arlington Record.

Mr. Lowell's letter to George E. Chamberlain, in which he states he will support Chamberlain for Governor, is one of the silliest and weakest things that ever emanated from a man aspiring for political perferment. It cannot but bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every Republican who supported Mr. Lowell, and will be met with contempt by every Democrat not excepting Mr. Chamberlain. If there is any one thing that the American people despise more than another, it is the man who would betray his friends and his party to gratify his spleen.

This Is Worth Notice.

Freewater (Umatilla) Times.

Those who question the Republicanism of W. J. Furnish would do well to remember that he was one of those Democrats who discerned the fallacies of free silver and for this reason left the party and joined the Republicans. This too at a time when thousands of less clear-headed men were leaving the Republican party to ally themselves with the silver forces. Had it not been for the same Democrats coming to its aid, the election of McKinley would never have occurred.

Superstition.

American Hebrew.

It does not nullify a custom or a religious ceremony if it arose out of superstition. A superstition is a false interpretation of a phenomenon. It is the result of bad judgment. Nevertheless, behind the superstition there is truth, which man in his clearer moments discerns.

Billiards.

Bald-headed trio of the green,
You only lack the cue
To charm us in a style that e'en
Ping-pong and golf can't do.
Whose funny words arouse our spleen,
They are so Scotch and new.

'Tis science limbers up our spines
To English balls—no French
Nor Scottish lingo's in your lines
To give our jaws a wrench.
Your devotees, too, are divines,
And Judges on the bench.

Lo! wizard sharps delight us much
When caroms roll their way,
The spheres respond unto their touch
In round-the-table play,
And nestle to the loving clutch,
Wooed by the quick masse.

Jupiter, send us brainy men,
Not mental feather-weights,
But who can wield the cue or pen
And talk United States;
And then we'll never cease to ten-
Der thanks unto the Fates.

—H. F. RODNEY.

Portland, April 27.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Did any one mention politics?

The rich can afford to eat beef—for dessert.

Russia seems to be trying to get a reputation as the European Kansas.

For a "trust attorney," Mr. Knox seems to be doing very well, thank you.

The Democrats object to the use of money in a campaign—by the Republicans.

The public will unfailingly go to the dogs when the dogs are the performing kind.

Oregon was as warmly received at Charleston as if she had been President Roosevelt.

It is noticed that some of the bunco men, though broken and scattered, linger 'round the city still.

Why a man should leave Oregon to go to Kansas is something even he would have difficulty in explaining.

Professor Krohn has pulled his name off the fusion ticket. He doesn't have to do with that kind of gymnastics.

The coronation press agents certainly have worked up enough interest in that event to make it a glittering success.

President Palma is surprised by the size of the army pay-roll of his country. But wait till he gets his eyes on the pension list.

The old expression, "stop talking and begin fighting," seems to be about the thing to incorporate into the Army regulations.

The tornado season has opened in the East, and again Oregonians are developing a great satisfaction with reference to their place of residence.

That money talks, as all men know
Is very trite and true,
And yet it does not talk as much
As Major-Generals do.

William Waldorf Astor is to be made a Baron. Perhaps as a titled foreigner he hopes to be given a welcome the next time he comes to the United States.

Some years ago Herbert Gladstone, who was married recently, was addressing a women's suffrage meeting in Leeds one afternoon, and in the course of his speech he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the women who had addressed the meeting. He further gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking. Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of merriment by a male voice, which proceeded from the back of the hall, and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect: "Eh, lad, thou'rt noan wed yet, I see'st!"

John Wentworth, of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, has started a crow hatchery, and will make a business of supplying big millinery houses with crows' wings and heads. The hatchery is at present comparatively small, as, owing to the extreme shyness of the birds, Wentworth has succeeded in capturing and raising only about 200 of them, but next season he expects to have 900 on hand. They will be carefully protected from hunters and liberally fed, so that they will not be tempted to wander from home and pillage the cornfields of farmers in the surrounding country. Wentworth expects to find ready sale for his crop at 50 cents for each head and 25 cents a pair for wings.

The late Lord Kimberley was fond of telling this story to illustrate how an Englishman always clings to his umbrella: An Englishman had been arrested as a spy by the French during the Franco-German War, and, in spite of his protestations, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. On the way to execution, as if suddenly remembering something, the "spy" asked leave to go back and fetch something he had left behind. Such a thing, declared his guard, was impossible, but, the prisoner's importunity prevailing, he was allowed to go. "What is it you have left behind?" asked the guard, and the man on his way to his doom replied calmly: "I have left my umbrella." The soldiers, said the peer who told Lord Kimberley the story, were convinced that nobody but an Englishman could be such an idiot, and the man's umbrella saved his life.

The following warrant is sent to Case and Comment from Florida. It was actually issued, with the blanks properly filled:

'state of Florida
Countey of ———
——— justice district of ———
countey.

In the name of the state of florida to the sherife are any cunstabl of said countey

wharease ——— ——— has this day made oath before me that one ——— ——— on the 27th day of January A. D. 1902 in the countey and district afore said did steals and carey a way the foling things to wit, my wife ——— ——— an child the valeue $1000 Dollars 1 Dog $5 Dollars 1 cape & hat $10 cash $3 Dollars of the goods & catties of ——— ——— then and thare being found feloniously did steale taake and cary away theose are therefore to command you forthwith to arest the said ——— ——— and bring him before ——— ——— countey jugs to bee Delt with acording to law

given under my hand an seale this the 2[illegible] day of January A. D. 1902

——— ———
j of pease 2 th Districk.'

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Universal.—"Papa, what is an optimist?" "Any man, my son, who has just succeeded in getting the best of his neighbor."—Life.

Classified.—Foreman—Where shall I put this item about the retirement of Alderman Soaker from public life? Editor—Put it under "Public Improvements."—Puck.

Foote Lights—Is the manager up-to-date? Sue Brette—Sure; he's just introduced a game of ping-pong in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Euphemism.—"Why," asked the visitor, "do you call this section 'the Tenderloin'?" "Perhaps," replied his mentor, who had lived in a boarding-house all his life, "it's because it's so tough."—Philadelphia Press.

Bill Shiffy—It's no use talking, you can't work this farm without faith, an' I ain't got any. Mrs. Shiffy—Well, I notice you gave it a good deal of absent treatment last year, just the same.—Chicago Daily News.

Johnny's Playing.—The Music-Teacher—Johnny is improving daily in his violin playing. Johnny's Mother (gratified)—Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it.—Judge.

Wanted to Know.—"And are you really connected with the Signal-Service Bureau?" asked the inquisitive girl. "Yes, miss," replied the young man. "Then, won't you please tell me which is your weather eye?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Very Sad Case.—Grace—It's too bad that Miss Waddington doesn't get married. It's true that she is very plain, but she would make an awfully good wife for some man. Maude—Yes, and her mother has such lovely old Colonial furniture to hand down, too.—Chicago Record.