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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with probably showers; cooler; southwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, 0.01 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

PLAIN QUESTIONS AND PLAIN ANSWERS.

A correspondent who professes admiration for what he designates "The Oregonian's vigorous and unequivocal manner of treating public questions" writes a letter whose pertinent inquiries are comprised in these two paragraphs:

Do you mean to be understood as maintaining that the United States Army can do no wrong, and that all criticism of it in time of war is to be condemned?

Do you undertake to say that the Philippine Islands should never be granted their independence?

First as to the Army. In general, the Army, or at least the individuals composing it, are as fallible as an equal number of persons in the ordinary walks of life. In general, their mistakes should be pointed out and the wrongs they commit should be reprobated and punished. This has been the attitude of The Oregonian through the wars that have occurred in United States history within the past fifty years.

But the exercise of criticism upon the Army must be governed somewhat by its large relationship to National results. Our correspondent, to make a personal application, is, let us say, a critic; but he is also a citizen of the United States. He has intellectual powers, but he also has moral convictions and the high impulses of patriotism. If his criticism of the Army is such that its logical effect is to lend aid and comfort to the enemy in arms, or cripple the moral and financial support of the Army at home, then he will think what he pleases, but he will submit his views, before he spreads them broadcast, to the test whether their effect will be injurious or not to his country's welfare. He is a reasoning being; it is also permitted him to be a patriot. **THE OREGONIAN WILL NEVER BE FOUND SUBJECTING TO RIDICULE, CONTUMELY OR DISHONOR THE MEN WHO ARE BRAVELY UPHOLDING THE STARS AND STRIPES AGAINST ASSAILANTS OF THAT FLAG, SAVGE OR UNCIVILIZED, UPON A FOREIGN SHORE. IT WILL NEVER BE FOUND GIVING AID OR COMFORT TO THE ENEMIES OF THIS GOVERNMENT ABROAD OR TO THEIR SYMPATHIZERS AT HOME. WHEN THE AMERICAN ARMY IS AT WAR, THE OREGONIAN IS FOR THE ARMY.**

Second, as to the Philippines. There may be a time when The Oregonian will advocate political separation of the Philippines, but that time is not now. The time to discuss terms of peace is not when the enemy is in full cry at your throat. There is only one thing to do then, and that is to fight. The Filipinos have no adequate ground upon which to base their revolt from the United States. The devoted band of "anti-imperialists" in the United States told the Filipinos that our title to the Philippines was faulty, but though the insurrection drags on, the antis were long ago obliged to abandon that contention. The insurrection is secession, pure and simple, without justification in our title to the islands or in any act of misgovernment such as drove the American Colonies to revolt from George III. There is only one thing to do with rebellion against righful authority, and that is to put it down. **THE ANSWER TO BE MADE TO DEMANDS FOR PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE IS THE SAME ANSWER THAT LINCOLN MADE TO SIMILAR DEMANDS FROM THE SOUTH IN FEBRUARY, 1865—SURRENDER FIRST AND NEGOTIATIONS AFTERWARD. IT IS NO TIME TO TALK ABOUT INDEPENDENCE FOR REBELLIOUS TERRITORY TILL ITS ARMED RESISTANCE IS ABANDONED AND PEACEABLE GOVERNMENT IS PERMITTED IN FULL SWAY.**

The Democrats of Oregon, like the Democrats in Congress, propose to achieve peace in the Philippines by promising to the insurgents an abandonment of our sovereignty over them—a sovereignty rightfully asserted by us, and wrongfully resisted by them. It is a foolish and immoral proposal. This country is not in the habit of settling its wars by granting the point at issue to the other side. And it is not in the habit of indorsing at the polls the party that espouses the enemy's cause.

As often as great occasion arises, the "primal sin of selfishness" gives place in the human heart to pity and generosity. Already over the site of the buried city of St. Pierre the angel of mercy broods, and the world, full-handed, is hurrying thither in response to her call. Nationality is forgotten in humanity. Kind words expressive of sympathy burden the wires, and vessels laden with supplies and carrying surgeons and their stores will soon drop anchor in the harbor of the buried city. And yet there are those who despair of the world on the basis of selfishness.

SPAIN'S OMINOUS SITUATION.

On Saturday the boy King of Spain comes definitely into possession of the throne. At 16 years of age he becomes the responsible ruler of a country whose area is over 156,000 square miles and whose population is nearly 18,000,000. It is an ancient country, of great historic renown. What is its present outlook?

The new King was born nearly six months after the death of his father, Alphonso XII. His mother, an Austrian Princess, has been Queen Regent during his minority of sixteen years. The new King has in his veins the blood of the Spanish Bourbons, descendants of Louis XIV of France. The regency has preserved internal peace, but the finest foreign dependencies of Spain have been lost to the crown by the fortune of war and the prospect for domestic peace is not favorable. The young King is well spoken of. He is attractive in personal appearance, is said to be a youth of courage, intelligence and remarkable dignity and spirit for his years. But the day is long past when personal loyalty to the specter of hereditary royalty exercises much force over the masses of a malcontent people. In the days when personal loyalty to the hereditary sovereign was the strongest among the English people they were quick to revolt if the incumbent of the throne was not a full man in personal leadership. The debauched son of the great Edward I lost his throne and his life, the dissolute son of the great Edward, the Black Prince, lost his throne and his life, and the epileptic, incapable son of the great warrior King, Henry V, lost his throne and his life. Even in the days of the divine right of Kings the King was dangerously likely to lose his throne if he lacked brains and policy to rule his people. The young King of Spain may have a charming personality, but he is not likely to keep his throne long unless he is wise enough to concede something to the steadily rising tide of Republicanism in Spain. The great manufacturing province of Catalonia has resisted the payment of the national taxes for more than three years. In more than one progressive province the people have hissed their own national anthem and greeted the "Marseillaise" with cheers. The tour of the young King was broken two Summers ago through the northern districts, so cool was the welcome in the few towns he visited. There have been anti-Jesuit mobs in Madrid; Catalonia has been in a state of ceaseless industrial revolt against the payment of national taxes and against the detested priesthood.

Spain is run by a few thousands of professional politicians, who apply the system of "Boss" Tweed to the administration of the Army and Navy and to every detail of national and municipal government. The British constitutional system has never succeeded in its application to France or Italy, and in Spain it has degenerated into a vicious system under which the Premier of the moment not only controls all the great offices of state, but every mayoralty, prefecture or collectorship in the land. This carpet-bag government appointed from Madrid plunders the country provinces right and left; and to them is due the cry for home rule raised by Catalonia, which is the wealthiest, most industrious and most democratic portion of the peninsula. The Catalans are more Provencal than Castilian in speech and character. Though only one-tenth of the whole population, they contribute to the Spanish treasury nearly a quarter of the taxes raised from the entire country. Catalonia has been plundered by the Madrid carpetbaggers, and, with 70 per cent of their colonial trade swept away by the war with America, this greatest, wealthiest and most intelligent province of Spain has refused to pay taxes unless home rule is granted, and has taken steps looking toward a separation from Spain and annexation to France.

The danger to the Spanish throne does not lie in Carlism, which has long ago ceased to be a cause and become a degenerate cult. The present pretender is a dull, fat creature born in 1848, who has four daughters and a son, Prince Jaime, born in 1870. The Spanish priesthood in 1870 gave warm and active support to the Carlists, but the present pope has rallied the church to the Alphonsists. The Carlists have no money, no clerical support, and the Spanish Government has a veteran army of 100,000 men. France, too, upholds the existing dynasty. Carlism is as dead in Spain today as Bonapartism is in France.

Spain, with its rich soil, its great deposits of iron, copper and lead, and its fine climate, might be made a most prosperous country, but taxation grows heavier on all classes, although the revenue does not more than meet the annual interest on the public debt. All the vigorous, progressive classes in Spain are anxious to upset the dynasty, and the army, under General Weyler, who is a republican, will be the instrument of overthrow. The captains of industry are behind Weyler, who has wealth, energy, industry and secretiveness. He is likely within five years to be military dictator in Spain.

VOLCANIC DISASTERS.

The Island of Martinique is about forty-five miles from northwest to southeast, and the main part of it is in the shape of an oval with rough edges, its greatest width being fifteen miles. At the lower end of this main part Fort de France Bay cuts in so deep as to come within six miles of meeting the inlets on the other side. The whole area of the island, nearly 400 square miles, is mountainous. Besides Mount Pelee there are, further south and about midway, the three crests of Courbet, and all along the great ridge are the black and rugged cones of old volcanoes. The mountainous interior is torn and gashed with ancient earthquake upheavals, diversified with all the savage variety of volcanic scenery covered with the rich verdure of the tropics. Mount Pelee, the largest of the group of volcanic mountains, is about 4400 feet high. It had long been inactive as a volcano, but in August, 1851, had a violent eruption. It is in the northwestern end of the island, and near the foot of its western slope, fronting the bay, the City of St. Pierre was built, having a population of over 25,000. The total population of the island was about 175,000, and, of course, outside the population of the city proper, thousands must have perished in the suburban villages.

We have stated these geographical facts to make clear that the representatives of an old and highly intelligent French colony deliberately built a city on the site of a volcano, where it could not possibly escape complete destruction if a violent eruption took place. There are no scientific means of determining that a volcano which was violently active in 1851 will not become violently destructive again after a longer or shorter term of years. The record of Mount Etna as an intermittently active volcano goes back to the dawn of ancient history. The record of Vesuvius is terrible, but it has had long seasons of quiet. After the famous eruption 79 A. D., by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, there were intervals of more than a century when Vesuvius was entirely quiet; but in the last decade of the eighteenth century it resumed its activity with terrible violence. The famous volcano of the Hawaiian Islands, Kilauea, has seasons of long silence between its awful eruptions. The whole history of volcanic eruptions in all parts of the world shows that it is the grossest kind of imprudence to build a city upon the slope or at the foot of a volcano of whose extinction there can be no scientific assurance.

It has been known for a century past that the islands of St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Vincent, Dominica, Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, in short, all of the Lesser Antilles, are of volcanic origin. There have been earthquake shocks in all these islands; there have been terrible disasters in Venezuela and Guatemala. In Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia there have been volcanic eruptions and seismic disturbances. The Andes include the loftiest, if not the most terrible, active volcano in the world in Cotopaxi. There are most formidable active volcanoes in Mexico, in shape of Colima and Popocatepetl. But in these great countries destruction by volcanic eruptions is seldom extensive; earthquakes or tidal waves are more frequently the cause of disaster.

The disaster at Martinique was very like that which destroyed Pompeii. The ancient cities were built at the foot of the mountain. The people were evidently suffocated by a whirlwind of noxious gas and then burned by showers of molten lava. Pliny, the elder, who landed on the seashore during the eruption, was not burned, but asphyxiated. There were the same noxious gas, the same shower of molten lava, the same cloud of gray ashes, in both eruptions. The old crater of Mount Pelee had become a lake in which picnic parties bathed. Probably the fiery eruption turned the waters of this lake into a noxious steam or gas, and sent it in a whirl of flame and steam on its awful way.

Science cannot furnish man with shelter against such disasters, any more than it could tell our ship captains in the harbors of Callao and Apia that a tidal wave or typhoon was coming. All that science can do is to point to the awful record of volcanic eruptions and urge men not to build cities on the slopes or at the foot of a mountain that was once a vast firepit and may yet be a furnace.

OLD GENERAL AVERAGE UNCONQUERED.

Unlike the bright boy whose mother proudly explained that he often exceeded his average in school but never fell below it, Oregon seems to be constantly engaged in a mad race to catch up with its normal precipitation. The rains descend and the floods come, and beat upon our roofs till they sag like canvas; lakes form in the streets, sewers clog and send torrents roaring through the gutters, and for days and days together he who is without an umbrella is saturated; yet every morning the weather turns up shockingly, shamefully shy in average precipitation. In a state like California, where rain lingers but as a thief in the night, this sort of thing would be regarded as pardonable, even as a matter of course, but here in Oregon, the very name of which is synonymous with gray days, drifting mists and rain-soaked population, it is humiliating and distressing. There appears, however, to be no help for it. The weather in the past has set a terrific pace in the matter of precipitation, and it is the weather in the past that we look to for our average. Contrary to what may reasonably be viewed as the general belief, the precipitation record is not brought constantly up to date. Such a course would perhaps give us more reliable averages, but it would at the same time require more figuring than any ordinary clerical force could attend to, and the weather department employes, catching the spirit of the elements with which they deal, are usually below the average in point of numbers.

Along in '96 or '97 the chief of the Weather Bureau, believing that the public was suffering severely from lack of means of knowing whether the daily monthly and yearly rainfall was more or less than that of the previous day, month or year, ordered the compilation of records for years gone by, and thirty of these were taken and "bunched," so that a very trustworthy standard was established by striking an average. Tables of this kind were prepared for different stations, and it is the average rainfall in Oregon for the thirty years ending in 1896 with which the rainfall of every year is compared in order to determine whether we have gained or fallen short of the goal which we all so much desire to attain.

The normal precipitation for a year, as determined by the table alluded to, is 46.83 inches. The normal up to this time is 41.86, but we have had but 35.72, and we are short more, far more, than we are likely to make up. Thus year after year, as the seasons come and go, and we turn our eager and expectant eyes to the weather reports, always hoping to see the dread deficiency destroyed, we are repeatedly doomed to bitter disappointment. Once in a great while, after a long spell of rain, the weather man, in firm, bold characters, writes "excess" where he has so long written "deficiency," and we lay down the paper with joy and declare that such a moment is worth all the dreary days it cost. But by the next morning the stern and immovable general average has got in its work, the excess is wiped off the report by the sinister constant factor, and we are once more plunged into a gulf of dark despair.

Why this should be, why the weather should struggle vainly year after year to attain a result which it accomplished with evident ease in the past, is beyond solution by modern methods of computation. Perhaps the unbroken forests poetically spoken of by Bryant as the continuous woods caught more clouds and spilled their contents than the broken and scattered tracts of timber that have fed sawmills for half a century, and perhaps the weather department general average figures are out. Anyway, we are turning up year after year sadly wanting in rainfall, and it is time that another average was established if we are to continue to hold up our heads and be proud of the state which in every other respect is beyond reproach.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

Almost sole reminder in the South of the days before the Civil War is the colored "mammy," who, still faithful to her charge, maintains at once a place of authority and affection in households the children of which she has served for more than one generation. The Baltimore Sun recently reported a wedding in that city at which the colored "mammy" of the bride and of her mother before her was guest of honor. Years ago, "before the war," this faithful negress, then young and vigorous, was a personal attendant of a daughter of Mr. Ralph Higinbotham, of that city, and on the marriage of her young mistress to John M. Dulany, followed her to her new home. Each child that was born to the Dulany household became the especial charge of "mammy," and when the young mother died it was she who comforted the sorrowing little brood and vowed solemnly never to leave them. As each daughter of the house marries, "mammy," torn with a conflicting sense of duty, promises to go with her, but each time has repented of her promise through solicitude for those still needing her care. At the wedding that took place last week the ushers vied with each other for the privilege of escorting "mammy" to her seat, but the first-born of her adopted flock would yield the privilege to no one, and himself tenderly escorted the faithful servant to her place.

It is seldom in these days that the eternal fitness of things as regards the race problem, is so quaintly and faithfully represented as in this instance. It was that of service faithfully performed and tenderly appreciated—service necessary and honorable at once to the giver and the recipient, establishing a bond of affection and sympathy that does not haggle over "equality" or take "race superiority" in consideration, but which eliminates, as far as it goes, the stress from the negro question in the South and places it on an easy and natural basis.

If this had been all that there was of slavery under the old regime, one might, as a humanitarian, regret its abolishment, since all concerned in the relationship of "mammy" to her charges were profited by it. Unhappily, however, this relationship was merely an incident of slavery, not its exponent. Fortunate, indeed, are those Southern families who, ignoring the question of race equality, and holding aloof from its vain arguments, have been able to retain upon the old basis of affection and mutual interests the colored "mammy," who in willing, faithful service is satisfied with her place in the domestic economy of the household and who performs its duties in accordance with the supreme law of contentment, as in "the days before the war." Happily, the institution of slavery is not necessary for the perpetuation of this service. Kindness, a sense of mutual obligation and a tacit recognition of the fitness of things, continue unto this day this relationship in many well-ordered homes of the South.

Tuesday, April 1, of the present year, was the banner day for the disembarkation of immigrants in the port of New York. The "record" cargo of a single steamship on this day was composed of 26,092 persons. Having safely passed the immigration inspectors, it may be assumed that these people will, in due time, become satisfactory additions to our population as laborers, home-makers and citizens. There are grave doubts upon this matter, of course, but the most that can be done, after the immigration laws admit these vast numbers of people foreign to our customs, language and institutions, is to make the best of the situation and of them. Our National powers of assimilation have been proven to be great, and it is most unpatriotic to contend that they have become impaired. It is more comfortable and more philosophical to assume that we are better prepared to place these people than ever before, asking only that the defective, the criminal and the pauper elements be kept out.

The suggestion of Mr. Ayer that a steam pilot-boat be provided for the bar pilots at the mouth of the river is a good one. This is essentially an age of steam, and delays are more expensive than they were in the old days when ships were few in number and none of them were dependent on steam power. The modern-built, full-powered freighter, carrying a big crew and under a very heavy daily expense, will fight shy of ports where pilots are not right on the spot. Sailing pilot schooners are out of date, and as we have pretensions to having an up-to-date port, it should be provided with the equipment necessary to keep it up to the standard. Fog and bad weather will frequently combine to prevent good pilot service, even with a steam pilot-boat, but in a calm a schooner is of little use in keeping track of incoming steamers unless they happen to run close enough to sight her.

A member of the School Board of District No. 1 is to be chosen at an election to be held for that purpose at the various polling-places in this city June 16. It is hoped that the political questions culminating in the regular election on the first Monday in June will not obscure this minor election. It is time for the taxpayers of the district to take the matter into consideration, to the end that a suitable man (or woman) may be chosen for this important, non-political position. The interests of the district, financial as well as educational, demand the work of a thoroughly conscientious, competent board, each member of which, when the time comes, should be carefully and judiciously chosen.

The Victoria boatpuller's story about the foundering of the Condor has a "fishy" appearance. The Condor undoubtedly foundered but the Mary Taylor, on which this boatpuller was employed, was spoken a long time after that date by sealing masters who knew of the Condor's disappearance, and had there been any definite news of the warship's fate the master of the sealer, and not the boatpuller, would have hastened to give out the news.

Governor Odell came and looked at Oregon also, and passed by on the other side. Tempus fugit. Where is the Good Samaritan?

FAITHFUL TO OUR SOLDIERS.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The President, in his congratulatory dispatch to General Chaffee, complimenting General Davis and Colonel Baldwin for their victory over the Moros in Mindanao, said: "Your fellow-countrymen at home will ever honor the memory of the fallen and be faithful to the brave survivors who have themselves been faithful unto death for their country's sake."

It was time that such a thing be said. For three weeks the people have been nauseated and outraged by the indecent assaults upon our soldiers in the Philippines by Senators who described our officers as beasts and monsters of cruelty. The attacking line of hysterical Senators pressed close about the Army with a sort of savage exultation in their power to do mischief, and for a time it seemed that neither President, nor Republican Senator, nor Secretary of War, was to say a word in reply.

But when the plan of attack of the soldiers' enemies had been fully developed, when they had done their utmost to commit their party to a policy of hostility to the Army and assassination of character, the Republican Senators moved forward in defense of the soldiers, and the President assures the men who are fighting the battles of their country that their countrymen at home "will ever honor the memory of the fallen and be faithful to the brave survivors."

The patriotic people of this country, whether they be Democrats or Republicans, will rejoice in the President's words and will take comfort in the thought that the common slanderers of the Senate are to be properly rebuked. A few weeks ago General Bell was congratulated on the successful termination of his campaign in Batangas. Had it not been for the attacks made upon him, General Smith would probably have been congratulated for the termination of his campaign in Samar.

As the case stands, however, General Smith and his subordinates are on trial for their methods in suppressing the insurrection among the savages of Samar. General Chaffee has been arraigned in the Senate because he declined to condemn Major Waller or General Smith on hearsay. Our Army in the Philippines has been spoken of as worse than vandals by Democratic Senators who thought they saw an opportunity to injure the Administration responsible for the conduct of the war. But the tide has turned.

The newspapers of the country have not countenanced the indiscriminate attacks upon the Army. Probably many Democratic tacticians have not been in sympathy with such attacks. Those who assumed the leadership overreached themselves, because, say what we will, the American people will always honor the memory of those who fall in battle and "be faithful to the brave survivors who have themselves been faithful unto death for their country's sake."

Senator Dolliver's "Little Learning."

Chicago Chronicle.

In his bout with Senator Carmack, whom an enthusiastic admirer had likened to Edmund Burke, Senator Dolliver quotes Macaulay as saying that "Burke was on the wrong side of every question." A more complete perversion of Macaulay's estimate of Burke is beyond imagination.

Macaulay pronounced Burke the greatest man of his age, and it was a great age. He recalls the fact that Warren Hastings' champion, Major Scott, spoke of Burke as "that reptile"; but Macaulay adds that Major Scott was "the greatest bore of his time."

It must have been a startling sound in the Senate of the United States that Burke "was on the wrong side of every question"—Burke, one of the few leaders in Parliament right on the American war, right on civil and religious liberty, right invariably on eevry moral question.

Senator Dolliver should study both Macaulay and Burke more thoroughly before he assumes familiarity with either. Morley pronounces Burke's speeches on the American question "the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or practice." Burke's combination of "sovereign gifts with beneficent uses" is not surpassed in the career of any other statesman of modern age or antiquity.

Senator Dolliver aims to be a political orator. He should study Hazlitt's analysis of Burke: "His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meager facts meagerly stated, of half a dozen commonplaces tortured in a thousand different ways, but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart and various as the sources of human nature. He, therefore, enriched every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasion of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted."

President Roosevelt is more familiar than Senator Dolliver with both Macaulay and Burke. Macaulay characterized Burke as "strenuous."

Clarkson Might Be Worse.

Gunton's Magazine.

The New York Times and Evening Post are nearly as much troubled over the appointment of General James S. Clarkson as Surveyor of Customs at the port of New York as they are over Mr. Oxnard's objection to the slaughter of the beet-sugar industry. The serious charge against General Clarkson appears to be that he is a good Republican, an intelligent protectionist, hails from Iowa, and has not become a millionaire. If Mr. Clarkson had become very rich, that probably would have been urged gainst him as a proof of his dishonesty. If he had been prominent in New York politics, that would would have been an objection on the ground that he was Plattized. The simple truth of the matter is that General Clarkson is not a mere yawping politician but a man of real brains and philosophic conception of the principles of public policy. He has lived several years in New York, but has not been associated with any of the discreditable methods of the Republican organization. From every conceivable point of view he is the superior of his predecessor in office; he is, indeed, a man of truly National proportions. There is no office from the Presidency down that General Clarkson could not fill with credit to himself and honor to the country.

Well Worth Keeping.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The commercial importance of the Philippines has little or nothing to do with the fact of our occupation, but the aunties who seem to imagine that the Philippines policy was determined by commercial reasons are fond of sneering at the archipelago as a market for our wares. Yet during the nine months of the current fiscal year ending with March the Philippines took $3,812,818 worth of our products. This is not a vast sum, but it is over a million dollars more than we sold to Portugal during the same period, and almost as much as we sold to Austria-Hungary, to the five Central American states combined, or to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is a good deal over half the amount of our export trade with Argentina or with Brazil; a million dollars more than our export trade with Chile, which ranks third among South American countries as a consumer of American products, and almost twice as much as we sold to any other South American country.

The Vicissitudes of Teller.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Teller's talk on the Philippines just now is so antagonistic to that of the same person on the same subject three years ago that some of his old friends are beginning to attribute the change in tone to softening of the brain on Teller's part. A reader explanation of the change would be that Teller, when he was talking sane, was a silver Republican, who seemed on the point of returning to his old party, but now that he has become a Democrat, he is compelled to adopt the narrowness and folly of his new associates. Two or three years have made a vast change in Teller's mental and moral make-up.

WHY THE ANTIS ARE MAD.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Senator Lodge, in his speech last Monday in reply to the attacks of the anti-imperialists, struck home when he turned his attention to the spirit in which the attempt to defame the Army had been conducted. He said:

Why this attack upon the Army? Because, it is said, it has been guilty of cruelty and torture. Ah, yes, Mr. President, perhaps so, but it has been guilty of a greater crime than that. . . . It has been guilty of the crime of success. It has been a victorious Army. It has put down the insurrection, and it meets now, as it met at Appomattox, abuse and attack. Success is a crime for which in some quarters there is no forgiveness.

There is little room to doubt the truth of these words. How else can the eagerness to accept every foul slander as true before its victim has been given a hearing be explained? What other explanation can be found for the attempt to hold President Roosevelt, Secretary Root and General Chaffee to blame for acts perpetrated or alleged to be perpetrated by subordinates, in the face of dozens of prompt investigations of similar charges and repeated orders to treat the natives mildly? The whole course of the military and civil governments gives the lie to the indecent assumption that acts of cruelty and torture have been encouraged or condoned. The very witnesses in Washington who have appeared to tell of this or that case of maltreatment which they said they had seen have admitted that the soldiers treated the natives well on the whole, and that prisoners and noncombatants were fed and cared for as well as the troops. The fact is that the success of the Army in the Philippines and the substitution of civil for military government threatens to destroy the usefulness of the Philippines question as a political issue. There is no longer any insurrection to rant about, and no more patriots being ruthlessly crushed by an American Army. There is nothing to talk about except the Philippines bill, and it will not do to talk too much about that, since it aims to do the very thing that the Democrats say they want done and that can now be thoroughly done—the substitution of civil for military control, with all natives who could exercise the franchise under the laws of Louisiana or Mississippi participating in the government. Clearly the passage of this measure or the possibility of getting the government into running order, which the success of the Army has brought about, is a misfortune not to be tolerated. For the success already attained by the civil government in the pacified districts, the cheerful acquiescence of the people and their eagerness to learn indicates only too surely that there will be no Philippines problem to yield material for campaign speeches. It will never do to have the Filipinos contented and prosperous. And if that cannot be prevented, at least there is comfort in branding with infamy the soldiers who have for four years fought and marched through unpenetrated jungles, valleys and mountains, to maintain the authority of the United States and to bring about the pacification needed to enable her to discharge to the utmost the responsibility for the well-being of the archipelago.

Every Life Has Its Crisis.

Philadelphia Times.

It is easy to understand the bitterness of spirit with which the brave man and able officer saw the signals of victory floating from the masthead of the Brooklyn. Yet here was really his opportunity. One generous word of acknowledgment, and there would have been glory enough for all. No one would have begrudged the commander of the fleet his full share of credit for his achievement. But no word of acknowledgment came. A dispatch was allowed to be sent in a form so foolishly boastful that when the facts became known it awakened resentment, and then the admiral went away and brooded over his disappointment. His official report made no recognition of the officer actually in command, but coldly belittled him. He began to remember previous faults in Schley's conduct and to bring them to attention. Then the Navy Department, perceiving the disposition of the public to applaud the men who had been in the fight rather than the officially designated commander, took up these irrelevant aspersions, and Sampson's opportunity to set himself right was gone. At the one critical moment of his life he had failed, not in military courage, but in the instinct of manly generosity, and he never gained the place in public esteem that he had lost.

Our Officers in the Philippines.

Pittsburg Gazette.

Our Army officers are not responsible for the insurrection in the Philippines. That is the work of the politicians, and continued incitement to insurrection still proceeds from Congress. The Filipinos do not want civilized government, and the attempt to fit them out with institutions of self-government is criminal folly. They never have been a nation and never will be. The Malay race never has produced a nation, but it is extremely tenacious of its own usages, customs and morality, and has never submitted to the imposition of alien usages, customs and morality. Should we abandon the Philippines the islands would lapse into anarchy and some foreign power would have to undertake the duty of maintaining order, but order never will be established upon a firm basis until it is founded upon native authority, and the attempt to establish the governmental apparatus and social morality of civilized life is abandoned. Meanwhile the Smiths and Wallers will do their duty faithfully and well, and their country will honor them. The snarling and yapping of Jacobin politicians in Congress does not represent public opinion.

A Case in Point.

Boston Herald.

There is an anecdote obtaining currency of the late Secretary Morton, of Nebraska, to the effect that when he was in President Cleveland's Cabinet he was induced to make a removal in his department which he could not justify. The victim of his dismissal asked him to at least certify to his good character and faithfulness in office, which the Secretary did, after this style:

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I know nothing to the discredit of Mr. A—— B——, who, as far as I am informed, is honest, intelligent and industrious. The only reason he was dropped from the rolls of the Department of Agriculture was that his place was wanted by C—— D——, a Democratic Senator from the State of X——, whose ceaseless importunities have at last exhausted my patience.

One can well imagine President Roosevelt giving a similar certificate to Commissioner Evans, of the Pension Bureau, with very slight variations. But perhaps the consolation prize was so important in this instance as to supersede the necessity for certifying.

I Travel'd Among Unknown Men.

William Wordsworth.

I travel'd among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
The bowers where Lucy play'd;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal.

William Wordsworth.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

It looks as if the bolters are on the wrong side of the bolts.

A nomination that no one will take is not a gift of which the donors can be very proud.

General Miles is getting a pretty high salary for a man who is given no opportunity to do anything.

The fool-killer lost a brilliant opportunity when he failed to run an excursion to Martinique last week.

Already this season several trout have been caught that were nearly half as big as the stories told about them.

The Summer girl, the straw hat and the strawberry shortcake are three convincing proofs that May is all it ought to be.

Grover Cleveland is said to be in fine physical condition. The third-term insects apparently do not rob him of his rest.

The Governor of Massachusetts has been given no provocation to say to the Governor of Arkansas that it is a long time between negroes.

Now doth the modern preacher
Have open both his eyes
Unto the most important fact
That he must advertise.

Every time Russia begins to tame an alien race the Russians demonstrate that they are still in need of a few centuries of taming themselves.

Now and then General Funston engages in a conversation without going to the telegraph office immediately afterward to get his reprimand.

When the blossoms is a fallin'
An' the soft Spring breezes blow,
It's the part o' common wisdom
For the fish-worms to lay low.

Andrew Carnegie is thinking seriously of buying several newspapers. He hasn't decided as yet how he will divide the space in them between news and golf.

Once referring to "The Lady or the Tiger?" the late Frank R. Stockton told an interviewer: "I cannot answer the question, for I have no earthly idea myself. I really have never been able to decide whether the lady or the tiger came out of that door. Yet I must defend myself. People for years have upbraided me for leaving it a mystery; some used to write me that I had no right to impose upon the good nature of the public in that manner. However, when I started in to write the story, I really intended to finish it. But it would never let itself be finished. I could not decide. And to this day I have, I assure you, no more idea than any one else."

President E. H. Harriman, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is no respector of persons. One day he had appointments at his office with Millionaires John W. Mackay and H. E. Huntington, but before they arrived Mr. Harriman was engaged in conversation in his private office with a third person, who had entered a few minutes before the magnates of finance. Those gentlemen were, therefore compelled to wait until the close of the pending interview, which lasted a full hour. They were furious, but their business was important, and they had no recourse but to wait. They stormed a little after they had gained access to the presence they sought, but went away apparently mollified.

The famous residence of George Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C., known as Biltmore, is to have a rival erected by a man who but a few weeks ago was a day laborer. Michael Minkewincz is the name of the new capitalist, and he has fallen heir to $2,000,000 through the death of a relative in Germany. He has gone to claim his money, but before leaving secured an option on one of the most beautiful tracts of land in the suburbs of Ashville. It includes several thousand acres and runs out in the neighborhood of the famous Switzerland dairy, which George Vanderbilt tried hard to buy before he purchased the Biltmore estate. Minkewincz's plans have thrown the Vanderbilts into a state of consternation, and there is promise of a serious social upheaval. An attempt is already being made by friends of the New York aristocrats to secure the vitiation of the option secured by the German-Pole.

The Use of Chloroform.

London Daily News.

The candid confession of certain professors of the Paris Surgical Society on the subject of anesthetics has caused a flutter of excitement. The discussion which began with the use of cocaine, which has now lost favor, has led to the publication in medical papers of the number of deaths and mishaps arising from chloroform. The total of fatal cases amounts to 26; but this does not include incidents full of peril and anguish. No statistics are given of the experience of Paris dentists to the use of either specific. One medical celebrity affirms that nothing would induce him to allow a member of his family to pass through either the cocaine or chroloform ordeal.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Overheard at the Jetty.—"'Ere, Billy, give us a bite of yer appel and I'll let yer drahn one of our kittens!"—Tit-Bits.

Her Own Hairdresser.—Mrs. Sweller—Do you employ a private chauffeur? Mrs. Getrichtwick—No, I always do up my hair myself.—Ohio State Journal.

His First Shad.—Little Willie (at a restaurant)—Pa! His Father—What is it, Willie? Little Willie—This planked shad has got lots of slivers in it.—Judge.

Different.—Arthur—I would marry that girl but for one thing. Chester—Afraid to pop the question? Arthur—No. Afraid to question the pop.—Town and Country.

An Estimate.—Tom—Is the fair widow that Simkins is engaged to much of a society woman? Jack—I should say so. She weighs over 200 pounds.—Chicago Daily News.

A Gentle Blow.—"Remember, my dear brethren," said the minister, "that charity covereth a multitude of sins. I hope you'll be unusually generous in your offering this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

"What, more money! See here, young man. What has become of that last five hundred I gave you? Horses, wine, clothes, what?" "No, father, no. I've been playing bridge with mother."—Life.

What this world needs to make it happy is the sustaining philosophy of the Georgia man who exclaimed, when the bank failed: "Thank the Lord, I never had a dollar ahead in my life!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Sleeper.—Mrs. O'Lafferty—Our wee Dannie will make a polaceman wan day an' mar-rik me wurds. Mr. O'Lafferty—Phwy will he? Mrs. O'Lafferty—Don't th' boy shlape ha'f the toime?—Ohio State Journal.

Letting Him Know.—Flora—I'm writing to tell Jack that I didn't mean what I said in my last letter. Dora—What did you say in your last letter? Flora—That I didn't mean what I said in the one before.—Brooklyn Life.

Very Provoking.—"Maria,