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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers, possibly attended by thunder; cooler; southerly winds and squalls.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 80; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1902.

THE COURSE OF COMMERCIAL EMULATION.

History divides itself into great epochs of commercial civilization. Whatever dreams the poets sang or ambitions the monarchs nursed, the products of human hands were seeking markets and the merchant princes of every age have directed its industry, its cultivation and held largely in their hands the disposition and proceeds of human industry.

Whenever production reached the stage of an exportable surplus, then commerce began, and history divides itself into chapters devoted to the rise and fall, not only of commercial civilizations, but of great trade routes. From the Nile and the Euphrates to the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean, the sea routes of the world have passed on to the Atlantic, the Suez Canal and the Straits of Magellan. The curtain scenes about to rise on the greatest commercial drama of all—that upon the colossal stage of the Pacific Ocean.

From the dawn of history commerce held sway in Arabia, Egypt and Syria. The most eminent navigators and traders of antiquity were the Phoenicians. They planted their colonies on the islands of the Mediterranean and their ships went westward to Britain. When Rome at length became mistress of the known world the commercial empire passed also to her. The merchant princes occupied the same power they do in England or America today. Their commerce whitened the Mediterranean and reached by sail and caravan all over Europe.

Expansion gave Rome her commerce. Venetian expansion took it from her, and a new trade route took it in turn from Venice. When Venice acquired the maritime cities of Palmyra and Aden, she strengthened her navy and took precedence over Rome; but the discovery by Vasco de Gama of the Cape route to India diverted trade, formerly carried overland, and by means of the Mediterranean to and from India, to the Dutch, Portuguese and English. Colonies in strategic points and control of trade routes, such as Europe covets today in Hong Kong, Port Arthur and other steamship lines and long routes like that now planned by J. J. Hill, made Rome, Venice and Holland in turn the mistress of the world's commerce.

Constantinople was once a great commercial emporium. It stood in the gate through which passed the riches of the East and the products of the West. But that great volume of trade has been diverted to other hands—partly through Holland and its own sovereignty over the East Indies, partly through Russia's activity in Manchuria, Siberia, with the Siberian railway and its Pacific ports, partly through Germany's foothold in Shan Tung and France's hold in Tong King, but most of all through British acquisition of the Suez Canal and its possessions in India and Hong Kong.

Comes upon the scene at this time the United States. The fortunes of war and liberal treaty terms have thrown in our way the best naval and commercial base of all the Far East—the Philippine Islands, just at a time when our great railroad and steamship companies are harnessing themselves for a trade route to Asia across the United States and the Pacific Ocean. With such a base as Manila, and with our American capital, ingenuity, skill and enterprise, we are in a position to become in our turn the mistress of the world's commerce—the lineal descendant of the Phoenicians, Venice, and the gorgeous East in the East—Spain, Portugal, Holland and even Great Britain. The vast and still growing trade between Eastern and Western civilization may as well pass our way and pay tribute to us as to play between Liverpool and Hong Kong, either by Suez or Cape Horn.

But these things will not come to us of themselves. Commercial ascendancy is for those who went it from the hands of rivals, and such rivals as Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia. We are going to resign without a contest. We have the possible trade route, we have the local base of operations at Manila. Here is a potential crisis in world history. The course of the United States lies plain before it. Other nations are straining every nerve for in-

creased territorial advantage in the Orient. Here we have men actively at work endeavoring to force the Government at Washington to give up what foothold we have and turn what Asiatic trade we have over to Europe. The commerce of the world appears of less significance to them than the fear that Ted Holman may lose the Coroner's office for two years or Ed Werlein may have to get out and work for a living.

PLAY BALL, GENTLEMEN.

Fifty thousand people attended the professional baseball game in Portland Sunday. Reports from Seattle are that 8000 admirers and supporters of the great National game overran the field to see the home team wipe up the ground with Tacoma. Advice from Spokane and Tacoma, Butte and Helena, are that immense throngs had been expected to attend the game, but that the outlook for a prosperous season is in the highest degree favorable.

All this is good. The average American citizen is a ballplayer by instinct and training. For any youth who has been reared in the public schools or colleges of the country to profess want of sympathy and appreciation for the great sport is to disclose that there is something wrong in his make-up, and the suspicion is justifiable that, given the opportunity, such a person might turn traitor to his country's other institutions. He will, at any rate, bear watching. Baseball in the hands of patriots is a patriotic sport, and deserves all the appreciation it has received and is now receiving throughout the United States. Long may it live!

But it cannot be unless it is conducted in a sportsmanlike manner and unless the players learn that they are on the field to play ball, and not to "chew the rag" with newspaper or audience. At Spokane Sunday a third baseman was displeased with something or other a spectator said to him, and he threw the ball into the bleachers and badly injured a "rooter." The police had to take a hand. At Seattle on the same day the services of two officers were called into requisition to convey from the field the noisy and obstreperous captain of the Tacoma nine.

Portland the crowd was orderly enough, but there was a manifest disposition to jump into the umpire by the partisans of the home team. The captain of the Butte nine, who is well known hereabouts for his readiness to bullyrag an umpire, burst forth on several occasions in more or less violent ebullitions of wrath, but, fortunately for the decency of the game, his rowdyish conduct had no effect on the umpire. It was this same player—McCloskey in his name—who was recently put out of the game and fined by a resolute umpire for hoodlumism. Over at Tacoma a few days ago there was a disgraceful demonstration against the umpire by an incensed gang of "rooters."

It is just such occurrences as these that bring baseball into disrepute. It was for just such riotous outbreaks as these on the part of spectator and player that the game a few years since suffered eclipse, from which it is just now emerging. The sport fell into evil ways because the players had no respect for the umpire, and too much to do besides attend to their own business. The managers of the National game finally found out what was the matter—not with the game, but with them—and they cured the trouble by placing autocratic powers in the hands of the umpire. It is not enough, however, for the umpire to have the power. He must use it. And it is not enough for him to use it. He must be sustained in its use by the league managers. This remark applies equally to the National League and to the Northwest League.

In the interest of fair sport and clean sport, then, it is the clear duty of the ball managers to stand by their umpires; and it is the duty of the public to stand by the baseball management that stands by its umpires. It may be said further that the crowd that criticizes an umpire is nearly always mistaken, even when the judgment is not warped by its prejudices. This has been conspicuously true during the past two weeks in Portland. Impartial occupants of the press box, who have been in good position to see and to know as well as any one can know when he is not actually on the ground, say that with perhaps a few exceptions in balls and strikes Umpire Cunningham has been right throughout. As a judge of close plays he has been uniformly fair and correct. On the whole, he is right. If, then, such an umpire is bulldozed by the crowd and intimidated by the McCloskeys of the game, the result may be and will be that we shall have umpires who will endeavor to please and conciliate the bullies and stand in with the home teams, which always have the biggest crowd of partisans. And then the team will be successful that can make the loudest noise.

GENERAL CHAFFEE AND MAJOR WALLER.

General Chaffee's review of the court-martial of Major Waller shows clearly that Major Waller, in the summary killing of some of his native guides, or bearers, deliberately chose not to consult General Smith regarding his contemplated action, and assumed a power which did not belong to him. The defense of Major Waller for his action was that these native guides, having got a handful of whites into a country uninhabited, where there was no trail and no food, refused to get Waller and his companions out of their difficulty and attacked two of the officers. For leading his expedition into this trap and dooming his members to die of starvation or violence, Waller ordered these native guides to be shot without formality of trial.

General Chaffee's review of the trial makes it clear that General Smith not only never ordered Major Waller to shoot these native guides, but that Major Waller, although in telephonic communication with General Smith, deliberately chose not to consult his commanding officer. The action of Major Waller was evidently undertaken on his own responsibility, without consultation with General Smith, and General Chaffee finds no palliation for it save the fact that Major Waller was sick of a fever, in great bodily and mental pain, when he received a message from his officers and men advising that the treacherous guides be killed. General Chaffee, on his own responsibility, ordered the court-martial of Major Waller as long ago as March 5, and the misconduct of Major Waller seems to have been due to his individual idiosyncrasy, which prompted him to assume "the powers the laws of war and the customs of the service confer upon commanding officers only in time of war." So far from being authorized by General Smith, who commanded the American forces in Samar, General Chaffee

says that Major Waller "deliberately chose not to consult General Smith regarding his contemplated action."

Major Waller's case, so far from compromising General Smith, really leaves General Smith in the position of a commanding officer whose authority had been utterly ignored by a subordinate officer in a matter of the highest military importance. General Chaffee does not say that treacherous guides may not under certain circumstances be promptly shot, but he does say that Major Waller, when in communication with his commanding officer, had no business to order these native guides to execution without proper notice to and consultation with his superior. General Smith appears, therefore, to have been ordered before a court-martial not because of any unlawful action on his own part, but because of clamor raised over the action of a subordinate officer in contempt of General Smith's authority and without any pretense of consultation with him on a most important matter.

THE BOER WAR OVER.

The Boer War is over. It began October 12, 1899, with the Boer invasion of Natal. In a military sense the Boer War was a hopeless conflict after Lord Roberts, the last week of February, 1900, turned the Boer position on Modder River and forced General Cronje to surrender with 4600 men. The disaster to Cronje forced the Boers to evacuate Ladysmith. The rapid occupation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal followed. Pretoria surrendered June 5, 1900, and on September 1, 1900, the Transvaal was proclaimed part of the British Empire. The warfare that has been waged by the Boers for the last twenty months has been senseless. Its only result has been to lay waste the entire farming plant of the two republics. The best stuff of the Boer population has been ruined by the war.

The victory has cost Great Britain 25,000 lives and \$11,400,000 of treasure. It has not cost Great Britain's military prestige, for Great Britain's soldiers, by the confession of German and Austrian officers, did as well against the Boer sharpshooters fighting behind intrenchments as the best veteran troops of Germany or France could have done. The military world has been taught that the modern improved magazine military rifle in the hands of sharpshooters makes frontal assaults impossible of success, and replaces the work of cavalry with mounted riflemen to a very large extent. It was Great Britain's fortune to be the first to prove by actual conflict with a sharp-shooting force armed with modern magazine rifles that war henceforth will have to be waged by clouds of skirmishers, by mounted riflemen, supported by field artillery. Great Britain has lost no military prestige; her soldiers never fought more gallantly; the Boers themselves testify with enthusiasm that no braver men were ever seen in war than the troops that were repulsed at Colenso and the assault on Spion Kop.

What will be the fate of the Boers after the peace? The Boer will probably become what the French Canadian became after the rebellion of 1837 and the gift of home rule—essentially a Briton. South Africa henceforth will be British, and British alone. The Boers are not likely to quarrel with the British. The ill-humored Boers who are produced a feeling of respect for each other; the leading civic and military leaders of the British in South Africa feel an honest sympathy for the misfortunes of the Boers, and a sincere admiration for their valor. The Boers have not lost any military honor, nor have the British. Both sides are in good condition to make the best of a peace if, as is reported, the British Government proposes to advance a large sum of money for the restoration of the obliterated farmsteads of the Boers.

Under British rule the Boer will be more prosperous and more comfortable than he ever was under Paul Kruger, who, under the cover of patriotic devotion to the Transvaal, took advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-countrymen and stole himself rich out of the revenues of the republic. Kruger sold justice, took bribes right and left, and was a man of insatiable avarice and jealousy of England, and he was a man of every opportunity. The Boer War was due originally to Kruger's arrogance, and his ignorance in believing that Continental Europe would interfere. Its continuance after its military back was broken was due to the ignorance that is not seldom associated with political isolation for many years. The South could have waged the same kind of warfare after Appomattox, but it was too intelligent to pay the ruinous price in wasted blood, treasure and embittered sentiment.

There are many indications that Governor Geer and his intimate friends in Marion County and other parts of the state are doing the utmost that can be done, without positively open and avowed effort, to defeat Furnish and to elect Chamberlain. It is a point that Republicans throughout the state will not fail to note in the coming campaign. That Senator Simon and those in his confidence or under his influence are doing the same is even more open and notorious. Simon's gang here, headed by D. Solle Cohen, is working everything within the range of their power in that direction. It is evident that Mr. Simon and Mr. Geer supposed they owned the Republican party; and now they are pursuing their methods of revenge. Yet Mr. Geer's name will be on the Republican ticket, for United States Senator. But in the character of a party-wrecker how many votes ought he to get?

A GREAT FUEL FIELD.

The dreadful explosion which more than 150 miners felt their lives in the Crow's Nest mines of British Columbia calls attention afresh to one of the most important fuel fields in America. Geological surveys have ascertained that there are 550,000 acres of coal land in the Crow's Nest country, and the president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company in his last annual report estimated that that area would yield 20,000,000,000 tons of coal. With an output of 10,000 tons a day, this would last more than 6000 years. The present capacity of the mines is only about 500,000 tons of coal a year, with ovens that produce 1000 tons of coke daily. The output of both could easily be increased, but the British Columbia demand is not greater and the market on this side the border is relied upon to warrant further development.

But the United States market cannot be reached without adequate transportation facilities. President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, has for several years been endeavoring to induce a coal company to provide this transportation, and the road that will bring Crow's Nest coal into this country is now well advanced toward completion. "There is a prospective demand, provided we obtain access to the United States market, of 4000 tons of coal a day within a year," said President Cox, in his report. "In two years we expect to increase our output to 6000 tons daily." The coal is of excellent quality and the railroad on this side the boundary will be large consumers of it. A tariff of 57 cents a ton must be paid by Crow's Nest coal before it can get into our market. But it will pay this duty and then compete successfully with anything yet mined in our Pacific Northwest.

Memorial Sunday was very generally observed in the churches throughout this city and state with patriotic music and sermons. As the years have passed partisan and sectional bitterness has been eliminated from these exercises.

The tale of Andersonville and of Libby has been condensed to history, and the volume has been closed and clasped. The impassioned arraignment of the institution of slavery is no longer heard, and as that, too, is dead beyond resurrection, and its record, to all intents and purposes, is closed. Patriotism remains, and, to the extent that the society of the Grand Army of the Republic represents it, that organization is honored and exalted upon Memorial Sunday and Decoration day. We have come also to see that patriotism may have worn the gray as well as the blue, and that the quality of American courage is not indicated by sectional lines. All of this and much more, as filtered through the years, has come to us, softening the asperities of war and tempering personal bereavement, while in the long interval a generation has grown up that thinks of other things and regards the war as an incident of history made immortal by the sacrifices of the Nation and by a heroism that was not confined to section or to sex. The tender homage due to the heroic dead is rendered during the closing days of each successive May—the country graveyard sharing with the city cemetery the gifts of flowers, while the tombs of soldiers, wherever they are found, divide with the mausoleum on the Hudson and the honored graves at Arlington the gracious tributes of memory.

The turies of fire and convulsion are still hotly pursuing the terrified inhabitants of Martineque and St. Vincent. It seems useless to try to aid these people if they are compelled to remain upon these islands. A wholesale immigration and colonization scheme, carried out with due regard to suitable climatic conditions, would be a boon to these islands. Since Nature has issued, and placed tremendous penalties thereon, an edict of banishment from those volcanic islands. Some time in the formative history of the earth they have been projected bodily from the bosom of the sea by the same force that now seems determined to reclaim them. Quiet may be restored in this turbulent portion of Nature's kingdom, but it must be generations before vegetation again triumphs over volcanic ruin there. In the meantime the world is wide and there would be no place for the people to reach some place where they can dwell in relative security from volcanic disturbances. The experiences of the past month should render homesickness in any other land impossible, and as this is the greatest barrier to contentment among immigrants, they should, if their location were properly chosen, or if allowed to choose for themselves, become happy and contented dwellers in other lands. Their present plight is indeed pitiful, and relief to be permanent must be of the self-helpful order.

The coal mine disaster at Fernie, B. C., like its many predecessors, is best described by the words "a mine horror." There is nothing new in the recital, even the names of the victims being similar to those that have made up the grim and blackened death lists in such instances during the entire history of coal mining in this country at large. Names that suggest the hardy Norwegians, the industrious, plodding Hungarians, the energetic Finns and Swedes, from these lands, and the women and children who break forth in dismal wailings as the detonation of the explosion in a coal mine carries misery and heartbreak to the miners' homes, voice their woe in the tongue of the far-away fatherland. Pity is freely accorded to the toilers in the depths of the earth who have there met their fate and returned no sign of terror or of agony to the free air above, and sympathy, sentimental and practical, is bestowed upon their dependent ones. In this, too, the history of coal mine disaster repeats itself, and in so doing adds another chapter to the great book in which the records of humanity's good deeds are inscribed.

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The public may well be grateful for the prompt apprehension, trial and conviction of the man who attempted to wreck a special train on the Southern Pacific near Roseburg recently. A criminal whose murderous purpose includes an unknown number of persons, with not one of whom, perhaps, he is acquainted, merely to gratify a malevolent desire to kill, is a foe to human life as dangerous as any enemy that merit prompt and severe punishment by the civil authorities. It may well be regarded as a public calamity when one of these conscienceless miscreants goes unwhipped of justice. The criminal in this instance was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary—a punishment much too lenient for his base intent, but supposed to be adequate, since by the vigilance of the track watchmen his purpose was foiled.

In politics, as in other affairs, there is no trouble with open opponents. They are always respected. It is the stealthy vengeance of the man who is trying to "get even"—the renegade and party-wrecker—that is detestable. The Democratic party is putting up as strong a fight as it can. But this is not the leading feature of the opposition. The leading feature is the meanness of the party-wrecker, working stealthily for personal revenge.

A letter from the old Greenback mine, in Josephine County, now to be called the Victor, Junior, appears in another column of today's paper. The property is one whose achievement sets at rest all doubts as to the permanence and profit of gold mining in Southern Oregon.

We shall see how many men there are in Oregon who have professed to be Republicans, yet who care less for the policy and purposes of the party than they do for petty office and their private revenge.

J. J. HILL AND THE VOLCANOES.

New York Times.

That non-hearted champion of the Isthmian Canal, James J. Hill, has not a bad deal of ground to cover in the voice of warning against the folly of building a waterway subject to destruction by the terrible volcanoes that stud the Nicaragua route. "Every one who has made any selection of the subject," says Mr. Hill, "knows that Nicaragua is one of the most volcanic regions on earth, and that earthquake disturbances are not infrequently followed by volcanic eruptions. But what does your average Congressman care about that? You may lay before him the history of all the 40 or more volcanoes of Central America, with their century record of earthquakes brought down to the last 60 days, and your Congressman who is talking 'Isthmian canal' in glowing rhetoric will ignore the volcanic record completely and vote to spend \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000 of the people's money right in the midst of the eruptions." And further:

Nicaragua is a dangerous and ugly place for a waterway, and a canal system built of concrete and masonry to which any earthquake or volcanic disturbance would be fatal. The motive of rock, curving and dodging about among the volcanic peaks. It is not a safe place to put any big vessel. President of the Great Northern Railroad Company.

This is the voice of sincere solicitude, the heartfelt, earnest appeal of a man known the world over as the great builder of the canal policy. "If I could have the canal," says Mr. Hill, "I would serve the undertaking as he has served it by his seal and his wealth, commensurate with the magnitude of the task. I would rise thicker than Carnegie libraries all over the State of Alabama."

When the cloud-piercing volcanoes of the Nicaragua route are stretched for us by the hand of some promoter of the American syndicate that has acquired an interest in the Panama Canal which it is anxious to part with for cash to the United States Government, let people be warned of the volcanic record. When persons notoriously hostile to any canal draw up the awful catalogue of the eruptions, quakings, cataclysms and catastrophes that have marked the volcanic history of the earth they have been projected bodily from the bosom of the sea by the same force that now seems determined to reclaim them. Quiet may be restored in this turbulent portion of Nature's kingdom, but it must be generations before vegetation again triumphs over volcanic ruin there. In the meantime the world is wide and there would be no place for the people to reach some place where they can dwell in relative security from volcanic disturbances. The experiences of the past month should render homesickness in any other land impossible, and as this is the greatest barrier to contentment among immigrants, they should, if their location were properly chosen, or if allowed to choose for themselves, become happy and contented dwellers in other lands. Their present plight is indeed pitiful, and relief to be permanent must be of the self-helpful order.

Director of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company.

Director of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company.

Director of the Mason City & Fort Dodge Railroad Company.

Director of the Erie Railroad Company.

Nowman in the country, not Senator Hanna himself, has so many reasons for viewing with alarm the proposal to build a canal under the belching craters of Coseguina and Ometepe.

What a contrast to these sober and well-weighted words of Mr. James J. Hill, as eminent for his scientific knowledge of the habits of volcanoes as he is for his selfless devotion to the cause of the Isthmian canal. In contrast, we say, between his warning utterances and the light-minded and frivolous observations of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The commission, headed by Senator Adm. J. C. Walker, Samuel Pasco, Alfred Noble, Colonel Peter C. Hains, of the United States Engineer Corps, William H. Burr, Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Ernst, the Engineer Corps, Louis A. Howe and Emory R. Johnston. Most of these persons have frittered away their time and abilities in the study and practice of engineering. Not one of them owns a railroad, and there is none of them can be a qualified judge of volcanoes and earthquakes. In its report the commission shows that from the period of the Spanish conquest down to the present time there have been 14 earthquakes on the Nicaragua route and 28 on the Panama route. We quote some of the absurd and reckless expressions of the commission:

It is possible, and even probable, that the more accurately fitting portions of the canal, and that there is none of them can be a qualified judge of volcanoes and earthquakes. In its report the commission shows that from the period of the Spanish conquest down to the present time there have been 14 earthquakes on the Nicaragua route and 28 on the Panama route. We quote some of the absurd and reckless expressions of the commission:

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The Republic of Cuba.

Boston Transcript.

How long the flag of Cuba will have a place among the banners of the nations of the earth depends upon events. There was once a Republic of Cuba. That, too, had a flag and a civil government as well as an army and navy. The Texas flag was seen in the ports of the United States, but Texas was drawn by the law of political expediency to the United States, and the lone star banner came down, not in defeat, but in annexation. That flag was not without heroic associations. Brave deeds and deeds for human progress had been done under its folds. There are still a few old men left in Texas who once owed allegiance to it and in their youth held commissions, civil or military, signed by the President of Texas. They are now and then a frail old man, an American influence became dominant in Hawaii, and that flag, too, was supplanted by the Stars and Stripes. Wherever American influence deeply touches the interests of a people, it is people commercially or geographically close to us, there the American flag eventually remains as the emblem of sovereignty.

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls.

Booky Wadsworth Longfellow.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown,
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea, and the sky are all;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The first light comes, and the traveler's Day
Returns, and the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

DIRTY BUSINESS IN THE SENATE.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The United States Senate is not nice about the business it engages in, when political capital or private profit is made. It has paddled in all kinds of muck and mire, from milking the stock market through inside knowledge of legislation to leading special favors to rich corporations for campaign contribution. But we do not remember that it has ever engaged in dirtier business than this shameful befouling of the American Army. In the hope of making political capital before the standard it set about can be contradicted.

The American Army is doing, at the bidding of the American people, on the initiative of this same Senate when it ratified the treaty of peace, the most laborious and distasteful work ever put on it. It is doing the work with the thoroughness of trained soldiers, and with the humanity of American citizens. The war has been prolonged and made more costly of life by the action of Congress, by undue haste in substituting civil rule and pretending that enemies are trusty friends. There is ample evidence of this. Every Senator knows it and the people know it. Yet the Senate has not only fooled the people by treating the clumsy inventions and unclean imaginings of camp gossip as if they were worthy of belief.

You can prove anything you like about any army by scooping out of the social mire the dregs of it after they have been discharged, and listening to the lies bred of their disgust of discipline and hatred of the officers who made them wait, and obey orders. Every discharged army leaves this slimy trail behind it. These dregs or so of unworthy soldiers, out of the 50,000 volunteers in the Philippines, have been retelling their filth all the way to the continent, from San Francisco to New England; but they never got a hearing till the garbage feeders of the Anti-Imperialist League shipped them to the garbage feeders of the Senate.

Take the story of the beast O'Brien, the last disgrace of a name honorably borne by soldiers in a dozen lands for as many generations. Does any American believe that American officers violated Spanish women, or disgraced themselves in drunken orgies with Filipinos, or shot down boys and old men without reasons, or murdered prisoners in cold blood with out cause? Does any one believe that the filthy bullet were issued by the army to the troops, or that orders were given to take no prisoners?

This precious witness has no names. He does not know what officers did these things. He does not know who issued the bullet. He does not know who gave orders to take no prisoners. He is retelling the dirty gossip of the guardhouse contingent, which every army knows. His testimony would be thrown out of a police court in the land. The Senate listens to it solemnly, clasps its hands and rolls up its fists and calls upon the country to purify the Army by voting the Democratic ticket.

These foul slanders are heaped upon men who are toiling and fighting and suffering half way around the world, unable to disprove or contradict them without the tedious process of a military trial. The Senate calculates upon the stupidity of the public to believe the stories it circulates are lies; but it believes they cannot be proved lies until after Congressional elections in November. But the Senate calculates without the common sense of the American people.

There are slanders that fall dead with the utterance. The country knows the American Army pretty well, and it knows something about the United States Senate. They know that the Senate is the committee-room. Their only injury will be suffered by their fabricators and circulators.

We might discriminate between the two parties in the Senate; but the silence and sympathy of the Republicans do not invite this. They might have prevented this campaign of slander. They might have shut out testimony no court of law would brook. They might have refused to hold and hold in meeting baseless charges, in defending the honor of the Army they sent to do its work. The Republicans are playing politics, too. They are giving the Democrats rope to tie the silent and sympathetic of the Republicans do not invite this.

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Leslie's Story About Choate.

Washington Post.

Mr. Montague Leslie, still another son of Ambrose Choate, which he declares is a little newer than the first ascribed to him.

"Once," said the agile and capable New Yorker, "I was attorney for people who were opposed to those of the Standard Oil Company. There was a preliminary examination of some of the magistrates of that company, including Mr. Choate. Fully half a dozen of Mr. Choate's clients were drawn into the controversy, and they refused to answer the questions I put to them. The thing became very intense, and it was necessary to have a long argument before the judge. At that time Mr. Choate himself was in New Jersey arguing a tobacco trust case, and we had to postpone our case for over a week. One day I saw Mr. Choate in the street. He was very angry, and he said to me: 'My opinion is that the risk of serious injury by earthquakes to the construction proposed for the Pacific section of the canal is small, and ought to be neglected; also that the risk to the Atlantic section are still smaller than those to the Pacific section.'"

Strangely enough, the Isthmian Canal Commission failed to report upon the