The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy; southwest to northwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 44; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, 0.17 inch.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, DEC. 6.

One reason why the trusts must be given fair treatment, while held to rigid accountability for their conduct, good and bad, is frequently overlooked. This is the fact that their capital consists very largely of the savings of the masses. Business operations in the United States have grown to such magnitude that solitary fortunes no longer suffice to sustain them. Simultaneously with this evolution of large business enterprises has gone on a stupendous accumulation of savings funds in various guise. Indeed, the large business enterprises are largely the effect of which this immense savings fund is the cause. Some lucrative employment must be found for the vast sums held in trust by savings banks, trust companies, life and fire insurance companies, and still other vast sums on deposit in banks and safety vaults in excess of insurance and trust funds. It has been a natural and beneficent process for these savings funds to seek out avenues of investment in private securities of various kinds. Government securities are inadequate in amount. Pressure upon them by competing investors has reduced the Government's interest rate to less than 2 per cent a year. Hence the stream is diverted into private enterprises. These are partly railroads, partly land and loan companies, partly industrial stocks. Billions of the people's savings are thus indirectly bound up in the great trusts. Morgan, it is well to remember, does not own the vast properties he controls. Upon their solvency and paying power depends the security of hundreds of thousands of persons in moderate circumstances.

The annual pension appropriation, it is reported, will be nearly $140,000,000. Simultaneously, its pensions to Confederate veterans begin to make the shoe pinch on the foot of Georgia. The State Pension Commissioner has estimated the total expenditure for the present year at $850,000, and the House committee on appropriations has only been able to reduce this to $851,000. This amount is more than the state can pay, and the result is that the appropriations for the institutions of the state will have to be cut down severely or there will be a deficit in the budget every year of about $200,000. The Georgia papers insist that the pension roll should be reduced by issuing pensions only to the indigent. The same abuse is practiced under the Georgia pension law that is found under the National law. The County of Fulton, in which Atlanta is situated, is drawing $52,000 in pensions annually, while the County of Chatham, in which Savannah is situated, is drawing but $800 annually, despite the fact that the County of Chatham, according to the Savannah News, furnished more soldiers to the Confederate armies than any county in the South. Human nature is said to be about the same everywhere, but the Confederate veteran has shown small disposition to swell the pension roll of his state until recent years, when age and infirmity reduce his power to work and his opportunity. If Ben Butler's proposal to place the veterans of both armies upon the National pension roll had ever been seriously accepted and enacted, the United States Treasury would look today as if an army of white ants had invaded it.

President Roosevelt, in his recent speech at Philadelphia, had this to say of anti-imperialism of the quality of Messrs. Hoar, Edmunds, Schurz, Adams and Reed:

> They played their brief part of obstruction and clamor; they said their say; and the current of our life went over them, and they sank under it as did their predecessors who, 36 years before, had declared that another and greater war was a failure; that another and greater struggle for true liberty was only a contest for subjugation in which the United States could never succeed.

The Springfield Republican quotes the fact that Daniel Webster did everything in his power to obstruct the Government in the War of 1812; that even when Maine east of the Penobscot River was in British hands Webster as member of Congress refused to support his Government, and then asks who in our time has equaled Webster's performance. The Republican says that since Webster, "the traitor," is a hero today to Senator Lodge, "there is hope that Mr. Roosevelt's awful judgment may some time be reversed in the last court of appeal." Webster is a hero today among American statesmen not because of his conduct in 1812, but in spite of it. He is a hero not because of the blemishes of his career, but in spite of them. He is a hero because of his career from 1830 to 1850, not because of his opposition to the War of 1812-14 and his support of the compromise measures of 1850. So it will be with Edmunds, Reed, Hoar and Schurz; they will be honored for the services they have rendered the state, but they will not be rated "heroes" because of their public errors and mental idiosyncrasies. The blot on the escutcheon does not make the man a better knight. There has been no reversal of historical judgment in the matter of Webster's action in 1812-14; there has been no reversal of public opinion in the matter of Vallandigham, Pendleton and Voorhees, and there is not likely to be any in the action of Schurz, Edmunds, Reed and Hoar.

The sudden and perhaps fatal illness of Julian Ralph, the author and foreign correspondent, will cause deep regret among the many that have followed him in foreign lands over the interesting route marked by his pen. His contributions some years ago to one of the leading magazines in the stories "Peach Blossom Bebee" and "All Alone in China," in which he laid bare the wretched fate that awaits American women who, dazzled by the pageantry that surrounds them, marry attaches of the Chinese Legation at Washington and return with them to the Flowery Kingdom, were sensational in their way and trenched so closely upon facts as to render them startling in detail. It can scarcely be doubted that they have proved valuable in checking a folly that threatened to wreck the lives of a greater or less number of thoughtless or ignorant young women who estimated the position of wives in China by what they had seen of honored wifehood in America. To many minds the name of Julian Ralph is associated with these stories, though they are subordinate to the multitude of his readers, perhaps, to his other writings. The sudden attack of hemorrhage of the lungs which threatens his life is no doubt directly attributable to the high pressure under which he lived physically while performing mental labor that called for abstemiousness in eating and drinking; for regular habits of life and sufficient sleep. His sudden collapse at midnight, after a banquet with friends who were still with him at that hour, signifies the probable cause of his prostration. The pity of this age—perhaps of all ages—is that brilliant minds so often fall with "all their getting to get understanding."

PRIVATE INTERESTS FOR TARIFF CHANGES.

Undeniable it is, though lamentable, that many Republicans who were hot for tariff reform before election are cold as an iceberg now. Then they truckled to revision sentiment to get votes; now they return to bask in the good graces of the protected corporations. Promises of action made in the campaign are now treated with disdain, and we are told that while tariff reform in the abstract is a very fine thing, it is not to be considered in connection with such things as favorable committee reports and actual votes in House or Senate.

No one will suppose for a moment that this sort of double dealing meets with the approval of The Oregonian. The tariff ought to be shorn of its abuses in the interests of the public welfare. It should not be made the mere instrument of personal profits or partisan aggrandizement. What is right and proper between man and man, between producer and consumer, between Government and taxpayer, should be the guide in this matter, and not the ambitions of certain individuals or groups of individuals to hold office that they may use it for their own ends and for the reward of their adherents.

On the other hand, it is to personal and private interests that the appeal for tariff reform must be made. No tariff bill has ever been enacted for the public welfare, and possibly none ever will be. The effective forces in these affairs are not those of the public conscience, but the Corliss engines of the business world, each fragment sedulously seeking its own reward. Tariff reform would today be exactly as formidable as prohibition is, if it had to depend on moral convictions of its theoretical merits. Fortunately, it no longer has to depend on those convictions. Enlisted in the cause of righteous tariffs are powerful private interests, and however sordid their aims, their blows are telling in the right direction.

Tariff reductions are urgently demanded of Congress by two distinct and powerful forces, either of which is in a position to make its demands respected. One of these is the protected corporations themselves, and the other is the agricultural element in the great West. The farmer has always been the bulwark of the tariff. He has been persuaded that it alone insures his prosperity, and he has been given duties on everything he produces. Some of these duties, like that on wheat, have been a most palpable fraud. Others, like that on wool, have undoubtedly helped the price of his products. The rise of tariff reform sentiment in the great states of the Middle West shows that the farmer is beginning to think. He sees that the great protected manufacturing concerns of the East get more out of the tariff than he does. He is asking himself if it pays him to provide high prices for the machines, clothes and food he buys in return for the slight benefit he gets from duties on the farm crops which he must sell anyhow on the basis of the free-trade market in Liverpool.

There has been an urgent demand for certain reciprocity treaties; and the moving force in this effort has been the protected corporations. They demand this form of tariff reductions in order that they may do business. They have held conventions, importuned Congress and left no stone unturned to further the ratification of these treaties. We do not support the reciprocity treaties, because they are an indirect way of reaching an end that should be achieved with honesty and directness, and because they sacrifice a set of protected industries that need protection for the benefit of another set of protected industries that need no protection. But their advocacy affords indisputable evidence that tariff reduction has at last enlisted large private interests in its advocacy.

Among the most potent of our protected industries are the great leather trust and boot and shoe trusts. This immense aggregation of wealth and political influence is demanding free hides. They represent that the duty on hides harms the leather and shoe industries and doesn't help the farmer. Representative Wadsworth, of New York, the chairman of the committee on agriculture, agrees with the manufacturers of leather and shoes. He says the duty on hides adds nothing to the selling value of the cattle of the farmer or small stockraiser, but does add something to the cost of the shoes the farmer buys for himself and his family. The beneficiaries of the duty, says he, are the large packing-houses, which are enabled because of it to exact a higher price for hides.

This duty on hides once had a very eminent and far-sighted opponent—no less than James G. Blaine. When the McKinley tariff law was being framed in 1890 the committee on ways and means proposed to put a duty on hides. When Mr. Blaine heard of it he wrote to Mr. McKinley as follows:

> It is a great mistake to take hides from the free list, where they have been for so many years. It will benefit the farmer by adding 5 to 8 per cent to the price of his children's shoes. It will yield a profit to the butcher only—the last man that needs it. The movement is injudicious from beginning to end, in every form and phase. Pray stop it before it sees light.

Mr. Blaine's ideas were accepted by the framers of the McKinley bill as sound, and today it is almost universally admitted that he was right in declaring that the duty on hides would benefit only the packers. The Dingley law enacted the duty, but it is a fair assumption that, like other schedules, it was put there largely as a basis for reciprocity negotiations which have never been perfected.

What, then, becomes of the chorus of high-tariff worshipers that tariff agitation must be killed for fear of "business disturbance"? Half the protected corporations of the country are themselves now, and for months have been carrying on a vigorous warfare for tariff reduction through reciprocity treaties, for free hides and free wool. Are they working for "business disturbance"? Nay, verily, but for the chance to do more business. Tariff agitation that proposes to abate one jot or tittle of the profits of the protected trusts is pernicious. Tariff agitation that promises to give them cheaper raw materials or wider access to foreign markets is blameless. This is the doctrine of those Republicans who fear tariff reform as they once feared the gold standard. It is not a doctrine that can prevail.

A BLUNDER IN ART.

General Chaffee, who served two years as an enlisted man in the regular cavalry and two years as an officer in the Civil War, who was a famous Indian fighter on the frontier, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers through the Philippines, remarked the other day: "Pshaw! There was only one war in all that time. That was the Civil War. The others were skirmishes, meetings with inferior powers." This is the testimony of a man who has been forty-one years a soldier, and yet the famous Russian painter Verestchagin, in his choice of American battle scenes for his paintings of war, has ignored all the great struggles of our Civil War and has sketched such comparatively petty scenes as the charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill and two war scenes in the Philippines, entitled "The Battle of Zapote Bridge" and "General MacArthur and His Staff at the Battle of Caloocan." No wonder General Chaffee cannot conceal his contempt for such a stupid choice of American battle scenes, when our history affords such impressive and terrible examples of Americans in war as the fearful field conflicts of Shiloh, Stone River, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Spottsylvania, Atlanta and Franklin.

The numbers engaged, the fearful losses suffered on both sides, the obstinacy with which both sides fought, made these great field fights equal to the great battles of Napoleon which this Russian painter has depicted with extraordinary skill and power. The only plausible explanation of the choice made by Verestchagin is that he is not familiar with the history of our Civil War and does not know that in losses and in the numbers engaged and in the sternness of the fighting the great battles of 1861-65 equaled the most famous victories of Napoleon's military career. General Longstreet, in an hour's fighting at Chickamauga, lost 44 per cent of his whole command. Hill's Corps lost 34 per cent, several brigades lost over 50 per cent, and one lost 89 per cent. These figures give some idea of the fighting between two veteran armies, Bragg having about 75,000 men and Rosecrans about 55,000. At Franklin Hood lost 6700 men killed and wounded out of 35,000 men. Generals Sheridan and Wood lost 20 per cent of their whole force at Chattanooga. At Malvern Hill Lee's troops charged a position defended by fifty cannon until dark. At Antietam Lee with 40,000 men stood off the attacks of 85,000 men, lost 10,000 men, and yet offered battle the next day.

At Gettysburg Lee fought for three days, was severely repulsed the third day, and yet offered battle the morning after defeat, although his losses could not have been less in the three days than 25,000 men. The fighting at Shiloh the first day was something terrible for its fury of attack and stubbornness of resistance, the armies losing some 10,000 each. There were a hundred episodes in our Civil War in great battles that would make a thrilling subject for a picture—the charge of Hancock's column at Spottsylvania, the fearful fighting at the so-called "bloody angle." There is a famous picture by an English artist representing the Highland regiments of Wellington's army meeting the charge of the French under Ney at Quatre Bras. At the battle of Antietam the opposing troops met in a cornfield suddenly and fairly tore each other's lines to rags by their close fire. At Fredericksburg Hancock's division lost 2500 out of about 5000 in its charge on the "stone wall" defended by Longstreet. General Cuvier Grover, of Oregon family, made a charge with his brigade at Groveton, Va., that would make a splendid subject for a war painting. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg has been delineated so ably by American artists of distinction that the Russian artist cannot be ignorant of its surpassing historical consequence.

To select the clumsy rush of our own troops upon a Spanish intrenchment defended by some 1500 riflemen as a type of American battle scene was bad enough, but the Spaniard at least was a well-armed and well-disciplined soldier; but the selection of the so-called American battle scenes in the Philippines to the exclusion of the historical battles of our great Civil War seems almost idiotic in its utter lack of discrimination between a great battle fought by men of the same blood and what General Chaffee justly calls "skirmishes and meetings with inferior powers." English artists of great ability have made some of the battles fought during the Sikh War of 1846-49 in India the subject of their brush, but these were battles of magnitude, fiercely disputed, and the native enemy had artillery and muskets and an army well drilled and trained by French officers. So in the Indian Mutiny the battles fought by English were against military mutineers who had been admirably drilled and disciplined for years before their revolt, but there was not an engagement in the Cuban War or in the Philippines that rises to the dignity of a historical battle in numbers and the quality of the enemy.

There was not an engagement fought in the Philippines against an enemy that was as formidable man for man as was Chief Joseph in 1877, or Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull in 1876. The Russian artist has made a great blunder, not only as a painter, but as a man of business. Neither on foot nor on horseback were the Indians a foe to be despised, but the Filipinos were destitute of military aptitude and were of inferior physique. Their subjection has been a work of great hardship, but it does not furnish any very dignified subjects for great battle scenes.

The Secretary of War in his report refers to the fact that the frequent changes which are necessary for the officers of our Army and the very great distances which they are obliged to travel often make an order for change of station work really great hardship by requiring the officer to pay the cost of transportation of his furniture above the limit allowed by law as a charge upon the Treasury. The deterioration of the furniture by frequent removals is so great that officers who are married find that transportation of furniture for any long distance costs more than it is worth, so that the officer is obliged to sell his furniture for a song and buy new furniture at his new post. To illustrate: Suppose an officer is stationed in New York harbor and is ordered to California, to Oregon, or the Philippines, or New Orleans, or St. Paul. If his successor is an old friend and a married man, he might get something for his furniture, but otherwise it would not be worth transportation. Much is said by people who know not whereof they speak of the "privileges" of any Army officer. He has certainly no pecuniary "privileges" if we assume he is a married man. His pay is very small. A Second Lieutenant gets $1400 a year. He is a man of education and has the tastes of an intelligent man, and feels the social obligations of his rank and the social circle that surrounds an Army post. Every lounging civilian who visits an Army post expects to be treated hospitably by the officers he meets, and he is never disappointed. It is safe to say that no class of men in America dispense so much hospitality for which they cannot possibly expect any return as the officers of an Army post whose pay is so small that nothing but strict economy enables them to live in decent comfort. No wonder these officers keep by themselves as much as possible. They are an upright, high-spirited class of men, belonging to an honorable profession; they do not lie or steal, and on small pay behave and try to live up to its decent standards.

Delegate Ware has introduced into the Legislature of Virginia, now sitting in Richmond, a bill making kissing a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from $1 to $5. This is not an attempt to revive the old "blue law" which reckons kissing a worldly pleasure that it is proper to interdict in the interest of morality or religion. On the contrary, it comes right down to modern times and plants itself firmly and fearlessly upon the germ theory for indorsement. Exemptions are to be permitted to those who produce a physician's certificate showing that they are free from infectious disease and pulmonary affections. The manifest impossibility of enforcing such a law will probably defeat it. The attempt to enact it, however, may be useful in calling the attention of careless people to the danger incurred in the all too common practice among women of greeting a sick friend or an ailing child with a kiss. A practice at once unnecessary, imprudent and disgusting should be ruled out by common sense.

Another Montana man, Ed Green, of Missoula, went hunting in the snowy mountains of that state a few days ago and has not returned. The folly of striking out alone in the Rocky Mountains or any of the sharp spurs of that great range at this season of the year, when "the snow comes down like a blanket," has been often demonstrated by loss of life under the most desolate and distressing conditions. Superintendent Eagan, of a division of the Great Northern Railway, is the most conspicuous victim of this hunters' folly that the present season has produced. His fate should prevent others from taking a risk similar to that by which he, an experienced hunter and well versed in mountain lore, lost his life.

President Roosevelt's stern refusal to pardon J. W. McKnight, a bank embezzler, is commendable, both in justice and wisdom. Men belonging to this class of offenders—wreckers of private fortunes, squanderers of the savings of thrift and the accumulations of labor—have too often appealed successfully to executive clemency and gone unwhipt of justice. "Denied," wrote our sturdy President across the application for the pardon of this man, wrecker of the German National Bank of Louisville, Ky., adding: "This seems an absolutely clear case of guilt, with no excuse whatever." Good enough.

Hon. James Breck Perkins, Representative from the Rochester (N. Y.) district, is reported as saying that he intends to introduce two bills this session—one to repeal the duties on coal and meats, and the other to repeal those on hides, rough lumber, clapboards and shingles. Mr. Perkins says that he is a protectionist, but that a duty of 57 cents a ton on coal and of 5 cents a pound on beef is not protection, but an imposition on American laborers and manufacturers.

Game Warden Quimby is of the opinion that game birds of Oregon ought to be protected from the ruthless onslaught of professional pothunters—men who vie with each other in securing the heaviest "bags" on Sunday to throw upon the Monday market. Perhaps he is right. "Justice to all, privilege to none," is a good motto to apply all along the line.

A Dalles newspaper informs us that the land officers there reported to Washington they had discovered some fraudulent entries. This is awkward, inasmuch as the delegation says there are no frauds.

Elkins is for Cuban reciprocity by treaty, but not by statute, because one way will open a general staff discussion and the other will not. Massive eye, eagle brain!

The crowning achievement of the message, before we forget it, was its brevity.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

Oregon Will Welcome Captain Clark.

Albany Democrat.

If Admiral Clark comes to Oregon, as announced, he will receive a royal reception, but no better one than he deserves. The people of this state are proud of the record he made with the Oregon.

A Suggestion for Chowfa.

Eugene Register.

After Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, Crown Prince of Siam, returns home he should be presented with a carefully prepared volume on etiquette, so that when he decides on making another tour of the United States he will know how to conduct himself as a guest of the American people.

His Continuous Sacrifices.

Astoria Astorian.

Governor Geer's candidacy for the United States Senate is not worth considering, for he cannot possibly hope for sufficient support to bring about his election. The Salem Statesman says Mr. Fulton should have gone into the race last June, utterly ignoring the fact that he was regarded long before the election as the leading Senatorial candidate. He was a candidate for the United States Senate when Mr. Geer was a candidate for the renomination of Governor. It is not clear, as the Statesman avers, that Mr. Fulton should continue to sacrifice himself politically for the sake of his friends. He has done this for many years, and Governor Geer and others who have been the beneficiaries ought to show some appreciation—ought to "work for fair play," to use the Statesman's language.

But What's His Name?

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer.

Apparently Western Oregon considers that it has a monopoly in the matter of selecting the state's representatives in the upper house of Congress, since among the aspirants to fill the vacancy that will be caused by the expiration of Senator Simon's term, every one so far mentioned resides west of the Cascade Mountains. Western Oregon seems to take it as a matter of course that it should furnish the Senators, since, with one exception, that of Senator Slater, it has had every one of the Senators who has represented Oregon since it was admitted to statehood 43 years ago. But the time has come when this dream should be dispelled. Eastern Oregon has discarded its swaddling clothes; it is no longer an infant; it is now a full-grown man, and has a right to demand that the next United States Senator should be selected from among its inhabitants.

Free Trade With Philippines.

Boise Statesman.

The Statesman has frequently expressed the opinion that free trade between the islands and the States would certainly come about in a few years. During the last session of Congress there did not seem to be any sentiment in favor of such a policy, or it was kept in such entire subjection by the representatives of special interests that it did not manifest itself. Now there are Senators who are anxious to have it brought about. That is encouraging. Such legislation will be the crowning feature of our work for the islands. It will place them on the footing to which they are entitled as American territory and will lead to their more rapid development. Those that stand in the way of legislation of that character will inevitably be overthrown. It may not come this year or the next, but the irresistible logic of the matter will bring about the change before many years pass.

Colossal Greed.

Spokane Spokesman-Review.

If the agreement between Senator Foster and John L. Wilson, made during the Legislative session of 1899, signifies anything, it is that the Republican party, so far as the State of Washington is concerned, should be run for the personal benefit of the Wilsons. It seems to have been essentially a spoils contract. In fact, in return for votes, Senator Foster was asked to deliver over a good part of his Senatorial privileges, and, above all, to give assurances that the Wilsons would be given room at the public crib. The Wilson followers were to be herded and voted as Wilson ordered, provided the Foster influence was used to give fat positions to the Wilsons and the Wilson henchmen were provided with places where they could draw Federal salaries and continue to labor for the Wilson machine. It is difficult to recall an agreement in which political gluttony stands out so conspicuously.

Neglect of Civic Duty.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Have you been to see the Mayor, the Chief of Police or any member of the City Council, to express your satisfaction with the closing order? Have you taken this small trouble to uphold the hands of the men who, for what reason is of no consequence, have inaugurated the very system that you wish to see made perpetual? Have you done anything at all to show where you stand; anything that would contradict the otherwise natural and inevitable inference that you either care nothing whatever about the matter or else are a tacit sympathizer with the voluble multitude daily protesting against a regime of decency? What have you done about it; and is it any wonder, if others are like you, that public officials are wont to believe that the body of the community is indifferent to the enforcement of the laws and the rule of public morality? If you have done nothing at all in this direction, then you are a bad citizen; one of those whom President Roosevelt rightly rebukes as more dangerous to the public welfare than an inherently worse and more active man; one of those rebuked in the strongest terms of contempt possible to use some 2000 years ago because "neither cold nor hot"; one of those lumps of humanity who is satisfied to see society go to the dogs rather than take the trouble of giving it one upward push; one of those worse than Pharisees who daily utter pious regrets over the corruption and decadence of public life, while their utter selfishness and immersion in private pursuits of business or pleasure give place for not one word or act to help those who are struggling against the evil tendencies of the time.

Man Generally Needs Killing.

Tacoma Ledger.

Recently an actor, one Robert H. Johnstone, murdered in deliberate malice a woman who had declined to love him. To attest his affection for her he killed her as mercilessly as a Turk would a captive Armenian. Then he shot himself. For a while it seemed that his injury was slight, and that the pleasurable duty of executing him would fall to the state, but now there are fears that he may die of his wounds. Of course such a creature is not fit to live, but his mere abatement is not sufficient; he should be utilized as an example to the class of degenerates he represents. If he were to die now he would be in an atmosphere that would rob his going of its terror. A little later, sitting in an electric chair, with several grim individuals putting an electric harness on him, he would fail to detect any romance in the situation. One exchange expresses wonder that a course similar to Johnstone's is never taken by women. It is sometimes, but not with frequency. So great is the disparity that women must be given credit for better sense than men in respect of affairs of the heart. If the truth were known the male is the one who needs killing when there is in the relationship any episode that deserves to rank as a capital offense. A woman who is free to bestow her affections has a right to bestow them where she pleases. She is not under the slightest obligation to select for this purpose a he fool. Mr. Johnstone seems to have played a grim joke on himself in the failure of his suicidal impulse, and he will learn to be as anxious to survive as though his attempt at self-destruction had not been the one decent deed of his career.

TIMBER THEFTS AND FRAUDS.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Forest fires in the United States destroy annually 400,000 acres of timber. Oregon and Washington lost this year $12,000,000 in forest lands ravaged by fire. The Government lost last year $1,435,000 in timber stolen from public lands and reservations.

Wherever there is close supervision of forests there are no forest fires. But the timber thief goes everywhere. He steals not only trees, but acres of trees, and in one case this year stole coal from Government lands to the amount of 210,000 tons, valued at $664,278.

These timber depredations in the newer Western states and territories have extended over a period of forty years. The work of farmers or pioneers cutting timber for houses or for fuel is not considered. The raids on public forests complained of by the Interior Department are made by individuals or corporations looking to profit, by men who evade or disregard or openly defy the forestry preservation laws.

A few years ago the habit of regarding whatever was Government property as the property of any man who cared to take it was so strong that Congress set aside 20,000,000 acres or more of forest land to be guarded against fires and against timber thieves. But since the reservations were set aside and placed under direct supervision, timber to the value of over $10,000,000 has been stolen from Government lands.

Two years ago, in Montana and Idaho, certain corporations or large proprietors induced men to take up claims under the timber laws and sell them at the rate of $100 a claim. In this way land companies came fradulently into possession of thousands of acres of valuable timber, but the burden of punishment fell on the men who had committed perjury in entering the land.

Other schemes were tried, all organized with the idea of covering the appropriation of Government timber, or the stealing of Government timber. In the case of Montana, the frauds were detected and there was expensive litigation to recover possession of the lands, which, in the meantime, had been denuded of timber. In most cases, however, the timber thieves go into the remoter forest lands in a piratical way, and because of their recklessness damage the forest to a greater extent than ordinary timber cutters.

The Secretary of the Interior recommends the repeal of present laws and the enactment of others more stringent. As existing laws against timber depredations do not apply to present conditions, and as they were enacted before our laws for forest preservation went into effect, they certainly should be amended. The old laws contemplated inroads upon military and other Government reservations. The new laws should be framed with present conditions in mind, to prevent the destruction of timber and to punish timber thieves.

Powerful Encourager of Divorce.

San Francisco Bulletin.

The practice of courts in granting the applicant for divorce liberal alimony is responsible for a large per cent of divorces. Marriage and divorce is their mode of speculation. Women of loose ideas marry with the purpose in their mind of getting a divorce if the man they marry does not meet all their requirements. A woman marrying with this purpose in view will find legal cause for divorce without other aid from lawyers than to present in court the evidence which she will furnish. The granting of alimony is just and proper in all cases where the wife has not given grounds for divorce proceedings, and is especially so when there are children to be cared for. The wife who seeks divorce as a release from a life of misery is entitled to the custody of the children, when there are any, and the husband should be made to contribute to their support. But courts should guard against making the divorce law an easy road to a competence. The woman who divorces her husband in the expectation of acquiring one-half of his property should be firmly dealt with.

Misprint in "Great Expectations."

New York Times.

In The Connoisseur for November, Wilfred Hargreaves writes of a typographical error which has persisted in many editions of Dickens' "Great Expectations," accounted by Mr. Swinburne one of the novelist's "twin masterpieces," the other being "David Copperfield." The error occurs in this sentence of chapter xxvi, relating to Estella's mother, Jaggers' housekeeper:

"No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish; and I always saw in her face, a face rising out of the caldron. Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman, by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing 'air' to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room."

"Flowing air" should be "flowing hair," of course, and the error was doubtless due to an h-less printer's reader. It did not occur in All the Year Round, when "Great Expectations" appeared serially, while it has been corrected in the "Gadshill," "Authentic" and other editions.

The Wife's Prerogative.

Boston Herald.

Oh, no, the future Mrs. Dooley need not learn to appreciate her future husband's humor. No real and true wife ever laughs at her husband's jokes. One of the best of contemporary novels tells of a man travelling in Russia on a passport for himself and his wife, although his woman companion is not his wife, but a spy. The Russian detectives discover her false assumption, however, and the clue is furnished by the woman herself, who is seen to laugh at her masculine companion's witticisms. That uncovers her. The detectives at once know that the couple are not husband and wife.

The Weather Prophet.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

I'd hate to be a prophet
Whose task from day to day
Is sizing up the weather
He thinks is on its way.
Conditions he must study
With diligence and care,
And then must draw deductions
From what is in the air.

There's too much calculation
In such a job as that;
It takes a lot of patience
To try to get things pat.
For winds are often shifting,
And clouds so often break
That it is very easy
To make a big mistake.

There's too much mental worry
In such work at its best,
And oft the weary prophet
Is made the butt of jest.
For every time the forecast
And weather fail to fit
The prophet's made the target
For stinking shafts of wit.

In vain are exclamations,
His side is never heard;
The only thing then noticed
Is that he badly erred.
The critics join in saying
He never gets things right,
And not one deigns to pity
The prophet in his plight.

But when the prophet's viewing
His work with fondest pride,
And pointing to prediction
That's fully verified,
There's no congratulation,
No tribute to express,
For critics then are saying:
"He made a lucky guess."

I wouldn't be a prophet
With such a load to bear;
There's too much mental worry,
And laurels he can't wear.
I couldn't stand the jeering
When anything went wrong;
I'd sooner take the weather
Just as it comes along.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Irrigation has led to many a man's downfall.

The man who insists on running other people's business frequently has to walk back.

Realism is where a man smears the pure image of his fancy with grime from his own life.

Christmas is the season when a man abandons his purse and carries his money in his waistcoat pocket.

Some of the Democratic papers are insinuating that the President's message was not wireless. It arrives, which is the main point.

When a young fellow finds amusement at a church social or bazaar it may be surmised that he goes not for the crowd but for the company.

Denver has a brand-new religion. The election seems to have "gone in" on some people. Still, Denver can stand more religion, even of the unorthodox brand.

The Little Church Around the Corner is no longer to be the scene of midnight weddings. Hereafter both bride and groom must be sober. This is a strenuous requirement.

We have heard a lot about Seattle being a "live town," but not till her prominent citizens began to grace our Police Court did we realize in what the fair city on Puget Sound was "live."

England has finally got even with Boston for the renowned tea party held in the New England port some years since. Boston don't like it a bit that she can't ship cattle to the mother country. In fact, they are going to hold a town meeting over it. The British lion had better tuck his tail up out of harm's way.

Paul Kruger in his memoirs tells the story of a secretary whom he punished for being drunk by tying him to a wagon wheel. During the night 3000 Kaffirs and about 4000 Zulus attacked the Boer camp and were not driven off till daybreak. The secretary slept so soundly that he noticed nothing of the fight, and, the next day, when he at last awoke, he looked around in astonishment and asked: "Have you people been fighting during the night?" Truly Dutch blood has some wondrous qualities.

An inquiry conducted by an enterprising statistician relative to what is called "the bad quarter of an hour," reveals the following odd facts: Out of 1000 men 432 admitted that the worst 15 minutes in the 24 hours of the day was that just before breakfast; 289 said that their worst season was between 2:30 and 2:45 P. M. while making up their day's balance for the bank. Thirty-three protested against the 15 minutes wait for dinner at a boarding-house, and 243 stated that the evening trip home in the car put a damper on all the pleasure of the day. While professions are not given, it may be presumed that none of these were nwspaper men. A journalist is above bad quarters of an hour. He saves them for other people.

Mrs. Russell Sage has opened that scarcely healed question of tobacco and good breeding. She resigned from the May Flowers because some of the men persisted in smoking after dinner while the ladies were present. The editorial opinions have been widely different, but one suspects that in some cases a due regard for—a-hem—domestic felicity has tainted the wellwater of truth. Our fathers did these things better. When it was time for wine and tobacco the women retired. But this had its disadvantages. Algernon was possibly a bit fuddled when he came into the drawing-room, and Angelica had to listen to passion perfumed with alcohol. Thus it is that we may never strike the happy mean. In this matter of smoking there has been an absurd amount of dogmatism. Some women deny with vehemence that they will ever, ever marry a nasty man that smokes. Others take the liberty of making a man wretched when he is calling by suggesting that he is probably miserable because he can't smoke, and Jane Smith lets men smoke by her fire and ——. Wherefore the self-respecting male goes out with a kindly feeling for Jane Smith, whom, privately, he doesn't exactly approve of. But the dainty fair should remember that, sooner or later, the young man will find a woman who isn't so superficial as to judge a man wholly by his tobacchanalian instincts, as Omar, Jr., says, but will graciously allow an occasional cigarette or cigar as a reward of merit. Then there are other women, rare, to be sure, who will even join the smoker. And any man of reasonable experience will admit, if hard pressed, that he has met women who smoked and were just as purely good as those who didn't. This is horribly unorthodox, terribly fast and not to be read by the youthful. But in a world where there is so much to do, so much to enjoy, where it means life and death to follow an ideal without compromise, where everything is petty that doesn't matter, why not leave this delicious vice to personal taste? No gentleman smokes in the presence of a woman who dislikes it. No gentleman will think ill of a gentlewoman who permits or encourages sacrifice to Our Lady Nicotine.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS.

Biggs—Say, can I sell you a good horse? Diggs—Don't know. What is the matter with the animal?—Chicago Daily News.

Noodles—For an actress, she is really modest, isn't she? Twaddles—Oh, really, no one would dream that she had risen from being a New York society woman.—Harvard Lampoon.

Author—My book, sir, will be in existence long after you are forgotten. Critic—Yes, I should say that it is likely to escape the wear and tear of excessive reading.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Highblower—Elsie, you never speak outside of the quarrels between your papa and myself, do you? Elsie—Oh, no, mamma. But whenever you are pleasant to each other I always mention it.—Life.

First Heiress—Why did you cut Miss Plumleigh so, the other day? Second Heiress—Oh, she's impossible. Not in our sphere at all. She's never been sought by a European syndicate.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"So you were held up by bandits?" "Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. They simply took my money without detaining me long enough to give me a start as a magazine writer or a lecturer."—Washington Star.

Customer—That dog I bought last week has turned out very savage. He's already bitten a little girl and a policeman, and—" Dealer—Lor! How 'e's changed, mum! He wasn't at all particular what he ate 'ere!—Punch.

"Oh, yes," replied the bright and scientific young mother; "I always give Clifford 25 cents when I spank him. The best authorities are quite agreed that punishing a child for nothing tends to confuse his ethical notions."—Puck.

"De Ranter may not be elevating the stage, but he has ideas that are up-to-date and worth money. Why, that man is now coining money playing 'Hamlet' in the one-night stands." "What!" "Sure; in the mad scene, he has Ophelia to sing 'In the Good Old Summer,' instead of those bum verses of Shakespeare's!"—Baltimore Herald.