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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 68; minimum temperature, 42; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy and occasionally threatening; easterly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

CONDITIONS OF ARBITRATION.

There are just two ways in which the present strike or lockout in Portland can be settled promptly and finally. One is for the unions to surrender and the other is for the combination of mills and contractors to surrender. Either of the combatants will agree to arbitration involving the abandonment by the opposition of its vital point; but it will not agree to arbitration involving abandonment of its own vital point.

The main weapon of organized labor for assertion of its plans and purposes is the refusal to work with nonunion men. The essential character of this resource must be apparent to the most superficial view; for if on any piece of work the contractor is suffered to employ nonunion men indiscriminately with union men, if it makes no difference in the work whether the workman is union or nonunion—why, then there is an end at once of organized labor's means of maintenance, and even of existence. The only instrument for bringing the employer to the laborer's terms is to take from him his working force; that is, to strike the moment a nonunion man is put to work. This is a harsh measure; but within the union workman's legal rights, and no power is going to take it from him until he carries it to the extreme of physical violence against the nonunion man—a mistake which is understood and sedulously avoided in labor organizations of the highest efficiency and coherence. When the mills and contractors ask the unions to forego this means of their support they practically ask the unions to commit suicide; and it is transparently in evidence that for that act of faith they are as yet in no mood.

On the other hand, there is only one thing that the employers are greatly concerned about in this matter, and that is the destruction of discrimination between union and nonunion workmen. This is what they are aiming at. This is what formed the common ground for action which was formulated as long ago as last January, and which circumstances have only served to precipitate. It makes little difference to the mills whether carpenters get $3.50 a day or some other sum. It makes not much more difference to the contractors, some of whom have doubtless figured their bids on the $3.50 basis. But what does make a difference, and what has drawn the mills and the contractors into a combination, is the desire to "run their business in their own way"; that is, to "pay men what they are worth" (what the employer says they are worth) and to hire and discharge them without reference to the union, its minimum or its scale, its rules or its "business agent."

To restate the situation a little more correctly, the difficulty can be settled, through arbitration or without it, instantly, provided, on the one hand, that the employers will concede wages asked and give up their insistence that nonunion labor be treated equally with union labor; or, on the other hand, if the employes will agree to the employers' stand concerning wages, and also agree not to raise any question between union and nonunion workmen. The demand on each side is for unconditional surrender on the other. It is a demand that is not likely to prevail at the outset of a struggle. The employers have frankly said that they will not arbitrate the question of union or nonunion. If the unions wish to be understood as offering this question, among others, for the arbitrators, it would probably become them more to say so explicitly. It might save them some future embarrassment if the award forbade distinction between union and nonunion, and then they had to repudiate their agreement.

President Roosevelt's message to the people in his first speech upon his emergence from Yellowstone Park after a sojourn among its wild and varied wonders for ten days can hardly fail to arouse in Americans an appreciation of the privileges of democracy as compared with the exclusiveness of aristocracy. The essential feature of the present management of the Yellowstone Park, said the President, "is its democracy. It is the preservation of the scenery, of the forests, of the wilderness life and the wilderness game for the people as a whole instead of confiding the enjoyment thereof to the very rich who can control private reserves." Very different is this from the shooting parks of the Old World which monarchs and their favorites visit for purposes of sport and recreation. The plainest American citizen is as much entitled to the privileges of the Yellowstone Park as is the President of the United States. The only proviso in either case is an observance of the rules and regulations by which the natural beauties of the park are preserved. The management of the park is commended by the simple fact that the wild animals that find their wintering grounds in this great reserve have practically lost their fear of man. The animal life there, "so wild that it is tame," presents in itself in this day of long-range rifles and deadly skill in their use a wonder that it is worth going far to see. Those who have read the story of "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," will further rejoice in the statement of the President that the deer and mountain sheep of Yellowstone Park are as tame as range stock. This simply means that the rules for the protection of these creatures are adequate and rigidly enforced.

MILES WHIPS OLD STRAW.

General Miles is a man with a grievance. When the Spanish-American War broke out, General Miles, by reason of his fine record as a soldier during the Civil War and the Indian wars which followed it for twenty-five years, had just reason to expect that he would be placed in command of the American Army sent against Santiago and given an opportunity to add to his military laurels. He was not given command of the Army sent against Santiago; he was not sent to the Philippines; he was put in command of the expedition against Porto Rico. The war with Spain closed without General Miles having been given any opportunity to distinguish himself. General Miles, like General Winfield Scott, is a man of supreme personal vanity, and like General Scott he had always had the Presidential bee buzzing in his bonnet. Doubtless this fact that General Miles was a soldier always anxious for high political honors persuaded the partisans of President McKinley that in event of a long war with Spain General Miles might win distinction enough to make him a formidable candidate for the Presidential succession, and for this reason General Miles was a war dog held in leash until he was finally sidetracked to Porto Rico.

General Miles naturally took just offense at this treatment; he made himself as far as possible a thorn in the side of McKinley's administration, and he lost no opportunity of trying to discredit his conduct of the Spanish-American War and his military policy in the Philippines. He has held Secretary of War Root chiefly responsible for the distrust with which he has been treated by both McKinley and the Roosevelt administration. In his resentment General Miles has allowed himself to become a military marplot. He has defeated through his influence with Congress some of the measures proposed by the Secretary of War for the reform of the Army; he has furnished the anti-imperialist party of the country with a good deal of ammunition; he has used his visit of inspection to the Philippines to accumulate a deal of irresponsible testimony charging our military authorities with the enforcement of a policy which, according to General Miles, sought to cultivate systematic cruelty as a parlor plant. He intimates that this policy of cruelty could not have been executed without the knowledge and approval of Major-General Hughes, now of the retired list, an able soldier, of excellent record in the Civil War and of as high personal character as General Miles, and, like General Miles, appointed to the regular Army in 1866 from the volunteer service.

General Chaffee replies in substance that there is nothing new in General Miles' report; that the officers referred to have been tried already. Major Glenn has been tried twice and acquitted. Of course, General Miles knows that he has nothing to lose by trying to smirch the military conduct of the Administration, as he goes on the retired list in August next; he thinks in his vanity that his indictment of the Administration may possibly recommend him to the Democratic party as an anti-imperialist candidate in 1904. The "peace at any price" Democracy in 1864 selected General McClellan, a discredited commander of the Army of the Potomac, for their standard-bearer, and the Democracy in 1904 could hardly do better than to hand their flag to General Miles, a disgruntled soldier, to carry. There is some method in General Miles' madness; he gratifies his personal resentment and commends himself to the anti-imperialist Democracy seeking a military candidate for 1904. So far as the Administration is concerned, it will not suffer by General Miles' attack; so far as the Army is concerned, it will not be discredited by anything that General Miles can say; for he is a man who nurses his grievances to keep them warm, and his mind has become so jaundiced through resentment that when he is not sandblind through prejudice he is crosseyed with jealousy. In his great military virtues and in his notorious personal vanity and political ambition General Miles is very like General Winfield Scott.

Too much attention has already been given to this charge of systematic cruelty perpetrated as a matter of chronic policy in the Philippines. In an army of 65,000 men acts of individual cruelty were doubtless committed, but the testimony is overwhelming that no army in history ever made war with so much humanity or exhibited so much forbearance under deep provocation as our American Army in the Philippines. The enemy was a savage foe. Private O'Hearn was roasted all day over a slow fire and hacked to death with bolos; wounded American sailors were buried alive in the sands of Luzon; Midshipman Noa was assassinated in cold blood when he asked for water. On September 28, 1901, the insurgents at Balangiga, on the Island of Samar, surprised and massacred Captain O'Connell and the other officers and forty-five men of Company I, Ninth United States Infantry. The men thus butchered were unarmed, and their murderers were natives who had pretended friendship. The President of the village led the attack. One of the few survivors, in his testimony, says:

> Sergeant Betrom, the only officer alive, assumed command, and those of us who were too weak to walk were carried down to the convent, where we hoped to find the officers alive. We found the sentry beheaded and the Captain cut to pieces in front of the convent. The doctor lay in his bed murdered. Lieutenant Bumpus was stretched over the threshold of his room literally hacked to pieces.

The bodies of Captain McConnell and those of the other officers were mutilated shamefully after death. In Shakespeare, Mortimer's troops are described as butchered by the Welshman, Glendower, and "upon their dead corpse there was such misuse, such beastly, shameless transformation, wrought as may not be without much shame retold or spoken of." The savagery of the wild tribes of medieval England, the barbarity of Apaches, was the Filipino code of war. The padres were not seldom the guilty leaders of insurrection and the instigators and executors of atrocious murders. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that severe punishment was sometimes inflicted upon these offspring of Malay tigers and Spanish wildcats. The wonder is that cruel and unusual acts of severity were as few in number. In one of Kipling's Indian tales he describes the fury of a British regiment when it found some of its men murdered and horribly mutilated after death by the savage Pathans. "The Black Tyrone had seen its dead." So it will ever be. The Puritan did not spare the Pequot men, women or children; neither did Custer or Baker when under orders from Sheridan they surprised an Indian camp. An enemy whose military code includes all the weapons of uncivilized warfare, that grants no quarter to unarmed men, deserves to be scourged into submission with a redhot iron. The logic of the whole matter is that those who murder unarmed men in cold blood, who torture prisoners to death, cannot expect mercy they never grant.

FUTURE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Charles R. Flint, a distinguished capitalist of New York City, for some years a member of the house of William R. Grace & Co., in a recent address declared that the great opportunity in the future of this country lies in the development of reciprocal commercial relations between the United States and the Latin countries of this hemisphere. He points to the amazing development now in progress in Mexico, and believes that Mexican development will inevitably push progress toward Central America, and thence to South America. In our judgment Mr. Flint will wait a long time before he sees Mexican development repeated in the northern half of South America. Mexican progress was nothing until Diaz became its ruler. Without Diaz Mexico would be stagnant today. Mexico, under the long sway of Diaz, has been educated to a point of development from which she is not likely to recede, but men of the stature and quality of Diaz are not found in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, or even Brazil.

Nothing will ever redeem the northern half of South America from its present stagnation and anarchy until the vast project of an intercontinental railway penetrating South America is become a deed instead of a dream. It is true that Mr. Carnegie has become so far interested in this great project that he has offered to pay the cost of a careful report on the subject made by a competent examiner and engineer; but the practical difficulties must be enormous in the way of building a railway along the western coast of South America. Such a railway would be a very great work in difficulty of construction, if not in the number of miles to be built, before the railways of Argentina and Chile are reached. The region to be traversed would include hundreds of miles of arid country; the altitude of the roadbed would be so high that breathing for many persons would be difficult, if not dangerous.

Even with the millions of a Carnegie behind such a project, it is not likely to be executed for many years to come. The great Siberian railway traverses a level and productive country compared with that of Western South America. It is doubtful if such a railway would be very soon an economic success. The trouble with South America is that outside of Argentina, Chile and Brazil it is peopled by a horde of ferocious, factious mongrels, who follow the lead of one cheap adventurer after another. The best intelligence of Venezuela and Columbia is powerless against adventurers of the quality of Castro. The banditti of these provinces, led by a cheap adventurer, rule its intelligent few and rob them at will.

The peaceful, simple-minded, superstitious peons take no interest in political reform, and the priesthood lacks the enterprising alertness of its American comrades. Such a country might be gradually redeemed and elevated by the able, enlightened, benevolent despotism of a Diaz, but men like Diaz are scarce in a century. Mexico was thirty years ago not much above Venezuela and Colombia in progressive civilization, but Diaz has absolutely kicked Mexico to its feet and forced it to march forward, even as Peter the Great by main strength reformed barbarian Russia. There is not much hope of better things in South America, outside of Argentina, Chile and Brazil, for many years to come.

Texas is ahead of Oregon in one thing—it has an Executive Mansion. Hear what the Dallas News has to say about this, and be glad because of at least one of Governor Chamberlain's vetoes:

> The Governor's mansion at Austin seems to be one of the hardest houses in the United States to keep in repair. Nearly every Legislature appropriates $4000 to repair it, and it may be said that $2000 a year is necessary to prevent it falling to pieces. Two years ago it was reported to be in good condition, but now the same old amount of $4000 is asked for repairs. If the Governors who have so far occupied it had large families of bad boys to tear the edifice into bits, some reason might be assigned for these continual repairs. But when a Texan becomes a Governor his children are generally grown, or are large enough to be harmless to furniture, papering, shingles, roofing and the like. Governor Culberson had no children. Governor Sayers had none. Governor Lanham's children are grown. Hence it cannot be said that the families of the Governors wreck the mansion so dreadfully that an annual appropriation of $4000 a year is necessary to repair it.

Perhaps the building, when purchased, was more valuable as a historical relic than for purposes of an official residence. If so, the above recital should emphasize anew the thankfulness of Oregon taxpayers in that they have not been saddled with an old house to keep in repair.

The thoughts of thousands of loyal Americans are just now centered upon the new cup defender Reliance and her trial achievements. Thus far she has given an excellent account of herself and justified again the constructive genius of Herreshoff. According to the Evening Post, Reliance is a definement on Independence. She has the same excessive beam, shallow canoe body, flat floor, and, in spite of some fining of her overhangings, the same spadelike bow and stern. The prediction in regard to the craft while she was yet on the ways was that, "reaching with a good wind and smooth sea, she should outfoot any sailing vessel afloat; contrariwise, in a light wind and choppy sea, she will have a tendency to spank her overhangings off and may repeat some of the unluckier performances of her prototype, Independence." It is added that, while she is a marvel of mechanical skill, she cannot be called a boat. By comparison she is a "skimming dish, built to sail on and over the water, while Shamrock III is more nearly a cruising type, built to sail in and through the water." With contestants of such distinct types, each apparently perfect in its way, a more than usual interest will attach to the final test of speed. Thus far each yacht has given a good account of her racing capabilities under favorable conditions of wind and water. Subject to these fickle forces and to the chances of the critical movement which the greatest skill in management and the coolest judgment are not able with any degree of certainty to control, the outcome of the speed trial between these unique and toplofty but otherwise distinctly different racing machines is awaited with interest. Since one opinion is quite as good as another, loyal Englishmen are justified in the belief that Shamrock III will carry the trophy to British waters, while loyal Americans are as fully justified in the belief that America's cup will remain on this side.

A press dispatch recently told of the discovery in San Jose, Cal., of one John F. Martin, who left his wife and four young children in Philadelphia in 1872 without a word of explanation or farewell, and who had in all the intervening years been utterly lost to them. It is a pity that the discovery was made. It could only cruelly shatter a cherished ideal of love and duty with which those defrauded of his care, believing him dead, had invested his memory. A man who for any cause short of the certainty of the gallows thus deserts wife and children is a poltroon, and he who after nearly a third of a century in hiding is discovered and makes as an excuse for his inexcusable conduct the statement that there was "an insufferable difference of temperament between himself and wife," adds to his record that of a conscienceless creature thoroughly encrusted in selfishness and firmly wedded to his own opinion. It is a pity when any old estray of this type is found, since such a one is usually destitute (barring perhaps a pension) and anxious to return to his children and be "taken care of." Forgiveness may be lauded as sublime, but simple justice fixes its limit in certain cases, of which this clearly is one.

The announcement that Great Britain will abolish the registration duty on imported grain and flour means that Mr. Balfour has become alive to the danger of arraying against his government the whole of the nonagricultural population, which constitutes a large majority of the British electorate. The workingmen will hesitate to support a Ministry that increases the price of bread even in the smallest degree. This announcement will be a disappointment to the colonies that have hoped that the levying of duties on food products imported from foreign countries into Great Britain would be followed by the concession of a preference to similar commodities of colonial origin. Canada will now probably see that her preference of 25 to 30 per cent granted to British goods imported into Canada made two years ago is merely a matter of sentimental value and bears no fruit in the shape of concessions from the mother country, and will probably repeal it.

The theater hat having been disposed of, a crusade against the theater bow is now in order. Mutterings of discontent in such cases do no good. The only remedy lies with the theater managers, who can banish the offending topknot as they did the offending hat from the heads to the laps of women who occupy seats in the parquette or dress circle. The tall hat, surmounted by nodding plumes, maintained its place on top of huge coils of hair for years in utter disregard of protest, sarcasm or appeal from sufferers who got "cricks in their necks" in the attempt to see what was transpiring upon the stage. But it quickly went down before the courteous request, duly shaded by the authoritative tone of the manager: "Ladies, please remove your hats." The perky bow that has taken the place of the hat may be regarded as a resource of feminine stubbornness, but there is no doubt that it would also disappear before a proper request from those in authority.

One-third of our exports of steel rails go to Canada. The Canadian Minister of Finance proposes the imposition of a duty of $7 a ton on rails as soon as Canadian mills are able to supply the home demand, and there is a large steel plant at Sault Ste. Marie which within a few months will be ready to turn out enough rails to meet the requirements of the Dominion, and the proposed tariff is likely to start another steel plant at Sydney. When this Canadian tariff legislation begins to take effect, the friends of Canadian reciprocity will begin to increase to a respectable number. Canada will soon be in a position of independence in the matter of manufactures, so that she will not listen to any proposals for reciprocity, and in the matter of agricultural productions reciprocity would be undesirable, for Canada, with her cheaper labor, would have the best of us in our northern markets.

George Francis Alexander Seymour, Earl of Yarmouth, who was married Monday to Alice Cornelia Thaw, a Pittsburg heiress, is said to have taken his apprehension for debt on his wedding day "quite coolly." There is no reason why he should not. Are not the ducats now in hand whereby all such disagreeable demands can be met? Did not His Grace of Manchester come through an ordeal of this kind unscathed and with money in his pocket? Take the matter coolly! Was he not fully prepared for it? Why should he fume and fret at this stage of a successful game?

There are seventeen men in the United States Senate whose ages range from 70 to 82 years. Alabama takes the lead in aged Senators, Edmund W. Pettus, of that state, being 82, and his colleague, John P. Morgan, 79. Veneration and affection belong to men who have come down to honored age in the public service, but they are entitled to retirement. It is not only that they have earned the consideration of rest, but the country needs the service of more vigorous, because younger, men.

Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, second daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, will have a volume of poems published next Fall by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. If Miss O'Reilly has inherited her father's fine poetic genius in any large and full measure, she is sure of fame and popularity, for the Springfield Republican describes the author of "The Cry of the Dreamer" and "Wendell Phillips" as "far and away the best Irish poet of the last half century, whether in Ireland or America."

THE SUN WELL ANSWERED.

Kansas City Star.

The New York Sun's already famous editorial of yesterday on President Roosevelt would have been distinctly remarkable even without its double leads, which were employed, presumably for the purpose of making it conspicuous, rather than with the intention of making it easier for the public to read between the lines. While its design and motive may be differently judged by different readers, it will be agreed on all hands that it is a wonderful piece of composition. Nobody with any literary understanding will refuse it a place among the newspaper classics of the world. Its author should devote his talents to diplomacy. He has gifts in the line of statecraft that might excite the envy of a Machiavel or a Talleyrand.

But with all the wonderful cunning and literary art displayed in the construction of the editorial, its profund purpose is not concealed from the minds of readers who are familiar with the policy of the New York Sun and with its connection with Wall street. Its complete subservlency to what is called the money power has been revealed in every line in regard to the combination of capital that has appeared on its editorial page within recent years. In the light of its open and hostile criticism of the President for his interposition in the anthracite coal strike, and its vigorous protests against the decision of the Federal Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case, its animus in comparing Mr. Roosevelt to William Jennings Bryan, who, it says, in effect, has been out-Heroded by the President, becomes as palpable as if it had been declared with all the frankness which language could interpret the motive which it has employed language to partially conceal.

That this bit of editorial finesse was the fruit of profound deliberation by men of profound resources is quite as plain as the type in which it was printed. It was not fulminated until after an exhaustive council of war by all of the chiefs for which the Sun speaks. It caused no such surprise to J. Pierpont Morgan and his coparceners as the decision in the Northern Securities case. Of that the public may be absolutely assured. The hand is the hand of the superb master of words who followed the dictation of the money barons, but the voice is the voice of Wall street.

There is one sentence in the Sun's great editorial that stands out with singular significance: "Will Mr. Bryan himself intimate that the Federal Courts would have turned to his projects the friendly countenance which they have lent to those of Mr. Roosevelt?" There is sufficient covert meaning and purpose in that invidious inquiry to almost justify the suspicion that the vital intent of the article was to bring out that point, and that the balance of the editorial was merely written around that crafty intimation of the President's control of the Department of Justice.

Could the ulterior and ingenious plan of the Sun to place the President in the attude of being a more radical Socialist than Mr. Bryan be made to succeed, Wall street would, indeed, feel more than recompensed for all of the suport it has extended to the New York Sun. But stripped of all its clever sophistry and its mixture of artful cajolery for the President and its effort to excite alarm because of his opposition to the money oligarchy, the editorial on "Might Makes Right" is nothing more nor less than a declaration of war from such monopolists as J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller on a President of the United States who refuses to maintain a stock ticker in the Department of Justice. Theodore Roosevelt can well afford to stand by that issue, for the ample concessions of the New York Sun have not exaggerated his strength and popularity with the people.

One word more—neither the mob nor Wall street will come to the "Tuilleries," while President Roosevelt is in the White House.

How These Germans Hate Vanity!

Chicago Tribune.

A correspondent of the Spectator, who has been writing a series of letters setting forth the aims and aspirations of Germans as revealed by German writers, quotes in his last letter the following interesting passages:

> Beyond all question the German people now hold the first place in arts and sciences.
>
> German trade has unhorsed England almost everywhere.
>
> We are undoubtedly the best warrior people in the world.
>
> We are the most accomplished people in all domains of science and fine art.
>
> We are the best settlers, the best seamen, even the best merchants.
>
> The modern world owes to us Germans pretty well everything in the way of great achievements that it has to show.
>
> Ours is the future, for we are the young.
>
> Thou art the shepherd of the great nation-flocks. Thou art the great people of the future on this earth. Up, then, with the anchor.
>
> German industry, in its chief productions, now holds the first place in the world. In German industry a good bit of idealism, a quantity of pleasure in the creative effort, is worked in. This impulse of the soul, no less than mere technique, it is which will secure to our industry precedence over all competitors for an indefinite period to come.

Some of this is indeed "tall talk." It reminds one of Hannibal Chollop's remark that "we are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force." When the young empire gets older it will not compliment itself so extravagantly, although it will have more to be proud of than it has now. In the meanwhile, if German newspapers moralize over the "boastful Yankee," the best reply will be to quote German bragging.

New Canto of "Don Juan."

Boston Herald.

There seems to be no doubt that a part of a new canto of "Don Juan" has been discovered, and it appears in the new Murray. "Bryon." There is no doubt, either, of the genuineness of the discovery, and, while the stanzas are not up to the Byronic standard, the touch is unmistakable. Here is the last stanza:

> Temperate I am—yet never had a temper;
> Modest I am; yet with some slight assurance;
> Changeable, too—yet somehow "Idem semper";
> Patient—but not enamored of endurance;
> Cheerful—but, sometimes, rather apt to whimper;
> Mild—but at times a sort of "Hercules furens";
> So that I almost think that the same skin
> For one without—has two or three within.

Beecher's $1000 Joke.

New York Mail and Express.

"I see the Brooklynites are to erect a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher," said Robert A. Graham, of Oregon. "I remember his receiving about as big a fee as anybody for twice performing the marriage for the late Collis P. Huntington. The latter was called abroad by important business, and desiring to take the present Mrs. Huntington with him, they were quietly married by Mr. Beecher, who received a check for $500. Returning to America, the Huntingtons had a fashionable wedding and reception. Mr. Beecher again officiated, and again was paid $500. 'Dear me,' remarked the distinguished divine, as he looked at the check, 'it is almost a pity, Mr. Huntington, that you are not a Mormon.' "

Where Warren Fell.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Charles Francis Adams, who was escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Mr. Adams remarked: "This is the place, sir, where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted upon local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

Mr. Adams looked at his friend. "Hurt him," said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the Englishman, still eyeing the monument and commencing to compute its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he would have been to fall so far."

INCORPORATING TRADES UNIONS

Sioux City Journal.

It develops that New York now has a law providing that "an unincorporated association consisting of seven or more persons" may be sued in the name of its president and treasurer, and a judgment against it binds its property. Most of the other states have similar statutes, and even in the absence of a statute it appears to be a pretty well-grounded principle of law that a voluntary association cannot, by refusing to incorporate, evade legal responsibility for its acts. If the treasurer of a union may not be attacked under such a statute as that existing in New York it is difficult to see how a union would lose anything by taking out a charter and gaining recognition as a legal corporation. Indeed, some of the contributors to the Civic Federation symposium argue that members of incorporated unions would be relieved of individual responsibility by reason of such incorporation, as the present Federal law for the incorporation of unions exempts members, as well as the corporation itself, from liability "for the acts of members or others in violation of law." If the above view of the legal responsibility of unions be accepted, it, of course, invalidates many of the arguments both for and against the incorporation of such organization. If the members of a union, both individually and collectively, can now be held responsible for damages, it would seem to make little difference, as to the main question, whether or not the union shall incorporate.

President's Roosevelt's Triumph.

London Times.

This decision is a great personal triumph for President Roosevelt. The campaign is his own, undertaken in spite of the misgivings and hesitations of his colleagues, in spite of the legal difficulties, which were very widely regarded as insuperable, and in spite of all the political influences which American millionaires know so well how to set in motion. Mr. Knox, his Attorney-General, was held by most of his legal compeers to be engaged in an almost hopeless task, but the faith of the President has been justified by the development of resources in American law adequate for the ends he proposed to himself. The legislation he recently obtained from Congress, by the exercise of all the power of his office, has been freely derided as illusory. Another view will be taken henceforth. Laws which mean nothing when there is no driving power behind them mean much when that power is supplied. The Supreme Court has given new energy to all his legislation by affirming a more extended view of the controlling rights of Congress under the constitution, and the Circuit Court has shown with unexpected rapidity and distinctness how directly that enlargement of view bears upon practical problems.

Dipsomania Cured.

Lincoln (Neb.) Star.

The dipsomania law is working merrily in Iowa. Confirmed drunkards are being incarcerated at the rate of 50 per month and the records show that in about 70 per cent of the cases a cure results from the careful treatment the patients receive. There is no "Keeley" cure to it, and no potent drug is slipped into their coffee without their knowledge or consent. The asylum authorities have a profound theory that the only way to stop drinking is to stop drinking, and no matter whether the patient has delirium tremens when he enters the institution or is only mentally dulled by the fumes of the liquor he has imbibed, his grog is denied him from the very moment he enters the institution, and is not restored unless he is foolish enough to begin again after being discharged, which few of them do.

Too Many Dogs in Cities.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

It is in cities that the mad dog scare is most frequent, and for reasons. The life of a dog in a city is most unnatural and unwholesome. The pets of the rich make trouble for their owners and the veterinarians that attend them and for their neighbors as well by their noise; the pets of the poor run the streets, eat all manner of garbage and get their tempers all on edge, because of indigestion, and, moreover, they do not get clean, pure water—a necessity for a dog as much as for a human being. Except in the case of an occasional depraved individual, they do not drink beer, and so they thirst. In the opinion of many thirst makes madness—it may be real rabies or mere nervous horror, but the dog that suffers from thirst is dangerous in either case.

Lipton's Steamboat Race.

Denver Post.

Sir Thomas Lipton suggests a steamboat race on the Mississippi as a World's Fair attraction. Three niggers settin' on the safety valve. Deckhands chuckin' sides o' bacon into the furnaces! Steam gauges registerin' a hundred an' a whole lot more than allowed by the statutes in such cases made an' provided an' still a risin'! Captain on the hurricane deck yellin' down at the firemen to "blaze 'er up!" Nigger roustabouts on their knees on deck a 'ras'lin' with the Lord in prayer an' the wheels fannin' holes in the bottom o' the river! Je-whiz! It would almost reconcile Western visitors to the moral Midway!

The Modern Race After Wealth.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The mania for money-making has developed into downright madness. And the explanation is easy. People see that it is fast becoming the chief, if not the only, standard of respectability. When Talleyrand was asked if he was not ashamed to sell his influence in making treaties under the first empire, he replied: "My friend, do you not see that there are but two things left in France—money and the guillotine?" We are rapidly approaching the period in our own history when there will be but two things left in America—money and contumely.

Heaping Insult Upon Injury.

Louisville Times.

Bracketsville, Tex., is after General Fred Grant's scalp because he referred to it as "a patch of hell." Naturally the people of Bracketsville feel that any man unable to distinguish the real goods from a patch is unfit to be trusted with military command.

The Plowman.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

With sturdy hands the plowman holds
The handles of his plow;
His trousers hang in baggy folds
And furrows mark his brow;
But with the hope that toiling brings
He labors on, out there,
Where Nature's putting on the things
That help to make her fair.

The plowman's shoulders droop, his eyes
Have no exultant fire,
And oft he straightens up and sighs,
Perhaps for something higher.
He scrapes the damp earth from his boots,
And then goes plodding on,
And now and then bumps into roots
That jar him pro and con.

The plowman does not fret because
Some stock has had a slump,
But, gripping hard, he sets his jaws
And runs against a stump;
Or worries till the rein is free
From the gray mare's tail,
Or turns a little while to see
The chipmunk on the rail.

The smell of burning wood floats by
Upon the tranquil air;
The crow sits with a watchful eye,
O'erlooking things out there.
The plowman scents the sweet, fresh earth,
He murmurs, "Gee, there, Fan!"
And toils away for all he's worth
To feed his fellow man.

There with the hope that toiling brings,
The plowman works away,
And, may be, dreams of splendid things
That he shall have some day;
But sweetest of the joys he knows
Is that which comes to sit
Within his breast when sunset shows
Him that it's time to quit.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The latest salutation is, "Did your vaccination take?"

The meteor was a fit subject for discussion for the Evening Star Grange.

There is one good thing about the Browns. They won't get sunburned.

Los Angeles is here today. Brace up, you Browns. We don't want any more losing of six straight this week.

A Portland umbrella store has been burned out. We will now have a fire sale with umbrellas damaged by water.

General Miles and Editor Bryan are talking about good roads. It will be noticed that about the only thing they ever did for good thoroughfares was to talk.

A New York woman who was robbed of $300 has offered $100 for the return of the money and no questions asked. The thieves are still smiling over the second part of her offer.

The Rev. Dr. Britt, of Jersey City, N. J., complains because there were only 13 babies born last year in his flock of 402 families. Evidently Parson Britt has what is ecclesiastically known as a "wealthy congregation."

Country merchants are protesting to the Postoffice Department because the free rural mail delivery system builds up the business of the big stores in cities. The railroads are also a factor in enabling the country customers to go to the city. The telephone and telegraph, and macadamized roads are objectionable for the same reason.

Mrs. Ashton, of New Albany, Ind., has the distinction of having been the wife of four veterans of the Civil War. She is drawing three pensions and has her fourth marriage on record at the Pension Bureau, so that there may be no delay if anything happens to Major Ashton. The officials in Washington have investigated the case carefully and say that it is without parallel.

Managers as well as players are given to the retort, pointed and humorous, occasionally, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Last week, it is reported, a would-be playwright, who takes himself and his limited talents with all seriousness, approached George Tyler of the Leibler firm with the manuscript of what he considered to be "a winner" in the serious play line. Mr. Tyler, after he had read it, came to the conclusion that it was a comedy, so when the man called a day or two later and inquired the date of probable production of his play, Tyler remarked: "So you're going to turn humorist, eh?" The author's face reflected his disgust as he answered: "God save me from ever being a humorist!" "He has," was Tyler's laconic remark as he handed over the alleged comedy.

We have received an evidently inspired poem at this desk with the request that it be printed. We comply with the request with pleasure. Though signed by another name, we are convinced that the author is none other than our old friend Tilly Johnson, poetess of the Santiam. Fess up, Tilly.

The verses are entitled "to the Willamette" and run as follows:

> like a laden vessel stands your dare
> like the merimac I will ram it.
> to write the praise of that vally fair
> the praise of williamette.
>
> shall it be said to our shame,
> it raises my anger till I can hardly calm it
> that a cussword only rhymes the name
> of our fair williamette.
>
> our poets can do better if they try,
> and they need not sham it.
> the fairest words beneath the sky
> are week to praise the williamette.
>
> I can think of rhymes fifteen or twenty
> 'tis not hard when a poet realy am it.
> but I think I have given you plenty
> heres a health to williamette.
>
> W. D. BRONING.

the wanderring poet.

MILWAUKIE, April 28.—(Special.)—The wonderful meteor, which shot like a thunderbolt through the sky some nights ago has been located in this place. According to an eyewitness it passed within a few feet of Hank Anderson's barn, and it was located in his pasture lot this afternoon after a long search. It is as big as a baseball, and part of it will be sent to Colonel L. L. Hawkins immediately, for his opinion.

OSWEGO, April 28.—(Special.)—The meteor was located here this morning. It is as big as a barrel, and a large chunk was shipped to Colonel Hawkins, the meteor expert, this afternoon.

CHINOOK LANDING, April 28.—(Special.)—The big meteor was found today in the backyard of Nick Niekjorjn, a local fisherman. It is as big as a small house, and its estimated weight is 47 tons. It will be sent to Portland immediately.

MARSHFIELD, April 28.—(Special.)—The brilliant meteor, which has been hovering like a bird over this city for the past few days, alighted this afternoon on the Main-street dock. It flitted past Captain Pop Fickett, and then plowed up 67 feet of three-inch planking. Pop will take it to Portland on the next boat. He says it is as large as one of his premium Early Rose potatoes.

MONTAVILLA, April 28.—(Special.)—The meteor was discovered here today, and a meeting of the Montavilla Board of Trade has already been held to investigate the matter. A special committee, with Secretary William DeVeny as chairman, will communicate with Mars relative to securing the early arrival of more meteors to aid in advertising this suburb.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"Look, papa! The Duke has brought his coronet." "Tell him to go ahead and play it. I don't mind the noise."—Life.

He—Does your father object to my making love to you? She—Oh, no! He told me to have as many innocent and harmless amusements as possible.—Harper's Bazar.

The Girl—Do you know, Mr. Caporal, my heart seems to beat in perfect sympathy with yours. Mr. C. (much alarmed)—Heavens! Have you got a tobacco-heart, too?—Harvard Lampoon.

"Haven't you any smoke consumers in this town?" asked the stranger, wiping a chunk of soot out of his eye. "Yes, sir," coughed the native. "There are about 2,000,000 of us."—Chicago Tribune.

He—You must admit there's nothing delights a girl so much as the devoted attention of the man of her choice. She—Unless it's the devoted attention of the man of some other girl's choice.—Philadelphia Press.

"How do you like your new job?" "Why, it's just like this: The pay would be all right if they didn't make me work, and the work would be all right if they paid me more. Otherwise, I have no fault to find with it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Farmer Greene—Mother, ye know how hard Steve's bin tryin' fer ter