The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$0.85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9.00
Sunday, per year..... 2.00
The Weekly, per year..... 1.50
The Weekly, 3 months..... .50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico—
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 30-page paper.....2c
32 to 44-page paper.....3c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscription or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 64; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, .25 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, slightly warmer; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1903.

JUST WHAT'S THE MATTER.

"What's the matter with Portland?" asks a paper printed at Pendleton. That paper then proceeds to denunciation of Portland for having built the railroad into Klickitat, Wash., while it "neglects a full half dozen of just such railroad propositions that lie idle and untouched on the south side of the Columbia." Let us quote further:

> Why doesn't Portland and her idle capital turn to the development of Oregon? When she wants a favor she calls on Oregon, she doesn't go to Klickitat Valley for it. When she wants a special law or a special "boost" she appeals to the patriotism of Oregon to aid her in her dire needs, yet if she has $10,000,000 to spend in the development of the country she goes out of the state to spend it.
>
> There could be built in Oregon at least one-half dozen just such lines of road as the Lyle-Goldendale road in Washington. The commercial results to Portland would be as great in each instance, beside the development of the state would add to its permanent wealth and the settlement that such enterprises would invite would be a lasting glory to Oregon and Portland.

Now let us quit hysterical declamation and deal with facts. Portland had money with which to build the Lyle-Goldendale road. It was an investment within her means; and it promises a fair return. It didn't cost $10,000,000, but say $1,000,000. Portland is not a large city. It has some wealth, in proportion to its size, but not enough to undertake great enterprises. Men of Portland undertook the Lyle-Goldendale railroad because it was within their means. But they do not think it prudent to go beyond their means by undertaking the greater things elsewhere that this cynical critic talks about.

In Eastern Oregon there are indeed several inviting fields for capital. But they require larger capital than Portland can command. And men of Portland are doing all they can to enlist in these enterprises the capital necessary to carry them to success. In Portland there is as much public spirit as elsewhere; as much desire to make money as elsewhere. But men of Portland have sense enough to know what they can do and what they can't do; and, indeed, they have had many lessons on this subject, to their loss as well as to their gain.

It doesn't follow that because a small city of limited capital can build a short railroad into a district already well settled and offering a sure though small business, it can build long lines into a country not yet developed or but little developed and wait for returns. Large capital can do it, but small capital cannot. Portland is not rich enough to do what this vast country wants done. But she is doing all she can.

Seattle has not built the railroads round about her. They have been built by capital outside.

PUTTING ON THE BRAKES.

The New York Legislature has taken cognizance of the growing menace of the automobile when driven at a high rate of speed along the public highway. A law has been enacted which decrees that the horseless vehicle shall at all times give precedence to the convenience of pedestrians or to the driver of horses. Whether in meeting or passing a team or a person on foot using the roadway, speed on the automobile must be reduced to eight miles an hour. This applies whether the vehicle is being operated in the open country or on the streets of towns or cities. Furthermore, any person who is riding or driving a horse or driving cattle along the public roads shall have the right to bring an advancing automobile to a dead stop by raising his hand as a danger signal. He may even compel the driver of the engine of the machine to stop running until he has passed it. Eight miles an hour is the maximum rate of speed permitted within half a mile of postoffices or of public school buildings during the school hours of the day on days when school is in session. The penalty for the violation of this law is a fine of $50 for the first infraction, and an increased fine and imprisonment are authorized for succeeding offenses.

The weak point in this law is discernible in the fact that it virtually places automobiles at the mercy of prejudiced or otherwise ill-disposed persons. So many accidents of a serious nature have resulted from the reckless speed indulged upon the public highways by a few wealthy men who have made a fad of racing these machines that public sentiment has been arrayed against them. In order to reach the offending operators and owners, a sweeping measure was held to be necessary for the present at least, and this stringent law will no doubt meet popular indorsement. Later, after the fad has spent itself, the automobile will take its place as the bicycle has done, as a useful machine which can and will be operated without special menace to human life.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Whatever may be thought of the moral nature of Russian diplomacy, there is no denying its effectiveness. Anglo-Saxon statesmanship simply stands speechless and inert in the presence of effrontery which protests that it has no desire or thought of apples, the while it industriously fills its pockets from the tree. The method of diplomacy, however, is, after all, a negligible matter For, whether is easier, to frame in some millions of words an admission and explanation of some act of assertion thought necessary, as Great Britain or the United States would do, or to escape all this by simply saying the thing is not being done at all? France is in Madagascar and Cochin China; Germany is in Syria; we are in Cuba and the Philippines; Great Britain is everywhere; and what method we choose of accounting for the phenomenon does not greatly matter. The virile races grow, the failing ones loosen their grasp; and the process is awkward only to those who set up some idealistic and unworkable political dogmas, and thereby put themselves to the pain of fancied harmonizations.

The United States has, in fact, very little to complain of at Russia's hands. Her moral character is not in our keeping; and as for trade restrictions, we are at most concerned with nothing but the restrictions imposed upon us. These are not likely to be very grievous. Russia has a very consistent hope of winning the United States to her side in her age-long conflict with Great Britain. She has no more idea than Germany has of helping to cement the Anglo-American understanding. It is a matter of record that Russia's Asiatic undertakings have afforded a large and profitable market for Pacific Coast products and for American manufactures generally. It is the most natural thing in the world for this arrangement to continue. There is no power which Russia would rather trade with than the United States. She would doubtless prefer to supply herself as far as possible, but to condemn her for that does not lie in the mouth of a Nation still kotowing before the shrine of protection. Russia trades with us, and will still trade with us. She understands that embargoes on imports retard her Siberian and Manchurian development. This is one of her defenses. It is cogent.

Russia says she disapproves the partition of China. This also is true; and the unofficial gloss on this declaration, often supplied with entire frankness by Russian officials, is that Russia disapproves the partition of China because she wants and expects it all for herself. The more solid the integrity of China, the greater the Russia of the twenty-first century. It is unnecessary to remind a thoughtful American that China under Russian administration would be an infinitely more lucrative field for American trade than it is today, safer for missionaries as well as for drummers. We know what has been done in Siberia and Manchuria; we need not regard with any tremendous alarm the extension of the same influence over Central China. It would be not to our advantage, but decidedly otherwise, for Russia to abandon Manchuria to native incompetence, unrest and anarchy. The debt of civilization to Russia in Asia is precisely on all fours with the debt of civilization to Britain in India and Egypt and to the United States in the Philippines.

The American people must be brought to realize that Great Britain's and Japan's quarrel with Russia in Asia is not our quarrel. It is true that at many points we touch with those powers in sympathy and common ends. The "open door" is one of these points. But our friendship with Great Britain and Japan should not proceed to the extent of disturbing our friendship with Russia. The entente toward which British statesmanship is ever urging us on is one of those entangling alliances of which the Fathers sagely warned us. There is no power in Europe whose enmity it is properly ours to gain by excessive cultivation of its rival. Russia is in many respects a benevolent despotism. It does not free its serfs, but they are not ready for freedom. The nihilist has never demonstrated his capacity for self-government. Russia has enormous ambitions, it is true; but they have yet to be shown to be out of keeping either with her tremendous energies or with her capacity to discharge with credit the responsibilities she assumes. It is not in evidence that any action of Russia in Asia is prejudicial to American interests. Until then our protest is hardly in order; and when that protest is in order, and is made, it will hardly fail of recognition and concession. We have nothing to gain by provoking Russia to anger, and much to lose.

A MIGHTY HUMAN TIDE.

The present year promises to be a record-breaker in adding to the foreign-born population of the United States. There is a marked increase thus far in the number of immigrants that have been disembarked at all of the principal ports of the Atlantic Coast, while into the port of New York they are pouring literally by tens of thousands.

At this end of the line no great degree of disquiet is felt on account of this enormous increase. It is strange that this is true, in view of the restlessness that pervades the labor world and the strenuous efforts that are being made to keep the workingman's wage up to the standard of New World ideas of comfort. It may be that labor leaders are too busy in the matter of wages and hours as applied to the men now in hand to take note of danger from an oversupply in the labor market that, following the law of supply and demand, will inevitably in due time force wages down.

Be this as it may, the monthly increase of our foreign-born population is enormous, and the outward flow is beginning to excite disquiet among European governments. Both in Norway and Austria-Hungary the outflow of sturdy workers is exciting some alarm, and the authorities are seriously considering methods to check its volume. Norway is not heavily populated at best, and what with a food scarcity in some of its provinces that has bordered closely upon famine, the unsatisfactory condition of the governmental partnership which makes Sweden and Norway one, and that one Sweden, and the enticing letters telling of liberty and plenty and a chance to accumulate that find their way back to the old country from the new, the desire to emigrate has taken a deep hold upon the Norwegian people. The same is true of the Hungarian branch of the dual monarchy over which Francis Joseph rules. Hungarians have for several years been crossing the ocean in great and constantly increasing numbers, thereby diminishing the productive force of their own land and reducing the number of men available for military service. Finland is also sending its dissatisfied and oppressed people over the sea by thousands, though the Czar will easily find means to stop this drain when in the view of his advisers it becomes serious.

As to the others, it seems improbable that any measures can be taken that will effectually stop the outflow of the human tide from their shores. The toilers of the Continent have come to look to the United States as a land where dreams of a humble competence can be realized. Beyond the surety that this gives our free institutions are perhaps not specially attractive to them, since at best their ideas concerning them are vague and little understood. But in the face of the settled conviction that they can acquire what in their poverty seems wealth by the labor of their hands in this country, it will be difficult for any of the more tolerant governments to prevent its subjects from quitting its borders with the purpose of becoming American citizens. This mighty human tide is in itself a strong testimonial to our prosperity, and incidentally to the fact that to us still affords an enormous market for unskilled labor. There is yet a vast amount of drudgery in this country which our skilled American mechanic does not have to do because he can do something better.

EDWARD AT THE VATICAN.

King Edward of England is a man of high intelligence and sound common sense, and can afford to laugh at the protest of the Protestant Alliance and the London Church Association against his visit to the pope. To an educated Englishman the pope is representative of a line of sovereigns that binds the ancient to the modern world. Every Englishman that knows the history of his country knows that England was first completely converted to Christianity by missionaries sent from Rome in 597. England was the first land that was converted directly by the apostles of the Church of Rome, and looked up with reverence to the pope as Britain never had to the Roman Caesars. It is true that there were Christians in England under the Roman occupation of Britain, which ended in 410 A. D., but the Christianity brought to Britain by the Roman converts was not widely diffused. The invading Danes and Saxons who succeeded to Rome were so largely heathen that the conquest of the Britons was a heathen conquest, so that it was 681 A. D. before England became entirely Christian. The English Church was organized between 668 and 680, and from this time forward England was a reverential adherent and supporter of the Roman pontiff until the reign of Henry VIII in the sixteenth century. Nicholas Brakespear, an Englishman born and bred, became pope in the twelfth century under the name of Adrian II. Under this pope, the only Englishman who ever occupied the papal chair, began the famous struggle between the papacy and Emperor Frederick Barbarossa of Germany. The strength of the influence of the papacy in England is shown by the fact that Henry II, one of the very ablest warriors and statesmen of his day, was beaten by Becket in his famous quarrel with that imperious prelate, and when Becket was murdered Henry made the most abject submission to Rome and disavowed all responsibility for or sympathy with this great crime. King John, the son of Henry, described by Green as a very able and subtle man, was completely beaten in his attempt to defy the authority of the pope, for Stephen Langton, the head of the English clergy, was supported by the pope in his resistance to the inhuman despotism of King John.

From the day of King John in the thirteenth century to that of Henry VIII in the sixteenth, a period of over 300 years, Rome had no more devout and steadfast supporter than the English people. Henry was a despot of unusual mental force and physical courage, but it is safe to say that the majority of the people of England were at heart papists during his reign. Henry was an English Catholic, who declared himself to be pope of the English Church; he burned those who were Lutheran Protestants as heretics, and he burned those who refused to accept him as the spiritual head of the Catholic Church in England and continued to treat the spiritual authority of the pope as supreme. Henry applied to the pope to nullify his marriage with Katharine of Aragon on the ground that marriage with a brother's wife was prohibited by the Word of God. The pope refused to grant his request, and Henry declared himself pope of England. Because Sir Thomas More refused to take an oath to a revolutionary measure investing him with the supreme leadership of the church, Henry judicially murdered that noble-minded statesman. More had been on very intimate terms with the King; he had done all that could possibly be required of him as a subject; he was willing to swear to the succession, but not to the King's supremacy over the church; he would have murdered Cardinal Pole if he could have lured him back to England, but he did judicially murder the cardinal's aged mother and his nearest relatives.

Cardinal Pole, whom Henry would have murdered, was the best and the last of the Roman Catholic archbishops of Canterbury, which he became by the deserved favor of Queen Mary, Henry's devout Roman Catholic daughter. Henry dissolved the monasteries because he wanted to confiscate their property. This act caused a great rebellion against the King on the part of the Roman Catholics in the North of England. Even under the reign of Elizabeth one-third of the population was Roman Catholic, and it is believed that Elizabeth herself supported the Protestant party rather through political policy than through any higher motive, for those nearest to her said that the Queen in her heart was more of a Roman Catholic than a Protestant. Certainly she did not spare the Puritans or any other dissenters from the Anglican Church. The first cousin of Elizabeth, heir to her throne, Mary, Queen of Scots, was a Roman Catholic, but Elizabeth did not hound her to death because of her religion, but because she was a political incendiary in her influence as an aspirant to the English throne.

Charles I married a Roman Catholic for a Queen, Charles II died a Roman Catholic, and James II was the last Roman Catholic sovereign of England, for after the Revolution of 1688, through the act of settlement, it became impossible for a Roman Catholic to become legal sovereign of England. For nearly a thousand years of her history England was a devoted adherent of the papacy; the great Admiral Howard of Effingham, who defeated the Spanish armada, was a Roman Catholic, but a loyal subject and soldier of Protestant Queen Elizabeth. Surely King Edward, as an intelligent, well-read Englishman, need make no apology for his visit to Rome or for his reverential call upon the venerable statesman of the Vatican.

The fact that Miss Ware is wanted as a Federal prisoner for frauds as Commissioner seems to be against the popular view that women, as a rule, are more honest than men in financial matters. If it be true that women in business are more honest than men, it is probably only because of their comparative inexperience and lack of knowledge of "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" in the game of practical life. Human nature is the same in both sexes when they are exposed to identical environment for the same length of time. It is only a few years ago that a woman who was bookkeeper for a firm of brokers in Boston robbed her employers by "doctoring" her books, and then shot herself when an unexpected sale of the firm's business subjected her accounts to an unlooked-for inspection. The woman in this case used the money she stole in stock-gambling, just as men frequently do, and shot herself to avoid facing exposure, as masculine embezzlers do. Women, when they become as common in business circles as men, and "learn the ropes," will show no better record of integrity in financial trusts than men. They cannot be expected to do otherwise, for human nature is the same in both sexes, except so far as the inferior physical strength of a woman may affect her actions and modify her tastes. But in the matter of business integrity a woman is not more trustworthy than a man when she has been subjected to the same environment, obtains the same experience, dwells in the same atmosphere. The history of crime shows that when women dwell in the same environment as men they are quite as prone to criminal acts; it is only when women are sheltered that they behave any better than men. Deshelter women, desex women, and they will behave neither better nor worse than men.

The great disaster at Frank, in the Canadian Province of Alberta, is now described as due to a huge landslide, and such it undoubtedly is. A similar landslide took place August 28, 1826, in the White Mountains near Conway, N. H. The whole side of the mountain, during a fearful rain storm, rushed down into the valley in the night and killed Samuel Willey and his brother, with their wives and children. They were in flight from the house when overtaken by the avalanche. The house from which the inmates fled escaped all injury and was an object of curiosity to mountain tourists for many years. This remarkable disaster was so unusual that it is recounted in full detail by Thomas Starr King in his "White Hills." It was made the subject of a poem, written, we think, by Thomas W. Parsons, a Boston poet, translator of Dante's "Inferno." Similar landslides have occurred in the mountains of Colorado, and many such mountain landslides have happened in Europe. They generally follow long-continued rain storms or are the work of subterranean streams. Such landslides are not due to volcanic action, and a gas explosion is not necessary to their solution.

It is believed that the immigration into the United States during the current year will exceed that of any former one. The promise now is a total of 800,000 or more. But some say that there is now, in comparison with former times, a larger "undesirable element." But this country wants workers, and most of those now coming expect to live by work. In this they no doubt are unlike some of the rest of our people; but are they "undesirable," and why? From Italy more now are coming than from any other country. But Italy is the mother of nearly everything of value in the modern world. And some noted Italians have appeared on the stage of modern history. There was one Christopher Columbus, for example, whose part in the pioneer immigration of 1492 has never been reckoned to his discredit; and there was Napoleon Bonaparte. A few others might be named, as Galileo, Dante, Raphael, Tasso, Cavour and Mazzini. From a country that produces men like these it perhaps would not be rash still to expect something.

The death in this city of William Baldwin, a convict who, far gone in consumption, was recently the recipient of executive pardon in order that he might die at home, recalls an event with which, a few months ago, his name was connected and for his share in which this man was serving a sentence of two years in the penitentiary. But for its possible lesson to young men who think fistic encounters a test of manly courage it might be well to forget an event which cost the life of a sturdy lad, was a scandal to the city, put the taxpayers of the county to heavy expense and sent a father and his young son to the penitentiary. As it is, however, it may be well to remember it.

It is said that the original draft of the Declaration of Independence has become so faded that it will no more be exhibited to the light. Then, if it is to be kept in darkness and nobody is to see it more, it will not be very valuable even as a historical relic. However, it will not perish from the earth, since copies of it, somewhat numerous, are in existence.

It is probable the canal treaty will fail in the Colombian Senate. The members of that august body will probably never be able to agree on division among themselves of the $10,000,000 to be paid for the concession by the United States.

The visit of Commander Booth-Tucker, of the American Salvation Army, to this city was all too brief. The sojourn of a few days of this practical soldier of the cross would have been enjoyed by hundreds of our people.

Stealing a Whole Orchard.

Medford Enquirer.

The cheek of the Hood River applegrower is proverbial, but when they issue a descriptive pamphlet and appropriate a Jackson County orchard scene as one in Hood River it certainly is going too far. Hood River apples and orchards do not begin to compare with those of the Rogue River Valley and no one knows it better than the Hood Riverites.

CHATEAUBRIAND ON TALLEYRAND

New York Sun.

Chateaubriand's pen is dipped in gall when he writes of Talleyrand. In the course of his long life he had seen much that was vile and base, but he seems never to have met with any one for whom he conceived so much contempt and detestation as he conceived for the ex-Bishop of Autun. Soon after the latter's death, which occurred on May 17, 1838, the author of these memoirs writes of him as follows: "To analyze minutely a life as corrupt as that of M. de La Fayette was healthy, one would have to face a distaste which I am incapable of overcoming. Men of sores resemble prostitutes' carcases. They have been so much eaten away by the ulcers that they are of no use in the dissecting-room." Again: "M. de Talleyrand betrayed all governments, and, I repeat, raised or overthrew none. He had no real superiority in the sincere acceptance of those two words. A fry of trite prosperities, so common in aristocratic life, does not take a man two feet beyond the grave. The evil which is not worked with a terrible explosion, the evil parsimoniously exerted by the slave for the master's benefit, is no more than turpitude. Vice, the pander of crime, enters into domestic service. Suppose M. de Talleyrand, a plebian, poor, obscure, having, besides his immorality, nothing save his incontestable drawing-room wit; we should certainly never have heard speak of him. Take away from M. de Talleyrand the debased great lord, the married priest, the degraded bishop; what remains to him? His reputation and his successes have depended on that treble depravity."

Elsewhere we are told that "incapable of writing a single sentence unaided, M. de Talleyrand made men work competently under him; when, by dint of erasions and alterations, his secretary had succeeded in drafting his dispatches to his liking, he copied them out with his own hand. I have heard him read from the memoirs which he began a few pleasing details about his youth. As he varied in his tastes, detesting tomorrow what he loved yesterday, if those memoirs exist in their entirety, which I doubt, and if he has preserved the opposite versions, it is probable that his judgments on the same fact, and especially on the same man, will contradict each other outrageously. I do not believe in the story that the manuscripts have been deposited in England. The order which, they pretend, has been given to publish them not before 40 years hence seems to me a piece of posthumous jugglery."

What, then, did Talleyrand amount to? According to Chateaubriand, who had known him long and well, he was unable to keep up a serious conversation. The third time that he opened his lips his ideas evaporated. His life was a perpetual deception. Knowing what he lacked in respect of knowledge and brains, he shunned everybody who was likely to detect him. His constant study was not to allow his measure to be taken. He withdrew into silence at seasonable times, during which he inwardly worded some effective phrase, inspired by a pamphlet of the morning or a conversation of the evening. In a word, a sham. How, then, did it happen that a man essentially empty imposed on anybody? Chateaubriand answers: "A great manner, which came from his birth, a strict observance of the niceties, a cold and disdainful air, contributed to keep up the illusion that surrounded the Prince de Benevente. His manners exercised an empire over second-rate people, and the men of the new society to whom the society of the old days was unknown. Formerly one met persons at every turn whose ways resembled M. de Talleyrand's; and one took no notice of them; but, almost alone in the field in the midst of democratic customs, he appeared a phenomenon; in order to submit to the yoke of his forms, it suited self-love to ascribe to the Minister's wit the ascendency exercised by his breeding."

It was common 70 years ago, as it is still, to hear people say of Talleyrand that, while he was doubtless a very immoral, he was also a very able man. Chateaubriand denies that he possessed any remarkable ability. Talleyrand, he says, was no political Warwick. His arm lacked the strength that lays low and raises thrones. He was not even a demon. Beyond certain negotiations, at the bottom of which he was clever enough to place his personal interests in the foreground, there was nothing to be expected of Talleyrand. "He kept up a few habits and a few maxims for the use of the sycophants and worthless fellows of his intimate circle. His toilet in public copied after that of a Minister in Vienna, was a triumph in diplomacy. He boasted of never being in a hurry. He used to say that time is our enemy, and that we must kill it; by this he reckoned to be occupied for only a few moments. As, however, in the last result of M. de Talleyrand did not succeed in transforming his idleness into a masterpiece, it is probable that he was mistaken in talking of the necessity of getting rid of time: we triumph over time only by creating immortal things; with works that have no future, with frivolous distractions, we do not kill it, we waste it."

The Next Platform.

San Francisco Call.

The combination of Bryan and Hearst is positively the greatest Democratic show now on the road. More than that, they seem to have the only active organization and are likely to capture the National convention next year. In order to know what the platform is to be, in addition to the sacred creed of 1896 and 1900, it is only necessary to read Mr. Bryan's speeches and Mr. Hearst's letters. After emphasizing the Socialist doctrines affirmed in the last two campaigns, the platform will run something like this:

Whereas, Grover Cleveland deserves to be d——d; therefore,

Resolved, That Grover Cleveland be d——d.

Resolved, That all the trusts in which Mr. Hearst is not interested are speculative, and therefore bad.

Resolved, That the copper trust is not a speculative trust.

Resolved, That the National Democratic party favors department stores, and will trade at no other.

Resolved, That there are only five Democratic daily papers in the United States, and that three of these belong to Mr. Hearst.

Resolved, That Mr. Hearst is requested to always sign his name William Randolph Hearst, and that it is the opinion of the party that he should sometime mention himself in his three-fifths of the Democratic dailies of the country.

Resolved, That Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst be requested not to permit gold Democrats in the party, as the silver Democrats wish to sleep nights, and not sit up to watch pickpockets.

Resolved, That we are in favor of that old Jeffersonian Democratic principle, department stores, as we said before, and of William Randolph Hearst as the heroic champion of that time-tested, tried and honored doctrine of the party.

Resolved, That Grover Cleveland be d——d.

The President and the Tariff.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Had anything been needed to demonstrate that the Republican party lacks both the courage and the capacity wisely to revise the tariff, plentiful proof would have been furnished by the speeches touching economic conditions that have recently been made by the President. To state that Mr. Roosevelt has receded from the position taken by Mr. McKinley in the address he delivered at Buffalo a few hours before the assassin's bullet was fired, and that he has abandoned the vantage-ground upon which he himself stood in the address made at Pittsburg, July 4 of last year, is to criticize temperately the President's singularly inconsistent attitude. By the speeches made on this Western tour Mr. Roosevelt has exposed himself to the charge that he is not only lacking in mental stability but is lacking also in nice ethical discrimination. He has invited the public to regard him as a somewhat Janus-faced statesman—as one who, in one section of the Union, supports the cause of tariff reform, and, in another section of the Union, sustains with a certain blind devotion the system of cruelly prohibitive customs duties.

CUSHMAN'S VIEWS OF AL[illegible]

Washington Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

What Captain Jarvis told about balmy Alaska and its agricultural possibilities in the Tribune last Monday recalls the speech by Representative Cushman last session. What Jarvis says the world will accept as gospel, but it is in reality no more glowing than the picture of Cushman painted. The Western statesman, however, is unfortunately a wit, and his remarks were not treated seriously or printed at the time. He inveighed against poets who write about the Muir glacier and the beauties of floating icebergs, but say nothing about agriculture.

"Every alleged poet," he exclaimed, "that never got further north in his life than Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has worn the table of anyonyms into a frazzle describing Alaska. Here is a select sample:

> Now far he sweeps where scarce a Summer smiles;
> On Bering's rocks or Greenland's naked isles;
> Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
> From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
> And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
> The wolf's long howl on Unalaska's shore.

"That," continued Mr. Cushman, "is what one poet wrote about Alaska. There is enough frozen metaphor in that one stanza to blight the bloom of the tropical zone! Now, as a matter of fact, which may surprise most people, at Sitka, the capital of Alaska, it never gets cold enough to freeze ice in the winter, so that the residents of that portion of Alaska are obliged to ship manufactured ice from the United States to supply their wants during the Summer! There was an Alaskan prospector who had put in two Winters under the shadow of the Arctic circle. He made some money and came out to the states to have a good time during the Winter. He was a great curiosity. People wondered how a human being could live in the intense cold of that far North. He started for New York City. He had got along very well with the weather in Alaska, but when he started across the northern end of the United States in January he discovered, in a climatic sense, that he was getting the business end of the real thing. He was cold when he got to St. Paul; he was colder still when the breezes from the lake struck him at Chicago; and at Buffalo, N. Y., they found him frozen to death—stiff as an alpenstick—by the stove in the smoking car.

Representative Payne, of New York, asked ironically if it was not unkind to bring an inhabitant of Alaska to such a cold country as ours. "It would be all right if he did not have to come through New York State," responded Mr. Cushman. "But he would have to travel across the State of Washington," retorted Mr. Payne. "The State of Washington!" exclaimed the Puget Sound statesman. "Why, sir, that is the banana belt of the American continent!"

Out of Touch With Civilization.

Washington Post.

Mr. A. W. Gumaer, who for ten years has been a pilgrim in strange lands, a guide, a scout and a United States customs officer, is a Washington visitor.

Under the direction of the War Department in 1898, Mr. Gumaer was the guide and surveyor of the all-American route from Valdez to Eagle City, Alaska, when the country was an unknown wilderness, where no white man had ever set foot.

"Our party," said Mr. Gumaer, "was out of all touch with civilization from February to November, during which time the Spanish-American War was fought. We knew nothing of the conflict until we reached Forty-Mile River, 60 miles below Dawson City.

"Our party consisted of five men—Lieutenant P. G. Lowe, U. S. A.; Stephen Birch, surveyor; two army packers, myself, 11 pack horses and three burros, which we took as an experiment. They only lasted 100 miles, when they were abandoned. The Montana pack ponies were the only ones that could stand the strain even in Summer time. In Winter only reindeer and dogs can endure the cold.

"Our expedition had to cross the Valdez glacier, an extremely hazardous undertaking on account of the numerous crevasses and fissures of from four to ten feet in width. To get over them we used snow bridges roped together, as they do in Switzerland. Many people have since lost their lives in following this perilous trail, but since then a route has been found by Captain Abercrombie around the glacier and no more lives need to be sacrificed.

"Within two years a railroad will penetrate the new gold fields at Tanana, that are just now causing a sensation among hunters of the precious metal. Valdez, with the most beautiful harbor in the world, and surrounded with mountains 5000 feet high, will be the future capital of Alaska. The territory has a future splendid beyond the imagination of its most enthusiastic citizens, and in dollars and cents will give greater returns than any territory ever owned or ever to be possessed by the United States."

He Saw Byron.

Atlanta Constitution.

An Atlanta man recently purchased for a round sum a volume of the second canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"—John Murray edition—bearing this inscription, under date of 1834:

"It is ten years today since Byron died. As a boy I once saw him alighting from a carriage before Holland House, and ran home to tell my mother. He was accompanied by a fat little gentleman—probably Tom Moore. But there was no mistaking Byron!—J. E.

Bill and Joe.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

> Come, dear old comrade, you and I
> Will steal an hour from days gone by—
> The shining days when life was new,
> And all was bright with morning dew,
> The lusty days of long ago,
> When you were Bill and I was Joe.
>
> Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
> Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
> And mine as brief appendix wear
> As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
> Today, old friend, remember still
> That I am Joe and you are Bill.
>
> You've won the great world's envied prize,
> And grand you look in people's eyes,
> With HON. and LL. D.,
> In big, brave letter, fair to see—
> Your list, old fellow! Off they go!
> How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?
>
> You've worn the Judge's ermine robe;
> You've taught your name to half the globe;
> You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
> You've made the dead past live again;
> The world may call you what it will,
> But you and I are Joe and Bill.
>
> The chaffing young folks stare and say,
> See those old buffers, bent and gray,
> They talk like fellows in their teens;
> Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means—
> And shake their heads; they little know
> The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—
>
> How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
> While Joe sits smiling at his side;
> How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
> Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
> Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill,
> As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.
>
> Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?
> A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
> A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
> That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
> A few swift years, and who can show
> Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?
>
> The weary idol takes his stand,
> Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
> While gaping thousands come and go—
> How vain it seems, this empty show!
> Till all at once his pulses thrill:
> 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"
>
> And shall we breathe in happier spheres
> The names that pleased our mortal ears,
> In some sweet lull of harp and song,
> For earth-born spirits none too long,
> Just whispering of the world below,
> Where this was Bill and that was Joe?
>
> No matter; while our home is here,
> No sounding name is half so dear;
> When fades at length our lingering day,
> Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
> Read on the hearts that love us still,
> Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

[illegible] New York

The Mad Mullah and [illegible] and all the other halcyo[illegible] supernumeraries march across [illegible] in vain. They cannot distract [illegible] of the friend and preceptor of [illegible] lish language from his [illegible] and pleasure. As little wanton boys are sometimes set to ring a bell to keep the birds from the cherry tree, so [illegible] august janitors of the tongue that Shakespeare spoke discharge their culverins and basilisks at any wretched, rash, intruding fool of a word or construction that likes them not. What good man does not venerate their industry and their zeal? Knowing that they are watching on the tower, the rest of us can pull our red-cotton nightcaps over our noddles and lie down to pleasant dreams. We are no heroic language-savers, no indomitable Puritans of the parts of speech. Let us be glad that there are sterner and more self-sacrificing spirits.

One such spirit speaks these lines:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Glancing casually through a volume of Macaulay's essays, I noticed that he shows a peculiar fondness for the word "but," with which he very frequently begins a sentence, and not infrequently a paragraph. In his essay on Machiavelli this use of the word recurs so often that I called the attention of a friend to it, and the opinion was expressed that it was not good style. A discussion arose as to the merit of its use in beginning a sentence or paragraph, and it was decided to call your attention to the matter and request that the Sun discuss "but" in the connection above referred to.

CHARLES KEENEN.

New York, April 23.

Somewhere on the shores of Acheron or in the Limbo of Grammarians a wretched, ragged old pedant, still mumbling his declensions and suffering from conjunctivitis, regrets the hour when he emitted from his muddled convolutions the dogma that "a sentence must not begin with a conjunction." The poor old fellow knows better now and admits that he had no call to make the law or try to stop the tides of speech with his doddering fingers. Man was not made for conjunctions, but conjunctions were made for man. If the old boy had read his Bible more and his Grammar less, he would not now be saddened by the recollection of passages like these:

> But I will come to you shortly if the Lord will.
>
> But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.
>
> But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.
>
> But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.
>
> But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.
>
> But the Word of the Lord endureth forever.

But us no buts! Macaulay had precedent enough. The notion that it is not "good style" to stick your conjunction at the front of your sentence is of moonshine all compact. Still we have no wish or right to command other men's conjunctions. Let everybody put his conjunctions where he thinks they will do the most good; and be blessed to 'em!

Neither Bryan nor Cleveland.

Henry L. West, in the Forum.

"Under no consideration," says Mr. Bryan, "would I again go into the field. I am a plain worker in the Democratic ranks, and am content to remain as such." Mr. Bryan is therefore not to be considered a candidate; but those who, at the same time, attempt to discount Mr. Bryan's influence, and who regard him as no longer a factor in politics, are in my judgment sadly mistaken. In the two campaigns wherein he sought the election to the Presidency, Mr. Bryan received the votes of over 6,000,000 people. Granting that a very large proportion of this support went to him because he was the party candidate, it must nevertheless be admitted that he had a personal following, attracted to him because of his ability, honesty and courage. If this personal strength amounted to only one-third of his entire vote, there would still be 2,000,000 people behind him; and any man who commands that number of votes in this country is a factor to be seriously considered. Mr. Bryan may be out of the Presidential race, but he is not out of the Democratic party, and he is not out of politics. To be elected, the next Democratic candidate must receive Mr. Bryan's indorsement. I do not mean that the candidate must subscribe to all of Mr. Bryan's views, nor do I think that Mr. Bryan will lay down this ultimatum. It would be a strange situation if, after so many Democrats who disagreed with Mr. Bryan followed him loyally to the polls, he should refuse to support with equal devotion a man who might not be equally radical with him on every public question.

The nomination of Grover Cleveland would excite the hostility, not alone of Mr. Bryan and his following, but of thousands of Democrats who do not regard themselves as among Mr. Bryan's adherents. Mr. Cleveland, in order to be elected, would have to receive enough Republican votes—and, in fact, more than enough Republican votes—to compensate for the Democratic votes which he would fail to command. I believe that he would not be able to secure this Republican support, and therefore that his nomination would invite defeat. The next Presidential nominee of the Democratic party must have behind him a united and not a divided army. Mr. Cleveland cannot lead this solid phalanx.

Independent Voters in Cities.

Boston Herald.

The support of a strictly municipal party must be by independent voters, citizens who, for the attainment of definite municipal ends, will, if need be, break away in municipal elections from the National parties. The hope of the cities, and in