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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 44; minimum temperature, 37; precipitation, .53 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER — Occasional rain; winds mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

MR. HAY'S COURSE WITH RUSSIA.

How seriously the United States is regarded as an international force by British opinion may be inferred from an article we reprint this morning from the London Morning Post, comprising the views of its Washington correspondent, and an editorial utterance. The narrative of Mr. Low must be accepted as in all important essentials correct, though it as well as the Post's arguments must be taken with allowance for the intense desire of Englishmen to array the United States against Russia, to nag British diplomacy into fresh assaults on their traditional Cossack foes, and to magnify the recent brush between Washington and St. Petersburg into a settled "estrangement."

If Mr. Low is right, then the most of our anti-Russian Washington correspondents are wrong. That is to say, the legendary understanding between America, England and Japan, and the self-sacrificing labors of Secretary Hay to serve all mankind in Manchuria in the guise of a philanthropist are altogether swept away by the London paper's letter setting down a plain, straightforward tale of our Secretary's firm, shrewd and successful undertaking, to hold Russia rigidly to the promises she had made relative to Manchuria and to every concession to which American capital and trade can be held justly entitled in Asiatic Russia.

The careful reader of the articles to which we refer can hardly fail of an impression that the proudest and most influential position the United States can reach before the world is to be had by going it alone. There is always present in our diplomacy the general principle, foreseen by the Fathers, that "entangling alliances" with any one or more European powers must necessarily result in that every gain made in one direction will be counterbalanced by a loss made through enmities in other directions. Favors to France put us at a disadvantage in Germany; and our surest way to Russian esteem is not to join hands with Japan against her.

We unhesitatingly commend, therefore, the Post's appreciation of the single-mindedness of Secretary Hay in striking out a bold and independent course for Washington to pursue, making only rightful demands upon Russia and backing them up by the plain fact that we are untrammeled by European entanglements and unaffected by European jealousies. It is this fearless and vigorous course which has given to us a respected standing among the nations of the earth, and justifies the Post in its belief that our creditable assertion of ourselves in Asia is perhaps the most important diplomatic event of the twentieth century. If we continue to maintain our independence of entanglements with other powers we shall be free to insist upon correct treatment by Russia. Not by giving her to understand that we are assisting her enemies, but by frank discussion with her, man to man, can we expect and insist upon justice in trade rights and investment privileges. We suspect that Secretary Hay's love of open dealing is more in accord with the mood of President Roosevelt than with the smoother methods of President McKinley.

WHITE MEN IN THE TROPICS.

John Ferguson, editor of the Colombo Observer, the leading daily of Ceylon, where he has resided for the last forty-two years, would seem to be a notable proof that a white man can live and retain his health in the tropical climate of Southern Asia. If an Englishman can live forty years in Colombo, why cannot an American live healthfully in Manila? The coast climate of Luzon cannot be more deleterious in health than the coast climate of India. The heat cannot be more depressing in the Philippines than it is in Madras, in Southern India, or in Colombo. A white man cannot, of course, afford to be as careless in food and drink in tropical Asia as he can in the temperate zone of Europe and America; but a prudent man can keep his health in the Philippines probably as easily as he can in Southern India and Ceylon.

Thackeray was born in India, and his parents, who lived there for many years, did not break down in health. Many English Army officers, such as Lord Roberts and the late Sir Neville Chamberlain, lived forty years in India. Macaulay spent four years at hard intellectual labor in Calcutta without impairment of his health, and Kipling's stories of Indian life show that Europeans, even those who do not live prudently, do not break down under the heat of Southern India. The marches performed by English soldiers during the "rush" campaign of Lucknow were remarkable, but they were successfully endured. There are, of course, malarious districts in Africa and in Asia where a white man cannot live; but there is good reason to believe that a sturdy European who is temperate in his life can keep his health in the Philippines as well as he can in India. He will need to boil the water he drinks and be very sparing in his use of alcoholic liquors, but a man who leads a temperate life can keep his health in the Philippines.

There are a number of officers of the regular Army who did not go to the Philippines until they were past fifty; and yet these men enjoyed perfect health at Manila and returned in as good condition as they were when they left the United States for Manila. One of these officers was 60 years of age when he reached Manila, and he suffered no injurious effects from the climate.

GETTING OUT OF THE HOLE.

How gracefully the Louisville Courier-Journal can reverse its engines, the while keeping up an appearance of going in the same direction, is known to all readers of that journal in 1900, when Mr. Watterson's coat-tails yielded to the admonishing pull of his business office. Its skill in covering up a false start was also exhibited in an extract we printed from it the other day on the Panama imbroglio. It was the Courier-Journal's misfortune to get in wrong on the Panama business, and in the pleasantest manner possible it explained how futile all protest is and how tolerable after all is the inevitable if you only take it philosophically.

Comes now the New York Times, endeared to all honest men by its princely retractions and manly apologies, hitherto a most violent antagonist of the Administration's Panama policy, but now giving us a charming and forceful leader on "Destiny," the point of which is that that trusty old pilot is taking us into the isthmus inevitably as the necessary supplanter of incompetent government in Latin America; and that however we may protest, and regret minor details, some embarrassing, some, perhaps, discrediting, yet on the whole we are simply moving along upon the path of world development, as we did in Cuba and the Philippines. We quote:

> The establishment of this republic under our protection must be regarded as one of a chain of events which in the end will bring the states of Central America, and some, at least, of the states of South America, definitely within our sphere of control, if not actually under our flag. . . . Lord Salisbury's classification of the living and the dying nations, made during the Spanish war, furnishes us with the key to the territorial situation upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. We see there peoples bearing Spanish names, but of mixed blood, who seem to be smitten with an incurable incapacity for self-government. . . . Politically incapable, they are also industrially incompetent. They do not administer their estate as the world, sooner or later, will insist that it be administered. . . . Opportunity has been neglected, boundless resources barely opened. When we talk of destiny in South and Central America we mean only that these talents shall not be wrapped up in the napkin of slothfulness, that senseless vanity, consuming ambition, internal strife, and perpetual revolution, shall not forever blight these lands and stunt their development. We have Porto Rico, we hold Cuba in leash, and her ultimate destiny lies with us. We have now caused to be established a little republic on the Isthmus. We should be guilty of the basest ingratitude if we did not protect it. Destiny does not much mind false steps. We have made false steps in the Panama business. They cause us some shame, they may excite our indignation. But the wheels of time roll on.

There is little to add to this presentation of the necessity and imperativeness of progress. The practical mind looks at the isthmus today and sees how infinitely better the canal situation is than it was before, or could ever become under the baleful sway of Colombia. Possibly the net result of this incident will be to enjoin caution in certain quarters where there has been eager desire to antagonize the policies and performances of Theodore Roosevelt. Efforts in this direction start off gally enough, but emulate Langley's aerodrome with a regularity that is becoming painful.

A PRACTICAL CLUB.

Baltimore has an "Empty Stocking Club," which is described as "at once a useful and pretty charity, since it not only helps in material things, but gives pleasure, amusement and happiness." Its purpose, of course, has to do with the Christmas holiday, and its organization was inspired by the Christmas spirit. It is conspicuous not only for its giving where gifts are most warmly appreciated, but for the old-fashioned method of its giving. Childless women and women who do not love children may belong to and work assiduously in other clubs, but mothers and child-lovers find place in this. The assistance that it renders is both of a material and aesthetic type. It brings Christmas cheer, with seasonable articles of clothing, needed articles of food and simple toys, so dear to the heart of childhood, into the homes of the very poor.

As recited by a Baltimore journal, this organization had a beautiful inception. An artist who sympathized with the waifs of his city put his soul into a series of pictures about them, showing their yearning for a bit of the brightness and good cheer which falls to the lot of more fortunate children. A woman, in passing, saw one of these pictures and was so impressed with the touching scene—a little waif on a Christmas morn looking ruefully upon her empty, tattered stocking which she had hung up the evening before with childish trust in the Santa Claus myth—that she immediately set out to find a way to fill as many as possible of those little stockings. Nothing can be accomplished without organization, and in response to this fact the "Empty Stocking Club" came into existence. This was several years ago, and ever since it has made Christmas a joyful reality to hundreds of waifs in Baltimore.

Its plan is to seek out the children of those who are so poor that the smallest mite of a Christmas is out of the question. The entertainment prepared is held in some hall or room large enough for the purpose—usually a theater—to which the beneficiaries are given free transportation, and the whole afternoon is devoted to the entertainment of the eager, happy little guests. At the close a real Santa Claus comes out on the stage and each child receives a stocking filled to the top with things dear to the heart of childhood.

Parents in other walks of life may have high scruples about the Santa Claus myth and piously refuse to indorse the pretty fable. But parents who belong to the class known as the very poor are too keenly on the alert for anything that may bring the pleasures of the Christmas season to the children to object to the work of the "Empty Stocking Club" on this basis. And the little waifs of the street, the representatives of defrauded childhood, who gaze with wistful eyes into the Christmas shop windows, where, in all his mystic grotesqueness, St. Nicholas holds court—who is there who would deprive these of the feeling of awe mingled with gladness with which they receive the well-filled stocking from the hands of the bluff and blustering "make believe" who dispenses the favors?

We can well believe that the "Empty Stocking Club" of Baltimore has found little opposition in this line to overcome or ignore. Nor is it likely that, when they have outgrown their childish years, the recipients of these mystic gifts will look back with a disposition to censure as a fraud the pretty conceit that captivated their fancy and won their confidence while life was new to them and its ways were dark.

SHARP POLITICAL STRATEGY.

At the banquet of the British Club in New York City on the anniversary of the King of England's birthday a remarkable speech was made by Dr. Peterson, president of the McGill University, Montreal, the leading college of Canada. Dr. Peterson is a Scotchman, comparatively young and is described as a very eloquent orator and a strong thinker. Dr. Peterson began by an allusion to the decision of Lord Alverstone in the Alaska boundary case, saying that no Canadian whose opinion is worth considering at all has any doubt that the decision Lord Alverstone gave was founded upon justice and the law; that Canada did not doubt its justice and had entire confidence in the integrity of the tribunal. Dr. Peterson then turned to a discussion of the respective tariff policies of Great Britain and the United States, and declared that in his judgment Hamilton and Henry Clay were greater statesmen for their day and generation than Richard Cobden; that the wisdom of the United States has been vindicated, and that England confessed it today when by the voice of Mr. Chamberlain she is asking for a change in policy whereby England may be able in some measure to command her home markets and to obtain a fair share of those of the colonies. Dr. Peterson said that all thinking men in Canada are in full accord with Mr. Chamberlain. Dr. Peterson was enthusiastically applauded by his whole audience, which was almost entirely composed of men of British birth or citizenship.

The views of Mr. Chamberlain seem to be approved by the great middle classes and the wageworkers of England. Very large audiences attend him wherever he speaks, and it is confidently predicted that when the next general elections come Parliament will be found to contain a majority as decisively in favor of Chamberlain's policy as was the majority obtained by Peel for the repeal of the corn laws. This is the more probable because Balfour and Chamberlain are really one and have been devising and are now executing the cleverest bit of political strategy that has been performed since the days of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Balfour is disposed to agree with Mr. Chamberlain's views, but he is too consummate a politician prematurely to formulate his views into a specific bill until he has satisfied himself how radical a tariff reform the English people will approve; so he suffers Mr. Chamberlain to resign from the Cabinet in order not to embarrass it and to begin the popular campaign of education, while Mr. Balfour, who is really with him, continues to head the Ministry and preserve the unity of the Conservative party by declining to commit himself prematurely to Mr. Chamberlain's most extreme views. Thus far this strategy has been crowned with success.

If Mr. Chamberlain finds out that the country is not yet ripe for the enactment of his policy, Balfour will hand the whole fiscal question over to a royal commission for investigation outside of politics, thus shelving it for two years or more. The defection from Balfour's party does not increase; the Duke of Devonshire has departed, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a much abler man, has returned to his allegiance. Some even of the Liberal rank and file look with favor on Chamberlain's programme. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Trades-Union Congress and the Miners' Federation, 5000 workmen assembled in Liverpool to listen to Chamberlain, who among other things made a shrewd hit when he said: "It is absolutely impossible to reconcile free trade and trade-unionism. You can have one or the other, but you cannot have both." And he further said:

> Of what use was it to prohibit sweating in Great Britain if sweated goods from foreign countries were admitted. If the cheapest goods were bought; that is, those produced where labor is cheaper than it is in Great Britain, why not import cheap labor itself?

Chamberlain's progress from Glasgow to Newcastle, Liverpool and other industrial and trade centers has been a tour of triumph. While Chamberlain is thus doing his work of educating the voters, Balfour is arranging to "hold the fort" for a year or two until the present Parliament is near the end of its seven years' statutory term. He can do this easily enough, for the Unionist free-traders do not control more than sixty seats in the House of Commons, and with the aid of the Irish Nationals he can avoid defeat during the next session. The vote of the Irish party can be obtained by an act for the relief of agricultural laborers, which Mr. Wyndham has already promised, and by the grant of a state-endowed Catholic teaching university, which Mr. Balfour has long advocated. Mr. Balfour is in a position to secure the Irish vote because he can redeem his pledges, since the Conservative House of Lords would be sure to approve the measures of Balfour, the Conservative Premier.

The Liberals would grant as good terms to the Irish party, but they could not deliver the goods with the House of Lords anti-Liberal. The president of McGill College, in his address, made a strong plea for reciprocity between Canada and the United States, and it is said that Mr. Chamberlain holds that a reciprocity treaty with the United States would mean the ultimate annexation of Canada, and one of his supporters, Lord Brassey, after a recent visit to Canada, said that "only the adoption of a preferential tariff would save the empire from breakdown; that an American offer of reciprocity might eventually be accepted, in which case a political union between the United States and Canada would only be a question of time." The Premier of Manitoba heartily approves of Mr. Chamberlain's plan, saying that the colonies have been forced by the law of self-protection to abandon the fiscal policy of the mother land, "which mortgaged their home market before it was created." It begins to look as if Balfour and Chamberlain were a pair of "heavenly twins" in political sagacity and craft.

The month that passes without heralding a new cure for consumption is an exceptional one in this era of strenuous effort in the realm of medical science. The latest of these cures is heralded, not by a physician or a bacteriologist, but by a Russian mining engineer, Zagoranski, to whom the secret was bequeathed by an old foreman in the mines of Siberia, who is said to have tested it upon Siberian exiles for years with the most satisfactory results. How much the bracing air of that section and the outdoor life of the subjects had to do in rendering the cure efficacious can only be known when the remedy is tried in other localities. Zagoranski will try to secure the prize which he had heard was offered by John D. Rockefeller for the cure of consumption, before divulging the nature of his remedy. The Rockefeller prize was not offered for the cure of consumption alone, but for pathological research along various lines; it is not doubted, however, that satisfactory demonstration of the cure of consumption will be munificently rewarded. Moreover, a humane man in possession of such a secret would find it impossible to withhold it long from the pale host that would come to him for relief. If the Siberian cure is genuine it will not long remain a secret. The world has advanced too far in the humanities to permit that.

The mountain road between North Yamhill and Tillamook has become impassable to vehicles earlier than usual this year. This is owing rather to the high winds that have prevailed along the coast than to an untimely fall of snow in the Coast Range. The situation is one that sorely irks the citizens of the coast county thus isolated. It emphasizes, moreover, the long deprivation that a county, rich in every natural resource, has suffered in the lack of railway facilities. It is bad enough when favoring winds permit steamers to serve the needs of commerce and the mountain roads are in a condition to allow staging. But when both of these sources of ingress and egress are cut off by storms the situation becomes almost unbearable. "Shut in from all the world without," however, there is nothing left for the citizens of Tillamook but to make the most of such privileges as they have, as did the cheerful pioneers of the Willamette Valley, possess their souls in patience and hope for the early coming of the railroad. In the meantime the telephone wires will be kept up, if possible, and Uncle Sam's mail bags will be pushed through on horseback at any sacrifice. So things are not so bad as they might be.

The expenditure of $101,000,000 for the construction of a barge canal was indorsed by a majority of 216,000 votes at the late election in New York. The cost of this canal, enormous as it is, is less than one year's tax budget in New York City. The issue was sharply defined upon sectional lines. In New York City the vote was six to one in its favor. Buffalo and Oswego, the canal terminals on Lakes Erie and Ontario, gave a large majority for it. The remainder of the state polled a majority of nearly 180,000 against it, but the majority in the three cities named was too great to be overcome, even by this large negative vote. As an offset to the seeming injustice of allowing these great terminal sections to decide in a matter of such vast expense is the fact that the counties polling a majority for the measure pay four-fifths of the taxes. This is an argument that the citizens of Multnomah County can readily appreciate, though other sections of the state are proverbially slow to indorse its logic.

Already sheep are freezing upon some sections of the great Rocky Mountain ranges. Herders took chances in late driving from the Summer to the Winter range and were caught by the blizzard with their helpless flocks in transit. This is an always possible incident of the livestock business of the great plateau and is dismissed when the returns come in as one of the liabilities which stock-owners must calculate upon. The sufferings of the wretched animals are no more taken into account by those upon whom the creatures are dependent than are the long-drawn-out agonies of the disabled "maverick" upon whose living carcass the buzzards and the coyotes feast. In the simple language of the plains, "a man gets used to these things, and don't let them worry him."

The public was treated to a genuine surprise when a few weeks ago a Kansas veteran asked that his name be stricken from the pension rolls on the ground that he no longer needed aid. It is pretty safe to say that his example is not likely to be followed to any considerable extent by wealthy pensioners. Officials of the Pension Bureau, having had exceptionally good opportunity to study human nature, do not expect a material reduction of the pension list to follow the statement of this case. The idea advanced is contrary both to the theory and practice of modern pension laws. The disability or need of the recipient has long since been expunged from the pension demand.

The weather growler puts up as long and loud and persistent a growl about this "beastly climate" as if the Indian Summer of this year had not recently jotted down in the memorandum book of the oldest inhabitant the record of a most beautiful Autumn extending up to the second day of November. At the date named it will be remembered we needed rain. The farmers were clamoring for it, the merchants with full stocks of seasonable goods anxiously waited for the season to develop. The need has been supplied; the conditions favoring a profitable Fall trade have been met, and still the growler growls.

Mr. Williamson says he will not talk about the Moody prosecution — what he might say would be used for political purposes. It is unfortunate, indeed, that he did not exercise this caution before he wrote that remarkable letter.

VIEWS OF THE MOODY CASE.

A Good Guesser.

Condon Times.

Malcolm A. Moody's case comes up for trial next Monday. The indictment returned by the grand jury at Portland did not find favor with the people of Eastern Oregon, who desired to see justice done. Mr. Moody is no stranger in this part of the state and no one for a moment imagines that he is guilty of the crime charged. He was always known as a man of sound judgment and integrity and ere another week rolls around the fact will be chronicled that the charge against ex-Congressman M. A. Moody was false.

Foul Blows Never Win.

Salem Journal.

That Moody was innocent, all who knew him never doubted; that he could be convicted, those who preferred the charges never for a moment believed. The evident object was to besmirch Moody, and in this they have, to a certain extent, succeeded. Should he again go into the political field, the fact of his arrest, of his being charged with a crime, will be heralded far and wide, and, of course, some will believe it. They will believe it just because there are human buzzards who delight in feasting on that kind of material; because, in political contests, mud is sometimes as dangerous as stones; because there has grown up in this country an unfortunate belief that all our officials are dishonest, and any statement against them finds many who believe it. In so far as this result can be accomplished Moody's personal enemies have been successful; but they have left no blot on his integrity, no stain on his honor. On the other hand, the underhanded attack on Moody has had an effect the little gang of conspirators failed to consider. It has created a feeling of indignation among fair-minded people, who compose the great majority. The average American likes to see fair play, and the man who strikes the foul blow invariably loses. Moody comes out of the ordeal with clean hands and reputation, while those who conspired to his undoing have succeeded only in bringing on themselves the supreme contempt of decent, cleanly people.

How About His Accusers?

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The utter collapse of the charges against Mr. Moody, who, during his term in congress, was one of the most influential members ever sent by Oregon to the lower house, was forecasted early in the trial. As was developed in the testimony, there appeared to be on the part of political and business opponents of the accused a plan to drag him into court at any hazard; and the means employed were such that Judge Bellinger, in ruling out certain testimony, said "the proceedings before the grand jury must have been exceptional."

The verdict will be received by the people of the entire Northwest as the vindication of a man unjustly accused. To those familiar with the career of Mr. Moody, whether private or public, the charge that he had committed a crime was surprising; but when it was said that he, who all his life has been an upright business man engaged in some of the largest enterprises in the Inland Empire, and has represented with distinction his district in Congress, had rifled the United States mail in order to rob a widow of a trifling sum, the charge was astounding in its impudence and shamelessness. No wonder his friends said he was being made the victim of a conspiracy designed to ruin him.

Mr. Moody is not besmirched in the slightest. He has passed unscathed through the ordeal. His admirable personal qualities, his enviable record in public life and his unsullied character stand out more strongly than ever because of the despicable attempts to drag his good name in the mire. He is entrenched on the solid ground of a reputation built up through years of activity and usefulness in the community in which he has made his home, and at the present moment he is especially conspicuous because of the contrast between his own integrity and the standing of those whose methods would not endure the light of a hearing in court. In this case the accused retains his place on the heights of honest endeavor, while far below is the noisome slough into which malice sought to drag him.

But what of the other side of the case? What do the people of Oregon think of it? What will the voters of Oregon say when they get a chance at the men who tried to railroad Malcolm Moody into the penitentiary?

Function of the "Fuse."

Persons are sometimes frightened while on an electric car by the sound of a slight explosion, followed by smoke, and try in a panic to get out, with risk to life and limb. As this panic is a real source of danger, while the burning out of a fuse is not, the Electrical Review undertakes to explain what a fuse is and why it is a means of safety:

> The current which will flow through a motor when it is standing still is in almost all cases far in excess of that which the motor is designed to carry; and, indeed, in a well-designed motor a current dangerous for the motor will be reached before the motor has been stalled. The effect of this heavy current on the motor, if allowed to continue, is to heat the windings to a dangerous degree and destroy the insulation, possibly setting it on fire; and it is to prevent this occurrence, whether due to careless handling of the car or to unexpected causes, that the fuses are used. A fuse is simply a short piece of wire of such size that it will be melted by a current which, if allowed to flow through the motor for any time, will damage it. When a fuse blows then it simply means that one of the safety devices on the car has operated to prevent damage to the motor. The melting of the fuse opens the circuit and cuts off the current from the motor. To protect the car the fuse is inclosed in a fireproof box.
>
> Besides the fuse there is generally on the roof of the car, over the motorman's head, another device to accomplish the same purpose, called the "circuit-breaker." This is a switch controlled by a magnet which opens when the current becomes excessive. "It is set," says the Review, "to operate at a higher current value than the fuse, because the circuit-breaker acts almost instantaneously, while it takes a little time for the fuse to be melted. Now, a motor can stand for a second or two a current which would destroy it if applied for a longer period. The circuit-breaker, then, takes care of heavy overloads, and the fuse protects the motor against those smaller currents which are dangerous if applied for a considerable time. The fuse and the circuit-breaker are safety devices, the operation of which indicates not that there is danger to those on the car, but that danger to the motors has been averted."

Observant New Jersey.

Newark (N. J.) News.

There is a new religious sect out in Oregon known as the Holy Rollers. As a former Republican politician is one of the head pushers, it is generally conceded that the name of the cult is a corruption of the well-known "high rollers."

A Weary Lot Is Thine.

Sir Walter Scott.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rus for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in Winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle reins a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

IN THE END THEY DO RIGHT.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

"We gave her liberty," the President said of Cuba in his message yesterday to Congress. "We must help her onward and upward, and in helping her we shall help ourselves."

We gave Cuba liberty. Then, lest she misuse it to our danger we restricted her liberty. To give her liberty was not enough unless we gave her prosperity also. And without prosperity our restriction upon her liberty is a danger to us instead of a safeguard.

These facts have stared us in the face ever since our self-respect compelled us to avenge the Maine and free Cuba. Special interests, thinking only of immediate gain, have tried to becloud these facts. For three years they have prevented Congress from doing its plain duty to Cuba and the United States.

Justice to Cuba and the prosperity of Cuba would harm no American industry. They would greatly benefit American industry as a whole. Furthermore, they would put our political relations with Cuba upon the secure basis of a mutuality of material interests.

Many of our people have been slow to see that National honor and interest alike called us to establish prosperity for Cuba. Hence Congress has been slow to act. But now Congress will act, for the people have seen the facts and know the truth.

Really the most conservative of all great nations, the American people have moved toward Cuba inch by inch. But they have at last arrived at the truth, and their Congress will now register their decree.

However slowly and cautiously they move, the American people are always thinking. Starting with right desires they always think right in the final conclusion, and in the end they do right.

In Condonation of Flats.

New York Times.

The chief solicitude of those who condemn the multiple dwelling is for the children of the families thus housed. For them the confinement of restricted apartments has disadvantages, and even the pathetic little "back yard" of the average private dwelling, with its little square of sickly grass inclosed in a strip of bluestone flagging, giving a chance to breathe the air of out-of-doors with protection from the contamination of the sidewalk or the street, is better in its poor way than anything the "flat" can offer. But there is another side to this picture which those who pity the children of apartment-domiciled families fail to see, or at least to give due weight to. In apartments the family life is less subject to the demoralization of infant morals and manners which results from dependence upon servants. Children are brought more intimately and continuously under the maternal influence, and if this influence is good it makes for their moral upbuilding. The family life is closer, and should be more wholesome than that of the roomy dwelling favoring the cultivation of solitary tastes and giving more opportunity to escape from parental observation, guidance, and restraint during the time when the character is forming and habits are taking shape. Mother and child are much nearer together in the contracted area of an apartment than they are likely to be in the house divided into the horizontal strata of kitchen and basement, parlor and living and sleeping apartments.

Colombia's Forfeiture of Confidence.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Any fair-minded person who followed the proceedings of the Colombian Congress in the matter of the Hay-Herran treaty will know that the privileges granted to Colombia by Panama were shamefully abused. The whining plea of the legislative buccaneers who endeavored to blackmail on the strength of possessions to which Panama had conditionally surrendered title, a plea to Panama to return to the confederation, is backed by a promise to adopt the canal treaty precisely as it stands. No more pitiful confession of wrongdoing could possibly be offered. In making it the Colombian government admits that the Colombian Legislature was guilty of bad faith and of a heartless disregard for the best interests of the only portion of the confederacy which was directly affected by the rejection or acceptance of the treaty. It makes logical the admission by the civilized world that Panama's act of rebellion was justifiable. It was necessary that such admission should originate here. Casuists may argue that there is no precedent for the speed with which Panama has been urged along the road to completed nationality. But if this be so we can only say that there are times when precedents may well be dispensed with.

Disraeli's Wants.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A dowager who knew Disraeli and was discussing him after his death gave a curious example of what she called his "funny sayings." It appears that he happened to mention, in the course of an afternoon call, that he wanted two possessions which every one owned as a matter of course, but which he had all his life dispensed with, and insisted that the lady should guess what they were.

"I made," said she, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the Park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Saw Napoleon Aboard Bellerophon.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Very few persons of this day can boast of having seen Napoleon Bonaparte. One of the few is J. W. Ryder, of Devonport, England, who attained his 94th birthday recently. He was a boy when the Bellerophon put into Plymouth Sound with the French Emperor on board as a prisoner, but he clearly recollects the view he had of Napoleon. As this happened some 84 years ago, and as there are no survivors of Waterloo left, it would appear that Mr. Ryder is almost, if not quite, the last of those living who can remember the "petit corporal."

O Captain! My Captain!

Walt Whitman.

O Captain! my Captain, our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Hasn't the conductor called Tom Johnson's station yet?

Only about one man in fifty, if searched, could prove an alibi.

The Roosevelt children seem to have passed into total eclipse.

When life is so short at best, why will people squander it playing chess?

Doesn't it seem about time to make room in the Old Ladies' Home for Adelina Patti?

Cromwell seems to be about the only man in history who made a success of butting in.

It is noticeable that most people wear their rosemary as well as their rue, with a difference.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rosseau.

The untimely demise of Mr. Thomas Horn should tend to discourage pot-shooting in Wyoming.

As soon as Mr. Hearst gets his bearings the Congressional Record will begin issuing a colored supplement.

Thursday's shooting affray is another evidence of the fidelity of Innocent Bystander to his post of duty.

By a long life of rectitude and circumspection a man may overcome the handicap of being a tenor singer.

After a debauch of thunder shower the weather takes the pledge and signs it with a rainbow.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Among the articles entirely unsuited to the diet of human beings, mince pie and buckwheat cakes stand near the head of the list.

The one objectionable feature about Heaven, so far as accounts are to be trusted, is that St. Peter doesn't issue pass checks.

The Christmas magazines which are beginning to arrive are two parts union underwear and automobiles to one part space-rate stories.

The Republic of Colombia can learn something which will be to its advantage by writing or calling on Alfonso XIII, the Palace, "In Old Madrid."

Respectfully suggested to the Bryan Democracy: For President in 1904, John Alexander Dowie, of Zion; for Vice-President, Mary MacLane, of Butte.

The announcement that King Leopold, of Belgium, is to visit Newport next Summer should call for a few supplementary remarks from "Marse Henry" Watterson.

If the movement to require the ladies to remove their hats during church services is successful it will mark another triumph of religion over the world, the flesh and the devil.

The confident high school lass who has read "The Faerie Queene" can say amo, amas, amat and fight ragtime out of a $150 piano, talks about "culture" as familiarly as if it were a new health food.

Down in Arizona a short time ago a cow-puncher, who was universally popular, died and the boys decided to erect a monument over his grave and inscribe thereon an appropriate tribute to their departed friend. The result of this decision is a huge boulder, which they rolled down from the foothills, on the face of which is carved: "He Done His Darndest. Angels Could Do No More."

At last the reason for the plentiful crop of divorces in Cook County has been given. Mrs. Rorer has solved the puzzle when she declares that women eat too many eggs, says the Chicago Post. Egg diet, she asserts, is heavy and "brings on feelings of lassitude. Housewives neglect their duties and husbands become angry. The lawyers do the rest." In the case of society women the result is the same. "The social leader loses her brightness of eye, her piquancy and charm. Trouble follows and then come the lawyers." When we reflect that Chicago is in the heart of a tremendous egg-producing country, and that the prices of eggs are often absurdly low as compared with prices in other parts of the Republic, we can easily understand the added peril to our domestic institutions. Now in Boston, where eggs frequently range in price from 50 to 75 cents a dozen, true conjugal happiness reigns. Housewives preserve their elasticity of step and briskness of domestic purpose, the feminine eye retains its luster, woman's piquancy and charm are ever present at the family table, and the divorce court is consequently an idle phantom. Mrs. Rorer has awakened us to a sense of our danger and to a realization of measures of relief. Away with the malevolent, trouble-breeding, divorce-compelling egg! Confusion to the hen, the enemy of society! What shall it be—poached eggs and discord or tea and toast and marmalade and undisturbed affinity?

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

Sunday School Teacher—Willie, what can you tell me of Daniel in the lion's den? Willie—Nothin'. De cop soaked me wid his club jes' as I was tryin' to crawl under de tent.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Mystery of It—"I can't understan'," said Uncle Eben, "how it is dat some folks kin be too proud to work, an' at de same time humble enough to let de fam'ly give 'em board an' lodgin' free."—Washington Star.

Shakespeare Sized Up. Ned—Your Literary Circle is making a study of Shakespeare, now, I believe. Bess—Yes, indeed. Ned—And what do you think of him? Bess—Oh! we all think he's just too cute.—Philadelphia Press.

Bertha—Oh, dear, I'm so tired of having every man who comes along making love to me! Kitty—I wouldn't mind, dear; it never goes any farther than that, you know. Of course, none of them is really serious.—Boston Transcript.

"I believe," said the minister, "that it would be a good idea to have an 'S. R. O.' sign for our church, that we might use on occasion." "Yes," agreed the carping parishioner; "it suppose it would mean 'sleeping-room only.'"—Judge.

The Sphinx persistently refused to break her silence. "Maybe," said the Egyptians, "she is afraid the cook will leave if she says a word." Knowing the difficulties of living in the suburbs, they forebore to press her further.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," said the playgoer, "the soubrette in uniform came out and sung that she was 'One of the Ranks.'" "Did it impress the audience?" asked the friend. "Yes, they agreed unanimously that she was as rank as they make them."—Chicago Daily News.

"I wouldn't be surprised if this was going to be the breaking up of China," said the man who takes an interest in foreign affairs. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed his wife, who had just engaged a new kitchen maid. "I don't care for the china if she'll only consent to stay."—Chicago Record-Herald.