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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 37; minimum temperature, 31; precipitation, .07 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and continued cold; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20.

THE MAN THAT HAS NO POWER.

To the professional pride of August Erickson, conjoined with the fiery Democratic spirit of District Attorney Manning, this community is indebted for a flash of light upon a highly respectable and contemptible humbug that has been wearing the livery of reform to serve the purposes of resentment and revenge.

Mrs. Minnie Fishbeck complained to the District Attorney that her husband had lost $165 at Erickson's gambling-house. There was nothing strange about that; other men lose larger sums there daily without creating a ripple on the placid surface of Mr. Manning's mind. It was her money and she was poor and needed it, but there was nothing unusual about that. Other women in this town go to bed nightly with empty stomachs, and, what is worse, with aching hearts, because of losses at Erickson's and elsewhere, but it is nothing to Mr. Manning. He is not concerned about them. He can't do anything. He has no power.

The case differentiates itself from other cases at the psychological moment when Mr. Manning at one end of the telephone wire received the unequivocal information from the other end at Erickson's that he might tell Mrs. Fishbeck to go to hell. Oh, then, at this mortal affront how quickly did circumstances readjust themselves! How soon did Mr. Manning have power which he never had before! How speedily did a warrant issue into the hands of one poor, lone Deputy Sheriff, at whose approach not only Erickson, but every boss gambler in the North End, emptied his house, locked the doors and sat in fear and trembling, momentarily expecting arrest.

It is needless to call the attention of the Ministers' Association and the Municipal Association, their aiders and abettors in the war upon Mayor Williams, to the fact that a warrant from the District Attorney in a Deputy Sheriff's hands is efficacious, or to the fact that more power to suppress gambling is lodged with the District Attorney than with any other official. It is needless, for they know it already, studiously as they pretend not to know it, and venomously as they choose to pursue the grandest old man in Oregon while they find no blemish in the record of the man who denies he has power but finds it the moment his dignity is ruffled by a defiant word from August Erickson.

Is it because he is an honest man, untouched by any suspicion of corrupt or unworthy motive; or because he is a courageous man, accepting boldly his responsibility in the face of all the world; or because he was elected by the decent element while Manning was elected by the toughs; or because every grafter in the city is howling for a return to the Tammany system of blackmail; or because the Mayor has refused to be "swayed from my judgment by popular clamor or newspaper criticism"—is it one or all of these that induces the singing out of Judge Williams for abuse because gamblers are not prosecuted and convicted in the courts? Whatever it is, whether any or none of these, it is not because the Mayor is the sole repository of power. That fiction is rendered more ridiculous than ever by the joint efforts of Mr. Fishbeck, Mr. Erickson and Mr. Manning.

A WORD FOR THE HORSE.

It is a common expression that "the horse is the poor man's friend." As a declaration of relations that exist between man and this most useful and patient burden-bearer no one will question the truth of this statement. But is it not about time that something more of a reciprocal friendship should be more generally expressed between the poor man and his mute, faithful servant? Is it right to let the burdens of this friendship rest altogether on the horse? This question is a pertinent one at all times, but more especially so at a season of the year in which the working horse needs extra care in order to keep him in a degree comfortable. Truly the shivering beasts that have been driven in the delivery business, or worked at sand, lumber, brick and dirt wagons until they are wet with perspiration and perhaps coated with mud need, when they stop at the curb or dump in the ordinary transaction of business, a blanket as a token of man's friendship. Yet how often is this cheap and simple token withheld!

Warming up with this subject, with shivering horses as a pitiful object-lesson, the editor of a Kansas City paper recently exclaimed: "The fact of the matter is that a man who can't or won't provide himself with a good horse and take decent and humane care of the creature has no right to own any kind of a horse, and he should not have the legal privilege of doing so." And when it is added that it is an offense to good morals and to civilization for any person to make his living with a suffering, worn-out, thin and staggering old horse, all decently disposed persons in any community must indorse the sentiment.

Our local humane society desires to cover this ground in the interest of the horse and without unwarranted interference with men who drive horses as an earning proposition. That with its best intentions and efforts it is not able to do this, the shivering, half-starved, distressed horses that may be seen any day on our streets fully proves. There is but one remedy for this state of affairs. At this season of the year, especially, there should be a humane officer in the field empowered to condemn unfit and suffering horses whose days in the harness are a long round of misery, and put them to a humane and speedy death. This authority would be upheld by the public sentiment that sanctions the abatement of any other nuisance and recognizes the fact that insists that a quick and painless death of a hopelessly suffering animal is the one thing merciful.

Again, for the suffering horses that are still serviceable, but whose owners seem to be totally oblivious to the fact that a horse is a warm-blooded animal, which, when in a profuse sweat, is easily chilled, proper covering should be ordered when a stop of beyond a few minutes is made. It takes but a moment to fling a robe over a panting, steaming animal, and no plea of the "poor man" on the score of poverty should be allowed as an excuse for this neglect. If nothing better is at hand, a covering made of gunny sacks would answer a good purpose, and this simple contrivance the owner of any poor old crowbait that is impressed into the service of earning a living for him can afford. Attention to this simple detail would abate to an almost inconceivable extent the suffering of horses in the Winter, even as the simple net which protects horses from flies lessens their sufferings in the Summer. The effort of the Humane Society is largely one of education, but there is little doubt that it would be upheld in this community in a demand, persistently urged, that would abate the discomfort of workhorses by this simple device.

HOW WILL THEY TAKE IT?

How will the Democrats feel about the Bryan-Hearst descent on their National convention at St. Louis in July? The party's loyalty to the Nebraskan has hitherto been as creditable to its heart as it was damning to its brains. But there are two considerations which cast a doubt upon the continuance of this fidelity. Much as the Democrats enjoy being stampeded by a Boy Orator, they may think it is crowding the mourners a little to be pushed off the equilibrium by Boy Orator and Boy Editor, too. But we shall see.

One reason for misgiving as to the Democratic willingness to stand unresisting to the will of these two impetuous bucks is the announcement of Mr. Bryan at the dollar dinner that success at the polls is, after all, a subordinate matter. The main thing, he says, is to be right and let results take care of themselves. We shall not predict the Democratic reception of this proposal. Twice the party has gone through the wilderness to no purpose under the Bryanite banner, signifying loyalty to "principles" and contempt for votes. It may get tired of this. It may think this time of the desirability of votes.

A second reason for disquiet at the possible reception of Commoner and Journal extras every few minutes on the floor of the convention is the attitude of Bryan toward the Money Power. Simultaneously with a universal abhorrence of the Money Power of Wall street there has of late grown up in the Democratic party the hope of electing a President by virtue of animosity toward Roosevelt on the part of the Money Power of Wall street. There are Democrats who would like to take advantage of this feeling among New York plutocrats. Are there enough of them to commit the party to rebuke of Mr. Bryan's ceaseless attack on this new prospective ally?

THE TWO-EDGED TARIFF SWORD.

The recent remarks of James J. Hill before the Minnesota State Agricultural Society, in which he stated that Joseph Chamberlain had made more progress with his preferential tariff programme in one year than he had hoped to make in three years, have caused widespread comment in this country. They have apparently roused in many quarters a vague feeling of distrust of the wisdom of our own policy, which has provoked this attempt at retaliation. Should Mr. Chamberlain be successful in causing this revolution in British trade methods, our high-tariff law may become a boomerang which will return to smite the men who launched it. At its inception the proposed policy of Mr. Chamberlain was met with derision on both sides of the Atlantic, the men who by the grace of the American tariff undersell the British manufacturer and with the same assistance overcharge the American consumer being particularly skeptical about its ever being seriously considered. These beneficiaries of the aid extended our "infant industries" pointed out that we had Great Britain at our mercy; that she was so dependent on the United States for breadstuffs alone that it would be impossible for her to shut them out or increase the price by levying a tariff on them.

And yet, as a matter of fact, Great Britain is rapidly becoming so independent of American agricultural products that only when the price suits her will she buy. The present season offers a good illustration of the fallacy of the theory that our wheat is indispensable to Great Britain. A comparatively small crop and skillful manipulation in the Chicago wheat pit have combined to send wheat up to 90 cents per bushel in Chicago, and the sympathetic effect has extended to most of the other American markets. The advance began several months ago, and checked shipments to such an extent that our wheat exports declined from 128,371,712 bushels in 1902 to 72,144,774 bushels in 1903, the decline for the last half of the year, when the 1903 crop was moving, being much greater than for the first six months of the year. Does Great Britain show any marked degree of dependence on the United States for breadstuffs when wheat has advanced 12 cents per bushel in Chicago in the past 60 days, while the total advance in Liverpool for the same period has been 1½ cents per bushel?

It may be said that the absorption of the American wheat crop in this country at higher prices than Great Britain will pay is much to our advantage, and in a measure it is true, but this method of disposing of the wheat crop is possible only when it is below its normal proportions. The crop this year is more than 100,000,000 bushels short of its predecessor, and nearly 200,000,000 bushels short of what we may expect with an increased acreage and favorable circumstances. The influence of good times and increased buying capacity has resulted in consumption reaching its maximum, and accordingly the next full crop in the United States will find us seeking a market for the surplus in competition with the same countries which are this year supplying England's demands at lower prices than it is necessary for us to meet. It is Mr. Chamberlain's purpose to retaliate for the trade barrier we have erected against his country by forcing us to pay a duty on that surplus of about 200,000,000 bushels which we usually have for export, and when we pay for this privilege of disposing of our products the cheap-grown wheat of India, Australia and Canada will go in duty free and reduce still further the profits of the American grower.

This discriminating duty is almost certain to promote the cultivation of wheat in the dependencies of Great Britain, where as yet it has not assumed great proportions, and in reciprocal trade with these countries the British exporter will have a decided advantage over the American, who, under the Chamberlain policy, will pay an increased duty on everything which is shipped into a British dependency. If the Chamberlain policy is a success, and just at present it is anything but a wild dream impossible of fulfillment, it will become necessary for the United States to tear down portions of the Chinese wall of tariff which has invited this retaliatory measure. The United States is a big country, but it is not yet big enough to consume all that it produces, and accordingly anything that tends to restrict the marketing of the surplus is fraught with danger.

AN UGLY PRECEDENT.

The Oregonian recently stated that out of some 2000 volunteer officers who, without previous military education, fought their way in four years of hard fighting during the Civil War to the rank of Brigadier and Major-Generals, the only one who was rewarded with the place of Brigadier-General in the regular Army was General A. H. Terry, who for the storming of Fort Fisher was made Brigadier-General, U. S. A. This fact was quoted to show that the gift of a Brigadier-Generalship in the permanent establishment to an Army doctor for ten days' service with a regiment of volunteer cavalry before Santiago was an extravagant reward and without military precedent. A correspondent of high intelligence calls our attention to the fact that General Lovell H. Rousseau, of Kentucky, was appointed Brigadier-General, U. S. A., March 27, 1867. This is correct, but it does not break the force of our argument, for the appointment of General Rousseau was not made while he was an officer of the Union Army, as in the case of General Terry, nor was it conferred upon him at the close of the war as a Colonelcy in the regular Army was tendered General Miles.

Rousseau was a Kentucky Unionist who had served in the Mexican War when a young man. He entered the Union Army as Colonel of a volunteer regiment, fought at Shiloh, Perryville and Stone River; he rose to be Major-General of Volunteers, and resigned from the Army November 20, 1865. Returning to civil life, he was elected to Congress from Kentucky as a Republican. He served from December 4, 1865, to July 21, 1866, when he resigned after being censured by the House for publicly making a personal assault in the Capitol upon Representative J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa. Grinnell was a Presbyterian clergyman before he entered Congress; was a man of peaceful habits and inferior physique, while Rousseau was considerably over 6 feet, a man of exceptional physical strength, a giant compared with Grinnell. Rousseau was re-elected, and served from December 2, 1866, to March 3, 1867. During his whole term in Congress Rousseau had been what was then known as a "Johnson" Republican, who, following the lead of Henry J. Raymond, of New York, voted with the Democrats against the reconstruction measures of the Republican party, and voted to sustain President Johnson's vetoes of these measures.

This was the time when President Johnson made his famous tour to Chicago, which Petroleum V. Nasby called "swinging 'round the circle." Johnson needed friends badly then, and, to do him justice, he took good care of the few Republicans that stood by him in those stormy days. So when Rousseau's Congressional term had expired President Johnson appointed him Brigadier-General in the regular Army and at the same time he was given a brevet of Major-General in the regular Army for his services in the Civil War. Johnson sent him to Alaska to receive that country for the United States. Then he was summoned as witness in the impeachment trial, but arrived too late to testify. Then President Johnson assigned him to the command of the Department of the Gulf, succeeding General Sheridan, whose administration did not please Johnson. Rousseau died in New Orleans in January, 1869; his administration was very inefficient and unsatisfactory. He was only in his 51st year, and his powerful physique ought naturally to have lasted him until 1882, when he would have been retired for age, but fate interfered to rob the regular Army of this precious Brigadier that was imposed upon it by the gross political favoritism of President Andrew Johnson. If death had not suddenly snatched away this political Brigadier in the beauty of his blooming maturity, the regular Army would have had to endure this blatherskite soldier as a man of nominal military importance, for he was made a Brigadier at a time when scientific soldiers, who had been famous corps commanders when Rousseau had a division of Volunteers, were some of them Colonels in the regular Army, some only Lieutenant-Colonels. When we think of Wright, Gibbon, Getty, Parke, Warren, Stanley, Hunt, Ruger and many other educated soldiers who had held high commands in the Civil War being compelled to see the rewards of a lifetime given to a blatherskite military demagogue for his voice and vote in Congress, we have a powerful illustration of the wrong wrought an army by making its honors the reward of political rather than military services.

If this case of Brigadier-General Rousseau, U. S. A., be a precedent for the promotion of Dr. Wood, his friends are welcome to invoke it, but it is so ugly a precedent when it is examined that we suspect they will not care to plead it in extenuation of the extravagant elevation of Dr. Wood. President Andrew Johnson lifting a lackey Congressman out of civil life, two years after the war was over, and making him a Brigadier-General in the regular Army is a very repulsive illustration of political favoritism. Such a performance would be impossible in France, in Germany or Russia. The antics of Andrew Johnson were some of them ascribed to too much alcohol, but this explanation would not seem to be necessary, for President McKinley, who was a man of sobriety, was equally unscrupulous in his acts of political favoritism, equally unjust to the officers of the regular Army, equally indifferent to its welfare. The permanent Army of the country is a great public trust; it is not a bit of political patronage to farm out here and there where it will do the most good. The precedent set by Andrew Johnson was an outrageous example, and it is not too much to say that, making due allowance for the difference in the political atmosphere of 1867 and that of our own day, the promotion of Dr. Wood is equally inexcusable, offensive and destructive to the moral health of the Army.

Pilots cruising off the mouth of the Columbia River report fur seal more plentiful than ever this Winter. They are portions of the "vanishing herds" of which Professor Jordan has been writing for the past twenty years. Despite the inhuman practice of the Government in branding the helpless furbearers that visit the Pribilof Islands, they have not yet been frightened away from their haunts in the North Pacific, and the annual reappearance of the big herds off the coast of Oregon and Washington is proof that the supply is not diminishing. The ignorance of the Government officials and the rapacity of the Alaska fur monopoly have effectually retired the American sealer from the sea, and to the United States it is a matter of small concern what the future of the sealing industry may be. The men who protested against the Jordan theory of extinction and against turning the business over to the Canadians have the satisfaction of knowing that the Government was clearly in the wrong on every move made since the first seizures were made twenty years ago.

Another new religious sect has taken root in the soil of Boston. Its members call themselves the "Christian Israelites," a contradiction of terms that is new even to the eccentricities of emotional religion. The men are an unkempt, uncanny lot, with unshaven chins and hair worn in coils on their heads, after the manner of women. According to their calculations, the millennium will come in 1916. They are probably preparing for it after the manner of other religious cranks of the millennium order—that is, by continuing to accumulate earthly treasure in case their calculations miscarry. There is always room for one more sect in Boston. The Holy Rollers, late of Benton County, this state, would do well to lose themselves in the general swirl of crankdom by emigrating to Boston, where they might form an alliance offensive and defensive with the Mother Eddyites or Christian Israelites against "the world, the flesh and the devil."

The death of George Francis Train calls attention once more and for the last time to the harmless eccentricities of this most eccentric man. For a number of the seventy-five years allotted to him Citizen Train was before the public with his "views" upon matters of public policy and private right. Little that he said will live after him, little that he did will be remembered. Yet he was an energetic man, and whatever his hands found to do he did with his might. That his effort was largely misdirected was his misfortune rather than his fault; and even the most extravagant vagaries that marked his conduct and give index to his character are remembered in charity. A world full of such beings as was Citizen Train would be a sort of madhouse peopled by mild-mannered lunatics, but one such man in a world makes little difference one way or another.

California's latest "dry spell" has just come to an end. Our Southern neighbors basked in that glorious climate of which we hear so much and which we appreciate so little for a matter of 210 days without any rainfall. It is difficult for Oregonians who are blessed with refreshing showers whenever they are needed to understand what it means to drag out an existence in a land that bakes and parches in the sun for seven months at a time. It is still more difficult for the Oregonians to understand why the population of California fails to show a decrease. Railroad and steamship rates to Oregon are low, and sunshine and rain are so well distributed throughout the year that both are welcomed when they appear.

The thrifty politician who provides abundantly for his family from the public crib is not a new figure in modern politics. It therefore seems invidious to charge ex-Postmaster-General Bristow with having injected without examination his father, son and some thirty others of the preferred class into the classified service. That was partly "what he was there for." And if his son drew pay that he did not even make a cheap pretense of earning, what of it? Is this anything unusual? Why should the Democrats in Congress exhaust their partial quiver on a mark (to them) so mean? Why this peculiar rancor heaped on Bristow?

A good woman of Marion County who was a dependable factor in the life of the community for half a century was recently borne to her grave full of years and womanly honors. Responsive to the call of suffering, coming unasked and unheralded to the distressed, full-handed; as ready to rejoice with those who rejoiced as to weep with those who wept, helpful, earnest, kind, "Aunt Polly" Ross performed well her part in her day and generation, and, departing, left a memory fragrant with the essence of good deeds.

With wheat selling at 83 to 90 cents for options which extend clear into the good old Summer time, the farming communities adjacent to Chicago and Minneapolis will be booming along on the high road to prosperity when the "Willie boys" Hearst and Bryan get their hard times organs at work in St. Louis. As a vote-getter, the "crown of thorns" or the "cross of gold" is a 'way back number compared to the "bushel of wheat" that sells for 75 cents and better on the farm.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

Makes for a Good Ticket.

Montgomery Advertiser.

Mr. Olney took occasion in his New York speech to praise Mr. Cleveland. The ex-President cannot be mentioned in a kindly way by anybody without provoking from certain people a fury of denunciation. That this is so may mean that the Democratic party ought to dismiss Mr. Cleveland's name from all calculations this year. We have taken him to mean what he said in his letter to the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle in insisting he must be left out of the reckoning when a Democratic candidate is selected. He was privileged to say what he thought; he was not privileged to say what other people think. Mr. Olney said what many people are thinking, that the good sober sense of Cleveland is needed at the White House just now. We are glad Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State has spoken out as he did. The more Cleveland is talked about the more likely the party will be to put out a good ticket. Mr. Olney did the Democracy a good turn when he brought forward Cleveland's name once more. We may think, if we choose, that the Massachustees man was nominating himself. Possibly so. He would make a strong candidate. He is opposed in his whole makeup to the impetuous flightiness of the President. He has a strong, slow-stepping mind.

Democracy Has Found Itself.

New York Staats Zeitung.

Grover Cleveland very well has recognized the signs of the situation and after an earnest consideration of the state of affairs definitely declined the idea of another renomination and resolved to finish his days in privacy. We will not criticize this resolve. We have to accept it as it is meant. The party has now to look to another man who might hold again the banner of Democracy. And as the best sign of a better future for the Democratic party may be considered the fact that a fourth candidacy of Grover Cleveland was considered both possible and probable. The fact alone proves that the Democracy has found itself once more.

Carlisle to Be Overlooked.

Louisville Herald.

It is safe even for one not enjoying the confidence of the Democratic statemakers to assume that Mr. Carlisle's name will not be mentioned at their convention for first or second place on the ticket. His record as State Legislator, Representative in Congress, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, United States Senator and member of the Cabinet reflects credit on his party, on Kentucky statesmanship and on himself. But Mr. Carlisle is too big a man, too forceful and patriotic to be a machine politician. He has been discarded by the machine-led Democracy of Kentucky and will receive no recognition next year worthy his transcendant ability, his unquestionable services and indubitable fitness for the highest honors in the gift of his party.

Senator Gorman's Chance.

Philadelphia Ledger.

No one in all the many attempted manipulations of the electoral votes has admitted the possibility of electing the Democratic candidate without those of New York, and the absolute necessity of securing them will naturally be used by Judge Parker's supporters as a cogent reason for his nomination. But the shelving of Senator Gorman should not be too confidently anticipated by Judge Parker's friends; it will be time enough for them to throw up their hats when that astute politician is defeated. There are few Democratic leaders who are more popular with the representatives of the great financial and mercantile interests of New York than Senator Gorman. It is not at all improbable that as a candidate he would be the beneficiary of a larger campaign fund contributed by New York than even Judge Parker.

Sizing Up Judge Parker.

Detroit Free Press.

He is said to be an able lawyer and just judge, but he has never occupied a place in the real political life of New York. His Presidential claims rest largely on the fact that he carried the State of New York when he was a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in 1897. Another element of impersonal strength with Judge Parker is in the fact that he lives in New York. It is still regarded as a pivotal state in Presidential contests. Beginning with 1864, when McClellan made his hopeless run, all Democratic candidates were from New York until Mr. Bryan swept the Chicago convention off its feet and attracted a following that gave him two nominations. The state was lost by McClellan, lost by Greeley, carried by Seymour, carried by Tilden, lost by Hancock, carried twice and lost once by Cleveland. The record shows that the state fluctuates even when her own sons are in the field and that her vote is not determinate.

Still an Open Race.

Birmingham (Ala.) News.

A recent poll of Congressmen to secure expressions of preference for the Democratic nomination elicited an interesting, although by no means conclusive, result. Interviews were had with 182, of which number 32 were members of the Senate. Of the 150 Representatives 30 preferred Gorman, 29 favored Parker, 15 wanted Cockrell and the rest were scattering. Gorman fared better in the Senate, being the choice of 12, while only 2 were for Parker and 1 for Cockrell. The total indicated preference was Gorman 42, Parker 31 and Cockrell 16, and the rest widely scattered. Straw votes are not any too reliable, but it is apparent from a consideration of the figures that sentiment has not crystallized in favor of any candidate. The indications are unmistakable that the race for the Democratic nomination is an open question and will not be decided until after the delegates to the National Convention have met and talked the situation over among themselves. The Democrats seem to realize the necessity for caution in selecting a standard-bearer, and they are not jumping at conclusions this year.

Able, but Not Suitable.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts by an unanimous vote has indorsed Richard Olney for the nomination for President, and has called upon New England Democrats and other Democrats throughout the country to assist in securing his nomination. Whatever the Democrats of New England may do, "Democrats throughout the country" will respectfully decline the invitation. Mr. Olney is an able man and an honest man and for a party entertaining his political opinions would make an ideal candidate. But there is no reason why a great party entertaining opinions directly contrary to those held by him should accept him as a leader. The candidate may, indeed, come from the East in this campaign, but he must be an Eastern man acceptable to the South and West or the party will meet a defeat worse than that to which Greeley led it. All that the Democrats of the country know of Olney is that he is a man of eminent ability and in politics a copy of former President Cleveland, and who insists upon the election of that gentleman for a third term. There is every reason why the Cleveland Democracy should support his candidacy, but no reason whatever why the other and dominant faction of the party should go to him.

With a Charmed Life.

Indianapolis News.

Despite the hopes it may be tumbling,
The Hanna boom persists in rumbling;
And politicians in the dark
Suspect he's not an easy Mark.

SOME TROUBLES OF JEROME.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

When District Attorney William Travers Jerome, of New York City, declares that "'Hinky Dink' is all right" he does so with some expressed reservations.

"'Hinky Dink' is all right—in his own way," says Mr. Jerome. "Of course," he adds, "I suspect our views on many subjects would differ widely, but I can always get along with that sort of fellow first rate. It's the godly, hypocritical goody-goodies that I have trouble with. I can't stand them."

It is pretty difficult for any right-minded, earnest, thoroughly honest man to have patience with the goody-goody professional reformers, for they are the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of real reform to be found in the large cities of the country. They are nearly always hindrances, and very rarely helps, in any movement designed by men of brains and principle to overthrow the power of the corrupt and the vicious. They are responsible for the "reform" societies whose tendency is to weaken municipal administration by bringing the authority of constitutional government into contempt.

The "Hinky Dinks" and the "Bathhouse Johns" are not the most admirable characters in the world, to be sure, but they are less dangerous to the community than the respectable shams to whom District Attorney Jerome so pointedly and so properly alludes.

Speech That Made John Young Brown Famous.

Salt Lake Herald.

When still a young man, the name of John Young Brown was known from one end of the country to the other. Since he retired from the Governorship to private life he has been prominently before the public, but many men are living who remember the speech that made him famous.

It was in the 43d Congress, and Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was forging chains for the South when Brown, then comparatively unknown, delivered his famous philippic against the then Congressman from Massachusetts. That speech has gone into the records of Congress as the most masterly bit of invective ever delivered there. It came from a heart burning with the knowledge of a great wrong, and it is said to be the only human utterance that ever touched Ben Butler. After describing the broken and bankrupt condition of the South, Mr. Brown said:

"Onward and onward you go in defiance of the sentiment of the country, without pity and without justice, remorselessly determined, it seems, to drive the Southern people to destruction, to give their roofs to the flames and their flesh to the eagles. A Federal General steps on the scene and sends a dispatch to the world that the people of the state (Louisiana) are banditti. We have heard it echoed elsewhere that they were thieves and murderers and night-riders. The clergy of the state, Jew and Gentile, have denied it. The business men and Northern residents have denied it. A committee of your own House, a majority being Republicans, has given its solemn and emphatic contradiction, and nailed the slander to the counter.

"Now, what should be said if that accusation against that people should come from one who is outlawed in his own home from respectable society, whose name is synonymous with falsehood, who is the champion and has been such on all occasions of fraud, who is the apologist of thieves, who is such a prodigy of vice and meanness that to describe him imagination would sicken and invective would exhaust itself? In Scotland years ago there was a man whose trade was murder, and he earned his livelihood by selling the bodies of his victims for gold. This man's name was linked to his crimes, and today, throughout the world, it is known as Burking. If I were to characterize all that is pusillanimous in war, inhuman in peace, forbidding in morals and infamous in politics, I should call it Butlerizing."

For this speech Brown was called before the bar of the House and censured by the Speaker. He declared he would wear the censure as a badge of honor, and he did. The whole South considered it a badge of honor for him, and it never has forgotten him.

All Eyes on Pennsylvania.

New York Evening Post.

The Hanna boom is beginning to alarm friends of President Roosevelt. Hitherto they have regarded the cheers for Hanna as so much "hot air"—to use Postmaster-General Payne's admirable phrase. So many states—including Ohio—were pledged to Mr. Roosevelt that his nomination was thought to be as inevitable as the procession of the seasons. But the sappers and miners of Mr. Hanna have never rested night or day; they have had plenty of tools and powder; and, though they have succeeded in keeping well underground, an occasional muffled explosion has conveyed a warning that they are already under the outworks. The citadel against which they are moving is Pennsylvania, that home of anthracite operators and railway owners, that forcing-bed of protectionists. Senator Quay is learning that strong financial interests in New York and elsewhere, with which he maintains such a delightful intimacy, are making a dead set for Hanna. The tradition of Pennsylvania politics is not one of lofty idealism, of the sacrifice of corporations to the welfare of the people; and Senator Quay is not only bred in the tradition, but he is strengthened in the faith by a personal susceptibility to financial arguments. Should he waver in his adherence to Roosevelt the outlook for a renomination would grow black. Hanna boomers are cropping up here and there throughout even the West, Mr. Roosevelt's Gibraltar;, and Mr. Hanna himself, by withholding the call for the National Convention, allows the movement to gain momentum.

Oregon's Celebration.

Baltimore Sun.

It is proposed to celebrate at Portland, Or., in 1905, the centennial anniversary of the Exploration of the Oregon Country by Lewis and Clark under instructions from President Jefferson. The feat of the explorers figures in our annals like the voyage of Jason in the heroic age to Colchis in his search for the Golden Fleece, and merits the commemoration urged, among other organs of the Pacific Coast opinion, by the Portland Oregonian. There is now before Congress a bill carrying a small appropriation for the enterprise, for which Oregon and the neighboring states have already raised about $2,000,000. What The Oregonian advocates will commend itself to all who like to honor the great deeds of our nation-makers. Its enterprise will get a favorable hearing in the South, which appreciates the sympathy it has received from our Portland contemporary in the matter of ending lynching by ending its cause. "There is one remedy for lynching," says The Oregonian understandingly, "which would prove effective, and that is for these negro ravishers to let white women and girls alone. If they will stop this one crime justice will be permitted to take its measured way with their other offenses. This is it which sets every woman in the country against them and is rapidly losing for them the sympathy and forbearance of erstwhile denunciators of the lynching-bee. The negro can stop lynching tomorrow. Let him let white girls alone." It is a far cry to Portland, but the truth, though slow of movement, ultimately arrives.

Man—Written at Ravenna.

George E. Woodberry.

A stranger to earth's lands,
A suppliant to her years,
He clasps his childish hands,
He drops his boyish tears.
At last life's hope appears;
For gold he sifts the sands,
For truth he charts the spheres.
Earth takes his shriveled hands,
Shuts eyes too old for tears;
Earth, weary in all her lands
And dumb through all her years.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Derelict.

Swashing about on the seas,
With seams that are gaping asunder
Catching a breath of the breeze,
Then heedlessly plunging down under—
Crushed by the battering knees
Of the surges that shatter in thunder—

I raven for fortunate ships—
See Kipling in case you should doubt it—
The spume is the froth from my lips,
And my timbers savagely shout it;
I wait in the foggy eclipse
For death and my business about it.

Forsaken, forgotten, alone,
I weep in the spindrift and smother—
I don't tell you this on my own;
Just look up some poet or other—
I wrestle and struggle and moan
For a long-lost sister or mother.

Just swashing about on the deep,
If I raven I'm sure I don't know it;
I've never been taught how to weep,
And grieving I never could show it—
I wish they go 'way from my sleep,
All brands of the pestilent poet.

There's a funny clam digger in Pelham,
Who digs clams on purpose to selham.
People ask, "Are they nice?"
And, "What is the price?"
But they never can get him to telham.
—New York Times.

His partner in far Wahkiakum
Takes hundreds on purpose to pack 'em;
When asked if they're good,
Says, "I'd tell if I could,
But I never can manage to crack 'em."

The angels didn't take long to get through with their moulting.

General McArthur declares that war is not hell. Possibly pride prompts him to deny that he is in the stoking business.

Now that Maxine Elliott's dog has been registered at a hotel, the last doubt as to her being a great actress has been removed.

Hall Caine is sick and has been advised to make a journey around the world. This may benefit Caine, but how about the world?

Young M. Lebaudy is building an empire on the sands of the Sahara, heedless of the warning in a Bible story about such foundations.

Whether or not Dr. Gunsaulus will better things by substituting Chicago for New Jerusalem in his sermons is a debatable question.

At Erickson's they sing a well-known song this way:

One day you're gaily planning,
Next day closed down by Manning.

The Common People singing:

Hearst is for us; this we know,
For the Examiner tells us so;
We are weak, but he is strong,
Help his blessed boom along.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, has discovered that education is the curse of the negro. Evidently what the negro wants, then, is a good cursing.

Mr. Erickson has probably discovered by this time that it is one thing to consign a man to the nether regions and quite another to insure his arrival there.

"What sort of man is Smith?"

"The sort of man that ten minutes after death would be electioneering for a seat in the City Council of the New Jerusalem."

At a dance the other night a young lady called her beau an Indian—because he was on her trail a good deal of the time.—Arlington Appeal.

She'd call him something else if he got close enough to step on her train.

Judge Harney, of Butte, proposed to supplement the sword of Justice with a revolver in his own pocket. The objection to this idea seems to be that Justice might have to strike twice as its result.

We have had accidents from the explosion of celluloid combs, but it remained for a Boston girl to be the victim of an explosion of soup. Modern science seems to run in the direction of explosive substances, and it will soon be as safe to cook dynamite as soup, or wear a gunpowder necklace.

The Kansas City Journal is responsible for reporting the following speech by the negro politician who nominated I. H. Ury for president of the Muskogee Republican Club:

Mistah Urah stands fo' de principles denunciated by Lincoln, unanimously adopted by Grant, scrutinized by McKinley and stamped on every nigger by Roosevelt.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the loss of the steamship Snyg, Captain Wilg, on the coast near Ruatan. The Snyg was made famous by the New York Sun, and the arrival of that little fruit ship from the West Indies attracted no less attention than the arrival of the Deutschland or the Oceanic. But now, alas!

The steamer Snyg,
So trim and trig,
Now must renig
Her joyous jig;
Once Captain Wilg
Cared not a fig
When waves ran big,
But played them tig;
Now, cruel dig
From Fate, the pig,
Hull's lost and rig.

WEX J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

The Other Senator—We can't get around our plain duty to Cuba, my dear. It is just as plain now as when— Beet-Sugar Senator—Plain? It's worse than that, sir! It's repulsive!—Philadelphia Ledger.

"De moral poverty of human nature," said Uncle Eben, "is shown by de number of folks dis season dat is gwinter have to git along wif deir las' season's New Year's resolutions made over."—Washington Star.

Teacher—Can any little boy tell me why these are the shortest days in the year? Tommy Smart—Pop says it's because you have to spend so much money for Christmas presents these days.—Philadelphia Press.

Edith—Just think! Here's a New Thought professor who teaches that one can become beautiful by persistently thinking herself beautiful. Irene—Oh, pshaw! We could point out so many instances to the contrary.—Smart Set.

The second half was nearly played and nobody killed yet. The crowd was impatient and ugly. "Perhaps a grandstand will collapse," faltered the management, looking anxiously out over the sea of sullen faces, and hoping against hope.—Puck.

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand." "Yes," rejoined the young wife with a sigh long drawn out; "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does."—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Subbubs—I sent a girl to see you from the employment agency this morning. Did she call? Mrs. Subbubs—Yes, she interviewed me. Mr. Subbubs—And will she take the place? Mrs. Subbubs—I hope so. She was pleased to say she thought I would be "respectful" to her.—Philadelphia Press.

"Now I hate the British," said the first New Yorker, "because they're so horribly stuck on themselves; always bragging about what they've done and what they can do." "That's right," replied the other. "I hate that kind of brag, too. They seem to forget that we licked 'em twice and could do it again, if necessary."—Philadelphia Press.