# The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER .- Occasional rain, with

### PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 4.

#### "APPEALING TO HER BOYS." Many men and women who were schoolboys and schoolgirls thirty or forty years ago have read in class, de-

claimed at Friday afternoon "exercises" and listened to the declamation of a "piece" beginning: Our country stands with outstretched hands

Appealing to her boys;
From them must flow, through wesl or woe, Her anguish or her joys.

The truth of the sentiment presented in this verse was recognized then. The statement is not less true now, but is it pressed upon the attention of the schoolboys of today with the simple fervor that characterized its presentment in the yesterdays of the ruling generation? One does not need to be a special worker in a mission field to be able to answer this question sadly and understandingly in the negative. It is only necessary to pass street corners where numbers of boys of the public schools, including the High School, congregate after dismissal, smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco, making remarks about girls and women who pass their way, reciting some of their exploits in pool-playing or telling of their "luck" with nickel-in-the-slot machines, to enable one to form a fair estimate of the disregard of this sentiment in the schools. Looking closer, and yet not closely, cannot the ordinarily observant person see in the frequent brutal persecution to which inoffensive Chinamen are subjected upon our public streets the result of a failure to impress the boys with the first principle of justice, which is the foundation of reputable, responsible citizenship? Coming yet closer to the heart of the state, and yet without looking with prying eyes into its homes, is not the neglect of boys in the wholesome les sons of manly uprightness, as embodled in unselfish actions and self-control plainly apparent? Would a Frank Mc-Daniel be a possible product of community life if boys were taught to reverence their own bodies, and trained in ways of decency, self-respect and respect for the sex to which their mothers belong? Certainly, those who are acquainted with boy life in many of the phases which it presents today are justified in the belief that the country, in "appealing to her boys" to maintain her honor at home and her greatness among nations when their time shall come to gather up the reins of government, may well cast an apprehensive glance toward the future.

The most serious phase of the matter is in the happy-go-lucky attitude of the people generally toward it. It is customary to speak of boys as reprobate in the ways of decency as a natural result of the generic fact that "they are boys"; to comment in an indulgent tone upon their dwarfed stature (a condition exceedingly noticeable in any congregation of boys between the ages of 12 and 20 years) as the result of cigarette-smoking; to refer to the shacks, hallways and corners under the wharves, where they assemble by night to listen to ribald stories and learn to smoke and drink beer, as places for the existence of which the police is wholly responsible; in short, to take the fact that so many boys walk in evil ways that dwarf their bodies, corrupt their morals and make boyhood a precursor of debased manhood, as quite the thing to be expected

of them, since they are boys. It is manifestly time for the men and women of the ruling generation to take this matter seriously. The country now, as perhaps never before, is "appealing to her boys." It is time for her men to hearken to the appeal and to ask themselves what the answer is likely to be. The large and growing percentage of young men among the convicts in our penal institutions; the multitude of boys dwarfed in stature through cigarette-smoking; reform schools crowded with boys from the age of 10 to 16 years; the manifest lack of reverence for age, and of courtesy toward women; the brutal exercise of strength against weakness among themselves, are so significant of neglect in the training of boys along the higher levels of humanity that constitute the basic structure of honorable citizenship as to cause the presentment of the country "standing with outstretched hands, appealing to her boys," to be a picture, pathetic in a dark background of apprehension, Truly, if the country's appeal to her boys is to be met in due time by the response of true manhood to its obligations, the boys' appeal to the ruling generation for the instruction which their inexperience demands, the opportunity for direction through industrial schools and the moral restraint of home life and example, upon which the wholesome development of both the body and mind depends, must not go unheeded.

Having completely covered, by the aid of various witnesses, bank accounts and notes of hand, the various financial transactions in Montana for a term of two years preceding and supplementing his election, Mr. Clark now rests his case, trusting to the judgment and conscience of the United States Senate to say whether he paid too much for the delivery of the goods, or not. Behind the hororable Senators stand the great American people. They have the announcement that the statement famy, his old heroic spirit comes back

knew until now. Daly, or each vs. the other.

#### OLNEY'S ATLANTIC ARTICLE.

In Mr. Richard Olney's article in the lect and the sound conscience, appre-Dally, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c hending the Present, yet clinging to the Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c Past: civil to the New, but levelly de-Past; civil to the New, but loyally de-voted to the Old. Mr. Olney writes of "the growth of our foreign policy," and lines he welcomes it, but where it makes wholly new departures he looks have to be accounted an anti-imperialist. That is, he sees no good, but only mischief, in retention of the Philipnavy now incumbent upon us, he finds the white laborer cannot live in the cies, their possession will only impede, instead of advance, our ambition for the open door in Asia.

Anti-imperialist, then, as Mr. Olney is, he is far from the typical anti-imperialist with whom we are familiar. He is without Atkinsonian mania, the demagogy of Bryan, the blindness of Hoar. He can see, and what he sees he has the courage to tell. As for the Philippines, he says, they are ours "as much as Massachusetts or Illinois." Whether we want them or not, they are ours. "The thing," says Mr. Olney, "is done." And now the only thing is to acquit ourselves of our obligation as creditably as possible. We must have a navy, large and fine. We must transform and elevate our diplomatic service by selection of good men and paying them well. The Islands, in particular, must have a large force of highly educated and trained administrators. The navy must be supported by naval stations and bases of supply, and the tremendous drain on our resources must be met somehow. Yet the actual possession of the Islands and their defense-for "not to maintain the integrity of American soil everywhere and against all comers would deservedly expose us to universal contempt and erision"-make of their administration domestic problem, not at all part of our foreign policy, therefore irrelevant to Mr. Olney's topic, so at length he eaves them.

On the whole, however, the growth of our foreign policy is such as to please Mr. Olney greatly. It advances us among the nations, and we know from the ex-Secretary's Venezuela letter how dear to him is his country's glory and honor. A hermit among the nations once, Uncle Sam is a hermit no longer. He is a man among men. Introspection gives place to actien, isolation to an active place in world affairs. Mr. Olney welcomes this, largely because (he does not conceal it) in this way has disappeared the protection ideal and the ancient gods of the home market. The typical anti-imperialist is smallsouled enough to carp at expansion because it puts the proteotionists on the defensive. He used to want free trade, bove this malignant pettiness. He is loes not despise the wagon that brings it along. Let us make a quotation that liscovers his view of our gain in this direction. In considering what we once endured, he leaves us to infer what we have now achieved. He says:

The isolation policy and practice have tended o belittle the national character, have led to a pecies of previncialism and narrow views of species of processes as a nation.

They have caused us to ignore the importance of sea power and to look with equalishing upon the decay of our navy and the ruin of our

rvice always inadequate and often positively trimental to our interests.

They have induced in the people at large at hitheral and unintelligent attitude toward for-eigners, constantly shown in the disparagement of other peoples, in boastings of our own suand in a sense of complete irrespon seriority, and in a sense of complete irrespon-ability for anything uttered or written to their

The best thing about this notable article is its long vision. Its author is a man who looks very far beneath the surfact of things. We are apt to think that the Spanish war killed our policy of isolation. Mr. Olney says this is a short-sighted view. We were coming to it anyway, he says. The home market had served its day. We had to go out into the world, we had to protect our coasts, enlarge our borders, prepare for self-assertion among the Powers. Cuba itself was about ready to fall into our lap, and its destiny is to be Amercan in name and nature. The sooner Cuba is annexed, the better for all concerned. In these two changed aspects of our Nation, industrial and political entrance into the family of Great Powers, Mr. Olney rejoices. The new order will import, he says, "no decline of patriotism, no lessening of the loyalty justly expected of every man to the country of his nativity or adoption. But it will import, if not for us, for coming generations, a larger knowledge of the earth and its diverse peoples; a familiarity with problems world-wide in their bearings; the abatement of racial prejudices; in short, such enlarged mental and moral vision as is ascribed to the Roman citizen in the memorable saying that, being a man, nothing human was foreign to him." Mr. Olney is a man of great usefulness and power. He is too good to be President. He has little if anything in common with the Republican party' traditions and policies, and as for his own, it has never recovered from the

suggestive article for the best of the magazines. The strong hold that Mr. Cleveland has upon the interest of the people was attested both in the general consternation and regret with which the report of his low state of health was received a few days ago, and in the feeling of relief that was experienced upon

nausea it experienced upon the discov-

ery that it had elected to the Presi

dency a man of convictions and decis-

ion of character. These qualities are

of his being taken up unawares by the

Democracy. Perhaps the next best

thing for him is to write this useful and

too conspicuous in Mr. Olney to admit

Senate come high-how high they never point of fact, the ex-President is in It is but natural, his usual health. Mr. Cleveland had and ashamed, and withal not a little enmity is of the robust kind that finds anxious for the outcome of the great expression in a pronounced difference own mind and abides by his convictions. \* Experience with a man who vaciliates on matters of national importance induces wholesome respect for one who abides by his decisions in March Atlantic appears the conserva- a degree that renders it worth while to differ with and-if it comes to thatfight him in the political arena.

TWO KINDS OF PACIFIC TRADEL

Details of the exports of domestic products from Portland to foreign ports where that growth follows established during the month of February, which were printed in yesterday's Oregonian present in a most favorable light the at it askance. As the issue is shaped strong position of Portland as a comin political life today, Mr. Olney would petitor for the ocean commerce of the Pacific. Of the total exports for the month, less than 2 per cent were products brought from beyond the confines pines. He pokes fun at "the strenuous of the state. This means that 98 cents life," he deprecates the larger army and out of every dollar represented in a foreign cargo shipped from this city that not honor, duty or self-interest re- was distributed in the various channels quired acquisition of the islands, or of trade in Oregon. This is a distinctnow demands their retention. He says live feature of Portland's Oriental steamship business, which has made islands, he thinks very little if any- the port to a certain extent invincible. thing of the capacity of the islands for So long as we can produce cargoes for high civilization or for consumption of our ships without the necessity of going our products. And he insists that, so east of the Rockies for them, the State far from aiding us in our foreign poli- of Oregon and Portland, its metropolis, will reap a much greater benefit than can be derived by any port which makes up the greater portion of its Oriental business from cotton and manufactured products shipped across

he continent. Exclusive of the Oregon products exported from Portland in February, the nost prominent item was a shipment of 250 bales of cotton, valued at \$9250. Cotton is a valuable commodity, and, when shipped in large quantities, the money valuation rapidly reaches large proportions. It is this fact which has enaoled Puget Sound ports to make a showing in figures which, if not subjected to analysis, give out the impression that a traffic of vast importance is being handled. When Portland exports \$10,000 worth of wheat, flour, lumber, paper, beer, canned goods or other commodities which go to make up a typical Oregon cargo, it is a certainty that \$10,000 has been distributed among the people of the city and state. When she exports \$10,000 worth of cotton, the city gains about \$18, that being approximately the sum paid the truckers and stevederes for removing it from the car to the steamer. Of course, each steamer disburses a certain amount of money for stores, fuel, etc. but the aggregate is insignificant in comparison with the amount paid out in the city and state for the cargo which she carries.

Portland is now exporting over two thirds of the entire wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest. As yet the greater portion of it goes round the Horn to the European markets, but the trade with the Orient, and demand for breadstuffs from that direction have shown such a phenomenal gain since it first started, about 15 years ago, that it is apparently a matter of a few years only until all of the wheat in the Northwest will find a market across the Pacific. For the first eight months of the pres ent cereal year, 21 per cent of the total wheat chipments from Oregon, Washington and Idaho have been in the shape of flour to the Orient. It will not require fifteen years for a further gain of 30 per cent, as the business has doubled in proportions within less than out if it is to come through McKin- five years, and is increasing at the ley, perdition seize it. Mr. Olney rises present time faster than ever before The building of the Nicaragua canal giad to see isolation abandoned, and he will put an end to such transcontinental freight shipments as are now reloaded for the trans-Pacific shipment at Pacific Coast terminals, but nothing can stop the growth of Portland's Oriental trade, for the traffic is produced in a territory over which this city has

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The Antony and Cleopatra that Shakespeare drew are not identical with the French sketch of Antony and Cleopatra that holds the stage today. The "Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakespeare is a great tragedy; the French coloring of Cleopatra is about of the quality of sensational passion we find in Hugo's "Ruy Blas." But the 'Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakespeare is an exquisite work of art. Shakespeare draws no women of the quality of "Camille." His great women are very good, and his bad women are intolerably bad, like Cressida, Goneril, Regan. His Cleopatra is a creature of tiger quality in her capacity for cruelty, for direful rage, for stealthy pursuit. She hates and hunts like a tiger, and, so far as she has any capacity for love, it is instinct with flerceness not tenderness. Her capacity for animal jealousy is infinite; her capacity for affectionate loyalty and courage is very small. When she takes to flight in battle and Antony weakly follows her, his gallant captains, more in sorrow than in anger, call him "the noble

ruin of her magic." Shakespeare's Antony shows in a masterly manner how fearfully a man of great natural powers can degenerate if he allows himself to become the 'fetch and carry" creature of an utterly worthless woman. In "Julius Caesar" Antony is the only man of genius in the whole play after the contemptible crowd of conspirators have done their work. He is the most artful and eloquent orator; the most stout and skillful soldier. His manlifless is shown in his fine speech over the dead body of Brutus. Had Antony fallen in victory at Philippi, he would have been one of Plutarch's most heroic men-But when Antony walks the stage with Cleopatra, Shakespeare paints him from the very first scene as one who has be ome a degenerate man. His friends the world become transformed into a strumpet's fool." His conscience is not utterly extinct; his soldierly sense of shame, because of defeat made possible by his dissipation, flames up fitfully at times, and he sighs, 'O Rome; once more I would be son of thine," and then weakly whimpers, "Yet dying, I would die upon her breast."

This is what Antony has become from the stern, stout soldier that even the envious Octavius confesses he saw in war endure famine with patience, drink the gilded puddle which beasts would cough at, eat the roughest berry on the rudest hedge, and browse, like a stag in winter, on the barks of trees. Finally he becomes a poor creature who "kisses away kingdoms and provinces." As he declines lower and lower in in-

long been conscious that seats in the was greatly exaggerated, and that, in in flashes of self-reproach and remorse, He murmurs, "I have offended reputation, a most unnoble swerving." And therefore, that they look on wondering and has his political enemies, but their yet, like all men, high or low, in such condition, he cannot refrain from reproaching Cleopatra with her responsicase of Daly vs. Clark, or Clark vs. of opinion with a man who knows his blity for his base flight, even as Adam hastened to impute his ruin to Eve. The original power of the man rises to his lips when he says:

But when we in our victousness grow hard— O misery on ti-the wise gods seel our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments. make us Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut

Antony's farewell to his armor is most pathetic: Bruised pleases go

You have been nobly borne Cleopatra, when Antony is dead, dies with so much dignity that "nothing in her life so became her as the leaving

of it." Cleopatra does not "hypnotize" Antony, but Antony tempts Cleonatra to risk her throne for him, and when she lost it because Antony had not the skill or the prudence or the luck to defend it, it is Cleopatra that thinks life no longer worth living, and applies the asp to her bosom, where had so long been pillowed the head of Antony. The art and skill of Shakespeare are shown to the highest advantage in this great play, for while you feel that Cleopatra had a tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide and that Antony had dropped from the level of a hero to that of a reveler, a glutton and a gross sensualist, nevertheless Shakespeare plays them off so completely against each other that we feel, so far as either of them were capable of loving anybody, they loved each other, and cold-blooded Octavius was for a moment noble-

ninded when he said: She shall be buried by her Antony: No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous Caesar was right; there was a flash of fine spirit in Cleopatra's confession over Antony's dead body that "the dull world in his absence was no better than a sty; that there is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon.'

#### A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

The presence in this city of Miss Kate W. Armstrong, born and bred a missionary in British Burmah, recalls the fact that Baptist missionaries have been laboring in that far section of the "moral vineyard" for the greater part of the century. The work of the Judsons in Rangoon, Calcutta and Amherst was set forth fifty years or more ago, in a little book called "The Judson Offering," and the zealous labors of Rev. Adoniram Judson and his three wives in that distant field are a sacred egacy to the denomination that kept them many years in the field. The first wife, Ann H. Judson, died at her post, and was buried at Amherst: the second, Sarah B., died at sea on a homeward voyage, taken in the hope of restoring her shattered health, and was buried on the island of St. Helena; and the third. Emily C., returned to her ome in New England after the death, from nervous collapse, of her husband, interest that attached to these early missionaries and their work was wide spread, and it yet revives in some de-

gree at the mention of their names. The visit of Miss Armstrong, who was born in the mission field of Burmah, recalls the existence of another voman born in the same field more han seventy years ago-Miss Abby Judson, daughter of Dr. and Sarah B. Judson. Miss Judson was educated in gire to avert the danger of Bryan's carry the United States, being en route for ing Indiana and the country. that purpose with her parents when other died She to her native land as a missionary, but engaged in educational work in institutions, for some years. Finally, withdrew from educational work along orthodox lines and became a writer of books and lectures on spiritualistic phenomena and philosophy. Some of effect on some of the sound-money people were characterized by the gentle, as a piece of cowardice—and cowardice.
Christian spirit that was her heritage never helps a political party with the from self-sacrificing parents, fostered, no doubt, by her early training. She is still living, though in seclusion, having become partially blind and unable to and it says that "on top of it all are the been a most peculiar one, covering a much wider range than that of years, its expression throughout, though singularly variant, bearing in all of its phases the stamp of conscientiousness and of truth, as it appealed to her un-

derstanding. Even thriftlessness and waste that find expression in bad roads discover in this generous age people who render gentle excuses for them. Thus it is said that America's railroad system is so complete that, by comparison with those of the Old World, its highways' have been "rather neglected." It is added, however, in a most hopeful spirit that influences are now at work which promise to effect great changes. Among these is the use of rubber tires upon bicycles, the automobile and family carriages. There is shrewdness of observation in this estimate, but after all the basis of good roads in any district is the determination of thrifty people to have them. Soft tires and broad tires encourage this determination, since they promise that the roads when once constructed will not be subjected to needless wear and tear in the common course of traffic. It is, in effect, the same as the decree of the country housewife, who banishes hobnails from the shoes of her men folk when a new carpet is laid on the floor of the sitting-room.

It is only necessary to scratch the cuticle of the civilized warrior to find the savage. Witness the report of the "British punitive expedition" sent out from Rangoon, British Burmah, to avenge the murder, a few weeks ago, of two British commissioners engaged describe him as "the triple pillar of in marking the Burmo-Chinese boundary. A group of villages implicated in the affair, containing some 2000 houses, has been burned to the ground, and sixty of the villagers were killed. Of course, it is folly to contend that justice is done in a case of this kind, or that any discrimination worthy of the name was used. The act was simply an exemplification of the old rule of savage reprisal, viz: "If you can't kill the right one, kill any; only be sure and kill enough."

The Kearsarge went into commission on the 20th ult., four years and one month after the contract for her construction was signed. The modern navy represents swiftness, but not of construction. The work on the Kearsarge was pushed vigorously and without intermission to its finish, and the

result is a magnificent battle-ship which is not less a thing of growth than of art, embodying in its detail and equipment many things that represent the afterthought in naval architecture as demonstrated by the actual test of war. Working its way along lines of invention and of test, slowly, considerately, yet withal so vigorously, the modern battle-ship is no Jonah's gourd in creation, but a miracle of carefully directed human skill, patience and la-

Two passenger steamships are aground in Gedney channel, New York harbor. Gedney channel is the main thoroughfare through which all of New York's great ocean commerce passes, and accidents similar to these are of frequent occurrence. According to the theory of some of the nulsances at Astoria who are having so much to say about the grounding of the St. Irene in the Willamette, New York should now go out of business as a seaport, but she will not, and neither will Portland.

A few expressions like that of ex-President Harrison may yet have a good effect on Congress in the Puerto Rican matter. The House bill Mr. Harrison has no hesitation in characterizing as "a most serious departure from right principles." There ought to be enough sense and conscience in the Senate to send a just bill to conference and to prevail there. It has only to show the determination shown on the financial reform bill.

It seems but just to say that at least one stanza of the "Recessional" might with great propriety and wholesome effect be sung in all the churches of the United Kingdom today, viz:

If drunk with sight of power we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe; Such beastings as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds, without the law, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet. Lest we forget, lest we forget

The foreign demand for American handiwork is developing at an astonishing rate. Witness the showing that exports of manufactures from the United States were nearly \$10,000,000 greater in value in January of this year than in the corresponding month of 1899.

The statement that the "per capita" in the United States is just \$25 is said to provoke a smile in Montana, where, according to the most veracious testimony, it is at least \$2500 during a senatorial campaign.

### POLITICAL CONDITIONS. Portents and Prospects in the State

of Indiana, New York Evening Post. A prominent Republican of Indiana. early in the present winter, expressed the opinion that Eastern members of the party were mistaken in counting that state as sure for McKinley this year. He recalled the fact that it went for Harrison in 1888, and then rejected its "favor te son" in 1892, when the country was far more prosperous, and he made it plain that broken in health and spirit, to die a his party would have to make a harder few years later of consumption. The fight to retain the state in 1990 than to carry it in 1896. This opinion was expressed b fore Congress had taken any The tone of the Indiana press toward the case of winter emphasizes the warning. The Indianapolis News, the influential independent newspaper at the capital, which supported McKinley in 1886, and which still opposes Bryanism, is greatly disturbed over the outlook. In considering what the News says, it must be remembered that it speaks with entire independence, and with a strong de-

minds our Republican friends that the one-issue affair." will be attacked, and with vigor, along several fines; it points out that "trust this country, in connection with church will cut a large figure, and an attempt will be made to hold the Republican party becoming a convert to spiritualism, she responsible for the remarkable develop ment of these great organizations"; it admits that the action of the Senate in incorporating a bimetallic declaration in the currency bill "will have a depressing her writings had wide vogue, and all and declares that this "action is regarded people"; it recalls the fact that "the action of the President in removing thousands of places from the classified service pursue her literary work. Her life has many and grave problems growing out of been a most peculiar one, covering a the Spanish war." The News clinches its argument by an earnest protest against loading the shipping subsidy bill upon the lready heavily burdened party, saying on

this point: Why should the party, especially in the West, compelled to defend a law taxing the farmers for the benefit of the shipbuilders and ship-owners? The anti-trust argument could be pow-erfully enforced by denunciations of this ship-subsidy bill. The Democrats would certainly make the most of it—and they would have a good case. Their orators would ask how the ,copie could expect relief from the trusts, at the hands of a party which had voted millions of dollars of the people's money to enrich a crivate industry. Seriously, therefore, ster that the bill should not posse. It is a bad

# IMPERIALISM IN PUERTO RICO.

The true and unanswerable argument against the Puerto Rican tariff bill is that, while it is fully within the power of Congress to pass such a law, it will not be fair, humane, or politically expedient to A platform of starvation for the Island that came to us with smiling face and open hands will be a sorry Republican rallying cry in the coming campaign. New York Sun (Ind. and Expansion).

Expansion Should Mean Generosity. Generous treatment of the islanders is in olved in expansion. If we are unwilling to treat them well we ought never to have Milwaukee Sentinel (Expansion Rep.).

Meanness, Cruelty and Perfidy.

The Ways and Means Committee has re-

ported, and is trying to "jam through"

neasure of meanness, cruelty and perfidy o the inhabitants of Puerto Rico.—New York Times (Ind. Dem. and Expansion). The Moral Standard at Stake. Free trade with Puerto Rico should be established by Congress. Otherwise, our action may fail below that moral standard which makes governments tolerable and

constitutions respectable. Brooklyn Eagle (Ind. Dem. and Expansion). A Question of Doing Justice. It is not a party question; it is not a estion of protecting anybody. But it is a question of doing justice to the Puerto Ricans, and of departing as little as possible from American precedents.—Indianap-ol's News (Ind. and Expansion).

We Cannot Break Our Pledges. The Republican party should take higher ground than that of present political exedlency. No petty opportunism can ex-use the violation of the Constitution or the breaking of our pledge to the Puerto Ricans.-Chicago Inter Ocean (Expansion

The question now is, whether the Republican managers in Congress are going to yield to the measureless rapacity of a

few protected interests in the face of what the Prosident calls "our plain duty," and MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE-III the President calls "our plain duty," and the clearest requirements of good policy, and good faith .- Philadelphia

Protectionist Theories vs. Duty. The protectionists are called on to decide etween adherence to their theories and the duty which this country owes to its new possessions. The islands certainly would profit from free trade with the States, and they have a right to demand a tariff policy which will benefit them.-Kansas City Star (Ind. and Expansion).

Trusts at the Party's Throat. I think it is both generous and politic to assimilate our tariff with that of Puerto Rico. I do not, however, think that we are constitutionally bound to do this. It is in equity, justice and policy that we assimilate our tariff with that of the island. Should the present Congress adopt a tariff for Puerto Rico against the recommendations of the Commissioner and President, and against every man's sense of justice and generosity, the orators of the Democracy can say with truth during the next campaign that the trusts went down to Washington and grappled the Republican party by the throat and made it choke to their advantage,-President Schurman, of

Our Duty to Puerto Rico. Since the cession Puerio Rico has been denied the principal markets she had long enjoyed, and our tariffs have been continued against her products as when she was under Spanish sovereignty. The markets of Spain are closed to her products as when the way to the products as when the commerce was to the commerce. except upon terms to which the commerce of all nations is subjected. The Island of Cuba, which used to buy her cattle and tobacco without customs duties, now imposes the same duties upon these products as from any other country entering her ports. She has, therefore, lost her free intercourse with Spain and Cuba without any compensating benefits in this market. coffee was little known and not in use by our people, and, therefore, there was no demand here for this, one of her chief products. The markets of the United States should be opened up to her prod-ucts. Our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets.-President Mc-Kinley's Message to Congress.

## Cronje's Record. PORTLAND Or March 1 - (To the Ed)-

tor.)-Will you please answer these questions? Is Cronje a citizen of the Orange Free State or Transvani Republic? Did Joubert or Cronje command the forces that captured the Jameson raiders READER.

General Cronje is, like General Jouhert, a citizen of the Transvaal, and is a veteran soldier, who has fought in every war in which the Transvaal has been engaged during the last 40 years. He is known as "The Lion of the Transvanl," and he commanded the forces that captured the Jameson raiders, about the first week of January, 1896. When the Boers declared war their first act was to send General Joubert through the Drakenberg mountain passes into Natal, while General Cronie moved against Mafeking and Kimberley.

### Tastes Differ.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Spinks—Yes, I wish to hire a servant girl. Do you like dogs?
Applicant—No, Mum.
Mrs. Spinks—Then you won't do.
Applicant—Please, Mum, when I told
Mr. Spinks I hated dogs and 'ud like
to bill them avery one he said I'd just to kill them, every one, he said I'd just

### Handy Refuge.

Chicago Record. "Does your husband's sprained ankle trouble him any more?"
"Yes; he gets a dreadful pain in it
whenever I want him to make evening calls with me."

The Gains of Protection. Philadelphia Record.

The fellow who runs a gambling establishment realizes that if you take care of the "coppers" the dollars will take care

George's Clever Guess. Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"What is phonetic spelling, George?" "Why, it's spelling-it's spelling-that-

#### nes over the 'phone, of course!' Its Peculiarity.

Detroit Journal.

It is a peculiarity of the culture of wild oats that the harrowing part of it comes at harvest, rather than seed time

# The Pipes at Lucknow,

J. G. Whittier Pride of the misty moorlands, Voice of the giens and hills; The droning of the torrents, The treble of the rills! Not the brace of bloom and heather, Nor the mountains dark with rain, Nor maiden bower, nor border tower, Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper. And plaided mountaineer-To the cottage and the castle The Scottish pipes are dear; Sweet sounds the nuclent pibroch O'er mountain, loch and giade; But the sweetest of all must The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger Louder yelled, and nearer crept; Bound and round the jungle serjent Near and nearer circles swept. "Pray for rescue, wives and mothers-Pray today!" the soldier suid; errow, death's between us And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked and waited, Till their hope became despai And the sobs of low bewaiting Filled the pauses of their prayer. Then up spake a Scottish maiden, With her ear unto the ground: "Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?

The pipes o' Havelock sound!" Hushed the wounded man his groaning; Hushed the wife her little ones; Alone they heard the drum-roll And the roar of Sopoy guza. But to sounds of home and childhood The Highland car was true. As her mother's cradle-grooning

The mountain pipes she knew Like the march of soundless music Through the vision of the seer. More of feeling than of hearing. Of the heart than of the ear. She knew the droning pibroch She knew the Campbell's call "Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless And they caught the sound at last; Faint and far beyond the Gocutes Rose and fell the piper's blast! Then a burst of wild thanksgiving Mingled woman's voice and man's; "God be praised - the march of Havelock!

The piping of the claus!" Louder, nearer, fierce as venguano Sharp and shrill as swords at strife Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call, Stinging all the air to life. But, when the far-off dust-cloud To pintded legions grew. Full tenderly and blithesomely The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the allver domes of Lucknow, Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine, reathed the air to Britons descreat The air of "Auld Lang Syne," O'er the cruel roll of war-drums Rose that sweet and homelike strain; And the tartan clove the turban, As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land resper And platded mountaineer— To the cottage and the castle. The piper's song is dear. Sweet sounds the Gaelle pibroch O'er mountain, gien and glade; But the sweetest of all music

Milton's Noble Elegiac Poem "Lycidas" Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more. Ye myrtles brown, with tvy never sere. I come, to pluck your berries harsh and crade, And with forced fingers rude Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear Compel me to disturb your sem in lue For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycides, and bath not left his peer; Who would not sing for Lycides? He knew, Himself to sing, and build the lefty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unwest, and welter to the parching wind Without the meed of some melodious tear Begin then, slaters of the sacred well That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring; Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string: Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse: So may some gentle muse With lucky words favor my destined urn, And as he passes, turn, And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud. For we were nursed upon the self-same hill, Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill. Together both, ere the high lawne appeared Under the opening cyclids of the morn, We drove affeld, and both together heard

What time the gray-dy winds her sultry horn, Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of Of till the star that rose at evening bright Toward heaven's descent had sloped his wester-ing wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, Tempered to the oaten flute; Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel From the glad sound would not be absent long; And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now then art gone, Now thou art gone and never must return' Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves With wild thyme and the gudding vine o'er-And all their echous, mourn The willows and the hazer copies green Shall now no more be seen

Finalize their joyons leaves to the soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the wenning herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrone wear When first the white-thorn blows; Such. Lycidas, thy loss to shephord's ear, Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorse

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lyckins? For neither were ye playing on the steep Where your old bards, the famous Druds, its, Nor on the shaggy top of Mona blab. Nor yet where Deva spreads her winard stream-Ah me! I fondly dream, Had ye been there; for what could that have

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore, The Muse herself, for her enchanting son Whom universal nature did lament, When by the rout that made the hideous roar His gory visage down the stream was sent. Down the swift Hehrus to the Lesbian shere? Alas! what boots it with Incessant care To tend the homely, slighted, chepherd's trade, And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? Were it not better done, as others use. To sport with Amaryills in the shade, Or with the tangles of Nesera's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth

raise (That last infirmity of noble minds) To reorn delights and live inbortous days But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze. Comes the blind Fury with the abborred shears And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the

praise,"

Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling earst,
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, Nor in the glistening foll Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies, But lives and spreads aleft by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove: As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in heaven except thy mesd."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-silding Minclus, crowned with vocal

recda That strain I heard was of a higher mood: But now my out proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea.
That came in Neptune's plea:
He saked the waves, and saked the felon winds, What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swaln?

And questioned every gust, of rugged wings, That blows from off each beaked promontory: They knew not of his story; And sage Hippotades their answer brings. That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed, The air was calm, and on the level brine Sirek Panope with all her staters played. It was that fatal and perfidious bark, Built in the sclipse, and rigged with curses

dark, That sunk so low that sacred head of thine. Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow, His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge Inwrought with figures dim and on the edge "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge" --

Last came, and last did go, The pilot of the Guillean lake. Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain, The golden opes, the iron shuts smain, He shock his mitred locks, and stern bespake; "How well could I have spared for thee, young

Enow of such as, for their bellies sake Creep, and intrude, and climb into the foldt Of other care they little reckoning make Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast And shove away the worthy hidden guest; Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs! What recks it them? What need they? They

are sped, And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched strawt The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. But, swoin with wind and the rank mist they

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread; Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paws, Paily devours apace, and nothing said; But that two-handed engine at the door Stands ready to smile once, and smile no more."
Return, Alphena, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Siellian Muse, That shrunk thy streams; return, i And call the vales, and bid them hither cast Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues. Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use Of shades, and wanten winds, and gushing brooks.

On whose fresh lap the swart star spurely looks, That on the green turf suck the honeyed show-And purple all the ground with vernal flowers, bring the rathe primarces that forseken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pule jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, The glowing violet, The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine With cownige wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that end embroidery wears; Hid amuranthus all his beauty shed, And daffolillies fill their cups with tears, To strew the laurente hearse where Lycid Res. For so, to interpose a little ease, Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise: Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding sens Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, Where thou, perhaps under the wheiming tide, Visit'st the bottom of the monetrous world; Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied, Sleep'st by the fable of Bellorus old,

Looks toward Namaneos and Hayona's bold: Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with And, O ye dolphing, waft the hapless youth Weep no more, worful shepherds, weep no more, For Lycidas, your serrow, is not dead, Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed

Where the great vision of the guarded mount

And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and, with new-sp Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: So Lycidas sunk lew, but mounted high, Through the dear might of Him that walked

the waves. Where, other groves and other streams along, With nector pure his odyy locks he laws, And hears the unexpressive nuptial song In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love. There entertain him all the saints above, In solemn troops and sweet societies That sing, and, singing, in their glory move, And wipe the tears forever from his eyes. Now, Lyctdas, the shepherds weep no more; Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perlious flood. Thus sang the uncouth swain to the cake and

While the still morn went out with sandals gray; He touched the tender stops of various guills With eager thought warbling his Doric lay: And new the sun had stretched out all the hills, And now was dropt into the western bay: At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue; Tomorrow to fresh woods and postures new.