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TODAY'S WEATHER — Showers; cooler; southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 66; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

They say that Alfred was the greatest of the English Kings. They mean the greatest of the Kings of England before the Norman Conquest. For the Norman Conquest was an interruption of the old English rule, which had lasted 600 years, and for a time was an almost complete supersedure of it. But after a period the Norman conquerors, cut off from the country from which they came, were transformed into English Kings; for the English spirit, though suppressed for a time, became predominant again in the changes that took place in these important events in the history of the English nation.

The English people are now celebrating the chiliad of King Alfred. He died October 28, or 26, 901; so the 1000 years are now just elapsed. His history is largely mythical; it is scarcely possible to separate the real from the fabulous in the career attributed to him; and, as is usual in hero-worship, he is invested in song and story with all the growing virtues of later times. His actual achievements no doubt were considerable; but through the ideal achievements associated with his name he has been called "the greatest of Englishmen." He bears the designation of Alfred the Great.

One thousand years ago the Danes were inundating England, as the Angles, Jutes, Frisians and Saxons had inundated Britain some centuries earlier. Alfred, in his England, which then represented little more than the modern counties of Berks, Hants, Wilts, Dorset and Devon, had to meet the attack. In his narrow kingdom of Wessex he was reduced to great extremities, and even became a disguised fugitive; but such was his courage, such his constancy, such the charm of his character and influence, that he succeeded in restoring his kingdom and in handing it on to his successors; and it was chiefly through the foundations he laid that England became one kingdom.

It is just 1000 years since Alfred; and 1000 years in the history of a nation is a fact that powerfully impresses the imagination. Few nations or empires have had what could be called a continuous history of 1000 years. The millennial of Alfred's death is now to be observed throughout the British Empire, and especially at Alfred's ancient capital, Winchester, where he was buried. Long since the grave was obliterated, and a prison now occupies the spot where he was said to have been entombed.

The popular English writers insist that the character of Alfred is the most perfect in their history. At an early day he became a hero of romance, to whom countless imaginary exploits and imaginary institutions were attributed. He is described as a saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a hero and leader whose wars were fought only in defense of his country, a conqueror whose laurels never were stained by cruelty, a Prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph. As the Hebrew annalists, poets and proverb-makers of later times attributed most things of striking character in their national history to David or Solomon, so the institutions of England are largely attributed to Alfred. Some say he founded trial by jury, divided England into counties, and did all kinds of other things, of which the roots and beginnings are in fact very much older, and the fuller development of which has been very much later, than Alfred's time.

Alfred's greatest service, in fact, was in producing the compact and unity in the south of England, from which could develop the nationality which has made England and the British Empire what they are. The Danish occupation was very extensive. It is marked to this day in the local divisions and general nomenclature. Partly by war and partly through policy Alfred produced a fusion and unity that were of inestimable service in making England one kingdom. The basis of our own political life was laid there in that time 1000 years ago, and even further back; and this King, therefore, is our King Alfred, too. We are a great stock from the same root, and we should not be what we are today but for the men and the events of 1000 years ago.

The death of Judge Raleigh Stott came as a complete surprise to his family and friends, as there was no reason to suppose that he was not in excellent health, with the promise of years of life still to come. Judge Stott belonged to a sturdy pioneer family, well known in the early annals of Washington County, of which community the father was for many years a substantial citizen, and in which the children grew up. Most of them have passed away. All were worthy citizens of the state and useful members of society. Each in passing left a void in the community, and none was more sadly or greatly missed than will be he whose sudden demise occurred in this city Saturday morning. Judge Stott's death is deplored as the too early taking off of an honorable and useful man. The manner of it, however, was most kind, since it was without the dread induced by foreknowledge of the immediate event, and without suffering incident to wasting disease.

LABOR'S PERSPIRING CHAMPIONS.

The welfare of our infant industries and the protection of the American workingman are things dear to the hearts of our statesmen, regardless of section, party or previous condition of servitude. When the sugar trust was threatened, the three Senators from Havemeyer, coming out of non-sugar-producing states, saved the day. Mr. Gorman took care of coal and iron in the Wilson bill. Senator Grover, of Oregon, Democrat, voted for a tariff on lumber, and Louisiana free-traders stand like a rock against competition from Cuban sugar.

The great difficulty is in getting the different champions of American labor to look at any given question in the same light. Just now the Havemeyer trust is promoting the interests of American labor by moving for free sugar from Cuba. In this way we shall get our raw sugar cheaper and more men can be employed in the refineries. If the tariff is only retained on refined sugar, the trust would incidentally make considerably more money. On the other hand, the Oxnard trust is contending against free sugar from Cuba, because it would cut down the profits of the beet-sugar factories—this also on behalf of protection to American labor.

Enlisted for the war on behalf of protection to American labor, see also the packers' combine. They secured the duty on hides, over the protest made in the name of American labor by the boot and shoe men, and now they insist on its retention. They get more for their hides. On the other hand, the welfare of the country is sedulously sought by the boot and shoe men, who want the cheapest hides they can get, so as to increase their sales.

A powerful school of American laborers and their friends are bent on widening the markets for the American laborer's wares abroad through reciprocity treaties. It is not surprising to find those historic devotees of labor, the steel kings, engaged in the struggle. The implement and machinery men are also on the firing line, and so anxious are they to invade Europe with their wares, while holding the home market through protection, that they will cheerfully sacrifice to that end every jewelry manufacturer, cotton mill, wine merchant and prune orchard in the country. They tried this thing when the McKinley bill was a-borning, but certain influential Massachusetts and Rhode Island Senators told its putative author then and there that New England would never vote for his bill if this attempt to destroy her knit-goods industry was persisted in. So the efforts of our American labor to increase our sales abroad were nullified by the efforts of our American labor to stand by knit goods.

The worst of it is that the press of the country is falling into the hands of "business interests," which use its columns in advocacy of commercial purposes. We used to be most unreasoning partisans, but at any rate we were guided by something more ethereal than pocket. Medill and Dana are dead, Watterson had to leave the honest gold standard for regularity and the "ad." schedule, Judge Goodwin has turned the Salt Lake Tribune over to an Indiana politician, and the editor is fast becoming a hired man whose owner runs a railroad, or directs in Standard Oil, or runs a bank. A comparative pauper, with a paltry $5,000,000 or $10,000,000, thinks nothing of sporting a newspaper as an amusement, as enjoyable in its way as a racing stud, a yachting cruise about Europe or a medieval castle on Long Island. All these people are strong for American labor, and true as steel to the particular aspect of the general welfare with which their bank, railroad or factory is identified. The trusts and other trusted friends of the poor workingman are to be commiserated upon the perplexing dilemma they so often confront between love and duty, in seeking to save organized labor from its foes, and to reflect public opinion on reciprocity through their newspapers.

GLADSTONE'S FADING FAME.

Mr. John Morley, in his eulogy of Gladstone at Manchester on Thursday last, said that he "misread the Civil War in common with nearly all the leading statesmen of the time." Disraeli, Gladstone's great rival, did not misread it; neither did John Bright, or the Duke of Argyle, or Richard Cobden, or Sir George Cornwall Lewis, or Chief Justice Coleridge, or Prince Albert, or Goldwin Smith, or Thomas Hughes. The reason why Gladstone misread our Civil War was that his father, Sir John Gladstone, was a slaveholder, and Gladstone himself spoke against emancipation in the West Indies at a time when Macaulay both spoke and wrote in its favor. However, the serious blunder of Gladstone's career was not his sympathy with Jefferson Davis, of whom he said that "he had founded an empire," but his complete destruction of the great Liberal party by his uncompromising advocacy of home rule for Ireland. The result of this action was the secession of a large and influential portion of the Liberal party to the Conservative or Tory party, led by Lord Salisbury. The accession of these Liberals has enabled the Conservatives ever since to rule Great Britain, and from present appearances the Conservative or Salisbury party is likely to remain in power for many years to come.

The Irish home rule group continues to flock by itself; it has never had a leader of any brains since the fall of Parnell; it continues to belabor England with windy invective and savage vituperation at every opportunity, but only amuses England and doesn't help Ireland. An equally serious blunder perpetrated by Gladstone was his pro-Boer policy of 1881, which merely postponed but could not prevent the present war in South Africa. The leniency of Gladstone after Majuba Hill simply enabled Kruger and his associates to organize a formidable military resistance. Lord Roberts, with 12,000 British troops, had just arrived at the Cape, ready to march against the Transvaal Republic, which at that date had no hope of assistance from the Orange Free State. The Boers could at that time have been easily crushed, as they had no money, no large supply of arms and ammunition. But Gladstone, in contempt of the warning of Lord Derby, threw his opportunity away, made peace with the victorious Boers on their own terms, and was responsible for the legacy of a terrible war that he left Great Britain, which was only possible because Gladstone gave Kruger fifteen years to arm the Transvaal and Orange Free State for the fight. Gladstone's reversal of Disraeli's policy in India has been equally expensive.

Altogether, it is safe to say that Gladstone's fame as a statesman is fading. The one great act of his long career was his disestablishment of the Irish church in 1868. His genius was for oratory and debate rather than for executive statesmanship. Neither in his foreign nor his domestic policy does Gladstone's statesmanship endure the test of time. He is justly charged with having destroyed his party when he became the uncompromising advocate of home rule for Ireland. A great orator, a versatile scholar, Gladstone was certainly not a great statesman from the English point of view, for his policy in practice weakened rather than strengthened the offensive and defensive power of the British Empire. The terrible Boer War of 1899 was hatched from the serpent egg of Gladstone's pro-Boer policy of 1881.

We can see today that men of high intelligence and philanthropy, like Professors Huxley and Tyndall, like John Bright, correctly measured Gladstone when they predicted failure and evil consequences from his foreign and domestic policy. He was a high churchman in religion, but in politics he was an opportunist, almost a political Jesuit. A Tory and an advocate of church and state in his youth; in mature manhood a "Peelite"; in 1868 opposed to church and state in Ireland, but standing fast by it for Great Britain; a bitter adversary of Parnell and then his ally—his success was due to his genius for oratory and debate, and so his statesmanship does not stand the test of time. Before his final retirement from politics he had promised Wales disestablishment of the church, and had he been twenty years younger, we should probably have seen this high Anglican in religion logically driven into advocacy of complete disestablishment of church and state in Great Britain.

IS HE A PRIZE?

Miss Helen Morton, daughter of ex-Vice-President Morton, has married a French Count, the second son of the Duke Talleyrand-Perigord. His mother, who lives apart from the Duke, has given him $300,000 as a wedding present. Has the bride drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery? She has married a member of the ancient French nobility; her husband is a Count, and may some day be a Duke. Nevertheless, if her husband has inherited the vices of his family, it is doubtful whether this latest marriage of an American millionaire's daughter to a French noble will prove a subject of congratulation to her friends. The name of Talleyrand is historically famous, chiefly because of the part played by the famous French statesman and diplomat, Talleyrand, in the French Revolution and under Napoleon. His family was noble, of small fortune, but influential at court. Rendered lame by a fall in his childhood, he was forced to enter the priesthood, and owed his preferment when a profligate priest to Mme. du Barry, then the latest mistress of Louis XV. He became bishop of Autun. He was president of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution; the confidential messenger to England of Danton, the great Jacobin; Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the empire, under Louis XVIII and under Louis Philippe.

As a diplomat Talleyrand was for half a century the first man in Europe, and no man since his day has exercised so great an influence over affairs—not even Bismarck or Cavour. He was the most important man in the French Constituent Assembly after Mirabeau, and the most important man in the empire after Napoleon. He held place and power forty years after Mirabeau's death; he was a distinguished statesman before Napoleon became a soldier, and he was still a distinguished Minister and Ambassador to France twelve years after Napoleon's death. His amazing success was won in spite of powerful enemies. Napoleon called him "a silk stocking filled with filth"; Mirabeau and Carnot denounced him as a man of extraordinary venality, treachery and inveracity, who "changed his principles as he did his linen, sold his honor and his friends for money, and would sell his soul." Guizot, Louis Blanc and our Minister to France under Washington, Gouverneur Morris, all described him as a tricky, ambitious and utterly bad man. As a priest he was a shameless rake, and degraded his brilliant wit to win the favor of the King's mistresses; as a bishop he was a notorious gambler. He was accused of poisoning Mirabeau, and of a plot to assassinate Napoleon.

From the beginning to the end of his long career Talleyrand was the recipient of enormous bribes, and confessed that he had amassed $12,000,000 of his enormous fortune in this way. Under the Directory he conspired with Napoleon for its overthrow; under Napoleon he intrigued with Russia and Austria to ruin him and secure the return of the Bourbons; under Louis XVIII he plotted for his overthrow and the accession of Louis Philippe. The Constituent Assembly of France forbade him to return to his native land, and Washington refused to receive him in America. During the sixty-three years that have elapsed since Talleyrand's death nothing has been discovered to relieve his memory from the charge of licentiousness, treachery, duplicity and gross venality. This is the very dark picture of a very bad and yet a very successful man—the darkest picture in the history of modern Europe save that of the Duke of Marlborough, whom he strongly resembled in his avarice, his venality, his treachery, his duplicity, his cold temper, his polished manners and his astonishing success. Utterly bad as he was morally, he had great abilities as a statesman. In the Constituent Assembly of France in 1790 he was the greatest financier of his day. He opposed the issue of the assignats, and accurately foretold their evil consequences. He reformed the finances, established a sinking fund, urged the suppression of lotteries, devised the admirable system of national education, including the secularization of schools, which is the basis of the French system today. He spoke well, wrote admirably, favored peace, abolished church tithes and sold the vast property of the priesthood. He secured the peace of Amiens, discouraged wars of mere ambition, protested against Napoleon's invasion of Spain and his wanton aggression against Austria, saying, "I do not want to be the torment of Europe." He defended the liberty of the press under Louis XVIII, and protected French property and territory during the Hundred Days.

During his thirty months' residence in America Talleyrand enjoyed the intimate friendship of Alexander Hamilton, and in England he enjoyed the friendship of Lord Shelburne (Marquis of Lansdowne), Romilly, Canning, Fox and Bentham. To his influence France owes her possession of Algiers. He did not marry until 1804, when he formally made his mistress, with whom he had been living for seven years, his wife. He only did this in obedience to Napoleon, who was disgusted with his open immorality. Before his death, at the age of 84, he became reconciled with the church, of which he had once been a bishop, and by whose pope he had been excommunicated in 1790. If the Count de Perigord has inherited the notorious vices of the famous Abbe de Perigord and the Prince de Talleyrand, his American wife has certainly not drawn a prize, but if he is only heir to his admirable intellectual powers and capacity for public affairs, she has reason to congratulate herself on her choice, even if the Count never gets any portion of the stolen millions with which the great Talleyrand was able to enrich his family.

SHORT ON PREACHERS.

President Moore, of Andover Theological Seminary, complained at the recent National Council of Congregationalists that "fewer young men than ever before, in proportion to the number who seek other fields of Christian usefulness, are entering into the ministry." He said that even of those applying for admission to the theological seminaries many are turned away because they "have not the mental training or capacity to warrant their entering the ministry."

The Rev. C. R. Young, in an address on "Education" delivered last week before the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey, spoke of the falling off in the number of candidates for the ministry as remarkable. The records showed that the number of students had fallen off, during the past ten years, 40 per cent. Last year twenty-two pulpit vacancies were unfilled for lack of ministers. He thought the decrease was partly due to "hard times" and partly to a falling off in the respect in which the minister and his calling were held by the public.

The London Saturday Review asserts that the Church of England is suffering from a similar cause; that applicants for the ministry are diminishing. In the old days when the very best men graduated from Harvard and Yale went thence to the theological seminary and from there into the Christian ministry, there was a genuine desire to preach the gospel to sinners, to take service in the missionary field; there was eagerness manifested to obtain theological training for ministerial work at home; there were great religious revivals, like the so-called "great awakening" which followed the fearful financial panic of 1857. In place of religious enthusiasm we have today "the higher biblical criticism" with the theological seminaries and in not a few pulpits.

The age is intensely utilitarian. The avenues for the profitable employment of the intellectual energies of educated men are greatly multiplied. The salaries paid clergymen, save in large communities, are small, and the disposition to place a clergyman upon the retired list before he reaches old age is quite prevalent. A man desirous of providing a comfortable home for himself and children and protection against poverty and sickness in old age is not very strongly drawn to the pulpit as a place of effort unless he is conscious of pulpit talents of the first order.

NO MERCY FOR MURDERERS.

The Universalists in session at Buffalo have adopted resolutions expressing their opposition to capital punishment. The Universalist belief that there is no hell for murderers in the next world may perhaps prompt their conviction that there should be no death penalty for them in this world. This question of the infliction of the death penalty for murder is the purely practical question whether society is best protected by killing a cut-throat or caging him like a dangerous wild beast for life at the expense of the state. It is a noteworthy fact that the highest civilization of Europe, that of Great Britain, still maintains the death penalty, and that the oldest and most intelligent commonwealths of the United States firmly refuse to abolish capital punishment. The States of Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island and Wisconsin have abolished it. It has been abolished also in Belgium, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal and in eight cantons of Switzerland. A noted Italian bandit, Mussolino, two years ago was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He escaped and swore vengeance on every person concerned in his conviction. He has kept his word, for since then he has killed the Judge who tried him, most of the jurymen, and nearly all the witnesses who testified against him, killing altogether more than thirty persons. He was captured the other day, and the only penalty under the Italian law that can be inflicted upon him will be imprisonment.

If, under the laws of New York, capital punishment could not be inflicted, the worst penalty that the state could inflict upon the assassin of President McKinley would be life imprisonment. But it is doubtful, if life imprisonment had been the penalty for murder in New York State, whether anything could have saved the assassin of the President from a terrible death at the hands of the mob. If capital punishment had been forbidden for murder in the District of Columbia under the Federal law, the mob would have murdered Guiteau on the spot. Mob murders would be the sure consequent of clemency to murderers sentenced to what would be deemed an inadequate penalty for a most revolting crime. Able writers on the "Science of Penology" conclude that if the death penalty were sure to be inflicted in every case of murder it would be decidedly a more effective preventive than life imprisonment, since it terminates the career of the criminal and prevents repetition of crime on his part. A life prisoner may kill his turnkey or his fellow-convicts, but the grave has no turnkey. Life imprisonment always carries with it a hope of escape or pardon, and at the worst is not greatly dreaded as a deterrent compared with the death penalty. Shakespeare, who knew human nature thoroughly, makes Claudio, condemned to lose his head, say:

Death is a fearful thing. . . . . .
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

It is true that public opinion is so variable that sometimes murderers escape conviction that deserve to die, but if the death penalty were abolished all murderers would escape death, and then, when some particularly cruel, atrocious murder took place, we should have a burst of popular fury and an orgy of mob murders. The humanity of society was just in its protest against the cruelty of old English law, under which, as late as 1777, a beautiful young married woman was hanged in London for stealing a few shillings' worth of cloth. Her husband had been seized by the naval press gang, and, left with a new-born baby at her breast, she had stolen to live. To limit the infliction of the death penalty to murder was not only humanity, but sound public policy, but the argument for the abolition of capital punishment for murder has not a sound leg to stand upon. There is no more reason why society should be taxed and possibly further endangered by supporting for life a caged cut-throat than that society should be taxed and possibly endangered by supporting a caged mountain lion or timber wolf. The theory that the prison life and discipline necessary to keep murderers safely offers an opportunity for moral and spiritual reform is a bit of philanthropic fustian and altruistic moonshine. A wild-beast man who deliberately hunts his fellow-man to death is the most formidable wild beast in the world. He is a creature to be removed from this world at once; not caged for life in an asylum for what philanthropists term "the morally insane."

The natural impulse of society is legally to kill all murderers as soon as possible, but this sane view has become demoralized by the appeals of so-called "humanitarians" concerning what they call the "sacredness of human life." There is no more sanctity to the life of a ferocious wild beast in human shape that robs his fellow-man of life from motives of pure cupidity or malignant hatred than there is in the life of a man-eating tiger. There ought to be more clemency for the tiger, for he doesn't know any better than to kill a man, while the human tiger is a wanton man-slayer in spite of his light. The philosophy which declines to kill murderers, which directly or indirectly pampers lifelong professional paupers, which is full of melodramatic sympathy for social parasites and barnacles of all sorts, is very expensive from the economical point of view, and very ineffective. Matured depravity should be always swiftly and sternly punished without mercy when it offends the law, and at all other times should be permitted to go on with its dying without protest or hindrance. There is no sacredness in such quality of human life that it should not be taken when it is clearly forfeit. There is no sense in trying to pump the breath of moral and spiritual reform into a creature that is become a mummy rather than a man.

General Miles, who has heretofore favored the canteen, desires a longer trial of the existing law. He remarks that he notes that "large manufacturing establishments do not find it necessary to establish a canteen for their employes." There is no identity between a large manufacturing establishment, whose employes, outside of working hours, are at full liberty to provide their own "canteen" at home or abroad, and the despotic government night and day of an Army post. The soldier has no domestic life, no civic family freedom. He has no liberty to seek and find such recreation as the civilian workingman is free to seek and enjoy outside of working hours in his family circle or elsewhere. The soldier has no liberty of this sort except during the few hours of "leave" that may be granted him. If there is a canteen at the post, he finds and accepts its opportunity for decent, moderate indulgence in an atmosphere of comparative restraint, but if he cannot find it within the post he seeks it at the nearest dive contiguous to the post, and drinks to excess in indecent and licentious surroundings. General Miles compares a manufacturing establishment of free workingmen to the despotic government and organization of an Army post. The comparison is utterly misleading and without force.

Admiral Schley's narrative of the battle of Santiago makes plain the cause of the persecution to which he has since been subjected by the naval cabal at Washington. Though in his just and generous estimation at the time, there was "glory enough for all" in the result of that battle, it was clear that unless strenuous efforts were made to prevent it, history would give the Commodore and his flagship the lion's share of the credit for a most glorious victory. As events proved, these efforts were pushed beyond the bounds of prudence and the bluff old sailor's patience. Hence this inquiry, before which, at last, the truth has come out. It was Admiral Sampson's misfortune that he was not there to lead the squadron on that glorious day in the history of the American Navy. But that Commodore Schley closed with the opportunity and covered himself and the Navy with glory is one of the great facts of history, which jealousy cannot shadow or animadversion dim.

It would be hard to imagine Miss Stone in a place more suited to missionary work. The paradox, however, comes from the fact that missionary work in theory and in practice is entirely dissimilar. It takes more than Christian passiveness to spread Christian doctrines. Force is not a Christian precept, but it has been one of the most potent means of inculcating passiveness and non-resistance among unbelievers.

Even the Democratic newspapers are making fun at the expense of the Democrats of the South, who sent a "nigger" to Washington to get a grist of offices for them, and then broke out into furious denunciation of the President because he asked the "nigger" to stay to dinner with him.

The board of inquiry which investigated the sinking of the steamship Islander has finished its labors. It found that the vessel is at the bottom of the sea.

One of the most eminent facts of wisdom established by the Samar massacres is that soldiers in the presence of the enemy should be on their guard.

THE UNREASON OF EMOTION.

"To things we do not understand," says an eminent authority, "we give names, with which by frequent use we become familiar, and then we imagine we know all about the things themselves."

It is even so with the name of a certain theory of social organization. The name was first given to cloak a vast deal of vagueness. It has been so common in our daily speech that we have almost forgotten the intangible elements which it represents. The theory itself is no longer the object; the object has passed into the name, and it is only by effort that we separate the real essence. In fact, the word socialism has come to be thought of largely as a definite fixed idea, whereas the idea itself is far removed from the sound of its symbol.

Socialism would be more practical if it were less emotional. Its adherents imagine their opponents in opinion callous or indifferent to present evils or governed by selfish motives. Herein is their fault—they do not generally credit men of other convictions with the same genuine solicitude for the public welfare as they themselves possess. The defenders of the existing system, they look upon, therefore, as immoral; themselves only they regard as prompted by a truly moral purpose. Thus they make a definition of morality in terms of themselves, and others than themselves of course cannot be among the elect.

In this almost frantic frame of mind socialists are apt to cast aside the results of economic experience, to overlook the flaws of their own proposals, and to forget the good in the present order. This captious criticism sees only the immediate facts of a measure, and is blind to the comprehensive and distant consequences. The immediate details no doubt need correction in many cases, and socialists do a public service in bringing it about. But they grievously err in insisting upon the radical and immediate changes which execution of their theories signifies. If disorder is not feared, social changes are evolved, not created, in the objective consciousness.

The most rabid socialists are so oppressed by the present that they cannot wait for the future, and the promise that it gives. Their emotional remedy is valuable among the complex social purposes. Yet it is not always good to follow. Reason and calculation may often be righted by the emotion of socialists. Most often, however, the relation between emotion and reason is just the opposite. A thousand-fold more error springs from emotion than from reason. Laws framed by emotion have done infinitely more evil than those by reason.

Selfishness indeed comes from reason; but the insurance calculation gives is not to be condemned on that account. Altruism has not more virtue when engendered in emotion instead of in deliberation, nor are altruism and reason incompatible with each other. The wisest of charities have had their source in design that measures consequences. The worst of charities have been the product of unreason. The legislation of altruism fails in its promised largeness when it springs from the motives of passion. Indeed, altruism in the social structure is more dangerous without reason than reason without altruism.

"We need more mutual sympathy, less individual selfishness, more co-operation and less competition," say the socialists. This is true, but the elysium cannot be produced by legislation or social organization if it does not exist in embryo in individual human nature. Attempts heretofore to create social happiness in the backward order have failed. It has not been demonstrated by experience that objective altruism cultivates or generates the softer natures of men, or that it causes people to think less of self-interest. It is not true that selfishness is the peculiar product of the existing system, or that socialism would promote sympathy. Among the most generous men are some of the most conspicuously rich. In olden times moralists taught the virtues of charity and deprecated commerce. Laws were framed against merchants. Charity was a part of the governmental policy. But violence and immolation of individual rights show that sympathy under these conditions had little chance. On the contrary, human nature was debased because industry was burdened to support an idle class.

Socialism seems reasonable. It is so oiled by the unction of fancy and fine words, that for it to roll on forever without friction in a sort of perpetual motion, would seem possible. Many of its indictments against the competitive system are valid. We have trusts in business and politics, and growing social inequality. "The laborer does not get what he produces," say rabid socialists, "there is no incentive to work." Indeed, there is no incentive to work for those whose vitals are consumed by malcontent. If malcontents got what they produce they would get anarchy.

Socialistic remedies will not be rejected. Popular sentiment will not be ignored. But both will be fully tested and their fallacies eliminated by a slow selective process. This definition of progress means that the future is just as precious as the present; that future enjoyment shall not be sacrificed to present passion.

True critics are not captious; their devotion does not lead them to extremes. They see the great function individualism has had in the past century, and the grand achievements of the system. The free play of individual initiative and competition carried the world further forward in one century that it had proceeded before in a chiliad. They see that the present order is a product of natural selection, and that it exists only because of its success in serving mankind and human happiness. Effort will always play a large part. But convulsion will be studiously avoided.

The only instruments of man in progress are individual initiative and individual wisdom. He can draw down neither from heaven to equip a governmental body. Officers of government are no more wise in purple than in rags, and likely to be less so. The highly furbished splendors of the bureaucrat are only sheen. A government of men more often than not has less brains than its dullest member. The individual is man's only hope. Compress him in a rigid social body and he loses his individuality, and man his hope.

Publish Their Names.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Why should not the names of those who send flowers, fruit and encouraging letters to the assassin of President McKinley be published? Are they not, to a certain extent, accessories after the fact to his crime, and has not the public a right to know who these secret enemies of law and government are that are living in its midst?

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Scout's Story.

We was trailin' up the Bannocks down around
through Idaho,
An' the faster we would chase 'em up, the
faster they would go.
We heard what they was doin' to the settlers
jest ahead,
An' now an' then a scout or two would join
the outfit—dead.
But Gen'ral Good, commandin', used to tell us
with a smile
That he couldn't b'lieve them Injuns was possessed of downright guile;
An' he says, "Now, boys, be gentle, an' within the next few days,
I am sure that we can make 'em see the error
of their ways."

But they kep' right on maraudin', an' as we
went up the trail,
Ev'ry settler come to tell us some new horrifyin' tale,
Shacks was burned, an' stock stampeded,
skelps collected left an' right,
An' the people got to feelin' somethin' much
resemblin' fright.
An' though Gen'ral Good kep' sayin' that it
wa'n't no harm they meant,
Still we didn't find no Bannock that was
willin' to repent.
An' we found ourselves a-gettin' left behind
'em in the chase,
With the Injuns gettin' uglier, instid o' gittin'
grace.

Well, there drifted in one mornin' from the
devil knows jest where,
A feller dressed in buckskin with a mild an'
gentle air,
An' says he to our ole Gen'ral, deferential an'
polite,
"Looks to me, sir, like you doesn't handle
them there braves jest right;
I been livin' 'mong these Injuns somethin'
like eleven year,
An' I savvy every redskin, buck, an' klootchman, far an' near.
Ef you'll give me a commission fer to manage 'em for you,
I will prove I know my business to the handle
'fore I'm through."

So our Gen'ral give an order for the forward
march to cease,
An' he told this buckskin feller for to go an'
treat for peace.
He lit out from camp next mornin' on a nimble-foot cayuse,
With his buckskin fringe a-flyin' an' his rifle
slingin' loose.
An' we heard no more about him till next
mornin' on the run,
He come in to say he'd got his pacifyin' well
begun.
"I've been treatin' with 'em, Gen'ral, an' the
depredatin' whelps
Sees my arguments," he says, an' shows us
sixteen new-mowed skelps.

You'd a smiled to see our Gen'ral look that
there exhibit through,
An' to stand around an' wonder jest what he
had better do.
First he thought he'd hang the feller right
before the whole command,
But the chap says, "I jest gave 'em argyments
they'd understand,
Fer you can't persuade a Bannock he's pursuin' a wrong course,
No way but arraugin' with him to reduce his
fighting force."
Good revoked that there commission, an' the
feller gave a sigh,
Sayin': "I ain't 'preciated, an' I'd like for to
know why."

What Peter Was Looking For.

St. Peter appeared on the golden streets, bearing a lantern and looking carefully behind the fences and under the doorsteps.

"Hello, Peter!" said Father Adam, patronizingly, "you oughtn't to have an difficulty in finding them around here."

"Finding what?" asked Peter, tartly, for he was sore vexed.

"Why," said Adam, "honest men, of course. Isn't that what you're looking for with the lantern?"

"No!" snapped Peter; "I'm looking for the pearly gates. A gang of cherubim toted them off Halloween night."

The Tale of the Telephone.

It was on the street I found him, with a
crowd of boys around him;
His hair was waving crazily, his face was
ghostly pale,
His eyes both strangely glistened, and as the
youngsters listened
He hushed them with his piping voice, and
told this awful tale.

It was some time in November or December, I
remember,
That I marked the fact that Christmas was
approaching very fast,
And I said, "I'll have my mother and my
sister and my brother
Come in from down the country to enjoy a
swell repast."
For to me it never mattered if the family
was scattered,
My three remaining relatives ne'er got so
far away
That they were not reunited just as soon as I
invited
Them to come and dine in state with me, on
gladsome Christmas day.

"I will not indite a letter," I observed, "it
will be better
If rather more informally I make my wishes
known."
So without more hesitation I repaired me to a
station
To call my mother up on the long-distance
telephone.
In a cell of small dimensions, I declared my
good intentions,
To a voice that softly murmured: "Oh, hello,
hello, hello!"
Then my mother's name I stated, then I waited,
waited, waited,
Till a voice come o'er the wire: "Wait a
while, I'll let you know."

In that narrow cell remaining, soon I fell to
entertaining
Myself by reading all the names in the directory;
Soon the number book I finished, and with
int'rest undiminished
Memorized each name and number while I
waited patiently.
Presently, I heard a singing of the wires,
and a ringing,
And a lengthy conversation was unfolded to
my ear.
Then another, and another, but the accents of
my mother,
No matter how I tried and tried, I simply
could not hear.

By and by a voice denoting some authority
came floating
O'er the wire, "What's your number?" and
I answered with a will;
For my number I entreated, and my mother's
name repeated.
Whereupon the voice exclaimed: "Why, can
YOU be waiting still?"
Well, all things must have an ending, and,
perhaps, without intending,
The central got my mother, down the country, on the line.
I explained my invitation, said I'd meet her
at the station
And escort her very proudly home on Christmas day to dine.

"Don't you think, sir," was her answer,
"you're a pretty kind of man, sir,"
(She talked in tones which told the fact that
she was sorely vexed)
"To wait till Christmas passes, then as sweet
as cane molasses
To ask your poor lone mother down to dine
upon the next?"
Very badly dazed and jolted, the cell door I
then unbolted,
And judge how I was startled, for, as sure
as I'm alive,
While I'd been in there helloing the time was
swiftly going,
And when I raised my mother it was January five!

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Available Eloquence.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The eloquence of Bourke Cockran, like the music of a brass band, appears to be ever at the command of those who can pay the price. Just as the same brass band may head the political processions of all parties, so Bourke's resonant periods may be heard from all their platforms. The anti-Tammany organization in New York has evidently been outbidden this year; for Bourke, after giving his support for some weeks to Seth Low, has now availed himself of the privilege, usually reserved to all employes, of going where better pay can be had, and is now tooting his silver horn for Shepard and Tammany.