

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Generally fair; winds mostly westerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.—Maximum temperature, 58; minimum temperature, 39; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 30.

YOUTHFUL IMMORALITY.

The papers have had much to print about the arrest of a Brooklyn girl for the murder of a young business man who was found dead in a room where both occupied in a New York hotel. The facts developed to be that while the young woman was about to become a mother and thus supplied the motive of revenge necessary to the prosecution, no evidence could be adduced going to fasten the crime upon her. Though she was acquitted of the charge, her unhappy story, with all it involves to her family, her friends and her own future, became public property, and a peculiarly humiliating incident brought out was the testimony of the young man's mother that she had herself advised the girl to commit suicide as the best avenue of escape from the trouble into which the young man's perfidy and her own weakness had brought her.

So heartless a counsel could come only from a bad mother. Want of proper home training is held responsible for the girl's folly in this case, and this unfeeling woman's advice to poor Florence Burns indicates that the same lack is largely to blame for the young man's wildness. No young man properly brought up would thus seduce an innocent girl and then seek, as Walter Brooks did, to throw her off for a fresher face that pleased his eye and suggested to him another victim of his cruel arts. These are very common stories these days of working girls and wide newspaper publicity, and while it would be reasonable to assume that a more numerous, population considered, than formerly, they are entirely too numerous, and alarming enough to deserve inquiry for their cause and, if possible, their cure.

One reason for the youthful immorality that shocks us on every side is the decline of religious conviction. Homes of the middle classes, a generation ago, were apt to be dominated by a very real belief in religious authority, for honest and pure living. The Bible, as coming to be regarded as reputable and even exemplary, but not perfect in its authenticity or binding in its commands. The masses, perhaps, are not yet permeated with this belief; and there parental authority prevails, aided by the necessities and environment of poverty. But the middle classes, who are more enlightened than they used to be, are less devotional. The young people who are loosely connected with the religious lines are precisely those who have social freedom and money in their pockets for carriages, suppers and hotels.

In the world and less in the home. Co-education has helped to give them more the abandon of the man of the world and less of the old tender modesty of maidenhood. If it is not wise to deplore the change, it is altogether useless. But it is certain that mothers have not at all adapted their training to the changed conditions. Girls could once be left innocent of much knowledge that they must now learn. The bride of former days went to her husband as guileless of Nature's mysterious and sacred secrets as the new-born babe. In this uninforming and helpless state the young woman of today, with her greater freedom, cannot be left. Innocence abroad is a prey to evils that once were powerless to invade the precincts of the home's quiet and circumscribed life. The young person who is her own mistress at sixteen must be armed with intelligence that could be exercised vicariously for her when she was guarded until 25 or marriage. It is much the same with young men. Opportunity makes the crime, and will do so unless the prospective perpetrators are forewarned. The end of the road whither the first false step leads should be shown to every Walter Brooks before he is murdered in jealousy, and to every Florence Burns before she has closed upon herself the door to an honest and happy life. Eternal vigilance on the part of parents is the price of good children, and for themselves an old age untroubled by remorse and shame.

THE OPERATORS' ULTIMATUM.

The time has gone by when a group of employing capitalists can get together at the outset of a labor controversy and say: We will grant such and such things to our men, and such and such other things we will not grant, now or at any other time. One reason why this sort of a stand, attempted by the Pennsylvania magnates on Friday, is impossible is because labor has grown strong enough in moral, mental, social and material resources to say something itself about such controversies, and another reason is that public opinion refuses to look at disputes of this sort wholly from the employer's point of view. The operators may think there is but one side to the question—their side—but the public knows better. President Mitchell's prompt assent of the order for an immediate strike, made at the instance of the Civic Federation, is a compromise with a reasonable attitude on the part of organized labor which may be more often assumed by organized capital to its own advantage and the general good.

The dominant fact about these labor difficulties is that the community has at length roused itself to the consciousness that they are its affair as well as the affair of embattled property and the Civic Federation. It is exercising the prerogative of society, which our lawmakers and executives, whose business it more naturally is, are too cowardly to assert. The idea that class wars of the magnitude and bitterness of the modern strike should proceed at the unrestrained will of headstrong fighters on each side until the point of bloodshed is reached is puerile and fast passing away. Interrupted production and traffic, delay of bitter antagonism on the one side and bitter discontent on the other, make up an exhibit that demonstrates society's direct concern with every affair of this kind.

Too many innocent stockholders on the one hand and dependent families and trading communities on the other are affected in a struggle such as now impends in the anthracite districts, to justify the community at large in folding its hands helplessly wondering how the matter will turn out.

What right have these operators to say that the representatives of their laborers shall be themselves in the employ of the companies? The object of the contention is obviously nothing but a desire to deprive the workmen of such diplomatic service as they may call to their aid. There is no pretense that the labor leaders do not represent the men, or that their agreements will not be respected by the men. The labor leaders are empowered to act for the workers, just as much as the operators are empowered to act for the owners. The man that owned a plant used to feel, and the feeling was natural and just, that no outsider should come between him and his men. But this good old man has gone away. He sold out to a corporation and the corporation was merged into a trust, and the trust has hired a lot of superintendents and agents of one sort and another to represent it in its dealings with labor. It does not lie very snugly in the mouths of these hired men to complain because labor has also hired men to represent it. The workers have not demanded, so far as we have observed, that the presidents and chairmen of boards shall all speak for, and hence the labor leaders and chairmen are not justly to be required to own or be part and parcel of the labor they speak for.

OUR IMMIGRATION.

Oregon may well congratulate herself upon the number and type of immigrants that have come, and are still coming to the state, homeseeking this Spring. In a former era, dominated by isolation, the watchword of the leading minds of the state was "home production." This, though still retained in the vocabulary of our industrial life, has been supplemented by the declaration that we need for the development of our boundless resources "people, people." It is gratifying to note that this need is being met to the extent of some 2000 homeseekers every week, and that the immigrants are generally speaking of the type that will add to the state's prosperity by their industry and thrift.

For the state. A decided change of location is at best trying upon people who love home and old associations. Upon women especially these things set heavily. Men, for obvious reasons, bear the trials incident thereto with less friction of the nerves and less bodily and mental strain.

IRISH STATESMEN VS. IRISH BARBERS.

There have been a few great Irishmen who have rendered important services to their country within the lines of constitutional agitation. The roll of these great men is headed by the illustrious Edmund Burke, and it includes Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell. In our times there have been Irish agitators who have been worthy successors of these great men in their efforts for home rule, and, falling in that, of radical land reform. To the name of statesman William Redmond, the Irish member of Parliament, who said at Chicago on Sunday last that "if we cannot win home rule we will destroy the Parliament of England," can lay no just claim. He will have what he wants or he will ruin Great Britain. It is quite possible, perhaps probable, that ultimately Ireland will get home rule, but such utterances as those of Mr. Redmond will not hasten the day of its bestowal. It is safe to say that the gift of home rule for Ireland is farther remote today than it was the day that Gladstone resigned his leadership to Lord Rosebery. Why? Because of the senseless and exasperating speech and action of Irish agitators of the Redmond and Dillon quality, who, at the moment that Great Britain became involved in the Boer War, were not content with such frank opposition and dignified disapproval as were manifested by John Morley, but were never weary of flinging wanton insult at the English flag and making bitter gibes over battlefields where, though defeated, the English arms suffered no shame.

When we remember that there is scarcely a single Irishman of consequence among the English nobility, gentry or middle classes which has not suffered directly or indirectly personal bereavement through the Boer War, it is not difficult to understand that never in the life and leadership of such reckless men as Tim Healey, Redmond and Dillon is home rule likely to obtain any new friends in the British Parliament.

Suppose on the heels of the memorable defeats of Bull Run, Gettysburg, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, a "copperhead" Democrat had risen in his place in Congress, and not content with opposing Lincoln's war policy, had sneered at the soldiers, both the living and the dead, who had gallantly faced wounds and taken death in vain for victory, what would have been the consequences? Why, those "copperhead" Democrats would hardly have escaped mobbing at the hands of the populace. They would not have been rebuffed because they opposed the war and Lincoln's war policy, but they would have been mobbed for their reckless and brutal insults to soldiers, living and dead; they would have been mobbed because they declined to spare the newly-made graves where valor proudly sleeps.

The meanness, the malignity, expressed by Tim Healey, a brilliant man of education and culture, when he taunted Great Britain with the fact that she furnished the Boers at Colenso with other "Dingans' day," will neither be forgiven nor forgotten by the ruling generation of Englishmen, who have fought this terrible Boer War. And it ought not to be, because if the intellectual cultivated leaders of the Irish home rule party cannot rule their tongues or subdue their passions on responsible public occasions, what can be expected of the creature of the rank and file of the Irish home rule party when in some future difficulty of the British Government they think they have discovered an opportunity which would make "a grand day for Ireland"? That is the trouble with this whole Redmond and Healey home rule business. Its leaders never rule their spirits; never control their speech; they are constantly proving that, while they have no small wit and considerable eloquence, they have no discretion, they cannot govern themselves; they could not be trusted tomorrow as the leaders of an Irish home rule Parliament decently to govern Ireland. The brains and property of England and Scotland have no confidence in the statesmanship of these Redmondites and Healeyites; and the brains and property of Ireland share this English distrust. Home rule for the present is dead, and is likely to be dead a long time, thanks to the bitter sarcasms, the reckless wit and flippant eloquence of Redmond and Tim Healey during the Boer War. T. W. Russell, the most conspicuous of the Ulster Unionists, sees that home rule is dead, and proposes a scheme of land reform under which the sale of all landed estates in Ireland which exceed a specified area shall be made compulsory by act of Parliament, and the proceeds of the sale shall be divided equally between the Irish tenant and the landlord. The Irish tenant shall be permitted to pay for the land he occupies its market value, plus a specified amount for the application of compulsion, and that the state shall contribute a part of this bonus required to extirpate the root of all the Irish trouble.

The state ought to help the purchasing tenant pay something for compulsion, since the Irish landlords were created by the state and the English garrison of Ireland for centuries. With such a settlement Mr. Russell says that the police force might be reduced one-half; the resident magistracy might almost cease to exist. The central principle of this scheme is that of "occupying ownership." There would be no subdivision or subletting, no re-enclosure of the old lands of landlord and tenant. Irish landlords would have a chance of escape upon terms

that would save those possible to save, and Great Britain would have peace, security and contentment in Ireland and a loyalty that is today unknown. Mr. Russell is clearly an Irish statesman by the side of whom Messrs. Healey and Redmond are only bawling Irish Bohemians.

OUTDOOR RECREATION.

The resurrection of the wild flowers has begun. The procession that should have started the first week of the month is rapidly today beginning to fall into line. Our Spring, in comparison with that of New England, rises early, but lives so long that we can hardly tell when Spring melts into Summer. The beautiful, brilliant, sudden, splendid resurrection of Nature that New England's Spring has come to us on this coast, but to offset this we have a climate that in its perennial mildness gives a far larger number of days of agreeable outdoor life. Spring wakes with us early. In February's last week in favored spots in Oregon violets may be found painting "woodland nooks with sweetest looks." There are a good many wild plants in bloom with us by the middle of March, which is the first of April before New England's first flower, the liverwort (Hepatica) puts in an appearance; then follows the trailing arbutus, but it is the first week of May before the New England Spring really becomes full of bloom and scent. When the shad bush fills the New England woods with its white blooms, tinted with a purple, the old farmers say that Spring has come to stay.

We miss this brilliant flash, bounce and bounding beauty of New England's short Spring that breaks like a beautiful fairy suddenly out of the earth; we miss the glory of her Autumn, whose brilliant hues wrap Dame Nature with the hectic beauty of a dying Indian Queen, but our mild, short Winter, our early Spring, our bland Summer, with its cool nights, our being, bright Autumn, increase so largely the number of days when outdoor life is not only tolerable but agreeable that no man who has lived in Oregon five years would lose its climate all the year round for the sake of New England's brief burst of Spring beauty or the short-lived glory of her Autumn forest dyes. The climate that affords the largest number of days when it is comfortable to be out of doors is the best land to live in, for there is exquisite mental pleasure to be obtained in outdoor recreation. It is the best balm for hurt minds; the best tonic for debilitated bodies. The balm comes with the morning breeze, bringing with it the breath of a thousand flowers; the physical tonic is in the mountain airs, while there is a moral lift in the spectacle of the beauty and breadth of Nature that whether in vivacity or repose always sends a perpetual rebuke to the selfish, querulous narrowness of man.

The natural beauty of the world's conventions; perhaps they wrangle in bird talk as bitterly as does humanity, but if they do we do not know it. The whistle of the blackbirds in the tall trees made Lowell guess they were holding "windy congresses," but to most of us the blackbird or the hermit thrush is a fountain of melodious song whose outpourings help us all to grow old cheerfully.

The flowers, the trees, the birds, the fish and the game all in their season make a charming procession of old loves that every year look fresh and new to any man who was fortunate enough when young to have opened his ears, eyes and his soul to their healing influences. The woods, vocal with the happy calls of birds and glowing with the bright colors of familiar flowers, help to dispel the busy meddlesome of the world and trouble from the creaked heart of man. The strongest nature feel something of this gypsy joy which prompted Webster, Fox, Disraeli, to ramble in the woods, to lie in the grass with or without a book, or wander by the brookside with a companion who knows the difference between the art of conversation and the mere trade of argument. Whether we are in search of healing influences, or of rest and digestion or solace for a wounded spirit, or sagacious preparation against the unrest and unhappiness of unoccupied, listless old age, there is nothing better than an early imbued love for outdoor life when you have earned your leisure. This early acquired relish for the infinite variety of outdoor nature leaves us only when death seals up our sight.

The waters which the eye and the wild flowers are welcome as they march in annual procession from March until October, just as they did when we were happy children and searched for them every Spring, anxious that no mother should have earned and sweeter blossoms than we brought home to deck the hair of her who was our cradle's light.

The vandal squatter may slash recklessly down our woods, and depopulate our streams, but he cannot steal the sun, and he cannot level our mountains nor displace the purple mist of evening glory that wraps the lower hills. The Winter is over; the Spring is come, and yet she comes thus far so coyly and so coldly that these words of the sweet Irish singer are on our lips:

Ab! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May, Waiting for the pleasant rambles, Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles, With the woodbine alternating, Beat the dewy way, Ab! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May.

The oleomargarine contention now on in Congress is one of the most furious ever waged for and against that oleaginous compound. Large financial interests are at stake on both sides, and both sides in as a popular phase of their contention the "people's rights"—on the one hand to genuine butter for their bread, on the other to oleomargarine, if for any reason they prefer it to butter. Much is being said on both sides that is ludicrous in the extreme. For example, in the opinion of Senator Quarles, "things have come to a strange pass when steers compete with cows as butter producers, and it is time for self-respecting men to take up the cudgels for the cow," while others in behalf of the "boer man" urge that all restrictions be removed from the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. The simple facts of the question need no embellishment. The product known as oleomargarine is a fraud when sold as butter. Sailing under its own colors, made of useless materials and subjected to ordinary rules of cleanliness in manufacture, no legitimate objection can be urged against its production and sale. Foisted upon consumers as "butter," whether it is composed of deleterious substances or not, it is a fraud, not only upon dairy interests, but upon the public. It should not be difficult to formulate a law that will protect the people and the dairymen upon these

points, without unjustly discriminating against manufacturers of oleomargarine. Senator Harris, who supports the present drastic measure before Congress, known as the oleomargarine bill, still sees much virtue in the product as an article of food, and expresses surprise that manufacturers do not advertise oleomargarine as such, frankly and boldly. This is the simple, honorable solution of the whole matter. More than this the dairy interests have no right to demand; with less than this they will not and should not be satisfied.

The President's attitude toward deserters from the Army and Navy during the Civil War is the patriotic and the military attitude. To restrict deserters to a penalty by means of special legislation, for the sake of making them eligible for pensions, would be an insult to soldiers who earned honorable discharge through loyal service, and a gross injustice to the sea and air. It would also compel the people to pay for service that was dishonorably evaded—ignobly shirked. No soldier's military record should be tampered with by legislation. The Nation cannot afford to cheapen military service in any way, and certainly not by placing the deserter on a par with the soldier who earned and received honorable discharge from the service, and, through disability incurred therein, a pension. The bold impudence of the attempt to "fix the military records" in the interest of pension-hungry deserters is apparent. The country is to be congratulated upon the firm stand that the President has taken against the proposed abuse. The Secretary of War is very properly the court of last resort when the question of the restoration of a deserter to his original status in the Army is raised. Congress is too complacent by half, having political fences to keep up over a wide and diversified area.

Cecil Rhodes died at 47. So did the famous English statesman, William Pitt. Alexander Hamilton was but 47 when he fell in a duel, and the great Admiral Nelson was but 47 when he got his death wound at Trafalgar. The active military careers of both Napoleon and Wellington ended in 1815, when they were but 46. Grant's fame was all won before he was 43. Henry V, the greatest warrior King of England, died at 35. Nathaniel Greene, the ablest soldier of our Revolution, saw Washington die in his 46th year. Gustavus Adolphus, the famous warrior King of Sweden, was killed when about 38. The greatest soldier of antiquity, Alexander of Macedon, died when about 33. As a rule, men of action in the world's history have not been men of longevity. The notable exceptions include Cromwell, who was 43 before he became a great General, and Marlborough, who was 57 before he rose to any great military distinction. Mirabeau died when about 42. Byron and Burns died at 37; Shelley was but 30, and Keats only 25. The great painter, Raphael, died at 37. Goldsmith died in his 46th year. Edgar A. Poe was about 40 at his death.

The sport known as "riding to the hounds" is of the type tersely described as "fun for the dogs but death to the fox." It also has its drawbacks when applied to riders, and is by no means all sport for the horses engaged. Mrs. W. C. Whitney, it will be remembered, received serious injuries in this game a few years ago that resulted in her death, and a few days ago Lady Constance McKenzie, of Scotland, came near being killed by riding, with a large field, in the Whitney game preserve, in Aiken, Ga., on the trail of a wild fox. She was dressed in trousers, top boots and riding coat—a veritable Amazon in the saddle—when the horse, attempting to take a ditch, fell, throwing her violently. She was very severely, and, it was for a time thought, fatally, injured. Involuntarily one's thoughts go out to the fox, coupled with the hope that he escaped the tremendous odds arrayed against him.

President Roosevelt is a born disciplinarian. He has greatly desired to discipline General Miles for his too free expression of opinion upon the pending military bill before the Senate committee cannot be doubted. He has, however, taken counsel of discretion and decided to content himself by holding suspended over the head of the loquacious Lieutenant-General the sword of his displeasure, ready to sever his connection with the Army in case of another outbreak of adverse opinion upon unprompted military methods. General Miles will do and say the least that is viewed by this leniency, and bottle his views, at least until such time as, from the safe retreat afforded by the retired list, with honors and emoluments unimpaired and unmenaced, he can uncock them with impunity.

The Great Northern Seattle Post-Intelligence comes out in a leading editorial article in opposition to the move of Governor McBride and Attorney-General Stratton against the Northern General merger and the proposed extension of the railroads. There is nothing surprising in that the ass knoweth its owner or that it fondly supposes its voice will be taken seriously as public opinion. The article in question is not, of course, designed so much for consumption in Eastern Washington, where no one will be deceived by it, as in St. Paul, where the expectation of literary returns on invested capital will not brook disappointment.

The American Sugar Refining Company is said to be going into the best-sugar business out in Colorado. This rumor leads the Indianapolis News to suggest that "perhaps in time the Havermeyers may not feel so much distress for the poor Cubans." This is, of course, an unworthy reflection upon the motives of the great philanthropists whose business it is to cater to the "sweet tooth" of the world to the exclusion of others who would fain share the enterprise and accruing profits with them.

Professor Rigler has engaged in no more worthy work in behalf of popular education since he has been identified with the public schools of this city than that of attempting to enlist the cooperation of parents and especially of mothers in the work of the teachers. The effort is certainly a laudable one, and it may be hoped, will meet with gratifying response. The trouble with most of the complainants about the schools is that the complainants don't know what they are talking about.

Politics is a game—a selfish game at that—wherein, as in love and war, all things are considered fair. If it breeds selfishness among its votaries, why need any one be surprised?

OKLAHOMA'S APPEAL.

There is just resentment on the part of the people of Oklahoma of the universal tendency to class that territory with Arizona and New Mexico, and to discredit its appeal for statehood by arguments which apply only to the territories last named. Oklahoma has little in common with the Southwestern territories, and shares not at all in the adverse conditions which present themselves to every mind when either Arizona or New Mexico is named. Whatever objection is to be urged against Oklahoma as a candidate for statehood does not relate to a foreign and, politically speaking, non-capable element in her population. There are, in truth, few foreigners of any kind in Oklahoma; and such as there are are of Northern European origin, and are of the breed which naturally and quickly assimilates and becomes incorporated with the mass of wholesome American citizenship.

The argument presented by Oklahoma in support of her application for statehood is one of surprising force—surprising because it makes plain the extraordinary fact that a country which less than 15 years back had not one white inhabitant is now thoroughly equipped for statehood in the points of number and quality of population, manifest political capacity, established industry, a more than sufficient accumulated wealth, and a generally competent organization of social life. It is with something like amazement that the country learns that Oklahoma, which was only opened to white settlement in 1889, has more population than Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington or Oregon; that, coming in on the basis of her present population, she would be entitled to three members of Congress—more than the number allotted to any state at the time of its admission. And amazement turns to admiration when it is told that of those who make up the community of this young but lusty commonwealth almost all are native Americans, drawn from every state in the Union, and representing the broad commonality of American life as it is not represented anywhere else, for nowhere else is there an extensive population of American people with no single native son or daughter not above 13 years of age.

The business and productive capability of Oklahoma is illustrated by the figures of her material affairs presented last week to Congress by Delegate Flynn, who is conducting the Washington end of the admission campaign. The climate of Oklahoma partakes something of the North and something of the South; and the productions of the country, while largely agricultural, cover a wide range. Oklahoma fruit comes into market earlier than that of the Northern States, and already it rivals in some lines the fruit product of California. The exported surplus of wheat last year was 30,000,000 bushels; of corn, 60,000,000 bushels; of cotton, 200,000 bales. Oklahoma is traversed by four of the great trunk railroads, and of her 25 county-seat towns but one lies away from a railroad line, many of them having three or four. There are upwards of 200 banks in the territory, with capital of \$30,000,000. The indebtedness of the territory on June 30, 1901, was less than \$1 per capita, and of the form of bonds issued for educational purposes during the first year of the existence of the territory. There never has been a bond issued by the territory, or by any county or municipality in which it has been repudiated, or in which there has ever been any default in the payment of interest. Territorial and municipal securities sell readily in the money markets on a 4 per cent basis or less. There are several cities in the territory with from 10,000 to 15,000 population, and with their own systems of water works and other public improvements. The taxable wealth of the territory is nominally about \$20,000,000, but in reality it is fully \$30,000,000. There is not a millionaire in the territory, and not a pauper. So much for the material development of a country which, so early as 1889, was a prairie wilderness. American energy never in any past time or in any field achieved a greater triumph.

It is not alone in material wealth that Oklahoma has achieved wonders. There are in the territory 2500 public schoolhouses, located within easy access of the home of every man who desires to educate his children, and most of these schoolhouses are paid for and have been erected without the issuance of bonds or the incurrence of any obligation or debt. The territory is also well supplied with higher educational institutions, such as a university, agricultural college and normal schools. There are churches everywhere; the roads are universally good for the auto and the horse; the streams everywhere are substantially bridged. In all the towns there are commodious halls for public gatherings; and the universal fraternal orders are everywhere solidly established.

Oklahoma has been Republican since its organization, excepting in 1896, when it sent for a single term a "fusionist" to Congress. Populism has no hold in the territory, and there is no war against property which meets its honest obligations. Oklahoma wants to come into the Union because it is ambitious for the political equality and independence which belongs of right to its self-supporting character. "Our people," says Delegate Flynn, "who but a few years ago all lived in states, have settled a new country, reared a splendid commonwealth, which is equal to that of any state in the Union, become self-supporting, and now feel that they should be admitted as a state and have the same representation in the council of the Nation as they would have had had they continued in the states. They do not delight in a territorial form of government. No state after it was admitted ever looked back upon the days of its territorial existence with pride. A territorial form of government is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

The Manchurian "Open Door."

Philadelphia Ledger. In the face of the assurances as our Government has received from the principal nations in interest, it is impossible not to believe that the "open door" into Manchuria will be maintained for American trade. This is all that this country asks. If this is assured, the other nations may settle their dealings with China in their own way, so far as the United States is concerned.

One on Macbeth.

Macbeth was suffering from insomnia. "Is this a dagger I see before me?" he inquired of a Presence which he somehow felt was occupying the same room he was in. "What do you think it is," sniffed the Presence, with the scorn, "a Mauser rifle or a Krupp cannon?" Considering the age he was living in, Macbeth was struck by the common sense of the observations of the Presence, and, feeling certain that it was a dagger, he decided to let it dag as soon as the fatal moment arrived.

Easter Flowers.

Daintily violet, Bright with morning dew; Gorgeous Easter lily— Both are fair, 'tis true, Yet you are but Nature's, And I am but to fade. Both today must hide your heads, Both keep in the shade. Know that this is Easter, And the faintest bloom, Grow not in the noxious Or the forest gloom. The flowers that we worship— Who knew, cease to be; Spring today from Easter hats, And are built of cloth. —J. MONTAGUE.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Song of the Shirk. With spirits weary and worn, With crippled feet and red, Sat a newspaper man, and jumped an inch At each throbb of his aching head. Pore, pore, pore, O'er the hills every day, And as he read, in a voice full sore, He sang this painful lay: "Read, read, read, With attention merciless; Read, read, read, Till the old sheet's on the press. Column and stick and head, Heat and column and stick, Till the brain is numb, and the soul is dead, And the heart is faint and sick."

"And what do I find but beats, And woe-ful editor's views, And sermons long, and speeches weak, Played up in the place of news? And captives gone astray, And birds of prey on the wing, And the picture of Roosevelt run above The name of some pioneer?" "Read, read, read, Of Sampson, Miles and Schley, Read, read, read, That a Russian once did drag by, That the King of Spain has a new Spring crown."

"Prime Henry's hat's blown off; That a Russian once did drag by, Is quartered at Letzgraff."

"And the same old ramors of war, And the same old rows at home, And the same old strikes in the rolling mills, And the same old strikes at home. It is oh! for Mary Jane Holmes, And the Fuchses, and Gunter, too, The Congressional Record's massive tomes Would even look good to me."

"Through the window comes floating In The perfume of springtime, bland; You know as you enter the busy street, Of the drum in the German band, But column and head and stick, And stick and column and head, Are looking down, in cold, cold print, And simply must be read."

"Oh! for a taste of the joys Of a Mother Goose nursery rhyme; Oh! for a glance at the wondrous tales That began 'Once on a time'— But there is no time for love, And there is no time for love, No time at all, what's beaten above By the buck-dancing galley boy."

"Oh! foreman who wildly shout, For copy the whole day through, You little know as you strike up 'takes' What a lot of harm you do. For your million and nonpareil, Your eagle and bold black face, Are looking down, in cold, cold print, We trust that you'll see the place."

With spirits weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red, Sat a newspaper man and pored and pored Over single and double led. Till his brain refused to think, And before his eyes danced a whirling mass Of type and turned rows and ink.

Plans of Pacification.

It appears from the following wireless dispatches, which might have been sent to the War Department, that General Miles is not the only man who has wrestled with the Filipino problem and evolved a plan for the pacification of the island:

LONDON, March 28.—E. Root, Washington, D. C.: This would be my plan: Corral each native man and read to him some little thing of mine. I think that you will find each leader is inclined to yield to strains of melody divine. This plan won't be O. K.'d in Boston, and it's the plan of ALFRED AUSTIN.

BERLIN, March 28.—E. Root, Washington, D. C.: Mein Bruder Heinrich ist so neulich zurueckgekehrt dass ich gar nichts zu Ihnen zu sagen habe, aber I am thinking about the matter, and just wait till you get a wire from me before you do any pacifying. WILLIAM, R. I.

NEW YORK, March 28.—E. Root, Washington, D. C.: If you are up on literature you may remember that I once suggested to your department to civilize part of the American Indians with soap and use religion on the rest. Why not try it on the Filipinos? Yours, etc., MARK TWAIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 28.—E. Root, War Department. Send the Filipinos to my constituents and they will be civilizing the brethren of their own hue as long as the trees and the hemp hold out. Respectfully, BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

Wall of the Ignored Candidate.

I have shouted for the party; I have stood for the party; I have sacrificed my business to become a candidate. I have left my wife and children at a lonely fireside To go and get supporters for the spats from far and wide; I have run for every office, and have cheerfully been made the laughing stock of my neighbors for every trade. And when at last the party stands a chance to sweep the town, They smile at me with pity, and proceed to throw me down.

For the job I had my eye on they have got the weakest man They could put upon the ticket—just a chronic ailment man. What would I do to boost the party, as they very soon will find, Is exclusively set forth upon the tablets of his mind. All he does is sit and blow about the phantom coin he spends, And promise tons of ballots from imaginary friends. They made me think I'd beat him, but their perfidy to crown They waited till I'd helped them, then they coldly turned me down.

Of course, they talk of harmony, and think that I should shout, And work for the not rotten slave, to help their rotten ticket out. They tell me as a rustler I'm almighty hard to beat. They say they need my strength upon the stump and on the street, But just to show them how I feel I'll take to private life. And let them go alone against the struggles and the strife. Or this campaign; I'll just give up my chances of renown, And pass up pillows a while to throw them fellows down.

Macbeth was suffering from insomnia. "Is this a dagger I see before me?" he inquired of a Presence which he somehow felt was occupying the same room he was in. "What do you think it is," sniffed the Presence, with the scorn, "a Mauser rifle or a Krupp cannon?" Considering the age he was living in, Macbeth was struck by the common sense of the observations of the Presence, and, feeling certain that it was a dagger, he decided to let it dag as soon as the fatal moment arrived.

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