The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance—

Daily, with Sunday, per month	$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year	7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year	9 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
The Weekly, per year	1 50
The Weekly, 3 months	50

To City Subscribers—

Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:

10 to 14-page paper.....1c
14 to 28-page paper.....2c

Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer; northerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 51; minimum temperature, 36; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1902

USES OF THE MOUNTEBANK.

Large as was the figure made by Dr. Talmage in the religious world, there is no term so accurately descriptive of his pulpit methods as the word "mountebank." His rhetoric is picturesque to the point of exuberance; his gestures were antics, his manner theatrical. To the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, there is an element of cultivated people his preaching could only repel. Those who from sedate habit see in the popular revivalist a travesty upon ideal pulpit work, who from familiarity with high-class music look upon "Moody and Sankey hymns" as unworthy a place in church services, view the efforts of Dr. Talmage more in sorrow than in anger, but make no doubt that the net result of his life work has been to bring the cause of religion into contempt.

Now, the mountebank could not draw a prize in the tragedian class, but in his own field he is interesting, and even useful. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and there are those to whom the mountebank's performance is more entertaining, and perhaps instructive, than the more pretentious production of Irving or Mansfield. The fact remains that Dr. Talmage has maintained a hold upon the attention, the respect and even the veneration of thousands of parishioners these forty-six years since he was ordained, and of many thousands more whom he has reached through his published sermons, lectures and essays. It is doubtful whether in all his public life he has employed his powers in a single instance to the derogation of any moral or virtuous impulse. Numbers have been helped by him; few, if any, have been injured.

The proportion of persons whose sentiments and emotions are held in subjection by trustworthy reasoning powers is lamentably small. What a following Bryan gained through oratorical powers of the Talmagian stamp is well known; and if Bryan's voice and magnetic presence had been enlisted in the cause of honest money and National honor, none could doubt his usefulness and worth. Talmage has been a popular and sensational crier of the gospel; but his adjurations were in the direction of virtue and morality. The scoffers for whom he provided weapons of attack would have been scoffers if he had never lived; and those who sincerely regretted his cheap and meretricious performances were above being swayed by him one way or another. On the other hand, his appeals to parents for greater care and consecration in the training of their children, his deprecations of excessive worldliness and his fearless denunciation of popular sins must be remembered to his credit.

The world is full of worse men than Dr. Talmage—of men less sincere, less desirous of doing good, less consumed with a passion for saying something to lead men out of their sins to a higher life. Long ago it was observed by high authority that not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called to do the work of evangelism. The preacher has an uphill task among the highly cultivated. The sheaves lie thickest among the humble lives of the lowly and the poor; and if Dr. Talmage went little to and achieved little among the wise and great, his choice is not without illustrious example. It takes all kinds of preachers to meet the religious needs of a diversified people. All cannot be led from darkness to light by the same path.

The Oregonian's means of communication with all parts of the state are very complete. There is no other agency of so complete communication. This paper bears its daily message to every locality in Oregon, and it has unrivaled facilities for obtaining responses that indicate the temper and state of the public mind. It knows whereof it speaks, therefore, when it states that the claim of the opposition that there is a disposition on the part of old-time Republicans to resent the nomination of Mr. Furnish, and a purpose to make the resentment effective by voting for Mr. Chamberlain, is a figment of the imagination. Mr. Furnish will receive the Republican vote, because he is the present representative of the purposes for which the Republican party stands. It is a political election. The objects to which the Republican party is devoted, so far as Oregon can have to do with them, are involved in it. Republicans know that the only way in which they can support the policy and purposes of their party is to stand by the men selected as the party's representatives. Whether Oregon is to be classed as a Republican or as a Democratic state depends on the vote cast for the leading office. Should Oregon elect Chamberlain it would be set down as a Democratic state, and its name and its influence would go on the record as against the Republican party and the National Administration. The Republican vote therefore will go for Furnish and the Republican ticket.

LET THE SOUTH ALONE.

Of the supreme unwisdom of Senator Depew's counterblast against sectional amity there can be no doubt. The question every one would like answered is, Why does he choose the very hour of President Roosevelt's happy reception in the South to undo the good work as far as possible, and revive the estrangement between Southern men of brains and character and the Republican party of the North? The answer nearest at hand, and the one that must serve until a better is provided, is that the corporations represented by Depew, and the Republican machine in New York State, and the interests represented by Senator Hanna wish to make it impossible for President Roosevelt to weaken the hold of the Hanna party upon the Southern vote in the next National Republican Convention. It is an undertaking that comes close to the nefarious, and it can only result in solidifying Republican sentiment at the North behind the President.

Depew has manufactured the occasion of his ebullition out of whole cloth. There is no present necessity for his outburst. The plea that popular election of Senators would involve greater violence to manhood suffrage than the present method is a most transparent pretense. The object of the New York Senator, clearly revealed by his ready rejoinders to Southern protests, is to inflame the Southern heart. He has attacked the Southern States wholesale, from South Carolina around to Kentucky, and he has done it in the most offensive manner possible. He cannot be ignorant that his action justifies no other interpretation than that the Republican programme contemplates the Crumpacker resolution and a sort of "force bill," involving not Federal troops at the polls, it is true, but at least Congressional inquiry into the embarrassing and painful problem of the elective franchise at the South. He knows that this is to misinterpret the best thought of the North, and to substitute dishonestly a part for the whole. His action should be resented in New York as heartily as in Mississippi.

The North wants no quarrel with the South, and it has formed the conviction that the South should be suffered to meet its race problem in its own way. That is the fact about this business, and grandfather clauses and fourteenth amendments are alike negligible. Real things in the problem are that the South has accepted the Union and fought for the flag side by side with the North; that it accepts the gold standard and welcomes Pacific expansion. In return for this it asks its Congressional representation, its electoral vote and its negro problem to be let alone. The concession is something, doubtless, but it is worth while. Sectional bitterness is worth allaying, sectional cordiality worth cultivating, on moral, social and trade considerations. It is a dastardly act to seek to break in upon the growing friendship between North and South, whether Depew does it for his party, for Mr. Hanna or for the corporations whose collar he exhibits in the Senate with such obvious pride. No one but a fool would imagine the Republican party's future is to be advanced by perpetuation of "the solid South."

WHAT WORKING PEOPLE READ.

The New York Sun publishes some interesting facts concerning the popular taste in books, derived from the record of the 171,000 loans made by the traveling department of the New York Public Library for the past year. The 12,000 volumes of this department are in constant circulation. The working girls' clubs, whose members, employed in stores and factories, have long hours, are tired in the evening and naturally crave light fiction, like the novels of Mary J. Holmes, E. P. Roe and "The Duchess." One or two of Barrie's they will read, but have no use for Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." These girls will not read James nor Howells, nor Miss Jewett's stories; but "One Summer," "The First Violin" and Marlitt's German stories are popular. They will not read the standards—Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Scott, Bronte or Hawthorne. They will not read Scott at all, nor Mrs. Humphry Ward, Stevenson or Kipling, but they like books of travel, college stories and writings of colonial days. There is loud call for new fiction, but this is merely the demand of curiosity excited by seeing them advertised. Miss Wilkins' "Portion of Labor" is in demand because it appeals to a working girl's experience of life.

The men's clubs on the East Side, composed largely of young Hebrews preparing for one of the universities, want Macaulay, Adam Smith, Darwin, Huxley, Bryce, Fiske, Shakespeare and Milton. They want all the standard English fiction; they taste of Howells for the sake of his style. Frederic Harrison's "Meaning of History" and his "New Calendar" are favorites. Their favorite novels when they read for pleasure are "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis?" and the "Prince of India." The firemen's clubs read everything obtainable about the Civil War and the Spanish War. They call for the President's books, because they like his books and like him. In fiction they like Rider Haggard, Clark Russell's sea stories, Dumas, Stanley Weyman, Cooper's novels and those of William Black and Charles Lever. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is still a favorite; they are fond of "David Harum," "Eben Holden," "Sherlock Holmes." Anna Katharine Green is a favorite author. The firemen clearly read a far higher and more robust grade of fiction than the working girls. The messenger boys want Henty and Kirk Munroe, W. Clark Russell, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Trowbridge and Stevenson's "Child Garden of Verse." The poems of Riley and Field are very popular, and so is "This Little World." David Christie Murray's story of an old-time English prize-fighter, popular with the firemen. The bright girls in clerical employment don't care for Marion Harland or E. P. Roe or Scott or Eliot. They want all the new fiction, such as "Audrey," "The Crisis," "To Have and to Hold," "Richard Carvel," "Helmet of Navarre." Everybody likes Seton's books and such works as "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Prisoner of Zenda," "David Harum."

The conclusion reached is that two-thirds of those who take out books are girls; that it is men who read newspapers and women who read books. This is because the working man or boy spends fewer hours at home than the working woman or girl.

AN ISSUE AND ITS IRRELEVANCIES.

Some cogent and impressive objections are urged in Congress to the Chinese exclusion bill. Their promoters are sincere, their influence is weighty, their opinion is not to be despised. But all they say is irrelevant. It affects the case nothing.

No one can impugn the wholly admirable sentiments that actuate the venerable Senator Hoar in his abhorrence of race prejudice and his resolve never to vote for the Mitchell bill. He will vote to keep out immoral Chinese or degraded Chinese. He will protect American labor from real injury and protect our American civilization from demonstrated contamination; but beyond this he will not go. Because a man is black, or red, or yellow, instead of white, is not, in Mr. Hoar's view, adequate basis of exclusion. He will proscribe moral qualities, but not color; and it is easy to sympathize with his determination.

It is urged that if Chinese laborers are denied to our steamships, our trans-Pacific trade will abandon the American for the British flag. In the intense heat of the tropics crews of Orientals can perform work that white men will not do. If vessels cannot have Chinese seamen under the American flag, they will go to the British. Probably they will. The argument is plausible.

Many industries on the Pacific Coast and in the other far Western states and territories are sadly in need of cheap labor. Railroads, salmon canneries, fruit farms and preserving establishments, laundries, and even domestic kitchens by the thousand are hampered by lack of help at feasible wages. In this contention also is much truth. There are those who believe it thoroughly and will act upon it with decision.

But it so happens that none of these considerations have any bearing upon the real question at issue. The apparent merits of the case are not its real merits. They are, on the contrary, irrelevant and negligible. The only question is as to whether our American labor, intelligent, organized, united, determined, shall have its will or be defied. And to this there is only one answer. There is no single body of opinion in the United States so well persuaded of its needs, so well equipped to secure them and so deserving of consideration for what its welfare means today and for what the welfare of its children means to the next generation as the workingmen. On this Chinese question their voice is united. It is madness to oppose them. Their contentment is too desirable to be menaced, their discontent and sense of injustice is too high a price to pay for the speculative benefits of Chinese immigration.

Many of our statesmen have lived too long and forgotten too little to realize the anachronism of their belief that it makes no difference what labor wants. It makes a great deal of difference, not only to employers of labor, but to society as a whole, in its every aspect. American labor will not endure the coolie as a fellow or as a competitor. And it has means of enforcing its will—first the ballot, and if that fails, something else.

THE MASTERFUL HUSBAND.

Petruchio, in the "Taming of the Shrew," is a most diverting picture of medieval masterful husband, the husband who is master solely by dint of browbeating, by fists and heels. He is Shakespeare's only picture of this rude sort of wooer and husband. Even Richard III, when he woos the Lady Anne, hides his wolfish nature beneath a smiling mask of urbane deference and soft, smiling courtesy; but Petruchio woos his mistress like a bull charging a gate, or like a grim soldier smiting in the door of a castle with a battle-ax. Petruchio is a rough humorist, and he voices a brutal age when as a husband he could say without resistance on the part of her parents and kinsmen concerning his newly wed wife:

I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing.

He starves his wife, he robs her of sleep with his cursing and brawling, he forces her to wear a mean habit, he makes her call the sun the moon and the moon the sun, and finally worries the poor wretch's life so unceasingly that the shrew finally surrenders, saying: "What you will have it named, even that it is; and so it shall be for Katharine." The field is won, and when Petruchio orders Katharine to do his capricious bidding in the presence of her family she promptly and meekly obeys and tells her married sister that "Thy husband is thy lord, thy King, thy governor, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign. Such duty as the subject owes the Prince, even such a woman oweth her husband."

That this picture of a masterful husband, whose mastery was won by forcing his wife to choose between submission and ceaseless persecution, was no fancy sketch is proved by the fact that the play was wonderfully popular in Shakespeare's day, because in English life Petruchio's theory of absolute masculine mastery in marriage was the common precept and practice. Even to a late date in the eighteenth century the English law courts ruled that the husband might beat his wife if he did not use a cudgel thicker than his thumb. Of course, according to our modern conjugal standards and usages, Petruchio was more of a brute than a humorist, for he breaks his wife's spirit and extorts submission by violence of language and action. He tames her very much as the brutal mate of a ship breaks the spirit of his crew; he caresses them with a handspike and fans them with a belaying-pin. The crew cannot escape; they are without arms, so to escape starvation and suffering they meekly submit. So in Petruchio's day the wife was a chattel, a beast of burden. She could not dispose of her own hand or escape from her masterful husband, because there was no such thing as free divorce in those days. Even great Kings, both in England and France, could not get a divorce; and because, under the law, practically the wife was "his ox, his any thing," and because a divorce was not possible, there were plenty of Petruchios who were both able and willing to "tame" a wife through inescapable insult, abuse and domestic cruelty.

The position of the married woman down to the nineteenth century was one of comparative degradation, because under the law she could obtain not much more consideration than her fox-hunting husband gave his pet dog, and less than he lavished on his favorite horse. The pictures of English married life in the middle of the eighteenth century, as drawn by Fielding in his novels, make it clear that so far as the law was concerned any husband could play Petruchio if he willed to do so, because the law permitted him to beat his wife, and gave the wife practically no right to divorce because of "intolerable severity." The liberal divorce laws of today have made Petruchios extinct. A woman's hand cannot be given by her parents without her will; a woman's spirit cannot be broken by the despotic brutality of the quarter-deck.

If a woman is "tamed" by a masterful husband, she is subdued by tact, dignity, firmness, forbearance and affectionate kindness. If these methods will not "tame" the shrew, she is likely to lose her husband, since he, too, can appeal to the law for divorce on the ground of "incompatibility of temper," if not "intolerable severity." So far from liberal divorce being a subject for regret, it has meant the emancipation of the Katharines of our day from the brutal discipline of conjugal despots like Petruchio.

RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA.

Dr. W. A. Martin, late principal of the Chinese Imperial College at Pekin, and who was in that city during the late siege, landed a few days ago at Victoria. In his opinion, and he is in a position to speak intelligently upon the matter, Russia will never withdraw her troops from Manchuria. They will be kept there on the plea that they are necessary for the protection of the Russian railway. He further expresses the opinion that ultimately Russia will have sole possession of Manchuria. Julian Ralph, whose opinions upon Eastern questions have been given in many magazine articles, and who is well qualified to judge of the matters upon which he writes, in a late article in the World's Work, under the head of "China and Europe Face to Face," shares this opinion, and gives good reasons for holding it. Stating the matter succinctly, Mr. Ralph says: "Russia agrees to hand back the three Manchurian provinces within the next three years—but subject to the concessions already obtained there. The Manchurian and even the Shan Hai Kwan Railroads are to be surrendered, but Russia is to be relied upon exclusively to protect the line." As to the Chinese military forces in Manchuria, "China is to employ Russians exclusively to discipline and drill her troops, who are nominally to be commanded by a Tartar General." Pursuing the subject, Mr. Ralph says:

It may be that England and the United States are to be hoodwinked by such a convention, but who else can be—in the name of common sanity? Already the railway men who are acting as guards in Manchuria are picked troops—and there are 30,000 of them, with stone buildings as posts or garrisons, 18 miles apart, all along the lines. In all the larger towns depots have been established for their supplies of food, raiment, arms and ammunition. When the self-evident soldiery have been withdrawn these 30,000 picked soldiers will remain—20 to the mile—to guard the 1500 miles of railroads. And the Russian officers will drill the Chinese soldiers into such a force as England's Sikhs or England's Egyptian soldiery. I say that this will be the outcome of the Russian command of the Chinese force, because to argue otherwise would be to argue Russia an idiot nation.

Dr. Martin agrees, as eventually we must all agree, with this estimate. The declaration that it is idle, considering the temper of the age, to spend any time or logic upon the moral aspects of what Russia has done, is well defended by the history of the loot of the Chinese capital a few months ago by the leading Christian nations—our own excepted. There is no reason to doubt that while Great Britain, Japan and the United States are for the maintenance of the integrity of China, Russia, France and Germany are for "slicing up the kingdom." The preliminary steps in this policy have been boldly taken by Russia and Germany. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that they will be retraced. All is quiet now, but the elements of strife, of disruption, of foreign aggression, have and will maintain a strong foothold in China. Peace upon such a basis is an exceedingly fragile thing. The slightest friction will break it, and friction under the circumstances is inevitable.

The late letter of Pope Leo XIII on Scripture says:

The church holds all the books of Scripture as sacred and canonical, not because, having been composed solely by human industry, they were afterward approved by her authority, nor only because they contain revelation without error, but because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author.

It was also decreed by the Vatican Council that—

The books of the Old and New Testament are to be received as sacred and canonical in their integrity and all their parts, as they are enumerated in the decree of the Sacred Council of Trent, because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author.

This means that Catholics are bound to believe in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures; that its inspiration is not limited to the sentences in the context of the sacred books, but even the words are inspired. There is therefore no room in the Roman Catholic church for that "higher criticism" which has prompted many eminent Protestant clerics to regard the biblical stories of the deluge and of Jonah and the whale with incredulity on scientific grounds. The late St. George Mivart once held that the deluge, as described in the Bible, was impossible practically, and rejected the story of Jonah and the whale, but he was promptly told by the Vatican that he must retract these views or be cast out of the Catholic church. A good many Protestants, like the Rev. Dr. Da Costa, have gone over to the Catholic church as the only house of refuge for those who refuse to accept conclusions of "the higher biblical criticism" which treats the Bible as a book of human origin and fallible in spots.

The popular impression concerning Lord Byron is that he was not only a radical in politics, but also in religion; that, if not an atheist, he was at least an agnostic. Byron, in his reply to severe criticism passed upon his dramas of "Cain" and "Heaven and Earth," stoutly maintained that he was as innocent of any impious or irreverent thought in the composition of these dramas as Milton was in his composition of "Paradise Lost." Among the recently published letters of Byron are several concerning his natural daughter, Allegra, which support the view that Byron was neither an atheist nor an agnostic. Allegra was born in 1817. In 1818 Byron wrote from Venice to Shelley offering to receive and provide for his daughter, then not 16 months old. The child was first placed by Byron with Mrs. Hoppner, the wife of the Swiss Consul-General. Byron took most affectionate and judicious care of this child in sickness and in health. He abandoned a journey if she was ill; he dismissed a servant that let her fall; he bequeathed her $20,000 by his will. He allowed her mother to see her, but would not allow her to educate her, because Jane Clairmont was an atheist. In a letter written to Mrs. Hoppner in 1820 Byron says: "The child shall not quit me again to perish of starvation or be taught to believe there is no deity. The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman, if possible. Claire shall not ever interfere with the child's morals or education." Byron insisted that a religious training should be given his daughter, and placed her in a convent school twelve miles from Ravenna. Shelley strongly approved of Byron's course, for he knew that the mother was totally unfit to bring up any child. Allegra died of a fever in the Spring of 1822. Byron sent her body to England, and had it buried in Harrow church. Byron loved her and always wrote and spoke of her sadly to Scott as "the sinless child of sin."

The Indians on the Sacaton reservation, in Arizona, are said to be starving. The cause of their distressing plight is that settlers above their lands have found use for and made use of all the water in that semi-arid region, diverting it from the reservation lands and rendering them practically sterile. Here is a condition of things that should not be allowed to exist for a single month. It represents the cruelest type of oppression of the weak by the strong, and the Government, whose wards by necessity and compulsion these Indians are, should come promptly to the rescue. The principle of the survival of the fittest does not cover a case of this kind. The unfoldment and progress of natural conditions incident to growth have not brought on this situation. It simply represents the inhumanity of greed, and means should be taken at once for its correction, whether these involve the moving of the Indians to some more favored locality, the ousting of ranchers who have absorbed the water supply of the present reservation upon which the Maricopa and Pima Indians to the number of 20,000 are confined, or the construction of an irrigation system for their relief. The public in the meantime will wonder what Indian Agent Hadley, of the Sacaton reservation, has been about to allow things to come to a starvation pass with these Indians before making known the impending calamity to the Government. A thing of this kind is not done in a corner.

A meat famine, it is said, is threatened in England. A similar famine has been on in the United States for some months, the rigors of which are increasing. To keep pace with it laboring men in all the walks of life demand and must have an increase of wages. One extreme leads to another, whatever the question at issue. The financial condition known as "hard times" and the industrial condition known as "depression" are the outcome sooner or later of these ever-increasing demands upon the consumer by the producer, and upon the employer by the laborer. To the inability or neglect of mankind to apply the lessons of experience to matters of business and industry the recurrence of panics in the monetary and industrial world is primarily due. In other words, men have not learned how to administer prosperity in order to make its reign perpetual. The cost of living is increased, though there is no abatement in the bounty of agriculture or of the resources upon which men feed and trade thrives. Perhaps there is a legitimate cause for the steady increase in the price of meat, but if so, this cause has not been made known to the satisfaction of the public.

The young man who commits suicide in a fit of despondency caused by an unsatisfactory "love affair" performs a good service to the world, since clearly he is not fitted by Nature to battle with the more serious problems of life which are the outgrowth of successful "love affairs." Too many men cast in Nature's weakest mold—a mold that cannot sustain the strain of duty and responsibility, with the added measure of disappointment, that falls to the lot of the most favored in life—keep up a degree of courage until persistence in endeavor is most needed, when they give up the battle because of its stress and leave wives and children to fight it out alone as best they can. While suicide is to be deplored as the coward's resource or the pitiful refuge of the temporarily insane, it is a matter of regret in many instances that, since it was inevitable, it was too long delayed. The individual who goes down in the first onset of disappointment is more considerate—though he probably would not put it that way—than he who throws up the sponge with a contract on his hands involving the care of the helpless and dependent.

At last, as it would seem, peace between the British and the Boers is in sight. For months the contention has been one of mere stubbornness on the part of detached bands of the latter, utterly devoid of the hope of ultimate victory. This element is still to be reckoned with; hence, until the terms of peace are definitely agreed upon and signed, it is unwise to declare that the war is over. Still, as before said, the end seems to be in sight. After a few years of peace, whenever peace comes, and the practical adjustment of governmental functions under British rule, the wiser of the Boer leaders will cease to chafe at defeat, and in due time the more intelligent among the masses will accept the new order of things, unaware really of any material change in their political status.

The Charleston fair comes at a time inopportune for an exhibit of the horticultural products of Oregon. The agricultural and mineral exhibits are excellent, all things considered, but as for an exhibit of fresh fruits "between seasons" that will do justice to our capabilities in this line, that is manifestly impossible. The display is, however, as a whole, attractive, and does credit not only to the state, but to those who have provided for and managed it.

Is the Democratic policy of "scuttle"—the policy of scurry or scamper from the Philippine Islands—set forth in the programme in Congress and in the party platform in Oregon—is it a policy of weakness and cowardice, or a policy merely of nonsense and folly, resting on the long habit of opposition?

Mr. Chamberlain now speaks with some show of earnestness against the system of fees in the state offices. But did he, when he was a member of the Legislature? Did he, when Attorney-General? If he did, who will supply the record?

There is a move forward in Oregon. In politics as in everything else. And it is time.

CHRISTIAN VIEW OF EXPANSION

From Rev. Josiah Strong's Book, "Expansion."

To be independent is to be exempt from reliance on others and from the rule of others. To be free is not to be exempt from law, but from arbitrary or despotic law. It is, as Webster says, to be "subject only to fixed laws, regularly administered."

There can be no existence without law; and the higher the form of existence, the larger the number of laws to which it owes obedience. These laws can never be evaded. When violated they are not escaped, their penalties are inflicted. The only possible way, therefore, to be free is to be free under law; that is, by being in sympathy with the laws of one's nature. All animate nature is free, not because it is out from under law, but because it has no desire to transgress the laws which limit and control it. But man, because he is endowed with free will, is capable of transgressing. Indeed, he has to learn to obey; he, therefore, has to learn to be free. Legally or technically one may be "born free"; but strictly speaking, freedom, like learning, must be acquired; it exists only where it has been achieved; it is a duty rather than a right.

Independence is a matter of relationship; freedom is a matter of character. Men become free only so far as they learn self-government; and they should be independent only so far as they have become free. Giving to a trifle independence no more confers upon it freedom than letting an anarchist out of jail confers on him a love of law.

To those who have not become a law unto themselves, independence brings not liberty with the blessings of order, but license with the curse of confusion. Independence without freedom is anarchy.

A savage in the midst of civilization finds himself hampered by a thousand restrictions, and chafes like a newly caged lion. But the civilized man does not find his freedom of action abridged, because he is in sympathy with these restrictions; they are his protection. Just in proportion, then, as men become civilized do they lose independence and acquire freedom. The higher the social organization the greater is the number of relationships and the greater the interdependence, and of course the less the independence.

The progress of civilization involves the increase of organization, industrial, social, and political, and, therefore, necessitates an ever-decreasing independence, while it makes possible an ever-increasing freedom.

* * *

Our policy should be determined not by National ambition, nor by commercial considerations, but by our duty to the world in general and to the Filipinos in particular. By discharging these obligations we shall best fulfill our duty to ourselves.

As a part of the great world life, these people cannot be permitted a lawless independence. If they are capable of being a law unto themselves, then neither the United States nor any other power should extend authority over them. If they are incapable of self-government, then to give them independence would wrong the world in general and themselves in particular. The practical question then narrows down to this: Are the Filipinos capable of self-government?

Henry Clay said: "I contend that it is to arraign the disposition of Providence himself to suppose that he has created beings incapable of governing themselves." But Clay's conception was formed when the old carpenter theory of the universe obtained, before modern science had shown that races develop in the course of centuries as individuals do in years, and that an undeveloped race, which is incapable of self-government, is no more of a reflection on the Almighty than is an undeveloped child who is incapable of self-government. The opinions of men who in this enlightened day believe that the Filipinos are capable of self-government because everybody is, are not worth considering. This is a question of fact to be settled by weight of testimony.

* * *

I know of no witness, who has had personal observation of the Filipinos, who declares them to be capable of self-government. Admiral Dewey has said he believed them to be more capable of it than the Cubans; but this proves nothing; the Cubans have yet to demonstrate their capacity for government. Besides, Admiral Dewey, as a member of the Philippine Commission, signed the report which states that at present the basis of self-government does not exist among the Filipinos, and that if America should withdraw, "the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy." The report continues: "Thus the welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of National honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago. We cannot from any point of view escape the responsibility of the government which our sovereignty entails, and the commission is strongly persuaded that the performance of our National duty will prove the greatest blessing to the people of the Philippine Islands."

In addition to Admiral Dewey this report was signed by Colonel Charles Denby, who, as Minister of the United States to China during several administrations, became familiar with Oriental character; by President Schurmann, of Cornell University, who at the time of his appointment to the commission was opposed to our taking the Philippines; by General Otis, and by Professor Worcester, who has spent over three and a half years in the study of the islands and their people, and who is recognized as one of the highest authorities on all questions relating to them. He says the people are "utterly unfit for self-government." Bishop Potter, who acknowledges that his visit to the Islands considerably changed his views, says: "It is nonsense to talk of the native Filipinos having the ability to organize a government of their own."

Such testimony from such sources would seem to be decisive to every unbiased mind. And if the Filipinos are incapable of governing themselves, some one else must govern them. On whom is that duty more incumbent than on ourselves?

* * *

The wise words of Emerson, true when written, are peculiarly applicable today: "We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another word for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race; and a literal, slavish following of precedents, as by a Justice of the Peace, is not for those who at this hour lead the destinies of this people." Conservatism demands precedents; progress creates them. The first precedent is always unprecedented. The world moves.

It is time to dismiss "the craven fear of being great," to recognize the place in the world which God has given us, and to accept the responsibilities which it devolves upon us in behalf of Christian civilization.

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President Cassatt's Hustle.

William J. Lampton, in New York Herald.

(Note—President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, made the run from Philadelphia to Jersey City on Monday, 90½ miles, in 79 minutes.)

The train from out the station drew
And straight for Jersey City flew,
With President Cassatt on board
To see the run was fairly scored.
Not fast at first, the speed increased
Until the flyer was released
From limitations of the town,
And then—

Z—
Z—
Z—
Z—
Z—t.

All out for Jersey City.
And not a single thing was broke,
Midst whirling wheels and engine stroke,
Except the record, in the dash.
And it was busted all to smash.
Gee whiz.
What a whizzer
One of those whizzers b

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

On the Howlingwolf Ranch.

This is the Howlingwolf Ranch; the wail of the pensive coyote
Sounds from the far distant hills like a bunch of calliope music.
Silently, one by one, in the dreary and desolate rimrocks,
The jackrabbits gallop around through the grass, irresponsibly happy.
Afar in the forest beyond is a thrifty and wide-awake paleface
Selling a credulous Siwash a quart of alleged firewater.
This is the Howlingwolf Ranch, but where is young Harold F. Johnson?

Smooth and abreast of the times was the Harold F. Johnson we write of.
Versed in the dialect found in the stories of Alfred H. Lewis;
Full of belief that a man with a good track and field education,
An acquaintance with firearms gained in a National Guard rifle practice,
Up in the terms of the West, such as "gun play," "whatever" and "longhorn,"
Could stack up his checks on the range and give the old residents pointers;
Show them how quickness and nerve in the East can be duly acquired,
And that tenderfeet now and then prove too much for contemptuous plainsmen.
Many a tale he had read of bluffs of this kind on the desert,
Put through with courage and snap by a tenderfoot, and got away with;
And to give to the writers of tales a theme for another such story,
He went to the Howlingwolf Ranch and signed as a No. 1 puncher.

Bright was the dawn of the day that he set forth to tackle a broncho,
Great was the courage he brought to that risky and delicate project,
Great was his wrath when he heard when he gathered his remnants together,
And wondered however he'd missed the moon both in going and coming
A couple of insolent louts who had halted their bronchos to see him,
Break forth with that soul-galling sound which is known in the West as the "ha, ha!"
Quickly he grabbed for his gun, but ere he had got his hand near it
He heard the unanimous crack of two 45—70 pistols,
And the glittering rays of the sun, as they gilded the hills with their glory,
Shone through two circular holes in his legs, down close to the ankles.

When, after months on a cot had restored him the use of these members,
He stood in a crowd at a bar, and declined a polite invitation
To wash out the dust from his throat with a glass of the powerful liquor
Which is known and revered on the plains by the humorous title of "red eye."

When they had searched for the lead and extracted a couple of ounces,
And once more he walked among men, full of faith in his power to get there,
He sat in a game of draw poker, and by a mistake of the dealer
Showed down an ace and four kings, when his aged and violent neighbor
Laid down that invincible hand which consists of a king and four aces.
Once more did he reach for his gun, but went quietly under the table,
This time with the lead in his lungs, introduced in six separate places.

At length did the purposeful plan of the strenuous Harold F. Johnson
Become sickled o'er with a cast that was tinged with some irresolution,
But still he read deep in the tales of tenderfeet making their bluffs good,
And when on a midsummer's eve a puncher narrated a story
Of how on a single day he had killed thirty bears and a lion,
He ventured to ask if the yarn was not stretched in some of the details.
When rose the blue smoke from the scene and loving hands lifted the body
To bear it away for repairs, the soul of the strenuous Johnson
Had left its heroic abode and gone on a very great journey.

This is the Howlingwolf Ranch; the zephyrs fan the gray sagebrush;
The scent that floats in on its wings speaks the nearby retreat of the red man;
The weird and monotonous hoot of the owl sounds over the mesa.
This is the Howlingwolf Ranch, but there's no trail left by Harold F. Johnson.

Advice to Fishermen.

As numbers of fishermen will soon be scouring the rural districts in quest of trout streams, and it will be necessary for them to make friends with the farmers in order to get any information, the following rules of conduct are suggested:

First—Always, when you meet a man on a country road, smile pleasantly and say: "Hello, Rube!" This will please him, especially if he happens to be accompanied by a lady.

Second—If a farmer's dog comes out and barks at you, draw a revolver and shoot him. The farmer will be delighted to see that you have spirit.

Third—If you happen to fall into conversation with a lady on the road, remark cheerfully that you haven't seen so many jays and hayseeds since the last Populist convention.

Fourth—If any man you meet directs you to a stream, ask him if he knows enough to tell north from south.

Fifth—Inquire of every man whom you meet if the cow hasn't eaten the bottoms off his trousers' legs.

Sixth—Always ask a pretty girl if she has ever been kissed, and if the nearest village is the biggest town she has ever been in.

Seventh—Never shut a gate when you go through it.

Eighth—Never fail to make a playful allusion to the whiskers of all elderly men with whom you talk.

Ye Song of Ye Candidate.

Ye Manne who craveth Office, what a great, good Manne is he;
He is ye First to give his Aide to all sweet Charitee;
He is ye First to advocate a wise & righteous Rule;
He is ye First to champion ye Blessings of ye School;
His smileth sweetly right & left at all whom he may meet;
His kind & genial countenance illumineth ye Street.
Of all ye Menne within ye Towne who noble are and great,
Ye noblest, greatest of them alle is he, ye Candidate.

His Voice is ever for Reform, for better Government;
He showeth how ye Hobo may his evil Ways repent.
At every Publick Meeting, Conference or County Fair
Ye Candidate is to be seen with sweet and courtly Air.
He goeth Sunday to ye Church and raiseth loud his voice;
His Piety is of ye kind yt maketh Menne rejoice,
And when a Twenty-spotte is found reposing in ye Plate,
All know ye Manne yt putte it there is he, ye Candidate.

His Sidewalk is in Best repair, his Street is ever clean;
No better Premises in Towne than his are to be seen,
Although he weareth plain black clothes and smoketh cheap Cigars,
And rideth never in ye Hacks, but always on ye Cars,
He giveth moneys freely to ye Needy and ye Poor,
And when ye Heeler toucheth him, he sayeth promptly, "Sure!"
He goeth early to his Work, and eke returneth late,
Ye very busiest of Menne is he, ye Candidate.

Ah! Pity 'tis a Manne so Good, so Worthy & so gay,
Cannot be found ye Yeare around, & in our Midst alway;
How great & grand a City our community would be,
If here with us we ever hadde a Dozen such as he.
Alas! he vanisheth away too soon, ah! all too soon.
We see him never later than ye early Part of June,
For when Election goeth bye, no Matter what his Fate,
A Mortal, like ye Rest of us, is he, ye Candidate.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.