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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with occasional small showers; winds mostly southerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 58; minimum temperature, 42; precipitation, 0.01 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 20.

LET US CONSIDER.

The Salem Statesman argues that inasmuch as Senator Mitchell's friends made a coalition with Democrats in Multnomah County, two years ago, a coalition of Senator Simon's friends with Democrats is justifiable now. That is a singular position for a paper that professes to be devoted to the Republican party to take. It is by no means necessary for The Oregonian to explain the differences between the conditions of two years ago and those of the present time. However, it will say that it supported the Republican organization and ticket then, as it supports the Republican organization and ticket now; because it believes that under the conditions in which the country has been placed during some years past—conditions which still exist—it is better that the Republican party should prevail. The contests between individuals, or between factions, it cares little or nothing about. Two years ago the course pursued under the direction of Senator Simon led the party to disastrous defeat. The Oregonian protested against repetition of that policy this year; and those who were responsible for that disastrous policy lost control of the party, in a perfectly fair primary—the only fair one Portland has ever known. And now The Oregonian protests against "bolt," and stands for the Republican organization and ticket, just as it did two years ago. It does not attempt to justify one factional movement by another. And yet, it is right to say, for it is perfectly true, that the conditions this year are altogether different from those of two years ago; since this time there was a fair primary, under protection of law, in which all participated, while two years ago there was nothing of the kind, and men did not consider themselves bound to a proceeding in which they had been permitted no opportunity to participate.

A truce to these contentions, and away with them. They are paltry, personal and factional. Men ought to be ashamed to allow their little personal and selfish ambitions to stand in the way of a great cause. Is there any reason why the Republican party should exist? Is its general policy good for the country, or better than the policy of the Democratic party, or is it not? Is the National policy of the Republican party to be sustained, or is the policy of the Democratic party to be substituted for it? These are the questions that men who profess to be Republicans, and to believe in the policy and purposes of the Republican party, should ask themselves—and answer.

The policy and purposes of the Republican party, enacted into measures of law, have given peace and prosperity to the country, and stability to its affairs. This policy has recovered the country from the greatest industrial and financial calamities it ever has known. It has given new impulse to every movement in industry, finance and commerce, and everywhere has established confidence and security. Never was labor so largely employed, or at so high a rate of general wages. Never was production so large, never was commerce established on so broad a basis of prosperity. Is it worth while to continue the conditions under which these results have been achieved? Or shall we quit them and go back to what the Democratic party gave us and still offers us?

Again, the National Administration is on trial here. The question is, whether it is to be sustained by Oregon, or get a rebuke from Oregon. In our state the general election comes earlier in the year than in other states. This election therefore will be held under the eyes of the whole country. Are the people of Oregon going to tell the country that they are indifferent to the general prosperity that the policy of the Republican party has brought them; that they don't want the country to keep the Philippine Islands, that they care nothing about the expansion of Pacific commerce, or retention of the incomparable advantages we have gained in the Orient? Yet this would be precisely the effect of Republican defeat in Oregon. It would mark the turn of the tide from the high-water mark of our activity and prosperity; it would be the signal of substitution of negation and reaction for the forward course which the country is pursuing with so much success. It would be the first quiver of a paralytic stroke, in arrest of the National development that has been so marked during the past four years.

The simple and single question for the electors of Oregon is this: Is the general policy of the Republican party better for the country than that of the Democratic party, or not? On that issue, not on the petty contentions of individual and selfish ambition, not on motives of factional retaliation and revenge, should this canvass in Oregon be conducted. Oregon is a Republican state, and its place in the Republican line can be lost only through dissensions in the party or among its members. It will hardly be disputed that the dissensions in Multnomah must end some time. They ought to end now; for the way to end them is not to multiply precedents for further dissensions. Men seem sometimes to forget that all that a party stands for may be lost through contention among its members to control party action. Yet in fact no set of men, no faction, has a sole right to the headship of a party, and the complaint is not reasonable when through a fair primary election, men long in control are defeated, and have to give way to others. No political party exists for behoof of individuals. It has no reason to be, if it do not stand for something more than narrow and selfish ambitions. Yet these are the motives that cause divisions into factions. In the opinion of The Oregonian the fortunes of Senator Simon and his junta are not of sufficient importance to stand for the wreck of the Republican party of Oregon.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The control of urban vice is at all times a painful and is often a profitless subject of agitation, and it is apt to be unusually so when it becomes entangled with election fights. Much as gambling, drunkenness and prostitution are to be deplored and denounced, inimical as every self-respecting organ of public opinion must always bear itself toward them, it is nevertheless true that every organized effort to effect a revolution in the official conduct of these matters must be judged, separately and distinctly from all other such efforts, by the motives actuating it, and above all by the effects that seem certain to flow from its persistent pursuit.

Something less than two years ago a great outcry was raised in Portland against the policy adopted by the Mayor, District Attorney, and Chief of Police, in arresting and fining gamblers once a month, turning the money into the city treasury, and not molesting them during the interim, except for enforcement of external order and quiet. The agitation at that time had for its inception a desire to discredit those officials for that course; and involved threats of their impeachment. That was the motive of the effort, and its effect was, as predicted, the substitution of the "private graft" for the "public graft." At that time the Mayor, District Attorney and Chief of Police were trying to hold the evil within measurable bounds, and turn the proceeds of the fines into the city treasury. Their acts were open to question on the score of public policy, but they were not amenable to the charge of malfeasance in office. In an attack upon their official integrity The Oregonian refused to join.

Nothing could be farther removed from the situation that existed in 1900 than the situation that exists today. The same three men are in office, and the police force of this city is being used in a shameless manner to protect vicious resorts for the emolument of some one in office. Of all the ways in which these municipal evils can be handled, the Tammany system of blackmail is the one way for which every honest man feels only contempt and indignation. It is in full swing in Portland today, and though it is in the power of the Mayor, the District Attorney, the Chief of Police or the Police Commission to put an end to it, not one of them lifts a hand. The promises of reform made in Senator Simon's interest to influence votes in the primaries have been cast aside, and the undisguised effort now is to make all the money possible within the brief time allowed the present police administration to remain in office. District Attorney Chamberlain is busy with his candidacy for Governor, and the police department is co-operating with him in a shameless effort to defeat the Republican ticket, including Judge Williams for Mayor, and turn the police power of the city over into the hands of a corrupt combination of boss gamblers and burglarious politicians.

The unprecedented and crowning infamy of the present police regime is not the license given to vice, but the protection given to crime. There is no excuse, on the ground either of expedience or impossibility of prohibition, for undertakings with thieves of various types by which they may ply their occupation undisturbed. No man with the slightest solicitude for fair play or public decency should give this official conspiracy with criminals the faintest countenance or extenuation. It is useless to pave streets and clear off sidewalks and plant roses, if the moral life of the city is to be covered with the rottenness of such nefarious compacts.

ADULT CHILDREN.

In a show window on a prominent down-town corner there were shown the past week, three children at play—a white girl, a negro, and a Chinese. That was all; and yet crowds assembled from morning till night watching with evident pleasure the grouping of children of three races, doing the little nothings which make up the life of infants as familiar to parents as grass and trees. These spectators were not of the idle class, but made up of average men and women, industrious, well dressed and happy, drawn out of doors by Spring's warm invitation. How small a thing serves to entertain and amuse the populace! Live shopkeepers know this, and put the knowledge to profit. Like John Habberton's Budge and Toddy, grown folk want "to see 'e w'eels go wound," therefore windows are filled with mechanical contrivances.

A toy boat running automatically in a tub of water will attract and hold the attention of ninety-nine sensible men and women, where a Hoe perfecting press or a Corliss engine would be noticed by one. The crowd enjoys the commonplace if it is behind plate glass. A cat teasing a rat, or a hen with her brood fills the sidewalk with spectators from curb to curb eight hours a day, while a teacher with six children pursuing routine school duties in a show window creates a blockade and calls for the service of policemen to keep open a narrow passage-way.

Show windows are interesting and sometimes instructive lessons to many feminine adults at this season of the year. After long weeks of imprisonment occasioned by illness, household duties and rainy weather, a walk through the business district with eyes open reveals to the housewife the newest and the best that skilled artisans in many lands have produced since last fall. She adds to her store of knowledge of things useful and ornamental. She gets into touch with the season's fabrics dear to every woman's heart. Just as before the holidays, she selects and perhaps buys at once that which will conduce to family comfort, pride and happiness.

With this well-defined mission, why does a wholesome rational woman always waste time looking at commonplace "shows" such as have been described? And why does the sensible professional or business man, ever alert to earn the money which his wife is going to spend, consider himself repaid for watching the shopkeeper's stupid exhibit? Verily, men and women are but children of larger growth.

DON'T WORRY, MR. MARKHAM.

Edwin Markham, in "Success," bitterly deplores what he calls "the modern fawning before wealth," and the Rev. Dr. Savage characterizes the so-called "Four Hundred," the interior organization of New York City society, as necessarily "ignoble and vulgar," because it is organized around wealth; that is, it is not an aristocracy, but a mere plutocracy. Another writer, a Mr. Nichols, has written at length concerning this blue streak of vulgar rich that predominates in the fashionable Summer seaside resorts. That charmed circle has no real moral character, for it includes several women with a blackened past. When these creatures invade the capitals of Europe, they buy their way skillfully into a certain amount of social recognition by the lavish use of money. They introduce themselves by incessant advertisement just as a smart quack does his nostrums or a sensational actress does who has a keen eye to business, and knows that the real leader of the orchestra is the fellow who can blow his own horn louder and longer than anybody else. These creatures don't really know or care anything about literature or art, but they make fictitious enthusiasm and chatter about art and literature part of their current quackery. These mushroom or mildewed rich don't care anything about the President of the United States, because the President is, according to their standard of selection, more than likely to be what they term a person of no social standing, like Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, Garfield, McKinley or President Roosevelt, despite the fact that he belongs by hereditary descent to a family distinguished for brains, character and public eminence in New York City for more than 150 years, despite the fact that he belongs to the same circle of distinguished New York families from which sprang Hamilton Fish, General Schuyler Hamilton, Gulian C. Verplanck, De Witt Clinton and Edward Livingston.

The kind of intellect that rules this circle of mildewed or mushroom rich may be estimated from the fact that to have dined at the Astors' is a passport to its confidence. A portrait-painter can get in by sufferance, but an author not at all. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is the only member of this circle who has been able to write books without being exiled to social Siberia for the rest of her days. Her writings are tolerated because they are devoted to adultery and cognate subjects and recognize illicit relations between men and women as part of the orthodox conduct of good society. Of course, this kind of society is ignoble and vulgar. It always has been, because its master spirits have always been vulgar and ignoble women, playing the part of a shoddy queen through the money of some low-bred or shallow man. The late Mrs. Paran Stevens was in life the shoddy queen of this vulgar and ignoble ultra-fashionable American plutocracy. She was a good illustration of a beggar on horseback. When a factory girl she married a rich hotel-keeper, inherited his millions and, being a woman of innate vulgarity, was never able to recognize the fact that money cannot possibly purchase that real social superiority that rests on morals, intellect and manners. Her successors to the throne of the shoddy queen have been quite as low-bred and vulgar in their efforts to ape the manners of the titled and rich aristocracies of Christendom. For President Roosevelt, because of his high character as a man, a soldier and a statesman, this shoddy society has nothing but contempt, but the moment Prince Henry touched our shores all these wretched little plutocrats began to throw him bouquets. Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Mills captured him for dinner and luncheon, but only fifty of the "Four Hundred" were invited to dine with the Prince.

All this is ridiculous enough, but when we remember that this little close communion circle of vulgar, ignoble, mildewed or mushroom rich in no sense represents or reflects the temper or brains of our 80,000,000 American people, why need Mr. Edwin Markham worry? Every century of our modern life has been diverted or disgusted by the pranks of a shallow social plutocracy of some sort, whose only business in life has been through their money to nurse fads, follies and vices behind the shelter of the barbed-wire fence of so-called exclusiveness. The people have always made short work of these fops and fools when they became seriously obstructive to the full enjoyment of popular rights, and they always will. The American people are only amused spectators of the extravagant pranks of the mouldy or mushroom rich. The American people watch J. P. Morgan attentively not because he is a rich man, but because he is an able man, whose manipulation of his wealth and influence through his Napoleonic eye for opportunity and combination, make him potential for our industrial and commercial welfare or injurious to it, but the American people neither fear nor fawn upon the idle, vulgar, ignoble rich. The few that go on all-fours to them are fit for nothing better. But the vast mass of the American people are not money-worshipers with the souls of toadies and time-servers.

The mass of the American people know that these idle, extravagant tuft-hunting rich are nothing but imbecile incarnations of stupid indolence and malodorous selfishness; that they do not to any appreciable extent make our laws or preach our gospel. The American people know that clean character which stands for self-conquest and sound self-culture are the only things that are permanent acquisitions in this life, and are our only treasure in heaven in the life to come. The people have no reason to fear the idle, immoral, shallow, peacock rich, who are really nothing but one of the gilded flies on the vast wheel of our national life.

THE PRESENT AND ITS PROMISE.

The present demand for homes suitable for dwellings for the laboring class and for persons of moderate means is unparalleled in the history of this city. To meet it houses are being built in every quarter, though the greatest activity in this line is noted on the East Side, where the area of unoccupied lots "close in," as the real estate dealers say, is much greater than on the West Side. Many houses of the class that cost from $800 to $2500 are rented in advance of construction, and many more are taken by anxious house-hunters, a small army of whom are constantly on the alert, as soon as the buildings are inclosed. While a present, insistent and in a sense impatient demand of this kind is likely to result in buildings flimsily because hurriedly constructed, the greater part of the dwelling-houses now going up are of the better class of dwellings, and all except the very least pretentious are equipped with modern conveniences. These facts indicate that there has been a large accession to the population of Portland within recent months; that these people are of the thrifty class, and that work is plenty and wages are good.

The most significant fact, however, in regard to the immigration of this Spring is that it is largely composed of the agricultural class—men of families, who have a definite object in coming to the state, and who have sufficient means wherewith to establish themselves on small farms. These people may be depended upon to add to the material prosperity of the state by becoming permanent settlers and home-builders. Their presence will be made in due time known through the growth of the school census, through the increased area of cultivated lands, in the increase in flocks and herds, and in agricultural products, as shown by the tax-rolls. We may even hope, in view of the increased creation of property, for a lower tax levy, especially as we now have reasonable assurance of a business administration of the affairs of the state.

However this may be, wholesome activity created by legitimate growth in population, business and industry, is not only welcome—it is inspiring. Not that "a boom" in the unsubstantial meaning of that term is desired. Far from it. What we want and apparently what we are entering upon is a period of substantial, not ephemeral, growth. That is to say, a growth preceded by an intelligent understanding of our resources and opportunities, and followed up by development; a growth the essence of which is industry and the results of which are competence and contentment for the people generally. The old Oregon, sacred to memory, has passed away with the bulk of the sturdy army of pioneer homebuilders that laid broad and deep the foundations of its civilization. Oregon's isolation is a thing of the past; steam and electricity have made the ox-team era of transportation seem far, far away. Upon the basis of the old Oregon a new Oregon is being rapidly builded. From reverence for the old we turn with glad greeting to the new. In the inspiration of the activities now at work it is easy to see the dawn of a development of which the fathers dreamed when, their toilsome march ended, they pitched their tents in the beautiful wilderness known vaguely during the first half of the last century as the "Oregon Country."

Up to 1893 the franchise was so restricted in Belgium that the number of qualified electors did not much exceed 130,000. But in that year an outbreak which threatened revolution forced the Parliament to recognize the principle of universal suffrage, but burdened with provisions for plural voting which assured the preponderance to the property-owning classes. Every citizen over 25 has but a single vote, while those who have real estate valued at 2000 francs or an annual income of not less than 100 francs from real estate or government bonds have two votes. To this class also belong married men or widowers of 35 years paying a house tax of 5 francs a year. Citizens who are graduates of the higher educational institutions, or have filled public offices, or belonged to the learned professions, have three votes. This plural voting has defeated the ostensible purpose and promise of the law of 1893, which was to establish universal suffrage. At the last parliamentary election the number of citizens over 25 qualified to cast at least one vote exceeded 1,453,000, but the supplementary ballots cast by those entitled to cast more than one vote numbered 787,000. Under this system the workingmen are practically disfranchised and deprived of representation in the great centers of population, where they are numerically paramount. Belgium will never have political peace until it follows the example of Germany and France in adopting the principle of universal suffrage, pure and simple, as the basis for the election of the popular branch of the national legislature. The government has firmly refused the demand this time, and may maintain itself; but it will have to yield sooner or later, peaceably or with revolution.

Another leaf in the sad chapter which records the hopeless attempt to escape death from consumption after that malady has fully invested the system was turned when O. S. Kimball, of a piano company of Boston, died a few days ago near Phoenix, Arizona. Its pathos was not relieved, but increased rather, by his marriage when death was hourly expected, and only a few hours before it occurred, to a young woman who had vainly devoted her energies toward saving his life. Marriage under such circumstances is only less sad than death itself. When urged simply by sentiment, it is weak and foolish. When it is entered into for material reasons, accompanied, as no doubt it was, in this instance, it may be indorsed as prudent, since it provides for the lawful and easy descent of property to one for whom the dying man desires, as a matter of love and duty, to provide. At best, however, such a marriage is a sorrowful incident of a sad death-bed.

The appointment of E. F. Ware of Kansas, to be Commissioner of Pensions, to succeed H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, resigned, is coldly received by the friends of honest enforcement of the pension laws. The New York Evening Post points out that Kansas has been the chief source of the clamor against an honest enforcement of the pension laws, and the politicians of that state have been most urgent that a Kansas man should be chosen to introduce the looser administration demanded by the pension claim attorney ring and their clients among the G. A. R. Mr. Ware, who has been named by the President, is warmly indorsed by United States Senator Burton of Kansas, the most bitter opponent of the Evans regime. Commissioner Evans administered his trust honestly and in strict obedience to the law. The new commissioner cannot hope to do more than this, and since he cannot, the friends of pension reform are naturally apprehensive that he was appointed because he would do less than Mr. Evans did and give the pension cormorants all the fish they can swallow. The acceptance of Mr. Evans' resignation when he was still willing to serve was a very great mistake, for Ware cannot do more than Evans has done, and is probably expected to do much less.

A "dry Sunday" in a large city is as nothing to a Sunday in which street-car traffic is practically suspended. Because of the former relatively small proportion of the people suffer inconvenience, while the latter imposes serious inconvenience, if not absolute hardship upon the multitude. San Francisco is face to face with this problem today, and will account itself fortunate if violence is not a feature of the situation. The labor required of street-car operatives, while not hard in a physical sense, is nevertheless of a very responsible and exacting nature. It requires constant alertness, unfailing courtesy and a not inconsiderable amount of patience and endurance. To be equipped with all of these qualities and have in addition the knowledge required to handle the car intelligently raises the street-car operator to the ranks of skilled labor. Whether the sum of $2.50 for ten hours' work in this vocation is exorbitant recompense or not, is a question that will be settled according to the inexorable law of supply and demand. A peaceful settlement is hoped for in this instance, and one that will prove reasonably satisfactory to all concerned.

If reports of the doings of cardinals in anticipation of the early demise of the pope are to be believed, these men are a cold-blooded lot who spar for place in the long line of papal succession and supremacy, with the crafty wiles of the ward politician. The stubborn longevity of His Holiness Leo XIII has disappointed many hopes, and it is not unlikely that it will yet eliminate many candidates from the contest for papal honors. Something like 150 cardinals have died during the pontificate of the present occupant of the chair of St. Peter, and some of the aspirants for his seat, when death forces him to vacate it, console themselves, it is said, with the prospect that the ranks may be farther thinned in this manner before the college of cardinals is called upon to make a choice. Perhaps these holy men are maligned in this matter. It is charitable, at least, to think so.

Extracts from a letter written by Judge Lowell, of Pendleton, in which he says he shall vote and work for Mr. Chamberlain, as against Mr. Furnish, are printed in several places. This declaration by Judge Lowell is not surprising. It has been known ever since the primaries in Umatilla County how greatly Judge Lowell was piqued and disappointed by the expressed preference of the county for Mr. Furnish over himself, for the office of Governor. Judge Lowell was beaten five to one. He is in many ways a worthy man, but always an impracticable one. For his own lack of popularity and support he ought not to blame Mr. Furnish; but that perhaps is characteristic.

A bill was passed in the Senate a few days ago to pay $5000 to the widow of Judge I. C. Parker, for extraordinary service rendered by her husband as Judge in the western district of Arkansas. The bill was reported adversely by Senator Hoar, but he stated that as the case was absolutely "unique" he would vote for it. The country has become accustomed to "precedent" as an excuse for drawing money from the Treasury, but this is the first time that a claim has been passed upon as "unique" and therefore deserving. Thus another precedent has been established.

District Attorney Chamberlain, if he should use the power of his office, would close quickly all the places of vice, crime and infamy, open in violation of law, in Portland. But it will not be done. It would interfere with the vote on Governor.

General Miles has no doubt often heard of the biter being bitten. He is likely now to add his experience to that of others in a demonstration of the sensations produced by this process.

Heroic Men and Heroic Verse.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The success with which the South African Boers have held out for nearly three years against fearful odds is calculated to make the world believe that there is something in heredity. The Boers come of fighting stock. They are remote descendants of the "free Frisians," who made it their boast that no Roman taxgatherer had ever set foot among them; and more directly of those glorious Dutchmen who stood out so stoutly against the Spanish Empire when it was in the plenitude of its power and world-wide dominion. The burgher blood in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State has also been reinforced by the blood of the Huguenots, a race whose steadfastness and heroic endurance has never been surpassed. Their qualities were illustrated and have illumined history's page in their prolonged defense of La Rochelle.

The brilliant manner in which the descendants of these heroic races are repeating the history made by their ancestors furnishes a high theme for the poet, and Bertrand Shadwell, of Chicago, has done ample justice to it in the following lines:

I've read my "Motley," and I see again
Some of its stubborn Dutchmen on the stage—
Pick of Prince Maurice's own fighting men
Come back to life from that historic page—

The same old dogged valor, calm resolve
To free their land or sleep beneath its sod
(As constant water-drops the rocks dissolve),
The psalm, the prayer, the steady faith in God.

I see pale Philip in his palace halls
Reading the last dispatch which Alva sends:
"Today the mine is sprung, the city falls,
The leader dies, and all resistance ends."

And still, their captain captive, wounded, dead
(Who was their heart, their brain, their sword, their steed),
Another and another in his stead
Springs to the van to battle and to bleed.

Doomed and defeated in a hundred fields,
When all but honor seems forever gone,
There's not a man who owns his freedom yields,
But, undespairing, still they struggle on.

WHY DO MEN SUPPORT A PARTY?

The Success of Its Policy the Measure of Its Merit.

Corvallis Gazette.

We form our estimate of men not by the number of years they have lived, not by what they proclaim themselves, but by what they have done, or honestly attempted to do. Success is the great touchstone of individual character; not that all who deserve success achieve it, but because none achieve without deserving it.

By the same rule we shall form our estimate of parties. If we eliminate men and platforms—things right in their own proper relations—and carefully consider the value of what parties have accomplished we find no difficulty in making an intelligent choice as between them.

This divests politics of all offensive personalities, prevents displays of mere partisan rancor and enables men to reason dispassionately, logically and correctly.

The Republican party invokes the application of this rule to itself and would apply it to the opposition. What of value has the Republican party achieved? What has been the fruitage of its principles, policies, measures and administration? Away back at its birth it opposed the extension of human slavery. For more than a generation slavery has been extinct and our entire population rejoices it is so.

It resolved the American Union should be preserved. The air is yet vibrating to the shouts with which South Carolina welcomed her President—the President of 70,000,000 freemen living under one government, revering one flag.

It declared for protection to American industries and labor. Prosperity followed, and we have become a great industrial giant supplying our own demands and offering the world our rapidly growing surplus. Tens of thousands toilers on farm, at forge and loom rejoice because of this policy and are proud to be known as Republicans.

It determined there is in truth but one standard for measure of value, adopted that, and declared every dollar of our currency should conform to that standard so that its purchasing power should equal that of any other and all equal the highest standard. The American dollar is a dollar of stable value; the credit of the government never stood so high and financial confidence never was so positive as now.

It accepts the unselfish, self-sacrificing duties and responsibilities cast upon us by an overruling Providence through the exigencies of war and our flag floats over far-off islands to whose millions we are giving Saxon law and order and fitting for the duties of self-government.

Wherever Republican principles have been followed and policies administered prosperity, happiness and healthful development have testified to their wisdom and beneficence. Our people are satisfied. The whole history of the Republican party is resplendent with success. In this historical light the present policies and measures of the party will be crowned by success—success because wisely sought and rightly deserved. If this can be asserted of the opposition history must be rewritten.

Fifty "Best" American Poems.

Chicago Record-Herald.

A Boston critic, Mr. Frederick Lawrence Knowles, has compiled a list of what he calls the 50 best American poems. Need it be said that his list is made up for the most part of poems by bards who frolicked with the muse in and around Boston? We find that of the 50 poems which the Bostonian selects, 30 were written by Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Mrs. Howe and T. B. Aldrich. Bryant comes in for two and Poe is credited with eight, probably because the latter is regarded by English critics as the foremost American poet. What the English think well of is not lightly passed over in Boston. Here is the list in full:

"Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl," Bryant; "Israfel," "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," "To One in Paradise," "The Sleeper," "Annabel Lee" and "The Raven," Poe; "Divina Commedia," "Nature," "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Discoverer of the North Cape," Longfellow; "The Problem," "Days," "The Rhodora," "Concord Hymn," "The Humble Bee" and "Each and All," Emerson; "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Telling the Bees," "In School Days," "Ichabod," "The Eternal Goodness" and "Playmates," Whittier; "Hebe," "She Came and Went," "To the Dandelion," "Anspex," "The Courtin'" and "Peace," Lowell; "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf," "The Living Temple" and "Old Ironsides," Holmes; "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," Whitman; "The Marshes of Glynn," Lanier; "Bedouin Song," Bayard Taylor; "Abraham Lincoln," R. H. Stoddard; "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Julia Ward Howe; "On a Bust of Dante," T. W. Parsons; "The Venus de Milo," E. R. Sill; "Columbus," Joaquin Miller; "Echo Song," "Sleep" and "Unguarded Gates," T. B. Aldrich; "Seasons," Lloyd Mifflin; "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," William Vaughn Moody.

The last name in the list is that of a Chicago poet, hence this city has one representative against Boston's 30 odd. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to the Boston critic for letting Chicago in at all, in view of the fact that he has shut out Indiana with her wealth of poets and doesn't give the Sweet Singer of Michigan or Ella Wheeler Wilcox even honorable mention.

We do not believe this list will give much satisfaction outside of a certain circle in Boston. It doesn't contain "Maud Muller," "The Village Blacksmith" or "Casey at the Bat," and without these the masses will refuse to be satisfied.

In Washington County.

Hillsboro Independent.

Washington County will throw a respectable plurality for the Republican candidate for Governor. Governor Geer in 1898 had 524 votes more than King. In the off year of 1900, Wolverton, for Judge, had 309 votes more than Green, Democrat, wherefore, notwithstanding the county went fusion for some of the county officers, it seems that for state officers it has uniformly been reliably Republican. In 1898 the Democrats polled 1219 votes, and in 1900 the fusion increased only to 1258. The slump from the 500 plurality was due to the 200 Republicans who did not record their votes in 1900. This year Chamberlain is no more a favorite than was King in 1900, and the same question, sound money, with an intelligent business administration and expansion of territory and trade, will justify a heavier vote than in 1898, when 1742 Republicans put themselves on record.

Right in It.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I have been making a tour of the South," remarked J. B. Joseph. "I was greatly amused, on alighting from the train on the Georgia Central Railway in Savannah. The station is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign:

"'Open all night.'

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend, 'We never close.'

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign, in great scrawling letters, 'Me wakes, too.'"

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Ye Cubbe's Tragedie.

It was ye Horse Reporter who did give ye Grewsome Tipoe,
Yt caused ye City Editor to clutch his Copy Clippe;
It was ye bald Dramatic Manne yt Panick did create,
When he ye Horse Reporter's Tippe did soon corroborate.
It was ye fayre & timit Mayde yt did Societee
Whose pallid Fayce when she came in was frightful for to see;
It was ye self sayme timid Mayde yt did with trembling Lippe
Turn in ye Story hinted in ye Horse Reporter's Tippe.

It was ye energetic Cubbe who came unto ye Desk
To get sent out upon ye Tayle, yt was so picturesque.
For said ye Horse Reporter, and ye Bald Dramatic Manne,
And eke ye timid Maiden, who was wielding of her Fanne,
Yt in a dark & dingy Roome a way adown ye Stair,
A Woman's Screams unceasingly did rend ye shuddering Air,
And though no one had heard ye Crack of Pistol or of Gunne,
Yet each felt sure yt in that Roome, fowle Murder had been done.

It was ye energetic Cubbe yt hied him to ye Spotte
With very great Imaginings & Payce exceeding Hotte,
& as he flew adown ye Stair he heard a heavy Thudde.
Yt was both dull & sickening & froze his very Bloode.
It was ye energetic Cubbe yt pictured in his Mind
A first Payge, double-leaded Tayle, of most appalling Kinde,
& as he sped adown ye Stair, resolved yt forthwith he
Would strike, when yt he wrote it, for a rayse of Salarie.

It was ye energetic Cubbe yt knocked upon ye Doore,
Expecting to look in upon a raging Floode of Gore.
Ye doors swung wide, when he did knock, and lo! a Maiden fayre
He saw inside, perched up full high upon a cane Seate Chayre,
& when ye Cause of her Dismaye he eagerly sought for,
He saw a tiny, furry Mouse to ruhne across ye Floore.
It was ye energetic Cubbe yt wrote no Tayle yt Daye,
& yt applied for no Increase to eke his meager paye.

Still Low Water.

The dove returned to the ark after many days.

"Well," inquired Noah, as the bird settled itself into a steamer chair on the forward deck and lighted a cigar in silence, "what are the chances of our getting ashore?"

"Sir," said the bird, "the oldest inhabitants say——"

"Thunder and lightning!" growled the old captain, "haven't they all been drowned yet? Say, you stay on board till I get ready to send you out on another expedition. I'm going aft to pray for more rain."

And the bird, feeling in a mood for ragtime, went below to look for Ham.

The Airs of Spring.

The airs of Springtime that so softly play
When blossoms out the red and beauteous rose,
And all the world is glad with gentle May—
Whence come they to the earth—who knows?
Who knows?

Whence comes "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down,"
The gladsome "Honeysuckle and the Bee"?
Whence comes "When Reuben Comes to Town"?
Whence comes the song that ends "Looks Good to Me"?

They ripple on each passing breeze that blows;
They drift through every door that stands ajar;
They mingle with the perfume of the rose
And fill the world with music near and far.

But whence come they? Who starts them on their way,
When Spring awakens and the rose is blown,
And all the world is flushing with the May?
Ah, wise is he, that he remains unknown.

Spring in Smalltown.

(From the Smalltown Palladium.)

Bill Tomkins and Henry Schwerger went out after trout yesterday, and we observed a keg under the laprobe of the buckboard as they drove off. Don't forget the editor with the fish, boys, and we won't tell the women folks what was in the keg.

George Hotchkiss is doing a lot of painting cheap this Spring. Barns a specialty. Leave your orders with him and you'll make no mistake.

The editor is a candidate for Sheriff, and he wants your votes. The press is mighty, and will prevail.

Children should be kept at home. One of the Nelson boys got into the press Thursday, and we pretty near ran off a couple of pages on him before his shouts caused Fred Runyon, who was feeding, to tell Tommy Henderson to shut her down. He wasn't hurt—only scared.

Swan Sorensen, who is logging up Eagle Creek, came into town yesterday and renewed his subscription. He says the boys are keeping pretty sober this Spring and getting out a whole lot of logs. Sarah Smith is doing the cooking up there this week, while Nellie Anderson has gone home to sit up with her sick mother, whose case of rheumatism has been duly reported in these columns.

Do your trading with our advertisers. They're the real people.

Next week we will begin the publication of a continued story, which will be published in installments.

The Poet to His Pegasus.

Thou spavined, wind-galled, swaybacked, foundered jade;
Thou ancient skate,
With ridgy ribs and spine built like a blade,
And hobbling gait,
What muse, whose sense of humor woefully
Is out of gee,
In what attempt at clumsy devilry
Has sent me thee?

The graceful gallop and the sprightly trot
Are both thy needs,
In every goodly virtue thou art not
As other steeds.
Of youth and beauty, spirit, form and build,
And symmetry,
Thy niggardly progenitors have willed
Not one to thee.

Pray tell me, travesty on equine kind,
Old, lifeless, lame,
How, mounted in thy saddle, I may find
The way to fame.
While poets canter by me with disdain
Upon that road,
I follow, halting, after, and in vain
I ply the goad.

But hark! no longer will I strive with thee
To mount the heights,
Where poets, in the rosy twilight see
Fair Fame's delights.
I'll go to work with purpose set and stern
Till I amass
The wealth to buy an auto, then I'll turn
Thee out to grass.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.

When the Tariff Shoe Pinches.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The iniquities of the tariff are becoming more and more known through the study of the question in specific instances. No matter how strong a newspaper may be in favor of the high protective tariff, it will not be likely to tolerate the tariff on blank paper and wood pulp that takes money out of its pocket and places it in the pockets of the paper trust.