The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; fresh southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 49; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, 0.16 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 27.

ADDITIONS AND EXPLANATIONS.

The burden of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Baker was his alleged record as a saver of the taxpayer's money. He came out strong on this point. He said that as Attorney-General of the state he had conducted the affairs of that office upon the salary fixed by law. This he may well have done, since the office was and is an unnecessary one. It is an office for which the framers of the constitution saw no reason to provide. Mr. Chamberlain drew the salary. It is really an unconstitutional office, like so many more. The Constitution virtually excludes it, by the declaration that the Prosecuting Attorneys of the several districts shall be the law officers of the state. The Attorney-General is an added taxeater.

Mr. Chamberlain also said that since he had become District Attorney in Multnomah County he had saved the taxpayers $15,000 a year. Just before he was elected the fees of this office had been abolished and the incumbent was put on a salary. This has, in fact, saved a large amount of money; but Mr. Chamberlain is not entitled to the credit of it. The law cut off that big "graft" just before Mr. Chamberlain came in. Otherwise the old emoluments would be his; and it is not to be supposed he would refuse them.

He says further that no additional counsel has been employed since he came into the office; that he has done the work himself, and that there has been great saving to the taxpayers on this account. There is something in this, but it requires further statement. Since he became District Attorney there has been much less litigation in which the county was concerned than formerly. Mr. Chamberlain himself, before he became District Attorney, was promoter of much of this litigation, in which the county was defendant. Then the county authorities appointed his friends Pipes, Cohen and Bernstein, who now are supporting him for Governor, to defend it, and paid them much money. These facts, if written out in detail, would cast a strong light on this whole matter of expenditure and saving with which Mr. Chamberlain deals.

But Mr. Chamberlain, like so many more, prefers a sure thing in public office to the uncertainties of private endeavor. The Oregonian, of course, is not blaming him, but is merely supplying the explanations necessary to an understanding of the statements he made at Baker, and doubtless will make at many other places.

IT IS "SCUTTLE."

Mr. Chamberlain's utterances on the Philippine question, as expressed in his Baker City speech Friday night, are to no purpose. The report sent out may have been inadequate and incomplete on this hand, and, if so, The Oregonian would be glad to have him define his position more closely; but on the issue before the people he says nothing. He says that the annexation of the islands is a fact, and that they are a part of the United States, but he does not say whether they should be retained or given up. And just that is the whole question at issue.

The platform of the Oregon Democracy says that the true policy is to prepare the people of the Philippines "for self-government as speedily as possible, and, when so prepared, to GRANT THEM THEIR INDEPENDENCE." If Mr. Chamberlain did not at Baker City, or does not elsewhere in his campaign, support this demand for abandonment of the Philippines, he is evading the question at issue. It is perfectly idle to waste words in saying that the Treaty of Paris conveyed the islands to the United States. He might as well defy any one to dispute the historic identity of Abraham Lincoln. The question is not, Are the Philippines ours? but What are we going to do with them?

Some of the Democratic papers throughout the state are offering the curious observation that the Democratic party does not favor abandonment of the islands. It is a gratuitous perversion of the plain record. "To grant them their independence" are the exact words of the Oregon platform, and the same idea is behind the National platform of 1900 and the proposals in Congress. In both House and Senate the Democratic substitute for the Philippine Government bill provides for the independence of the islands. This is the contention of the Democratic speakers, like Teller, Rawlins and Carmack, who are day by day addressing the Senate. The issue is clearly defined, and it does not become Mr. Chamberlain to go about, either directly or indirectly, professing purposes contrary to the demands of the party platforms on which he stands.

The country is not waiting for the voice of Oregon on the question whether or not the Philippines are now American territory. It is waiting for its voice on the Democratic proposal to scuttle. Evade and befuddle, dodge and misrepresent as he may, Mr. Chamberlain cannot affect the fact that every vote cast for him is a vote for giving up the Philippine Islands, Pacific expansion and Pacific progress; a vote to throw away the results of the war with Spain and leave the field of Oriental trade to be divided between the nations of Europe.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGES.

When a state like Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska or Kansas finds a man of Dr. Frank Strong's scholarly attainment, educational talent and administrative capacity in Oregon and asks him to take charge of its university, it is likely to get him. The State University is a different thing there from what it is with us. Those lusty young commonwealths of the Northwest look upon their State Univesity as the real thing. Here in this older state, with educational traditions largely based on the New England habit, it is only one of numerous pebbles on the college beach.

There are some conditions here that tend to the making of a great university, and there are some that do not. Dr. Strong was attracted hither by the prospect of a career. The spirit with which he entered into the life of the community, dug into its history and collaborated upon its hopes showed that he was in love with the University of Oregon, that he saw—say, twenty-five years ahead. We shall have the people here, the wealth, the culture, the ambitious youth; but we shall not in all probability have a great university, because we are not willing to give it either the necessary advantages over our denominational colleges.

Theoretically, it is a doubtful question whether it is wise to correlate the educational forces of a state about its state university as a center. Practically it is not doubtful at all, for the process has demonstrated its success at Ann Arbor, Madison, Lincoln and Lawrence. The question whether we should have a state university at all, or not, is entirely distinct from the other question, whether, having a state university, we should have a good one or an inefficient substitute. A man will sometimes adopt an inferior plan for his dwelling, but upon the discovery he does not necessarily paint it with ochre and make its flues defective, less haply it surpass in excellence his neighbor's.

It is probably futile for Dr. Strong or any other man to plan and toil for a university at Eugene on the Nebraska or Kansas plan. We shall have no great university here, but a number of institutions, mostly denominational, high in ideals, sound in culture, loyally local in purposes and atmosphere. We are devoted to the small college. It fulfills its purposes better than the great university could do, though the purposes of the great university it cannot fulfill at all. One university worthy the name would be a good thing for the state. One great normal school would be better than the scattered institutions, wasting energy in rivalry and troubling legislation. It would be cheaper and better for the state to pay the fare of agricultural students to Corvallis and home again than to build, as proposed, other agricultural colleges. Schools, as well as churches, need mitigation of the horrors of warfare.

TEACH THE TRUTH ABOUT ALCOHOL.

William B. Ferguson, Superintendent of Schools in Connecticut, has an article in the Educational Review on the subject of "Temperance Teaching and Recent Legislation." Mr. Ferguson says that in 1880, through the pressure brought to bear upon the Legislature by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a temperance education law was passed, under which temperance was to be taught in connection with physiology and hygiene. Then the woman agitators succeeded in persuading publishers to revise their physiologies and include chapters on narcotics, in which the teaching was pushed beyond the limitations of truth as established by scientific demonstration. Statements were made that were utterly without scientific support, and a spirit of gross exaggeration pervaded the text-books. The agitators next demanded laws requiring that the text-books should devote at least one-fifth of their space to narcotics, and that temperance instruction should be given to all the scholars, from the lowest primary classes up to the High School. These laws were enacted in spite of the objections of state officers of schools, men of science and physicians of eminence.

The School Superintendent of Connecticut found out that the pupils generally took no interest in the subject, and, worst of all, very much of the little they learned about it was false, and that as a whole the instruction did not promise to have any influence in after years in deterring the children from the use of alcoholic liquors and other narcotics. The theory of these woman temperance agitators seems to have been the puerile one that children can be made total abstainers by text-books which were filled with false and exaggerated teachings of the physiological evils of alcohol. The able and honest-minded teachers finally protested to the Legislature against a law which denied them "liberty to teach the truth as the teacher understands it, and liberty to teach it in the way in which he can make it most effective." The vigorous opposition of the educators of the state was successful to the extent of securing the passage of an act radically modifying the temperance education law. Professor W. O. Atwater, of the Wesleyan University, was a conspicuous opponent of this false and unscientific teaching of the physiological effects of the use of alcohol.

The worst effect of this temperance fanaticism, which proceeds on the vicious theory that the end justifies the means, is that sooner or later the pupil discovers that he has been taught to take much for scientific truth which is absolutely false, and then his faith is shaken in the whole matter of temperance teaching from top to bottom. He thinks that if his so-called temperance instruction is scientifically false in one particular, it is probably false in all, and the young fellow naturally treats all temperance agitators with cynical contempt and views all temperance reform movements with distrust as standing only for a collection of Jesuitical cranks and temperance demagogues. The plain, unexaggerated truth concerning the disastrous effects of alcoholic intemperance is grim enough. It does not need to be debased with the alloy of fanatical exaggeration and falsehood. There is not a school child that cannot comprehend the object-lesson presented in the repulsive spectacle of a drunken man; the children see that he is the object of coarse ridicule and contempt from the gutter-snipes; they see that he is not seldom the subject of public arrest and humiliating public exposure and punishment; they see that drink soon brings him to the ditch of poverty, squalor and hunger; they know that it not seldom means for him a violent death or an early grave. No child needs to be taught that there is neither worldly honor nor pecuniary benefit in alcoholism.

In our judgment the remarkable advance in the practice of temperance in the case of alcoholic stimulants owes nothing whatever to fanatical agitation, for temperance in practice is quite as far advanced in those states where prohibition is without any political force as it is in the few states where it has been enacted. In 1830, when the temperance agitation began, the population of the United States was less than thirteen millions. In 1827 the great Dr. Channing, in his temperance sermons, did not go to the extreme of total abstinence, but stopped at the use of spirits merely, and had a good word to say for the moderate use of good wine. But by 1840 complete abstinence began to be preached by Dr. Channing, and in four or five years the Washingtonian movement had secured three-quarters of a million of signers to its total abstinence pledge. To exhort men to observe total abstinence as the wisest and most prudent rule of life in our climate and environment is a legitimate appeal of moral suasion and education, but to attempt to enact and enforce total abstinence by prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages is not a cause or a principle at all; it is only a means to an end that in practice has proved ineffective and injurious in its influence upon the body politic, because it means "free rum" and the very lowest possible quality of alcoholic drink.

A CHARGE AND THE RECORD.

In the course of a sermon or lecture delivered before his congregation in this city last Friday evening Rabbi Wise made a statement concerning The Oregonian which calls for comment. We cannot give the rabbi's precise words, but as nearly as they can be recalled by one who heard them attentively, they were as follows: "About a month ago there appeared in the editorial columns of The Oregonian an assault upon the Jewish people. I took it upon myself to make reply, and did so upon my next appearance in my pulpit. Wishing to make the refutation as wide as the original publication, I carried my sermon to the office of The Oregonian and tendered it for publication. Some weeks have passed, but I have not yet found my sermon in print. And now I say that this denial by The Oregonian of the right of refuting a slanderous assault upon a people is arbitrary to the degree of dishonesty. And I say further that it ought not to be tolerated, and that it would not be tolerated if the spirit of this community were what it ought to be." These may not, we repeat, be the precise words of the speaker, but the quotation is substantially accurate as to phrase, and absolutely so as to general signification and tone.

The Oregonian is charged, first, with printing in its editorial columns an "assault upon the Jewish race"; second, it is charged with declining to print an article tendered to it in behalf of the Jewish race, in answer to this alleged assault. It is denounced as arbitrary and dishonest.

Let us see what are the facts: In its issue of March 18, commenting on Dr. Wise's opposition to the Chinese exclusion bill, then pending in Congress, The Oregonian said:

> Dr. Wise is entitled to a great deal of credit for his championship of the Chinese, though it proceeds upon mistaken grounds and insufficient information. He belongs to a race which has known persecution, but which is generally most ungenerous toward other creeds and races. It is a rare thing to find a Jew who does not hate a Catholic as cordially as the Catholics hate the Jews. It is remarkable and creditable, therefore, that Dr. Wise rises above race prejudice to speak a good word for the Chinaman. And if this were all of the Chinese question, one could follow him with zeal and delight. Prejudices of race and religion are among the rapidly dying embers of barbaric and superstitious fires that once burnt fiercely the wide world over.

This very general remark, based on simple historical facts known of all men, bearing in itself no suggestion or tone of malice, applied directly not more to the Jewish race than to the Catholic church, used in connection with a subject under present discussion to illustrate a truth common to all religions and sects—this it is that Dr. Wise misinterprets as "an assault upon the Jewish race."

And now as to The Oregonian's alleged refusal to print a "refutation," "carried to its office" and "tendered" in rebuttal of this alleged assault: A few days after the publication above quoted, within less than half an hour of midnight, after the editor and his responsible assistants had left the office for the night, at an hour when the preparation of all but the telegraphic pages of the paper is practically complete, there came a call to the telephone. Dr. Wise—for he it was—wished to know if The Oregonian would like to have for publication a discourse, or some parts of it, given by him to his congregation in the early hours of the evening, "referring to what The Oregonian had said about the Jews and the Catholics." If so, it could be had by sending a reporter to Dr. Wise's residence. It was not, he said, written out, but he would, if it were desired, dictate it substantially as it had been delivered, to a reporter. An assistant to the city editor, to whom this message came, seeing no reason why an extraordinary effort should be made to print a sermon which did not, as the matter was presented to him, appear in any way unusual or significant, declined the offer with thanks to Dr. Wise for his courtesy. The incident was a very common one; it made so little impression upon the man at the desk that he thought nothing further about it.

Neither the editor of The Oregonian nor any one of his assistants with authority in matters of this sort ever heard of this "tender." Dr. Wise's sermon was never in The Oregonian office. No member of The Oregonian's responsible staff ever was informed that such a sermon was offered for publication, or even that such a sermon had been delivered.

This incident occurred nearly a month and a half ago. Since that time Dr. Wise has had many opportunities of presenting his grievance to the editor of The Oregonian. He might have done so with assurance of courtesy and of generous treatment, for never in its history has this journal failed on the point of fairness or justice in a matter of this kind. He has not done so. He has, on the other hand, taken a public occasion to utter against The Oregonian a charge of unfairness and dishonesty.

We have given the record. If it convicts Dr. Wise of misrepresentation, the fault lies not with The Oregonian.

We shall enter into no dispute with Dr. Wise on the question whether the Jews are or have been ungenerous toward other creeds and races, or not, or whether Catholics and other Christians have shown hatred of Jews, or not, or whether Jews have shown similar feelings toward Catholics and other Christians, or not. Appeal might be made to fifteen centuries of the world's history; but we forbear. The Oregonian was simply referring to facts among the most prominent in the history of the human race. As for itself, it has a record of fifty years which proves that it has never been intolerant in the least degree toward any people on account of race or religion. This record is known of all men.

DANGERS IN IGNORANCE.

Contempt for facts is the earmark of the fellow who has a brain full of bats in zigzag flight. Every newspaper, large or small, is full of preachments from fellows who undertake to solve burning questions of large social or political consequence without any knowledge of the underlying facts that are essential to sound thought upon any question of public affairs. The ignorant doctrinaire or dogmatic faddist complacently publishes a farrago of speculative nonsense which not seldom obtains transient popular currency until intelligent thinkers puncture with their incisive pens the bladder-head of these arrogant blatherskites. There has not been a vicious popular error that has obtained currency in this country that has not owed its life to a creature who assumed to think without knowledge, and felt safe to do so because his public were for the most part as ignorant, if not as impudent, as himself.

Take the financial lunacies that have obtained disastrous popular support in this country. Not one of them had a historical leg to stand on. France had tested them to her bitter cost. England had exhaustively discussed them and exposed their unsoundness. Nevertheless, in face of the bitter experience and mature conclusions of Europe there never has been a time in our history from the foundation of the Republic when the champions of sound finance did not have to fight periodically long and hard in defense of the cause of honest money. Jefferson was a man of high intelligence and large reading; he knew the whole argument against illimitable paper money as set forth in his day so ably by Talleyrand, and Hamilton was an equal master of the facts of sound finance. Their thought was sound because it was bottomed on full mastery of the historical facts. But we did not long escape the curse of illimitable issues of paper money and "wildcat" banking that stood behind reckless speculation in Western lands. The people suffered because they accepted the counsels of men who were either ignorant of the history of sound finance or utterly indifferent to what might happen, so long as it did not happen to them. It was a case of an ignorant public following the lead of blind guides into the last ditch of disaster.

The experience which culminated in the crash of 1837 sobered the people without fully instructing them. They were like the burnt child, that fears the fire, but has yet to learn that one may avoid playing with fire only to tumble into hot water. So when the fakers in finance began to preach "greenbackism" in 1874, and "free silver" in 1896, they found a hearing, because their public did not know the facts of the history of the world's experience. The vagaries and visions of these demagogues passed current with their public because their public did not know enough to contradict them. It was a question upon which there could not possibly be any sound thinking without absolute knowledge of the bottom facts, but the dishonest-money demagogue was safe because of the ignorance of his public. It was not a sentimental question, like that of the right of one man to own another like a chattel; it was a question of human experience and scientific conclusion. The demagogue's public were as much at his mercy through their ignorance and credulity as an illiterate sick man is at the mercy of a fluent and audacious quack doctor. As soon as intelligent thinkers massed their artillery of brains and knowledge against this "free-silver" craze its bladder-head was blown from its shoulders. Illustrations might be multiplied, like modern spiritism, Christian Science, theosophy, all current fads that stand for false thought because they are not bottomed upon absolutely attested scientific facts—facts as authentic as those which we all bank upon in the conduct of worldly business and affairs. Ignorance of the facts, contempt for facts, is the fruitful parent of false thought. All bankable thought must rest upon absolutely well-attested facts in the physical world of human experience or in the moral and spiritual experience of mankind.

Teachers of young men owe it to themselves to tell their pupils that there can be no sound thinking without mastery of the facts. The young man who won the gold medal recently at Salem by his oration on "John Brown of Osawatomie" could not possibly have compared Brown's action to that of George Washington in joining in the revolt of the colonies and leading its armies, if he had known anything about the facts. Washington leading the armies of the American Continental Congress, of the American people, against Great Britain might be compared to the revolt of the whole South against the Union and the march of its armies under Lee, but the act of Brown has no more identity with the action of Washington than the action of Cromwell leading the armies of the Parliament of England against the King has with the murder of the Duke of Buckingham by John Felton. A young man who says "Human law is to be obeyed only so long as it accords with God's eternal justice" must not forget that the people of the North and South both agreed to the Constitutional protection of slavery, and that governments are not instituted and maintained to be defied because they do not satisfy every private conscience. If the people are with that private conscience, it will not need to turn pirate and assassin, as Brown did. If the people are not with that private conscience, resort to the "higher law" means an inexcusable act of anarchy. If the private conscience finds our laws intolerable and cannot convert people to its views, as Lincoln did, let the private conscience and pirate get out and stay out. Washington and Cromwell were military leaders of a vast popular revolt; they were no crazy land pirates.

IS THE PAPER TOO LARGE?

An old and valued friend of The Oregonian sends in this complaint:

> As one who has subscribed and paid for and read The Oregonian for 23 years, I beg the privilege of registering my first protest. You have made your paper too large. Until within the past four months I have found time to read those portions that interest me, and to skim over the remainder, and although my private business takes no more time than formerly, I find that I must now neglect many columns of your message that comes to me every morning.
>
> A week ago I resolved to write to you, and then every day I tried to pick out what I should eliminate if I were conducting The Oregonian, but I found it a hopeless task. To your credit be it said that you publish nothing that does not interest a considerable number of readers.
>
> You certainly print more news than a half-busy man can read in his leisure hours. If you are going to continue to get out 14 and 16-page editions, it will result in the male population of this country being obliged to rearrange their daily schedule of life. For myself I decline to rise earlier or retire later than has been my wont these 20 years past, and I cannot afford to neglect my business. Therefore, without anger and in the friendliest spirit, I repeat: You have made your paper too large. NATIVE SON.

As the old Missourian said, you must "skip from thar to thar." The Oregonian will certainly not be smaller in future, but is likely to be still larger. Recent enlargement of the paper was not so much from choice as from necessity. This is a general newspaper, and it must give publicity to everything that is clean and of human interest in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. It is also a composite class newspaper. That is to say, part of its function is to purvey news which interests particularly certain guilds. Unfortunately, Portland is without class newspapers, and all classes look to The Oregonian to supply the deficiency. If, for example, there were published here a daily commercial paper of high character, The Oregonian might consider the advisability of devoting less space to markets and shipping. If some one would establish an efficient paper for lawyers and litigants, courts might not be so fully reported. A mining journal conducted on broad lines might relieve this paper of some matter interesting only to miners. These examples could be continued to a column's length. It is to be feared, however, that no industry in The Oregonian's field of circulation would relish the idea of being neglected. The Oregonian does not wish nor intend to do less for the Pacific Northwest than it has done in the past. On the contrary, it will do more. As the country grows, The Oregonian grows.

For forty years it has been in a large way the local paper for every section of the three states mentioned, to say nothing of British Columbia and Western Montana. All these sections demand and are entitled to representation in The Oregonian. Their local papers have only local circulation. These people wish their localities to be wider known, and the only agency for spreading information is The Oregonian. This service will not be curtailed, but augmented.

Perhaps our correspondent has noticed that The Oregonian is given to the discussion of human affairs. Its views sometimes run counter to the views of many readers. Those who hold contrary opinions often demand public expression of them. Only through The Oregonian can the public be reached, and there has never been a time when this paper refused reasonable use of its columns as a forum for those who differed with it in opinion. This policy is not likely to be changed.

Incidentally it may be well to mention that The Oregonian will continue to publish all the news of the world that's fit to print.

While The Oregonian may be too large for "Native Son," no way suggests itself, under existing conditions, for reducing its size. To borrow his own words, without anger and in the friendliest spirit we repeat, "You must skip from thar to thar."

A CHAPTER OF POLITICAL HISTORY

And now The Oregonian says: "In 1898 the Simon ticket was again recognized as the Republican ticket, though the Mitchell men forced the nomination of Geer for Governor."

Considering that the entire delegation of Mitchell men from Multnomah County was expelled from the Astoria convention, what power they must have had in a body where they had not a single vote!—Salem Journal.

Nevertheless, it was the Mitchell men who forced the nomination of Geer four years ago. They didn't really want Geer, but they had taken him up in the hope of beating Lord with him. Lord they specially disliked. There were contesting delegations from Multnomah. The Mitchell men and the Geer men had power to seat one delegation or the other, or to divide the delegation; for the Multnomah delegation was suspended and couldn't vote on any of these propositions that related to its own standing in the convention. In order to get the "regular" or gold-standard delegation seated, to keep out the Mitchell contestants and to get a pronounced gold-standard platform adopted, it was agreed that if the convention would seat the "regular" or "anti-Mitchell" delegation, there would be no opposition to the nomination of Geer. There was much reluctance to accept the sacrifice of Lord, but in the circumstances there was no help for it. The Mitchell men had it in their power to force the nomination of Geer; their tactics forced his nomination, and the friends and supporters of Lord had to content themselves with the adjustment above described. It was thought better to say nothing about it at the time, but it's ancient history now; so this plain recital can do no harm.

The city's vital statistics for 1901, as compiled from the records of the Health Office, make a showing that is exceedingly gratifying to our citizens. A death rate of 11.43 per 1000 inhabitants is remarkable as shown by comparison with that of other cities of the country similarly situated as to latitude. It is remarkable further that with smallpox prevalent throughout the great Northwestern section, and epidemic in many places, that but sixty-two cases occurred in Portland during the entire year covered by these statistics. While the general healthfulness of the city is due to favorable location as to drainage and a climate conducive to health, the fact that smallpox and other contagious diseases did not gain a foothold here is due to the vigilant oversight and prompt action of our health officers. In all cities, central in importance and therefore in hospital appliances in their respective sections, the annual death list is increased by the names of a greater or less number of persons who are brought in for treatment. Deducting these from the death record of 1901, the number of deaths, based on a population of 100,000, would be but little more than 1 per cent—a showing that should at once place Portland at the head of the list of health resorts. To the extent that this would attract invalids, however, this is not desirable, since nothing is more depressing than the encounter at every turn of suffering humanity seeking relief from wasting diseases. It is to men and women possessed of robust health, who value the boon too highly to place it in jeopardy by locating in an unhealthy city, and who believe in the prevention of disease rather than its cure, that Portland desires as accessions to its population. Of course (except in the matter of contagious diseases), we would not be inhospitable to the sick who come hither seeking health, but it is to well people possessed of the intelligent desire and purpose to remain well that the most cordial welcome is reserved.

The illness of the young Queen of the Netherlands continues to cause grave anxiety. With only her frail body and seriously menaced life between the kingdom and a succession in whom they have no pride, and for whom they have not the slightest affection, the Dutch people view the probable death of their Queen with deep distress and apprehension. Wilhelmina was brought up before their eyes to be their Queen, and she has endeared herself to them from childhood by her winning, gracious manners. Her marriage was to them a matter of intense interest, chiefly because it promised legitimate succession to the throne in a distinct line through an amiable, virtuous woman loyal to Dutch interests and traditions. Lying in her palace a physical wreck, largely through marital abuse, and with the possibility of death hovering over her, it is no wonder that her people are deeply grief-stricken. However, no one despairs of a typhoid fever patient while life remains, and there is still hope that Wilhelmina will recover from her present illness. An even more hopeless feature of the royal situation in Holland is the robust health of the stolid, brutal, unmanageable Prince Consort—a man of the type that the most reckless dissipation kills eventually, but who lives, nevertheless, to old age.

The tornado has trodden swiftly upon the heels of the April hot wave in the Middle West. Its record is one of death, the destruction of homes and injury to crops. A redeeming or reassuring feature of disasters of this kind is found in the fact that the very worst is realized in the onset of the elements. Later on, after the wind has passed, the rains have ceased and the floods abated, and the sun comes out, it is usually found that fright and confusion have magnified the fatalities and exaggerated the property loss and crop injuries. It may be hoped that this will prove true in the present instance, and that the damage from the tornado that swept portions of Missouri, Kansas and Illinois last Friday afternoon is not as great as was at first reported.

Whatever may be thought of Senator Carmack's views upon the Philippine policy in a general way, and few patriotic, well-informed people will indorse them, his declaration that "the idea that the character of a race can be transformed by teaching its people to read is the wildest, craziest, most fanatic dream that ever flitted through a lunatic's brain" is pretty generally approved. There are other influences of civilization, however, that accompany the process of teaching individuals of a race to read that will have to be brought to bear upon the Filipinos for several generations before the talk about their "right to self-government" will be entitled to more than a respectful hearing.

The adjournment of the Confederate reunion reminds us of the flight of time when we remember that the commander-in-chief, General John B. Gordon, is 70 years old. He was but 33 when he surrendered at Appomattox—about the age of our own Sheridan. General Longstreet, the most famous surviving Confederate, is 83 years old, and General Schofield, the most celebrated living corps commander of the Union Army, is 71 years old. The Union and Confederate soldiers are rapidly joining the great encampment of the hereafter which is peopled by "ghosts of soldiers shouldering ghosts of guns."

It may be hoped that the strike in the Oregon City woolen mills will speedily be settled. Both employers and employes protest up to this time that they bear each other no ill will. This even-tempered state of affairs will not long continue under prevailing conditions. One of the most deplorable of the results of strikes is found in the spirit of hostility that is thereby engendered between the correlative forces of industry. For this reason, if for no other, an early adjustment of differences between these employers and employes is exceedingly desirable.

The new Pension Commissioner from Kansas is reported as saying: "Every man entitled to a pension ought to have it." No one can object to that. That has always been the simple creed of The Oregonian, which has held that if the pension roll could be purged of unworthy claimants, the worthy claimants would all throw up their hats in approval. Honest, worthy claimants get a mere pittance because they will not lie, while the Army shirk will swear to anything that is necessary to obtain a large pension.

Today is the anniversary of the birthday of Grant, to whom thirty-seven years ago the 9th inst. the gallant remnant of the army of Lee surrendered. The fame of Grant grows larger and glows brighter with the lapse of time. His ability in war and his civic simplicity and integrity in peace command today the respect of both sections of our country.

> Patient of toil, serene amid alarms,
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

It is to be presumed that the State University Board of Regents will not stand in the way of Dr. Strong's advancement. He is to be congratulated, therefore, upon his promotion, and Kansas upon its accession of a university president of strength and resources.

It seems fair to assume that Mr. Vining's resignation formed a part of the consideration in the San Francisco strike settlement. Mr. Vining is a grand fighter, but something is needed these days in a manager of men besides valor—notably diplomacy.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Song of the Hobo.

Let J. P. Morgan travel in his million-dollar car,
With beds, and bath, and bootblack stand, and barber-shop and oar;
Let ocean greyhounds cleave the sea as bullets split the air,
And automobiles frighten folk along the thoroughfare;
Let Santos-Dumont journey in his clipper-built balloon,
Establish terminals in Mars and Venus, and the moon;
When I go forth to see the world, I crave no luxury;
The brakebeam, swinging in the trucks, will do all right for me.

For I have known the thrilling joy of rocking to and fro,
As banging, clanging, merrily the rattling brake-chains go,
And I have known the Titan tunes the scraping brake-shoes play,
And I decline to travel in the ordinary way.
The whirling eddies of the air that beat upon my cheek,
The flanges on the mountain curve that musically creak,
The ties that speed by underneath proclaim convincingly
The brakebeam, swinging in the trucks, is good enough for me.

And when the shades of evening fall, and through the journal frame
I look upon the western sky, lit up with gold and flame,
And wrap my legs around the rods, and listen to the song,
The trucks are singing to the rails as fast they speed along:
The clash and clamor of it all brings deep and grateful rest,
And peace, of all our earthly boons the sweetest and the best,
And as my senses sink to sleep, in calm security,
I know the swinging brakebeam is the softest bed for me.

I've seen the East, and known the West, I've been both South and North,
And never gave a sou-markee to travel back or forth;
I've tried blind baggage, empties, tops, but never did I know
The joy of journeys till I sought the beam that swings below.
Repairers singe me with the torch, the brakies often think
It highly humorous to beat my head in with a link,
But still the game is worth the stake, wherever I may be,
The brakebeam swinging in the trucks, will do all right for me.

Trouble at the Globe.

"My Lord," asked Shakespeare, as he and Bacon strolled out of the Globe foyer and sat down in the box-office to watch the treasurer count up, "why are my writings known as 'plays,' while yours are called 'works'?"

"Give it up, Will," said Sir Francis, "unless it is because my writings always fit the case."

"Naw!" sniffed the bard of Avon, "It's because you think they're stemwinders."

Annoyed at this sally, Lord Bacon remarked that he didn't like to be hit by a ham, but Shakespeare retorted that a Bacon was every bit as bad as a ham, and more streaked; and not caring to hear any more samples of Globe repartee, the eminent statesman, to get even, went outside and told people that the show was fierce.

The Penalty of Knowledge.

From baby's tearful eyes have fled
All promises of sleeping,
He lies in his hygienic bed
Disconsolately weeping.
No more his rosy finger tips,
So delicately tinted,
We dare to hold, and on his lips
No kisses are imprinted.

The smile we once so loved to see
About his sweet mouth playing,
While yet he slept, has come to be
Exceedingly dismaying.
And when his face lights up with one
Unto the lamp we speed him,
Pry open wide his jaws, and run
For calomel to feed him.

That pretty motion of his thumb
Reveals that he's dyspeptic,
And we must hasten forth for some
Internal antiseptic.
Before we give him any milk
We carefully must thin it,
Then strain it through three folds of silk
Until no taste's left in it.

Ah! happy days of long ago
When our dear babes we dandled
Upon our knees, and did not know
That they should not be handled!
If knowledge keeps its present pace,
We'll find, a few years later,
That we must rear the coming race
Inside an incubator!

Literary Notes.

Richard Harding Davis' most recent work is the cynosure of all I's.

Richard Mansfield is said to be engaged in writing a book entled "Actors I Have Helped Off the Stage."

"Ping Pong as I Have Found It" was not, as has been generally supposed, written by President Roosevelt.

The "His" in General Funston's book, "In His Steps," refers to General Miles.

Eugene F. Ware is a reformed poet.

"Box-Stall Studies" will soon be published in serial form in the Lincoln Commoner.

A Methodist minister in Illinois says that the story of Adam and Eve was the first historical romance. The jury is being impaneled for his heresy trial.

Pressure will be brought to bear on King Edward to hang up a purse for a coronation ode.

Longing.

I'd like to be a engineer,
With overalls, an' a pointed cap,
An' say to the boys 'round the depot: "Here,
Don't climb into that there cab, young chap."

I'd like to open the throttle wide
An' say: "Well, here's fur th' road again."
But 'f I was a engineer, why I'd
Never be a policeman, then.

I'd like to wear a helmet blue
An' scare the kids along my beat,
An' do whatever I wanted to do,
Fur I'd be the boss o' my whole street.

But if I was one, I could never be
A bold an' darin' buccaneer,
An' sail around all over the sea,
An' fill the merchant ships with fear.

An' 'f I was a pirate on a ship,
I couldn't run a trolley car,
Or pull the lever that works the grip
An' stop her quick with a jolty jar.

An' if I was runnin' a street car, I
Couldn't be leadin' a regiment,
An' see the bullets an' grape shot fly
An' leave defeat where I had went.

It's mighty tryin' to decide
Just what I ratherest would be,
But I am certain sure that I'd
Not be a little boy, like me.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.

Surgery in Kentucky, Sah!

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They laid the Kentucky gentleman on the operating table. His revolver was in his strong right hand.

"Boys," he said to the assembled surgeons, "I know this is goin' to be a serious affair. But let me tell you somethin'." And he tapped on his revolver. "If I have to go I'll certainly want company. An' if you make way with me while I'm under the influence of your derned opiates, I've got six sons at home who would be only too delighted to show you what they think of your lack of skill in case it does lack. And they'd be prepared to follow you around from King's bridge to Kingdom come until they even up things for the loss of their old dad. That's all. Cut away."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the operation was completely successful.