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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum temperature, 56; minimum temperature, 50; pre cipitation, 0.01 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy, with

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1902.

DO WE WANT THINGS DONE!

It is the Republican party that does things. Estimable as members of the Democratic party may be, their party has no progressive or constructive policy. It objects, it opposes, it presents negative propositions only. It takes no step forward. It never does posttive things. Its genius is the spirit of hindrance objection, retardation. But this is a country that wants things done. No part of the country wants things done more than Oregon. But it is not to the Democratic party that we can look to have them done. "We object!" is the phrase of the Democratic party.

An effort has been making during many months to pass a bill through the Senate for government of the Philippine Islands, and for defining and regulating their relations with the United States. The House of Representatives, where things can be done. passed the bill, after a reasonable time. But the rules of the Senate are constructed on the lines of hindrance, opposition and interminable objection. quite in accord with the spirit of negation and opposition that characterizes the Democratic party; and the consequence is that week after week and month after month, the drivel of debate from this spirit of opposition flows on, and the bill cannot pass. Democratic Senators spend the days and weeks in attacks upon the Army and laudation of the insurgents, in utterance of cheap stuff about "freedom -as if we were not establishing free dom in the Philippines on broader principles than the inhabitants, left to themselves, ever could conceive. But these true representatives of the party whose sole function is to interpose objections-these Democratic Senatorstake their stand on the rules of the Senate and object interminably. Stuff more worthless is unimaginable; but it serves its purpose of cold obstructionquite in accord with the party charac-

This disposition to obstruct, which uses for its present purposes the bill relating to the Philippines, delays everything else in Congress. For example, the bills in which our own state is vitally interested are ready; the committees have reported; the joint conference has agreed; everything is waiting, and the season is running by, If anything is to be done this year on our rivers and harbors the work ought to be in hand now or very soon.

Through her Republican representation in Congress Oregon is securing what she wants. Her success is very complete. If she would have it repeated she would do well to keep in the Senate and in the House representatives of the party that has the spirit and habit of doing things. She will find it to her interest, too, to maintain her place and name among the states that adhere to the party of activity and progress, by electing a Governor who belongs to the party that does things. Oregon should not allow herself, by electing a Democratic Governor, to be classed with the states controlled by the party that devotes itself to obstruction and has no mission but to fill full of obstacles the path of those who want things done.

WHEN PATRIOTISM IS PARTISAN-SHIP.

It is a remarkable thing that while the London Standard likens President Roosevelt's Memorial day speech to Lincoln's famous address at Gettysburg and while the London Chronicle praises its spirit of courage and honesty, there are in this country, and even here in Oregon, whence proceeded one of the finest and most faithful regiments in the Army of the Philippines, men who deprecate utterances of that virile sort as partisan. The truth is there is nothing more partisan in Roosevelt's speech at Arlington than in Lincoln's second inaugural or his dedication speech at Gettysburg. It should never be accounted partisan to defend the honor of the Army and of the flag, to say that our sovereignty will be main tained, to pay the tribute of respect and

affection to American institutions. When then does patriotism become partisanship? It is when the voice of slander is raised against the Army and the fing, and when American sovereignty is assulled, and when American institutions are ridiculed and denounced. Then such words as President Roosevell. spoke at Arlington on Memorial day are hooted just as Lincoln's second inaugural was hooted by the antie of that day. Then patriotism becomes partisanship to all such as have arrayed themselves against the sentiments of loyalty which the patriot President invokes

such by those who spoke of his "bar- speech-making or story-telling, or barous spirit of ferocity," just so was President McKinley pursued by the antis of his administration, just so are President Roosevelt and his supporters pursued by the antie of today. patriotism flagged in the people of Oregon so that they lack spirit to repel these venomous attacks on their coun try's cause and its defenders? Are the people of Oregon ready to declare to the world, by the election of a Demo cratic Governor on an "anti-imperialist" platform, that they cannot be depended upon in a crisis like this, to rally to the support of the Army abroad and its defenders at home? Is it a time when public duty and the public welfare can be safely sacrificed to goodfellowship and personal friendship?

SHALL CRIME RULE THE CITY! The people of Portland should thorughly understand what they will do if they elect George Chamberlain Governor. They will not only elevate to control of the state government a man whose dependence for success lies with the very class of people he is supposed' to prosecute, and keep in check, but they will put it in his power to name his own successor as District Attorney. It is bad enough to have a District Attorney who gives the criminal and viclous classes free rein, but it is infinitely worse to elevate such a man to the Governorship, where resides the power to name his own successor, and thus have both Governor and District Attorney beholden to the vote of the dums of Portland.

The consequences of this alliance between Sweek Simon Chamberlain and Inman are potentially most iniquitous, unless prevented by the election of Mr. Furnish and Judge Williams. It is well enough for a public prosecutor to win his way to political prefer ment by vigorous discharge of the duties of his office, but it is a most immoral and dangerous thing for him to secure advancement through friendly alliances with the very class of people he is elected, sworn and paid to punish and hold in check. What business has the friend of lawbreakers in the office whose business it is to punish lawbreakers? What sort of prosecutions can be expected from the man named by such a Governor? What resistance to appeals for pardons can be expected of such a Governor?

Will not the moral sense of Portland set the seal of unmistakable disapproval upon this most pernicious and dangerous alliance? Surely there is sense of fitness enough here not to reward with the Governorship the man who has no higher conception of civic duty than to prostitute the office of public prosecutor to a political combination with thugs and gamblers. Surely there is pride enough in the city's good name to forbid that the slums of this city are to rule the state, county and city for the next four years, through an official they themselves have made. We have had men elected heretofore by the "wide-open" vote. But we have never yet had a man elected through a errupt combination made with the office of District Attorney. For such a course no precedent should be set. An end should be put to this sort of traffic in vice before it goes any further. If it was for this that George Chamberlain sought the office of District Attorney it was an act unworthy any man with desire or sympathy for honest, decept citizenship. It was an act that deserves the severest censure at the polls. No man should be allowed to betray the cause of justice in this shameless manner, and ever again hope for political honors.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

In some states-notably in California -the Governor is rather an ornamental figurehead than an essential factor in the government. The real work of administration is given over to a system of independent commissions, while to the Governorship there is apportioned a certain formal but not very substantial "dignity," with a few showy but not very effective powers. The system is in part a product of that instinctive distrust of officials which has come to be very general in the country, and in part a product of experience which has taught that danger lies in concentrating great powers in a single and a "political" hand. Under this system the Governor in his working relations to the government is little more than a ceremonial functionary, and when the popular taste rejects ceremony he finds precious little to do. Experience in California illustrates the point; for in no instance in twenty years has any Governor of that state even made the pretense of making his home and regularly keeping his office at the State Capital, excepting during the periods when the State Legislature is sitting.

We have a very different situation in Oregon. Our system was organized at a time when public confidence was greater and under circumstances which made economy in salaries a leading There was deliberate consideration. concentration of responsibilities in the state government upon the theory that it was cheaper to employ few men than many in the public business; and this is how it came about that the Oregon Governorship was made a working office. It has to do in a large way with

every department of state affairs. The Governor of Oregon not only as sists directly to make and enforce the laws, but his judgment and authority are felt in every business transaction in which the state bears part or interest. He is a member and usually the dominant member, of the board which levies the state taxes; he is a member of the several boards which manage the great state institutions; he is a member of the commissions which manage the state lands and the several state funds. And in the very nature of things his voice in these large matters is likely to be the most potent one. In the Governorship a man of business capability and business habits may be of incalculable benefit to the taxpayers; while, on the other hand, a man of careless or unsystematic methods may work incal-

culable loss. It was business incapacity and indifference that at an earlier time lost to the state untold thousands of acres of fine land at the hands of "wagonroad" swindlers; and if we had had in the Governor's office men of business experience and habit, millions of dollars thus lost would have been saved. Again we have lost untold sums in careless administration of the great funds biennially appropriated for care of the insane, for the support of prisons, schools and other state institutions. and for the construction of public buildings. We have suffered in these respects because in repeated instances we have selected men for the Governorship not upon considerations of business ca-Just as President Lincoln was pur- publicly, but for some showy gift of purposes. What estimates of his fellow

through sympathy or good-fellowship As Governor of the state, Mr. Purnish is likely to give us a kind of administration of state affairs of which we have had too little. He is essentially a man of business. He makes no pretensions on any other basis. "I am no speech-maker," he said early in his candidacy, "and I judge the people were not looking for an orator when I guishes him. was nominated for Governor. But I think I have a good grasp of business principles, and I know that I know how to work. If I am elected Governor, I Dr. Walter H. Page, a man of Southshall make my home at the state capiern birth and breeding, a distinguished tal, and I shall go about the business figure at the recent meeting of the

I shall know the business of the state in its details; and I shall give my efforts diligently to the end that business prudence shall rule in state affairs." In this, coming from a man of Mr. Furnish's character and experience, there is the promise of much that will be for the material advantage of Oregon. An administration founded upon such a policy, coming just when the state is passing from times and conditions relatively small to times and conditions relatively large, will make precedents which will serve the welfare of Oregon, not only during a single administrative period, but for long years to come.

of the state precisely as I do my private

business. I shall look carefully into

every department of state income and

every department of state expenditure

Personally Mr. Furnish is a man of whom any state might well be proud. If not technically, he is practically a son of the soil, for his life from early infancy has been here. His beginnings were humble, but manly. His moderate fortunes have grown through cooperation with his fellow-men rather than through business strife. Every stage of his life has illustrated those personal qualities which command respect among neighbors. Honesty, courage, self-reliance, the will and the spirit to do things-these qualities which have marked the private career of Mr. Furnish are the best assurances that his public life will be creditable and use-

SOUND PLAYS STILL LIVE. I held it truth with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones That men may rise on stepping stones Of their dend selves to higher things, But who shall so forecast the years,

To find in loss a gain to match, Or reach a hand thro' time to catch The far-off interest of tears? Such is the text upon the title-page of "The Silver King," the powerful and beautiful play that is to have adequate representation on the boards of the Baker Theater in Portland the coming week-a play that is saturated with some of the finest traditions of the stage, including as they do the names of Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, Herbert Kelcey and many other actors of the first rank. It is a drama of intense human interest, and covers in its range almost every variety of human affection, passion, sorrow, pain and joy, except that illicit love with which the stage in these days is too often soiled. "The Silver King" every wife is faithful to her husband, villainy is not painted in attractive colors, and after the innocent have suffered long and bitterly for crimes they never committed, the justice of retribution and the joy of restoration seem to flood the heart

ery that is past. This sterling drama points the moral of Tom Taylor's kindred "Ticket-of-Leave Man"-the danger that hangs over a life of conviviality and the company of improper associates. Wilfred a lovely and loving family, wealth and social position, casts them all away in a blind state of drunken infatuation from which he emerges to find himself as he and all others but the real criminals mistakenly believe a murderer. His flight from justice, his acquisition of riches in Nevada, his return to find his family beggared and fairly starving, his long and at last successful struggle to prove his innocence, make up the thread of a parrative on which are hung some of the most touching situations and most moving passages outside

and to be even the sweeter for the mis-

the pages of the classic drama. opular play for every age and walk of her unhappy and cruelly wronged husband, the fidelity of Jakes, the old famlly servant, the sad lot of Olive Skinner as the wife of a scoundrel, the touching love and faith of Denver's little children, the diagrace that overwhelms young Corkett, yielding to temptation, and even the ruln that eventually overwhelms that unapproachable blackleg and society swell, "Captain" Skinner and his precious gang of pirates-all have impressive ideals to be followed or warnings to be

heeded. That plays like this still keep the boards and meet cordial response from the multitude is evidence enough that the heart of the people is sound and still is pleased that honest love should be rewarded and vice overthrown. Dramas of this sterling sort are infinitely to be preferred, both from artistic and from moral considerations, to the "problem" plays that too often confuse the sense of right and wrong and cast a doubt upon the sacredness of the marriage tie. When Wilfred Denver, in the abandon of his grief and remorse, cries out, "Oh, God, turn back thy universe and give me yesterday," sets more impulses of good astir in the hearts of the young than come from all the involved speculations of Ibsen and the suggestive situations of the proudest triumph of the French stage.

Every one who knows Mr. Thomas N. Strong knows the "originality" of his character. Far be it from The Oregonian to judge Mr. Strong harshly. He is a product of an intellectual and moral fermentation, plus an extreme self-esteem and minus, necessarily, human good sense and judgment. He is not better than the general community he lives in, but he thinks he is better; and if he will pardon us, and whether he pardon us or not, we could wish the touch of pharisaism in him were minished. He has written, printed and circulated an estimate of the character of candidates now before the people, which is not good, because it is merely subjective—that is to may, a reflection of himself. His own idiosyncrasies, not the character of candidates, appear in it. He writes as the president and scribe of a "civic federation," which, evidently, is embodied in himself; but he is truthful enough to intimate, at the close, that the civic federation for which he speaks is his own creation This, however, causes no surprise, since Mr. Strong always carries about with him an assortment of federations, suited to any one of his many whimsteal

men one may spin out of himself is wondrously apparent in Mr. Strong's pumphlet. He writes a character of himself, not a character of the candidates to whom his pamphlet is nomi nally devoted. He praises many who deserve no praise, and is the severe censor of others who are practically blameless. This pamphlet shows that Mr. Strong has not lost the habit of entire self-approval, which so distin-

THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

Southern Educational Conference

Athens, Ga., has an admirable article

on the "Rebuilding of Old Common-

wealths" in the May Atlantic. Briefly stated, the argument of this article is that the South only needs sound common school and industrial education of both whites and blacks to solve the vexing social problems which now harass that section. Its industrial advancement and material prosperity are simply walting on the greater intelligence of its people. The South needs the skilled, scientific farmer, the trained mining engineer, the trained lumberman; it needs bona fide eight months ommon schools for whites and blacks under competent teachers. Dr. Page inrisis that the white people of the South are by native endowment the finest in our country. They are men of good-fellowship, hospitable, affectionate and helpful to each other. This practice of kindliness is a quality of the blood, a touch of nature that would redeem more prosperous and better-informed society. Dr. Page notes the fact that when the ambitious Southern youth leaves his stagnant Southern village for the North he not seldom makes his mark. From one such village has come a man who is now a rich New York merchant, another is a leading electrical engineer in a great city, another is partner in a New England factory, anther "is a Judge in Oregon." The stagnation of the social structure at the South is ascribed to three influencesfirst, slavery, "which pickled all Southern life and left it just as it found it"; then the politician and the preacher. They are a capable people, whose growth when Democracy began to develop men was interrupted." The great mass of the country people of the South came of excellent English and Scotch-Irish stock, equal to the best of the country population that settled the other states eighty years ago. As for the "poor white trash" of the South, it is not poorer nor "trashier" than the rural population of New Jersey, Pennsylvania or New York or New England were several generations ago. Dr. Page could with truth say that the "hill" towns of New England, and a good many towns on Long Island and in the coast countles of New Jersey, are inhabited by "white trash" as ignorant and far more worthless and contemptible than any "poor white" population of the South. Dr. Page confesses that there is a good deal of rural country at the South where the public was defined by a witty professor in a Southern college to be "the Democratic platform, the Daughters of the Confederacy, old General So-and-So, and the Presbyterian creed." The leading editor of this Southern college town described it pri-

Nevertheless, Dr. Page does not agree with those who hold, as some do at the South and at the North, that a century hence the South will be in the essence of its civilization further from the North than it now is. On the contrary, he insists that "there is no un-Denver, a young Englishman, who has democratic fact in the history of the Southern people that is not directly accounted for by slavery and the results of slavery." The political machines of both parties were built on the race difference; and the ecclesiastical machines are due to popular ignorance and isolation. The strongest impulse of the Southern character is patriotic and democratic. The contrary tendencies are simply due to arrested development consequent upon slavery and its results. This arrested development is be ginning to be overcome by industrial growth and by the new impulse in public education. The education referred to There are lessons in this perennially is not the multiplication of colleges; it is the redemption from illiteracy of the life. The devotion of Nelly Denver to rural white population of the South, which is as gross in the ten cis-Mississippl States as it was in 1850, for the public schools in those states now give 'five cents' worth of education per child per day for only eighty-seven days in the year." Such schools are to be replaced by schools which train the hand and mind together; that seek to fit the pupils for helpful occupations through the industrial training of the many for diversified pursuits. The children will be taught in garden, kitchen and workshop as well as in the

vately as "a realm ruled by the dead."

This kind of training has a tendency to diminish race friction. Dr. Page says that "the white man has held the negro back, the negro has held the white man back, and dead men have ruled them both only because they were both untrained or mistrained." The recovery from the last effects of slavery may require as long a time as it required to get rid of slavery itself, but of a final happy solution Dr. Page has no doubt, for he has full confidence in the native capacity of the Southern whites to create a democratic order of society that will be a rich contribution to the Republic. In the incessant preaching of the gospel of common school and industrial education lies the sure redemption and salvation of the stagnant, hitherto non-progressive states of the South. This general uplifting of the South has begun; it is sure to be successful, and with its ultimate success the race problem will have solved itself. The industrial awakening of the South is shown by the fact that the operatives in the Southern cotten mills are chiefly recruits from the ranks of the "poor whites," who are pronounced by their employers "as capable as any people under the sun, and are better neighbors than most," and the superior quality of the Southern mind is shown by the fact that the South has made the best contribution to the literature of the generation of the Civil War. With the exception of Bret. Harte and James Whitcomb Riley, the best work of this generation was wrought by writers of Southern stock.

fact that there are some Republicans up here in Marion County who have minds and wills of their own, who are in the habit of deciding and acting for themselves, and who hold principles and policies above personal differ-ences or likes and dislikes?—Salem Statesman.

The Gregonian has taken note of the fact in years gone by that Marion County Republicane, with very few exceptions, lay aside their personal likes and dislikes and vote for the principles and policies in which they believe, cratic victory at this time.

Marion County has always been in cluded in the list of those that can be relied upon to give the Republican party an unqualified indorsement. Four years ago thousands of Republicans in Marion County voted in the primaries for Governor Lord, but in the state convention Lord was turned down, and Geer was nominated. Nevertheless the Lord men stood lovally by the Republican ticket and gave Geer a handsom majority at the polis. The Oregonian believes a large majority of Geer's friends will be just as loyal to the ticket this year. It is not out of place to say, however, that in the last two weeks a two-by-four man with a oneby-two political sense, whose relations with Governor Geer denote him a spokesman for his master, has visited Portland to lend aid and comfort to the Democrats, and that if Geer's friends are following this man's lead, Furnish will get few of their votes. The Oregonian does not believe Marion County

Republicans will bow to any such lead-Late dispatches from Martinique report the whole remaining population of the island in a state of unrest, bordering on panic, while Mount Pelee still rumbles and spits ashes, boiling mud and foul gases in a manner to justify their gravest apprehensions. While it is mere unreasoning terror that possesses the people, their fears appear to be justified by the calm, critical judgment of American scientists, who have arrived and reported upon conditions prevailing at St. Pierre. It is their opinion that the entire island may be wrecked and deluged by volcanic fires; that in fact it ultimately will be thus practically destroyed, as a place for human habitation. This is, of course, possible, and in a degree probable. However, Professor Robert T. Hill, the United States geologist, is of the opinion that, while Mount Pelee may continue to erupt intermittently for a year or more, the area of devastation will not be increased. And since all the people have fled from this area and its immediate proximity, there will be no further loss of life. This is to a certain extent reassuring, though popular fears will necessarily hold development and investment in check through the dire uncertainty that they create. Conditions both in Martinique and St. Vincent, may well be considered discouraging, and even at this distance, it is easy to sympathize with the desire of the people of those islands for removal to more stable ground,

The monument erected by Company M. Second Oregon Volunteers, in the cemetery at Hubbard, Marion County, and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, on Memorial day, does credit to the generosity and patriotism of the surviving comrades of the nine members of the company who were numbered among the "unreturning brave." While but one of these sleeps his last sleep in this village churchyard, the monument commemorates the sacrifice of all, and renders honor to all. This is the second monument raised in the state to the dead of the Second Oregon. the first being the fountain at Eugene. Substantial, suitable, unpretentious, it fitly honors the young soldiers whose names it bears, and of whose sacrifice it will be an enduring record.

We did not go to the Philippine Islands for conquest. We went there to strike a blow at Spain. At first it was uncertain whether we should remain. Few thought we should. But as time wore on, it became more and more apparent that we must stay. As the war with Spain continued, we had to send more forces constantly; and finally by the treaty of peace with Spain, the archipelago was ceded to the United States. It then ceased to be a question what we should do. The islands were ours. Then the Filipino insurgents attacked our troops. We refused to be expelled, and the flag is still there.

A bride suitable for the young King Alphonso is the object of the next royal quest. The Grand Duchees Helen, laughter of Grand Duke Vladimir, of Russia, and his wife, a German Prin cess, is being considered. The Grand Duchess is more than four years older than the King, but disparities of age are not reckoned by royal matchmakers when otherwise available subjects for matrimony come within their ken. Besides there are few Catholic Princesses available at present, and in this respect the Russian Archduchess meets a strict requirement for a Queen of

A sturdy, earnest and honest man is W. A. Storey, candidate for Sheriff. A criticism of him has appeared, which may be characterized as a mixture of affected respectability and rancid selfrighteousness. Mr. Storey doesn't pretend to be in the self-appointed fourhundred class. But he is a man of the people, and a sound man, and will make a good Sheriff.

The charter to be submitted to the voters of Portland, in Monday's election, should not be overlooked. It is a product of careful study, of painstaking, disinterested and intelligent indus-It embodies the results of wide modern experience in municipal government, and The Oregonian believes it, as a whole, worthy of the acceptance of the people.

Mr. George T. Myers has received many assurances of support from those who know his record as an able and trustworthy legislator. His great popularity promises to give him a large majority, especially as Mr. Nicholas his opponent for the State Senate, is one of the most persistent and celebrated of our local "antis" and "16-to-1ers."

There is no worthier young man than Arthur K. Bentley, Republican nominee for the Common Council in the Fourth Ward. He is, perhaps, not so widely known as some others, since this is his first appearance before the publie; but he is a man of good ability

Industry and efficiency will mark the administration of the responsible office of the City Attorney under Lawrence A. McNary, the Republican nominee. His dignified candidacy ought to commend itself to every voter of the city.

A man of excellent standing is Frank 8 Fields Republican candidate for the office of County Clerk. He is well known, is earnest, faithful and popular. He deserves election.

A letter from Colonel Jordan in another column this morning, is well worth reading. It shows how the profession of arms will look upon a De

MUSINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

At this season there is a bit of land-

scape in the heart of Portland worth go-

ing miles to see, if you care for vernal beauty. It lies opposite the postoffice and is made up exclusively of trees and grass. For the best view, stand in front of the Hotel Portland, center of the block, and look to the moutheast. In the foreground stands a clump of evergreens, no two allke, planted without design, in real estate owned by the United States; just stuck into the earth where they happened to misfit, about 20 years ago. Each has a distinct shade of green, and, combined, these trees make a fine foil for the softer green of the magnificent elms on and bordering Mr. Corbett's lawn. stone's throw of one of the busiest corners in town we have this miniature forest, and I challenge all comers to find another so beautiful. Walk up Sixth street a few blocks and you will behold indidividual elms surrounding Mrs. W. S. Ladd's home, taller, with wider spreading limbs-the handsomest trees in Oregon Within the grounds is shrubbery not to be matched elsewhere in the state, but for a combination of woods and sward, Mr. Corbett's place has no equal. To casual observation the scene is now at the height of its beauty. Not so. The elms in Portland keep putting out fresh green until August, long after the maples and the chestnuts and the poplars have lost the freshness of Soring, A month from now there will be heavier foliage on the elms but the leaves will be only a shade darker. If it is convenient, take a look at this scene every morning as you go to work. It will serve as a stimulant. Take a look at night when you come back. It will be restful. They are going to mar this picture before long by putting in an ugly foreground. Con gress has decided to appropriate a pot of noney to enlarge the Postoffice building. Instead of the many shaded evergreens, we will have squared stones biled on one another and patched to the present structure, and a little army of men in gray uniforms inside assorting the letters that come and go. Stately trees almost touching department stores, and rolling lawns across the street from Uncle Sam's buslest shop, may seem absurd, but let us be thankful for the incongruity.

It is a matter for congratulation that those who planted elms in Portland have not tried to "improve" them. Efforts of too many property-owners to transmogrify maples would be ludicrous if they were not painful. Only to a man of perverted taste could a tree by decapitation be made better to look at. We may rail once more against our 80-foot streets and indict the maples for growing too fast, but that does not justify us in cutting off their heads. Better have fewer trees and let them grow as nature intended—as the elms are allowed to grow. It is not easy to improve on the Almighty. In the older sections of Portland reform is practically impossible, but elsewhere, particularly in the fast-growing suburbs, plant shade trees further apart. There is no disputing about taste, yet perhaps it will be best, all things considered, to cultivate the siqw-growing elm in preference to more rapidly developing maples, and avoiding the poplar as you would a Canada thistle.

There is another and a better tree, if it

can be made to grow in this climate, and I know of no reason why it should notfor purposes of ornament and shade in narrow streets. I refer to the linden, which gets its reputation from Germany, but which grows better in nearly every other country. The linden has been extensively planted in many towns in Central California, and it grows there to perfection, attaining in 20 years a height of as many feet and apparently being mature at that age. It has a clean, healthy looking trunk, with a foliage a little more delicate than the elm. It casts a dense shade and inclines to a tentilke hollowness in its interior form. It leafs out early in the Spring, and for nearly a month bears a mass of beautiful white blos soms which are delicately and pleasantly fragrant. In the form which the linder has taken in California, it is an ideal shade tree in situations like ours, where the streets are not wide and where a tree is needed that will carry the bulk of its foliage near the ground. It is possible that with our very abundant moisture, it might take on greater stature and so miss the local purpose here. There are a lot of things I don't know about trees, and I won't answer for possibilities under a new environment, but there is "a party by the name of Johnson" down at Astoria who does know, and I promise that when he gets back from Charleston, where he is helping Henry Dosch, the facts will be brought out.

About 22 years ago, when all of Port land was on the west side of the river and people knew their neighbors, and not even a distant thought was given to a future City Board of Charities, the Ladies' Relief Society cared for most of the poor in stress. Their annual ball was always a great affair and yielded large revenue. With a package of 10 tickets in my pocket that had been given me to sell, I stopped Sylvester Pennoyer on the street, and offering no explanation, said: "I wish you would give me 35 for charity." Without an instant's hesitation he handed me the amount, and gave not even a look of inquiry. When he read the ticket that he received in exchange he remarked, with evident sincerity: am very glad to contribute to this cause." His cordial manner made an impression on me that I shall never forget. Not this giving, but the spirit of the gift, is, no doubt, a truthful index of the char acter of a man whom Oregon this day mourns.

And, speaking of charitable men, I want to record an incident of Captain George Flanders, dead these 10 years. No one ever went to him for worthy aid and came back empty-handed. In the Spring of 1880, The Oregonian sent out reporters to interview prominent Republicans on their proference for Presidential candidate. Captain Flanders answered "Blaine," and the reporter wrote a line in his notebook. With that sympathetic smile every one who spoke to him re-ceived, the old skipper said: "Don't put my name in the paper. Just put it down 'cash." ____

Workmen Dug the Dog Out. New York Tribune.

After being imprisoned in a six-inch iron pipe buried in the roadway at Main and Taylor streets, at Miliburn, N. Y., since Friday, a little, curly-haired yellow dog was released late Saturday by workmen was released late Saturday by workmen who dug up the pipe. A large crowd watched the rescue.

The dog was following a man and darted into the opening of the drain, which is about 50 feet long. About half way through the pipe he became wedged fast. The police were appealed to, but they did nothing, and late Friday night the overseer of the roads was appealed to.

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Saturday a force of men started to dig
up the pipe. After several hours labor
one length of the pipe was unearthed,
but the dog was in another length, and
more digging had to be done. At last
the artinal was released and observed. the animal was released amid cheers

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Coronation Preparations. ing back Richard Harding Davis from un stendy Martinique,

Where he's writing up Mount Pelee for a thousand bones a week; Call off Kipling from his lashing of the backward dogs of war.

Train him down, until he's equal to his record
speed once more;

Buy, a rhyming dictionary for the laureate to

Get the scented pink note paper and the tinted ink he'll need; Hale from out the wilds of Kansas Mr. William

Allen White, Who can take the British journalist and show him how to write; Line them up, with pad and pencil, in a gitttering array. For without them you can never have a core

Get the Lord of the Coal Cellar and the Keeper of the Snakes, And the Lord High Grand Past Master of the Shovels, Hoss and Rakes, Bring the Curator of Dachshunds and the Mas-ter of the Goats, And the Lord High Head Inspector of the

Royal Overcoats; Take the Beverend High Butcher and the Hon-ored Grocery Man, And the Honorary Keeper of the Palace Coal

Oll Can. Tog them out in robes of honor that it took ten years to make.
With train-bearers by the hundred marching
proudly in their wake.
Stand them up to make the borders of the

wide and rose-strewn way, Which will lead unto the palace on glad coronation day. Mr. William Waldorf Astor, with his accent,

will be there,
With a coronet of diamonds worth ten million
on his hair.
Princess Blank, and Duchess Dashleigh, Lady This and Madame That, Each in jewel-set tiars or an acre picture hat, All in gowns well calculated to make every

other dame Scorch and wither up in envy's cruel, all-consuming flame. Give them place in all their glory when the great parade goes by. Let their splendor fill with beauty every won-

der-stricken eye, And when you have got together all that mar-

veilous array, Well, perhaps, you'll need King Edward on the onation day.

Victory Assured. Fishville, May 31.-With the campaign closed and the speeches all made, it is certain that the Republicans will carry the county by at least 586. The city will declare for the entire state ticket

overwhelmingly. Fishville, May 31.—The Republicans have made a hard fight, but they will be shut out by at least 600. They concede that they are deefated.

Gulchtown, May 31.-Gulchtown will go Republican by a large majority. The last estimate of the vote was 32 to 25, but William Simkins has come over to our side, making a difference in the vote. Gulchtown, May 31 .- In spite of the defection of Bill Simkins the city will go Democratic by a vote of 40 to 18.

Elmburg, May 31.-We are sure of winning the election in this county. Both parties have made campaigns, but the Democrats were feeble and listless and without hope, while the Republicans were confident and earnest. We shall win overwhelmingly.

Elmburg, May 3L.—The Democrats have made a splendid campaign, arousing much interest and putting the efforts of the Republicans completely in the shade. There is no doubt that they will roll up a large majority.

Gin City. May 31 .- The Republicans have everything their own way here. Gin City, May 31.-The Democrats cannot possibly lose the city and county.

Unfailing Amusements. Who ever sees, although he may Go far and wide perambulating The lovely maiden of today

Who ever sees fool, saint and sage With heated words disputing over A fifteen puzzle, or engage In balancing a pigs-in-clover?

Who ever reads The Duchess now, Or on croquet sets spends his lucre? Who wears a sword pin, or knows how And golf shall pass, and ping-pong, too,

Shall fade from view in future ages, And not a word of things now new But Love and War, both games of skill, Will still appeal to life and passion,

Will give mankind amusement still; For neither will go out of fashion.

Determined to Die,

"One of the men in our company," said the actor, "was so methodical that he would do what he was supposed to do, no matter what happened. If he got his cue to go on, on he would go, although some one might fall in a faint and the curtain ring down before he started.

'He was due to come to his death from s pistol wound inflicted by the 'heavy,' and went cheerfully out to his doom, although a hundred performances ought to have taught him that the 'heavy' meant business. He got in front of the gun, and the murderous villain pulled the trigger, but nary a response did he get out of the weapon, which the prop man, being drunk, hadn't loaded.

"But that didn't feare the victim. He dropped like a rock on the floor, rolled over and groaned his last. The 'heavy' ooked at him a minute; then he said: Well, I guess I must have scared that fellow to death."

One Desire,

I do not want a storehouse Full of newly minted gold, I do not wish for silver More than any bank will hold; I do not crave possessio Of rich areas of land No rallroad lines or steamships One only thing I yearn for. 'Tis a simple thing, but still I long to be the owner

Of a billion-dollar bill.

First Farmer-Do you think this here railroad they're talkin' o' bringin' into the state will be a good thing? Second Farmer-Well, I guess I do. I was to the Legislature last Winter, and we found up there that of all the good things they was, the railroads was about

That boy thut lives across th' street, He goes in swimmin' ev'ry day, 'N' keeps a dog, 'n' wears bara feet, 'N' ain't afraid to run away. He knows a fishin' hole where trout is thicker'n wigglers in a pool, 'N' he don't never get found out When he plays hookey 'way from school.

He's got a pistol, that there boy, That shoots real bullet ca'tridges: My air sun's jus' a useless toy Longside o' that there one of his, 'N' he stays out 'most ev'ry night Until it's dark, an' awful late. I got t' keep around in sight 'N' come inside by half past eight.

It's kind o' hard to think that he Can do the things I wisht I could, He's just a boy, the same as me, An' yet I hat' t' be so good. I guess this world is managed wrong.
'N' good things ain't divided fair.
'N' what's the use t' live, as long
As I don't never get my share?

-J. J. MONTAGUE.