

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Light rain or snow; southeasterly winds. YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature 53; minimum temperature, 34; precipitation, 0.04 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

A WORD ON DEMOCRACY.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the noted historian and philosophical writer, in his book, "Democracy and Liberty," takes a view of democracy which is too superficial and pessimistic to have come from one so much acquainted with the history of the literary world.

This is clearly and strongly stated. Yet it is superficial. No present government is the mere creature of today. It is a vast framework of human experience, based on historical development lying behind and largely directing present action.

Democracy nowhere merely breaks abruptly with the past. It acts through representative institutions, holding strongly to the experience and wisdom of the past, yet working continually in new directions and for new or additional objects.

It is impossible, and in them democracy finds its own safety and preservation. Professor Giddings, in his "Democracy and Empire," makes it clear that the state behind the constitution never can be absolutely democratic.

The big twenty-story steel building at the southeast corner of Twenty-third and Broadway, New York, known as the Flatiron, is a wonder in its way. Its architect was a genius of a peculiar type, and his achievement is peculiar in more ways than one.

deal has been made to the courts for relief. If the building is the public nuisance that it is declared to be, and is a damage to adjacent property, as set forth in the formidable complaint entered against it, there is but one source of relief.

TAXATION OF CORPORATIONS.

A nominal tax on incorporation papers and nominal annual tax on capital stock, such as the House of Representatives favors at Salem, may justly be imposed on all corporations alike, as an approximate return for various privileges enjoyed by corporations, chief of which is the limited liability of shareholders.

On the other hand, the enjoyment of monopolistic advantages by individuals or partnerships entitles them to the same treatment that we should accord to the corporation in equivalent case.

The essential thing is that these great benefits and resources, belonging to the public, but used by private enterprise as if it owned them, are to be shared by the community as a whole.

There have been many men of notable literary genius who were stained by vice, but Villon is one of the very few whose whole life was a record of crime.

VAGABOND MAN OF GENIUS.

Mr. Sothen is now playing in New York City the part of the fifteenth-century vagabond, poet and criminal, Francois Villon, and there is small doubt that it will prove a popular representation.

Villon was born in troublous times, when the hangman was constantly busy with his hands from the Paris gibbets. He was a student of the University of Paris at 17, where he remained four years and took his degree as master of arts.

It never is so hopeless for democracy as philosophers of the class of Mr. Lecky fear. Herein is the reason why democracy still justifies itself, against the predictions of all gloomy prophets.

and cursing the bishop walking in freedom and blessing the people in the sunlight. Louis XI pardoned him on his accession to the throne in 1461, and Villon at last had light, freedom and leisure enough to write his famous work, "The Large Testament."

of superior force, to be bottled up in the waters of a river like the Misesa. Villon never suffered to become a part of the world's great deep-sea marine. In the last century the so-called Eastern question was a vital part of the political policy of Great Britain.

Great Britain is face to face with new conditions since she occupied Egypt and obtained control of the Suez Canal. It is clear that while the British government protested against the passage of the Turkish straits by the Russian destroyers, there is no probability that her ministry will proceed further in the matter.

Russia is reluctant to resort to arms and is trying to induce the Sultan in his own interest to reform abuses in Macedonia. The Sultan felt it was not a good time to cross the Czar, so he yielded to his demand for the passage of Russian war vessels from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.

"CHILDREN OF THE COAL SHADOW"

Under the above head appears in the current number of McClure's Magazine a vivid and most searching contribution to what may be called the literature of the coal strike.

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AN OUTDATED TREATY.

By the treaty of Paris in 1856, which ended the Crimean War, Russia was forbidden to build a war navy in the Black Sea. This treaty, under which Russia was bound, was repudiated by Russia as soon as the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870.

With the passage of these Russian war vessels from the Dardanelles the famous Paris treaty of 1856 is practically swept away. This treaty, under which Austria, France and Great Britain guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, fell to the ground in 1877, when these governments failed to prevent Russia's mutilation of Turkey.

So the shadow of the coal shadow lies down on the children as they grow up to be men and women. Within a few years the breaker boy will be a miner; and his lack of education makes commercial life or industrial growth impossible to him.

the only place in which a hard-coal miner can follow his trade. The miller will marry early in life; her husband will be a miner. They will both be American citizens—he a voter, she a disinterested mother of voters—and they will remain in the coal shadow.

Manifold, this is a condition that no coal commission can reach—that no spirit of conciliation or inquiry as applied to its present status can abrogate. Contradictory evidence will be elicited—plenty of it—since all depends upon the point of view, which in this instance is so widely divergent that to bring it to the same focus is impossible.

DEATH IN THE LAST DITCH.

All the world loves the lover no more than it loves the man who nalle his colors to the mast and goes down shouting defiance to his foe. A few of this irreconcilable type of fighters voted for Harold Preston on the last deciding ballot of the Senatorial contest at Olympia last week.

It is the gift of finding the resultant of complex and apparently irreconcilable forces. The ideal in politics is no fixed principle, no axioms as of the exact sciences. In geometry the shortest distance between two points is always and easily the straight line, but in human affairs the longest way round is often the shortest way home.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF THE GENEVESE PHILOSOPHER

As a Los Angeles paper, speaking of the Valdes & Yukon Railroad, says: "Part of the plan of the promoters is to ultimately make in Valdes a sort of second Monte Carlo, which will be the gaming center on a grand scale of the American mining population of the great district, where gold is plenty and the gambling spirit is rife."

THE POET OF THE PITTSBURGH DISPATCH PUTS IT THIS WAY:

Now the mills of legislation, Here and there throughout the Nation, Are all running to the limit of their speed; Long and steady is the grind; For the statesman keep on finding Files of grist to jam in hoppers that they feed.

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lay down my pen with a quotation which the young theologian would do wisely to commit to memory: "God is an intelligent being, but in what manner is he so? Man is intelligent when he reasons, but the Supreme Intelligence has no need of reasoning; that being there are neither premises, consequences nor conclusions; it is purely intuitive, it sees equally what it is, and whatever it can be. All truths are in this Being as one idea only, as all are in the single unit, and all eternity one moment."

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

No. 100—Works of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The morbid egotism and sentimental sensuality of Jean Jacques Rousseau are not so remarkable as his eloquence and wealth of philosophic thought. Of his own avowal he was weak, depraved and suspicious, but his pen has been described, without question by those who know the whole range of his productions and are not content to read him only as far as his unwholesome autobiographical revelations can take them—as the greatest literary force of modern times.

Where can be found a writer more impressed with the beauty and splendor of natural objects? Rousseau has been described as a sentimental Deist, but surely he was more than this who wrote one of the passages I have selected for quotation, and part of which will be found below.

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His unamiable peculiarities of character are attributed to insanity, that at times seriously disordered condition of mighty faculties of mind and soul. In many respects his life was unfortunate, wretched even, like a man's life just begun; his mother, the daughter of a minister, dying at the time of his birth.

He received much kindness whenever he lived, but seems to have been an unamiable man, incurring dislike unnecessarily and ever ready to believe that his best friends were treacherous; as one has written, "he struck at his enemies and suspected his friends." There is nothing surprising, however much to be regretted, in the fact that he incurred persecution, living at a period when departures from conventional opinion were not regarded as charitably or negligently as they are in these days.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Such a sidewalk!

Isn't it about time the camphor balls were put in that Texas dress-cut joke?

The higher the fence the lower the opinion the families on each side of it entertain for each other.

The air of Palermo has done Mr. Schwab a great deal of good—Farrar news dispatch.

Not too hot—just comfortably warm. The kind that meets the American millionaire in all the European watering-places.

It is a new philosophy which makes a ball given by church members on Sunday non-sacrilegious because the proceeds don't go for the benefit of the church.

Alaska is unquestionably entitled to a delegate in Congress. Both her proposed railroad lines and her proposed oil discoveries are controlled by proposed trusts.

The Chinese cooks and waiters will lay aside their pipes and their holiday costumes and go back to work this morning, to find that they have a labor fight on their hands. Heap bad joss! What for so much junk?

Speculation as to who shall succeed Senator Burton in 1905 is idle for the reason, observes the Kansas City Star, that a Kentucky evangelist has given notice that the world will come to an end February 1, 1905.

Let it be remembered that it is the Minnesota Legislature and not the Minnesota girl that is clamoring for the enactment of an anti-kissing law. To us it seems opposed to the prevailing growth of reciprocal relations, for nobody is likely to want to kiss the Legislature.

Portland physicians want to have the new annual convention of the American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otolaryngological Society held here. So do we. It is something about the name of the organization which leads us to the belief that the Portland climate would suit it.

Our talented dramatic critic says that "Carmen" is an appalling and pathetic; but "The Girl in the Red Velvet" is a performance which went into the performance on an empty stomach after a long journey, sang so sympathetically.

Bobbie Burns was praised before the Clan Macleay Friday night because he had made the Scotch dialect immortal. Everybody would applaud the sentiment if there had been a dynasty of Bobbie Burnses to keep it alive, but we suspect that a goodly minority of those who read the magazines would have preferred to see it die with Bobbie. Then it would have been immortal.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine was assuring some Washington correspondents that journalistic talent is not confined to the National capital. "Why, I know of a reporter," he said, "who was describing the wreck of a vessel on the Maine coast. This was one of his sentences: 'At the moment a giant wave swept over the doomed craft, and six poor sailors bit the dust.'"

A Los Angeles paper, speaking of the Valdes & Yukon Railroad, says: "Part of the plan of the promoters is to ultimately make in Valdes a sort of second Monte Carlo, which will be the gaming center on a grand scale of the American mining population of the great district, where gold is plenty and the gambling spirit is rife. In Russian territory gambling, blind and unscrupulous, is regulated to a degree that makes the mining population continually chafe, and one of the missions of the railroad will be to draw the miners with their gold to the Valdes Monte Carlo."

Mayor Ewan P. Howell, of Atlanta, Ga., told a good story the other day in giving an official welcome to a convention of physicians held that city. "Shortly after the war," he said, "an old negro who was sick called in a doctor. After a diagnosis of the case the physician told the negro that he had dyspepsia. No negro ever had this complaint before the war and the patient did not know what it meant. When asked as to his diet, he said: 'I eats cabbage, peas and bacon.' 'You would advise you,' said the physician, 'to eat only griddle cakes and white.' Several weeks later the doctor called on the negro and asked as to his condition. 'I can stan' de come an' outs,' said the patient, 'but blame if I aobe able to go de hay.'"

John Mitchell told a story recently in the Clover Club of Philadelphia which was one of a certain grim humor. Mr. Mitchell was in his first suit of evening dress. He was talking about the seriousness of life, and his story bore out his view. He said there were two sisters, seamstresses, who lived in a little room and earned their bread by sewing. They were young and pretty, but they seldom laughed; they never wore comely clothes; they did nothing but sit in a stooped attitude, sewing all day and night, and at times they would throw up their hands, and say: "Oh, dear! I wish we were both dead!" The older sister's mouth took on a grim smile as she returned: "Be still and work hard. Business before pleasure."

The poet of the Pittsburgh Dispatch puts it this way: "Now the mills of legislation, Here and there throughout the Nation, Are all running to the limit of their speed; Long and steady is the grind; For the statesman keep on finding Files of grist to jam in hoppers that they feed."

With an earnestness surprising Everything they're scrutinizing, Framing bills for which there seems to be no cause; Water, earth and sky they're scanning In the vigor of their planning— Anything will suit us grinding out more laws.

Though each state, as well as Nation, Gets on to other grooves the fuel, And has laws for which there's not the slightest need. Still a nation keeps on growing, And the statesman keep on throwing Grist and push the mills to limit of their speed.

Often there is sore vexation, And at times there's indignation, But at last we to these laws may gladly turn; For when sorrow grows the fuel, And men feel the pinch that's cruel, They'll be thankful they have tons of laws to burn.

Practise That Involves Danger.

Rochester (N. Y.) Herald. Kimball and Rose, the New York bankers, who certified checks for millions of dollars, have pleaded guilty to a technical violation of the National banking act. The excuse that it is done in New York by the various banks every day would seem to point to a source of financial danger which ought to be controlled by some sort of a law. It would probably put an end to a good deal of reckless speculation.

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