THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

EXPENDITURES AND REVENUES.

WHEN THE present session of the legislature ends next Friday, its record on careful examination will undoubtedly show some good and beneficial work, possibly more than the average of good accomplished by legislatures; yet as usual it looks now as if it will have failed to do some important things that it should have done, and will have done some things that it should not have done.

For one thing, appropriations are too large, considering the increase of population, property and business. The appropriations will be in the neighborhood of half a million dollars more than they were two years ago, exclusive of the unusual appropriations for the Lewis and Clark fair, the right of way for the Celilo canal, and $100,000 for the Indian war veterans. These and the work above The Dalles required approximately $100,000 more this year, but aside from that there are no large unusual needs.

But where could any considerable saving have been made? Well, there is no use in going over the ground any more, but a good deal might and should have been saved by dropping all or all but one of the normal schools. When the local high school at Drain only graduated two alleged normal teachers last year, every member of the legislature, as well as everybody else, knows that an appropriation for that school is a sheer waste of money and cannot be justified for a moment from any point of view. And while the other schools are larger and make a better showing, it is clear to everybody that they furnish the base for interminable log rolling and bad, if not absolutely corrupt, legislation. The legislature's plain duty was to get rid of them.

The Oregon national guard takes about $45,000 a year, and while we suppose not a single member of the legislature would seriously think of abandoning it, the task of explaining its value to the state at large might be difficult.

The state printer's big graft could have been cut down a good many thousand dollars, and there were other ways of curtailing expenses, none of which were adopted or considered.

But since this is so, since it seems impossible to practice any economies whatever, it was an urgent duty on the part of the legislature to pass one or more laws that would result in the raising of more revenue. No business man thus increases his expenses from year to year without providing means for an increased income. He makes sure of this first. The legislature is the business agent of the people of the state, who trust to it to increase revenues proportionately, at least, to the increase of expenditures. But from the present outlook this will not be done. The bill to collect back taxes of big tax dodgers, particularly land grant corporations, may be a feasible one, or may be only buncombe. Whether its provisions in detail are practicable or not, its ostensible intent is right. Oregon has a good many tax dodgers, and they should be brought to book.

Another thing that ought to be done, even yet, is to pass a law taxing public service or public utility corporations in accordance with their gross earnings. This is a just, equitable measure, and the legislature has no right to dodge that duty.

If we are to go on increasing expenditures, we must increase revenues, and they must or should be increased by other means than adding to the burdens of the common taxpayer.

IF IT IS THEIRS, GIVE IT TO THEM.

IF THE MONEY voted at the taxpayers' meeting was intended to go to the grade teachers, the school board should see that it goes to them. Not only that, but it should go to them without any disqualification, and they should all get it. The so-called merit system does not appeal to the common sense of the people, for the good and sufficient reason that it may open the door to favoritism, which above all things should be avoided in the public schools.

Good salaries should command good teachers. If there are any teachers who are not worth the money paid to instructors in their class, then they should be replaced by teachers who are. In this way the standard would be constantly raised, the self respect of the educators who stand upon their own merits increased and the public would profit by the better service. But the introduction of the so-called merit system simply tends to place the teachers under the thumbs of the principals. If they stand well with them then nothing more is needed. This is precisely the way such things work out when practically applied without appeal. It is a system to which the teachers and the public have a right to object and it is an objection which should receive consideration at the hands of the school board.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

WHAT a tremendous lesson there is in all these accusations and indictments and confessions and denials—these strugglings of victims in a net. One simple, single thing is the foundation of all—the eagerness for money, without conscientious care as to how it is obtained. These men have been following the advice of the father to his son as he set out upon his career: "My son, get money, honestly if you can, but get money." The love of money is not the root of all evil, but it is responsible for an immense amount of evil. Every one of these men could have made a sufficiency for all their wants honestly; they were all able to do that; but that was not enough; they burned and fretted with a desire to get rich, to get things for nothing or without rendering a fair equivalent. Most of them lawyers, they used their knowledge to obtain money or property wrongfully. To get money or property was the main thing, the only thing; how they came by it, so that they were not caught in the law's meshes, was a matter of no consideration. They became diseased with avarice, which perverted their morals and obliterated their sense of duty to their fellow men and even to themselves.

Young men starting out on a career, think on these things. A priceless truth to you is that money or property wrongfully obtained, gained by any crooked means or dereliction of duty, is a curse, even if you do not actually transgress the letter of the law, or if, having so transgressed, you are not found out. Fidelity to trusts of all kinds, fidelity to yourself as an honest man, God's noblest handiwork, even though you should go through life with barely a competence, is more valuable than all of Rockefeller's millions.

NO NEED OF ADJOURNED SESSION.

WHY should the disclosures made by Mr. Tanner furnish any ground for the legislature to adjourn to some certain future date instead of sine die? Mr. Mitchell is still senator. He has not yet been convicted of any crime, and may not be. There is no occasion for the legislature to assume that he will be convicted, especially after the state senate almost unanimously put itself on record a few days ago as having implicit confidence in his innocence. And if he should be convicted and expelled, or if he should resign, the constitution provides a means of filling his seat. True, an appointment would have to be made by Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, but this appointee would hold the office only until the next legislature elected his successor. If the senate were close politically, the case from a partisan point of view might be different, but there is a large Republican majority in the senate, and the presence there of one more Democrat for a year or two could not do the Republicans much harm. The president is a Republican, and if there are any federal plums to be distributed would no doubt give them to Republicans—though one could not reasonably blame him if he has a rather poor opinion of the Republican party of Oregon.

So there is no urgent need of an extraordinary session, and adjournment with one in view to fill Senator Mitchell's place would be prejudicial to him in his trials to an unwarranted degree. He is still legally presumed to be innocent; the legislature has no good right thus to declare its belief in his guilt and conviction. The men who placed him where he is ought to stay with him in his trouble, not thus desert him before a word of evidence is heard.

THE ACT OF A GHOUL.

THERE WAS NO OCCASION to rake up and spread before the public incidents in the career of Senator Mitchell that had been buried by more than a third of a century of time. He is to be tried on certain specific accusations of wrongdoing with reference to aiding land grabbers, and the testimony must be confined to this issue. If that work was to be done, it might at least more gracefully be left to the political enemies of the senator to do it.

During his recent successes the Oregonian changed its former attitude and has been exceedingly friendly with him and his close political associates, but as soon as he gets into trouble it not only deserts and prejudges him, convicts him before trial and tries to kick him out of the senate, but like a ghoul digs into his past life and resurrects long buried skeletons that form no part of the present case.

It is a congenial occupation and one in which the Oregonian has always found delight. Luckily there are none, not even among the so-called yellow journals, to dispute its premiership in that particular field.

SENATOR MITCHELL.

How His Loving Political Friends Are Helping in His Hour of Need.

From the Oregonian, February 6.

If the legislature is to adjourn to a day certain, say 10 or 12 months from now, how would it do to begin the resolution for a special session with a preamble, declaring that, "Whereas, Senator Mitchell is under indictment, the result of which cannot be foreseen; and, whereas, his health is not firstrate, anyway, and life is always uncertain; and whereas, Oregon has a Democratic governor who, in case of a vacancy, would appoint a Democratic senator; Therefore, be it resolved, that this body adjourn to a day of——," etc., etc. If there are any reasons for an adjourned session, this would be a fair statement of them. But "call you this backing your friends"?

From the Oregonian, February 12.

It does not become the Oregonian to say very much at this time about the disclosures made through A. H. Tanner's confession yesterday, in Judge Bellinger's court. There needs no homily on the moral effect of this confession on the position and fortunes of John H. Mitchell. Almost alone during many years, the Oregonian was a critic, accuser and opponent of Mr. Mitchell. Many thought it was censuring him without just cause. These persons now—such of them as survive—may be disposed to revise the harsh opinion of the Oregonian which they entertained at that time, and for long afterward.

But though the part and place of Mr. Tanner are important in the development of this remarkable drama, he is but a minor figure in it. The chief figure—the man in high place—whom this confession involves, and who now can make no defense—let no one now name him but with pity. It is such a fall! Superfluous it is to say that such a career and such a fall point the most impressive moral that the history of Oregon has known. To think of that speech of solemn denial, made with emotion and tears, and of the denunciation and defiance, in the senate, less than one month ago, and then to have the revelation! But the Oregonian cannot pretend to surprise. It has readers by thousands who know why.

The Oregonian could say much. It will say little. It rejoices in no man's downfall. Enough now to say that Senator Mitchell was. He still is Senator—nominally—but that title to him is not even the shadow of a name—the name that has dominated the politics of Oregon nearly 40 years. The only wonder is that this exposure has been delayed so long.

THE TEACHERS' SALARY.

Portland, Feb. 13.—To the Editor of The Journal: A common sense way to settle the agitation over the raise in Professor Higlers salary would be to refer the matter to a school meeting called for the purpose. I understand that it is to be paid out of the special fund voted by the last school meeting, and that that tax was voted with the understanding that it was for an increase in the salaries of the grade teachers, to amount to about 10 per cent and to be as general as good judgment would advise. If it has been applied in any other way, it appears it would be in the jurisdiction of the courts to prevent such diversion of the fund from the purpose for which it was raised, and if there is any indefiniteness about the purpose for which it was raised, that another school meeting would settle it. If Professor Higler or any other school official wants a raise in salary procured through dubious, devious, or indirect methods; if they want to break into funds not intended for them, they had better be spared to those cities which stand in need of such services. My own opinion, which, however, I am willing to defer to others, is that the special tax should not have been voted at all, and the upshot bears out this opinion. It appears now as a subterfuge to secure funds for the machine.

The greatest need of the city's schools and the one demanding first attention (and that could very well be deferred) is play grounds, more play time, more physical exercise in the open air, more mixing of the children in play under the espionage of good teachers with which I think Portland is very well supplied. As it is, there is hardly any provision for such exercise. The children are turned out of the large and congested schoolhouses about the middle of the afternoon, and their wild dash over the public highways and private premises of citizens is sufficient proof of the need of play grounds. At home, there are no adequate grounds or facilities for play, and the poor kids have to repress their energies or play hooky.

If at the last school meeting the solicitude had been for the welfare of the children, this or some kindred difficulty would have come into view. If it had been for the corps of teachers, the double-dealing and evasion on the part of the school board would not have developed. As far as I see, the teachers are good enough, and that good teachers are procurable at the old salary is proof that it was sufficient. At all events, if the teachers are not paid enough, and the taxpayers vote more money for them, let them have it, they, themselves, as a body, not a selected number at the behest of the machine. None should be excluded except the manifestly incompetent, and manifesty superiority might also receive due exceptional reward. The taxpayers appear liberally disposed and willing to meet just demands for the needs of the schools, but I do not believe they are willing to deliver into the hands of a corrupt machine, a fund for arbitrary disbursements in the way of political emolument.

J. B. ZIEGLER.

A Useful Relative.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, my mother-in-law can make herself very useful at times."

"Glad you are fair enough to admit it."

"Of course I'll admit it. Why just the other morning she was so provoked at me because I didn't get out and chop the ice off the front steps, that she went out herself with a broom and ice pick. She is a stout lady and when she slipped on the top step and bumped herself all the way to the sidewalk, she fell so hard that she cracked the ice on every step. Then her language regarding my shortcomings was so warm that it melted all the fragments and left the steps as clean and smooth as they ever are in July."

Small Change

The anti-hypnotic exhibition bill is a good one.

Isn't it time that Jeff Davis incident were closed?

What about the taxation of vastly valuable franchises?

General Stoessel has told how it happened, and it seems an o'er true tale.

Fortunately, if Machen writes a book in prison there will be no free delivery for it.

All Rockefeller's 70-odd miles of railroad can't carry his soul an inch on the way to Paradise.

Fears that General Nogi could not keep his head level were justified; he has written a poem.

Speaking of grafts, those Panama canal commissionerships are about the softest ones in sight.

What has become of our great and good friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, lately? Isn't he worth mentioning any more?

As to the duty on sugar and tobacco, congress has nothing to say about it; the sugar and tobacco trusts settle that.

Elijah sends word up to his freezing Zionites that the winter down in Bermudah is mild, just as he prophesied it would be.

A New York doctor wants all idiots drowned, but gives no particulars as to when, where, how or by whom he shall be drowned.

Increase in school attendance shows that Portland is increasing in population at the rate of at least 10,000 a year. This year it will be more.

A whole lot of women who never were married to Hoch claim him as their husband, which is another proof that women are strange creatures.

Half the newspapers spell it Hoch, half of them Hock; but if all those wives could get at him simultaneously it would be spelled scraps.

It is to be feared that Tom Lawson will delay the real hot stuff he has been promising till next summer. But perhaps it will not be ready till next winter.

Senator Elkins says the senate cannot pass the Esch-Townsend bill at this session. There is only one real reason—too many strong railroad strings on senators.

Why all this fuss about railroad regulation, when Messrs. Harriman, Cassatt, Hill and a few other railroad men and a few senators like Elkins could attend to the whole business easily?

Secretary Hay says that Consul Miller of Oregon has made a surprisingly good record, and recommends his promotion. That an Oregon man should do well strikes the secretary with amazement.

The Washington senators are butting in again—they never get busy except over some federal office—against the appointment of Henry Wilson as a minister to Belgium. Wilson is an offensive politician no doubt, to them, but the president is evidently tired of their petty wranglings.

Oregon Sidelights

Three brick blocks going up in Ontario.

Truck garden ground being prepared in Tillamook.

Albany business buildings and residences all occupied.

Wilson river dairymen will erect a large cheese factory.

Corvallis M. E. church ladies' chicken pie dinner netted $71.20.

Catching and shipping frogs to San Francisco is quite a Myrtle Point industry.

A Fossil little boy will probably lose an eye in consequence of being hit by a snowball.

The North Bend Harbor will send the most popular young woman of Coos county to the Lewis and Clark fair.

Is Mount Hood in Clackamas county? Or is it on the line which divides this county from Wasco? asks the Estacada News.

Farmers up the valley and in southern and eastern Oregon have been seeding nearly all winter and can afford to take a little rest.

In driving a band of 150 sheep a long distance a Benton county man had to drive them across footlogs spanning several streams, and had no difficulty in doing so.

Sunday was a lovely day on Port Orford beach, says the Tribune, and the ocean was smooth and blue as summer. A party of young men were out boat riding in the bay, and groups of lads and lassies were strolling up and down the beach enjoying the fine weather and the beautiful scenery, which is not equaled at any beach we know.

Barrett correspondence of Hood River Glacier: J. H. Shoemaker passed through our street on Wednesday of last week with a large dressed hog. J. H. says he is going to have more head cheese. Nothing like providing for the household. Well, J. H. knows a good thing when he sees it, and he surely made a good choice when he bought that hog.

Two Hood River men are in the mountains hunting for five cougars known to be thereabouts. When trailing the cougars the dogs would pay no attention to the numerous deer that jumped up every now and then. The hounds are trained to hunt bear and cougars, and consider deer too tame a game for them. The cougars have become numerous and destructive to the deer. Carcasses of deer killed by the cougars were frequently met with.

We owe an apology to Miss Alta Pool and Mr. Thomas Britain inasmuch as we reported the marriage of this lady and gentleman in our issue of the week before last. It appears it is a mistake and they are not married. Parties giving us such information should be more careful as errors of this kind are very annoying to all parties concerned.—Wasco News. But are they going to be married, or were they going to be, or was it only a sell, and if so why not crack the heads of the false informers? Lots of young people are interested.

We Will All Be Owned

From the Chicago Journal.

What shall it profit our country if it gain the world and lose its soul?

The loss that confronts us is the loss of individual hope and prospect.

With the loss of measureable individual independence will come social and, eventually, political revolution.

Private property is the foundation of civilization.

The proprietorship of private property by the bulk of the people is radically narrowing.

The corporations must be competitive.

Monopolies are maintained by having a grasp on financial resources as well as the physical property.

Ahead lies the road to paternalism. To the left is the open road to state socialism.

Individual opportunity must be afforded and the federal government must so regulate corporations as to bring this about.

Judge Grosscup of the federal bench asserts the growth of corporations, having driven the bulk of the American people, other than farmers, out of property ownership, means social and eventually political revolution in the United States, unless checked.

"We are in the midst of a sweep of events," he declares, "that, unless arrested and turned to a different account, will transform this country from a nation whose property is within the proprietorship of the people to a nation whose industrial property, so far as active proprietorship goes, will be largely in the hands of a few skilled or fortunate, so-called captains of industry and their lieutenants."

The specter of socialism already is asserted to be looming up in the form of revolution, but it may come in the following manner:

"Those who possess investible means will come to rely solely upon the great financial institutions, and those who possess nothing but a capacity for labor upon the great organizations of labor.

"That is paternalism—the paternalism that eventually will divide the country into two hostile camps, the camp of those who have and the camp of those who have not; the paternalism that speedily descends into actual state socialism, or a dry-rotted citizenship as nerveless and squalid as state socialism."

Judge Grosscup's warning is given in the February number of McClure's magazine, and is certain to create widespread comment.

"Loss of Individual Hope" has come to the plain American citizen, who sees the great aggregations of wealth increasing day by day.

The soul of republican America is striving for some measure of dominion and independence, but "the loss republican America now confronts is the loss of individual hope and prospect.

"In one century," the jurist asserts "the industrial life of the nation has been changed.

"The men who once did the planting and harvesting are now in the manufacturing centers, making machines that plank, cultivate, and harvest.

"The artisan proprietors in the towns have been succeeded by artisan employes in the great factories.

"In 1900, according to the census, the value of farms, utensils, horses, reapers, binders, plows and farm products amounted to $10,000,000,000, while the capital invested in corporations was $22,000,000,000.

"Thus has corporate dominion, within 30 years, outstripped agricultural ownership.

"It is no wonder, then, that the way in which the corporation shall be hereafter organized, and the bounds given to its dominion are coming to be the paramount political problems of our times."

The increase in savings banks, which to the ordinary observer means the prosperity of the country, are taken by Judge Grosscup as an indication that the owners of the money are unable to put it into property investments of an independent nature.

These opportunities constantly are becoming fewer, owing to the rapidly increasing scope of corporate control.

A nation of dependents cannot be tolerated, but there is a remedy outside of socialism, and it must be adopted because private property is the foundation of all progress.

The way lies over high ground—individual opportunity—the opportunity, actual, as well as in theory, to participate in the proprietorship of the country. The country's industries must be repeopleized.

First—The government must take control of the corporations through the federal arm.

Second—The stock-jobbing corporation must be suppressed.

Third—The wage earners must be made proprietors.

A partnership between labor and capital is declared to be a thing that "ought" to be done.

As the Republican party secured the homestead and pre-emption laws, the jurist believes it will solve the corporation problems. The day of reform will come because the voice is rising in America, "What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our soul?"

WALKED 5,000 MILES A YEAR.

W. Alford Green in February Outing.

On January 1, 1903, I conceived the idea of walking 5,000 miles before the expiration of the year. The object was not to achieve any unusual feat, not to accomplish any conspicuous performance. The underlying motive was, rather, to ensure a plan by which regular and systematic exercise could be obtained.

To travel this distance it was necessary to cover an average of 14 miles a day. Now, 14 miles for a day's walk is well within the compass of the ordinary man. But an occasional walk of this length is one thing; the sustained effort, day after day throughout the year, is another.

Let me answer the question placed at the head of this article by saying that at the end of the year I had completed a distance on foot of 5,205 miles, or a daily average of 14¼ miles. The stipulated 5,000 miles were finished on December 16, but an additional 200 miles were covered in order that each of the 52 weeks of the year might claim an average distance traversed of 100 miles.

I set out upon my enterprise with the knowledge, that it was incumbent upon me to maintain a daily average of 14 miles, and I made it a rule, when practicable, of keeping above the average, so as to have something in hand to meet the emergencies which are almost certain to arise. That they did arise was shown by the fact that for 15 days in the year, owing to sickness, lameness and railway traveling, no walking whatever could be indulged in. The inability to utilize these 15 days was equal to a loss of over 200 miles. It will therefore be seen that, under the circumstances named, it was imperative on many occasions to exceed the distance of 14 miles a day, in order to preserve the average.

At the beginning of my walk my weight was 192 pounds in street clothes, while at the end of it my weight was 178 pounds. The loss of 14 pounds was in every way acceptable. The avoirdupois lost was only redundant weight, and I felt, as a result, more active, stronger and harder. In the matter of health, I felt decidedly better than I had done for several years.

The Play

Born—At 2:30 yesterday afternoon, at the Empire theatre, this city, the Brandt-Baume company. All doing well, thank you. Friends of the homestead cordially invited to call.

Whatever may be said here or hereafter of the new stock organization presented to the public yesterday by Lincoln Hart, it will never be denied that its beginning was most auspicious; that it was received with every sign of extreme cordiality by tremendous audiences; that its career was full of promise. A capable lot of people in a very clever play was what the management provided, and in so doing fulfilled every promise made to the public.

In many respects "Lover's Lane" was the happiest possible selection as an opening bill. It is among the freshest and most impressive examples of the rural comedy drama before the public, and was written with the prolific Clyde Fitch's very best quill. There are no fallen women, nor really bad men. The plot has to do with nothing more serious than a young minister's efforts to broaden the old, orthodox minds of his congregation and their resentment of all such efforts.

Two powerful love themes are woven around this simple series of situations, and masterly was the hand that did the weaving. There are spots in "Lover's Lane" which would compel tears from a marble statue and just as many bright passages play upon the risibilities until a man makes a fool of himself laughing.

The stars of the occasion, Louise Brandt and Edgar Baume, were tendered perfect ovations by old friends in front, but candor forces the statement that the triumph of the performance belonged distinctly to the actor. Mr. Baume is always at an advantage in semi-sombre, dignified roles, and his country minister in this bill will compare favorably with the best of his previous work here. It is just forceful enough to be true. Miss Brandt essayed "Simplicity" Johnson, the mischievous, "good-for-nothing" orphan, a character which made a star of its originator. It is not the sort of part in which the popular young woman excels. Miss Brandt did not make-up young enough; she was too large in stature, and at no time sufficiently awkward to carry out the author's idea. The action and delicate bits of stage business which would make the character conspicuous above all others were lacking. Miss Brandt will do many greater things than "Simplicity," as she has done in the past.

John Sainpolis, to whom the additional credit of staging the piece belongs, was thoroughly admirable as Woodbridge, the divorced husband. His scene with the child in the last act was a perfect bit of acting, and moistened practically every eye in the house. Rea Irvin's quaint storekeeper, Herbert Ashton's idea of the head deacon and Tony West's opry house manager were three choice character bits remembered without an after glance at the program.

The feminine portion of the cast is splendidly upheld by Ethel Hepburn (as Mrs. Woodbridge), Mary Bankson (Matty), Paula Herbert (Mary Larkin), Lilly Branscombe (Aunt Melissy) and Marion Kelly, Marion Barhyte, Madge Odell and Olga Applegate as the quartet of meddling village prudes.

The play is picturesquely staged, the scenic work being that of Frank King. "Lover's Lane" is in for a week's run, to be followed by "The Climbers."

"Quo Vadis" is always welcome; especially when made the subject of revival by an organization of recognized merit. When we look back on some of the combinations that have presented the great Christian play in the west it is a matter of congratulation that an intelligent reading of the drama is once more within ear-shot. "Quo Vadis" went the way of all good plays. It was produced for two or three seasons by players of reputation, gifted in their art, and was suddenly hurled from its pedestal and dragged in the mire of mediocrity. It was eventually given up to stock companies, and the large majority of them made a farce of it. For it must not be forgotten that a comparatively small percentage of the stock organizations in America even approach the standard of the Columbia in this city.

The particular version of the story used by Manager Ballard's players this week is not the greatest of the list, except in one important regard—its cohesiveness. The auditor doesn't require a microscopic eye and ear trumpet to connect the chain of incidents which tottered Nero's throne. It opens with Venicius' declaration of love for Lygia, and closes with the slaying of the bull by Ursus in the arena, incorporating the burning of the city and the slaughter of Christians.

Stage Director Bernard put his best shoulder to the wheel in making the production, and the result is a marvel, allowing always for the brief time in which it was accomplished. The painting is Frank King's.

Howard Gould's Petronius is little short of magnificent (I would that his costume were the same), and further demonstrates that the leading man is nearest perfection in his reposeful studies. In sharp contrast to his methods, as it should be, is Mr. Bowles' ardent lover, Venicius. By the time these two turn their swords into pruning hooks and shave the rough edges on which they trip over cues, each will have recorded another local triumph. Mr. Dill's Nero is excellent in its originality. He doesn't play the cruel monarch as a buffoon, as many do. There is a line in the part about the monarch's heart strings being wound around his infant's hands and from this Mr. Dills took the cue for his impersonation. This Caesar had some sort of a heart, after all, the actor says, and he makes Nero bad enough, without resorting to clownishness.

The Chilo of Mr. Bloomquist is hideously fine, and the thankless Tigellinus is played by Mr. Bernard.

Miss Countiss' Lygia is a sympathetic portrayal, as is Julia Romaine's Aulus, the child. Miss Douglas made herself properly despised as the empress, and Fay Wallace added much to the beauty of the picture as Eunice. Smaller bits were capitally done by Laurette Allen and Roy Bernard.

RACE WHITNEY.

Next Thing in Order.

From the New York Mail.

Comes Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake with the theory that Eve munched a quince, not an apple. We'll be hearing that Joseph stoped that famine with shredded wheat next.

The Missouri legislature may find it proper to change his name from Neidringhaus to Nixcumsarous.

Phases of Alleged Prosperity

Oregon State Journal (Eugene).

The country is now or has been during the last eight years since McKinley was elected in 1896, on the top wave of "prosperity." How much longer it will last is something that millions of people are interested in. The "captains of industry"—they do not live in Oregon—have doubled and quadrupled their millions since 1896, the chief beneficiary of "prosperity." Rockefeller, having increased his vast accumulations from three or four or five hundred millions to six, eight or ten hundred millions of dollars. Those who already had fabulous wealth have through trusts and combinations doubled it in a few years by squeezing more and more every year out of the laborers and producers, who gain nothing but a scant living. The leaders of the meat trust have piled up millions and perhaps hundreds of millions with which to buy dukes and earls for their daughters, by putting down prices of livestock raised by farmers and ranchers below the cost of production and selling meat at extortionate prices to consumers. All other kinds of trusts, controlled by the enormously rich, have been bleeding the people who are barely keeping even by the greatest efforts of their lives or perhaps not holding their own.

This great wave of "prosperity" is rapidly drawing the greater part of the wealth of the people into the possession of the millionaires or those who already have hundreds of millions, like Rockefeller. If President Roosevelt can change this state of affairs, which he is now trying to do, he will only be curbing and checking an evil which Bryan tried to prevent—closing the door after the best horses have been stolen, but that is much better than to let the "frenzied financiers" clean out the ranch entirely and put nine tenths of the people on foot.

Of course, these immense accumulations by the very rich, far beyond anything ever experienced before in any country, makes "prosperity" to a limited extent for the many who pick up the crumbs or lick up the drippings from the tables and shops and manufactories of these trust magnates. But it is only temporary from hand-to-mouth prosperity, which will soon fade and disappear when the tables shall be removed and the shops and manufactories closed, as they will be in time, when the money is taken out of "business" and put into bonds, stocks or lands, and the interest or rents are shipped off to Europe. France, Italy, Germany, India, or some other land of aristocracy, to support the trust magnates and their heirs in luxury and idleness, like William Waldorf Astor, Vanderbilt's daughter who paid $10,000,000 for a duke, Huntington's adopted daughter, Gould's daughter, the three Leiter girls who bought titles and pulled out to spend their millions of good American money abroad among people who never earned a dollar of it, and many others too numerous to mention.

But to come down from great to small things, from the sublime to the ridiculous, as it were, Senator Foster's lumber company has just paid a yearly dividend of 15 per cent, three times ordinary interest, on a capitalization of $1,500,000, all squeezed out of people who are working to improve and build up the country, and they are just that much poorer, notwithstanding their apparent "prosperity." This enabled him to spend, without scarcely missing it, as it is no more than a drop in the bucket and can be quickly brought back, about $35,000, according to report, among a few scalawag politicians at Olympia a few days ago in an attempt to be re-elected, which failed. This made "prosperity" for those who got money they did not deserve, but somebody who deserved and needed it more had to earn it without receiving it. The land frauds in Oregon made "prosperity" for the principals in the frauds and for some of those who aided them or had dealings with them, or received benefits from their extravagant habits. But somebody has to pay for it all, and in the final wind-up there will be contraction, suffering and misery as the result of the temporary "prosperity," and the innocent are liable to suffer with the guilty, if the guilty do not escape entirely, as often happens.

Lewis and Clark

In winter quarters near Mandan, North Dakota.

February 13.—The morning was cloudy, the thermometer at 2 degrees below zero, the wind from the southeast. Captain Clark returned last evening with all his hunting party. During their excursion they had killed 40 deer, three buffalo and 16 elk; but most of the game was too lean for use, and the wolves, who regard whatever lies out at night as their own, had appropriated a large part of it. When he left the fort on the 4th instant he descended on the ice 32 miles to New Mandan island, near some of their old villages, and encamped, having killed nothing and, therefore, without food for the night.

Early on the 5th, the hunters went out and killed two buffalo and a deer, but the last only could be used, the others being too lean. After breakfast they proceeded down to an Indian lodge and hunted during the day; the next morning, 6th, they encamped 44 miles from the fort on a sandpoint near the mouth of a creek on the southwest side, which they call Hunting creek, and during this and the following day hunted through all the adjoining plains with much success, having killed a number of deer and elk. On the 8th, the best of the meat was sent with the horses to the fort, and such parts of the remainder as were fit for use were brought to a point of the river three miles below, and after the bones were taken out, secured in pens built of logs so as to keep off the wolves, ravens and magpies, who are very numerous and constantly disappoint the hunter of his prey. They then went to the low grounds near the Chissheta river, where they encamped, but saw nothing except some wolves on the hills, and a number of buffalo too poor to be worth hunting. The next morning, 9th, as there was no game, and it would have been inconvenient to send it back 80 miles to the fort, they returned up the river, and for three days hunted along the banks and plains, and reached the fort in the evening of the 12th, much fatigued, having walked 20 miles that day on the ice and through the snow, in many places knee-deep; their moccasions, too, being nearly worn out. The only game which they saw besides what is mentioned was some grouse on the sandbars in the rivers.

Caution.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Popley's baby is getting old enough now to understand ordinary words."

"How do you know? Has he been telling you about it?"

"No, but I was in a candy store yesterday and he came in and absent mindedly called for 'a pound of c-a-n-d-y.'"