

THE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Delivered by City Carrier. Daily and Sunday, per month, if paid in advance, \$4.00. Daily and Sunday, one year, if paid in advance, \$40.00.

BY MAIL, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Daily and Sunday, per month, \$1.33. Daily and Sunday, one year, \$12.00.

OFFICES: Seattle, Second and Cherry streets. New York, rooms 13, 14, 15 Tribune Bldg. Chicago, 211 Chamber of Commerce.

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER. SEATTLE, MONDAY, MAY 16.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

The speech delivered by Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the British colonies, made at Birmingham on Friday, is very remarkable for three reasons.

The people of this country were never in a better humor to receive advances from Great Britain, and so far as England is concerned the majority of the people will agree with Mr. Chamberlain that it is one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy.

Twice within a very short period have leading British statesmen had the moral courage to admit an error in policy. The first time was when the British premier admitted that a mistake was made in refusing to assent to Russia's natural wish for a passage to the Mediterranean.

Pretexts of friendship from disinterested motives alone on the part of one nation to another always arouse suspicion; the best bond of unity between two powers is identity of interest and perfect fairness in their dealings with each other.

A combination of the English-speaking race throughout the world will form such a power as can control and keep in check the selfish aggressions of other nations whose ambition is to deprive each other of part of their local territory.

There was wealth of woman's nursing. There was wealth of woman's tears. Woman's attitude today, whether she be wife, mother, sister or sweetheart, is similar to that of the women who have been prominent or retired, though not less active, in the past.

had never been reclaimed from a condition of barbarism. Together the United States and Great Britain will continue the work of opening up new and great spheres of industrial activity. We do not want war; and the best preservative against war will be the compact which shall act as a warning to the other powers that, though they may war among themselves, they shall not molest those who prefer to remain in peace.

SENTEL WASTE OF TIME.

The Post-Intelligencer on Saturday published a considerable part of a debate in the house of representatives which affords a good indication of the shameful manner in which the time of congress is being frittered away and the interests of the people are being subordinated to personal egotism.

The subject under discussion was a bill to relieve a deserter. We cannot gather from the report what the merits of the case were, and they are entirely immaterial to our comment. The fact is that any such measure is one to be considered in committee. It involves a personal grievance, and only calls for a little careful investigation and a fair decision.

Then there was a long wrangle in which another Democratic member provoked more laughter by a humorous description of Lewis and an attack upon other Democrats for having forced Grover Cleveland upon the Democratic party. They talked politics, and about the sacred institutions of the country, and Cleveland's issue of bonds, and wrangled and derided each other in speeches and jibes which were utterly irrelevant to the subject.

Speaker Reed has been accused of ruling congress with a firm hand, but it seems as if with all the rules congress lacked that primary rule which should be maintained by every deliberative body, namely, that the speaker should confine himself to a discussion of the subject before the house.

There are times when a little relaxation in debate may be permitted, but that time is not when the country is profoundly in earnest and depends upon the calmness and the good judgment of its representatives in the national assembly.

WOMAN AND THE WAR.

The time will never come in the history of the American nation when we shall halt with delight the transformation of the tender sex from Florence Nightingales to Amazonians. Woman's place in war, by common consent, and by her own innate modesty and helpfulness, is not on the field of battle, but in the hospital, where her blessings descend upon the sick or the wounded like heavenly benedictions. Her part, no less important than that of the warrior, is that of the ministering angel, to bind up the wounds, to assuage the suffering and to smooth the soldier's pathway, should he be elected to make the journey to the grave. The pomp and glory of war, the fierce charge on the rifle-pits or the battery, where death beckons with eager hand, is for the sterner sex to essay. Woman's part is to hope, watch and pray—to encourage the soldier in the uplifting of the flag of his country.

How well woman has performed her part in national crises of the past is a part of our common heritage. The story is written in the annals of our country, and in the hearts of surviving soldiers who fought on either side from 1861 to 1865. In those days nearly every important city in the East and the South, not far removed from the theater of action, contained from one to half a dozen hospitals. Whose hand was the softest? whose voice the sweetest? whose solicitude the greatest? and whose vigils the most faithful? The ministering angel was woman, who cheered and comforted even when hope had well-nigh fled. To paraphrase the old, sweet poem, it is only necessary to add that in the hospitals throughout the land "There was wealth of woman's nursing. There was wealth of woman's tears."

Woman's attitude today, whether she be wife, mother, sister or sweetheart, is similar to that of the women who have been prominent or retired, though not less active, in the past. The same patriotism, the same spirit that caused the matron to offer up her jewels as an oblation to the god of war, is evinced on every side, in public or in the sanctity of home, where many of the jewels cluster around the hearthstone, as yet removed from "war's sad alarms," only watching and waiting for the nation's second call to arms.

Primarily for peace, with all the joys and comforts that so richly cluster around the peace she hallows, yet when necessity has arisen and the nation's integrity has been assailed, no stronger advocate of war in defense of our institutions exists. She becomes the very personification of the terrible earnestness of war, in her advocacy of it, in

her support of all measures necessary to insure success, and in the energy she lavishes in her special sphere. Whether in the hospital tending over suffering humanity, or at home working in the interest of the soldiers of the nation, or at sewing circles fashioning garments of comfort for "other people's boys," the loftiest type of patriotism inspires her every movement, and while men may hesitate amid doubt and fear, woman, gentle woman, remains as fixed in her faith in the justness of the cause she espouses, and in its ultimate success, as the north star is fixed in its proper sphere in the blue vaults above. Were she less patriotic, were she a doubting, hesitating creature, both husband and son would strongly partake of her characteristics, and there would be lack of the impulse that leads up to enthusiasm and to final success.

MINING ASSESSMENT LAW.

To the Editor: Your recent editorial suggesting the temporary suspension of the law for annual assessment work on mining claims by congress is pertinent and timely. I have talked with many of our citizens who have done much development work and which represents all they have to show for years of patient, laborious and expensive prospecting, and which they are now liable to lose, owing to war, the increased cost of provisions and the sudden and unexpected tightening of money.

It has been suggested that the suspension be limited to those claims held by men who enter the war. This arrangement is still harder for the aged and weather-beaten prospector, and those who have financial battles to fight, as it would open the way for frauds perhaps. The rush to Alaska taken away the income of capital for this year from the mines of this and other states, and as thousands of men have gone north, labor will be high and perhaps scarce, and it will be impossible to get the annual assessment this year, leaving the results of years of toil to be jumped by soulless adventurers. Mining men throughout the northwest should act promptly and energetically to have the law suspended by meeting, petitions and by writing direct to their representatives in congress. Our own Chamber of Commerce could do our people a good act by giving their aid to the cause. Let the suggestion made by you be carried into practical effect.

Who is to Blame?

The Seattle papers are very much exercised because the bill for the establishment of a United States assay office in the Queen City languishes in committee. There is need of the institution sought, and the Washington committee are proud to see favorable action taken upon the measure for its establishment now pending in the lower house of congress. But such action has not been taken and though more important matters now engage a large share of the attention of congress this may not be attributed as the sole reason for the delay complained of.

The papers representing the Seattle constituency and consequently the one most affected by the inaction of congress upon the matter lay the blame upon Speaker Reed. It is probable that the speaker of the house may not be exerting himself to secure early and favorable action upon the measure. If he were he might be able to put it through. But it has not occurred to the critics of Speaker Reed that one of our own citizens, who has done much development work to honor—may have something to do with the delay complained of.

May not Jay Hamilton Lewis have something to do with it? Does he owe no allegiance to the service of the state and him in position where his characterization of the educated soldiery of this country as "military satraps and tasseled society appendages" would attract the attention of congress? If not, what is the explanation of the inaction of congress upon the measure? An examination of the Congressional Record will disclose the fact that Jay Hamilton Lewis, in season and out of season, never fails to vilify, traduce, malign and disparage the dominant party in the house. His spleen is ever directed toward the men in congress who have it in their power to call up and pass at any time the measure so much desired by the Seattle constituency of Lewis.

Of course those men ought to turn the other cheek and let the Seattle gentleman smite that also. They ought to be governed by the merits of the measure regardless of the residence of the author and malignancy of the Seattle population. Experience in life, however, teaches us that there is a great deal of human nature in mankind, big and little, great and small, and that the service of the state and that of the church, and that the turning of the other cheek is far more rare in practice than in precept. It is not a part of the natural man.

Seattle Preferred. News Advertiser. The discussion in the Dominion parliament regarding the shipment of police supplies north seems to show that the members do not realize how Vancouver has been given the go-by. It is quite true to say that a very little stuff is being shipped by way of Seattle and the great bulk of it via Vancouver. But it is only from this coast that the regular transportation of the supplies has been given to the Boston and Alaska Transportation Company. A local firm tried to secure the contract and was refused.

After a Peace Victory.

Just at a time when baseball nines have got so they can take the field without fighting, it seems a pity for two nations to start it.

SCOOP OF THE SPRING POET.

Up, Pegasus! Up, Pegasus! 'Tis spring and we must spring it. And so the weather and the birds Who into verse would sling it. Get up and dust, for you must trot Full fourteen laps of sonnet. And many a kite-shaped roundelay Must have your hoof marks on it. 'Tis true a frosty, icy blast And snow where'er we turn it. But we can catch the proper glow By gazing in the furnace. Where birds would fit about the world The fables are clinging. But there are pet canary birds To glad us with their singing. Of flowers in field and woodland now There's not the slightest rumor. But in the florist's shop they bloom At fifty cents a bloomer. The mossy banks are banked with snow. Their ancient verdure withering. But there are banks with long green hills That we may cut by lying. So up, my nimble Pegasus! Get up and trot, for you must trot How we can scoop all others with A springy, spring-sprung poem. —Chicago News.

our creed was delayed. That's the kind of talk. Professions of friendship men, be accompanied by absence of unfriendly acts. This is a time when, to use the vernacular "guff don't go."

MEMORIAL DAY MEMORIES.

If there is any particular day in the year that the "old soldiers" memory is unusually acute, when from the past he recalls the spirit that animated him and those with whom he touched elbows in the struggle for the preservation of the Union for the benefit of all now enjoying its magnificent reign, that one period falls due on the 16th of May of each year. Memorial day carries with it for him a peculiar significance—the valuation of love for country. As we see him plodding his weary way along the highways, broken down by age and suffering from old wounds or disease, he should be indeed an object for commiseration and it should be the spirit of the age to lighten his burdens. Thirty odd years ago he was exactly a like their quiet homes in our midst to sustain the integrity of the nation in a foreign land. He, too, carried the old flag and "kept step to the music of the Union" with the same elasticity of movement, with the same high resolve, that now characterize the youths of our country in every city in the glorious Union, who have or are now wearing home and loved ones in their eagerness to press forward to the front. The example set 35 years ago is worthy of emulation and full many of the heroic souls who have passed from our midst, some of whom may never return to fill their accustomed places, are simply imaged that which years ago they were, through the length and breadth of our fair land. The hero has by common consent again become the man of mark and the cynosure of all eyes, for even the school boys envy him.

The young men now on route to the scene of warfare, marching or bivouacking under the ample folds of the red, white and blue, are yet to realize the full import of war, the sorrows of defeat and the ecstasy which fills the charging column as it sweeps the foe before it. War is no dress parade, the battle field is no place for your carpet-knights or portly Falstaffs. It is an arena in which, in very truth, the souls of men are tried, a crucible in which the pure gold is separated from the dross; a hell from which those fighting for humanity, and such is our cause, bear the plaudits. "Well done, good and faithful servants."

The 16th of May, with its accompanying sadness, its dirges and prayers, opens to the old soldier the flood gates of memory, and the nation, pausing awhile from its busy work seeks to pay homage at the shrines of her dead defenders. With the surviving comrades it bows with uncovered heads at the tombs of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Thomas and thousands of namesless heroes, who, with Lee, Stone, Bull Jackson and others, have passed "over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

To the survivor the panorama of the past slowly unrolls. There is the enlistment, the muster, the first camp, the march toward the scene of conflict in the distance, while the dull, distant thrumming of artillery portends the beginning of the battle, the roar of the cannon, the wicked crack of the cannon, the rattle of musketry, the hurrahs of the charging column, the clash of sabers as the cavalry moves into action, for he and his comrades have now reached the verge of the conflict, and in expectancy await for the command to launch into the fiery vortex. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Appomattox, Hooker's fight above the clouds, Sherman's march to the sea, Farragut's dash to the mouth in Mobile harbor, Sheridan's ride in the Shenandoah valley, all these seem more like fancy pictures hanging on the walls of memory to thousands of the present generation, yet to the veterans who participated in them, the wretched crack of the cannon, the rattle of musketry, the hurrahs of the charging column, the clash of sabers as the cavalry moves into action, for he and his comrades have now reached the verge of the conflict, and in expectancy await for the command to launch into the fiery vortex.

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We can pay no greater tribute to the youth who arrayed themselves under the banner of the republic in the present emergency than that they are imbued with the same lofty principles which animated the American people in every war, whether on our own soil, on sea or lake, or in foreign lands. In the broad acceptance of the term the men who have fought and won our victories were stronger than mere words, that honor patrie means more than a memory, and that the country saved through their valor is all that is claimed for it—"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

It is indeed gratifying to know that there has not been since the creation of the American republic, from the revolution to Mexico, and from Mexico to the Philippines, any deterioration in patriotic ardor and in high resolve to make glorious the American name under every and all circumstances. No nation can justify a greater crystallization of glories than those that surround the flag we love and reverence, under which many thousand precious lives have been offered to the Moloch of self-government. In every war in which the nation has engaged, and from which it has emerged victoriously, the right of man has been involved, and while other nations have striven to push humanity a little further down the slope, the tendency and the result of our fighting has been to elevate and not depress struggling humanity in its efforts to reach higher civilization. Spain, at one time the ruler of the land and the sea, whose word was supreme law, in every conquest has sought the depression of humanity. Go no further than Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines to prove this statement! History will tell you that the millions of original natives who populated these islands were speedily wiped out, and crushed to death, in that brief period by the Spanish butchers. The occupation of these islands by Spanish discoverers centuries ago was a notification to the universe that the inquisition, the sway of the sabbato and butchery on a great scale, would be the right follow.

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