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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Occasional rain, with brisk southerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, DEC. 18.

Every man, woman and child in Eastern Oregon is interested in the perpetuation of the scalp-bounty law. The fact is one obviously without bearing on the merits of the question, practical or theoretical, but it may furnish food for thought to those who are counting upon riding rough-shod over the law and its advocates and beneficiaries. As an object of governmental undertaking, the scalp bounty is almost if not quite indefensible. But as an amicable basis of getting on between the two parts of the state it is a matter for candid consideration. Justice cannot ignore the fact that state appropriations are expended far more liberally in Western than in Eastern Oregon; and if this condition is added to by an unfriendly attitude in the west for the east, one result is the revival of talk about state division. The objections to that division are forcibly set out in a letter elsewhere printed from the able pen of Judge Lowell, of Pendleton. The solid men of Eastern Oregon stand just where Judge Lowell stands, and they will continue to do so unless they are given cause for complaint at the treatment they receive from the Legislature. Eastern Oregon wants four things—scalp bounties, irrigation laws, normal school appropriation and a constitutional amendment that will give it an insane asylum. A part of this programme is just and necessary. All of it may be a choice preferable to division of the state. We commend Judge Lowell's arguments to the people of Eastern Oregon, and we commend its lofty spirit to the people of the whole state, regardless of section.

Yesterday was the birthday of Whittier. Not a scholar's poet, Whittier is sure of a longer immortality than Longfellow, for he is the people's poet. His best work treats of rural life and all that is finest in the life of both man and nature in America. The homely scenes, incidents and episodes relating to American life and history are the themes of the vast majority of Whittier's poems. His poems of the anti-slavery period were written for a purpose, and are of unequal merit, but their sincerity, vigor and terrible earnestness give them an exalted and assured position in the literature of America. They are part of the material from which the future historian will learn to feel the light and heat of that tremendous political struggle that raged in this country from 1835 to the outbreak of the Civil War. The greatest poem of this period in our history is Whittier's "Ichabod," a solemn lament over what he deemed the moral fall of Webster when he advocated the passage of the fugitive slave law in 1850. This poem is Miltonic in its austere grandeur and solemnity of thought and expression. It is one of the few great poems in our American literature. With the coming of the Civil War Whittier's genius found freer sweep and wider range in much fine work, like "Barbara Freitchie" and "Laus Deo." After the war came Whittier's best work, for his muse naturally vented itself in the sweet pastoral vein or in that of religious devotion.

In the days of slavery and war, Whittier had the soul and speech of a great Hebrew prophet; but when war was over the prophet became the poet of humble rustic life, the worshiper of nature, the writer of hymns in praise of the benevolence and wisdom of God, who had made nature beautiful and made her beauty a joy forever to the hearts of men of peace and good-will. He had the devout religious spirit in his verse that we find in Cardinal Newman's hymns and those of Faber. There is something singularly fine in the life work of this man, whose name on his birthday is always on the lips of thousands of school children from ocean to ocean. Every barefooted boy who can read feels that Whittier was a fine-hearted, lovable old man. Every schoolgirl knows that the author of the lines "To My Sister" had a heart as gentle and tender and true as the best of women. This fine old man never made a speech, never went to the theater in his life, never attended a lecture, never preached, never was a brilliant figure in society, and yet this man, that neither law nor politics, nor war, nor the pulpit, nor the business of peace, claimed for its own, went down to his grave with troops of friends, in more universal public honor with old and young, rich and poor, than any man in America. He was a man of feeling, mental force, moral might and poetic insight. In religious matters he was so tolerant that he once wrote: "The longer I live the less I care about creeds; my chief trust is in the goodness and mercy of God." Remembering this utterance, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote of Whittier dead:

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou said'st "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

The accession of Mr. John W. Gates to a part ownership in the Denver & Rio Grande and his plans for extensions of the road from Grand Junction to important coal fields, may have some connection with the noteworthy recent activity of this prosperous and well-managed road's securities. Its preferred stock has been receiving 4 per cent per annum the last two years. The semi-annual payment has now been raised from 2 per cent to 2½ per cent. It is estimated that the income account for the six months to December 31 will show a surplus above charges in an amount equal for that period to 4 per cent on the preferred shares. It was accordingly deemed safe and prudent to enlarge the dividend. The New York Financial Chronicle points out that the mining and agricultural interests are all doing well in the country served by the road, and the present fiscal year, it is thought, will yield gross earnings of $11,000,000, against only $6,476,043 in 1893-4, and $6,945,114 in 1896-7, the two years of greatest depression experienced by the road. While enlarging its dividend distribution, the company is paying for extensive improvements out of earnings. For example, fifteen locomotives and fourteen passenger cars have recently been added to the equipment, and the cost, $360,000, charged to profit and loss—which means that the value of the equipment will be kept the same on the books, notwithstanding these additions.

The communication of Captain J. H. D. Gray, printed in another column, offers no new light on a subject that seems to be vexing no one but the Astorians. Captain Gray asks no questions that have not been repeatedly answered in detail through the columns of The Oregonian. The only point on the river where ships are meeting with the slightest delay is below Astoria, and accordingly, any reference to discrimination made by shipowners against Portland applies with greater force to Astoria, and the misguided Astorians gain no vantage by constant allusion to this slight handicap, which Portland, and not Astoria, will eventually remove. The last paragraph of Captain Gray's letter shows his entire argument to be misleading, and not in accordance with the facts. If it is possible to save $1 to $2 per ton on cargoes, by loading the ships at Astoria, no common point is needed, for every exporter in this city will move his desk and chair down to Astoria and load wheat at that city. If Captain Gray would read the papers—Portland, San Francisco or Puget Sound—he would not make himself ridiculous by asking such questions as, "Are not ships paid from $1 50 to $2 50 per ton more freight rates from Portland to Liverpool than from San Francisco to Liverpool?" The latest issue of the San Francisco Commercial News to hand contains the names and rates of 28 wheat ships now loading in that port, and the average rate is a fraction over 40 shillings. There are twenty wheat ships in the Columbia at the present time, and their average rate is a fraction over 41 shillings. This difference of 24 cents per ton is caused by San Francisco securing plenty of cargo tonnage inward, while Portland is not forced to import coal, but secures practically nothing but ballast tonnage. The only 1901 charter that has been reported, with the option of either San Francisco or Portland, is the German ship Nal, at 35 shillings San Francisco, or 35s 9d Portland, the extra 9d being demanded by the owners because of delays experienced between Astoria and the ocean by other vessels owned by them.

Mr. John C. Nimmo, Jr., chiefly known as a voluminous advocate of railroad opposition to the Nicaragua Canal, has seen fit to address a letter to The Oregonian on the subject of the Frye-Payne subsidy bill. He points out that as the bill is drawn the Pacific Coast's nominal 30 per cent of the subsidy would revert to the Atlantic Coast, unless the bill is amended so as to increase the rate of compensation paid Pacific tonnage. If The Oregonian were in a position to amend the bill, Mr. Nimmo's proposal to increase this coast's share of the contemplated swag would be more impressive. As it is, we are unable to join him in his approval of this colossal graft designed to be incorporated on the National Treasury. We cheerfully make room for his letter, however, which has a real value in its demonstration of a specific weakness in the bill. His declarations in favor of the arid regions and Pacific development are beguiling, but not conclusive on the subsidy question. The passage he refers to concerning the deduction for short cargoes we understand to have been eliminated from the amended bill.

George Harris, the burglar arrested last Friday, confesses that he "came from Tennessee and is a total abstainer." It is due to the State of Tennessee to say that she has not hitherto been regarded as a natural breeding ground for either burglars or total abstainers. Probably if Harris was not a burglar he would not be a total abstainer, but in order to labor successfully in his chosen vocation, Harris is obliged to be a sober scoundrel. Temperance is good; nevertheless, the world suffers terribly through numerous scoundrels of unimpeachable sobriety. The sober scoundrel is the most insidious, most dangerous, most destructive, because the most successful, kind of rascal. The sober gambler and sober burglar are very common characters. If we should boycott all society save the total abstainers, the sober remnant would include the worst knaves and the most incurable political idiots and social cranks.

ACTIVITY OF LUMBER INTERESTS.

Prosperity has given a tremendous impetus to the lumber interests of the Northwest in the past two years, which bids fair to increase in response to continued legitimate demand for several years to come. Big log drives are the rule this Winter in streams that drain the timber districts of Western Oregon and Washington, while big logging contracts, to the fulfillment of which the logging railway and locomotive will be brought, are reported from time to time. One of the latest of the latter is a contract entered into by a lumber company of Cascade Locks for the delivery of 50,000,000 feet of logs to be taken from the Wind River Valley.

The vast timber resources of the Cascade Range are in many cases difficult of access and the demand heretofore has been readily met by the more accessible supply. Now, however, with a greatly stimulated home demand and a lumber market of vast possibilities opening in various directions, more costly appliances for reaching these magnificent timber districts and bringing their product to the sawmills are justified.

These great logging contracts mean plenty of work for a sturdy class of laborers, the circulation of large sums of money, of which the farmer will receive his due share for the food and forage supply, the miller his toll and the hardware and clothing merchant his just proportion. Whatever machinery may do for the logging and lumber industries, great activity therein means the employment of large numbers of men, and this in turn means the disbursement of large sums of money in wages.

HEROISM THE CHILD OF HUMBLE LIFE.

The old but ever-new story of the heroism of humble life lies behind the monument erected by his shipmates to the memory of Daniel Donoghue, a sailor who lost his life last August by jumping into the sea while crossing Manila Bay to save a sailor who had fallen overboard. The memorial has been placed in the American cemetery at Pasay, Manila. The gravestone is inscribed as follows: "In memory of Daniel Donoghue, seaman, U. S. S. New Orleans, born in Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A., Aug. 5, 1875, drowned in Manila Bay, P. I., Aug. 5, 1900, in attempting to save the life of a shipmate. Erected by his shipmates." Such actions as this, which cost a gallant sailor his life, are not exceptional; they happen every day in this broad land. Sometimes it is a humble workman in a mine dying at his post rather than leave it and risk destruction of all his fellows; sometimes it is a gallant seaman on a doomed ship giving up his life rather than stain his honor by act of selfishness; sometimes it is a soldier losing his life to rescue a wounded comrade from a savage foe; sometimes it is an engineer sticking to his locomotive when he knows he is riding to his death; sometimes it is a gallant swimmer losing his life for humble people that he never knew until he saw them struggling for life in the surf.

It is a noteworthy fact that your modern heroes, who are really heroic, like Bayard and Sidney, in deeds rather than in verse or speech, are as a rule men of humble rather than high-born station. Their generous impulse and heroic force is not the result of education, or reading, or vanity, or striving for glory or applause. It is irrepressible and inexplicable as the deeds and words of men of genius. Real heroes are as unconscious of their heroism as men of genius are unconscious of their supreme, exceptional powers, and do great things apparently without great effort, simply because they cannot help it. It is this frequent spectacle of irrepressible, instinctive heroism among humble men that saves us from the canker, the mildew, the blight of that so-called voice of culture—the dreary, whining pessimism of so many modern pulpits, so many modern writers of poetry and fiction. The world does grow better, and the frequency of such deeds of unselfish impulse and heroic force among the plain people as that recorded of the gallant American sailor in a far-off Asiatic graveyard does much to reassure those who are naturally disgusted with the worship of the Mammon of successful unrighteousness. This humble American sailor instinctively obeyed "the golden rule." He reasoned he was bound to do as he would be done by under like circumstances, and he rushed to the rescue of the drowning man because he could not help it.

We find little or nothing of this broad, unselfish impulse married to heroic force in the annals of antiquity. Heroism of course there was, but it was of the clannish sort as a rule; the heroism of the Highlander who was educated to believe that it was his duty to die for his chief. It is within our own century that we find the most frequent imitation of the self-sacrifice of Sidney and the humane chivalry of Bayard, whose behavior was as exceptional among the high-bred warriors of their day as it would have been to have found as perfect a woman as one of Shakespeare's great heroines among the maids of honor of Queen Elizabeth. The most comforting reflection of all is that this realistic heroism, which dares to do noble things that are difficult, is found most frequently among the plain people; the rank and file of rugged intelligence, courage and capacity, who never cultivate heroism, never talk about it, never read about it in prose or poetry, but instantly rise to the level of its execution when the hour comes and a man for the hour is wanted. The sentimental affectation of heroics and the loquacious enthusiasm of cranks never crystallizes into a life or death of genuine heroism or self-sacrifice. It is the healthy plain people of the world's great races, not their maniacal, fanatical, sentimental folk; it is the non-brooding, non-sentimental, non-talkative, non-morbid, plain American people that are always surprising us by heroic action and chivalric conduct.

And because this is true the so-called romantic novel and romantic drama continue to hold the eye and the ear and the heart of the race today. Those who predict the decline and death of the romantic novel and the romantic drama are mistaken, just as people are mistaken who think nobody is better than they are in thought, feeling, taste or action. To their cynical taste the romantic, heroic types in fiction and the drama seem to be morbid creations. The heroic man is a crank; the heroic woman is only a case of hysteria. But as we have pointed out, the heroic in manhood and womanhood in American life has never been the expression of morbid, diseased humanity. Heroic unselfishness and unflinching devotion to duty, when expressed in deeds rather than in words, are the expression of a healthy, not a morbid, mind, whether you find it in a miner or a marquis. If Dumas, Thackeray, Scott and George Eliot were all wrong and heroism is only the diseased action of morbid minds; if all romance is really rot, and systematic selfishness the true guide, philosopher and friend of the best worldly life, why, then, we would seem to be in a bad way, but Howells is not right, since if he is right Shakespeare was wrong, and the plain people who continue to breed romantic deeds are wrong.

The Treasury Department has just issued the "Annual Report of the Supervising Special Agent for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1900." It presents some very interesting figures as to the manner in which Portland continues to handle the largest foreign commerce of any port in the Pacific Northwest, despite the fact that all of the noise is made by the Puget Sound cities. According to this report, which is strictly official, the total receipts for the Willamette district for the fiscal year were $605,076 88, while the receipts for the Puget Sound district for the same period were but $419,698 76. The cost of collecting the duties in this district was $0.095 per dollar collected. The cost of collecting the Puget Sound duties was $0.229 per dollar. Thus is "poor old Portland" being distanced by her loquacious rivals.

Having waited long for the location and equipment of a suitable quarantine station at the mouth of the Columbia River, the people of a wide section interested in keeping pestilences at bay will be glad to learn that a location suitable in every respect has at last been secured, and that its equipment, though not yet perfect, answers present needs, and will in time be complete. Direct communication with Asiatic ports renders absolutely necessary what has long been demanded by ordinary prudence in a quarantine station, and it is gratifying to note that the demand has been fully met.

A man talks in an ideal strain but like a schoolboy when he says justice should be dealt without money and without price. In the first place, lawyers and courts do not want to deal it in that way. Witness the howl of lawyers against fees. In the second place, justice never will be dealt justly so long as others than litigants have to pay the price. Let us not allow our schoolboy enthusiasm, our juvenile lessons on the blessedness of free institutions, to waft us away towards impalpable regions where everybody gets free all he wants and nobody foots the bills.

We are regaled with the entertaining anomaly of the opponents of the canal yoked up with the opponents of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The former are railroad hirelings, henchmen of capital and trusts, and therefore friends of England and enemies of the common people. The latter are enemies of England and alleged friends of the people, and hate British influence and gold so cordially that they would beard the lion in his den sooner than not fortify the canal. Politics make strange bedfellows, but seldom stranger than these.

They have a kind of politics at The Dalles which is worth labeling. That enterprising city by some mysterious means has accumulated a sinking fund of several thousand dollars on which it gets higher interest than it pays for city bonds. Thus its debt helps to run the city government. The secret of the mystery is said not to be unattainable. If Portland has any embryo financiers, they might go to The Dalles for a course of development.

It is not the single duty of property-owners to support government and courts, but of all citizens. There is every reason why a man who does not pay to the public fund should pay for his luxury of litigation. Justice is an impalpable, intangible thing at best, but not so much so that we fail to see by instinct the righteousness of paying for what we get.

Eliminate time, suggests an ingenious body, and evolution will trouble religionists not in the least. Why not eliminate space also? These two concepts compose the mystery of life. Without them, this world and universe have no limitations. Assuredly let us eliminate time and space, and everything will be miracle and miracle will no longer be miracle.

Emperor William has explained Kruger's bad luck. The Kaiser says, and he ought to know, that God was in the Orient with the German troops. This revelation makes the enigma simple, now that the Chinese crisis is over and the Boers are doing better.

If Bryan had got there, he could not now be making money by explaining the inconclusiveness of elections and how he happened to be such an unsafe young Absalom.

Roosevelt does not exhibit any fear that if McKinley should die Mark Hanna would succeed to the Presidency.

If the Boers shall keep on, the return of Roberts to England will border on the embarrassing.

Portland is not a slow town if street railway construction is a measure of progress.

Steyn's name ought to get him into Germany without offense to the Kaiser.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Value of Associated Press to the Reading Public.

New York Journal of Commerce.

The Associated Press has just successfully held its first annual meeting. Through a single organization it performs the service that was a few years ago rendered by the old New York Associated Press in co-operation with independent organizations in New England, the West and the South. It does more, for it has no considerable rival, while the defunct United Press was built up and reached a commanding position in competition with the powerful organization which was then controlled exclusively in this city. The present Associated Press, which succeeded the Associated Press of Illinois, is built up on the co-operative principle, it contains over 600 or nearly all of the leading newspapers in the United States, its news is read by probably 25,000,000 of people, if not more, it is the most extensive news association ever formed, and its remarkable success is the highest evidence of its efficiency; for it has no means of compulsion, it has no protection against competition, and its membership is to be explained only by the advantage it offers. At the time of its organization the conditions were far from propitious. That it got so strong a footing was something of an achievement and an astonishment to many of the friends of M. E. Stone and C. S. Diehl, its managers.

The association affords the public the most effective guarantee it can have against spurious news. That there have been errors in its dispatches is true, as it is true of all news agencies, individual and collective. The difficulty of getting the news, and getting it accurately within the time available for the service of daily papers, is not appreciated by the public, and cannot be appreciated by persons outside of journalism. The narrowness of the time limits is not the only difficulty; the extent to which persons from whom the news must be obtained are inexact, either because of carelessness or because of some self-interest, is only understood by persons who have been for years in the news service. The general accuracy of the Associated Press service is entitled to cordial recognition, outside of journalism as well as by newspaper managers. Including in its membership the principal papers in every section of the country, and representing every shade of political opinion, the Associated Press can be the servant of no interest and no locality. Inaccuracies in news, apart from those incidental to the persons from whom, and the time within which, the news is to be collected, are due to the warping influence of personal, local or partisan interest. From this influence the Associated Press is freed by the very conditions of its existence and the elements of its composition. A co-operative news collecting and distributing agency covering the entire country can have no personality, no local bias and no party coloring.

The meeting of the association in this city this week was the largest and most representative assembly of newspaper managers ever held. The personal contact into which these gentlemen were brought ought to increase their mutual regard, and mitigate the asperities which almost inevitably arise in public discussions, and the advocacy of adverse interests. Such a meeting cannot fail to increase the dignity and raise the standards of the press as a whole; for the public sentiment of the press of the country is focused upon each paper with results equally advantageous to it and to the public.

CENTER OF POPULATION.

Moved Eastward This Time—West Will Bring It Back.

Kansas City Star.

For the first time in 109 years the center of population in the United States has doubled on its tracks and moved eastward. This point is the center of gravity, so to speak, of the country, under the assumption that each individual has the same weight. If the map of the United States were printed on a thin piece of board, whose weight could be left out of account, and 76,295,200 pegs were distributed over the surface in accordance with the population returns, the map would balance on a needle point supporting it beneath a spot in Southwestern Ohio.

The first census, taken in 1790, showed the center to be 23 miles east of Baltimore. During the next 10 years it moved 41 miles due west. It continued on the same general course, with a slightly southerly trend, in jumps of from 40 to 55 miles each decade, until 1860, when it entered Southern Ohio. Then it took a sharp turn northward, that put it 48 miles east by north of Cincinnati. In 1880 it had moved 58 miles to a point eight miles west by south of the same city. Its position shifted 48 miles westward during the next 10 years, and the center of population, according to the census of 1890, was at Westport, Ind. Now it has retreated more than 40 miles, and is across the Ohio line, on the Miami River, north of Cincinnati.

The reason for the change is apparent. Eastern cities have outgrown the rest of the country. New York State alone gained more in population during the decade than the seven States of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Colorado and Arkansas. During the boom years from 1880 to 1890 the growth of the West was abnormal. At the beginning of the present decade it was suffering from the inevitable reaction. But the lean years were followed by fat ones. Prosperity on a substantial basis attracted a large population. This filled the gaps left by those who had returned to the East. While the real welfare of the West was never so secure as today, the revival had not been long enough in progress to make itself felt to a marked degree in the census figures on population.

Undoubtedly the census of 1910 will show the resumption of the accustomed march of the star of empire. Meanwhile the West need only point to its per capita wealth to indicate the fullness of prosperity.

Object of a Caucus.

PORTLAND, Dec. 17.—(To the Editor.)—Some of the McBride-Mitchell organs, realizing the hopelessness of their cause, desire to prevent a caucus, or, if a caucus is held, that the vote in such caucus shall be viva voce, hoping thereby to deter members from voting freely for the man of their choice. They were, it is said, anxious, immediately after the June election, for the usual (secret) caucus, but a doubt has come over the spirit of their dream. The object of a caucus, as I understand it, is that the party in control of the Legislature may meet in secret caucus and choose presiding officers, without fear that they will be unfairly or unjustly dealt with, because of their vote for or against any particular person, and that there may be no vindictive feeling in the party toward any member thereof by reason of their vote, and that the party may continue united, and not be split up into factions, or a war of factions, by reason of any vote cast in the caucus within the party. Otherwise, if it is to be an open vote, there would be no use for a caucus. A vote in the open Senate would be all that was necessary. In such a case, a long-continued contest is likely to be the result, and the party in control may be deprived of the fruits of their victory. The same rule applies in the choice of a Senator.

VETERAN REPUBLICAN.

Thanks, Gentle Critic.

Salt Lake Tribune.

On the 4th inst. The Portland Oregonian celebrated its 50th anniversary. Its evolution from a petty sheet to a great journal is depicted in the anniversary edition by description and illustration, from the few cases, the petty hand-press worked in a cabin, to the linotype and lightning-speed quadruple perfecting press working in a palace. The Oregonian is a great newspaper; on the shore of the Pacific it every day gives its readers the world's news, and from its station it is every day a notice to the far-off East that the great West is in full evidence and is swiftly assuming its equal and natural right to a full voice in the conduct of the Republic. If The Oregonian is sometimes angular and stubborn in the advocacy of its beliefs, that can be forgiven in consideration of the power it carries and the ceaseless industry employed upon it. It has shaped public opinion in Oregon for 30 years, and it has maintained its place because it has been carried on with a steady judgment, and in all its fights it has wielded only straight blows. The Tribune wishes it continued success and all prosperity.

Fatally Scalded in Bathtub.

Edward B. Quinn, 33 years old, editor of the magazine Successful Americans, was so badly scalded that death resulted. In a room at the Delevan Hotel, New York City, he turned cold water in the bathtub preparatory to taking a bath. During an absence from the room the cold water was turned off and the hot water allowed to run. On his return, Mr. Quinn without investigating, jumped into the tub and was scalded all over.

Iter Supremum.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh or sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the Isle of Time
And knocked at the door of the house of pain!

On the tavern's hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep and the flagons low,
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gate, where a soul would go!

THE SHAFROTH IRRIGATION BILL

(Fifty-sixth Congress, Second Session. H. R. 12230. In the House of Representatives, December 3, 1900. Mr. Shafroth introduced the following bill, which was referred to the committe on public lands and ordered to be printed. A bill for the construction of reservoirs in the arid-land states and for the disposal of the public lands reclaimed thereby.)

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the Geological Survey is hereby directed to make accurate surveys of at least four practical reservoir sites and irrigating ditches leading to the reservoirs and to the public lands to be irrigated therefrom, in each of the aird land states of the United States, and estimate the cost of the construction and completion of the same, as well as the quantity of water which can be stored in each.

Sec. 2. That the director of the Geological Survey shall make a report to the Secretary of the Interior as to each reservoir and irrigating ditch, showing the survey, cost of construction, quantity of public land in such state which can be irrigated from such reservoir, and the location of the said land, as well as all other facts relative to the practicability of the enterprise.

Sec. 3. That upon the filing of such report the Secretary of the Interior may, in his discretion, withdraw from public entry the lands embraced within the reservoir sites at high-water mark, and a strip of ground 50 feet in width bordering on the same, and the land within 50 feet on each side of the center line of the irrigating ditches to be constructed in connection therewith, together with the public lands which it is proposd to irrigate from such reservoirs.

Sec. 4. That upon the determination by the Secretary of the Interior that the reservoir and irrigation project is practical, he shall cause to be let upon proper public notice contracts for the construction of the same; provided, however, that contracts for the construction and completion of reservoirs and the irrigating ditches connected therewith in any one state shall not exceed the sum of $1,000,000.

Sec. 5. That the following-named states shall be considered as arid-land states within the meaning of this act, to-wit: California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota.

Sec. 6. That the sum of $3,000,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions hereof.

Sec. 7. That upon the completion of each irrigation project the lands to be irrigated thereby shall be subject to homestead entry after notice by the Secretary of the Interior upon the condition that in addition to the requirements of the homestead act, the entryman on the making of proof of settlement shall pay to the Government the sum of $2 50 per acre, and each entryman shall be limited to the entry and settlement of 80 acres.

Sec. 8. That when the major part of the land intended to be irrigated from each reservoir has been duly located upon, as aforesaid, the management of the reservoir and irrigating ditches connected with the irrigation project shall be turned over to the said homesteaders, who shall manage and maintain the same, either as a body or through a corporation to be formed by them.

Sec. 9. That nothing in this act shall be construed as interfering with the laws of the said states concerning irrigation.

Sec. 10. That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to make such rules and regulations for the purpose of enforcing the provisions hereof as may be just and proper.

West Point Will Get Justice.

New York Commercial Adevertiser.

Between the Army Board appointed by Secretary Root and the committee of the House of Representatives to inquire into the charges of hazing at West Point Military Academy, the public should be made fully acquainted with the facts in the case of the cadet, Oscar L. Booz, whose recent death has been arrtibuted to maltreatment at the hands of fellow cadets two years ago. It is natural that the War Department should take steps to get at the bottom of a scandal affecting the training school of its officers, but the motive of the Congressional inquiry, undertaken after Secretary Root's board was created, is not apparent except as a response to the popular outcry which the case has raised. The report of Colonel Mills, the superintendent of the academy, in which he asks for an investigation, tends very strongly to discredit the story of brutal hazing. The superintendent's categorical denial of the charge that "a fiery fluid was poured down Booz's throat from the effects of which he afterward suffered" will satisfy everyone who knows Colonel Mills and the academy. It is only fair to him, however, that the facts should be established by a board of officers, and no harm need come from the meddling of Congressmen. If the truth proves to be anything like the shocking reports about the case that have been circulated in the newspapers radical remedies would be demanded, and these, it is safe to say, the Army Board would not be slow to formulate and enforce.

Grange Against Ship Bounties.

Chicago Chronicle.

Certain of the Western members of Congress who act as attorneys for the shipping-bounty beggars have been telling us that there was a loud demand for bounties not only from the seaboard, but from the rural districts of the great interior.

They have asserted as though from positive knowledge that the woods of Indiana, the prairies of Illinois, and the stubble-fields throughout all the Valley of the Mississippi were all on fire for subsidies and bounties, and that any honorable gentleman who should refuse to vote public money into the pockets of shipbuilding and shipowning capitalists would be consumed from off the face of the political earth.

Now we have a pretty conclusive answer to these adepts in the noble art of claiming everything. The state grange of Illinois, in session in Peoria, has adopted a resolution which may be accepted as an expression of the farmers' view of this matter at least until we have a more authoritative expression.

The resolution strongly disapproves of shipping subsides on the ground that to vote them would be an act of "special legislation to put millions of dollars of the people's money into the pockets of a few wealthy men and corporations who are able to finance their own enterprises."

That looks as though the prairie fires were more likely to consume the Congressional attorneys for the bounty beggars than those who defend the Treasury against their freebooting raid.

The Other's View.

Chicago Times-Herald.

I longed to go from where the hills
Loomed blue against the sky,
And gaze upon the spreading sea
And watch the ships go by;
I longed to stand while others still
Were fast in blissful sleep
And see the sun's first crimson glow
Spread out across the deep.

And while in wonderment I gazed
Out on the purple sea
Another glanced across the waves
And turned and spoke to me;
"Oh, that I might behold the hills,
The gray old hills that rise
Like monuments to God and lose
Their summits in the skies!"

You count the treasures that you have
And sigh and turn away
And envy some one else who seems
So amply blessed today—
And yet his heart may ache and he
May have his longings, too—
May count your blessings and his own
And watch and envy you!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Let us hope that those 11 new warships will save us from the need of ever using them.

Carnegie is scattering libraries around so fast that he who reads must run to keep up with them all.

A New Jersey preacher is going to suppress people who talk in church. Does he intend to include himself?

The French Chamber of Deputies wants to make people stop drinking absinthe. But the absinthe will do that, if they only let it alone.

American swindlers recently got $50,000 in Italy. These gentlemen should be taken prisoners by the United States and sent to do likewise in Turkey.

Emperor William says that the Germans were successful because the Lord was on their side. The Boers, with the same ally, did not prosper so well.

Now that Richard Croker is paying income tax in England, there will be little sympathy in that country with the crusade against vice in New York.

Mark Twain is truly a great man. He occupies more space in the newspapers than the Emperor William, Boni de Castellane and Tod Sloan put together.

There were so many other causes for gratitude the last Thursday in November that we entirely overlooked the fact that Adlai isn't writing magazine articles.

People who spent the night like stray cats on the house tops or in craning their necks out of garret windows and were after all disappointed at the failure of the expected display of meteors ow Leonids, will be pleased to learn that it is supposed that a change in their orbit has taken place taking them farther away from this vain and transitory world. Professor Wendell, of Harvard, says that unless during the next 33 years there shall be another change bringing them back nearer the earth, we shall see no more of the ancient show of November Leonids. The few seen this year were stray meteors which had wandered from the beaten path. If this show has gone to play an engagement at some other planet people will have to try to live without seeing it and there will not be so much loss of sleep in November in the future.

William F. Woodward, of Woodard, Clarke & Co., in speaking of a statement printed in this column yesterday to the effect that a Philadelphia firm has advertised to take Canadian coins at their face value, says that his firm has been advertising in The Oregonian their willingness to do this for some time, and as a result find that frugal housewives from all parts of the city come there to unload such coins received from the hands of hurried street-car conductors and other people who (possibly) mistake the coins for American money. There is not a great deal of Canadian money in circulation in Portland, and as a rule people fight shy of anything larger than a dime, as they "stand to lose" 10 cents on a 50-cent piece, and 5 cents on a quarter. The firm waits until an accumulation of the money is heaped up in its safe, then sends it to Canada and exchanges it, so it loses nothing on the transaction.

Postmaster-General Smith tells this story on Colonel Curtis Guild, of Boston, who accompanied Governor Roosevelt on his campaign tour: "It was in an Ohio town at a night meeting. Colonel Guild, who is a magnificent orator, is always particular about his introduction. He usually had it put something like this: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of introducing to you Colonel Curtis Guild, of Boston, who was one of the first American officers to reach Santiago and who was with Governor Roosevelt during that memorable campaign.' The chairman of the meeting was told what to say, and was given a slip with the little introduction written on it, so that there could be no mistake. He was indignant and threw the paper away, saying he could remember. When the time came for Guild to speak, the chairman arose and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, fellow Republicans, this is Colonel Guild Curtis, who was the first Spanish officer to reach Boston.'"

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

The Real Thing.—"Do you think her hair is all real?" "Why, of course. A girl with her means would never buy any other kind."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

One Token Barred.—"Dearie, what do you want me to give you for Christmas?" "Well, precious, I've got eleven framed photographs of you now."—Detroit Free Press.

Menu and Antidote.—"Della studied medicine, you know, and I've taken a cooking-school course." "Well?" "We're going to start a magazine called 'What to Eat, and How to Get Over It.'"—Puck.

Bacon—I understand a member of the Anti-Imperialist League had a bad fainting spell the other day. Egbert—Indeed? "Yes, he heard his wife was about to appear in an Empire gown."—Yonkers Statesman.

Approach of Christmas.—"Why did Anthony Hope?" "Because Mrs. Campbell Praed." "When does Albert Trott?" "When Gibson Bowles." "What gave Barry Pain?" "To see Flora Steele." "Why was Rider Haggard?" "Because he had to Marie Corelli."—London Globe.

Something Just as Good.—"Have you Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities'?" asked the occasional customer. "No, sir," replied the new salesman at the book store, after a glance at the shelves, "but I see we have a 'Romance of Two Worlds,' by Marie Corelli. Won't that do?"—Chicago Tribune.

From Whittier to Holmes.

(Dr. Holmes' 83d birthday, August 29, 1892, inspired Whittier's last lines, written only a few days before his death.)

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer
Will welcome thy new year,
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,
Our youth and age between,
Two generations leave us, and today
We with the third hold sway,

Living and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost, our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill,
And with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tender whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame,

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our Autumn boughs, unflown with Spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless, we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because he lives.