

The Oregonian.

Published at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.
RECEIVED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance:
Daily, per week, 75 cents; per month, \$2.00; per year, \$20.00.

danum and three ounces of powdered quinine are consumed in a month. In another town, where there are two drug stores, one store alone sold three pounds of opium, one gallon of paregoric, three-fourths gallon laudanum, five ounces powdered quinine and 1000 two-grain quinine pills.

There is nothing incredible in these figures. Since 1840, when the great "Washingtonian" temperance revival swept over New England, the consumption of opium, morphine and laudanum has steadily increased.

Cocaine is a far more dangerous drug than alcohol, and its utterly hopeless victims are relatively more numerous than are found in the same number of users of alcoholic intoxicants.

ENTERPRISE IN PORTLAND.

To refurbish and equip the Bailey Gatzert for tourist travel on the Upper Columbia is a commendable piece of sturdy enterprise, and may remind complaining people here that side by side with difficulty to get adequate facilities there exists in Portland an energy and vim that often outrun the willingness of the community to keep pace with the facilities provided.

Such a trip would be a severe test of endurance for a woman in good health, and it certainly was not a wise venture for a woman who is a chronic invalid to make. If the President of the United States chooses to travel as a private citizen, as he not seldom does between Washington and Canton, the sickness or health of his wife is no embarrassment to the public.

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SPORT WITH A PROFIT.

The great ocean race from the Columbia River to Queenstown between the four big ships, Muskoka, Adrenaline, Herzogin Sophie Charlotte and Marlon Lightbody, attracted a great deal of attention in the British papers. All of the illustrated London newspapers printed pictures of the leaders in the contest, and the daily press printed long accounts of the wonderful performance of the Muskoka, which won the race.

It is reported that the Shamrock II, ready to sail, will cost her owner about \$200,000, and it is hardly probable that the defender under the Stars and Stripes will cost her owners much less. Two and perhaps three big clippers of the Muskoka type can be built for \$200,000, and when they are ready to race they can carry a cargo which at present rates will pay one-third of the cost of the ship.

USE OF OPIUM IN VERMONT.

Dr. A. P. Grinnell, for many years dean of the medical faculty of the University of Vermont, has been making some investigations as to the consumption of narcotics in Vermont, with startling results. He states that "in the regular drug stores and in 160 of the 172 general stores in the State of Vermont there is sold every month 1,300,000 doses of opium besides what is dispensed in patent medicines, and beside what the doctors dispense, which gives 1 1/2 doses of opium to every man and woman in the state above the age of 21 years every day of the year."

tramp steamer will never drive the sailor from the ocean, and a performance of this nature reflects the highest credit on the flag under which the clipper sails. The Muskoka is one of England's unsubsidized freight carriers, but her voyages from Portland to Queenstown brought returns of \$40,000 in freight money to the owners.

The assertion that there is "nothing new under the sun" does not apply to industrial life in any of its modern phases. This thought is suggested by the appointment by the French Government of a commission of inquiry into the conditions of the railway industry. "To examine all orders from railway companies and take measures to ward off the metallurgical crisis now threatening; to urge on French industry modern methods, modern tools and fresh energy to meet foreign competition."

A PROHIBITIONIST ALWAYS A BIGOT.

Napoleon said, "Scratch a Russian and you always find a Tartar," and as a rule it is safe to say, "Scratch a Prohibitionist and you find a bigot." Recently a committee of clergymen appointed by the Ministers' Association of Chicago visited Fort Sheridan for the purpose of studying the canteen question. The committee was mostly composed of Chicago clergymen, but was headed by the Rev. W. B. Egan, pastor of the First Baptist church in Chicago.

The Texas Oil Fever.

There is no abatement in the oil fever in Texas. Uninflated by corn deals in Chicago or stock manipulations in New York, it is steadily increasing. The Galveston News says that there are 125 and 24 oil companies which have filed charters at Austin since January 1, and up to Sunday, May 5. The smallest capitalization is \$200,000 and the largest \$1,000,000. The larger number being capitalized from \$300,000 to \$500,000. One company, the Hoo-Joo, of Houston, has a capital of \$200,000 and another Houston company, the Texas Oil, has a capital of \$1,000,000.

For the Best, Perhaps.

It may be assumed that the speculative fever which was checked by the convulsion in Wall street would have gone on increasing in intensity as long as prices continued to rise and money had absorbed a much larger share of the available funds, and drawn more heavily on the available credit of the country.

His Hated Rival.

Editor Bryan is now engaged in viewing with alarm a proposed trip Westward which the friends of David Bennett Hill are arranging for that gentleman. It will be interesting to know, says Editor Bryan, darkly and mysteriously, "whether Mr. Hill will undertake to persuade the Democrats to open a fusion, and thus aid the republican party, or whether he has become a convert to those policies which have led to the triple alliance. From all the data at hand we think Mr. Hill does."

The Voice From Nebraska.

A hoarse voice from Lincoln, Neb., declares that, in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, there is nothing to do but "let democracy and plutocracy fight it out." The principal trouble about this is that whenever democracy has a clean shirt and enough energy to fight at all it is making a very creditable effort to join the plutocracy, if that is what getting on in the world is called. The attempt to divide the people politically on lines of personal fortune or ill fortune has not been a great success in the past and is not likely to be in the future.

Neighborhood Amenity.

Admiral Dewey has acquired a bakeshop in Omaha through the foreclosure of a mortgage. This property could doubtless be transferred by the Admiral, even to a member of his own family, without creating any scandal unless it might be thought an expression of surprise about the possibility of giving away property in Omaha.

Too Many Tips.

St. Louis Republic. There is something decidedly tiresome in the tale that it is rumored that some of the friends becoming rich through the tips of an army post when there is no canteen.

CONTROL OF FRUIT TRADE.

New York Journal of Commerce. Recent events have shown the impossibility of controlling the dried fruit trade in the address of the managers of the Raisin Association to the raisin-growers. "The association must obtain control of the dried fruit crop of the state or go out of business. If we have control any board of directors of ordinary business ability can run it successfully, but with the present crop of the state or go out of business. If we have control any board of directors of ordinary business ability can run it successfully, but with the present crop of the state or go out of business."

The bitterest opposition to the increase of the regular Army was based on the ground that on the specious pretext of needing a large Army for the Philippines the treasury would be loaded down with an immovable load of militarism; that the Republican party desired a large standing Army to overawe labor strikes in the interests of capitalism; that the Army would be a deathblow in the official announcement of the War Department that the total Army would be but 77,357 men, the enlisted strength being 74,504 men.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' BAD RISKS.

How Shall the Infatuated Be Converted to Common Sense? Brooklyn Eagle. The mutual insurance society known as the Royal Arcanum, in New Jersey, has decided to drop the matter of Christian Science as a "bad risk." And it does not want any more converts to that faith to join the order. Of course they are afraid of the risk of the order, which is the idea of growers wholly unfamiliar with the mercantile problems involved. The association can do a great deal to abate competition among producers to put the goods on the market gradually, not throwing too much on at a time, but it could not do what it aspired to even if it were a perfect monopoly.

Qualified as Candidates.

New York Tribune. Not many days ago a professional boxer called a sporting club in London. He was fourth in a series of glove fights and was bound to fight the champion within the walls of that clubhouse. Members of our State Senate and Assembly who voted against the bill to protect tame pigeons from cruel butchers ought to be in the sporting membership in that "sporting" organization. No doubt they would be accepted and acclaimed with all the honors.

Carmen Animalculum.

New York Press. We're gentle bacilli Of shy bert-berl, Of honey and Chile, Of Cap Town and Said. Just watch little Willy, Go derry-down-derry! Oh, living is merry As long as you're fella!

Coffee-And You!

Atlanta Constitution. Ah! life had been long and uncertain, Of birds to be lashed of the dew. But it still led the way To a beautiful day— To coffee—quotations, and you! To coffee—quotations, and you!

Oh, the stivvy souther!

Oh, the stivvy souther! The singing Of birds to be lashed of the dew. That morning in May, When Love led the bright way To coffee—quotations, and you!

MORALITY OF THE "CORNER."

New York Evening Post. Recent events have shown that sales by a foreign security-holder on the market involve the borrowing of the stock by his New York agent for delivery, until the European stock arrives by steamer. This is a perfectly legitimate operation; it is, indeed, the only way in which instant sales from one market to another can be made.

The gravest objection to a corner in securities, aside from the disreputable practice of inducing investors to invest in which it throws the entire situation, itself an abnormal element in the markets, it dislocates with the most violence the morality of the corner. A commercial panic always places the credit and solvency of a part of the community at the mercy of accident.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Why didn't we have a battle-ship to launch?

At all events, Hon. John Barrett is coming to Portland. Never mind, McKinley's the one who ought to be disappointed. Someone ought to write to Grover Cleveland and ask him to be ever tried sitting on his ball. The Gila River has gone dry. Strange! We never heard that it flowed through a prohibition state.

The French Parliament is in session.

The man who knows all about yachts will now succeed the hot-hot-enough-for-you fiasco as a Summer nuisance. In spite of the rumors that J. P. Morgan's health is bad, it is not generally believed that Mr. Morgan is in Europe for it.

Not to be outdone by wireless telegraphy.

It is said that a United States Senator lost his entire fortune, consisting of \$5,000,000, gambling in stock. We can see his finish as a Senator. Certain occupations do not lend themselves easily to terse description in taking the English census. Add to this the lack of practice in definition and curious results may be postulated from the census returns. At the last census one word was found in the column marked "occupation" which puzzled the authorities not a little. It was "cockroaking." After a while it dawned upon the officers that the man earned his living by gathering and selling cockles—he "went-a-cocking."

A Jeweler in Yokohama sends this card.

to prospective English-speaking customers. "Jewelry Makers. A finest in town Whiskey. No. 1. Alescho Itchom, how this card to Jintrikhaman. Our shop is best and obliging worker that has every-body known, and having articles genuine Japanese Crystals and all kinds of Curios. Gold or silver plate in electroplating or plain mending. Carving in Laid, work own name or monograms or any designs according to orders we can work how much different Job with lowest prices insure, please try, once try. Don't forget name Whiskey!"

When Chief Justice Furches, of North Carolina, took his seat recently.

after the failure of impeachment proceedings against him, he made the following statement: "The cause of my absence from court so long a time will form a page in the history of North Carolina. As to that I have nothing to say, but I deem it proper I should say that those who have been my friends in matters which have transpired during my absence are too generous to expect anything of me that they do not think is right and just. As to the cause of my absence, I don't wish to say that so far as my business transactions they may have nothing to fear from me, but that in all such matters they and the interests they represent shall receive the same attention and consideration from me as if they had been my friends. This is due from me as a public servant, and I do not wish to remain upon this bench unless I should so act."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS.

In Chicago.—"Sir, I would like to have your daughter for a wife." "Have you any recommendations from your former fathers-in-law?"—Life. Too Late.—"Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long. She—I am afraid he has given up all hope—Detroit Free Press. Situation.—I say, fellows, you don't want to get married, do you?—Chicago Record-Herald. You ought to set up as a clairvoyant. The way you read another's mind is simply marvelous.—Boston Transcript. "Why is justice pictured as a woman holding a pair of tongs?" "She's a hot body." "I don't know, but it would be a fair thing to represent her as an iron maiden with an iron's jaws."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. How to Tell.—"Are those your clothes or mine?" asked the athletic man of his wife. "Look in the hip pocket," was the reply. "It's the smell of salts that tells me if they're your clothes or mine."—Lester's Weekly. Brain Rest.—"What is it you like so much about golf, Mr. Noddler?" "Why, you know, it makes me think of something to talk about." "You know—without having to think up something to talk about—your know."—Chicago Record-Herald. Might Borrow One.—"Poor old Hubbin, he hasn't a single relative in the world over 20 years of age." "I don't see as that's so bad." "You don't? Why, what's he going to do for an excuse to go to the circus?"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Widowed Father (to his 10-year-old daughter)—"Did you know, Minnie, that your governess is going to get married?—Lined just to get rid of the hateful thing—I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Miss Tibbits. A Serious Complaint.—"What made you leave your place with that gemman?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "Didn't he pay you right?" "Yes," answered Mr. Spooking. "I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Miss Tibbits. Tired to Pleasur Her.—"Mistress—I'd just like to know what was the meaning of all that load and angry talking downstairs last night. Domestic—That was just me and my husband, mum. "Your husband? You told me when you came to me that you were not married." "I wasn't then, mum; but you complained about havin' so much love-makin' in th' kitchen, so I married one of 'em."—New York Weekly.

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