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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Fair, with northerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 18.

JAPAN'S GRIEVOUS HANDICAP.

Economic annals of recent years have had no more interesting phase than the failure of dismal prophecy of inroads upon our manufacturing industry through Oriental competition. The promised ascendency of Japan, for example, through wonderful powers of imitation and cheap labor, has not come to hand. What discerning observers asserted years ago has now been demonstrated by experience—that is, that the imitator can never hope to surpass the originator; that cheap labor, so-called, is very likely, especially in manufacturing industry, to prove the most costly kind of labor, and that as a people's earning power increases, its consuming power will increase, so that its wages will rise, and the heavier its output for export, the greater will be the market it affords for distant producers.

These ideas were steadfastly maintained in The Oregonian some seven or eight years ago when the Japanese awakening first appeared and when the dangers of Oriental competition were so thoroughly exploited, and have been supported ever since. An interesting and circumstantial corroboration of them is afforded in the letters Mr. Frederick L. Palmer is writing from the Orient to the New York Evening Post. He notes an amazing increase of Japanese exports, but the imports have kept pace with them. "As the people earned more," he says, "they consumed more, growing fonder of foreign goods. So a protest is raised in the press against individual extravagance on the part of all classes." In short, says Mr. Palmer, "the prophecy that Osaka's cheap factory labor would drive European and American goods out of the Eastern market has proved to be as idle as the prophecy made by Sir Robert Hart thirty years ago in a dreamy moment, that by 1900 the Chinese merchant flag would be seen oftener in the harbor of Liverpool than the British flag on the Yangtse. The atmosphere of the Orient is particularly suited to bogies."

But our prime object in noting Mr. Palmer's letters is to draw attention to a yet unrecognized source of Oriental inferiority, and one whose importance can hardly be overestimated. This is the handicap of dear money. Thus: "While money seeks investment at half the rate in London or New York, one of the great Japanese steamship companies offers 8 per cent. In Yokohama, while one of the great English banking institutions pays 5 per cent on fixed deposits, a native bank on the same street pays 7. The native bank is owned by a family which is to Japan what the Rothschilds are to England or France. Yet it gets far less foreign money than the English concern."

The terms upon which money can be hired constitute an all-powerful factor in industrial competition. Lower interest rates have enabled New England cotton manufacturers to resist the threatened ruin that was to be forced upon them by the Southern mills. The South had cheaper labor, equal machinery, and saved freight from the plantation to the factory. Against these advantages New England had only lower interest rates, but she won out. So in the maritime world, cheap money has enabled Great Britain to outbuild and outsail the United States; but with the coming of low interest rates, Americans can build and operate as cheaply as the British. With these comparisons at hand, we need not be surprised to learn that Japan feels hopelessly unable to compete with the United States on its own ground until its interest rates more nearly approximate those of this country or Europe.

The fixed charge of interest is a permanent element all manufacturing enterprise must reckon with. The advantage an old community with great accumulated savings enjoys over a backward community with inferior security is part of the reward it secures for the hardship its capital suffers by reason of low interest. Money earns little interest in Great Britain, but its factories defy the world; and with all Japan's advantages her dear money will be a continuous handicap until the accumulations of generations press interest down to the international level. In the most differently circumstanced communities there are unsuspected compensations that will discover themselves to painstaking research.

The useful, unostentatious, purposeful citizen was well represented in the late Dr. William Geiger, of Forest Grove. Upright in principle, persistent in purpose, of modest self-estimate and contented mind, he passed more than 50 of his 85 years of life in a single community, honoring it by his presence and contributing to its success by his endeavor. From the home that he set up in the wilderness, more than half a century ago, with Elizabeth Cornwall, his wife, children and children's children have gone out with a heritage of uprightness, while many in a wider and ever-widening community came through sickness to know the balm of his cheerful presence and to attest the simple arts of his healing. A life ordered in conformity with nature was ended and its record closed by the death of Dr. Geiger at four score and five years.

IN MITIGATION OF A NUISANCE.

It is a sad commentary on the depravity of human nature that the advent of Summer weather brings loud complaint from the very same persons who have been but now bewailing the cold and the rain. It is not, apparently, that they really want hot weather when it is cold, or cold weather when it is hot, but that discontent is their normal state and grumbling their natural occupation. The desirability of seasonable weather is nothing to them. They would have dry, clear Mays, with a consequent crop shortage. Then they would have cool Junes and Julys, with insufficient ripening weather for fruit and grain. They would give the merchant no chance to sell his umbrellas and heavy overcoats in Winter, or straw hats and sunshades in Summer.

Yet while we must recognize the meteorological pessimist as a public enemy, it will not do to denounce unmeasurably. Let us rather avoid the error of intemperance into which he has fallen, and set him an example in moderation. Besides, there is some excuse for his failing. Because a man objects to freezing to death in Winter is no reason why he should uncomplainingly submit to being burned up in Summer. We take it, moreover, that one prime source of the weather pessimist's activity has never been adequately recognized, and this is the burden laid upon him of contributing a due share to the conversation. The world would be a far drearier place if it were not for the heroism of those who conquer lassitude, weariness and distaste for those with whom they are thrown, in a supreme effort of self-sacrifice to make remarks.

Herein lies, in fact, one of the profoundest altruistic forms of modern life and a demonstration in Christian fortitude that Dr. Paley might well have included in his "Evidences." To greet persons you abhor with a cheery "How are you!"; to pay respectful admiration to the unlovely or the old, and set roses blooming in cheeks to which beauty has been a stranger; to be tender and captivating with the spoiled child as well as the well-bred and winsome; to smile at the stupid joke as well as the clever one; to talk entertainingly when you are out of sorts, or suffering with corns and toothache, or badgered by unfeeling creditors—these are acts of moral courage above the reach of many a man who would march undaunted to the cannon's mouth or plunge from shipboard to rescue a drowning child.

Let us remember, then, that perhaps when our neighbor remarks upon the beastly weather he is not voicing the ceaseless discontent and rebellion in him so much as he is trying to be interesting. "My, isn't it hot!" or "What a cold Spring we are having!" may be only the outgrowth of an unconscious conviction that to state the bald, unvarnished fact about the precipitation and the temperature would be insufferably dull and unentertaining. We are in danger, also, of forgetting the large and increasing number of those who seldom find in the weather cause for anything but felicitation. There be happy souls to whom all weather is good; and who cry "Amen, praise God!" at every dispensation of Providence, like the happy heroine in Tennyson's poem.

A VISION OF PEACE.

The avowed purpose of the new Republican Club just organized in Portland is assured of the glad hand from all humane-minded persons. Harmony, heavenly harmony, is its theme, though in a restricted sense. It is for harmony in the ranks of the Republican party, but when it impinges on the Democracy, then it is for war to the knife. This is obviously a limited form of harmony, and opens up possibilities of severe mortality among Democrats on election day; yet so far as it goes, it is in the direction of peace. In this era of harmonizations and community of interests, it might be only a step from unification of factions in a party to unification of the parties. There are opportunities in the political field which may attract the ambition of the most daring promoters. If the factions can be syndicated, why not the parties? It is a matter of common knowledge that strife within the party is oftener more bitter than the conflict between parties. No men can hate each other more fiercely than brothers once estranged, and if factional animosity can be allayed by harmony clubs, there is no limit to the scope of the political promoter.

Yet the magnitude of the task should not be underestimated. There are elements in the local situation that might daunt the stoutest heart. Unfortunately, there are in politics no widely sundered territories of revenue such as the railroads or the steel plants apportion among themselves. Such is human nature that when one faction wins out at the primaries, history records no instance of its turning over a portion of the usufruct to its prostrate antagonist. It wants a sweeping victory, and if it can't have that it expects defeat. It is conceivable, of course, that the various offices might be syndicated between the principal Oregon Republican factions, Simon and anti-Simon, but in practice it would be very hard to realize. He would be a bold man, for example, who should undertake to convince Mr. Hirsch and Mr. Fulton that their interests would be advanced by Mr. Simon's re-election to the Senate. Who shall persuade Governor Geer that Mr. Booth or Mr. Williamson would be the best man for Governor, or convince Mr. Dunbar that one term as Secretary of State is quite enough for any man? What is wanted, in a word, is the "machine," and it is indivisible. It controls everything, and for its possession each side bends all its energies. Harmony before the primaries is a beautiful dream, but in its realization the new Republican Club need not expect immediate success.

Nor is the prospect much brighter if we transfer the harmonization of the party to the after-nomination period. This club doubtless proposes that while everybody shall scrap to his heart's content before the convention, once the candidates have been chosen every man shall buckle down "like a true Republican" and "work for the success of the whole ticket." This is a favorite theme of the party man, especially the victor. The orator says, after the slate has gone through, that he is that kind of a Republican (or Democrat) who believes that when the party has passed upon his candidacy and chosen another man, the time for fighting has passed, and now he will put his shoulder to the wheel and help roll up an old-time Democratic (or Republican) victory. If he is in a Republican convention, he says that is true Republicanism; if he is in a Democratic convention, he says that is true Democracy—i. e., to acquiesce in the will of the majority. The victorious candidates are invariably of the opinion that the losers should support the whole ticket. The losers profess the same opinion; but it is very common for them to knife it. The indefeasible right to bolt has never been alienated, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. Therein lies the check upon the reckless ambitions of unscrupulous bosses. Harmony is nice to read about, but, like most good things, it can be purchased at too high a price. Even the members of the Universal Peace Society would incline to favor war to the knife against the politicians, once the opposing machines had been solidified into a community of interest.

THE MISTAKES OF YEREX.

An interesting letter from Mr. Yerex printed in yesterday's Oregonian contained many useful hints regarding Oriental trade. It also contained some assertions tending to show that Portland's trade with the far East is neither understood nor appreciated by some people who are presumably in very close touch with it. Mr. Yerex says that considerable California flour is consumed in North China, and intimates that Portland dealers are overlooking something by shipping flour to South America by way of California instead of shipping it to the Orient. Continuing, Mr. Yerex says:

> Would it not appear more natural for San Francisco to ship California flour to South America and Portland to divert that flour cargo now going via San Francisco to China? Does this not prove that Oregon can deliver the same quality of flour to China for from 25 cents to 50 cents per barrel less than California?

Hong Kong is the distributing point for North China ports, and while small shipments are made direct to some of these ports, experiment has proved that the most satisfactory method for handling the trade is by making Hong Kong the great distributing point for that country. On the date of Mr. Yerex's letter, the port stocks of Pacific Coast flour at Hong Kong were 1,400,000 quarter sacks. Of this amount, 350,000 sacks were from California and 1,050,000 quarter sacks from Oregon and Washington. These figures do not indicate that California is cutting a very wide swath in the foreign territory, even though she was first in the field.

As to the South American shipments from this port, a limited amount of flour has been shipped direct from Portland at the same rate charged from San Francisco, and where the stock was trans-shipped at San Francisco the local rate from Portland was absorbed by the steamship companies, which are at present engaged in some very fierce competition on the southern route. The supremacy of T. B. Wilcox, of this city, in the Oriental flour trade is unquestioned, and there is nothing in his work for the past fifteen years in which he has been handling the trade that would indicate that he was overlooking any opportunity to push the sale of Oregon flour.

The mistake that Mr. Yerex has made—and it is a mistake which a large proportion of the business men of this city also make—is in underestimating the volume of business that Portland is already doing. They hear the noise that is made in rival ports, and confuse noise with actual business. Meanwhile this city ships more wheat and lumber than any other city on the Pacific Coast. It also sells goods and supplies money to the men who handle wool, livestock, hops and salmon to the value of from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 annually.

The men actually engaged in each particular branch of business do not need information as to what they are doing or what they should do. The Portland Flouring Mills Company and the Pacific Export Lumber Company have made Oregon flour and lumber famous all over the Orient, and they have the best agents obtainable right on the spot all the time. If Mr. Yerex can work up a trade for Oregon butter, canned goods, fruit, etc., he will accomplish much for the general good of the entire state, but Portland exporters already have a long lead in the flour business in the Orient and can never be headed. We are doing a greater export business than ever before; and it is steadily increasing, but there are a large number of business men in this city who are not aware of the fact, simply because they do not take the trouble to keep informed.

OVERDOING THE SCHOOLS.

Dr. Luther Gulick, director of the High School of the Pratt Institute, at Brooklyn, N. Y., is a man of sound common sense in his vigorously expressed hostility to the present tendency in schools to multiply topics with the certainty of superficiality, intellectual dissipation and impoverishment, when the greater need is of more thought about fewer subjects and more absorption in them in the impressionable time of life. A great college teacher recently said in a public address that an indisposition to read books is not the trouble with the growing generation so much as it is the habit of reading so many that the memory carries off nothing that serves for food for future thought. "We normal human beings," he said, "cannot live and grow in an atmosphere of thirteen topics a week." Dr. Gulick would not overwork, and yet he would not overdivert the school youth. He emphasizes the importance of thoroughness rather than variety; the importance of knowing a few things well than many superficially. He does not deny that the new educational methods make the schoolroom less dull, but he evidently does not believe much in the kindergarten philosophy of public schools, even for young children, deeming it a bad preparation for the legitimate field of the public school, and does not believe in it at all for the youth of larger growth. He thinks the High Schools of twenty years ago gave the pupils better education and preparation for life work than the public schools do today, when the school youth live in a perfectly bewildering mass of studies which distract and demoralize, make concentration of thought and attention most difficult, "leading to the taste of many things and the digestion of none."

Dr. Gulick holds that since all contribute to the support of the public schools, its main object must not be the preparation of the few for higher education, but the many for the practical work of life into which the vast majority plunge on leaving school. Fifty years ago our grandfathers fed on a few books, carefully read and digested a few solid books, and out of these books they derived so excellent a vocabulary that Senator Hoar thinks that Harvard's crop from 1840 to 1855 could think and write better than Harvard's best culture can today. They did not know so many things absolutely, but they had mastered all the essentials, the fundamentals, of human knowledge thoroughly and well. Dr. Gulick is right. When we remember not only how few books Lincoln read, but how few books men of greater opportunities than Lincoln read, men like Webster, Tom Corwin and Roscoe Conkling, we can see that the critical teacher is right who says in substance that it is not of half so much importance that you read a vast number of books as it is that you read so carefully that your strong, clear memory of what you have read is a ceaseless stimulus to thought.

The charm of Macaulay lies in the fact that he made his vast memory of facts an inexhaustible storehouse of food for sound and just thought. His essays and history are really brilliant examples of the art of literary and political instruction by object-lessons drawn from his mine of information. Webster was not a classical scholar of any great repute, but he had read Shakespeare, Milton and Burke thoroughly. John Bright was not a classical scholar, nor a university graduate, like Gladstone, but, like Webster, he had read Shakespeare, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Milton and Burke, and he was a greater master of his own tongue than Gladstone. Tom Corwin and Roscoe Conkling knew a few books and knew them well. Both agreed that a public speaker to be effective should know well Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, for in these poets he would find his best stimulus and his vocabulary. Such men do not read to quote; they read in order to be stimulated to think. The methods of self-education and self-training pursued by able men are worth considering in schools. Let the child be taught to master his books, but in order that he may be able to master them thoroughly his books should not be multiplied to such an extent that no topic will be absolutely understood, while of all he will have but superficial knowledge.

The best news that has come from Nome in many months is that it has settled down to business of the orderly kind. The name no longer stands for a boom of the wildly speculative type, but for the promise of prosperity earned by intelligent, patient, painstaking endeavor. Fabulously rich strikes are no longer expected, but certainty of remuneration for well-ordered labor is assured. The beach and surrounding country are rich in gold. The deposits, though no longer to be found "among the grass roots" or in the sands waiting to be picked up or washed out, have not been "worked out," but still wait to remunerate the patient miner, properly equipped for his toil. The whole story is told in the statement from Washington: "As a boom town Nome City is a thing of the past; it will henceforth be a settled mining center." No longer classed as the "poor man's gold field," it has abundant promise as the persistent man's opportunity to make some money and perhaps to accumulate a fortune.

The man who thinks or assumes that all religious truth centers in himself and is irradiated only through his teachings is necessarily a self-sufficient fellow, who hovers upon the brink of self-laudatory insanity until, sooner or later, he topples over it. It is not surprising, therefore, that John Alexander Dowie, who has varied the programme of the modern religious pretenders by assuming the role of the prophet Elijah instead of that of Christ, has become insane upon the subject of himself and fancying that he is of very great importance, and has conceived the idea that there are those who, under the law, are trying to kidnap him and "get him out of the way." Less sagacious than "Mother" Eddy, who keeps under cover and makes her egotism pay, Dowie will soon land in an insane asylum, where he can play for nothing the role of Elijah to a multitude only less mad than himself.

A pension act passed long ago granted pensions to minors who had lost their fathers in war, the pensions to continue until the minors reached a specified age. The intention of the law was to provide for the support of children in need of help whose fathers had been killed. But thousands of these children did not need help, and their mothers never applied for it. Those children all passed out of the "minor" stage long ago, but the claim agents work up these cases and apply for the amount that "minors" would have received in case application had been made in their behalf during childhood. In the last eleven months $927,314 was paid out on these old "minor" claims, the average payment being $1514. This illustrates the beauties of our pension system.

An unsuspected humorist seems to have become attached to the Associated Press force in Chicago. His Sunday exploit was on this wise:

> Sitting on the left of President Harper in the graduate quadrangle tent, John D. Rockefeller worshiped for five successive hours today in attendance at the divine services of Convocation Sunday in the decennial celebration of the University of Chicago. The session of worship lasted from about 8 o'clock in the morning until nearly 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At its conclusion Mr. Rockefeller was almost exhausted, and rested the remainder of the day.

The only wonder is that he wasn't done out entirely. Look out for a rise in coal oil.

The comic muse has so long anticipated the cook ladies' union that the proposed organization of Chicago servant girls lacks the merit of originality. Its logical consequence, if it materializes, will be an association of employing housewives. All of which looks like the trust principle gone to seed.

The English nobleman who has been arrested for marrying a wife in America when he was already adequately supplied may have found the second marriage necessary to pay the expenses incident to the first.

This latest British disaster in South Africa is not bad luck, but bad management. No detachment has any business to be surprised.

If a railroad president is industrious and economical, he ought to be able to retire with almost as much money as a successful jockey.

MR. FULTON PROTESTS AGAIN.

An Endeavor to Inculcate Larger Views at Astoria.

Hon. C. W. Fulton, of Astoria has written another letter in reply to the assertion that there should be no more improvement of the Columbia River by the General Government above the town of Astoria. This letter is in reply to the Astorian newspaper. It is as trenchant as the one that was addressed to the Astoria News. We reprint it in full:

ASTORIA, June 15.—(Editor Astorian.)—I had not contemplated being drawn into a newspaper discussion of the river improvement question, nor do I propose pursuing it further. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing surprise and regret that you should have published the editorial which appeared in the issue of the 14th inst.—surprise that you should advance a proposition so utterly indefensible, and regret that this community should be so grossly misrepresented by a newspaper published in its midst.

You condemn the action of Congress in making appropriations for improvement of the Columbia between Astoria and Portland. I do not intend entering upon a discussion at length to prove the error of your contention for, though it would not be a difficult task, it is unnecessary. The appropriations will be made just the same, and all your opposition will not reduce a single appropriation a single dollar. There is one thing you can and will succeed in doing, however, if your statements shall be permitted to go unchallenged by any resident here, and that is, create an impression throughout the state that you represent the sentiment of this community, whereupon we will all become the objects of that contempt ever extended to the narrow-minded and the vicious.

Strange it is to me, however, that you can imagine that the reasons you assign, in support of your contention, rise to the dignity of argument. Realizing that it is the policy of the General Government to engage in internal improvements of this character elsewhere, you select the case of the Delaware River as representing a proper case for Government aid.

You say "the Government has its finest navy yards on the Delaware near Philadelphia."

Well, how did they get there? They did not grow. Most of them have been erected by the Government. Then the finest navy yards may be maintained on the Delaware River, nearly 100 miles inland. Why not on the Columbia? But you say again, "the Delaware is a very deep, wide river, navigable at all seasons of the year," whereas, by inference, you assert that the Columbia is not.

Now is not the cause altogether bad which drives one to such statements? Do you really mean to say that the Columbia is not so broad, nor so deep as the Delaware in its natural state? Or that the Columbia is not navigable at all seasons of the year? Whether you meant to be so understood or not, that is what you have said and that is what you have sent broadcast throughout the state as an evidence of Astoria's willingness to falsify and belittle Oregon's most splendid title to fame. Once we were proud to say, "Where rolls the Oregon." It was left to the editor of the Astorian, standing on the bank of this most noble of rivers, sublime in its majesty and grandeur, to discover that it is less wide, less deep and generally less capable of serving commerce than is the Delaware. Whatever of glory there is in that discovery is all your own. None will rise to dispute it with you.

Do you not see that the arguments you advance only serve to bring upon us reproach? Everyone knows that if it is a sound public policy for the Government to improve any river, no reason can be given why it should not improve the Columbia. But what I want to know is, why should an Oregon paper, or a citizen of Oregon, object to Government aid in improving an Oregon river, particularly when it is one of the great rivers of the continent? Should a citizen of Washington or California object I could readily understand the motive, though even he would doubtless be ashamed to admit the true motive. But why a citizen of Oregon? Do you pretend that it is pure patriotism; that you are opposed to the employment of public funds for that purpose because you do not deem it a matter of public concern? Then why not make your objecting general? Why select the one great river of the Pacific Coast? Why favor the Delaware and oppose the Columbia? Do you know that everyone understands that your object is to injure another locality in hopes thereby of building up your own? The result of such articles is only to create enemies to combat every legitimate enterprise in which we engage.

To no extent interfere with or retard improvement of the entrance. Let us devote our energies to building up our own industries, advancing our own interests, not to attempt to injure or destroy those of some other locality. The truth is, the interests of Portland and Astoria are one. Neither can have any great prosperity without the other benefiting thereby. Both are largely dependent upon the commerce of the Columbia. We can not make that river serve commerce too well. Astoria is and ever will be Oregon's best and leading seaport, but it will never attain its highest possibilities until the Columbia River shall be cleared of every obstruction to commerce that money and skill can remove. Let us work together to secure appropriations for the improvement of the entrance, the channel and the opening of the upper river.

C. W. FULTON.

Why Buchanan Never Married.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Buchanan, who was the first bachelor elected to the presidency, was sixty-five years of age when elected, and had deliberately given himself to a life of celibacy. In the days when he was a young lawyer of Lancaster, Pa., he had loved Miss Coleman, a beautiful daughter of a citizen of that town. They had been engaged to be married, when one day he was surprised to receive from her a request to release her from the promise. According to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the separation originated in a misunderstanding on the part of the lady, who was unusually sensitive, over some small matter exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues. Soon after the estrangement she was sent to Philadelphia, and there she died suddenly. Throughout the rest of his life, or for nearly half a century, Mr. Buchanan is not known to have revealed to anybody the circumstances of this romantic tragedy. He would only say that it had changed his hopes and plans, and had led him more deeply than ever into politics as a distraction from his grief. In his old age, long after he had retired permanently to private life, he called attention to a package containing, he said, the papers and relics which would explain the causes of his youthful sorrow, and which he preserved evidently with the idea of revealing them before his death. But when he died, and his will was read, it was found that he had directed that the package should be burned without being opened, and his injunction was obeyed.

Pertinent Inquiries.

Lewiston Tribune.

If Portland can sell goods that have to be transported more than six hundred miles over a mountainous and broken country, how much more business and how much more advantageously could it do business if the haul were shortened three hundred miles and the route reduced to a gravity system? If a country can prosper and grow strong and important while its commerce must be carried more than six hundred miles to the market place, how much more could it prosper and how much more commerce would it have if the market place were only some three hundred miles distant? These are questions Portland and the O. R. & N. Co. might figure on in determining whether they can afford to accept any situation that closes up the main highway to the sea—the only highway for all the region that spreads out like a fan from Lewiston and comprises the country drained by the Clearwater and Snake Rivers and their affluents.

The Laugh Is on Chauncey.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The New York papers are gravely discussing the question whether Depew's deliverance in favor of a third term for McKinley was or was not intended as a joke. But whatever Depew may have intended, it certainly turned out to be a joke—a huge, roaring, side-splitting joke—on Depew. Whether his gun was aimed at duck or plover, what it actually did was to "knock the owner over."

How Roosevelt May Learn.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Vice-President Roosevelt could get points as to how to preside over the United States Senate by attending the Republican State Convention. Mr. Hanna will be there, and the thoroughness with which he presides over a convention without actually being in the chair was shown at the convention of last year.

FROM EASTERN OREGON

La Grande Chronicle.

The coming of the river and harbor committee will afford an excellent opportunity for Portland and Eastern Oregon to get together and stay together. Rabid politicians and newspapers have tried for selfish reasons to create a breach between the sections, but their unavailing efforts only add to the proof that the interests of the two are so closely knit that they are inseparable. Portland is a great market place, and the interior a great producer, but without the Inland Empire Portland would be failure, and without Portland the Inland Empire would remain undeveloped. Our trade flows to Portland as naturally as the waters run to the sea, and Portland receives and distributes that trade as naturally as the Pacific receives the waters of the Columbia. The interests of the Columbia River Basin are interdependent and they tend seaward with Portland as their center.

The bantam-like show of independence on the part of many, particularly politicians, in the interior is as futile as would be the efforts of a canoe to go against the current at The Dalles. A co-operative spirit, and not a defiant attitude, is needed. Eastern Oregon—to be more specific in the application of these remarks—can always demand concessions when she deserves them, but not sooner. Our population until recently has been scant and widely distributed, and our commercial and political privileges have been in accordance. We may rail as we please against the Multnomah push, but if Multnomah has the population she is entitled to be in the push. Furthermore, other things being equal, the ablest men are to be found congregated about the large centers, and politics is regulated by men more than by sections. If is natural enough that small politicians should raise the line and cry against able men in sections that must control by sheer force of numbers. But no representation, from whatever section it comes, would dare otherwise than work for the interests of all alike.

The occasion, then, that now presents itself is a fortunate one if Oregonians avail themselves of it to show that the petty differences are only so much froth upon the waves of politics and commerce.

Uniforms and the British Officers.

Contemporary Review.

Perhaps the most mystifying feature of British Army life (and the one most discussed by the rank and file of the army) is that law which makes the wearing of uniform compulsory with the men and non-commissioned officers at all times, while prescribing it for officers only when on actual duty. Except on state occasions the Commander-in-Chief never appears in uniform; the staff at the Horse Guards transact their daily business in the attire of physicians and stock brokers; the mess dress of the Household Brigade is ordinary evening clothes; all ranks of commissioned officers in every camp or garrison hasten to attire themselves in "dittoes" the moment their brief morning's sacrifice to duty is over.

"The British soldiers," said von Moltke, "are enjoined never to disgrace the Queen's uniform.' As to the officers, they are so terribly afraid of disgracing it that they keep it hung up in a dark closet for 350 days out of the year."

It has been alleged that if a plebiscite could secretly be effected among the officers, it would be found that the opinion of the majority would not be opposed to the rational custom which obtains in all other armies of the world. It has been pointed out by military reformers, and by numerous prominent army men themselves, that the present practice is detrimental to morale; but, as a rule, they have been laughed at for their pains or scornfully derided as advocating "bad form." The contention is, and perhaps it was advanced with some show of reason, that the practice of mufti lent the officer distinction in the eyes of the men by conceding him an obvious additional privilege of class. No one today who has much mingled in the society of privates of the line needs to be told that the privilege of mufti granted to the officers, and the slight upon the Queen's uniform which it implies, are very far indeed from enhancing the status or authority of the officers in the mind of the privates, but, on the contrary, constitute a much-canvassed grievance.

The Texas Franchise Decision.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Texas that a franchise, the intangible property of a corporation, is not taxable, comes in the nature of a revelation. Texas is the last state in the Union from which one would have expected such a ruling, it having been noted for the strictness of its legislation affecting corporations. This pronouncement from the court of last resort in a state of such transportation and manufacturing possibilities as Texas is bound to have great effect, not only in that state, but perhaps in many others. It is the more remarkable coming at the time when in other states there is an attempt to tax the franchises of corporations to the last degree. It would not be surprising if the pendulum should now swing to the other extreme, coincident with the organization of so many corporations in the oil, cotton-spinning and railroad industries. No state presents a fresher or larger field, and the encouragement of capital would bring immense amounts from the North and East. The same in a general way is true of the whole South, which would probably follow the lead of Texas in this matter.

The ground taken in the Texas decision that the franchise of a corporation is lifeless without its real property, and that, therefore, taxing franchises is double taxation, is an old contention of corporations, which maintain that the assessment of earning power is an arbitrary burden upon production, very much the same as it would be to assess the skill, energy and business capacity of the individual. The courts have not sustained this contention, we believe, until in this case in Texas.

Need of Reciprocity.

"We are out in the world now looking for trade," said George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, in a recent interview in Des Moines. "The Republican party has adopted a foreign policy which is inconsistent with commercial isolation. Commercial expansion is the motto and ambition of the time. It requires a conciliatory policy toward the people whose markets we desire to enter. We must give and take, live and let live; in other words, supplement protection with reciprocity, giving reasonable consideration to those who give it to us. That is the progressive National policy. It is impossible to conceive of this country's realizing its highest possibilities without adopting such a policy, and the time has come to begin to shape it."

America Sets the Example.

Houston Post.

The protectionists of this county airly declare that European nations would not dare put a prohibitive tariff on American goods "because they would thus deprive their subjects or citizens of the right to buy in the best and cheapest market." As this country dares to do that it does not appear that there is a positive reason why Europe should not do likewise. Our American protectionists can never get that beam out of their own optics.

Canteen Has a Better Chance.

Chicago Chronicle.

Several of the cadets dismissed from West Point for hazing imagine that they can make a National issue of their case and occupy the time of Congress with it next Winter. If the information is of any value to them they are hereby informed that the Army canteen stands a better chance of being reinstated than they do.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Summer came in a bunch.

What is so hot as a day in June?

Now is the time to lay in your Winter stock of stoves.

He who builds a racing yacht
Will have to spend whate'er he's gacht.

This is the kind of weather that increases the fame of our old friend Fahrenheit.

The college president who is waiting for Russell Sage to make a donation to his institution had better send for his lunch.

In a report of a sham battle in Berlin it was stated that the temperature was near the freezing point. What's the fare to Berlin?

The typewriter has figured almost as largely in the America's cup contest this year as it would in a prizefight or a French duel.

The silence of Chauncey M. Depew is probably accounted for by the fact that he is looking for the joke in that remark about the third term.

The sun shines from the firmament,
A fiery ball of flame,
And thus we know that Spring has went
And golden Summer's came.

Professor Herron will be sufficiently punished. He will wake up some morning and find his name is not in a single newspaper of that date.

Andrew Carnegie says his present business is giving away money. He will probably find it freer from obstacles than the business of getting other people to give it to him.

Now the Emperor of China is going to start a report of his death. When an Emperor has to do such work as that there must be something radically wrong with his press agent.

Now the
Really truly Summer proves itself to be a bummer,
And with
Out a decent warning runs the mercury sky high;
And we
Grumble as we swelter or beneath the trees seek shelter
From the
Burning rays that bake us till we're nicely crisp and dry.
But we
Would not mind the weather, though it's beastly altogether,
We can
Bathe in perspiration and feel better for it too,
If 'twas
No for that most hated fiend whose lips are always freighted
With this
Bright and witty question: "Is it hot enough for you?"

The last article written by the late Maurice Thompson is called "Rocked in the Wind's Cradle." It is a story of a hammock in the Georgia woods, beginning as follows: "I took my English longbow and arrows, my fishing tackle, my books and my tent up in to the hills of North Georgia and dwelt for two golden weeks all alone beside the Salliquoy, a stream which at my chosen point is but a strong, spring-fed millstream wherein the bass find life very pleasant. My tent I pitched under a widespreading oak, with its doorway looking upon a tangled mass of wild rose vines in full bloom."

An art critic of Parma who has written volumes about the old masters used to wax enthusiastic over the peculiar shadow which covered Correggio's famous picture, "The Transfiguration," in the Church of San Giovanni Battista, noted for its frescoes. He said that producing this shadow or haze was a lost art, known only to Correggio. Lately a crack was observed in the dome of the church, and upon repairing it the discovery was made that the frescoes were covered with a film of smoke and dust. Accordingly a man was put to work to clean them, and the great critic was horrorstricken to behold a workman rubbing off the famous shadow with a ball of dough. He appealed to the Minister of Fine Arts to stop the desecration in vain, and the lost art of Correggio was ruthlessly wiped off.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Obliging.—Mrs. Brown—Will this bottle hold a quarter's worth of hair tonic? Druggist—Oh, yes, Mrs. Brown; I can make it hold 50 cents' worth if you say so.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Meant.—Riner—Yes, my sonnet came back from "Scribber's" with the usual printed slip. Chimer—Why don't you try "Wayuppe Magazine?" They print some awfully rotten stuff.—Philadelphia Press.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand)—Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor? Deck Hand—Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it.—Fun.

A Half-Published Volume.—He—I object to typewritten letters, my dear. I want your own lovely individual touch on the pages. She—Don't be foolish, precious; typewritten love letters, you see, are ready to be hustled right off to the printer.—Cleveland Record-Herald.

Mrs. Jones—Are you aware, Mrs. Skinbone, that your dog has just bitten my little Willie? Mrs. Skinbone—What, your Willie, who has only just got over scarlet fever? Oh, Mrs. Jones, if anything should happen to Fido, I'd never forgive you.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fallen Angel.—"What's this, dearie?" said the young husband, as he tried to bite into it. "Why, that's angel food, darling," replied the fair creature on the other side of the table. "Oh, is it?" with contracted brows and set jaws. "I—I thought, perhaps, it was marble cake."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

What Hurt Him.—"I shall sue him for libel," said the man who is making large sums of money out of the credulity of the masses. "For what?" "He called me a common swindler. It's pretty hard for a man who has worked as hard as I have to be original to be referred to as 'common.'"—Washington Star.

It Isn't Satisfactory.—"Well, that ought to settle the baggage-smashers," she commented with every evidence of satisfaction as she read of the trunk that exploded upon coming in contact with a building in New York. "Yes," he admitted, "but the plan isn't feasible for general use. You see, it also settles the trunk."—Chicago Post.

Auld Scotlnt's Songs.

Air—"The Flowers of Edinburgh."
Wallace Bruce.

When Spring-tide comes wi' sunny smile
And streamlets wake in every glen,
When lovers linger at the stile,
And a' the warld is young again,
I think of meadows far away,
Where gowans bloom and memories throng,
Of nooks where light and shadow play—
The Spring-tide glints in Scottish song.

When Summer spreads the vale wi' flowers,
And westlin' winds blow saft and sweet;
When linnets sing in hawthorn bowers,
And golden hours are a' too fleet;
I hear each leaf and rustling blade
Respond to raptures deep and strong;
The "Barley Riggs" shall never fade—
The Summer blooms in Scottish song.

When Autumn paints the purple hills,
And skylark notes salute the morn;
When every slope wi' glory thrills
To heather bells of freedom born;
I walk the fields where patriots died
To sweep away a tyrant's wrong;
Yon thistle-down floats far and wide—
The Autumn glows in Scottish song.

When Winter chides the bickerin' burn,
And branches bend wi' icy sleet;
When cotters frae their toil return,
An' roun' the ingle neebors meet;
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