

The Oregonian.

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correct inadequate representation there of the immediate and pressing needs of the Pacific Northwest.

WHO PAYS THE TAX?

Whether the foreigner or the importer pays the tax is an old and perplexing inquiry of tariff discussion. In one way, also, it is unprofitable, for in the last analysis the burden falls on the producer of exports.

endured at home in the spirit which tolerates an evil because it is a necessity. But they have no consideration among well-bred and well-behaved people. South Carolina puts her politics in the hands, for rough hands are essential to rough work.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

The committee on Federal relations of the Iowa House has unanimously decided to report for passage a resolution memorializing Congress to take the Hoar bill restricting the issuance of injunctions against strikers.

As I have gone about the country these last few weeks, I have seen how this bill is being worked in the districts like Southern Oregon and several coast counties, which lie at some considerable distance from Portland, and which can only be reached by some considerable expenditure of time and money.

President Eliot, though advanced in years, does not let the time run by him, but keeps abreast of it. He said, furthermore, that the phenomenon of today in regard to the academic life, that it is all new. In spite of the fact that Harvard is centuries old, university administration, its life, is new, all new, each day, each week.

Uncle Sam as the host of royalty fills the role with self-respect, dignity and generous hospitality. While he does not scant the courtesy due to a foreign guest, he sees that the President of the United States is representative of the people.

These statutes are ample to meet just such cases. Nevertheless, appeal is made to equity jurisdiction never designed nor created except to meet cases involving irreparable injury which the law could not have foreseen or provided for.

The recent strike injunctions in Chicago have proved almost entirely ineffective; the court has been unable to enforce its sweeping decrees. In Ansonia, Conn., the strike injunction only served to turn the whole local public administration into the hands of the strikers at the ensuing election.

The capture of the brigand Filipino chief, General Lukban, in Samar, is a most important success. Captain Henry T. Allen, U. S. A., Chief of the Philippine Constabulary, in his report to General Chaffee December 15, 1901, said: "When Malvar in Batangas and Lukban in Samar are killed or captured the work in this archipelago will consist chiefly in destroying the hide-outs of the bandits."

It was a detachment of Lukban's forces that committed the frightful massacre of Captain Connell, Ninth United States Infantry, and nearly his whole company. Malvar's principal lieutenant in Batangas was recently captured.

The government reservation system, which has made willing paupers of reservation Indians for many years, is to be withdrawn from the able-bodied members of the tribes. This is a move in the right direction. The system encourages idleness, promotes beggary and suppresses independence, and is one of the most effectual barriers to the progress toward the semi-civilization of the Indian.

By a general order of the War Department issued at Washington, February 11, 1902, it is directed that the battery at present located on the Fort Warren (Mass.) military reservation be henceforth as "Battery Lowell, in honor of Brigadier General Charles Russell Lowell, formerly Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, and who was mortally wounded at Hallowell, Shenandoah Valley, Va., on August 22, 1864."

Mr. Corliss must have spoken upon insufficient reflection, or he would not have gone to such lengths. Have we come to this, that a man can undignifiedly assert on the floor of Congress that it is his duty to hold the negro in subjection, to make him a political cipher, to retain in white hands the whole power and authority of the state.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Congressional Record, reports Representative Corliss, of Michigan, as saying: "The saddest of the octopus and the villainous inequality with which it seeks to evade the conditions imposed upon other cable companies is that it has been able to obtain from the Pacific and fasten its grasping clutch upon the wheels of our progress so rapidly moving from our shores to the Pacific Ocean, is marvellously ingenious, and the most audacious usurper of public rights of the present age."

This at least is the opinion of the South Carolina white people, and it is upon this theory that they have organized their politics. Its first motive and its last motive is to hold the negro in subjection, to make him a political cipher, to retain in white hands the whole power and authority of the state.

of course men of this sort, though they may be Governors, or Senators, or what not, have no fair character as representatives of a people distinguished for refinement and courtesy. They are the rough riders of a political system which the intelligence and property of South Carolina are essential to its struggle for the maintenance of political and material welfare. They are

at the present kept at the present gait the more census-takers will only have to work half-time. Every reporter in Washington and New York seems to be acting as Prince Henry's press agent.

There are 15 days in which to register, but remember, there will be a good many people to register in them. The abolition of the whipping-post makes the punishment of Tillman and McLaughlin indeed a hard problem.

Lord Rosebery is said to desire to organize a new party. Mr. W. J. Bryan is nursing the same vaulting ambition. The Daughters of the Revolution got away from Washington without any serious trouble. Is the spirit of '76 dead?

A Kansas man says that the dead will arise in 1915. Does this mean that Philadelphia is going to take an almsbath excursion? The President is going trout-fishing. Loyalty will compel the newspapers to print as gospel the stories of his catch he sends out.

The Weather Bureau is eagerly looking forward to the time when a storm will cut it up by wireless telegraphy and give its own warning. The New Jersey Legislature has appropriated \$3,000 to exterminate the mosquitoes. If it tackles the trusts it will require a considerably larger appropriation.

The coronation presents to be sent to King Edward by the Sultan of Morocco are of a unique character. Many of them are faithful copies by Moorish artists of the most exquisite works of art in the Moorish Museum. Among the presents are included specimens of the Moorish craftsmanship of 1000 years ago, which have never before been reproduced or out of the imperial possession.

Some years ago there was a lively discussion in New York and elsewhere concerning the question whether the sharks were really so dangerous to human beings as they were generally regarded. A party of five, including a New Yorker, offered a considerable sum for convincing evidence that a white man had never been fatally injured by any of these sea monsters. A recent War Department report says officially that an American soldier in the Philippines was killed by a shark not long ago. This evidence ought to be sufficiently convincing.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed is not a possible candidate for Governor of New York. His friends point out that Mr. Reed only moved here from his Portland home in Maine in 1888, and that article IV, section 2, of the state constitution, has this to say on the subject: "No person shall be eligible to the office of Governor or Lieutenant-Governor except a citizen of the United States, of the age of not less than 30 years, and who shall have been five years next preceding his election a resident of this state."

Mr. Reed is now making \$3,000 a year as a lawyer, and went to New York City for no other purpose than "to make a competence for his family." The Rev. Henry Irwin, known as "Father Pat," who died the other day, was a Church of England clergyman, who went as a missionary to the miners in the Canadian Rocky Mountain region during the period of railway construction, and lived with the miners until he was left to meet his death in the neighborhood of Montreal. He held his services sometimes in the rough cabin, sometimes in the smoking-room of the hotel. He was every man's friend, and whenever any one was in trouble he was promptly on the spot to comfort and relieve. There came to one of his services a man who jeered aloud and would listen to no prayer, and "Father Pat" lifted the man from the room and showed him by main force outside of the shanty that he could not disturb worship with impunity. That man was so impressed with the earnestness of "Father Pat" that he became a lifelong friend and a pillar of the church.

Assorted Voices. Gentlemen's Magazine. It is a well-known fact that voices differ greatly according to nationality and geographical position. Those in Russia have a nasal quality which is absolutely unique in the lowness of their compass. The Italians, on the other hand, are notable for their fine tenor voices. Some Americans, particularly the English, sing in shrill notes by straining the voice to its highest pitch; others delight in a kind of vibrato or tremolando. Some sing habitually in an undertone, in a nasal tone, or in a falsetto, in describing the singing of a Hotentot congregation in South Africa, observes that among all the singers, consisting of about a hundred, there was only one who had a voice like that of a man with a bass or baritone voice; all the men had tenor voices. The Chinese voices seem to bear some resemblance to heavy man who had three years' service in the weak character of "Well, I've often heard of those Yale locks."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Who is the fellow with the long hair?" "He's a Yale College boy."—"Yonkers Statesman." "It's an ill wind," etc.—"Hello, Tommie! Not gone back to school yet?"—"No, I'm in luck. I'm getting ready to go back. But how is your haven't gone?"—"Oh, I'm in luck, too. Our baby is having whooping cough!"—"Punch." Mrs. Newell—But, Henry, how could you have given us that automobile? It's really worth it. Mr. Newell (with deep feeling)—Worth it? Oh, Emily, if you or I had the pedigree that dog has—TH—see here, I told you yesterday morning when you came in half an hour late that you would have to get down earlier!—Clark—Well, I'm only 28. I trust late this morning.—Chicago Daily News.

Curie—You don't mean to say you are so tired as all that? Why, I was at the ball, too, and I feel as fresh as though I hadn't been up half the night. Ethel—Yes, I suppose it does seem one time after another that you never get any rest. I told you yesterday morning when you came in half an hour late that you would have to get down earlier!—Clark—Well, I'm only 28. I trust late this morning.—Chicago Daily News.

Exciting Sport—Algy—Poor Cholly nearly raised me up. I was in the automobile broke the record for a mile yesterday. Gussie—You don't mean to tell me the reckless fellow rode in it? Algy—Oh, dear no, but on my honor, I never once felt the slightest distance of it from start to finish.—Brooklyn Life.

COMMON-POINT IMMIGRANT RATES

Among the several formal propositions advanced by the Astoria Chamber of Commerce in the interest of Astoria's progress in particular, and the welfare of Oregon in general, we find a demand "that all portions of Oregon shall have a common point with Portland in immigration." This demand is not unreasonable, and it is one that the railroads in their own interest ought to concede.

The result is damaging in many ways. It affects the immigrant himself, for it makes it difficult for the country he is less likely to make a judicious and satisfactory settlement than if his observation extended over the whole of it; and the danger of his being dissatisfied and of returning to his former home, or of passing on to California or elsewhere, is vastly greater than if every part of Oregon, with the wide range of its opportunities, passed under his notice.

Every part of Oregon suffers through this habit of the immigrant to go back home or to move on, but naturally the more remote districts to which access is difficult or costly suffer most. In view of those who live in these remote districts their failure to gain largely from immigration is attributed to the fact that the new-comers have no easy and cheap means of getting into the country and of seeing what awaits them there.

Portland, no less than Astoria and Southern Oregon, is in need of an outlet to the west, in the interest of Oregon, ought to be in giving new-comers in Oregon opportunity to see all that we have here; and Portland ought to be able, in conjunction with other sections of the country, to do something in the way of establishing conditions to this end.

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STORY OF MARCUS WHITMAN.

S. A. Clarke, formerly of Oregon, recently broke into the New York Times with a sympathetic tribute to the Whitman myth, to which the same paper now prints this reply: "Will you allow me a few words of comment on the letter of Mr. S. A. Clarke, of Washington, on the Story of Marcus Whitman?" Mr. Clarke's statements are apparently based upon what he has heard in Oregon, for he gives no printed authority for his assertions.

The growth and diffusion of the legend of Marcus Whitman is one of the strangest things in the literature of American history. Readers of the Times who are interested in the Whitman story will find a detailed literary history of it in my "Essays in Historical Criticism." They will also find publication indisputable contemporary evidence from letters of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, the record of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the journal of the late John C. Whitman's missionary colleague, Elkannah Walker, that the accepted version of Whitman's journey East in 1841 is purely fictitious.

The Whitman story is nearly every point is radically at variance with the authenticated history of the Oregon question. Its general acceptance by writers of text-books on the subject, owing to the fact that William Barrows's Oregon in "The American Commonwealth" series has been assumed to be trustworthy history of Oregon, when, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most remarkable perversions of history ever published. Of this book more than ten editions have been sold, and it has directly and indirectly made the source of a great number of readers have learned a story of Oregon which is a grotesque distortion of the real facts.

The legendary story of Marcus Whitman is given in almost all the books of every kind that mention his name it will readily be seen that undoing the work of Mr. Barrows will be no short and easy task. It needs the active co-operation, not only of scholars, but also of the newspaper press. The excellent service that the New York Times Saturday Review of Books has done in this regard, and the publication of the only scholarly and critical review of Mowry's Marcus Whitman that appeared in the public press of the United States during the first six months after the publication of the book, has led me to offer these comments on Mr. Clarke's letter and upon the Whitman question.

EDWARD G. BOURNE. The Yale Review, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 17, 1902.

WASTE MONEY ON STAMPS. Government Gets Millions Every Year Because of Carelessness of Public. Chicago Chronicle. "Americans waste an enormous amount of money every year through carelessness in handling postage stamps. The employe of the Chicago Postoffice, who went on to explain just how this was done and made the startling statement as the result of his observations, the following is the publication of the collection of stamps which are not necessary or not used.

"I don't think it can be saying too much to say that the Sam is expending \$2,000,000 in postage stamps every year as a result of carelessness in the use of stamps. The Government never loses anything by such carelessness and always gains."

"How many do you put loose in a drawer of your desk or in a corner of your pocket-book or wallet and never think of again until you come across them, aged and decrepit, while the stamps are still good months later? Of course nobody ever thinks of even trying to redeem such stamps. They couldn't if they tried it."

"Hot weather used to be responsible for the loss of stamps, but now it is the result of other causes. Stamps were ruined by the thousand because the gum melted and they stuck to one another."

"The little old paper books of stamps that are sold now and that are getting to be so popular have interfered with this source of Government revenue. They separate the gummed sides so that they can be used over and over again."

"Then there's another practice indulged in by many advertising and business firms that puts a good deal of coin into Uncle Sam's pocket in the course of every twelve months. It is the practice of sending out unsolicited letters asking for trade or patronage of some sort. These are often accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for a reply, but in the majority of cases the reply is never made."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, not one-tenth of them ever elicit replies. Thus the stamp that has been paid for is lost, and the Government is paid for work not done. A few business houses that I know of collect such envelopes and redeem them when they have got enough to make it worth their while to take the trouble to do this."

"There are thousands of reply postal cards, too, that are never used. 'Lots of people are careless about putting stamps on envelopes and paper wrappers. The result is that often before the stamp has been cancelled it has fallen off and the letter is held up at the other end of the line until the postage is paid.'"

"A great many more folks put on too much postage. They slap on two 5-cent stamps to a package that needs only one altogether."

"Of course, there is no way in which to tell just how much money is wasted in these different ways, but it must be plain after what I've said that it's a pretty big fortune every year. The beauty of it is that the Government always gets the benefit of any mistakes. If a too little postage is put on a letter, Uncle Sam simply holds it up until the difference is paid. If too much is put on, Uncle Sam simply pockets the excess to which he is not entitled, and says nothing."

The Ownership of Vermont. Boston Herald. Dr. W. Seward Webb is to be Governor of Vermont. Probably he will be permitted to have his wish. Nobody but a railroad magnate has been seriously considered as a possible candidate for the office. It is presumed that the other one has been appraised in some manner by the Webb influence, and that the ways are greased for sliding the doctor into the Governor's chair, or he will be greased in due time, if they are not already. Vermont is Dr. Webb's adopted state. He removed to it from New York a few years ago, temporarily, as was suggested by the Vermonters. He has secured control of the chief railroad interests, and made them subsidiary to the schemes of his relatives, the Vanderbilts. Whoever owns the Vermont railroads owns the state. If he desires to be Governor, what shall hinder him? His announcement of his aspiration is smooth as talking. He tells his friends that they may have no fear that he will withdraw and leave them in the lurch. He is not that kind of a man. They will not be in full control of it. They will not be forgotten. What more can they ask?

The Dwellings of Peace. Henry van Dyke, in Harper's for February. The dwellings, peace are these. One is the mountain-height, Uplifted in the loneliness of light Beyond the realm of shadows—fine, And far, and clear—where advent of the night Means only gloom's nearness of the stars, And dawn, unbiddered, breaks above the bars That sleep'st not, and breaks no need of sleep. For all thy cares and fears have dropped away, The spirit's fatigue, 'th' fever-fret of day, And far, and clear—where advent of the night Means only gloom's nearness of the stars, And dawn, unbiddered, breaks above the bars That sleep'st not, and breaks no need of sleep. For all thy cares and fears have dropped away, The spirit's fatigue, 'th' fever-fret of day, And far, and clear—where advent of the night Means only gloom's nearness of the stars, And dawn, unbiddered, breaks above the bars That sleep'st not, and breaks no need of sleep. 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