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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; fresh south to west winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 49; minimum temperature, 43; precipitation, 0.23 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30.

THE STATE AND LOCAL CONTESTS.

The Baker City Democrat says: "The Oregonian, in its review of the political situation, admits that there are losses to be sustained by the Republicans in Multnomah County." It would be just as well for those who assume to quote The Oregonian to quote it correctly. The Oregonian knows, and has said plainly, that the Simon bosses in Multnomah County will carry over all the votes they can control to Chamberlain and to the Democratic ticket. But the number they can control and carry over will not be large. It is only among the disappointed office-seekers and little politicians whose hopes were built on the Simon machine, that this treason to the Republican party will be apparent. This, however, is also published by the Baker Democrat, as news from Portland:

> Multnomah County, with a Republican majority of 4000, will give Mr. Chamberlain a majority of, perhaps, 1000. The Republicans of Portland are almost evenly divided. The Simon half, which, by the way, lacks only a few votes of being half, have joined forces with the Democrats in the formation of a citizens' ticket. They have promised to support the entire Democratic state ticket. Their leaders were in earnest, and if they can deliver the goods in Multnomah and in Clatsop and Clackamas Counties, where the same conditions exist, the success of the whole ticket is almost assured.

It is not doubted that "the Simon leaders have promised to support the entire Democratic state ticket," as the author of this statement asserts. Of these "leaders" there are four or five, who constitute the inner council, and about a dozen or twenty who hold places in the various lower grades. Doubtless they can control some votes besides their own, but not many. Out of spite and for revenge they will, however, certainly do their utmost; for they feel that they ought always to sit at the head of the party table, and if they cannot they will try to kick the table over. Their motives are as well understood as their methods; and they will find few Republicans with them on election day.

The primary election is again referred to. On the part of those who opposed the Simon machine, it was conducted in a manner absolutely open and fair. There was no money and not a dollar was spent; there was simply a public call of the people to the polls. The votes were honestly cast and honestly counted. That there was not a larger majority was due to the fact that many had supposed the only way to obtain political advancement was through the Simon machine; and the multitude of candidates, with their personal friends, ranged themselves mainly on that side. Besides, there was the whole body of local officialism, using its power to the utmost, in the same direction; and there was the advantage, too, of the claim of "regularity," allowed by the primary law to those in control of the party organization. Yet against all these forces the "independent" Republicans, so-called, won, and won fairly; and by winning they became the "regular" organization. The ticket resulting from this success is the Republican ticket, and there can be no other; and it is only by supporting the Republican ticket, state and local, that Republicans can sustain their party.

It is not probable that "the Simon leaders," as this news writer grandiloquently terms the open allies of the Democratic party in Multnomah, imagine they can deliver any considerable number of those who voted the so-called "regular" ticket in the Republican primaries to this Democratic alliance and to the "entire Democratic state ticket." For the greater number of these voters are immovable Republicans, and have no mind to sacrifice the purposes of their party to the spirit of faction. Still, it is unquestionable that these malcontent "leaders" will be able to take away some votes from the Republican ticket, state as well as local; but not enough, it is The Oregonian's deliberate opinion, to change the result in any important way. Very probably Mr. Chamberlain will run ahead of his ticket, since everything is to be subordinate to the effort to push him ahead; but Mr. Chamberlain will not carry Multnomah County, by a long chalk, nor will he be elected Governor of Oregon—for the leading reason that the Republicans of Oregon are not going to sacrifice their party to please a few political jobbers who are scheming for revenge, nor consent to have Oregon put in a position of antagonism to the policy and purposes of the Republican party of the United States.

For what does the Democratic party offer? It appears only in its eternal role of critic, complainer and obstructer. The Republican party builds, advances, achieves. The prosperity of the country has its basis in Republican policy, and that policy the people will uphold.

A UNIVERSE IN ESCROW.

Only one steel manufacturer—Morgan.

Only one steamship company—Morgan's.

Only one meat packer—Morgan.

Then if things cannot be amicably arranged otherwise we shall have:

Only one railroad company—Morgan's.

Only one flour miller—Morgan.

Only one coal miner—Morgan.

Only one bank—Morgan's.

Only one sugar manufacturer—Morgan.

Only one insurance company—Morgan's.

Only one architect and builder—Morgan.

Only one locomotive works—Morgan's.

Only one store in each town—Morgan's department store.

All the furniture factories will be organized into a trust. Morgan will buy the separate plants and sell them to subscribers for stock at an advance with $1,000,000 in commissions for the labor of underwriting. A syndicate will be formed by Morgan to buy up all the magazines and newspapers, and by him their policies will be directed. Another syndicate will buy up all the hotels, another all the theaters, another all the smelters, another all the livestock, another all the farms, another all the street-cars.

The prospect offers a wide field for speculation. One hardly knows which of several points in the landscape to admire the most, viz.:

1. The enterprising and commission-absorbing Morgan.

2. The business men who think somebody else can run their business better than they can.

3. The gullcless public, rushing like sheep to buy overcapitalized stock and swell Mr. Morgan's profits.

4. The assistant promoters like J. J. Hill, who argue that monopoly promotes competition, lowers prices and encourages building.

5. The statesmen who assert that because this sort of thing is going on no better way is possible.

The Government of the United States is a very insignificant affair, alongside the business the people have confidingly put into the hands of Morgan. The entire industry of the country seems to be on the move in his direction, anxious to deposit its securities in his hands and patiently await his pleasure in disposing of them. Having taken the United States, Great Britain and China under his wing, he will make short work of the rest of the habitable globe, underwrite the world's national debts and syndicate such thrones, armies, navies, churches and universities as seem worth while. His estate will hardly justify the trouble of probating. The assets will simply equal the accumulations of some 10,000 years of civilization.

THE PARTY OF SCUTTLE.

Their scuttle platform gives our Democratic brethren no little trouble of explanation and denial. Many of them, including their candidate for Governor, try to ignore it. But they shall not. They made the record in their platform, and the subject is one of so great interest to the people of Oregon that its authors cannot be permitted to obscure or evade it.

In their platform they say: "The true policy is to prepare the people of those (Philippine) islands for self-government as speedily as possible, and when so prepared to grant them their independence." This is "scuttle." We are not to retain the Philippine Islands. We are to withdraw from them. We are to "GRANT THEM THEIR INDEPENDENCE."

In his speeches Mr. Chamberlain, who is "the whole thing" in his party this year, makes special effort to avoid this issue, so pronouncedly stated in the platform of his party. He studiously ignores it. He never will quote before any audience this declaration of the platform of his party in relation to the Philippines—that we are to "grant them their independence"—and say that he approves it. Instead, he will talk platitudes about "sovereignty" and "freedom." He even goes so far as to "hedge" on the scuttle platform, by declaring that "annexation is an accomplished fact."

But your platform, Mr. Chamberlain, declares that we are to "grant them (the Philippine Islands) their independence." If you are elected this declaration will be proclaimed as the voice of Oregon. It will be so understood by the country, and there will be no denying it.

The Democratic platform is scuttle, despite the evasions of Mr. Chamberlain and the denials of the press of the scuttle party.

SAVAGES CANNOT EXPECT LENITY.

The most terrible fighting which preceded the famous surrender of the French Army at Sedan, September 1, 1870, was that between the French and the Bavarian Corps under General Von der Tann upon Bazeilles. In resisting the German attack the French troops were vigorously supported by the entire population. The people of Bazeilles continued to fire from their houses upon the German troops even after the place had been occupied, and as inhuman cruelties had been inflicted upon the German wounded left in the houses during the fluctuations of the battle, the enraged Bavarians burned down nearly the whole village, stood up the captured inhabitants, who had fired from the houses after surrender, against the house walls and shot them without form of trial. Several women who had been conspicuous in torturing the German wounded by pouring coal oil upon them and setting fire to it were promptly shot without trial. There are old German soldiers in Portland today who served in the Bavarian Army at that time, and say that the rage of the Bavarian troops at the sight of their wounded was uncontrollable; that the prisoners charged with these enormities were at once shot by the direction of petty officers, who were frantic with just indignation.

Zola, in his famous novel, "Debacle" ("The Downfall"), describes vividly this awful fighting at Bazeilles, and tells how a Bavarian Lieutenant, notable for an immense red beard, promptly executed every citizen who fired from the houses and everybody without regard to sex who was charged with torturing the German wounded. Zola describes, too, how the French villagers in this war of 1870-71 not seldom treacherously murdered in his bed a soldier billeted upon them, and the stern retribution that followed when the Germans caught the assasins, who were killed without trial. Zola does not censure the Germans at all; he tells the historical facts and leaves it to the common sense of the reader to decide whether in war time men or women, with or without uniform, can expect to commit cruelties without terrible punishment at the hands of the enemy. General Von der Tann, of course, never ordered his troops to shoot men and women prisoners at Bazeilles, but his personal interference could not have saved those prisoners who had abused the German wounded from instant execution without form of trial without any orders save the approval of a petty company officer.

Take the battle of San Jacinto, fought in 1836, where 700 Americans annihilated 1500 Mexicans. The Mexicans were surprised and made but a feeble stand. They fled, but their retreat was cut off and they were massacred without mercy by Americans. Comparatively few prisoners were taken. Why? Because the Mexicans had massacred the garrison of the Alamo and murdered the Texan soldiers after surrender at Goliad. The American loss at San Jacinto was contemptible; that of the Mexicans was frightful in comparison. These historical episodes must be borne in mind in estimating the alleged American atrocities in the Philippines.

THE BUSINESS OF SOUL-SLAYING.

There is no fouler blot upon the annals of Portland than the repeated assaults made by North End thugs upon the young woman who has been doing missionary work among the fallen women of that deadly region. Things like this are not done where malefactors are kept in proper fear of police punishment. The persecution of this devoted young woman is but the natural fruit of the corrupt understanding by which the criminal and vicious classes of the city are to be allowed free rein in return for support of the Simon-Democratic ticket for Mayor of Portland and Governor of Oregon. In great enterprises of this kind the murder of a few young women more or less does not greatly matter.

Faith Stewart is one of those heroines of whom the world is not worthy. A foul wrong done to her sister moved her to devote her life to the alleviation of the lot of ruined girls and perhaps their rescue. For this she left a life of ease and a comfortable home. Turning from congenial pursuits and the pleasures of social cheer, she went down into the North End by day and night, and there held out the word of sympathy and help to such as were weary of their sin and shame and longed for a better life. It is a discouraging work at best. Most of us sympathize with it, wish it well, pay some subscription to a secretary in its behalf, and shake our heads over its apparent hopelessness. They are few indeed who have the heart to take hold of its humiliations, persecutions and disappointments. The least society can do for them is to protect them from violence in their self-sacrificing task.

It is objected to Miss Stewart's work, and by the objection this murderous assault is apologized for, that when she takes a poor unfortunate from a dive-keeper in the North End she interferes with his "business." Surely it is incumbent upon somebody to inform these creatures that their occupation is not a business, but a crime. Surely some one in whom they have confidence will cause them to comprehend that nothing but respect for the principles of law and order they hold in defiance prevents honest men and virtuous women from rising up and wiping them and their iniquitous traffic in human souls from the face of the earth.

The only legitimate business in which these slavedrivers of abandoned and frightened women can engage is to keep their wretched carcasses away from the sight of decent men. In all the dastardly tribe of dancehall proprietors, bagnio bosses, thieving gamekeepers, low variety theaters, and saloons where women are kept for degradation, there is not a man fit to be recognized as anything but a cut-purse and an assassin. Upon their heads is the blood of this young girl, whether she lives or dies. Upon their heads is the blood of countless wayward girls pushed down to hell, of broken-hearted parents, of suicides in low life and high.

Secrecy and silence are the only tributes to decency under which these pirates of character and social stability can be suffered to cumber the ground. Once they essay to assert their "rights," they are likely to learn that all society remembers them for is its wrongs at their hands. They exist at all only on sufferance, and that sufferance is always perilously near the breaking point.

THE SENATORIAL HOLINESS.

Judging from the observations made by the press of the country on the recent exploits of Senators Clark and Money, the most dignified body in the world is acquiring a reputation. We had Dubois, ignorantly attacking Wheaton; Tillman and McLaurin in a ruffianly fight; Rawlins calling Chaffee, one of the best of our Generals, "a dastardly villain." Now we have Money cutting a street-car conductor with a knife and Clark arrested for violating the ordinance against fast driving. What has happened in the way of bribery by men in the Senate and others like Addicks on the way is sufficiently well known. No Senator has recently been accused, we believe, of rape or arson. But there is time yet for that.

These outbreaks of ordinary human passions in the Senate would not be so noteworthy, if it were not for the wide disparity between what the Senate professes to be and what it is. In its own estimation the Senate is a body of superior beings. The habits, desires, manners and thoughts of mere men exist on a plane of mediocrity, far above which sits the Senate serene in the clouds of its own ineffable and irreproachable effulgence. There is the Senate—most potent, grave and reverend—and there are the Senators, fighting on the Senate floor and in the street, corrupting Legislatures and defying the laws they have themselves enacted.

It would be a hopeless task to reform these exponents of Senatorial courtesy. All that can be hoped for is to get them out and get real men in. The greatest encourager of bad Senatorial timber is the fact that the Senators are not responsible to the people. They needn't have any popular approval, if so be they can buy the Legislature. Men will not be so regardless of public sentiment when the method of Senatorial elections is changed to popular vote.

The change would help some, no doubt, but nobody need suppose it would make the Senate impeccable. It might in time be raised to the standard of the House, whose members have to go before their districts every two years for relection or approval, but it could never be lifted to the ideal maintained by fond superstition and Senatorial vanity. If the Senate were all it fancies itself to be, the angels would look upon it in envy and despair.

There is, it is said, still an abundance of gold at Nome. Though proclaimed as a discovery, this announcement contains nothing new. Men capable of judging of this matter intelligently have not doubted the existence of gold in considerable and perhaps great quantities below the tundra which forms the vast frozen areas that skirt the Behring Coast. Its inaccessibility, however, renders the knowledge of this deposit useless to men who go with ordinary miners' equipment into a gold-bearing region to dig fortune out of the ground. The idea that Nome was the poor man's gold field obtained wide credence two or three years ago. The result was a tremendous rush thither of men whose sole wealth consisted in their outfits—some of them being all too meager. The sequel was told in disappointment, distress, hardship; the abandonment by hundreds of their little all for the sake of a passage home, and extension of relief by the Government to many who would otherwise have perished in the long Arctic Winter which followed a short Summer of unavailing quest. It seems improbable that the late news from Nome will result in a repetition of this experience. Even if true in detail, which is not unlikely, the statement that there is gold in great abundance at a depth of from 40 to 80 feet below the frozen tundra is of no practical value to the poor man, and should not entice a single man in the whole Pacific Northwest to leave work at ordinary wages and go there in the delusive hope of becoming rich in a few months.

A half holiday in the public schools Friday of this week, for the purpose of permitting pupils to attend the annual meeting of the Oregon Humane Society, is wisely ordered. Children, and especially boys, cannot be too carefully trained in the practice of mercy toward helpless creatures, whether these be brute or human. The wanton infliction of pain, whether indulged through thoughtlessness or in response to the savage instinct of cruelty, should be checked by all practical means. The teachings of the Humane Society are in the line of preventive rather than punitive measures, and it may be hoped that the hall in which the annual meeting is to be held will be crowded with children upon this occasion. Parents would greatly facilitate the efforts made by educators to instruct their young sons in this simplest of all the tenets of justice and humanity—kindness to all helpless creatures—by seeing to it that they attend this meeting.

Six appointments made yesterday at Senator Foster's recommendation indicate that the curious combination between Democrats and discredited Republicans that has so far afflicted Federal patronage in the State of Washington has at length lost its power. It has never had any sympathy at Portland, where a friendly feeling for Foster has grown out of his admirable course toward Upper Columbia improvement and other matters in which the two States of Oregon and Washington are jointly interested. This probably signifies also the collapse of the fight on Mr. Crocker, of Walla Walla, which has been damaging from a party standpoint. Mr. Crocker is responsible and competent, and was supported by nearly every county committeeman in the state, as well as Supreme and Superior Court Judges. John L. Wilson's pull at the White House has apparently seen its best days.

The present activity in lumber and building materials in this city is unprecedented in its history. Homes are appearing as if by magic in all sections. Many of them are excellent in design and construction, and all are modern to the extent that they are provided with bathrooms and proper plumbing. The tendency seems to be toward houses of seven and eight rather than five or six rooms, and the rentals are, of course, in accordance with this fact. This is believed to be a mistake, as houses of the smaller class are much sought and in all cases quickly find tenants.

Ex-Candidate Bryan continues to pour his wailing of disaster into the ears of a placid, prosperous Nation. Hear him:

> This Administration is but one huge trust, and when the beef trust scandals subside, either by force of law or satiety of earnings, another will follow its heels and empty the almost penniless pocket of the poor.

He, however, offers a consolation prize to those who listen to his doleful prophecies by the declaration that he will not under any circumstances be a candidate for President in 1904.

Among recent deaths is that of General Egbert L. Viele, of New York City, at the age of 77. He was graduated from West Point in 1845; served in the Mexican War. He resigned from the Army in 1850, but was a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the Civil War from August 17, 1861, to October 20, 1863 when he resigned without having won any noteworthy distinction. He was a civil engineer of superior ability.

East Morrison street near the approach of the bridge resembles a country road in December that had been "worked" by plowing late in the Fall.

The newest conundrum in Washington is: "Why is Secretary Hitchcock like the American flag?" The solution is simple. He is "still there."

It Is Business.

Huntington Herald.

The Herald does not believe the people of Oregon will vote in June to turn the machinery of state over to the Democrats and indorse their scuttle policy, which would mean untold injury to the state. The business spirit of a business-making Administration has made its impress upon the country. The Republican party stands committed to expansion—the expansion of civilization, of liberty, trade and commerce, and for wider markets. This is a matter which directly affects the Pacific Coast States. As a result of the policy of expansion, the eyes of the country are directed toward the Pacific Coast. People of means, people who know a good thing when they see it, are coming to join in the great activities of the stalwart West. This means the development of our resources and the building up of our industries. No greater blow could be given Oregon than the defeat of this business-making policy at the polls in June.

What Animal Is Meant?

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Let the platform of the Democracy, says Mr. Hill, be "Thomas Jefferson." But isn't that a platform which everybody in every party has been standing on, not to say jumping on, with all four feet?

SOME MINOR THEMES—CONCLUSION.

(BY A STAFF WRITER.)

In the early times there was but one Oregon. It was bounded on the north by the Columbia River, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by the Cascade Mountains, and on the south by the Calapooias. Very soon there was evolved another Oregon, which was named Southern; and in time there was born still a third Oregon, which, though closely hugging the northern boundary line, was called Eastern. Up to this time these three terms have been made to cover our whole territory. But they are no longer definite, and the general convenience—not to mention the pride of sectional and local districts—calls for a new adjustment. That part of the state which includes The Dalles, with the Counties of Wasco, Sherman, Wheeler, Morrow and Crook, will naturally be called Central or North Central Oregon, the old name Eastern being passed on to the Blue Mountain country. The name Southeastern, now more or less generally applied to the country about Klamath Lake, is a positive and manifest misnomer, and must soon be yielded to the real Southwest, Harney and Malheur Counties, which, though lying so far away as to seem almost out of the world, are rapidly coming to the front in a productive way, and, I am told, are getting a share of the immigration now pouring into the country. A new designation must be found for the Lake and Klamath district. I suggest the Lake country or the Klamath country—though possibly something better may be found.

* * *

This matter of names is a very curious one. Somehow, in spite of the fact that it is made up of mere fleeting sounds, there is oftentimes a vitality in a name which makes it outlast material things. When every other trace of a people who have occupied a country has passed from it, when every other memorial is dust and ashes, names still live to perpetuate the record. Grave Creek, in Josephine County, is still Grave Creek to a generation who have forgotten, or who never heard the story of poor Croly Linville, in her lonely sepulcher by the waterside; and it will be Grave Creek to generations of men yet unborn. Cow Creek, in Douglas County, survives in spite of the efforts of those who, nice in small matters, would like to make it over into Azalea Creek. Roxy Ann still smiles upon the Rogue River Valley, and declines all suggestions of something new in a name, prettier and more in keeping with the modern fashion than that given her by the pioneers.

Our Oregon names have come from everywhere—from the Indians, from that most stupid of all namemakers, the man who in a new country seeks to memorialize some earlier home, from the funmaker and from the wear and tear of popular usage. Multnomah and Chemeketa are of the first class. Portland and Salem are marked instances of the second class. Jump-Off-Joe speaks for the third class; and Rickreal stands for the fourth class. The Willamette Valley was visited very early by French voyageurs, and La Belle Creole was one of the very pretty names with which they endowed the country. The easy habit of pioneer American speech soon worked it over into Rickreal; it remains for a future generation of lingual economists to still further polish it off into Owl.

The spirit of levity seems to have presided over the namemaking practice of the east-of-the-mountains country. Generally speaking, there is little significance or propriety in the names which mark this whole region of Central Oregon. The Dalles and Wasco are good names, but there is little reaonableness in Crook, or in Sherman, or in Wheeler as county names, and no distinction in Trout Creek or Hay Creek, while Bakeoven and Haystack are positively grotesque. It is, perhaps, too late to make changes, but it is a pity that the country has not a nomenclature bearing some dignified suggestiveness, and holding some correspondence with the beauty and impressiveness of its natural features.

* * *

One among the many surprises of my journey from Portland to Prineville was the splendor of the mountain views. We who live on the west side of the Cascade range are given to regarding Mount Hood and its sister peaks as our own exclusive possession, forgetful that there is another side to each of these glorious pictures, that they front east as well as west, and that sunrise-effects are among their most gorgeous specialties. I found this out before we had gotten 10 miles south from Biggs on the line of the Columbia Southern. When high ground was reached there stood off to the north, in fine view, a peak whose tiptop we can just see from Portland—Mount Adams. From this vantage it is one of the most magnificent of all our great peaks, with something of the form of Rainier—Theodore Winthrop called it Tahoma the less—but with a majesty quite its own; and, from its situation on the east slope of the range, a vesture of lights which it shares with none other of the more northerly sisterhood. Mount Hood, which really belongs to Western Oregon, for it lies within the boundaries of Clackamas County, is in splendid view, and much in the form in which Portland sees it, from all parts of Central Oregon, Mount Jefferson belongs geographically to Central Oregon, being in Crook County, and shows to finer advantage from the east than from the west; but more beautiful than all are the Three Sisters, which are distinctively finer from the east side of the range. Viewed from the gray desert of the Deschutes plain, in the vibrant jasper—and—purple in which the Morning robes them, they appear truly a sisterhood of all the grace and all the grandeurs; and it would be easy to fancy them the outer battlements of that glorious new Jerusalem, whose gates are pearl, whose streets are pure gold, wherein stands the Throne of Great Jehovah.

* * *

The immediate scenery of Central Oregon is too monotonous, both in color and form, for striking effects. In its universal brown and gray and in its vast sweep of hillsides there is, indeed, the beauty of the wilderness and the desert; but there is not much of the milder and more civilized forms of beauty which young women call picturesque. It is a fine country, but it is not a charming country like the Willamette Valley. Its destiny is plainly marked out. It is in its future development as in its pioneer state to be a stock country. Its elevated wastes are forever dedicate to pasture. In time irrigation will make its lower parts to bloom, but agriculture must always be subordinate to animal husbandry in a country where only the exceptional acre can ever be brought under the empire of the plow.

* * *

The Crook County people exhibit none of that anxiety for progress which commonly seizes upon American communities whenever a railroad looms into sight. They cherish no delusions about the coming of the railroad; and they would be just as well pleased if it did not come for another 20 years. They see clearly that the conditions which follow a railroad are not conditions favorable to the range stock industry; and they do not see that railroad times are likely to be better for the people now in the country than the present times. The railroad will naturally accelerate the movement which is curtailing the open range; it will throw the relatively large number who live by freighting out of business; it will bring competition to the merchant. All along the line it will work revolution, and revolution is not a pleasant prospect in a country where everybody is prosperous and where wages in every department of labor are higher by 25 per cent than in any other part of the state. Speak of the coming railroad to the average Crook County man, and more than likely he will shake his head and cite the history of Southern Oregon to illustrate the advantages of isolation. "Twenty years ago," said a wise man to me yesterday, "wages and prices generally were higher in Jackson County than in any other part of Oregon, but not so today. The railroad has opened up a good country for the outsider, but it has not made things better for the old-time people of Southern Oregon." The sentiment involved in this remark is very general here—naturally so in a country whose chief industry is based upon an open range.

* * *

This journey into Central Oregon has answered a question which I have often asked myself when I have seen The Oregonian's monster presses at work—Where do all these papers go? Central Oregon—from The Dalles south—is a mere byway of the state, a country out of the beaten path, a country relatively new, and a country limited in population. But it takes each day a weight of newspapers which three men could not carry. At each of the several stations along the Columbia Southern—not to mention the main O. R. & N. line—the most alert figure on the platform as the southbound train approaches is the youth who is looking out for his bundle of Oregonians. At every little station there rolls off a bundle half as big as a man's body, and before the train has had time to pass on the carrier may be seen passing out his papers, for which half the local population seems to be waiting. Even at the stage stations the first inquiry is for The Oregonian, and the bundle of papers is thrown off before the bag which contains the letter mail. Down in this part of the country people are quite as likely to ask, "Has The Oregonian come?" as if the stage has arrived. At the Hay Creek farm five copies of the daily issue of The Oregonian are taken; and at every other place where the stage passes The Daily Oregonian is regularly received and universally read. Here at Prineville 214 copies of the paper in its several editions are regularly received. Truly, a little observation in the country easily solves the mystery as to what becomes of all the thousands of Oregonians which fall each morning from the presses.

A. H.

Prineville, April 26.

Revenue and Protective Duties.

Minneapolis Tribune.

It should be interesting to compare the British ad American duties on wheat and flour. There could hardly be a better example of revenue and protective duties. The two nations may be taken as representing the two extremes of economic policy. As might be expected, the practical working of the two opposed theories is directly opposite.

The United States puts a duty of 25 cents per bushel on wheat and 25 per cent ad valorem on flour, and neither desires nor gets any perceptiable revenue from the imposition. If we import any wheat or flour, the event is accidental and the amount is insignificant. The duty is supposed to protect the American wheatgrower; but as we and all our neighbors grow a large surplus of wheat for export, and compete with each other in the markets of the world, this is an outworn delusion. The flour duty may be a protection against erection of mills in Canada to grind for this market, but no wheat could come into the country except to pass through for export.

Great Britain has just put a duty of six cents per hundred on wheat and 10 cents per hundred on flour. This is a duty purely for revenue, though there must be something of what in our smaller days we used to call "incidental protection" in it. The British millers have just added a shilling per hundred to the price of flour. Whatever grain may be grown in the islands must get the benefit of this. But only one-third of the grain consumed in the islands is grown there. Of the imports in 1900, 32,000,000 cwts. came from the United States, 18,000,000 from Argentina, 10,000,000 from Canada and Australia, 4,000,000 from Russia and 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 from other countries. Of flour, the islands imported over 21,000,000 cwts., of which more than five-sixths comes from the United States. The new duties on imports are expected to bring in a revenue of over $13,000,000, as there is no reason to believe that imports will fall off. The question of who will pay this duty is too puzzling to enter into.

It Is a Surprise.

Joseph (Wallowa County) Herald.

We are not at all surprised when such men as Joe Simon fly the track and when they cannot get what they want on the Republican ticket take revenge by supporting a Democrat. Such men have no party principles when the party ceases to keep them fitted out with a soft job. We are, however, very much surprised when men such as we have always believed Judge Lowell to be, resort to such political littleness. Such methods we have always believed to be beneath Judge Lowell, and we regret to be compelled to lower our estimation of him.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

Allan Cunningham.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

If you need money, ask the candidates for it.

The weather is both unseasonable and unreasonable.

April seems to be trying the effect of the water cure as a Spring medicine.

The beef trust will find that to succeed it must feed as well as water its stock.

Some of the stock of the big trusts looks as if General Smith had been disciplining it.

There is nothing the matter with the Fusion ticket. It is all right while it lasts.

Perhaps General Miles knew a little something about the Philippine situation, after all.

Thus far Mr. J. P. Morgan has left the monopoly of talk to his namesake in the Senate.

Reports from Italy indicate that even in times of peace American naval officers are not unprepared for war.

Texas has been having another tornado. There are, it appears, more serious misfortunes in Texas than ex-Governor Hogg.

> Little drops of water
> Administered galore,
> Make the Filipino
> Naturally sore.

If the Congressional Record wants to keep up the reputation of its sporting department it will have to establish a baseball column.

Had the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay known as much about Dewey as it does today it would have put to sea about four years ago.

> I want to be a Democrat
> Who does not hesitate
> About his choice for offices—
> But votes for Simon straight.

A brakebeam trust has been organized in Grand Rapids, Mich. Perhaps now brakebeams will come so high that tramps will be compelled to walk.

Think of what havoc the water cure would have created if administered by Morgan the raider when his terrible, terrible men rode through Kentucky.

China is making arms at a great rate, all the Yangtse arsenals being at work full time. At Hankow over 200 workmen are employed in making field guns, Mauser rifles and all kinds of ammunition, including smokeless powder, and at Shanghai an equal number are employed in turning out a like product. As treaty stipulations prohibit the importation of foreign arms into China, the home production, particularly in view of the recent experiences, is stimulated to a degree of activity not often witnessed in any Chinese industry.

Mrs. Alice Meynell talked to the Contemporary Club in London a while ago on Dickens, and told how years after the "Pickwick Papers" he met an attractive young woman named Weller, who upbraided him for having "brought her name into disrepute"—a rather odd remark, by the way. But the next day she got from Mr. Dickens these verses:

> I put 'n a book once, by hook or by crook,
> The whole race, as I thought, of a feller,
> Who happily pleased the town's taste, much diseased,
> And the name of this person was Weller.
> But I found to my cost that one Weller I'd lost;
> Cruel destiny so to arrange it;
> I love her dear name, which has won me some fame,
> But great heavens! how gladly I'd change it!

A Russian military expert in the Novoe Vremya says that the principal qualities of the German soldier are boundless arrogance and unlimited confidence in his own prowess. The German soldier is trained to regard himself as superior to any other soldier in the world, a system which produces a dangerous tendency to underestimate the strength of an enemy. He is not without good qualities, but his tenacity of purpose and staying power are weak. He is a fighting machine, utterly without initiative, and would be helpless if required to act on his own judgment in a position of difficulty. He has to be fed and pampered in a comparatively luxurious way in order to be kept in fit condition, and it is more than doubtful that he would be able to stand the hardships of a long campaign. The article states, in conclusion, that the German Army is absurdly overrated, and it expresses the opinion that Russia can contemplate the possibility of a war with Germany with perfect serenity.

In one of the big cities not long ago a masher whose life is not yet utterly impenetrable met with a rebuke which he is not likely to forget. It came from a matron who has kept her youthful figure and carriage into the period of gray hairs. She was on her way home when the young fellow slipped up from behind and dropped into her step. To his smirking "Good evening" the matron made no reply, but with a cool glance noticed that he was somewhere about 24 years old. In a few moments they came in front of a lamp post and here the lady stopped and removed her veil. Then she said with great deliberation: "Do you see these gray hairs, my boy? They indicate that I am old enough to be your mother. I have a son who would kill you for what you have done this evening should he find you out. But don't be alarmed. I won't say anything to him about it. In return for this consideration I want you to do me a favor. Walk home with me and save me from any further annoyance of this kind." To judge from the young man's sheepish appearance he was never before so ashamed in his life. With a mumbling apology he hurried away.

A man, who not long ago made more than $1,000,000 in a steel deal, was telling a group of friends in a New York hotel the other day his experience in Paris last Summer. "A friend of mine," said he, "who is a learned statesman from Washington, left the hotel where we were staying and sallied forth in search of adventure. As he walked along the Rue de Rivoli it occurred to him that he much desired a copy of a certain American weekly. Noticing a kiosk on the next corner he approached the proprietor. Naturally he supposed the man was a Frenchman, and racked his memory for enough French to make known his wants. But, sad to say, all he could think of were a few commonly used phrases. He tried one or two German expressions, but the man, in French, evidently explained that he could not understand. A couple of Italian expressions and a little stray Russian also failed. All this time the man had listened patiently. Finally my friend gave it up, remarking in disgust to himself, 'Oh, rats!' The newsman's face brightened immediately as he said in English: 'Say, mister, what the deuce do you want, anyway?' The confusion of my dignified friend was intense as he listened to the remarks of the man, who used to sell papers on New York's Bowery."