

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain, possible snow. YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 42; minimum temperature, 26; precipitation, 0.22 inch.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31.

CRY FROM SILVER MACEDONIA.

It is to be presumed that China and Mexico understand their own situation; and when they expatiate with such earnestness and detail upon the evils of a debased currency and fluctuating standard, there is nothing more to be said than to take them at their word.

It has been the contention of the silver maniacs that the silver-standard nation profits in trade at the expense of the gold-standard nations with which it trades, because it sells its output for gold and produces it at silver cost.

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the bees, in the absence of other materials, might use this natural paraffin, or wax, they could get what would answer their purpose.

What is mainly curious or strange about this deposit is the apparent impossibility of reaching a sure conclusion whether the material is beeswax or ozokerite. The consistency and melting point of the two substances are about the same.

The odor, which is very weak, if not wholly absent, gives no sure indication. While Dr. Kinney is so positive it is ozokerite, Professor Stokes, of the United States Geological Survey, after careful tests, reached the conclusion that it is beeswax.

But there is another enigma about it. There are two coal fields in the Nehalem country, but Professor Diller assures us that nothing whatever occurs in connection with the coal in either field that resembles what is found in the ozokerite.

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expense, less strain upon the individual, less frequent or at least less complicated appeals to the public, and withal quite as efficient, if the Baby Home was simply conducted as a department of the Children's Home.

The relations between Cleveland and Hewitt absolutely ceased, and Mr. Hewitt regarded the idealization by the American people of Cleveland as one of the strangest psychological phenomena in the history of the Nation.

The assertion that we have too many charitable institutions is a familiar one. It gives it no point of parimony. Nor does it proceed from a spirit that gives it grudgingly to worthy objects of charity.

John C. Davey, Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, and his wife and daughter, and Judson Lyons, Register of the Treasury, were present with members of their families at the White House reception in honor of Congress and the Judiciary on the 22d inst.

CHIEF HUNT AND JUDGE HOGUE. The Oregonian has been and still is disposed to sympathize with Judge Hogue in his stand for impartial enforcement of gambling laws.

Some one gave that great foe of trusts, guardian of the people's rights and champion of an unfettered press a bill with a joker in it, and he offered it to the State Senate at Salem with the solemn assurance that it was merely minor correction of a defect in present laws.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is willing that British Columbia should shut out the Chinese, but he is not willing to see the exclusion of the Japanese would be disapproved by the federal authorities for "imperial reasons."

IMPROVING THE ERIE CANAL. The question of enlarging the Erie Canal is again before the New York Legislature. It is conceded that something will have to be done speedily or the canal may well be abandoned.

FOR THE HONOR OF THE ARMY. The anti in Congress are much put out at the insinuations of their patriotism. And well they may be; for they have doubtless been misled by the time that the flag and its upholders are dear to the hearts of a virile people.

It is fitting that Professor F. G. Young, of the University of Oregon, should head the Lewis and Clark Commission appointed by the Governor. The historical aspect of the celebration cannot be too highly appreciated.

The Tucson operator's wits are quick enough now. He has made his escape while the rival Justices quarrel over jurisdiction. Arizona Justice seems unaccountably to resemble that of the Massachusetts town where President Roosevelt's guard was killed by an electric car.

The Tucson catastrophe may also remind us that the extensive use of oil as fuel contributes a new peril to commerce. The necessity that railroads should find adequate means to cope with this new and horrible danger is obvious.

The appeal of Mexico for the gold standard is a pertinent, if unfeeling, footnote to Bryan's recent visit there. "The enemy's country" seems to be getting pretty extensive.

Minister Wu complains that the Chinese fare lucrively here. Well, who compels them to come? What China and Mexico ask for is the gold standard; for the only "stable standard" is gold.

Campaign Promises Recalled. St. Paul Globe. The existing National Republican Administration is now being brought face to face with the need of doing up its special promises during the campaign.

No Place for Idle Heroes. Sioux City Tribune. There isn't much in being a hero when the Navy Department is one's boss. Hobson has been notified that he must go to sea or get out of the Navy.

SMASH THE SENATE RING.

Kansas City Star. The successful combination, made by Senator Quay in promoting the interests of the statehood bill, has demonstrated the fact that all that is needed to bring the Senate ring to a halt is good generalship and political courage.

No one familiar with the power exercised by certain leaders in the Senate can but be reminded of the achievement of Senator Quay in bringing the obstructing Senators to terms. At the same time it has seemed strange that these men, in defiance of public sentiment, party instruction and administrative appeals, have been permitted, year after year, to control legislation.

There is no reason to doubt that this ring has been preparing to defeat the statehood bill, to prevent a reasonable reduction in the tariff, and to prevent legislation. In this policy it has defied public sentiment, party policy and administrative recommendations.

Some one gave that great foe of trusts, guardian of the people's rights and champion of an unfettered press a bill with a joker in it, and he offered it to the State Senate at Salem with the solemn assurance that it was merely minor correction of a defect in present laws.

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THE BOOTLESSNESS OF WEALTH.

Indianapolis News. The administrator of the Fair estate says that at Paris a \$30 imitation sables cloak was substituted for the real thing, one of the most valuable cloaks in the world—among Mrs. Fair's effects, also.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Now get braced to meet the tax collector! Wu Ting Fang seems to have broken out in a new place. Perhaps, before it is over, all of us will get a complimentary vote.

It isn't still Hunt that our new Chief of Police is making, anyway. The Chinese New Year becomes a trifling before the celebration of its birth is complete.

Because of sheer jealousy for this column the weather man is now trying to freeze us out. The announcement that Adelina Patti intends to make another farewell tour of the United States has led the newspaper paragraphs to paw over the files.

Adjutant-General C. U. Gantenben, since he printed that list of missing volunteers, who had medals and money coming to them, knows what the other end of a charge of the Second Oregon is like.

LaFollet's bill for a hop inspector was reported favorably today by the committee on agriculture, Fausen of Clackamas, chairman. Sales news dispatch. If the members of Oregon Legislature jump on jumping from one candidate to another the new inspector will have his hands full right at home.

The assistant taxman in a Spanish town, coveting higher office, gave a condemned man a pistol and persuaded him to shoot the chief executioner on the scaffold. Thereupon the new official celebrated his promotion by solemnly hanging the murderer. The government has put him in jail. It doesn't want such a man hanging around.

Somebody is circulating a libel on Seattle, and it ought to be headed off before it goes any further. It concerns the story of a Seattle man who died and went to the hereafter. "I don't see," he remarked, after a casual survey of his new quarters, "that Heaven is so much better than Seattle."

Anti-labor Journalists held a meeting on the 25th inst. at the Earlinton and passed the following resolution: "Whereas the present Cabinet has disregarded its public promise, as well as its responsibility, and has jeopardized constitutional government, be it resolved: That we should make efforts to insure a change of the Ministry." The following agreement was also arrived at: "We should specially watch the Cabinet's action, and in case any improperity is discovered, should not scruple to severely attack it. We should make every effort to open a grand inquest into the Cabinet as a favorable opportunity."—Japan Daily Advertiser.

Isn't it a little injudicious of these warlike journalists to advertise so freely what they intend to do? General Snowden Andrews, who died in Baltimore the other day, enjoyed the distinction of being the only man in the world who possessed a metal abdomen. Being pushed below the belt he rattled like a tin pan. His entire back window was shot off in the war and his wounds were spread upon the ground. "Here's another dead one," said the surgeons, gathering up the intestines along with a few handfuls of sand and piling them back in the body. The wounded soldier showed signs of life, and they sewed him up with a piece of tarred string. Later on he got a metal front, which he wore to the day of his death.

The poet, Wald Whitman, was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of friends and admirers for support, making little or nothing on his writings. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburb town of Philadelphia. "Well, Walt," he said, "now goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?" "No," said Whitman. "No, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$20 a month." "You at work! May I ask your occupation?" "Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoat." "Well, Walt," he said, "now goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?" "No," said Whitman. "No, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$20 a month." "You at work! May I ask your occupation?" 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