

The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 80; minimum temperature, 54; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness and cooler; easterly winds.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1908. A FORMIDABLE FIGHTER.

If Turkey had as full an army chest and as good credit as Great Britain or the United States or Germany, she would stand up to the great powers of Europe and probably any two of them, for the Dardanelles is impregnable to naval attack since its forts have been armed with modern guns.

During the war with Greece in 1897 the Sultan's army of 200,000 men, equipped with modern arms, was defeated by the Greeks. Since that time the organization of the army has been perfected according to the most approved German methods.

For Ottoman subjects military service is obligatory, for twenty years from the age of 30 to 40. The Nizam, or active army, has a war strength of about 275,000 men and 1494 guns. This active army includes 230 infantry battalions, 200 squadrons, 285 field, horse and mountain batteries, 100 companies of engineers, besides a formidable artillery, railway and telegraph companies, military train troops.

These troops possess permanent cadres, composed of all the officers necessary for the mobilization of the units. The Captains reside in the middle of their company districts, and attend to the training of the men, who are called out usually for one month every two years.

As often as the name of old John Brown, of Ossawatimie, is mentioned, coupled with some striking incident of the stormy later years of his life, interest that is born of admiration for a dauntless spirit and pity that mourns the misdirected efforts of a brave, conscientious man are aroused.

with the same economic intelligence and honesty with which Egypt is ruled under Lord Cromer, Turkey would have a full treasury, and with a full treasury there is no reason why Turkey could not fight either Russia or Austria as gallantly and successfully as she did up to the close of the eighteenth century.

But Turkey is bankrupt; her Sultan is an able man, but no soldier. If he had military genius like the great Sultan Amurat, or like the famous sultan, Mehmet Ali, or like the famous Ibrahim, he would answer the interference of Russia and the powers of Europe by appearing on the Danube with an army of 250,000 men.

GOOD CHANNEL ASSURED. Most encouraging is the unqualified assertion of Superintendent Hegardt, of the Fort Stevens Jetty work, that a forty-foot channel at the mouth of the Columbia is a certainty as soon as the jetty extension now in progress is completed.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW YORK. Those dyspeptic persons who frequently rise to remark upon the degeneracy of the times should read the noble message promulgated from New York City by the American Society of Professors of Dancing, which is holding its steenth annual convention. If memory serves, this dignified and necessary body was last heard from as the Society of Dancing Masters, and we have heard no explanation of the change.

It is all over, and the America's cup stays put for another year. The superior speed of the designs was never better illustrated than in the series of races that ended yesterday. The Shamrock had been heralded as the very best product of British brains and skill—as no doubt she was—and even in the face of years of defeat British yachtsmen felt sanguine of success.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin and his millionaire associates have again demonstrated the superiority of American yacht designers over the Britishers. Is it not possible now for them to work their sport blood up to a pitch where a few modern clipper-built merchantmen can be placed on the high seas to carry the American flag around the world?

"CROWDING" AT SCHOOL. We have already noted the recent utterances of Professor Goldwin Smith concerning the social and industrial revolution sweeping forth in the communistic tendencies of the times.

OLD JOHN BROWN. As often as the name of old John Brown, of Ossawatimie, is mentioned, coupled with some striking incident of the stormy later years of his life, interest that is born of admiration for a dauntless spirit and pity that mourns the misdirected efforts of a brave, conscientious man are aroused.

It is an interesting situation. Turkey has the elements of military strength save the snags of war. She has a million of splendid fighting men who are as fanatically devoted to their religion as they were when the Saracens expelled the crusaders from Jerusalem, or when a victorious Turkish army more than once pressed up to the gates of Vienna.

necessarily slow. The realization that the "how" is more important than the "what" has come to the educators of larger mold and wider experience and observation.

Mr. Cole Younger, who recently released from the Menapoo State Prison in advance of the expiration of a sentence of twenty-five years for highway robbery on the "poor fellow" plea, is not one to seek retirement. Far from it. He immediately plunged into literature of the historical novel type now in vogue, and in "The Story of Cole Younger" demonstrated the mistake which was made in turning an unashamed rascal out upon the streets to make a hero of himself.

Mr. Hitchcock is showing his hand in Oregon matters as no other Secretary of the Interior has ever sought to do. There is not a Pacific Senator from Washington to California with whom Hitchcock is on friendly terms.

Senator Simon has complained that President Roosevelt gave him no ear in the appointment of the new Secretary of the Interior at Oregon City, but the solar-plexus jolt just handed out to the present Oregon delegation by the same blow from the presidential shoulder makes Simon's grievance seem a playful caprice by comparison.

Senator Mitchell puts the Plaindealer in mind of a supernaturated old granny. Before Hermann was elected to Congress, President Roosevelt served notice on Mitchell that he would not under any consideration appoint Knowles to the La Grande Land Office.

Editorial Amenities at Tillamook. Baker struck a malicious blow at us last week from behind. B. L. Eddy as a shield, but that gentleman, not appreciating the situation, served us notice on it in no mild manner, and so this week he had to leave him out of the ring and uses his squint from behind half the Statesmen in town, dosing them with his slimy—some of them are feeling him today. He will use the wrong man some time, who'll just turn around and beat his brains out (if he has any) with a stockin' o' mud.

The Fight in the Mayor. Forest Grove Times. But it is down in Multnomah that things are doing. All the big politicians there have their knives in hand and when not slashing each other they are sharpening them for the next chance.

Resentment as a Newspaper Resource. Ashland Tribune. The last suspension of the Medford Enquirer by its publisher, Horace Mann, is said to be final. It is distinctly creditable to the people of Medford that they declined to support the Enquirer longer in their midst.

His Sincere Judgment. Pendleton Tribune. General George H. Williams, of Portland, has put the gambling question face to face and has spoken openly on the subject. He is not playing to the galleries nor toying with politics, as he has long ago passed these stages in a more advanced and more manly way.

Only Waiting for Harriman. Klamath Falls Express. Mr. Harriman will not return from Europe until September, and there is waiting in Portland City for his decision as regards the extension of the Columbia Southern, which will not be handed down until the fall.

The Better Part of Valor. North Yamhill Record. We are told that the S. P. freight engine which was run over by a car over onto Mr. Patterson's farm a few days ago is frothing considerable because of what we said about the affair in our last issue, and that he has intimated that if the job press, the Record or the "desert"—with a strong accent on the last named—will go over to the depot grounds he will proceed to pummel us into insensibility.

And Crews Are Shamed. Shanghai Times. Schooners protest that they frequently accompany chips that pass in the night.

Trade Slack Between Seasons. Tacoma Ledger. Olympia is not about to lose a brewery. One by one the joys of being a legislator are passing.

Is the Case "Regular"? Ashland Record. The prayers of a Cottage Grove woman restored her sight just as she was about to be operated upon. The State Board of Health will probably protest against this.

Never Too Old to Learn. Aurora Borealis. Mayor Williams, of Portland, now says he never intended to eradicate gambling and other forms of vice in Portland, but merely turn them into a money-making business for the city.

How They Do It at Medford. Medford Mail. Monday was street cleaning day in Medford and the merchants were all out with broom, shovel and broom.

Along With His Chief. Eugene Register. Mr. Hitchcock is showing his hand in Oregon matters as no other Secretary of the Interior has ever sought to do.

Seems a Playful Caprice. Salem Statesman. Senator Simon has complained that President Roosevelt gave him no ear in the appointment of the new Secretary of the Interior at Oregon City.

Explanation Considered Inadequate. Roseburg Plaindealer. Senator Mitchell puts the Plaindealer in mind of a supernaturated old granny. Before Hermann was elected to Congress, President Roosevelt served notice on Mitchell that he would not under any consideration appoint Knowles to the La Grande Land Office.

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NOTE AND COMMENT. Good-bye, Sir Thomas. The Duke of Roxburgh lifted what he came after.

The Astoria pilots must spend more time at the bar—outside. President Parry, of the Manufacturers' Association is his own best press agent.

Mr. Nine should remember that if he associates with poker sharks he'll be ate. What a really fierce thumper a deaf mute must have to quarrel in a written conversation.

The trunk-makers are on strike in Chicago, and it looks as if they'll find themselves in the wrong box. When a man kills himself because he has lost 100,000 people are disposed to accept his life at his own valuation.

Baker City babies have been winning prizes at Asbury Park. But then people change so as they grow older. The Birmingham minstrel who fired a loaded pistol into the audience should have relied more on shafts of wit.

Utah had better borrow some of the New York Yacht Club's sails if she wants to keep the irrigation cups from Oregon. Arms for the Mad Mullah are supplied by an English firm. Thus the Briton simultaneously increases his exports and his death rate.

She was a sweet young thing from Oregon City, and she puzzled a little over this question in the examination for teacher: What physiological action takes place to cause one to blush? Finally, after a reminiscent shiver, she wrote: Blushing.

If mummer comes in when he has his arm around your waist. We all know the third rail, but not everybody knows the fourth rail, as Tip calls it in the New York Press. It is the rail in front of most barbers, and Tip declares that he is not sufficiently familiar with saloons to know which foot a man usually puts on it. Personally—that is, we mean inquiry leads us to believe that the right foot goes on the fourth rail.

The police committee is entirely judicial, the members say, and cannot investigate things for itself. This would be a good reply for a mah-jongg on a powder keg if someone pointed out that a lighted fuse was connected with the contents. "My functions are judicial," he might say. "If an explosion occurs I'll decide what it is, but really I cannot investigate present conditions."

The chief salesman in a big New York house was discharged lately because he did not wear the brand of underwear he was engaged in selling. The manager took the position that the salesman could not be efficient without wearing that particular make. Should this idea become general it would create an interesting state of affairs. The cigar drummer would have to smoke himself to death on Flor de Calabaz. If for the soda-fountain girl would have to drink quarts of Tuscany, and the cemetery would be overcrowded.

Fancy, if you can, a show of women's wearing apparel sans Chaucer Dewey. Dreadful to think of creations from Parisian creators with no Dewey to immortalize them in a well-prepared epitaph. And how pleasantly the new styles in clothes would have contrasted with the old styles in jokes! The inimitable one might easily have "made over" his anecdotes to fit the occasion, but the frocks, alas, can never be made over. Their bloom is lost as easily as the dust from a butterfly's wing. The opportunity has gone for both the confections and the confector. The urbane Senator has lost the tide that would have carried him above high-water mark on the shores of fame.

A Voice from the Grave. NOTE AND COMMENT—The Grand Army to the sea: Mortuary to salubrity. We are highly gratified to find on our return that there are Pulitzer College graduates (1) who will not be content with a "made over" but will make over their own lives, and (2) who will not be content with a "made over" but will make over their own lives.

What's in a Name? From an issue of the Boulder, Colo., News. SHE BREATHED HIS NAME. Roy B. True, formerly clerk of the County Treasurer's office, now cashier of the Walden, North Park bank, was married Sunday evening at the residence of S. M. Niool in this city to Miss Lizzie K. Dodge. SHE LOVES HIM. Mrs. L. J. WHEELING. Her little Barbara is off on a visit with her folks in Topeka, Kan. A ROBBY POLEY PARTY. Miss Ethel Foley will give a party to a number of her young friends this afternoon. A LOOP THE LOOPER. Sam Loooper, a colored man who was sent to the penitentiary for some years ago for stealing Colonel J. H. Nicholson's horse, has been leading the Denver officers a merry chase. ORIENTAL. J. A. Teagarden, who acted as superintendent of the street railway during the busy season, has retired. D. E. Cropp, of Mitchell, S. D., the new university coach, has arrived. WOMANSPACKER, TOO. Justice Brown Tuesday made one flesh of Victor H. Manspeaker and Miss Alice Greer of Longmont. A PRETTY PICKLE. On Sunday afternoon William Goldworthy and Miss Emma L. Pickel were united in marriage. PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHS. He—Black and red spots appear before my eyes every day. What would you advise me to do? She—Stop playing poker—Treaton Times. Caller—Your sister is a long time making her appearance in clothes. Johnny—Yes, she's got to make it, of course, 'fore she comes down—Chicago Tribune. Newbrie—Say! Do you know Boobybay boasts that one of his ancestors was beheaded in the guillotine? He—Yes, he was. Yes; father! He didn't run in the family—Puck. Pity—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day. He—Yes, but you don't need more about it. Why don't you go for grandfather?—San Francisco What. First Scott—What sort of minister has ye gotten, Gerret? Second Scott—Oh, 'weel, he's a job press. He'll be about the size of me. He's six days of 't' week he's ev'rywhere; and on 't' seventh he's incomprehensible—Ham's Horn. 'Tis 'Naw', the native of Kansas. "It don't pay to be too prosperous." "Where's your argument?" asked his friend. "Why, Hank Hirt had so much corn he had to pack some in his cyclone collar. When the cyclone came it didn't pay to be so full."—Philadelphia Record. "What are you going to do with that gun, Judge?" "Goin' to hold up the first automobile that passes an' fire the fellow inside for 'fear' riding." "But, suppose he isn't riding 'fear'?" "Judge, he'll be better had. I need a new pair of pants an' a pound of tobacco."—Chicago News.