# The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. y Mail (postage prepaid in advance)lly, with Sunday, per month.
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lly, with Sunday, per year
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Weekly, 3 months
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ly, per week, delivered, Sunday includ Subscribers— week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c week, delivered, Sunday included 20c

POSTAGE RATES. ed States, Canada and Mexico-

News or discussion intended for publication The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the nam of any individual. Letters relating to adven Using, subscription, or to any business matter should be addressed simply. "The Oregonian."
The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories frem individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem

TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair, cooler during the afternoon; winds, shifting to southerly.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1903

OUR DEFECTIVE TONGUE. A very grave lack of the English language has been brought to our attention by a recent remark of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. The Senator

Skillful politicians—I will not say dema-gogues—are very apt to indulee in generaliwhich make plausible and taking war s until you come to demand something a

was defending the Dingley tariff, and

The truth is in diametrical, comprehensive and thorough-going antagonism to Senator Hoar's assertions. It is strange that a man of his lofty character, broad learning and sincerity of thought can fall into such gross misstatement. It has been a long time since the advocates of tariff reform have been confined to generalities, or at all interested in them or in the slightest degree dependent on them. The specific allegations are theirs, the generalities are all with the standpat-

For example: According to Mr. Carnegie, four-inch steel billets can be made and sold at a profit at Pittsburg today for \$13.50 per ton, plus "several dollars per ton." A profitable price for the billets should therefore not be over \$18.50 per ton. But the Iron Trade Review quotes four-inch Bessemer and open-hearth steel billets at \$27 to \$29 per ton. In other words the are making from \$8.50 to \$10.56 per ton more than they can possibly have any good commercial claim to make. And it is argued that the tariff on steel is unnecessary.

This is only a random illustration of the high prices which American trusts are able to exact from the American public by means of the tariff. Demand for revision of the Dingley schedules proceeds exactly upon these specific lines. Take the prices and the duties and figure out just how many dollars a ton or cents a pound the trusts exact exorbitantly by reason of unnecessary tariffs on salt, paper, copper products, leather, shoes, and so on down the line and there you have the case for the tariff reformers.

Now, how about the standpatters? What is the specific demonstration which they oppose to these glittering generalities of the revisionists? We have a fairly good acquaintance with current tariff discussion, and we undertake to say that Senator Hoar, great man that he is, wise, just and eloquent, would be put to considerable pains to find a single candid discussion of the steel or any other schedule of the Dingley bill from the side of the standpatters. On the other hand, he will find the glittering generalities of reform confronted by such specific evidence as

HURRAH FOR HANNA! THE FULL DINNER PAIL LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE. THE COUNTRY IS PROSPEROUS. PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN LABOR.

THE TARIFF MUST BE REVISED BY ITS FRIENDS. THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS THE

BOOT OF ALL EVIL. Senator Hoar is perhaps the greatest living American, measured by his public service, his incorruptible patriotism and his statesmanlike accomplishments. You can't call him a liar. You can't characterize his most reprehensible utterance as a falsehood. That is where the defective nature of the English language is apparent. There is no word to designate a most palpable and mischlevous perversion of truth by a man whose character is above reproach There is no term available by which

you can call a man a liar in a way to

do him honor and earn his affection

and esteem.

President Roosevelt made the principal address yesterday at the unveiling of the monument to the troops of New Jersey who fought at Antietam. Antietam was one of the important battles of the war, but so badly fought on the Union side that the chief glory of it was obtained by the Confederate army under Lee, which, only 40,000 strong, repulsed all the attacks of McClellan's army, which was 87,000 strong. Lee lost 10,000 men killed and wounded; nevertheless, he offered McClellan battle all the next day, despite the fact that Mc-Clellan, who had lost 12,000 men, had received 14,000 reinforcements, while Lee had not been reinforced by a single battle, but under the circumstances it

next day. The late General Michie, a graduate of West Point, and for years one of its professors, in his life of Mc-Cielian says that Antietam was so blundering a battle in all its antecedents and its executive battle tactics as to prove that General McClellan was utwithout capacity either as a strategist or a tactician. The only criticism to be passed upon Lee is that he should not have fought the battle at all at such severe loss when it was not necessary to secure his retreat. The New Jersey troops, in whose memory a years or so the vice may be kept semonument was dedicated yesterday. consisted of Torbert's New Jersey Brigade, Slocum's division, Sixth Corps, and ture and miserable death, the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, a new regiment which was attached to Knipe's brigade of Crawford's division, Twelfth Corps. The four regiments of Torbert's brigade suffered small loss, but the Thirteenth New Jersey was in the attack made by the Twelfth Corps and suffered severely.

THE OPIUM HABIT. The interference of the police with a sideshow of the Carnival which included an opium den where two fiends were "hitting the pipe" deserves hearty commendation. The view of the police is that the open display of the methods and effects of opium smoking is a most demoralizing exhibition to immaturity and ignorance that witness it. If it is sound public policy to keep boys out of gambling-houses and liquor saloons on the ground that immaturity and inexperience make them easy victims to vice, it is certainly still more desirable that they are not exposed to the spectacle of an oplum joint. The terrible nature of the oplum vice, whether it is used as the Chinese use it or in the form of morphine or laudanum, cannot be exaggerated. Alcoholism is a noisy vice. It walks in Iron shoes, the clangor of whose irregular footsteps vex the peaceful air, but the victim of the morphine or opium habit walks in shoes that are shod with wool. A noiseless vice compared with alcoholic intemperance, it inflicts far more permanent ruin upon the victim.

Because it is a noiseless vice, because can be pursued in comparative secreey for at least ten years, the opium vice has a larger per cent of comparatively intelligent, well-bred persons on its roll of ultimate death than alcohol. Men and women who shrink from the notoriety which the intemperate user of dechol obtains in public and private not seldom acquire the opium or morphine habit. Once acquired, it is seldom abandoned; the determined struggles of men of great natural powers of mind and high intelligence have seldom been successful in the effort to break the chains of the opium habit. great Lord Clive, the founder of England's empire in India, called in the ald of oplum to obtain ease from the pains of disease contracted in the tropes, and was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally and in a fit of depression following its use he died by his own hand when he had just completed

his 49th year. Coleridge never wrote any poetry of fine quality after he was 20 years of age, because in 1796 he commenced taking opium to alleviate the pangs of rheumatism, and acquired the habit which -ruined him. All his famous poems were written before he became a slave to the oplum habit. He did much work of various sorts for twenty five years or more after he became a user of oplum, but his poetic power, his noblest gift, he was powerless to invoke and employ with any ability after 1796. He wrote lectures; he wrote on meta-physics and phychology, but his poetic imagination was blasted by his opium habit. A man of the finest native endowments, the son of a clergyman, a man of religious spirit, a man of conscience, the opium habit made a wreck of Coleridge. He was all his days borrowing money of his friends; he left the support of his wife and child to his friend and brother-in-law, Southey; he spent the last fifteen years of his life in the house of a friend who generously offered him an asylum; he was a worthless husband and father, not because he was naturally a bad man, but because he fell into the oplum habit, like Lord Clive, to alleviate disease and be came a hopeless victim to its indulgence. It made Coleridge incapable of continuous industry; his life was one of

long passages of unproductive indolence

interrupted by a spasm of exertion.

Macaulay describes the demeanor of Lord Clive, broken down by opium, in language that recalls Carlyle's picture of Coleridge's last days of a drugged life. Macaulay says: "To the last his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. Sometimes after sitting silent and torpid for hours he would rouse himself to the discussion of some great question, would display in full vigor all his great talents and would then sink back into his melancholy repose. This is about what Carlyle says of Coleridge, and this is the terrible record of what opium did for a great soldier, like Clive, and a great poet, like Coleridge. The story of De Quincey's struggle with opium is told with fascinating loquence in his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." De Quincey began his servitude to the deadly drug by taking laudanum at intervals for neuralgia of the face; then he became an oplum-user; he conquered the habit twice, then resumed it, but finally succeeded in reducing his daily dose gradually down to a very small quantity. He lived to be an old man of over 75 he produced a variety of most excellent literary work, but his opium vicissitudes spolled his life, dislocated his industry, so that he became eccentric in his domestic life and personal manners. He made a more successful struggle to conquer opium than Coleridge, so that while Coleridge became wrecked for his best work, De Quincey was only periodically crippled.

There are other cases of conspicuous men of iron will like Clive, of religious sensibility like Coleridge, who have struggled desperately but in vain to break the anaconda folds of the opium habit, but these serve to illustrate the powerlessness of even superior minds to for the sacrifice. But what of the work break its clutch. But every intelligent man from his own circle of private acquaintance knows the tenacious quality of the oplum habit; knows its prevalence among respectable people of both sexes, who are repelled by alcoholism. A gallant officer in a New England regiment who was mortally wounded in the last charge before Petersburg in April, 1865, said in his dving hours that he was glad to die; the war was ended nobly; the Union secure; there was nothing left for him to do; his oplum habit unfitted him for the steady work of peace. This officer was a finely educated man, a fine scholar and writer, a man. Antietam has been called a drawn | fine civil engineer and astronomer, but optum had claimed him for its own, and gling to move a heavily laden express

19,000 men and yet offer battle again the probably by his own hand. Alcoholism yields to medical treatment and personal reform, but the victim of the morphine habit is nearly always hopeless, even when he earnestly struggles against the busy, meddling fiend. It is a case where repentance can do nothing, because one cannot repent. Beware the morphine flend; he will not leave you while life lasts, and life will not ordinarily last long. Doctors know how terribly common is the morphine vice. The hypodermic syringe has many votaries in both sexes. For ten cret; but chronic ulceration of the bowels at last brings the victim to a prema-

When a conciliation board, appointed to consider certain differences between mineowners and mine employes in the State of Pennsylvania, could not agree on sundry questions, it was determin to refer the latter to an umpire. For that office the conciliation board selected Mr. Carroll D. Wright. A report from Mr. Wright is now on file.

quote: Taking the rulings of the court, the asertion of the Anthracite Coal Strike Com-mission, the clauses in the agreement made by and with the United Mineworkers of America and the admissions of the different dembers of the Board of Conciliation, hether on the one side or the other, there whether on the one side or the other, there can be no doubt that a man has a right to quit the service of his employer whenever he sees fit, with or without giving any cause, provided he gives proper notice, and that the employer has a perfect right to employ and discharge men in accordance with the conditions of his industry; that he is not obliged to give any cause for disharge, but that he should, as in the reverse ease, give proper notice. This right to discharge must, therefore, be sustained. Any other view of the case would result in compelling men to work for an employe when they did not wish to, and thus en-slave them, and, on the other hand, it compel employers to employ men whether they had work for them or not, and whether the men were incompetent or not, and would thus stagnate business and work to the injury of all other employers.

We shall reproduce also the comment of two of the best American newspapers upon the principle laid down by Mr. Wright, thus:

Brooklyn Eagle. No labor union on this earth deales the hed for any reason that to him seem good, or for no reason at all if the walking delegate happens around and arbitrarily rders him on strike. The right of the workman to do this thing has been sus-tained by courts, and always will be sustained by courts, and always will be sus tained by that fair public opinion which be eves a man should be permitted to exer cise the largest measure of individual lib erty compatible with the safety of society. But if to the employs be conceded the privilege of dropping his employer, a parity of reasoning must concede to the employer the right to drop his employe. In neither case is it incumbent upon the man who does the dropping to explain the whys and wherefores to the man who is dropped.

New York Tribune. Precisely so some expert accountant might declare that a banker in casting up his accounts had a right to reckon two and two as making four, and would be under no obligation to give reasons for so doing. We make no reflection upon Mr. Wright. His decision was just, and it was apparently necessary in the line of his present duties. But what a state of affairs it is in which it is necessary thus to enunciate and reaffirm an axiom of freedom! \* \* Let the primary class in the kindergarten stand forth. Little children, free men are free. It is not lawful for one man in a free country to make a slave of another and to compel hlm to work for him, whether he will r not. Neither is it lawful for one man to pel another to employ him, whether he

That is to say, for this is what Mr. Wright, the Eagle and the Tribune are all driving at, an employer has a perfect right to discharge his men because they belong to a union, and they have no right to call him to account. He can tell them frankly that is his reason, or he can withhold all explanation whatever. That is his privilege, and its ex-

plaint against him. True enough, so far as it goes. But it doesn't go very far. A man has an undoubted right to discharge all his men or take such steps as will induce them all to quit. He has also the undevaluable papers in his safe, or to break all the dishes in his china closet. It is

his privilege, but it is not business. The aim of business is the conduct of affairs with success, honor and profit, It is not to wreak revenge or gratify every stupid and unprofitable whim that may lie within the purview of a man's moral or legal rights. The em ployer who is always fighting with his help can't be arrested for that; but as a business man he is a lamentable failure. The man who pays too much for his goods and sells them at ruinously low prices is not more hopelessly unfit for business than is he who has never learned the necessity of securing cheerful, contented service from his em-

## A LAY SERMON.

A writer in the New York Herald has this to say of the treatment of horses; "I remember reading once in a Bostor paper something to this effect: 'Tie a rse up in the sun, cut his tail off. check his head high up, and if he is a horse of common sense he will take the first opportunity to run away with you and dash your brains out, if you have

any. With this as a text, the writer pro ceeds to indite a strong sermon that should be given wide publicity, saying: "Through the most stupid ignorance or inexcusable thoughtlessness, the patient animal is being tortured half to death. Nor does gentle woman protest. Without a thought she gladly takes her place in the carriage to be pulled by the most wretched of the wretched; if the horse is lame or has wounds under the harness, she sees it not; if the blinders flap against his eyes, she sees it not; if the files are tormenting the mutilated horse, she sees it not; without having any idea of the miseries of the creature in front of her, she drives on and on and enjoys the ride under conditions against which with the whole force of her womanhood

she should protest," This is the society animal rigged up aday animal? Overloaded, jerked this way and that by an angry, impatient, ignorant driver, backed through narrow, rough spaces with heavy loads, scourged with the whip when pulling every ounce that he can pull, because he cannot move several hundred pounds more-surely his condition cries out for mercy. And if the horse of "common sense" takes occasional revenge in the shape of a runaway or a vicious kick, who can wonder? "It would be well if that horse knew the latent power that lies in-his heels and would use it against his cruel taskmaster," said a woman on the East Side a few days ago, as she saw a horse bravely struglooks very like a Confederate victory but for the glorious opportunity of the | wagon out of a rut into which the carefor 40,000 men to stand off 87,000, lose war he would have perished ignobly, less driver had allowed one wheel to

drop. Swearing and beating the belpless animal with a narroty piece board, the driver was, to all intents and purposes, insane, and one could but join the wish above implied that he might be sent on a stretcher to a hospital by a well-directed blow from the horse's heels and given time to recover his

senses-"if he have any." A few years ago a man was kicked in the stomach in a stable in this city by a horse that he was beating in its stall with a piece of scantling. The force of the blow doubled him up so tight that the undertaker thought for a while, it was said, that he would have to bury him according to the Japanese custom-i. e., in a sitting posture. And though as in duty bound the public spoke of the occurrence as a regrettable and sad accident, humane people who were honest with themselves rendered a secret verdict which was tersely expressed in three words-"Served him

It did not require a prophet to forese the early downfall, through drink, of Sam Morris, the Nez Perces baseball pitcher. Any man of ordinary observation could have foretold this sad sequel, though perhaps it has come sooner than the most apprehensive could have expected that it would. It was idle, of course, to suppose that the deviltry that finds amusement in the antics of a drunken man would fail to ply this Indian youth with drink, and equally futile to suppose that excess would not immediately follow. The authorities of the training school at Chemawa, who had charge of Morris, hesitated, it was said, to allow him to join the baseball Well, indeed, they might have hesitated. The wonder is that, being custodians of the Indian, and in honor responsible for him for some time to come, they considered for a moment the offer made to him, through them, to sign away the fair prospect of decent, reputable manhood that was before him. If the superintendent of the Indian School could prevent this, and it is fair to suppose that he was in a position to do so, his action in permitting Morris to leave school for an occupation that was certain to throw him in the way of temptation that he was not morally strong enough to resist cannot be too severely censured.

Commissioner of Pensions Eugene Ware braves the indignation of a multitude of young wives of old soldiers by urging in his annual report the enactment of a law prohibiting the giving of pensions to women who were married to old soldlers after the latter had become pensioners. Mr. Ware's predecessor, it will be remembered, brewed a barrel of trouble for himself by righteous outbursts against this and other pension abuses. If the Commissioner would be popular in a presumably influential politico-military organization, he must touch lightly the tender places in the hearts of the veterans. Of course, every one knows and the untrammeled public and press may declare that it is a shame and a scandal for a young woman, born perhaps years after the fall of Richmond, to marry a decrepit old soldier so that she may inherit his pension, but the Commissioner of Pensions makes such a statement to the peril of his peace, if not his position He will soon hear from many sources that he is there, not to criticise or seek to amend the pension laws, but to carry out their provisions. He may hold a contrary opinion and the President may back him up in it, but-Is the game worth the candle? Ask Mr. H. Clay Evans. His testimony should be con-

clusive on that point.

The citizens of Ravalli County, Montana, are congratulating themselves, each other and the rest of the state upon the speedy movement of justice in the Walter Jackson murder case. The crime, an unusually abhorrent one, was committed August 13, the victim being a boy 6 years old. The people of Western Montana were greatly shocked, and it seemed for a time that the murderer would be lynched. There was reasonable assurance, however, that the perniable right to burn up the money and petrator of the monstrous crime would not go unwhipped of justice, and the counsels of moderation prevailed. It is said that every movement of the cas was under close scrutiny by a determined public, and if the slightest loophole for the escape of the prisoner had been opened, the officers would not have been able to protect him from public vengeance. The trial from indictment to verdict moved with commendable promptness, and in less than a month from the date of the crime the perpetrator was legally condemned to die. The Helena Record observes that the example of prompt justice in this instance will do much to quell the spirit of mob violence in the state, while people who believe in proceeding in all cases according to law will take new

> The bishop of Durham complains that the English language will soon consist of nothing but "slang and initials." The Boston Transcript seeks to console the venerable pessimist by suggesting that he consult the latest of American dictionaries, where he will find that there are still about 300,000 words in good and regular standing. The complaint is a typical one; its text is, "Oh, the times; oh, the manners!" delivered with a deep intonation of disgust, not to say alarm Its tendency is to magnify the evil and minimize the good—a most un-Christian occupation, certainly, for a bishop.

> The annual report of the Commis sioner of Pensions shows five names on the roll on account of the War of the Revolution, 1116 on account of the War of 1812, 4734 on account of the Indian wars, and 13,874 on account of the Mexican War. These names are as leaves from the past, buffeted by the storms of a century. They represent in the ag gregate an army tottering with age and nearing its last bivouac.

> The death and burial in Washington D. C., of Colonel James K. Kelly recalls incidents and actors in and of the plo neer era to which he belonged. His history in Oregon forms a conspicuous chapter in the political annals of the state during the period of his residence His part was well performed. Full of years and honors, he has passed on.

There is this to be said to the credit of Evangelist and Divine Healer John Johnson. He does not have a book on sale at his meetings, and is not seeking and acquiring wealth through the exercise of his "gift" in treating the afflicted. This is evidence of his sincerity in proclaiming the dominion of mind

over matter. The "open mind" is an admirable thing in a philosopher, but Mr. Balfour is finding it a very inconvenient pos

### ONE SERVICE OF THE PAIR.

Oregon's enterprise in arranging a fitting celebration to mark the centenary of the Lewis and Clark expedition is being recognized throughout the country. and is in some instances acting as an incentive to similar action. Indeed, the reputation of the state is being magnified to such an extent that Oregonians will have to increase even the present pace if they are to live up to the estimates of their friends. The Louisville Herald speaks thus of the exhibition:

The people of Oregon are preparing actively for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, to begin in Portland in 1905. In 1804-6 Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, act ing under orders from President Jefferson, ascended the Missouri to its sources and crossed the Rocky Mountains. Striking the head waters of the Columbia, they floated down that river to its mouth, and explored a great deal of the Oregon country. Their explorations embraced nearly all of the country south of the 49th degree parallel. The exploring party consisted of nine Ken-tuckians and 14 regular soldiers. Having explored nearly all the great Northwest, they started on their return journey March and the hat, in position, as its visible sign, is curious. While the hat is there the head cannot be lost; that must be the psychology of it. But why does Mr. Long gibe at this habit or peculiarity? He is

23, 1800 The Lewis and Clark expedition emorable incident in American history. It la part of Kentucky's many contributions to the triumphant march of American civiliza-tion. The people of Oregon have the hearty good wishes of this state and, indeed, of section of the Union, in their proposed commemoration of an exploration as valuable to civilization as those of De Soto, De LaSaile and Pere Marquette. The event they propose to commemorate is an American triumph of the first step taken to make this Republic mistress of the Pacific and beneficiary of its commerce. The Exposition of 1905 should exercise a powerfully beneficent influence on behalf of American institutions, trade and industry among all nations but particularly those of iong all nations, but particularly those of the Far West.

assertions as generally true, even for New England. Thus some editorial articles in the Far West.

The energy and executive ability shown by the people of Oregon in the promotion of the Lewis and Clark Exposition should incite the South to prepare for a due commemoration of the First Settlement of Virginia, at Jamestown, in 1907. No event in all American history is of more transcend. the Boston Transcript are written in a frock coat; others in a kimono; the "editorial paragraphs" in a shirt waist, and always wears a linen "duster" when in the travall of composition. Thus no par-ticle of flery matter disengaged is lost. all American history is of more transcendent importance. There the Anglo-Saxon race made its first enduring establishment in the New World. Not through seas of The Hon. Solomon Bulkley Griffin of the Springfield Republican cannot compose unblood like Cortex and Pixarro did the founders of American freedom march to success. They brought to America their less the seat of his revolving chair is covered with a full-armored pincushion and three well-stocked vinegar cruets and a carbey of sour milk are on the sideboard of weeping willow. General Sambo Bowies cestral love of freedom, and in 1619 had the satisfaction of seeing representative popular institutions established on this con-tinent. The tri-centenary of the settlement of Agawam writes out of doors in his song coat of feathers. In short, habits differ, and many respectable editorial writers are at Jamestown in every sense deserves commemoration. It is an American event. Without it there had been no Louisiana Purchase and no Lewis and Clark exploraso far from wearing a hat, when on duty that they don't even wear any visible hair though his observations are severely lo-cal. We understand that Chancellor Snow

There is something especially appropriate in an exhibition that at once 'commemorates an historical event of the first importance and marks a stage of current levelopment that calls for the attention of the world. Such happy combination will be evident in the Lewis and Clark Fair, and, should the Herald's idea become a reality, in an exhibition to celebrate the tri-centenary of the first settlement of

### The Price Is Too High.

Chicago Inter Ocean.
The Department of Commerce and Laor publishes statistics to show that our Pacific states are in condition to com-pete for the lumber trade of the Orient. We are already making heavy shipments of lumber and other forest products to Japan and China, and the Secretary of

ommerce and Labor says: The American lumber industry of the Pacific Coast has the advantage (over the Russian) of organization on a large scale and of mechanical equipment. This is evidenced by the rate of annual pro-duction. The annual cut of lumber and shingles of the three Pacific states is 4,600,000,000 feet. At this rate the forests 40 years. The proposition is to increase the lum-

ber output'so as to control the Oriental market, and in doing so deforest the three states in 40 years.

That is too high a price to pay for con-

trol of the Oriental lumber market. The lumber dealers, "organized on a large scale" to increase the lumber output, may not think so, but the people of the three states, interested not so much in imme-diate profits as in the future of the Pacific Coast, know that it is. The forests of Oregon, Washington and California are worth more to the country as standng forests than as lumber in the far

## The President and the Tricksters.

Pacific Unitarian. We republish in another column an ediorial, which, we are proud to say, is from newspaper published on the Pacific Coast-namely, The Portland Oregonian. Coming events cast their shadows be-The character of the newspapers already engaged in the attempt to belittle President Roosevelt and to prevent his re-nomination indicates the nature of the approaching campaign. The public press wields much influence, but not as much as it did before the school and university ontributed to the general intelligence. is true now that the intelligent and upright voters of the country cannot be seri-ously affected by the attitude of any newspaper. It is becoming more and more difcult, thanks to the schools, and churche as well, for unscrupulous journals and politicians to profit by sophistry, lying, even by witty ridicule. President Roosevelt will be commended by the majority of upright men, we believe, for his manly stand in favor of honesty, righteousness, justice and patriotism, no matter which party they have voted with beretofore. Good men will love him for the enemies

## The Passing of "Gee, Whon, Haw,"

New York Times. "One thing in the management of horses this town that surprises me is the elir Ination of 'Gee, whoa, haw,' from the driver's vocabulary," said the man who was brought up in the country. "In one capacity or another, I have been brought in close association with a number of teamsters and their horses, and have noticed that the old-fashioned orse talk with which I was familiar up state is almost unknown here. "In its stead, the drivers say 'Hi there and 'Get along' and shout numerous other irections that I do not care to mention

The animals seem to understand these strenuous remarks and obey fairly but I can't help wondering why the owners have abandoned the 'Gee, whoa, haw of my boyhood days.'

#### In Limerick Land. Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Limerick land the rhymester strays Like a happy child o'er flower-strewn ways He spurns the sonnet, the stately ode, The ballade, the musical villanelle, His pegasus gallops along the road And the ragtime ring of a tinkling bell Floats through the air on every hand In laughing, lilting Limerick land. It is never a resonant ring-

The ring of the song that we'd sing; It ripples along, And the subject is any old thing!

In Limerick land no sorrow dwells-We hear no tolling of funeral bells. The song of death, of the sable hearse Must ever be couched in stately verse The deeds of heroes, the clash of arms e grim recital of wars alarms, ke deathless themes for songsters grand-

We sing not thus in Limerick land. It is never a resonant ring-The ring of the song that we sing:

And the subject is any old thing!

### FASHIONS FOR THE SANCTUM.

New York Sun. The Hon. John Davis Long of Hingham, state of Massachusetta, is reported to have emitted this view of editorial articles and their authors:

good as his.

tion.

on him; and your opinion is just as

Possibly Mr. Long speaks with authority

as to the conditions which prevail in the

thought-pariors of the journalists of Buck-

field, Me., and Hingham, Mass. The heat

generated by intellectual motion may well

drive the motor to his shirt sleeves; and

these must be convenient for the absorp-

tion of some of the tremendous eddies of ink that whirl in the tempest of composi-

The correlation of inward mental energy

a Dry. | Surely he does not wish us to

surmise that his esteemed contemporaries in Buckileid and Hingham would produce

sublimer pieces if they garlanded their convolutions with a wet towel, wrapped their talents in a napkin, so to speak.

Notice the size of the editorial room known to our excellent marine friend. He

gives us the fact, but not the explanation.

"Long's Law," as readers of Ganot's phy-sics remember, is this:

The number of square feet in the editorial room is the number of linear inches in the editorial desired.

But we are not to accept Mr. Long's

of the Kansas State University has de

ditorial writers will then be expected of

Her Selections,

Philadelphia Ledger

The following incident is teld of a pop-lar and well-to-do Thirty-second Wa

bachelor who is a patron of the Wagner Institute branch library:

"I am going to the country, Miss Blank,

he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a couple of interesting

novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might no

prove interesting to you," replied Miss

"No; get me one of each, and I'll be sat-

She selected two and handed them to

her spouseless acquaintance, who, after

Rival Schools of Statesmanship,

fers land game, whereas ex-President Cleveland prefers water game. Both citi-

zens have a leaning toward offspring, but the object of the President's endeavors

is the creation of citizens who shall be

unswervingly true to their duties, whereas the ex-President favors nothing

more moral worth than fishermen. Ex-

President Cleveland glories in the fact that he weighs the proceeds in his fish

scales, and even at that can only get a return of nine pounds. President Roose-

velt asks no more favorable scales than

are afforded by the common market place glorying in number rather than in indi-

didual bulk. President Cleveland shouts

for protection only as regards the fishery of Buzzard's Bay, but he cares for that

more than for the policy of the next Fed-eral administration. President Roosevelt's

enthusiasm for protection and for off-

Keep Away From Seattle, Brother

Dallas (Texas) News,

as a sort of saloon annex to the Puget Sound Navy Yard. The Government

threatened to move away from the place if

the saloons were not put out of business, and now the people of the place want to

sell the whole townsite to the Govern

The Blaine Estate.

The estate of James G. Blaine, as left

by his widow, is appraised at \$1,000,000, ac-

New York Times. It is all left to the

The Little Brown Brother,

Robert F. Morrison in the Manila Sunday Sun

I'm only a common soldier-man, in the blasted

dunno what it means.

I like the word Fraternity, but still I draw

Philippines.

on the brink.

ever stoop to that,

And say his prayers the moment that his pas-

I'm here and I have seen it, so you can't make

game of me; I'd rather be an Orphan, as in such a Families. The L. B. B. may suit some folks, but after

The best one that I ever saw had an overlose

I'm only a common Soldier-man in the blasted

Philippines. They say I've got Brown Brothers here, but I

lifeless Clay,

all is said,

the back.

It looks as if Bremerton, Or., were built

spring extends to infant industries

whatever kind or age. Tot opiniones!

but President Roosevelt

he replied.

books and read these titles;

"When a Man's Single,"
"It Is Never Too Late to Mend."

Mr. Long.

Blank.

gallantly.

isfied."

Uncle Dudley of the Boston Globe

You read an editorial in a daily and it seems to speak with all the authority of a great paper, but think when you read it Lipton didn't get the cup, but he got the appendicitis all right. that it was written by a man in his shirt sleeves, with his hat on his head, in a little 7 by 9 room, and if he should buttonhole you on the street you would want to get

dog in the manger.

While the Maine guide is a rough and eady sort of fellow, many hunters think he's just a deer.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The President is back at work-making

The only dog that isn't taxed is the

The court is up against a tough proposition when it has to decide the degree of friendship implied by giving a girl crawfish and taking her to a dance.

A Colfax woman named Cabbage is suing for divorce. Evidently when single she wanted to get a head of Cabbage, and now she's married she wants to get ahead of him again.

If any man has capacity enough to nake the Democrats, the leaders of Wall street and the labor unions work together in a political cause he should be elected President by unanimous vote.

The house in which Dickens was born is the latest to be selected as a museum. If this sort of thing goes on there will soon be no houses left for the living, and the head of a family who seeks apartments will be barred by the ghosts of dead

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer thinks

armlessness in fiction is very commendable, as is the absence of formaldehyde in milk. .. Here is richness of thought. Sure it is. Harmlessness in fiction is almost as commendable as the absence of tacks in rolled oats, or the absence of buttons in pie-

Colonel Hawkins having offered a prize for the decoration of cement sidewalks, the following ideas are presented free to intending competitors:

Impression of a policeman's foot. Impression of a fare chip. Impression of a reform wave. Impression of a new leaf. Impression of the general public.

#### Reflections of a Husband. A woman will not go into a church without a new dress, but she will break nto a conversation without even an ex-

Mr. Long's conclusions are interesting, Some women are so modest that they dush to look at a man's picture without chaperon. cided to call Mr. Long to the new chair of journalism in that institution. A more complete conspectus of the sociology of

A husband is as close to a lover as some women get. A hair in the head is worth two on the houlder after coming from the club.

The woman with an odd figure usually inds some way to get even. A husband is the first thing a girl thinks of; he is the last a wife endures. When a woman marries for money she

s disappointed if she gets brains. If all women kept secrets men would never have any. When a woman finds another woman

ut she does not always leave cards. Many a woman who thinks herself abused merely needs a new gown, When a woman is vaccinated the gods ook the other way. F. S. B.

"Just pick out two books for me, and I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined The Pitcher That Went Too Often Every Indian in his tepec "Have you read Barrie's or Reade's novels?" she asked. Felt uncomfortably creepy, For the prophet of the tribe was on the

stump; Who, on pondering his matter, Thus began his wordy clatter, And be emphasized the starting with a

warmly thanking her for the favor she bad done him, turned up the backs of the "I can see the paleface coming from every point around, And he's crowding out the Indian to the happy hunting ground; We shall lose our broad possessions and be

penned in a reserve,

And they'll try to civilize us, a fate we New York Times. Tot homines! Both President Roose-velt and ex-President Cleveland are don't deserve. When some small dispute arises we won't settle it by fight. But in tedious litigation to the lawyers'

great delight; who've roumed the wide states over shall be wards of Uncle Sam, And his agents men who know that wool is useless to a lamb, our sons shall live as subjects till a day in Ninteen-three,

When a youth shall rise to save us and the white a youth shall rise to save us and the whites his glory see.

He shall take them in their stronghold and shall bring them into camp.

While the crowd shall shake the bleachers as their wild applause they stamp.

His name will be Sam Morris, I hear it in

their shout"-Here the prophet sank exhausted, for his pipe had flickered out. And the redskins were contented with this

ending to the story, For the scion of their chieftain's house regained the race's glory; But had the wily prophet just prepared another pill.

The vision he'd have visioned would have

made him very III; He'd have seen the brave young tyee, with an eye described as ory. A-heading for the skookum house, despite his bunch of glory,
And the prophet would have profited by
noting this thing down:
"You may paint your faces all you please, but never paint the town

# PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS Purchaser-But you said it was an extra. Howling Newsboy-Well, 'tis. Doy give me one more dan I paid fer by mistake. Chicago

cording to a Bangor (Me.) dispatch to the News. Patient-I seem to be a little better, Doctor, but I'm stift short of breath. Doctor-Just have patience, sir, and we'll stop that altogether.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Talk about a man being the lord of erea it" exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson. "What would Garden of Eden itself have been without of "What was it after she came?" re-They say I've got Brown Brothers here, but I manded Mr. Ferguson, in a rasping voice,-Chicago Tribune,
Pirst citizen (of Lonelyville)—I think the

the line, He may be a brother of William H. Taft, but he ain't no friend of mine. cook we have now will stay with us for some time. Second citizen—How is that? First citi-zen—She don't get up in time to catch the 8:05, I never had a brother, who would beg to get and she's intoxicated every afternoon before the 5:12.-Harper's Weekly. "I heard today that your son was an under-

a drink, To keep himself from dying, when he hovered taker. I thought you told me he was a physi-cian." "Not at all." "I don't like to comra-dict, but I'm positive you did say so." "You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."—Philadelphia Press. And when my Pai had give it him, and emptied out his sack.

Would take the opportunity to stick him in

I never had a brother who could take a wound-"I wish the big hoop-skirt style for women would come in again." "Why" "Well, I figure that when women had to manage them they didn't have time to try to manage so many other things in this world, and man had more of a chance."—Chicago Evening Post. and bury him to the armpits, with a most unholy joy, Then train the Red Ants on him, like some

caged Bubonic Rat!
Thank God, I've got no brother, who would "Willie, you may finish this piece of pie if you want it," said mother. "It isn't enough to save." "Mother," said Willie, when he had finished it, "a box in the family comes in very handy when there is a little bit of pie over, doesn't he?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Nor yet have I a brother, who'd commit a nameless shame
On a poor dead Soldier, lying where he gave
up hope of fame.
Who could mutilate so flendishly a piece of

"It was sheer carelessness on somebody's part that caused Charlle to lose money on that

race," said young Mrs. Torkins, sympathetically. "How do you know?" "I saw it in the paper. The horse was left at the post. The idea of putting a horse in a race and then neglecting to unbitch him?"—Washington Star. So when the King had banished the three young Princes to the top-story back room of the tower, there came an argumentator, who wanted to know the wherefore and the whyfore of it all. "The Princes are there," re-plied the Lord High Chamberlain, "on account of the King's health." "Elucidate!" said the argumentator. "Well, the court physician declares that the King needs a change of heir!" dumn what it means.

I like the world Fraternity, but still I draw the line,

Me may be a brother of William H. Taft, but the most ancient puns in the business must go on and on Sciah!—Baltimore the line,
Me may be a brother of William H. Taft, but
he sin't no friend of mine.