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THE UNEXPECTED MAY HAPPEN.

The prospect of war between Russia and Japan is less imminent than it was ten days ago, but the unexpected may happen and war break out tomorrow.

The American Revolution opened unexpectedly in the little flight of Lexington and Concord between a body of English soldiers and two or three companies of constabulary volunteers.

TO IMPOUND WATERS.

Timely articles in current magazines by Professor Haupt and Senator Burton, of Kansas, suggest remedies for conditions that follow floods at one season of the year and drouth at another.

Japan does not care about Manchuria, but she does care about Korea. It was to maintain the independence of Korea against the Chinese claim of suzerainty that Japan went to war with China in 1894, and to save Korea from Manchuria's fate Japan will surely fight, just as she would be obliged to fight if

France should attempt to occupy and absorb Mexico. In the treaty of Tokio, signed in 1898, between Russia and Japan, both powers agreed to refrain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of Korea.

Corea is one-half larger than Florida, mountainous, fertile, and full of undeveloped resources. Japan can obtain in Corea a piece of settlement for its overflowing population, for the employment of its capital and the development of its trade.

AN OUTWORN SURVIVAL.

The bill carried through the British Parliament last week, which increases the power of the Established Church of England over public education, is supplying an additional argument, of no small weight, to those who insist on complete disestablishment.

WHEAT MARKET DEADLOCKED.

With the lowest ocean freight rate on record and a wheat and barley crop slightly below the average of recent years, the grain business in the Northwest is nearer to a standstill than at any corresponding period in many years.

War and rumors of war in the far East have caused an unprecedented demand for breadstuffs and other necessary equipments for conflict, and Pacific Coast producers are reaping the benefits.

The prestige thus placed in that rich field for traffic across the Pacific will not easily be wrested from the Oregon dealers, and under normal conditions it will be impossible for the millers and wheat dealers east of the Rocky Mountains to share in this branch of the Oriental trade.

Little Pluma, a vaillant Blackfoot Indian of a Montana reservation, who, primed with treacher, recently went on the warpath, with the result that seven of his tribe, including his wife, were quickly added to the long list of good Indians, has made a detailed statement of his exploit.

The pathetic end of an energetic, toiling life is recorded in the death of Charles M. Patterson, who died from injuries received in the burning of the old shanty on East Washington street which he and his aged wife occupied under the name of a home.

The estimated Big Bill Devery, of New York, does not prophesy a rosy political future for young Mr. McClellan. Here he how he describes the defeat that awaits the Tammany man next month.

Whether or not the Russian people have clean hands is a matter of discussion in many a chancellery, but there is no doubt that the nation has a fondness for brightly-shining shoes, and in consequence there is a great demand for blacking and polish.

THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM—Text of an Exonerating Report.

An official report has reached London on the charges which were made against Sir Hector Macdonald, the man who committed suicide in a Paris hotel. The thousands of admirers of "Blighting Mac" over the world will be pleased to hear that the committee of inquiry, at Colombo, Ceylon, make a report completely exonerating him.

Dividing the Enemy.

At Saratoga, on the day his filly, Raglan, won the \$10,000 Spinaway stakes, Frederick Gebhart told an amusing story of a railway thug.

GUESSES FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Here is an inconspicuous list of the people who make guesses from the outside: The minister who overhears a policeman talking about some levee resort and who then tells his congregation that women's clubs are addicted to cocktails and cigarettes.

The college boy who knows that the members of his own fraternity are as helplessly innocent as lambs, but who writes his own secretary and other fraternalists are in the same predicament and who therefore hates to go to bed because he can just see those other fellows gathering around the premises on the campus and laying horrid plots.

The man who has never been inside a newspaper office, but who nevertheless anything he sees in the newspaper perhaps he is sure with a knowing look, "You can't fool me."

The Rev. William B. Leach, for instance, who says that all clubwomen smoke cigarettes, and who is scheduled to lecture at the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of "The Moral Influence of the Clubwoman."

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

The charges against him—Text of an Exonerating Report. From the Montreal Star.

An official report has reached London on the charges which were made against Sir Hector Macdonald, the man who committed suicide in a Paris hotel. The thousands of admirers of "Blighting Mac" over the world will be pleased to hear that the committee of inquiry, at Colombo, Ceylon, make a report completely exonerating him.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

Dallas (Texas) News. For about a month now the people in the southeastern part of Dallas have been troubled with a wolf. The animal, they say, closely resembling a yellow shepherd dog in appearance and size, has been stealing their chickens, infesting their back yards to their annoyance and terror, and crowding crime of all, has slain a parrot, the pet of one of them.

WHERE THE STRENGTH LIES.

An Anglo-Indian woman, who has spent years studying the Mohammedan temperament, tells a striking story on this head, which illustrates the Mohammedan spirit: "I remember a dear, small boy, the son of my friend, who was a Mohammedan, and I followed me about the garden, I offered him some 'No', he said, wistfully: 'I may not take it.' But why? 'Does the Miss Sahib not know it is my fat? The giant of darkness strives for the back of his hand, his mouth and kissed it violently and noisily four or five times. The women after that were silent. He watched them when the train came out into the light again. He placed his hand on his forehead and looked at them in an equally strange way. For a moment he looked at them. Then he said: 'Which one of you was it that kissed me in the tunnel?'"

"GOBBLING UP" TIMBER LANDS.

The Federal timber lands law provides for the sale to pioneers of Government forest lands in quarter sections at \$5.00 an acre. In the 25 years that this law has been on the statute books the total sales of timber lands have amounted to less than 7,000,000 acres. In the fiscal year 1903 alone the sales were 1,765,818 acres. These figures tell a startling story of the rapidity with which some of the most valuable portions of the public domain are being "gobbled up," and they furnish at the same time a most eloquent argument for immediate amendment of the timber land law.

He describes how a carload of people over a quarter of an acre. Shortly thereafter the land office receives claims for quarter sections in number exactly corresponding to the number of passengers on the car. Each claim is accompanied by a check for \$5.00. Investigation shows that none of the claimants was ever known in his home town to have \$400 at any one time in his life. Nevertheless the patents are issued, for the law only requires that the claimant must have seen the land and possess the price. Before long all the claims are transferred to some one syndicate or corporation.

TWO CLEVELAND TALES.

Philadelphia North American. PITTSBURGH—That a fresh guy in the crowd at the circus in this city, who is newsworthy to the conductor of the Pennsylvania Limited this morning.

ASK THE HUNTER.

New York Press. The Cleveland boom press agency has put this parable into circulation, attributed to the former President, as an incident of a recent shooting trip with a friend.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

John O'Keefe. I am a friar of orders gray, Add down in the valleys I make my way; I will blackberry, but not blueberry; Good stores of venison fills my cup; My long beard-roll I merely chant; Whoe'er I walk no money I want; And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—Who leads a good life is sure to live well; What bacon or quince, Or kindly of the man that dies; Lives half so well as a holy friar; After supper of heaven I dream, But that is a puntel and clouted cream; Myself, by a daisy, I worthy; With a daisy bit of a wreath I play; I'm blackberry, but not blueberry; With old sack wine I'm filled within; A chirping cup is my matin song; And I will blackberry, but not blueberry, sing—What bacon or quince, Or kindly of the shire, Lives half so well as a holy friar.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Naumes. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat announces that a marriage license has been issued to Cybelle Magruder, of Cairo, Ill. Where are the names of an older day? Single and sweet as the new-mown hay? Where are the names our fathers knew, Home as Maggie and Lizkie and Sue? None of the girls that we know today Would spell their names in the old-fashioned way.

Mead has an "M" pinned on to her name, And Mae thinks that Mag is a flower name. An "M" may perhaps be found in a palace—The farmer's daughter turns Alice to Alyce. The "y" has bested with horrid trace North and Mayle and Judy and Grayce. The queen, however, of twisters still Is Cybelle Magruder of Cairo, Ill. Then oh, for the names of an older day, Cymril and sweet as the month of May.

INTERRUPTION OF CONTINUITY.

To utilize the sidewalk laid recently in North Yakima one must move much as though following the pattern of a worm fence. The insanity that has been exercised in preventing any section of the sidewalk from meeting its neighbor is worthy of remark.—Tacoma Ledger.

SOLACE.

The Yanks get all the land in dispute, but Canada gets nearly half a barrel of water.—Toronto World. Dowie talks like a Tammany candidate. The sea is sometimes crueler than it appears. Tractor on New York's subway is subtraction—from the population. "Real estate is moving," as the motto said when the cave-in occurred. What Oregon wants is a Port Clatsop with all modern improvements. Orville George, the actress, found the Dowie mob too strong a present agent. The battleship Missouri has as much endurance as a mule from her patron state. Business conditions in Walla Walla are very bad just as present—for tourists and grafters.

ANYWAY, MOST OF THE TALK ABOUT THE CURRENCY IS ELASTIC, AND SOME OF IT IS STRETCHED TOO FAR.

Birthday may be kinder bunched in the family of the Zanesville woman who gave birth to four children at once. The North Pacific Dental College is to have a football team. The boys should make it go if they all pull together. Possibly Elijah III has a black chief, to be in harmony with the other Elijahs, whose bread and flesh was brought by ravens. The Ann editor has applied for an injunction forever restraining Postmaster Hancock from delivering any letters on the subject. A football player has died on the field, which merely shows that persons with weak hearts should play checkers in preference to football. Some people wouldn't mind even such a name as the "Boy Orator" if, like Mr. Bryan, they received large bequests on the strength of it. Aberdeen's cheerful demeanor would lead an Easterner to believe that Coast people are quite accustomed to having their cities burned down. The Berlin snake-charmer that is said to have been fatally crushed by a boa constrictor may have, like other girls, remarked: "You are squeezing me to death." "There's one consolation in this life," remarked John Haydock to the editor of the Clackamas Chronicle, "if we hope for something and don't get it we've always had the hope."

THREE PUPILS OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL HAVING BEEN AERIOUSLY INJURED WHILE PLAYING FOOTBALL, SUPERINTENDENT VAN TINE HAS ORDERED ALL SCHEDULED GAMES TO BE CANCELED. THIS SEEMS A VERY DRASTIC ACTION TO TAKE, WHEN ARRANGEMENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE TO TURN THE SCHOOL INTO AN ACCIDENT HOSPITAL AND TO TRAIN THE TEACHERS AS NURSES.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

"I thought Miss Plumfield figured on marrying me," "So she did, but another girl with more money outgubbed her."—Smart Set. She—Do you believe in love at first sight? He—Ah, yes, my dear young lady. For after a second look she would not love at all.—Philadelphia Record. The Man—Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me? The Woman—Didn't you promise to endow me with all your worldly goods?—Loudville Herald. "What are you grinning about, John?" "The landlord forgot to charge me for the gallon of sea water I swallowed while I was in bathing."—Loudville Herald. Sam—Moose Jackson don't blabbe dat rabbit's foot brings luck any mo'. Remus—Why not? Sam—Because de Kernal's building bit away de berry pocket he was carryin' it in.—Chicago Tribune. Miss Nones—You surely haven't decided to marry Mr. Gotrox. He's old enough to be your father. Miss Straps—Must beg to your remembrance also that I am old enough to be a granddaddy to your father. Philadelphia Press. Jackson Trays—My wife found a half-donated poker chips in my pocket this morning. Seven dollars' worth. What did she say? Jackson Trays—Lectured me on my carelessness in not having cashed them in.—Catholic Standard and Times. Mr. Haywood—There ain't nothin' that St. Peters loves more'n newspaper notoriety. Mrs. Haywood—What's he bin a-doin' now? Mr. Haywood—Faintin' his barn again, an' there ain't no occasion for it. 'Spect low git his name in the paper.—Philadelphia Press. "Mother," asked little Willie, innocently, "was all the wicked men drowned in the old world?" "Well," said his mother, "fall except one." And he is still wondering why his father went out and got drunk and came home and tossed things at his mother's head, and things like that.—Loudville Herald. Stranger—Are the waiters here attentive to you? Pretty Cashier—Sir—c'l stranger—Oh, no offense, I assure you. I was only carrying out the instructions as printed on the bill of fare, which says: "Please report any matters of waiters to cashier." And I thought if they were inattentive to you I would report them—that's all.—Baltimore American.