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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1904.

CONSCIENCE AND PROFITS.

The Anti-Saloon League, contending for prohibition, has issued a circular in which it essays answer to the statement that "prohibition will destroy the hop market," viz:

> It is amusing, if not pitiable, to see how hard run the brewers are to find some pretext with which to work upon the fears of the people. Ask any authority upon the hop market, and he will tell you that the best Oregon hops are shipped to the London market, and the poorer grades are sent to New York and Milwaukee markets. The home supply cuts but little figure. If every saloon and brewery in the state were closed, it would have but little effect upon the demand for the Oregon hop.

It is true that most of the hops grown in Oregon are shipped out of the state. But by what ethical argument can those who insist that manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors is worse than all the seven deadly sins, justify the growth and sale of hops for conversion into the "deadly poison," for destruction of other communities?

Yet here is an argument studied and framed expressly to lay the conscience asleep. You are urged to prohibit beer in Oregon, but in order to get you to vote that way you are told you may go on with growth and sale of hops for the "accursed brew" elsewhere.

In their relation to the liquor trade hops do not stand on the same basis as cereals, or even on quite the same as grapes. For hops in quantities have no commercial value except for conversion into (malt) liquors. A person has a right to assume, when he grows wheat and corn and barley, that alcoholic liquors will not be the result; but he can have no such ease of mind or conscience —if he profess scruples—in regard to hops. Then what is to be said of "the soft cheveril conscience" that may "stretch from an inch narrow to an ell broad," to cover the argument that there is no moral inconsistency between voting for prohibition at home and providing the materials, without scruple, for the "damnable traffic" elsewhere?—because "there's money in hops" and "we can't afford to quit the business."

It is not the business of The Oregonian to establish peace between the conscience of the prohibition hopgrower and his desire for gain. It simply exposes the casuistry of the argument addressed to him by the political prohibitionist.

REAL CAUSES OF WAR.

It is said that the arrangement for an international mixed commission to consider the North Sea affair, as between Great Britain and Russia, is a great triumph for peaceful arbitration, and another proof that the causes of war—or what have been such hitherto—can all be removed by peaceful means. Not so, for this controversy between Great Britain and Russia is, comparatively, a small matter. It was sudden and unexpected, was probably accidental, and may easily be explained and accounted for. But it would be a mistake to suppose that graver causes of contention between nations, such as those that have produced the war between Japan and Russia, could be removed by arbitration.

For this war, as other great wars, has its origin in a vast and complex movement that has been in progress many years. Russia's long-continued pressure upon the Orient has brought it about. Behind this movement on the part of Russia there is the whole tendency and force of a mighty empire. What power, what international commission, would say to Russia that she should stop? Japan saw that this movement of Russia towards absorption of Northern China and Corea threatened her prestige and existence. What power, what international commission, would say to Japan that she should not resist Russia?

Real causes of war cannot be removed by arbitration. Trifling incidents, that are not real causes, yet might under the direction of hot heads lead up to war, can be removed by such expedients. But when the causes of war lie in the rivalries of nations, in their pressure on each other, in the development of their history and in the very nature of things, talk of arbitration will always be useless.

Prohis say Multnomah electors can safely vote "dry," since prohibition cannot possibly win in the whole county and thus electors can get the "local option" for which they voted last June. The cunning which drafted the "local option" law should be a proverb and a byword unto all who hereafter would expose themselves to prohibition wiles. Precinct prohibition is offered as a bait for the county prohibition trap. If prohis can tempt a majority of the voters of Multnomah with that bait, electors will find that they have secured

not what they bargained for, but something else. It's the same way in twenty-odd counties. The people can have the promised "local option" if they give the prohis county prohibition. The law stands now as it stood last June and as the prohis had it drafted. Anybody who saw an inch ahead of his nose knew that the law aimed for county prohibition. The majority of Oregon voters would have realized the deception quickly had they taken pains to uncover the sheep's clothing from the wolf.

WHAT THE "RACE ISSUE" IS.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser tells us that "it is not an extravagant use of language to say that the white people of Alabama have absolute control, political, official and judicial, of the colored race, and it should be a matter of pride to give that race equal and exact justice before the law. That is the theory of our laws, but we are bound to admit that the theory is not carried out as it could be and as it ought to be. This is a solemn truth and our readers know it."

Since, then, the white people of Alabama have this "absolute control," why the everlasting howl about the danger of "nigger domination"? It is merely a disgusting partisan expedient, employed to "keep the South 'solid'," —with immense injustice to the negro, as the Alabama paper admits, and with immense political injustice to the whole country; since it prevents discussion in the Southern States of every subject of real interest in our National life, and, through suppression of debate on vital matters, is hurtful in every way to the welfare of the country.

This is the "race issue." It is raised by the South, for a partisan object, and is accepted by the Democratic party of the North, for a partisan object. That object is to keep 159 electoral votes, counted always in advance, and to hold solid representation from a great group of states, in both houses of Congress.

Since the disfranchisement of the negroes in all the states where they are numerous, assuring "absolute control, political, official, judicial," to the whites, the "race issue" can be nothing more than a disreputable partisan expedient, invented and maintained by the party that profits by it. Yet this party has the effrontery to charge its opponents with "reviving the race issue"! It is the old story of the wolf complaining about the muddy stream.

WORSE AND WORSE.

The paper that calls itself the East Oregonian—falsely and fraudulently, because there is only one Oregonian newspaper, and the use of the name by another is an attempt to deceive—now prints the following, in an endeavor to justify itself for its false statements that The Oregonian was "in on a big graft" for advertising the Lewis and Clark Fair:

> Here are the facts in the case: During the month of May a commissioner of the Lewis and Clark Fair, working in the States of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Utah, came to Eastern Oregon to smooth over, if possible, the action of the Fair management in "farming" out the printing contracts of the Fair to Portland job offices, which took several thousand dollars' worth of printing out of the towns of Eastern Oregon, and in conversation with the East Oregonian, said positively that, while the Fair management would not be able to pay regular rates for all the advertising done, yet an advertising fund would be set aside, and those papers which were going to so much expense to get out special Fair editions and extra editions for advertising purposes would be paid, at least in part, for their services, and after they were paid, the remainder of the fund would be paid to papers next in line by virtue of their constant advertising of the Fair.
>
> The papers that would naturally come in for the first share of this fund would be The Oregonian and the Telegram, as they have issued several costly editions advertising the Fair. They are entitled to remuneration, and nobody would complain if they were paid, but it might as well be made an open business deal, instead of concealing the facts, and flying into a rage when some one happens to mention it.

Observe that the statement begins with "Here are the facts in the case." They are not the facts, but the inventions of an (alleged) newspaper that is extremely greedy and corrupt, and so suspects others.

The Oregonian and the Telegram have, indeed, "issued several costly editions advertising the Fair," and will issue many more; but no money has been asked for them or paid for them, nor will be. For the honor of Oregon be it said that only a few—very few—of the newspapers of the state have asked or expected money for this service of common advantage to the state and of all the people in it. The paper that miscalls itself "East Oregonian" is an unenviable exception.

ORIENTAL TRADE HANDICAP.

Monday's Seattle Post-Intelligencer under very conspicuous headlines prints the news that Portland exporters will this month ship 50,000 barrels of flour to the Orient by way of Seattle. Among other details of the event, the Seattle paper has the following:

> The Sound has been leading the Columbia River metropolis in flour shipments during the last few months, and with a lot of Portland business coming this way, the percentage of gain in favor of the Northern cities will be augmented. The shipments are coming to the Sound for the very simple reason that Portland cannot afford the steamship facilities. Had it been possible to secure adequate transportation service from the Columbia River, the orders would have been loaded from the Webfoot port. This is taken as one of the most signal acknowledgments of Seattle's superior shipping facilities ever made.

Unfortunately for Portland, there is much truth in all of the above comment, except that portion which refers to Seattle's superior shipping facilities. The fact that Portland exporters are compelled to ship their freight by this roundabout route is not so much of an acknowledgment of Seattle's advantages as it is a reflection on the business methods of Mr. R. P. Schwerin, of San Francisco. Since the ocean transportation business out of Portland has been turned over to the Californian it has been in worse shape than ever before. Promises do not run steamships nor provide space on them for flour shippers, but promises are about the limit of the assistance Portland has received since the Portland & Asiatic Steamship Company became a tail of the San Francisco kite.

This season more than ever before Portlandhas been discriminated against in the Oriental field. While San Francisco and Puget Sound both had all of the transportation needed for the business originating in their respective territories as well as for thousands of tons sentnorth and south from Portland, this port has been forced to drift along with a service which would have been inadequate five years ago. The Schwerin policy toward Portland seems to be similar to that of the man with the leaky roof. When the weather was dry it needed no repairs, and when it was wet it was impossible to make the repairs. When no facilities are available our flour is sent to Puget Sound. After it is diverted to Puget Sound we need no more steamers here. Five thousand tons of Portland cargo will go to the Orient by way of Seattle this month. Nearly as much more will be sent by way of Tacoma. This will ease the strain on the Portland & Asiatic service to such an extent that, in due season, there will be vacant space on the Portland steamers; and another reason is thus offered Mr. Schwerin for not giving us more steamers when they are actually needed.

This "public-be-damned" policy which is a relic of the Huntington regime in California may be all right so long as the shippers will stand for it, but "there'll come a time some day" when the shippers will rise up in their might and ship all of their freight on independent steamers. They would then know just what to expect, whereas under the Schwerin administration the only assurance they have of securing space when they need it is on the steamers plying out of Puget Sound ports. This confession may be humiliating, but it is a statement of conditions as they exist, and not as they should exist.

WHY SALMON ARE DYING OUT.

The wheel cannot turn with the water that has passed, and the hatchery cannot get spawn from the salmon that is canned. The State Fish Warden has learned with apparent surprise that the salmon which were caught in season and out of season for the past six months did not reach the hatchery at Ontario. This inability of the salmon to follow the call of Nature and spawn at Ontario, while they were reposing in the cans and pickling vats at Astoria, Cascades and way landings, has resulted in but 3,000,000 fry being secured where 30,000,000 were expected. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this unsatisfactory condition of 1904 artificial propagation is the fact that even 3,000,000 fry were secured. We do not recall that there was a fisherman's strike during the season or before it opened or after it closed, and it is accordingly somewhat mystifying how enough salmon to yield 3,000,000 eggs got as far up the river as Ontario.

The prodigality of Nature is apparent in nearly all forms of animal or fish life. In the reproduction of species the plan of that unseen power seems ever to provide for a surplus. In the case of the salmon Nature seems to have made full provision for the loss of a large proportion of the young which spawn and even for the young which are hatched. The female fish is physically equipped for turning out many thousands of eggs in order that the voracious enemies which devour the spawn and young salmon cannot entirely eliminate the school which should depart from the hatching grounds. It has been demonstrated that a vastly greater proportion of the fry are saved by artificial propagation than by the natural method. This becomes true only, however, when artificial propagation is given an opportunity. The natural enemies of the salmon in their most relentless pursuit could not create the havoc among the species that is caused by such wholesale levies as were made on the Columbia River and adjoining streams day and night since early last Spring. The sea lions off the mouth of the river are terribly destructive of salmon. They catch hundreds of the fine fish, and, after biting out a mouthful from the choicest portion, leave the remainder to go to waste. In the river the voracious salmon trout, catfish and other fish of a predatory nature devour large quantities of the salmon eggs.

The loss by either or all of these pests is never complete. While the sea lion is grabbing one salmon the remainder of the school gets away, and at the worst a goodly proportion of the school will reach the river in safety. In the river a percentage of the young fish elude their enemies. The ingenuity of man, with the seemingly overwhelming desire to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—in this case salmon eggs—has made it almost impossible for any salmon to get past the endless string of seines, nets, traps and wheels which block every channel between Cape Hancock and the Cascades. The lax enforcement of the law has resulted in the large quantities of gear going into the water several days before the lawful opening of the season in the Spring, and this season that gear remained in the water continuously throughout what should have been the close season in the Fall. The cannerymen and fishermen are to blame for this open violation of the law, and it will require an exhibition of more than ordinary nerve for them to appear before the next Legislature and ask state aid for an industry which they have worked so energetically to kill.

MRS. REED'S WILL AND HER HEIRS.

The right of the late Mrs. Amanda M. Reed, of this city, to give and bequeath her property according to her own will and wish is to be contested, it is said, by some of her heirs at law. Mrs. Reed was without children. Her will was an explicit and carefully drawn instrument in which her collateral heirs were generously remembered. Her property holdings, real and personal, were large. The bulk of these holdings was in Oregon. Her fortune was founded and largely amassed here by her husband, the late Simeon G. Reed. Though for some years they had dwelt in Pasadena, Cal., both fondly regarded Portland as home, and often thus spoke of it. The devisements made by Mrs. Reed—she being the sole legatee of her husband—to philanthropic and charitable institutions in this city are in loyal evidence of this fact.

In the face of all this, and of the earnest purpose of the will itself, as strikingly and specifically set forth in its provisions, an attempt will be made to set it aside under a law of California which limits the amount that may be devised to charity. It may be hoped that the effort will fail, since its success would limit the benefactions of a philanthropic woman to a few already generously remembemred and turn them away from the wider purposes of humanity by which the testatrix was influenced in executing her last will and testament.

PREMIER LAURIER'S VICTORY.

As the result of yesterday's election Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the eloquent leader of the Liberal party in Canada, will remain in power for another five years. In accordance with expectations, Quebec went strongly in favor of the French-Canadian Premier, and, much to the discomfiture of the prophets, so did such Tory centers as Hamilton, in the Conservative Province of Ontario. R. L. Borden, the energetic leader of the Opposition, was himself defeated in Nova Scotia, and indeed the only serious blow to the Liberal cause appears to have been in New Brunswick, where A. G. Blair, who resigned as Laurier's chairman of the railroad commission, created disaffection.

Practically the only issue in the election was the railroad policy of the government. A new transcontinental line is to be built at a cost of $150,000,000. The Grand Trunk will build from the Pacific Coast to Winnipeg, the government will build from Winnipeg to Quebec, and the road will then be carried east to tidewater in New Brunswick and the United States. The Conservatives argued that the Grand Trunk, which now has its terminus at Portland, Me., will ship its wheat from the American port instead of building up Canadian trade. Borden also proposed to make the new road entirely a government affair, in view of the expenditure the nation was about to make upon it. On this subject all the forces of both sides were centered during the campaign.

Laurier was aided by his personal popularity and the "good times" Canada is now enjoying. His victory is also indication of the growth of the national spirit in Canada. From the United States standpoint the Liberal success is chiefly interesting as that of the moderate tariff party, since neither side made any attempt to use reciprocity as an issue in the campaign.

Port Arthur seems tottering to its fall. Russia has made tremendous defense of a position into which she forced herself, at the conclusion of the war between China and Japan—through the support of France and Germany. Russia has no right to Port Arthur; never had. An immoral compact between nations of Europe placed her there; and if Japan can turn her out a great step will have been taken towards restoration of the equilibrium of the Oriental world. Russia, France and Germany, in this business, each and all are in a false position, and each and all know it. France wouldn't have been in it but for her upset in the Franco-German War. Naturally the ideas that control France are completely at variance with those that control Russia and Germany. But France, smarting under defeat, and on the search for an ally, supposed she had got Russia, but was duped both by Russia and Germany. Japan now, it may be hoped, will be able to dissolve this unholy alliance. If she cannot, England finally must help her. But Japan is putting up a splendid fight.

The dairy output of the Willamette Valley suffered materially from the late dry Summer. The supply of the creameries has fallen far short of the demand, and as a result butter reached a price in our market early in October that it does not usually reach until two months later. The grass has started since the first rain fell, in September, but it is now too late to expect much relief from that quarter. Dairymen and farmers are feeding their cows and will have to feed them more or less from stored forage crops for the next four months at least. This means that the consumer will have to keep up his end of the dairy business by paying the top price for dairy products during the Winter.

It is not a local option election now, but a prohibition election. All the deception practiced hitherto by good men like Brother Tufts is at an end. All the resourcesof disclaimer and equivocation have been exhausted. It is a straight issue in Multnomah and in every other county—not local option for precincts, but for general prohibition. Men will vote as they please, but there is no use of any further attempts at deception. Strange this couldn't be understood last Spring!

The late accident to the President was one of those happenings which might have been serious and far-reaching in its consequences, but the results of which were fortunately unimportant. The American people will doubtless feel that, under the circumstances, the risk taken was a reckless one, and hope that the possibility of disaster that attended it will deter the President from taking such needlessly strenuous exercise in the near future.

It transpires that the many good men who hoped to expel liquor from their home precinct but to get booze in the next precinct or down town are to be disappointed. If liquor is an unmitigated evil near home, they are not to get drunk at the club or at the swell saloon on Sixth street—that is, if they are still to follow the blandishments of the prohis and vote for county prohibition under the guise of precinct prohibition.

Marion County schoolteachers figure they can save only 60 cents a month out of their salaries. That teachers are poorly paid all persons admit, but the fault is mostly with the profession. So long as young men make teaching a temporary makeshift as an occupation and young women make it a sort of probation or purgatory test for matrimony, the profession will be poorly paid.

A longer closed season seems to be needed by the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River; also more adequate legislation by the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and close cooperation by officers of the three states for the rigid enforcement of law. Without these remedies the fisheries appear doomed to ruin. Hatcheries will not perpetuate the industry if salmon cannot reach them.

The antics of the Baldwin airship have served mainly to show that a "dirigible" balloon is just about as dirigible without an aeronaut as when he is aboard; and that Professor Baldwin's theory that your true balloonist never risks his life by going more than four feet above ground (except by proxy) is eminently sound.

Judge Parker grieves over the doctrine of "stand pat." But he suggests no change that gives any sort of assurance that the Nation could do better. The "standpatter" simply means to "stay put" until he knows how, why, when and where to move.

If the Russian armada shall ever reach the Orient, it may learn how it feels to fishermen to be mistaken for a fleet of warships. The British could get even, one of these dark nights, by planning a "blunder" of their own.

Salt Lake, a city of perhaps 60,000 inhabitants, has a registration for Tuesday's election of 26,000. Nearly one-half are women. All over Utah there is a heavy increase in registration. No race suicide there.

Of course all barbers are neat and clean. An untidy person is usually cocksure of his tidiness, and the less tidy the surer.

ROOSEVELT'S IDEA OF MANHOOD

Jacob Riis in Chicago Tribune.

Many years ago Roosevelt in a speech said that the three fundamentals required of men who would act a man's part in the world are honesty, courage and common sense. If you will watch his speeches as the years pass you will find that the idea comes again and again. He cannot get away from that conception of strong manhood. The reason is that it really represents his own equipment. In his whole extraordinary career there is nowhere evidence of any transcendent genius. There is the sound brain to think a thing out, the honest will to do it, and the unhesitating courage that takes the responsibility for an act done—qualities any one can cultivate and bring to his work in life. Even when he soars highest—as in the Kishinef business, that left his accusers gasping breathless in their amazement—it is really just the common sense thing he does. The "diplomacy" of avoiding the giving of offense to Russia and the charge of interefering with what she would choose to consider her private business, while in reality it was anything but that—avoiding this reef over which the enemies of the Administration gloated, by simply telegraphing the Jews' petition bodily to the American Minister, directing him to present it to the Czar and asking whether he would receive it if it were transmitted to him officially, was the baldest common sense when you look at it afterward, though in the whole chorus of cavillers there was apparently not one to whom that way out had occurred. The Czar would not look at it, no! But he had done so, had heard it all, without a shadow of an excuse for taking offense.

* * *

Some one said once about Roosevelt that he "stands for the commonplace virtues; that he is great on lines along which every one of us can be great if he wills and dares." That is emphatically true, and that is where the man's real greatness comes in to me when I see the enthusiasm with which the young rally around him everywhere. A great orator, a great General comes once in a generation and leaves no one to take his place. There will be hundreds who will aim up to Theodore Roosevelt as the years pass. They may not reach him, but they will get part of the way, and we shall be better off by so much. The young are hero worshippers, which means that the ideal lives in them. The immense gain is that we have a hero they can grasp and for whom there is no apology to make, to set up before them.

* * *

So in the matter of labor, of the under dog in any fight. His first year in the Assembly of my state found him championing the cause of the virtually enslaved tenement cigarmakers, found him locking horns with the managers of his own party over the rights and the wrongs of legislation. The rights and wrongs were in question only formally. They were perfectly plain. It was a question of convenient corruption, which he blocked, and the "convenience" had to give way. As Police Commissioner, as Governor, the same things came up again and again—always with the same treatment from him, always with the same result. Did the police neglect their duty? Was the Factory Inspector inefficient or negligent? Was it a bill that tried to regulate the relations between employer and employe, to drive sweaters from the tenements, to bring light and air to the people's homes in those tenements? He went himself to see by day or by night and went to the bottom of it. I know, for I was with him. We went together on those errands and I saw that what counted with him always was the "right" of the thing. That once established, he went straight to it, and if anyone or anything was in the way he was apt to be "hasty" with it. That much truth there is in the old charge. With those who counseled "discretion" where a just law was to be enforced, where the right of a thing was plain, he had never any patience. And whether they happened to be selfish politicians, greedy corporations, or purblind labor men who demanded for themselves the special privileges which they denied others, was to him of no consequence. Therefore he made enemies.

A Yankee Captain's Nerve.

Frank J. Mather in Atlantic.

In parallel 57 degrees, in the dog-watch 4 to 6 P. M., when the chief officer came on deck to relieve the second officer, he swiftly cast his eye toward the horizon in the direction of the wind, and then at the struggling canvas, and particularly at the main topgallant sail, which threatened every minute to blow away. As nautical etiquette forbids the officer in charge to altar canvas when the captain is on deck without his command or consent, the chief officer, after his hurried survey, said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is laboring very hard." "It is drawing well, let it stand, Mr. Bartlett," was the reply. At 6 o'clock, when the second officer in turn relieved the first, he also gave a rapid glance about, and said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is struggling hard." "It holds a good full, let it stand, Mr. McFarland," was the reply. Even the old sea dogs among the crew begged the petty officers to send them up to take in sail, while it was held safe to do so. As the helmsman turned his wheel, every turn of a spoke would make the ship jump in the water like a frightened bird. Men were stationed at every belaying pin, holding halyards and clew lines, by a single turn "under and over," ready to let go and clew up, at a signal. We were making a record passage, and sail was to be carried to the last minute, the utmost the ship could bear, while every exigence of storm was anticipated. Later in the evening the captain could not help asking if the crew still thought that he had married the owner's daughter. Captain Mather illustrated then, as always, a quality of mind usually exhibited by those who succeed in most any direction—an extreme daring and extreme caution running parallel.

The Phenomenal Turncoat.

Walla Walla Union.

In 1893 George Turner said: "I am a Republican of Republicans. I believe that all the intelligence necessary to the conduct of this Government lies in the Republican party alone." In July, 1896, he said: "I am for free silver, but still a protectionist." In January, 1897, he said: "While I have been a Republican in the past, I am now a member of the people's party." In February, 1897, he said: "I am a Populist." On April 14, 1904, in this city, he said: "Free silver is dead." He then got onto the Parker platform which says: "Protection is robbery." Now Mr. Turner says: "I am a Democrat because I believe the principles of Democracy necessary to the perpetuation of our republican institutions." That is Mr. Turner's political record for the past ten years.

Irrigon Is in Morrow County.

Irrigon Irrigator.

Irrigon is in Morrow County. There might have been, had anybody thought of the name before we did, an Irrigon in Malheur or Umatilla or any other county. But there is only one Irrigon and that is at this specially favored spot, in Morrow County, Oregon.

Our good friend, Congressman Williamson, always addresses us in Umatilla County. Now, we have nothing against that county. Umatilla has many things to be proud of, but we are not one of her beloved possessions, and we are glad of it, for Morrow suits us best.

Call Him Down!

Salem Statesman.

Shouldn't the acting Governor at Oregon City be called down for making political speeches? Where are those Democratic papers which are so intensely opposed to this sort of things—when done by Republicans?

SHOWS REGARD FOR MIKADO.

Japan Enjoys a Holiday in Honor of His Birthday.

TOKIO, Nov. 3.—Japan enjoyed a holiday today in honor of the Emperor's birthday. Ordinarily the people idolize their sovereign, but the war seems to have increased their affection. The celebration was observed throughout the empire. The cities were decorated and patriotic exercises were held. At Tokio the Emperor reviewed the fleet and the imperial guards division, and gave a luncheon at the palace for the higher officials and foreign diplomats.

The military review was held at Aoyama Field, where the troops began arriving early this morning. The Emperor drove through the city in a handsome red state coach. Leaving the palace shortly after 8 o'clock, he reached the field at 9 and alighted from his carriage and mounted a black charger. He was accompanied by a numerous staff, which included the Crown Prince and Lieutenant-General Sir William Nicholson, director-general of military intelligence of the British War Office, attached to the Japanese army during the war. The Emperor rode round the field.

Only a small portion of the troops assembled marched past, the remainder holding their position in an irregular square. The troops which marched past included three regiments of infantry, 60 field guns and a regiment of cavalry, totaling 8000 troops. They wore the field uniform and carried a full kit, including intrenching tools, presenting an impressive appearance in the bright sunshine. Thousands of the populace walked around the field. After the review the crowd broke into the field and gave the Emperor and Crown Prince an ovation.

Upon the occasion of his birthday, at luncheon today the Emperor briefly addresesd his guests, extending welcome to the foreign diplomatic corps and Ministers of State. During the course of his remarks he said:

"We regret that the time has not come to see peace restored in the Far East in realization of our desires."

He then proposed the health of the sovereigns and rulers represented at his court and expressed the wish that the bonds of friendship existing between their respective countries might be drawn closer.

Baron D'Anethan, Belgian Minister, dean of the diplomatic corps, responded, congratulating the Emperor on the day and expressing regret at the continuance of the war. Continuing, Baron D'Anethan said:

"We again express our wishes for peace and do so with more fervor when we contemplate with profound emotion the ravages already caused in suffering families and the thousands of noble victims on either side in the armies in the field, struggling and shedding their blood with a bravery that rises to the height of a sublime and indomitable heroism."

OBSERVED AT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Prominent Japanese Make Speeches—Message Sent to Mikado.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 3.—On the occasion of the celebration today of Japan day at the Exposition, the following cablegram was sent to Katsura, Minister of the Interior:

> The entire colony of Japanese subjects here in St. Louis, assembled today in the Japanese Pavilion, respectfully congratulate His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, on his 53d birthday. SELICHI TEGIMA,
>
> Representing Japanese in St. Louis.

Opening the celebration, more than 400 Japanese, including residents of St. Louis and those connected with the Exposition, gathered in the national gardens and there observed the Mikade's birthday. There were speeches and songs in Japanese, tea was served and there was dancing. S. Tegima, head of the Japanese imperial commission, who was the principal speaker, said in part:

> Owing to the progress and prosperity of our country under the ruling of His Majesty, our Emperor, we have reason to applaud the virtue of His Highness on this, his 53d birthday.
>
> To fulfill our obligations as his subjects, is to answer the call of duty, whether it be on the field of battle or in furthering the advancement of the empire in a commercial or industrial way. While our brothers are nobly and willingly sacrificing their lives for the cause of the Emperor, fate has decreed that we, here in this foreign land, illustrate to the world the progress of Japan and at the same time acquire for ourselves the very best which Western civilization has to offer. By so doing we are expressing our appreciation of our Emperor's grace.
>
> That we are ably surrounded by the influences of peace, and far from the tumult of war, to celebrate this eventful day, is a gift which we highly prize. We join our voices in the prayer to God that the Emperor's reign may be limitless, both as to time and prosperity.

Following a luncheon served in the imperial gardens, the Japanese commission entertained at a garden party 1500 guests, most of them members of the World's Fair, state and foreign commissions. The feature of the entertainment which in character was strictly Japanese was the presentation of Japanese chrysanthemums. Fireworks or fireflowers, as the Japanese call them, were liberally displayed.

Also Aniiversary of Czar.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 3.—There was little attempt today to celebrate except in a perfunctory way the tenth anniversary of the accession of Emperor Nicholas. The imperial family attended a "Te Deum" at the Castle Cathedral, and there were services in all the churches. Later the troops were paraded, the theaters gave free exhibitions to the school children and there was music and other holiday displays in the parks, but on account of the war and the anxiety regarding the situation at Port Arthur everything was on a small scale.

Panama Shows Enthusiasm.

PANAMA, Nov. 3.—Independence was celebrated throughout the Republic of Panama with great enthusiasm. President Amador received messages of congratulation from President Roosevelt and many prominent people in different parts of the world.

Appropriations for Pacific Coast.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 3.—Among the appropriations made by the Methodist Women's Missionary Society today were the following: Pacific, $17,500; Columbia River, $8000.

Life.

Bryan Waller Procter.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
  We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
  We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
  Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
  "Endure—and die?"

"O Swallow Blithe."

Sunset.

O swallow blithe, O bird of Summer gay,
  You happy bird, to whom all grief is new;
  You seek fore'er the sun and bid adieu
To these, our fields, when Autumn brings dismay.
You can forever sleep in cloudless day
  And kiss the verdant earth and climb the blue
  That smiles above, then to the earth anew,
Thus making of your mirth a glad display.

Farewell to you, who now to distant strands
  Your flight direct o'er calm and stormy sea
  In search of valleys green, of cities fair.
Would that I, too, could fly to happier lands
  And leave behind the gloom that crushes me
  When life becomes a load, an aimless care!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Beleaguered City.

The latest Oriental mails bring several copies of the Port Arthur Novikrai. Sidelights on life in the besieged city afford considerable interest, and translation of a few local items are appended:

Several shells paid us a flying visit yesterday.

A number of Japanese settlers have arrived on the outskirts of our burg, and efforts will be made to settle them as soon as possible.

"Cap" Stoessel, our efficient City Marshal, is talking of establishing a rockpile for hobos from the Liatung Peninsula.

Charley Stickoutvitch has improved the appearance of his bomb-proof cellar by a coat of black paint on the door.

We received a fragment of shell in our midst and are somewhat indisposed at this writing.

Charges of graft have created some unpleasantness in the City Council. Councilman Buttinsky says someone must be getting a rake-off from the shell game that is running unmolested.

As Discussed on This Side.

There was an election in Canada yesterday. The whatyoucallit party won out on the thingamajig issue.

Dental students are using gas in extracting their teacher.

Panama was a year old yesterday, but hasn't yet been weaned.

The trusts should be gratified over the amount of free advertising they are getting.

A Centralia preacher has joined the Eagles. The order is becoming careless about its membership.

According to Punch, the Archbishop of Canterbury received a new title in America, that of Pierpontifex Maximus.

Panama's population cannot be very patriotic. Although their Fourth of July was celebrated yesterday, not a single case of lockjaw has been reported.

Inventor Baldwin would find an appropriate song in:

> I shot an Arrow into the air,
> It fell to earth, I know not where.

Speaking of the girls that spell their names Mae, Maybelle, Grayce, etc., we notice that marine men have so far been afraid to call their ships after the dears.

In Marion County the average teacher, it is said, can save 60 cents a month. The Marion teachers might move to Portland, where one can run into debt $160 a month.

H. W. Boynton, the author of "Journalism and Literature," says that people do not buy poetry nowadays. Oh, yes, they do; thousands buy books of poetry to give away at Christmas.

One Charles Jackson has been making money by advertising that he would send any person mailing 75 cents valuable advice on "How to Succeed in the Philippines." When the sucker sent his money he received the reply, "Stay away."

A Seattle business man recently received from a Tacoma friend a postal bearing the following intimation to expect a visit:

"Will leave the Cemetery by the 9:10 car for the City of Forty Thieves."

Jealousy seems to have made the Tacoma man minimize the rival city's population.

So a Multnomah Justice of the Peace has resigned from office, because the administration of the law acted detrimentally upon his barber shop business. Presumably disappointed litigants concluded that a man who hadn't sense enough to see law as they saw it was surely unfit to shave them.

For the sake of the gayety of nations we hope the Wyoming outlaws will wait until Buffalo Bill, Chief Irontail, the Indian trailers, scouts and cowboys, and the "party of English noblemen and New York clubmen" catch up. What a picnic there would be if the distinguished visitors ever got within firing distance of the gang.

It is out in the forest grand that the true inspiration of the season is to be found. Here is the way a country walk—we hope it was nothing stronger—inspired the editor of the Eugene Register:

> In regal splendor and with hand most masterful, he paints his glory on the forest grand, in colors earth's artistic temperament hath not yet framed, nor genius knows the stroke yet silent but all animate, yet dainty but most gorgeous, a touch from that ethereal realm that means an earth glimpse of eternity, bright, radiant with the effulgent glow of that much-dreamed-of and far-distant world close linked to this thrice doubly, trebly bound by threads of gossamer that interweave the two, enfold as one, the step across when life is done.

The following communication is self-explanatory:

> Max Pracht has completed the details and will apply for patent No. 4-11-44 on an invention which he calls "Pracht's Patent Steam Tramp Eliminator." Manager Calvin thinks it is great, and he may offer a million or more for the control of the patent. With this invention in use, it will not be necessary for the engineer to dump his clinkers and live coals on the tracks at Oregon City, and then slowly pull the train over it, causing the tramps to lose their hold on the hog chains and drop off on the broiler, creating a bad smell. In short, Pracht's invention consists of a series of rotary diaphragms, similar to some in use on hose nozzles for watering lawns. These are attached to a pipe running along the underside of the coaches, baggage and express cars, coupled together at the ends, similar to the air brake pipes, and connected with the boiler of the engine, so arranged that any one of the train crew can, by operating a simple device in the coaches, etc., turn on the steam, thus causing the sputter mechanism under the train to revolve and scald off the clinging tramp, without causing an offensive smell; and also give the tramps the ever-needed bath. What Oregon City may do with the derelicts after the bath is an open question; but there are those in the Falls City who seem to prefer the tramps to the railroad.

WEX. J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

"A campaign lie," quoth Uncle Allen Sparks, "is not only wicked, but unnecessary. There are always enough campaign truths that hurt just as bad and answer the purpose as well."—Chicago Tribune.

Weary Woggles—De eye doctor told me I'd have to give up booze or go blind. Slothful Joe—Dat's hard luck. Wot did you tell him? Weary Woggles—Dat I guessed I'd seen everything.—Town Topics.

Servant—There's a gentleman downstairs, ma'am. Mistress—Show him up to the drawing-room. Servant—But he has come to clean the chimbly. Mistress—Then show him up the chimney.—London Tit-Bits.

Rooster—Don't you know you're sitting on a litter of glass eggs? Hen—'Sh! Don't mention it! As long as the hired man takes me for a fool he'll bring me my meals, and I won't have to grub for a living.—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, when any one gives you anything you should always try to give them double in return. Give us an example. Tommy—Yes'um. Billy Brown gave me a black eye, an' I give him two in return.—Philadelphia Record.

Maud—Have you noticed that peculiarly sinuous, snakelike motion with which Mr. Dodge-Koop dances lately? Mabel—Yes; he has acquired that unconsciously from his habit of crawling under his automobile to see what's the matter with the machinery.—Chicago Tribune