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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1905.

THE FAIR ON SUNDAY.

In a long article the Pacific Christian Advocate (Portland) attempts reproof and rebuke of The Oregonian, because it has not yielded to the demand that the Lewis and Clark Fair be closed on Sunday. It says:

> There is no reason to doubt that The Oregonian wants the Fair to be a success, and that the editor thinks the closing of the gates would mean the loss of the entrance fees that would be taken in every Sunday—simply that, and nothing more. But let him consider that a host which no man can estimate, because they are a modest company, will refuse to come to the Fair or in any way patronize it, if its gates are to be opened on the Lord's Day. These people are the most desirable people of this great land, for they are people of convictions; and people with convictions have spinality and integrity. They honor God and bless man.

There is a lot of cant here, but let it pass without particular notice. It may be there are persons who will not enter the gates on Sunday—though they may do worse. But it is their right to refuse, and no one will question it. Some even may go so far as to resolve to boycott the Fair entirely, unless its gates are closed on Sunday. They have a right to do this also; but the numbers of such will be small. Action so extreme, in the name of him who was himself accused and denounced because he refused to conform to the alleged law of the Sabbath, is not likely to carry much force or weight. There is one conclusive answer. The Sabbath—and Sunday is an attempted transformation of it—was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

And there are more reasons than the loss of gate receipts. That one reason has some importance, but it is trifling, in comparison with others. If the Fair is to be immoral it should never be opened. But if moral on other days of the week it cannot be immoral on Sunday. Open on Sunday, it will be a place for quiet recreation; and for multitudes it will be the only day of the week. If there be those who cannot conscientiously attend on Sunday, no one will complain of them; no one will tease or annoy them. But are these conscientious persons to be forcers of the conscience of others?

There are several classes of persons who differ in everything else, yet who want the Fair closed on Sunday. Chief of these are the extreme and rigid Sabbatarians, the lower sort of saloon-keepers, the proprietors of vaudeville shows and amusements, and persons engaged in transportation service not directly connected with the Fair Grounds. All these, except the extreme Sunday-Sabbatarians, expect or hope to make money through closure of the Fair on Sunday; because people will do something and go somewhere, and will not mope, on Sunday;—and the Fair will bring large numbers who must find entertainment somehow, and, if the gates of the Fair are closed, shows and picnics and excursions will take them—to say nothing of the "other places" always open. There is no morality in the proposal to close the Fair on Sunday. As for religion, it is a matter of individual and private conscience, with which the state has nothing to do. It has no right to insist on observance of Sunday, or of any other day, as a "holy day." The State of Oregon is affording large support to this Fair. But it cannot insist on enforcement of any religious observances in the conduct of it. "No law," says the constitution of Oregon, "shall in any case whatever control free exercise and enjoyment of religious opinions, or interfere with the rights of conscience." Again, "No religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office." Still further, "No money shall be drawn from the treasury for the benefit of any theological institution, nor shall any money be appropriated for the payment of any religious service in either house of the Legislative Assembly." The plain and clear purpose of these provisions is to forbid any attempt to control or to enforce any theological or religious belief. Yet in this category the theological and ecclesiastical idea of Sunday belongs. Not wholly so, however; for there are theological and ecclesiastical dissidents from this opinion; for Sunday is not the Sabbath, and some make one day a matter of conscience and some another.

But the state can properly take no notice of these opinions. It cannot concern itself about the sanctity of one day or another. The state's Sunday is not a holy day, but a holiday. Nevertheless, since there are those who wish to treat it as a holy day and not as a holiday, certainly let them do so. They will have no molestation. But the freedom of conscience they insist on must not be a one-sided thing. Most persons will wish to enter the gates of the Fair on Sunday. Some will not. The upshot of the matter is necessity of toleration and freedom of action.

A Senator is to be elected in Connecticut. A well-known clergyman, Dr. Newman Smyth, has attempted to control or influence the election, on grounds that lead the Bridgeport Farmer to say that "Dr. Smyth seems to forget that the Congregational Church in Connecticut was disestablished by the ratification of our present constitution in A. D. 1818."

DIFFICULTIES TO BE DEALT WITH.

The meeting of the Chamber of Commerce with its guests Wednesday evening was notable in many respects. The new president, Mr. W. D. Wheelwright, in his address set a high mark for the work of the representative bodies of the city during this most important year. The constant necessity of common action for the common good is obvious. The point most strongly brought out by both the retiring and the incoming president is, however, that the commerce of Oregon is struggling under artificial and needless bonds. It seems neither pleasant nor profitable for American citizens to dwell under an autocrat, even if the iron hand wears a velvet glove; yet this is the deep-seated cause for the ills our local merchants bear. The railroad monopoly rules our commerce; Mr. Harriman rules the railroad. Does the ruling end there, or is there yet another power to be reckoned with behind that throne?

Our merchants and traders complain in many instances of excessive charges on both eastward and westward-bound freight. What are they going to do about it? Their appeal is only to the very authority that imposes the rate. If the small trader or the farmer is injured, or thinks himself injured, he cannot, even by combining with his fellows, obtain redress. The Interstate Commission was framed to provide remedy for such troubles. But there is seen a court with no power to enforce its decrees. The Quarles-Cooper bill, now before Congress, proposes to make the rates ordered by the Commission effective unless reversed or amended by the Federal Courts—surely a measure worthy of serious and careful consideration.

But the hand of the railroad does not lose its force when the limit of the road on land is reached. The same power which decrees the land rates provides the ocean transportation, and thereby controls both outward and inward trans-Pacific freights. The steamships of the railroad company go and come with full cargoes of through freight both inward and outward. Competing steamships have a hard life, and, even if they secure outward cargoes from this port, are apt to return with very light loads.

Another interesting fact was noticed by Consul Miller in his speech. The Japanese steamships from Seattle accept cargo on straight through bills of lading to any Chinese or Japanese port. If trans-shipment to coasting steamers is required, the steamship company undertakes this at its own cost and risk. Consequently such cargo is delivered to its destination at a specified time, for an inclusive figure, and, if robbery en route occurs, the steamship company makes it good. The Portland ships accept cargo, it is true, for ports other than those reached by the ocean steamship, but decline responsibility for loss or delay in trans-shipment or unloading. Naturally the Seattle line commands the first choice. Mr. Miller tells us that the Chinese system at some of those ports is indeed organized robbery—since the compradors and longshoremen have a regular scale of stealing, the profits of which are systematically collected and divided.

What, then, are the remedies for which Portland by organized and by individual effort should strive? The hands of the Government should be held up in its endeavor to establish an effective court of inquiry, decision and appeal as between the shippers and the railroads. The entry of independent ocean steamships into the Portland-Oriental trade should be in every way encouraged by the merchants and traders of this city. Such changes in the forms of bills of lading should be insisted on as would place the Portland ships on equal terms with the Seattle ships in enforcing the regular and complete delivery of cargo in whole condition at its destination.

Portland should be warned of the possibility of a step by the Harriman lines which would shut her for good and all from the immense and most valuable field now opening for her trade into the great region known as Central Eastern Oregon, and extending as far south as Lake County and the California boundary. Every one knows that San Francisco is intended to be made the Rome of the Pacific Coast, to which all roads converge. A railroad built from Ontario up the Malheur Valley, across the Harney Valley, and then striking southwest in a direct line for San Francisco, or to a nearer connection in Northern California with the Southern Pacific, would find not only a quite practicable route, but would establish San Francisco as the governing point for all traffic arising in this immense field, which is properly Portland's own. There are opportunities in the history of states and of cities which, once let pass, can never be regained. For many years past the chance to connect Portland with the great Central Oregon field has been open. She has hitherto waited, and is still waiting, for some divinity to interpose and do this work for her. It is not yet done.

IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE SWAYNE.

The impeachment of Federal Judge Swayne, of Florida, by Congress for high crimes and misdemeanors in office, presents at once a serious and an impressive spectacle. The rarity of such proceedings, as well as the gravity of the charge, suffices to draw public attention to the case in an unusual degree. Following the formal impeachment by a select committee of the House of Representatives two weeks ago before the bar of the United States Senate, twelve articles of impeachment under the general arraignment were presented yesterday.

These articles accuse Judge Swayne of presenting a false claim of $220 against the Government; of obtaining money under false pretenses by collecting $10 a day for expenses, when these were less; of appropriating to his own use a private car of a railroad then in the hands of a receiver appointed by himself, in which he made many journeys, including one to California; of making malicious and unlawful decisions in contempt cases; and of failing to acquire residence in his district, as required by law.

The presentment is serious enough, and formidable enough in each of the above counts, if proven, to degrade and dismiss a Federal Judge from the honorable position to which, as an honorable man and a worthy citizen, he has attained.

At this stage of the proceedings, however, it may be cited that one side of the case only has been presented as yet to Congress. Judge Swayne's friends assert that the animus of the whole proceedings is prejudice against him as a "carpet-bagger"—a charge which still represents the sin of sins, politically speaking, in the South. The other offenses, it is said, are technical or trivial, trumped up to give the case a standing before Congress.

It will now devolve upon the Senate to resolve itself into a high court of justice, summon the accused and enforce the attendance of witnesses. The trial will follow the custom of the Federal Court. The vote of the House by which impeachment was decided upon was 198 to 61, and it is obvious that, if Judge Swayne is successful in defending his judicial character, he will have to bring strong evidence in rebuttal of the testimony upon which his impeachment was ordered.

This much may be said in advance of the trial before the Senatorial High Court of Justice: The charges upon which Judge Swayne is arraigned represent acts that are supposed to pass current in official life. This does not make the acts of which complaint is made legal or honorable, but it does make conviction under them difficult if not doubtful. This fact is attested and the possible result of the trial foreshadowed by the dissenting report signed by two members of the House committee of seven—Representatives Littlefield and Parker—which declares that the only valid articles of impeachment presented are those based upon excessive expense accounts, and even these Representative Gillett would dismiss, on the ground that it is customary for Federal Judges to make out expense certificates of $10 a day. It is doubtful, in view of all the circumstances, whether the impressive trial of Judge Swayne, even if the charges in the main, or to a considerable extent, are proven, will not result in greater humiliation than profit to the American people.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN'S MESSAGE.

A message to a Legislature by the Governor of any state is ordinarily a perfunctory document. Its purpose is to review the financial, industrial, social and official conditions of the state in all its departments, to criticise its faults, and to suggest recommendations for its defects. If it fails to devote due attention to any important feature in the state's administration, it will not have performed its function. If it manifests an intelligent and discriminating interest in the details of public business, it will have shown that the executive knows what he is about. Biennial messages are made to be printed, not read. The intelligent citizen who goes through such a document from beginning to end is a public benefactor. He thus reveals a patient and patriotic desire to inquire into the welfare of the body politic and to determine for himself what should be done to cure any conceivable corporate ills or to enhance the happiness of all citizens. Such an one may find out all about Oregon if he will read in full the 15,000-word missive of Governor Chamberlain to the State Legislature.

The Governor discusses state finances and taxation, the public schools and the normal schools, the Soldiers' Home and the State Board of Agriculture, the Penitentiary and Insane Asylum, the National Guard and the Indian War Veterans, public lands and salaries of state officers, and all other subjects made familiar by the official literature of his predecessors in office. He makes few new recommendations along conventional lines, but he introduces some new topics. For example, he complains that two normal schools are enough, but he finds that an obstinate Legislature two years ago had disregarded a similar recommendation then made and had passed a bill to create another normal school, which he had thoughtfully vetoed. Most people who have given the subject consideration will go the Governor one better and say that one normal school is quite enough for any state. The public schools in the Governor's opinion do not entirely fulfill their mission. This is not surprising. But we reckon they are here to stay.

It is interesting to observe that Governor Chamberlain places himself in an attitude of practical opposition to any project for convict employment that serves to disturb the present arrangement, by which a large number of prisoners are used in the manufacture of stoves. The Governor evidently thinks that it is not safe to attempt to utilize the labor of convicts on roads, except in the vicinity of the State Penitentiary, and that it would be inhuman to deprive them of some occupation within the walls of the prison. "My investigations into the subject," he says, "lead me to believe that our convict labor comes less in competition with free labor, in Oregon, at least, under the present system, than in any other form of employment." This accords with the best judgment of this troublesome question, and will, no doubt, serve to render it probable that no political party in Oregon for any demagogic purpose will undertake to prevent the employment of convicts at Salem in some useful labor. The question of pecuniary benefit to the state is entirely aside from humanitarian considerations.

Governor Chamberlain wants the emoluments of the State Printer reduced; so does everybody else except the State Printer. He wants the Dairy and Food Commissioner and the State Veterinarian placed directly under control of the State Board of Health, which may be a proper enough arrangement if we shall always have a State Board of Health as efficient and painstaking as the present Board. He wants a gross-earnings tax imposed upon franchises of express, telephone, telegraph, Pullman car and other similar public-service companies. He is not alone in his desire, but the utility of that sort of taxation is, nevertheless, questionable. Then he recommends that the present fellow-servant law shall be extended from railroads to all other forms of hazardous employment, and he criticises severely the prevailing system of employers' liability insurance. His position is that in all litigation between any injured employe and corporation the real defendant is the insurance company. No doubt; but why should not the employer have protection in the hazards of his business, just the same as the employe, who asks that he shall be protected under the provisions of a fellow-servant law? To drive liability insurance companies out of the state, which the Governor seems to contemplate, would not be of benefit to the employe, and would certainly be a great disadvantage to the employer.

Flat salaries for state officers have been a long time coming, but we are to have them, and the Governor is exceedingly glad. If we were obeying the constitution we should have them now. The constitution has fixed them, and the Governor is receiving his share of the excess. Juvenile courts and the indeterminate sentence, which have been tried elsewhere, are cordially recommended. He wants an emergency fund to employ secret service men to detect the sheepkillers in Eastern and Central Oregon. Well enough. If the Legislature has got to do the work that the executive himself ought long ere this to have undertaken on his own account, it should do it promptly. Everybody except the sheepkillers would have applauded drastic action by the state executive long time ago. Then the wifebeater—the Governor favors the installation of a convenient and workable whipping post. He struck a popular chord there.

On the whole, the spirit of the Governor's message is good, and his desire to be on amicable terms with the Legislature is apparent. If his recommendations are not followed, we may possibly hear from them in the next campaign. If they are adopted, we shall probably learn also at that time that such wise and timely legislation is due entirely to the initiative, patriotism and statesmanship of our genial Democratic executive.

Of the decision of the Department of Education to remove "Evangeline" from the English course in the public schools of British Columbia, the Victoria Colonist approves on the ground that it should not be placed in the hands of children "until they are in a position to appreciate it as literature and not as a true picture of a mournful episode of the past." "Evangeline" is as popular in Great Britain as it is in America, but the British Columbia authorities think that it gives school children a false idea of British harshness and cruelty, as the critical nature of the times is not understood by the young reader. Not to have read "Evangeline" in youth is a loss to any person, and especially, one would think, to a Canadian, with part of whose country it deals, and the idea of Longfellow as an incendiary is surprising enough to prove amusing.

A parcels-post arrangement with Peru is advocated by Consul Gottschalk, of Callao, who reports that similar arrangements between Peru and European countries have resulted in an increased trade. Dress goods, shoes and such things are being ordered in increasing quantities by this system of postal importation, and the recent postal money-order agreement between this country and Peru should logically be followed by a parcels post. The countries of South America are more neglected by United States merchants than more distant and less profitable markets.

President Roosevelt in his last message to Congress had the following:

> The wife-beater, for example, is inadequately punished by imprisonment, for imprisonment may often mean nothing to him, while it may cause hunger and want to the wife and children who have been victims of his brutality. Probably some form of corporal punishment would be the most adequate way of meeting this kind of crime.

No doubt the President had in mind the whipping post. Now Governor Chamberlain comes forward and urges that that ancient and useful institution be revived. They did things better in the old days—along some lines.

Vice-Admiral Doubassoff, the Russian member of the North Sea Commission, is something of a humorist. In a recent statement he declared that a provisional peace was very probable, Japan retaining Port Arthur and Russia in the meantime preparing an "invincible fleet for a future effort." The idea that Japan would stop licking an enemy to permit preparations for a second fight on better terms should have appealed to even the Russian sense of humor.

Dr. J. R. Cardwell has for the seventeenth consecutive year been chosen by his associates in horticulture president of the State Horticultural Society. A man devoted not only to the interests of fruitgrowing, but a worshipful son of Nature as the great mother manifests herself in all growing plants, Dr. Cardwell is very properly continued in this position.

The appointment of Ronald D. Johnson, of this city, as a cadet to West Point is held to be a promising one. Of sturdy pioneer stock, and having received his preparatory education thus far entirely in Oregon, he is a representative youth whose record in the great National Military Academy should reflect credit upon the state.

With the arrival at Olympia of the Legislative body which made gambling in Washington a felony, the roulette and black-jack men have opened up for business, just to show the members what a harmless folly is the thing they made a penitentiary offense.

Conquered Russian officers were given a reception at Nagasaki that would hardly have been excelled had they returned as victors to their native country, but the world has ceased to be surprised at any evidence of Japanese magnanimity.

Apparently the only candidate King County has at Olympia who has a chance of election is the man King County says it does not want. But King County may change its mind. Seattle is not a majority of the State of Washington.

It is nonsense to talk about legislation to prohibit the sale of cigarettes. If the present law to prevent sale to minors under 18 is enforced, everything that ought to be done will have been done.

No doubt President Roosevelt will take the first opportunity to intervene in the present war. All he wants is a chance. Nobody enjoys war, not even the noncombatants.

Now it is an uprising in the Congo Free State, which is fast qualifying for the title of Africa's geyser of trouble.

The famous question of "Where did you get it, Mr. Croker?" appears to have crossed the ocean.

"Arbitration treaties and a formidable navy" is Dr. Roosevelt's peace prescription.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

One of the ships sunk at Port Arthur was the Djidjid. Djid djever hear such a name before?

Portland had a slight fall of the horrible yesterday.

These are boydays.

Didn't the sleighbells make you think of the "Down East" show wherein they jingle before the door opens and Uncle Zeb stamps in out of the paper snow?

It is now said that Alice Webb had resolved to be married to Brodie Duke, whether he was willing or not. Nothing very novel in that; in half the marriages the man is a helpless captive, whose consent is of no moment.

Our worst enemy cannot accuse us of ever having referred to our Legislators as "Solons."

Snowflakes and Roses.

Portland town's a town of roses,
Where every kind of roses growses.

Summer and Winter the city blowses
With roses and roses and roses and roses.

And the Portland girl has a cheek that glowses
As red as the reddest rose of roses.

But alas! when in Portland town it snowses,
From cheeks the roses goeses to noses.

Vienna has a hospital for diseased fishes, and a carp is being treated there for appendicitis. If the hospital authorities find a carp with some really fatal infectious disease they can find a home for it in the Willamette.

Jiu jitsu experts, it develops, are merely upon the threshold of their art. Judo is the real thing. If jiu jitsu what would judo?

A check made out on a clam shell was recently paid by an Atlantic City bank. Money talks, even if a clam doesn't.

A correspondent writes: A certain fashionable young woman, resident in North Nineteenth street, unknowingly exposed herself yesterday afternoon to suspicion of being a shoplifter. Accompanied by several other ladies of her set, she had luncheon at the grill and then proceeded to do some shopping. Among other things purchased was an armful of that dainty decorative vine, the asparagus shrub. The party visited a certain large apartment store, and a few purchases being made, went to a furrier's, where the young lady in question was to have a fitting for a fur. Suddenly one of the matrons in the party exclaimed, "For goodness' sake, Miss ——, what have you been doing?" Somewhat aghast by the rather alarming tone of the questioner, Miss —— was not slow in casting her eyes over her gown, the natural instinct of most women, and there, hanging to the asparagus vine, were several yards of expensive ribbon which had in some manner attached itself to the vine when the luncheon party was making its purchases in the big store. Needless to say, another visit was paid to the department store and the ribbon restored, amid embarrassed explanations, which, however, were not lacking in humor.

Poor Lamb.

Alton B. Parker's pet lamb, Mary Jane, is dead.

Poor Mary Jane,
She had a pain;
Relief was vain.

And so she bled,
To be beside
The boom that died.

In reading a Klickitat County paper, the first three names of places noticed were Dot, Bluelight and Six Prong.

The Cleveland correspondent of the Bickleton (Wash.) News has a lot of worry with the weather. His daily letter usually contains some praise or blame, usually blame, for the state of the sky. His first bulletin reads:

> Well, I am still after the weather, but in spite of my efforts I am utterly unable to keep pace with her. It is raining and thawing today, but what the morrow will be is beyond my vision to see.

The last bulletin marks the resignation of despair:

> Well, we have been flowing pretty hard all week. The wind, called Chinook, is now blowing at a pretty lively rate, taking the snow off faster than we could, so we will simply hand over the lines for this week and let her blow.

There is a good story on President Roosevelt. He has great admiration for Mrs. La Follette, wife of the Governor of Wisconsin, and no wonder. The beginning of this regard dates from an occasion when Mrs. La Follette and himself were guests at a reception some time ago. The Washington correspondent of The Chronicle tells about it. Mrs. La Follette and Mr. Roosevelt were standing in one corner engaged in conversation and eating ice cream. He was doing the bulk of the talking, and she was an attentive and unwavering listener. "Suddenly I discovered," says the President, "that for the last five minutes I had been pouring ice cream down the front of her handsome evening gown. She had known it all the time, but had not indicated it by even the quiver of an eyelash or the slightest change in the smiling, interested expression upon her face; she had simply been too polite to interrupt me by word or look or move, no matter what happened to the gown."

WEX. J.

THE NEW YEAR'S OREGONIAN.

Independence Enterprise.

The Oregonian put on a New Year's edition that reflects the resources of the Northwest in an attractive way, and it is one of the best advertisements of Oregon and the Lewis and Clark country generally that has ever been put out.

Long Creek Ranger.

The New Year's edition of The Portland Oregonian (last Monday's paper) is mainly composed of write-ups of the different features of the Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Exposition, as is the resources of enterprising counties of the state. It is just such a paper as should be widely circulated throughout the East.

Lakeview Examiner.

The New Year's Oregonian is a good advertisement for Oregonians. People interested in the state's welfare might send a few East to friends.

The Song of Oregon.

Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

My home is in the great Northwest,
The land of wheat and gold,
And mighty forests, dark and tall,
And men of iron mold.
I help the Nation's destiny,
By word and deed, to shape,
And wear about my brow entwined
A garland of the grape.

The blue Pacific laves my shore,
My throne is on Mount Hood,
Capped with eternal snows and clothed
With miles of waving wood.
And when within the halls of state
The toga I put on,
My voice is heard around the world,
For I am Oregon.

STRANGE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

THE ESKIMOS

(By arrangement with the Chicago Tribune.)

THE Eskimos extend across the whole northern coast of the North American continent from Greenland to Behring Strait. They come as far South as Labrador on the Atlantic and as the Yukon River on the Pacific. Throughout this vast territory they are much alike in looks and customs. They average only about 5 feet 6 inches in height, but tall men are sometimes found among them. Their dress makes them look shorter than they really are. The men wear a jacket of skin which is pulled on over the head like a shirt. Attached to the jacket is a hood of the same material. In winter another jacket with the fur turned toward the body is worn inside this outer jacket. Their trousers also are made of skins and reach below the knee. Their boots are of an excellent quality of skin, which is chewed soft by the women before being made up. The dress of the women and children varies but slightly from that of the men.

The Eskimos are fair skinned, but they are always so dirty that the stranger would not suspect it. Water is their pet aversion. None of them in a state of nature ever took a bath or even washed his face after the civilized fashion. The mother cleanses her babes as a cat does her kittens—by applying her tongue to them. The Eskimos' faces are fat and flat, their mouths extremely large, and their hair black, coarse, and straight. They are not a handsome people, and it is easy to believe the story that when Sir Martin Frobisher's sailors first saw one of their old women they pulled off her boots to see if she had cloven feet.

The Eskimos lead the same sort of life year after year. In September the various bands, each composed of five or six families, move to different well-known passes, where the men lie in wait to spear or harpoon the reindeer, geese, whales, and other animals which in that month begin their southerly migrations. The long, dark winter is a period of inactivity and feasting. On the return of light in the spring the seal hunt, the most perilous, exciting, and enjoyable occupation of the year, commences. The hunter goes forth on the Arctic sea in his "kayak," a small canoe made of whale bone, covered with skins. The hole in the top of the kayak is barely large enough to admit the hunter's body. His line is coiled in front of him, and fastened to the end of it is his harpoon. When he sights a seal he never quits chasing and spearing him until the animal is dead. The hunter may turn his kayak completely over and right it again without danger, but he is so closely fastened in that he cannot get out quickly, and if the ice knocks a hole in his canoe he goes to the bottom of the ocean. The Eskimos show ingenuity in hunting the polar bear. They coil a piece of whalebone, cover it with stringy pieces of whale blubber, and throw it in the bear's path. The bear swallows the bait, whole, and when the warmth of his stomach melts the blubber the whalebone uncoils and kills him.

The Eskimos are the biggest eaters in the world. In the autumn they consume large quantities of cranberries, blueberries, etc., and they consider half digested lichens from the belly of the reindeer a delicacy. But raw meat, especially raw fat meat, is their main article of diet. Many of them devour eight or ten pounds of meat at a meal. A man will lie on the floor when he has got so full he can no longer move and grin with greasy joy while his wife forces tibbits of fat and blubber down his throat. They don't care how much dirt gets mixed with their food. They chew so much sand with it that the teeth of the middle aged and old people are usually worn down to their gums. The women have a pleasant habit, after they have cooked meat, of licking the dirt off it with their tongues before handing it to a specially fastidious guest.

The Eskimos make as many changes of residence annually as a civilized family of wealth. Their summer dwellings are rude tents made of skins. Their more permanent houses are square or conical huts built half under ground and made of earth, bones, turf, etc. They are lighted by windows of whale intestine. A stone lamp with moss for wick and blubber for oil hangs from the center of the ceiling, and serves for light and fire. A tunnel so low that the occupants of the house have to crawl through it on all fours is the entrance. The object of the tunnel is to prevent unannounced and unwelcome visits from the hungry polar bear. On two sides of the house are benches that serve for seats and beds. The huts are always filthy. They are also hot and odoriferous, there being almost no ventilation. If the Eskimos happen to be moving about in the winter they build snow huts, the blocks of snow of which they are constructed being fitted together in the walls and arched in the roof with an expertness that a skilled mason might envy.

The Eskimo boy and girl are betrothed and married young—as soon, in fact, as the former is able to keep a family. Polygamy is permitted but seldom practiced. The women are treated with indifference, but not cruelty. The children, on the other hand, are humored and petted. The mother has a large pouch on the back of her jacket in which she carries her babe. The youngster, who is fed at his mother's breast until 4 years old, soon begins also to regale himself with quantities of blubber that would founder a man from the temperate region.

The Eskimos are a sociable race. Often more than one family lives under the same roof, and they are always collected in villages of half a dozen or more families. The houses face on a narrow lane, which is sometimes covered in the winter, and thus becomes a porch. Some villages have council houses in which feasts are held at the end of the hunting season, and the great deeds of each hunter are duly extolled. They have no laws or magistrates, but are ruled in patriarchal fashion, each man being a monarch in his own house. When a man gets too old and weak to enforce his authority he is quietly shelved. His place is usurped by a younger member of the family, and he is left to govern, with more or less success, the women and children.

Their religion is a belief in spirits of various degrees of potency and in a cold, ice-bound heaven in which reindeers, seals and whales will abound and hunger will be unknown. Some of them worship the moon. The Greenlanders have a tradition, however, that the moon was once a wild young man who forced his undesirable attentions on an Eskimo young woman. She smeared his face with soot so she would know him if she met him again. Hence the blackness of his countenance at times when civilized men say he is in eclipse.

Explorers and traders differ in their estimates of the Eskimo's character. His love of his children has been extolled, but there is an authentic story of one who, after weeping copiously over the loss of his babe, ate a hearty meal off its dead body. They are peaceable among themselves, but they used to have wars with their neighbors, the Indians, in which they showed courage, revengefulness, and terrible ferocity. They are hospitable, grateful, and unsurpassable as liars. They love their ice-bound country fondly. Those who have been brought to civilized countries have been impressed by what they saw, but have always on their return to their own people ridiculed the white man, his land, and his strange mode of life. S. O. D.

AN EASTERN VIEW.

Criticism of Men and of Conditions in Oregon.

New York Press.

If Senator Mitchell is eager to keep the public good-will in the time during which the law must presume him innocent he is unfortunate in his attitude. "I defy my accusers," says he. His accusers are headed by President Roosevelt, for everyone knows that so mighty a personage as a United States Senator would not be indicted unless the President gave the word to prosecute him—and, moreover, unless the President watched the prosecution with a jealous care to see that the District Attorney's ardor did not cool and that nobody "got to the grand jury." The theory that a United States Senator can do no wrong has been rudely assailed by the three cases of Burton, Dietrich and Mitchell, the ridiculous "vindication" of the Nebraskan by the immaculate Senate notwithstanding.

Nor does the Oregonian inspire confidence of the strength of his defense when he boasts of a residence of 45 years in his state and of the mere fact (as if it were proof on its face of his innocence) that he is a Senator in Congress. The Senate has sheltered scoundrels in its time—and Addicks is still trying to break in! As for the 45 years' residence plea, the grand jury apparently has not considered it an answer to the sworn testimony of witnesses that the Senator used his official influence to help in the spoliation of the Government. Mr. Mitchell is "sure" he cannot be connected in any way with any land frauds, "except by the grossest perjury of self-confessed and convicted thieves and perjurers." The Senator need not have made the exception, for the President, whose motto is "a square deal for every man," will not urge his conviction by perjury, and, anyway, that kind of testimony could not convict the meanest individual in the land, not to speak of a United States Senator.

Secretary Hitchcock, however, seems to be loaded for United States Senators and Representatives and other big game. "These land-fraud indictments," says he, "are the result of two years of the most searching work, and are a part of the unalterable determination of the President to bring to justice all offenders of the law, be they high or low." The public waits for the facts, neither convicting Senator Mitchell out of hand, nor yet rushing to the absurd conclusion that his accusers are a band of perjurers, or that the President and the Secretary of the Interior have set out to ruin him and have no thought of protecting the interests of the people in their property.

Land Frauds Nothing New.

Hartford Courant.

It was on May 28, 1780, that Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, offered—in committee of the whole house—a resolution looking to the establishment of a general land office, "for the sale of the vacant and unappropriated land in the Western territory." Mr. Madison, of Virginia, told the committee that, in his judgment, the business should receive Congress' early attention. Congress attended to it after a while; the land office was established. Almost from that day to this the administering of the laws relating to the public domain has been giving rise, intermittently, to trouble and scandal.

Fixing the Age of an Egg.

New York Press.

A simple method by which the freshness of an egg can be tested is based upon the fact that the air chamber at the flat end of the egg increases in size with the age of the egg. A fresh egg lies in a horizontal position at the bottom of a vessel containing a salt solution. At the expiration of from three to five days there is noticed an inclination upward of 20 degrees of the flat end. When the egg is two weeks old it assumes an angle of 60 degrees. A month-old egg floats vertically.

BITS OF NORTHWEST LIFE.

Rapid Movements of Miss Kellogg.

Elma Corr. Aberdeen Herald.

Miss Abbie Kellogg, of the Aberdeen schools, was in town between trains Thursday.

Now in the Legislative Game.

Albany Democrat.

Pat MacArthur and W. Lair Thompson, two famous football men, both made good touchdowns at Salem.

What Could a Poor Bachelor Do?

Irrigon Irrigator.

It is currently rumored that one of our young men is going away in a few days to bring back a wife. We take some stock in another rumor, to the effect that he has been refused by every girl in Irrigon.

His Perquisites.

Independence Enterprise.

A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog. It reminds him that he is a dog. The annual receipt of garden seed is supposed to be good for the country editor. It rubs it in on him that he is a country editor.

Doubtless He's There Already.

Tillamook Independent.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Vaughn, on Friday, 5th instant, a son. Sam Downs says Warren has been figuring on how long it will be before this young man will be able to take his place on the milking stool, ever since his arrival.

Warner Man's Unprofitable Year.

Lakeview Examiner.

There was a good-looking man here from Warner first of the week who announced that since any of the fair sex failed to propose matrimony to him during leap-year, he would take up the search for a wife where he left off one year ago. Qualifications of applicants—to wear a dress.

Having Fun in Modoc County.

Lakeview Examiner.

A few evenings ago at Bidwell, Modoc County, a lot of vaqueros came in from the range and started in to have a little fun. After loading up on John Wall's whisky—the kind they drink in Idaho—the boys went to the livery stable, where they secured a one-horse buggy. They then lassoed a wild steer, hitched the beast to the buggy, and after placing Charley Streig, the one-legged fruit peddler, on the seat and tying him down with ropes, they turned the steer loose in the street. Then the fun commenced. The steer run and bucked and "bellered," but the buggy and Charley stayed with him, down one street and up another, till finally the whole outfit piled up in a heap on the hotel porch, where the harness was cut and the steer turned loose, also Mr. Streig. Both were mad.

Railroading in East Africa.

New York Tribune.

A collision recently occurred on the Uganda Railway, British East Africa, that would be possible nowhere else on earth. A huge bull rhinoceros rushed out of the bush and charged at full speed the so-called "up mixed" train, which was slowing down as it approached the station Sultan Hamond, 218 miles from Mombasa. The train was stopped and the "rhino" was discovered about 100 yards down the track. Slowly he returned to the jungle and was lost to sight. He did not escape unharmed, for pieces of his thick skin were found adhering to the train, but the fierceness of his assault smashed the engine step and splintered the inch and a half footboard of the first carriage.