

The Oregonian

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POSTLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905. THE UNITED STATES AS RECEIVED. It is hard to form an intelligent opinion from the varied dispatches describing the action of the Senate regarding the Santo Domingo protocol and agreement.

Probably, therefore, discussion in the Senate will be based on the real underlying question in that body, and by what means, the United States should undertake so to regulate the dealings of the Central American States with their creditors that interference of foreign governments may be justly forbidden.

Then who that has a memory worth having does not remember how in the long ago—but not so long ago—the primary was the occasion of the distribution of largess to the needy citizen—a sort of political potlatch. In favor of the people for even delaying, much less for refusing, its approval, a very short statement of facts may show.

On the first ground, that of protection of American citizens and their personal and property rights, it suffices to say that twenty million dollars of American money is at stake in this country; that six million dollars represents sugar estates, in one district, and in another that an American company owns \$300,000 in 18,000 acres of banana plantations. As late as the Summer of 1904 revolutionary bands roved at large in the house of the American representative.

Under the award the amounts due the American company were to be collected through direct receipt by an agent named by the United States, of the customs receipts at Puerto Plata, and at three other Custom-Houses if necessary. It will be seen, therefore, that the award, and not any direct action by the United States Government, is responsible for the presence of United States agents in receipt of customs duties at Dominican Custom-Houses.

It has been suggested that joint international control and possession might have been instituted. Experiments of this nature have been made

and always fail, generally leaving sore and angry feelings as their legacy. In such a case, where would our Monroe Doctrine have taken refuge? If occupation of territory or rights of possession of national property were involved the United States must have interfered to prevent outside interference, or forever have held its peace.

Another factor now appears in the urgent request of the Santo Domingo government to the United States to take charge of its finances, to establish at its ports oversight and control, to see to collection and distribution of revenues. Had inquiry proved that taxes were oppressive, predatory, or a bankruptcy was impending from failure of resources, hesitation would have been natural. The exact opposite was shown. Decent, conservative, honest administration would meet all the necessities of the case, and this the American Government could supply.

Here in Oregon the old regime has passed away, and the new has taken the tiller. Just where the weather-beaten old ship is being steered nobody knows, and some do not care, but that it has taken its course through untired channels is apparent alike to the old-timer and the tenderfoot. It is just a little startling when you sit down and think it over calmly, and essay to figure out what is going to happen and to whom it will happen. The initiative and referendum, the direct primary and local option—these three, and the greatest of them is likely to be any of them.

The direct primary has done up the machine and the boss—perhaps; but nobody knows whether they will have the grace to stay down, or not for how long. The referendum has wrecked all ancient legislative processes, and establishes the power of appeal from the Capitol at Salem to the corner grocery of Yamhill County. The local-option act has changed the route of the conveyance of the balloons from the front door of the balloon to the back alley of the deadfall. Down with the 1 1/2-cent short drink over the licensed bar and up with the long and silyent drink from the individual jug!

Then who that has a memory worth having does not remember how in the long ago—but not so long ago—the primary was the occasion of the distribution of largess to the needy citizen—a sort of political potlatch. In favor of everybody was the equal of everybody else in the eyes of the boss, if he desired to be in on the game—before the primary. But how is it now? Then the good old days when we had a potlatch on every hill and a bear garden in every hollow—before the days of local option. How is it now since we have prohibition? A bear garden on every hill and a schoolhouse in every hollow, you answer. Ah, no. There has been a mighty reform. Now we have prohibition, in a county or two somewhere up in Eastern Oregon, and another in the Willamette Valley, where every man looks his neighbor calmly and soberly in the eye, and tapping significantly the handy flask in his pistol pocket, points thankfully to the cob-webbed shutters of the former saloon. These be pious times.

But, anyhow—in the language of Mr. Dooley—Nobly may be glad that reform is here. Nobly may be glad that reform has been hit, not how hard, but that it has been hit by something all agree. Perhaps we shall be able to ascertain the list of casualties after the next election or two.

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smoothly in its effects than coffee, and this may be one of the reasons why the "American Invasion" startles the Lippinsoothed English. Americans drink less than two gallons per capita of beer and wine together, so that the supreme position of coffee is easily seen. Unfortunately Dr. Wylie has not seen fit to tell us how much good coffee is drunk by our un-critical people, but there is no reason to doubt that the percentage would be higher than in the case of whiskey, which at 55 per cent was bad, according to the eminent director of the poison squad. Perhaps this may account for the lack of enthusiasm displayed toward the National Coffee League's drinking songs gales that deal with ruddy wine and brown October ale and whiskey. There is even a song to tea, but America's National drink remains unused. However, this neglect in one direction is largely made up in another.

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Willamette Valley counties have a common interest in many important commercial affairs which affect other portions of the state but slightly. For the purpose of promoting this common interest a convention has been called to be held at Salem, March 25, composed of delegates from all the commercial organizations in that part of the state. A convention of this kind should be productive of much good, and will doubtless have a large attendance, especially since the Valley is deeply interested in devising means by which many of Oregon's visitors in 1905 may be induced to make permanent homes in the region between the Cascade and Coast Ranges.

The Cunard steamship Caronia, the very latest thing in trans-Atlantic liners, arrived at New York Sunday on her maiden trip from Liverpool after a passage of seven days and nineteen hours. The matter of coming paper jokes and val-de-vie ginsling through good and evil report America continues to consume half the world's crop of coffee and to produce half the world's crop of dyspepsia.

A Spokane man was run down and killed by a bicycle last Sunday. Since the advent of the automobile in such large numbers the bicycle as a manufacturer has seldom been heard of. This it proves under certain conditions is still as great as ever is evidenced by the Spokane accident. The fact that bicycle accidents are so much fewer than formerly may be due to the declining popularity of the two-wheeled vehicle, or it may be due to the fact that Portland is said to be less than one-tenth as large as it was when the craze was at its height. The automobile, wherever the money is forthcoming, is now enjoying more popularity than originally greeted the bicycle, and the people who walk or pay car fare are now wondering what will come next for the bubble-wagons cease to be novelties.

Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, believes in the merits of the appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Fair, but he does not seem willing to trust any commission except one named by himself. In this respect he resembles ex-Governor McBride of Washington. The latter was vigorously opposed to a railroad commission that placed the appointing power in the hands of the Governor so long as the late John R. Rogers was Governor, but when McBride became Governor he secured the passage of a bill giving him the power which he denied Rogers. Pennypacker as a citizen would probably be better satisfied with the Lewis and Clark Commission named by the Legislature than would Pennypacker the Governor.

Colonists are coming into the Pacific Northwest by the trailhead. Not all of them will carry with us, for the world contains many dissatisfied beings who never find anything they are looking for except an alleged excuse for "knocking." But to the rustic with a small or large amount of capital there are certain opportunities for parading their wealth.

In the hurry and bustle attendant upon the harvest of Lewis and Clark Fair there is a matter that is of the beginning, was deemed of great importance, but which seems now in danger of being overlooked. We refer to the erection in the City Park of a granite shaft in grateful memory of the lives and lifework of Lewis and Clark.

Historical Society has no funds that can be appropriated for this purpose. The Fair Commissioners should either assume and discharge this duty or repudiate it. In the latter case the city should be called upon to place this memorial stone in its park. Falling here, a private subscription should be taken up for the purpose and the work pushed to speedy completion.

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Ex-Senator John L. Wilson lacked sufficient strength in the State of Washington to secure his election to the Senate, but his strength at Washington, D. C. seems to be unimpaired by the fact that he no longer has a vote in the Senate.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

To the Marquon Hill Cougar. Cougar, cougar, stark and grim, in the tangled jungle dim, let a soul drench wash you ill. But please go 'way from Marquon Hill.

We don't want to have your blood, but move, or else your name is mud; Cougar, you must quit your latrine rest will double for the Fair.

To have dog and dress in the same shade is the correct thing nowadays. As it would be expensive to buy a new dog with each change of color, we may expect the pseudo-Fermanian and the bleached Boston before long.

The Sparrow. Some may say the sparrow's praise, whose flight is like an arrow, is the plucky little sparrow. The sparrow has no nose to meet, up in the ether sailing, and the sparrow's nose line every street, and crouch behind each railing.

Coiler's Weekly publishes a photograph of General Kuroki, sending himself joy competing in a rifle competition participated in by the foreign attaches and correspondents with his army, Kuroki and "Jimmy" Hays, the photographer, made the same score. Neither hit the target.

Of equal virtue would be the proposal by the initiative of a law making provision for individual items of any appropriation bill to be vetoed, if defensible. The initiative of such a law would be one of the most valuable of the executive prerogatives for defense of the public treasury against legislative extravagance.

The Maids of Warsaw. The Colonel called for volunteers. Each trooper waved his shining blade, and swore to spit a serving maid. The Colonel said, "My garrant chape, these are not the villainous Japs. Let us not fight a serving maid."

And now they say that the war Warsaw was worse war than the war saw. The burglar who blew open the safe labeled "Save your time; no money here," will save a few years.

Explorer Baldwin three years ago dispatched a balloon message which has just been received. Balloons are not quite so quick as the postoffice method. The New York Evening Sun notes that "the erection of the building for the Clark and Lewis Exhibition at Portland" may be delayed by a strike.

When the Montana Mayor threatened to spit in the eye of an unnamed trustee, we wonder how many of the Councilmen ducked. Social Talent. I had been taking a horseback ride through the southern part of Missouri, and one night, finding myself in such sparsely settled district, I was forced to continue in the saddle until midnight before I saw the dark shadows of a village at the end of my journey.

"Is that you, Tad?" came a gruff voice from within. "No," said I. "Open the door a minute, I want to ask you something." The bolt was drawn and a man atrapped in a cotton undershirt and overall looked out sleepily into the darkness.

As Bernard Shaw puts it. London Globe. I have not tasted a fellow creature for nearly three months in advance. This message was not, as might be supposed, penned by a cannibal chief in a melancholy yearning, but by G. B. Shaw, in the state of a peculiarly ardent and satisfied displayed by the Filian chief on seeing tinted sheep's tongues on London and has moved, weary to a sudden, he took them for a bonne bouche of other days.

His Reply. Harper's Weekly. Ex-Secretary of the Navy Moody tells of the account of an explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts, a year ago, which was given by a sailor injured by the explosion. "Well, sir," replied the Jacky to his questioner, "I really can't say that I know very much about it. I was standing on the pier back to the gun, a fact the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell-of-a noise; then, sir, the ship physician he says, 'Get up an' take this!'"

TWO VIEWS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOLS.

Desired Reform Can Be Reached by Initiative. Corvallis Times. There are two things the Yamhillers can better do than to invoke the referendum for veto of the omnibus appropriation bill.

The proposed vote would serve no permanent end. It would not be a constructive measure with legislation providing for and settling the future of the normals. It would merely block the payment of maintenance money to the four schools for two years, and then dump them, by the initiative, on the next Legislature. It would add one log-rolling influence to be mixed up and interwoven with the Senatorial struggle, and will probably be the chief feature of that session.

The Governor's "play to the galleries" evoked the expected response in Yamhill County. Since but 400 signatures are required to hold up the appropriation bill until the general election in June, 1906—and these may come in a bunch from any one locality—the odds are broken. It is probable that the referendum movement will succeed. No sane man imagines that the appropriation bill will be defeated at once. Thinking themselves the macher will be done. The normal schools will be killed, as they have been running without funds since the first of the year and cannot continue until private benefactors come to their relief.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. ODD BITS OF NORTHWEST LIFE.

Nothing Doing. Chico corr. in Wallowa Chieftain. Newel Stubbled ran off the grade Friday, sticking his horns on the other wheel, shook the rig up, but nothing serious. Bapty Days for Luther. Battle Plains corr. Madras Pioneer. Luther Coveshed in his school room. H. H. Curtis, Luther, needs his father enjoy picking rock and grubbing eye brush, and as he is also a good-natured fellow his services are in great demand on the Little Plains and neighboring vicinities.

Deadly Perils of Water. Malheur Gazette. We are sorry to announce that W. D. Patch, of Deser, fell into the river on Monday of this date, while crossing a piece of thin ice a few days ago fell through and thereby contracted a bad cold. Water is such a nasty fellow, with that which one comes in contact with it its effects are disastrous. Value of a Ministerial Call. Corvallis Gazette. Last Fall Doc Johnson acquired the chicken habit and purchased a dozen fine hens. He did everything possible to make them lay, but without success.

Determined to Be the First. Lippincott. A mother of three little boys who had gone to the county fair in Missa, received the following postal from the eldest: Dear Mother—I wanted to be the first to write to you, so wrote the first one home, and will mail it when we reach home. Excuse the writing, because you keep coming into the room. Your loving son, W. G. Jones. The mother had said she would send a dime to the one who wrote the first, and Master William had determined to beat his brothers, so he literally "took time by the forelock."

External Masculine. Brooklyn Life. At seventeen, I was a very smart fellow. We would fool and deep. And bog from her a tiny curl. We see and her may keep. "A man of blight," she said. And fondly kiss and hide it where No prying eye may see. At twenty-seven, less enthused With suburb-tinted curls, We, having it, grew much confused To see how "my girl" Fair head it lent a halo to— "Fair Kate, or Prue, the dears—" "Well, what's the thing that's best to do is keep it to my hair."

At thirty-seven, then, one day While rummaging, we staid In absent way at it and say "The devil! Whose red hair is this? How do I like it?—" "The bricky stool," she said. "We lose it first, and smile to see It strike in the gray."