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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1905.

PERHAPS—AND PERHAPS.

The new Lord Mayor of Chicago has requested the old Lord Mayor of Glasgow to send to Chicago a man capable of explaining the management of municipal tramways. The man will come, about a month hence. The question will be whether the system practiced at Glasgow, under municipal and political conditions unknown to us, but certainly at total variance with our own, can be practiced in an American city.

Glasgow municipalized its streetcar lines—tramways there—years ago. But Glasgow is only half as large as Chicago, and is a much less spread-out or "sprawly" city. But these are not the main differences. The entire political conditions are unlike. Voters at Glasgow deem themselves bound to rational economic laws. An election is not expected to change everything.

James Dalrymple is the man who is coming from Glasgow to Chicago. He says: "Glasgow's system is capable of application to a larger city, provided it be kept sound commercially and the manager have full power of staff. I have the utmost confidence that Chicago will make a success of municipal ownership, if it follow the lines which have been pursued in Glasgow." But will Chicago follow the lines that have been pursued at Glasgow? Who supposes that Chicago, under our electoral and political system, will?

Hence we find the Chicago Tribune giving expression to doubts as to the applicability in its city of the Glasgow system. It questions whether $7.56 for a week of fifty-four hours would meet the views of Chicago conductors and motormen, but that's the very highest municipal tramway wage in Glasgow. Citizens in the outlying wards wouldn't relish paying 15 or 20 cents for transportation to the business center, but transfers are unknown in Glasgow. The fare in the Scotch city is governed strictly by the distance traveled. The trolley used in Glasgow is the overhead one, which Chicago dislikes, and the cars are double-deckers. Anybody who tries to board a Glasgow car when it's in motion is arrested, and may pass his next month in jail. "The cars move more rapidly in the business district than they do here," says the Chicago paper, "but that is because no teamster dares to delay them. Were he to attempt it he would be arrested at once and punished. If that policy were pursued in Chicago the cars would make better time around the loops, but the municipal authorities dare not imitate Glasgow in this respect. An ordinance was introduced once to keep the teamsters off the track. They threatened vengeance if it were not dropped, and it was dropped. If reintroduced the fear of a teamsters' strike would kill it. On the whole, the Chicago cars make much faster time than those in Glasgow."

Again, in Glasgow, no "political pull" is allowed. Under our system the "public utilities" will be plunged at once into politics, and Chicago streetcar properties will be run by municipal wire-pullers. It will be so, inevitably, in our cities. But we are due for some purchase of experience, and, of course, will have to stand it. Everything will be well—perhaps.

MOTOR CARS.

Evidently the motor car on the standard track railroad has come to stay. In the old country there are now fifty motor cars running on the Great Western system alone. The first development was made in 1903. Since then nearly all the main lines have put on motor cars. All are steam driven, except two on the Northeastern Railroad, which are what are there called "petrol-electric." A gasoline engine drives a dynamo generating electricity for running the car. One of the roads is now experimenting with a directly driven petroleum motor, of the road-motor type, with good prospect of success. Another development of 1904 in England was the establishment by the Great Western Railroad of a system of automobiles, connecting thinly-peopled outlying districts with the railroad depots, and hauling both passengers and freight. In one instance trailer cars are connected with the automobile, bringing in cream from the farms to the railroad.

While expecting details of the plan for a line of automobiles between Shaniko and the Harney Valley and eastlying points in Oregon, it may be noted that the line established last year between Tonopah and Goldfield is now using fifteen automobiles of large size and cost and earning large profits for the operators.

CARNEGIE AND THE COLLEGES.

Should Andrew Carnegie carry out his plan of aiding small colleges throughout the country he will do a better work than that of planting or aiding libraries; for instruction of the people through schools and colleges is necessary, if reading is to be really profitable. The college is a guide to study and to reading and establishes a necessity for it. Discursive reading, without the guidance of scholarship, is not likely to prove much real benefit. The drill of the school is the primary thing. Let the mind be opened by study, and the reading will follow.

Throughout the country there are hundreds of small, struggling colleges which need just such benefactions as Mr. Carnegie is said to intend. Each one is doing a local work of immense importance. Each brings within reach of the young people of the vicinity opportunity for advancement in higher studies not otherwise obtainable; for in many cases these young persons have not the means of going to distant colleges. But almost all these excellent small colleges are in want of addition to their endowments. Most of them are inadequately equipped and hard pressed for funds with which to meet actual expenses even of a rigidly economic management.

It would seem that wealthy persons who have money to bestow on permanent objects for the public good could do no better with it than by liberal endowment of small colleges. Not to undervalue the educational benefits resulting from Mr. Carnegie's library benefactions, it seems clear that more good is to be done by helping the small and struggling colleges throughout the land. Upon their permanence and efficiency depends the larger part of the best educational work of the country. The dry, humorous speech of Mr. Carnegie's announcement of his new purpose is worth repetition. "I have been looking into the small colleges of late," said he, "and I have entered into the college business as I not long ago entered into the library business. I did a rip-roaring business at the library stand, but I could look ahead and see the demand for libraries slackening. My secretary says that the demand is down to one library a day. Since I have gone into the new business there has been a great boom. Within the past few days I have received more than a hundred applications for the material I am sending to small colleges. Business, gentlemen, is improving."

It is believed that Mr. Carnegie's gifts hitherto, large as they have been, have not reduced the wealth at his disposal, for his income from investments is prodigious; and if he only gives the income away he will be a busy man. By the way, it ought to be noted that he has repudiated the assertion long attributed to him, that he regarded it as a disgrace to any man to die rich. It always has been a wonder whether he ever actually made such a remark.

SYMPATHETIC STRIKES.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. So of the "Lord Mayor" of Chicago. Judge Dunne has a rough incoming. His term of office has come in like a lion indeed. The hardest problem for him to solve, or any other head of a municipality, is how to deal with a sympathetic strike. The straight strike of any organized labor body deals with just the two parties in interest, employes and employed. If conditions of contracts are broken, if terms of labor or of pay for it press too hard on either party, then either they can fight it out till one side or the other is exhausted, or an arbitrator can be summoned and given power, after hearing both sides fully, to declare terms of settlement. The most potent factor in such a case is public opinion. The more limited the field of action, the simpler the issues, the easier for public opinion to declare itself, and the sooner the war is over. The danger to public peace and order is reduced while such a strike lasts, and if offenders there are, on either side of the controversy, they are to be seen, handled and brought to reason, or punishment. The power to create a sympathetic strike, or a sympathetic lockout (they are to be measured by the same rule) is too terrible a weapon to be permitted. If called for and not made at once effective, it becomes a mere "brutum fulmen," a brutal threat. It reacts on the party which has invoked it, with instant force. But if the call is heard and responded to, the area of conflict widens, and innocent and uninterested persons are made to suffer a vicarious punishment—undeserved and unreasonable. Its tendency is to grow until the Nation is involved. Thus, if ever, the long-predicted war between capital and labor will break out, the end of which no one ventures to foretell.

The essence of the sympathetic strike is that the labor contracts and conditions of the sympathizers are at once broken, without reason, wrongfully, arbitrarily. Artificial, needless, war is declared. Unrest and distrust rise between employers and employed in every trade, none knowing when and where the volcano may burst next.

The growth of confidence and prosperity in all lines of manufacture and production in this century is very slow and tender. New conditions of organized labor and organized capital are being tested. To their stability the sympathetic strike is the deadliest enemy. The call to such a strike is based on a specious plea of brotherly interest by the strong and well-to-do worker in the life conditions of weaker fellows. Self-sacrifice is demanded on such grounds. But the logic is false. Such support cannot be accorded save by the previous and necessary wrong of the sympathetic but unreasoning fellow craftsman. The two wrongs can never make one right. It is no more to be predicted that strikes should never more occur than that wars should cease. More rare they are year by year, it is true. The seriousness of the overturn of relations of the worker, of his family and home, on the one side—of the stability of the business conditions under which the factory is run, or contracts are taken and carried out by the employer, on the other side—is now more plainly seen and felt by all parties than ever before. One element, forcible in the last generation, has passed away, possibly forever. The unity which bound capital and labor in one interest in work and its results was made possible by personal relations of friendliness and confidence when factories were small, machines in their infancy, specialization of labor unheard of. The master could and did work side by side with his men. No gulf lay between them.

With the profits of the last contract invested in intricate and labor-saving machines, the view of the actual worker has been narrowed to the tending of the instrument of his labor. With the multiplication of hands the interest of the employer in his individual men became obsolete. As competition grew and profits depended more and more on the volume of work accomplished, more capital was needed by the employer, and so the investor of money gained in influence over the owner and operator of the factory and its machines. So the interests of capital and labor fell farther and farther apart. The factory system, as we know it, was developed, and the union of the men was called into being, and, being a natural outcome of conditions, is here to stay. Its history shows its limitations. The sympathetic strike is outside of and antagonistic to the real interest of the labor union. The best evidence is seen in the refusals of the most progressive and instructed unions to be led to give it their support.

RELIEF FOR CENTRAL OREGON.

The Great Southern Railway seems to present the only immediate opportunity for Portland to retain any of the rich traffic of Central and Southern Oregon which is slowly but surely being diverted to California. So far as can be learned, this road is backed by men who are not high in the councils of the big railroad men of the country. It is even hinted in some directions that they are not railroad men, and are embarking on a scheme of which they know nothing and which will end in disaster. This feature of the project, as well as the fact that the road is being constructed for the purpose of opening up a new wheat country, makes it quite similar to the Columbia Southern.

Portland begged, threatened and implored the O. R. & N. Co. to build into Wasco and Crook counties and open up a rich trade field right at our doors. But the railroad men of high degree, then as now, turned a deaf ear to all entreaties. They assured us that the road would be so difficult to build and so costly to operate it would never pay operating expenses. We were also informed that the country tapped by the proposed Columbia Southern was a barren desert, in which it was impossible to originate a traffic of any importance. With this testimony from experts in the business, we were greatly surprised when E. E. Lytle, a railroad man who made no pretensions to superior knowledge or ability, began work on the Columbia Southern.

The confidence shown by the public in the scheme was illustrated by the nickname which they bestowed on the road. In the early years of its construction it was known as "Lytle's Folly." But Lytle knew the country for which he was heading just as a great many people today know the country for which the Great Southern Railway is heading. He pushed his line through by easy stages, and in the face of financial obstacles which would have completely disconcerted a less determined man. "Lytle's Folly" opened up one of the richest farming districts in the State of Oregon, and in the few years since it was built, has added more wealth to the state than has been created in that time along any similar number of miles of railroad in the Pacific Northwest.

Central Oregon is, and for the past ten years has been, subjected to the same detestable form of "knocking" that the railroads gave the Columbia Southern territory. It possesses hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest land that can be found anywhere in the state. The timber area is so vast in extent that it would supply an enormous traffic for a railroad. Stock-raising, wool-growing and all other branches of the agricultural industry have been so strongly favored by nature in that portion of the state that with transportation facilities they would make a marvelous showing. These are not idle statements. They are facts known to all who have visited that isolated land. They are probably known to the promoters of the Great Southern Railway, and those promoters, if they push their line through to Bend, or farther south, will doubtless demonstrate to the skeptical public and to unprogressive railroad men, that their judgment was as good as that of Mr. Lytle with his Columbia Southern.

The situation is becoming critical for Portland, for, while the unprogressive O. R. & N. Co. rests on its oars, the Nevada, California & Oregon Railroad is pushing north for the purpose of draining the trade of that vast region to California. All of the loss through this inactivity on the part of the Portland road cannot be repaired, but, if the Great Southern proceeds immediately on the plans made public, we may yet pull something out of the wreck of the Klamath trade, and save much of the Central Oregon trade, which, unless we act quickly, will follow that of the Klamath country into the camp of our commercial rivals.

If the Great Southern proves anywhere near so great a success as the Columbia Southern—and there is no reason to believe that it will not—it would be a handsome investment for Portland to subsidize some Lytle or Heimrich to demonstrate to the railroad world that there is money to be made out of a line to the Wallowa country, to the Clearwater, the Nehalem, and a number of other isolated localities now suffering from either the ignorance or the negligence of the transportation companies which should be serving them.

Jamestown (Va.), two years hence, will have a fine celebration and exposition. The State of Virginia has put one million dollars into it, and will put more. New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania and Missouri have made liberal appropriations. Other states will follow. Oregon should be there, too—though there will be scant time after the meeting of the next Legislature. A great feature of the Jamestown celebration will be the international military and marine display, in May, 1907. All nations are invited, by proclamation of the President, to participate in it. The events of the war between Russia and Japan will by that time make such display peculiarly interesting. All the English-speaking world in particular should unite for commemoration in the fullest possible way of the historical event that marks the first settlement of the English-speaking people on the American continent—now the seat of the largest part of the English-speaking peoples of the world. England, herself, in her magnanimity, will forget that Jamestown is near Yorktown. For the separation was but nominal. It has made those who speak the language of England, and who live substantially under the principles of her laws of the olden time, more powerful in either hemisphere than they otherwise could have been.

The appeal of Judge Northrup for the disinterment of the remains of Captain Meriwether Lewis and their removal to and reinterment in our City Park is strong in patriotism and in gratitude. The grave of the explorer is in the heart of a forest in Tennessee—practically unknown and unvisited. While in an ethical and higher spiritual sense this fact is immaterial, human sentiment has not outgrown the feeling of reverence for dust that once was instinctive life—the life of the brave, the useful and the true. The name of Captain Lewis is now upon the tongue of the Nation. In conjunction with that of Captain Clark it stands for exploration of the great western world—the coming of the white man to the Pacific Northwest. In this view, there is no place more fitting for his final sepulcher than that suggested by Judge Northrup, where the foundation of his monument is already laid, and upon which the placing of the monument itself is overdue.

Until the Russian and the Japanese fleets meet, the present flood of rumors and speculations concerning their whereabouts and movements is sure to continue unabated. Some of the attempts to give Togo's plan of campaign are much at variance with the record of that admiral at Port Arthur, where he did his best to save his armored vessels. The same necessity of shielding his battleships and big cruisers is still present, for should Togo's fleet be badly damaged the Russians have still enough ships at home to form a squadron capable of holding the seas. The Russian commander must seek Vladivostok sooner or later, and it is not improbable that the Japanese will allow him to reach that port, when he could be "bottled" by the entire Japanese fleet and the use of torpedo boats and floating mines. It would not be surprising if the precious Japanese battleships did not come into action with Rojestvensky's squadron for another month.

We had been told that all people were saints at Seattle. But the other night some two hundred persons at a revival meeting at Seattle got up and told how bad they have been, how spotted with sin and iniquity. And the evangelists are organizing a crowd to go down into the dance-hall and tenderloin district. Great must be the surprise of the country, after reading Doctor Chapman's statement about the purity of Seattle, to learn that there is a tenderloin district in that city. By the way, though, Doctor Chapman explains by saying that the dance-halls of Seattle are of higher tone—that is moral and spiritual we suppose—than those of Portland. This commendatory statement, however, Portland can't complain of. It was due to Seattle from the good doctor's partiality.

Announcement of the death of Miss Jennie E. Arnold, for many years a teacher in the public schools of this city, at her home in Cadiz, Ohio, did not cause surprise, nor, under the circumstances, regret to her many friends here. Competent and faithful in her vocation, she was stricken with paralysis while in active pursuit of her duties in the Couch School some weeks ago, since which time she has been helpless, and her condition has been hopeless. She was taken to her old home a month ago, and though she made the journey without special discomfort, she died a few days ago, without having regained the use of speech, though apparently conscious. The case was one in which death was a welcome messenger of release.

The County Court still refuses to accept the new Albina ferryboat. Judge Webster is quoted as declining to take over the boat until the craft is completed, and in support of his position, he cites the fact that the last boat cost the county $1000 extra before she could be used. Reasoning from recent disclosures regarding bridges, sewers, etc., it is probable that the county got off cheaply by paying the $1000 instead of having the changes made before the boat was turned over. The present trend of public opinion is not very favorable for the acceptance of unfinished ferryboats, sewers or bridges or the allotment of too much extra remuneration to the men who build them.

Ex-Senator John M. Thurston is not yet ready to sever his connection with the "American Maritime League," which was recently the subject of considerable unfavorable comment in the Eastern newspapers. In an interview in the New York Sun he expresses great surprise that the motives of the organization have been questioned, and deems it "incomprehensible" that any one should attempt to make money out of such a scheme. Apparently Senator Thurston's knowledge of bunco men is on a par with that which he possesses regarding American shipping.

None of President Roosevelt's late remarks has brought forth so much comment as that one about having left Secretary Taft sitting on the lid of the Santo Domingo affair. Secretary Taft's rotundity of figure gave a humorous twist to the metaphor, but the general opinion expressed is that he looms quite as large in an intellectual way as in a physical.

President Roosevelt has not yet had the luck to kill any big game. He has had no "bar meat." Heavy snow has been falling, and he seems to be "snowed up."

A Russian newspaper warns the world against the "Asiatic peril." The Russians are the best qualified to speak on this particular subject.

President Roosevelt appears to be as successful as Oyama in keeping dark his bear-hunting exploits until the campaign is over.

The impression grows that the members of the Theatrical Syndicate are bad actors.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Tomorrow!

Apparently the great obstacle in the way of peace is Japan's demand for an indemnity and Russia's reluctance to agree to such a payment. Here is a plan by which this difficulty may be overcome. Let the meeting between Togo and Rojestvensky be postponed until the Czar and the Mikado have agreed upon a convenient place for the fight. Then fix the date of the engagement and run excursion steamers to give the public an opportunity of seeing the fleets in action. If the manner in which men flock to bullfights, dogfights, prizefights, cockfights, is a criterion, the two governments would find their undertaking immensely profitable, and the battle would not be spoiled in any way, indeed the presence of spectators would encourage the men and prevent the employment of illegitimate tactics.

Blest the chief executive of this great Nation personally and officially, and as he is soon to reach the "happy grounds" on which he has fixed his far-away gaze, and where the wild beasts abound, whether these monsters of the mountains flee from him in fear or fly at him in fury, may he find himself protected by the shield of the Almighty, so that upon his return to his home in peace and safety, like thy servant David of old, he can testify to the people that the Lord delivered him out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear.—Prayer by Chaplain Bradford, in the Illinois House of Representatives.

If that isn't bathos, there is no such thing. Besides, doesn't it seem funny to burden the Lord with the protection from bears of a man who has willfully crossed the continent to get at them.

"I have been the greatest drunkard for years from Panama to the Klondike," said a convert in Seattle. It's a strange thing how a man magnifies his sinful life when he thinks of making a switch. This particular man is lacking in gratitude. He actually tries to make himself out a greater drunkard than the man who reformed him.

The Kansas City Star says that a small boy in Iola managed to serve both God and Mammon on Sunday by dropping in the missionary box a penny which he obtained by selling an empty beer bottle. We must refer this story to Dr. Washington Gladden.

In the Spring a Russian's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of strikes:
Down he throws his pick and shovel, and to
buy him vodka hikes.

Belasco is bringing the theatrical syndicate to book, something it wouldn't do for him.

Frenzied millinery is to the fore just now. The store windows are full of things that look like flower-beds, birds' nests, fruit boxes, Indian baskets, trays of curios and many other objects. One popular brand resembles a basket which has been kicked inside out and filled with flowers and pincushions.

Each month has its appropriate stone. April's is the diamond.

The Russian sailor who fell overboard from the Nakhimoff and paddled around in the Straits of Malacca for 12 hours, has rejoined his ship. We hope he won't find himself in the way of any Japanese shells. This Russian was evidently not born to be drowned.

Henry James was in our midst yesterday. He is said to be studying English with the object of writing his impressions of our hustling burg.

The first freckle of the season appeared Sunday.

Portland's "Golden Singers" are advertising the town. Eastern papers think a chorus of red-haired women will be too utterly utter.

Trouble has piled upon the London Daily News, which ran the announcement of the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings under the head of "Amusements."

Bet Maxine Elliott made a scene in London when she learned her scenery had been left in New York.

Togo and Roosevelt are both out of the public's ken.

"Lynch" is becoming increasingly popular abroad. It is so much nicer a word than "murder." When Bulgarians chop up a few Turks they are now said to have lynched their captives. White men no longer massacre natives in Africa—they merely lynch them. America leads the world in euphemisms.

Joaquin Miller says there is more poetry in a little book by Thomas Bailey Aldrich than in Milton, Homer and Dante. We have heard of Mr. Aldrich, but who are the other three fellows? We don't remember seeing any of their stuff in the magazines.

A Kansas paper speaks of a boy "who looks like a dish used to bake pumpkin pies." That must be about the last word.

Cambridge is finding the dead languages a live issue.

Edward Atkinson, the great economic writer and statistician of Boston, says that no woman need spend more than $65 a year on dress. Mighty few women will have the least faith in the great economist's statistics.

WEX. J.

"Holier Than Thou."

Chicago Chronicle.

All the attacks that are made on John D. Rockefeller and his money are founded on an assumption of superior virtue in those who make them. All of his assailants are virtually saying: "Stand by thyself; come not near to me, for I am holier than thou."

Their religion teaches that we are all miserable sinners; the very object of that religion is the reclamation of a fallen race, and there is not one of them, from Dr. Gladden down, who is any holier than Mr. Rockefeller. They have selected him for aspersion simply because he is typical of capital and because it is the nature of pharisees to consider themselves holier than other people.

Ananias and Sapphira told such falsehoods about their property which they had turned over to the common fund that both of them were struck dead for it, and yet their money was kept and devoted to charitable purposes.

Has a Stepmother.

Lippincott's.

A strapping lad of 12 was registered in one of the public schools of Philadelphia. He readily gave the several facts called for, but he did not know whether his birthday fell on the tenth of November or of December.

The principal was surprised at this display of ignorance on the part of so old a child, and he asked how it came to pass that he hadn't learned the date of his birth. "I wasn't born," said the boy, "I had a stepmother."

WHEN DESTROYER MEETS DESTROYER

Desperate Deeds of Small Craft With Which Japan Hopes to Cripple Rojestvensky.

(In view of the approaching clash between the Russian and the Japanese fleets, the following graphic description of a naval engagement off Port Arthur will be found interesting. It is taken from "The Sub-Lieutenant's Story," one of the vivid sketches in "The Yellow War" by "O," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. The sub-lieutenant is a young Russian whom "O" first met in Genoa, where the officer was notorious for his drinking bouts and his amours. On reaching Port Arthur the sub-lieutenant is appointed to the destroyer Plotva, and goes out to engage the Japanese flotilla.)

The flotilla was now in the hands of Commander Brieleff, the senior officer in our division. He made the signal to attack in echelon, our center to endeavor to break through the enemy's center and thus divide him in two, so that the fire of three of our boats might be concentrated on two of his. We stood on at half-speed until only 2000 meters separated us. The Japanese had opened out a little. It was a fine spectacle, our six boats in line, a cable's distance apart, bearing down on the four lean Japs, who, to prevent us from overlapping, had opened out to about a cable and a half. Like ourselves, our enemy had reduced his speed. We were all now standing to quarters. Kertch was on the bridge; I was down with the six-pounder forward. The men were joking and congratulating each other on the opportunity we should now have of paying off old scores. Brieleff made a special number. It was the Stereguchi, the boat next him in the line. The flags read, "Conform to my movements." Before the signal to the rest of his flotilla was made, the Japanese opened fire with their 12-pounders. They carried 12-pounders; we, only six-pounders. Then came the flotilla signal, "Echelon from the center, full steam ahead, engage." Merrily chimed the telegraph-bells, and, when our turn came, we felt the Plotva, like a racehorse to the spur, bound forward underneath us. All the rest is a tangle of disjointed memories. We were on the extreme left of the line abreast. I can only tell you the confused threads as I recollect them. I remember glancing to starboard, and noticing the five parallel wakes of our flotilla, which seethed up above the breeze ripple. Then the smack of the six-pounder and the whirr of the Maxims brought me to my duties. "That's a hit," shouted the No. 1 of my crew, and at the same moment a shell exploded on our rail. A splinter hit the hopper of the gun, glanced, and then the ear, mustache and cheek of the No. 1 were gone. He stood a moment, drenching the lever in his hand with blood, then sank to the deck, while another seized the slimy handle and shoulder grip. I noticed that the men at our boat-rail were firing with rifles. The new No. 1 swung the gun round, and I could see that we had changed our course, and now had a Japanese destroyer abeam on the port side. My eye caught the blood-red radiations on its smoke-fouled bunting. Its funnels were belching flame, while it was so close that the incessant flash from its quick-firers hurt the eye. Projectiles swished above us; but at the moment I did not realize that we were the target. My gun had stopped firing. "Ammunition!" I shouted, and then realized for the first time that I alone of all my gun-crew was standing. My fellows were a heap of hideously mutilated flesh. As I sprang to the gun, I recognized amidst the streaks of crimson remainder a handless forearm. On it was the cherished tattooed geisha of my servant Alexis. Men from the tube came to aid me, and then the vessel heeled as if she had collided. The wreck of the Maxim from the bridge was swept along the deck, and imbedded itself steaming and hissing in the pile of human offal at my feet. Again the vessel heeled, and I felt myself seized by the hand.

"Excellency, Excellency, the commander is killed. Come quickly to the bridge. We are alone—the other boats have fled."

How I got to the bridge I cannot say. I remember that the hand-rail was twisted like a corkscrew. What a scene! Save for the wheel, steersman and binnacle, the bridge was swept clean. Maxim mounting, commander, rail, were a tangled mass trailing alongside. As I clung to a funnel-stay, I was actually looking down the smoking throat of a Japanese 12-pounder not six fathoms distant. Black, hissing and battered, the boat was closing on us like some hideous sea-monster. A dozen of her ruffian crew with short swords in their hands were gathered forward to spring upon us. There was not time to give an order. The men were now jumping. But my steersman had put over his helm. There was a grinding jar, and we slithered past them, carrying away their rails and forward hamper, and grinding to pulp against our plates such of their boarders as had jumped short. As we shook clear our 6-pounder belched into her vitals, and a great geyser of steam shrieked out amidships from between her smokestacks. I remember seeing my men pitchfork the four little devils who had boarded us over the side with their bayonets and then I pitched headlong on to the debris of the gun-crew and maxim on the deck below. A rifle bullet had just missed my spine and perforated my right lung. The engineer brought the Plotva out. How we escaped I don't know for the yellow devils seemed all around us. But our speed saved us, though they got the poor old Stereguchi.

What happened? You may well ask! Why, the two boats which belonged to the "C" division—not to ours—never carried out Brieleff's orders. So we came in as a single echelon on a short front. Their left boat got Brieleff and the whole lot of us broadside on, and broke us up. This in conjunction with their superiority in gun calibre, beat us. We've got 12-pounders now, when it is too late.

APPEAL TO CONSERVATIVES.

Dread of Socialistic Tendencies in America as Manifested in Capitalistic Circles.

New York Financial Chronicle.

Will the intelligent and right-thing men within the Republican ranks emulate the example set them by the same class in the other party and stamp out these heresies once and for all? There is apparently less disposition on the part of the rank and file in the dominant party to cut loose than there is in the other party. And yet we doubt not when the test comes, and the issue is squarely presented, the degree of independence will be found just as great. The present movement is the more dangerous because of its insidious character—because it is not an openly pronounced agitation in favor of socialism and paternalism, but is done under the guise of a desire to "regulate." The Democratic party has had the fatuity of making open proclamation of its follies; thus proclaimed these follies have always been visited with popular disapproval. It behooves the independent element in the Republican party to make their influence felt and by stripping the new movement of all disguise insure its defeat, too.

Certain evils exist in the railroad and the industrial world, and a remedy for them must be provided. For instance, in the case of the railroads rebates and unjust preferences must be done away with and private car companies abolished or so stripped of their present attributes as to make them innocuous. But all this does not warrant any steps that would deprive security-holders of control over their property and investments. Least of all do the prevailing ills, as reflected either in the railroad problem or the trust problem, warrant recourse to government ownership or government socialism. All steps in that direction, therefore, should be arrested. Bryanism in the Democratic party has been shorn of the power for harm. But the potentialities of Bryanism within the Republican party cannot at this stage be gauged. Hence those who realize the danger that threatens should get together and resist further trifling with such a serious matter.

The Spread of Paternalism.

Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

The Massachusetts Legislature recently considered a bill to pension old men. It provided that the state give $2 a week to all male citizens of 65 years or more. But it further provided that the applicant for a pension must have paid all poll taxes continuously for 25 years, and was required to show that he had not within five years previous been convicted of a felony; that he had possessed a good moral character, and that he was not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

The bill was defeated, but it is significant that 85 votes were cast for it against 97 in opposition. The advocates of the measure argued that the state owed every worthy citizen a certain support in his old age and again that it would greatly increase the state's revenue from poll taxes and tend to make citizens honest.

We have great sympathy with the old man who has outlived his usefulness, and who in unable to earn a livelihood, but if we as people wish to destroy thrift, self-reliance and manhood, we can go about it in no surer way than by saying to every citizen that no matter how slipshod he may be if he only pay his poll taxes and keep his hands from picking and stealing in his old age, he will be cared for by the Government. Can it be that the Kansas idea is destined to take possession of the American people? Are they going to turn their backs at last upon democracy, under which American manhood has been developed and take socialism as a substitute? If so, the American republic will go the way of all the republics that have preceded it. The American republic is built upon the essential principle of self-reliance.

Looks Like It.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

McFlub—Here's a foreign missionary renounces his religion, surrounds himself with a harem, and becomes the chief of a cannibal tribe.

Sleeth—Gosh! That feller must have been educated with the tainted donations of a particularly wicked trust.

He Keepeth Count.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil, and falter;
But the measure to each of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
And chants goes on forever.

ODD BITS OF OREGON LIFE.

Hats for Ten-Cent Heads.

Myrtle Point Enterprise.

Gatchell has hats for 10 cents and up. A hat to fit any head or pocketbook.

All in the Roosevelt Class.

Promise Corr. Wallowa Chieftain.

Will Bennett, George Carper and Jim Bennett each killed a bear last week.

Ominous Outlook for the Wedding.

Lovely Corr. Wallowa News.

We are all wondering if it is going to be a double wedding when those bells do ring. Curiosity killed a cat once.

Nothing Dry About National Game.

Bandon Recorder.

There is some talk of baseball here, but it seems in obeyance of the result of the injunction against prohibition. It appears that it will require a "wet" town in order to support a team.

Terrible Disclosure as to T. R.

Sagebrush Corr. Klamath Falls Express.

What a grand, good thing it would be for the country if President Roosevelt had the backbone and determination to carry out the policy respecting railroad regulation and trust-busting which has lately been inaugurated. I am afraid, however, that he hasn't the nerve to do it. I have seen the time when he was white as a ghost from fright, and I am afraid his enthusiasm will peter out in the face of the opposition he is sure to meet.

What Is the Real Impulse.

New York Journal of Commerce.

The occasion is an appropriate one for pausing to consider what is the real impulse behind the movement for municipal ownership in this country, which has brought it support in unexpected places. It is not a demonstration that the service of public utilities cannot be performed more efficiently, more economically and at less cost to the people by private enterprise under public franchises than by direct municipal authority. No argument in favor of the former and against the latter has been refuted by experience. The most that can be claimed is that private enterprise has in fact failed to give a satisfactory service at reasonable cost. But why is this so? Not because it could not be done, but because franchise privileges have been abused and franchise obligations disregarded, that those who promoted and manipulated public utility corporations might reap inordinate profit from the city. This lesson is being impressed just now by the lighting investigation in this city, and it might be drawn with equal force from a full revelation of the past doings of traction companies.

It is these abuses of public utility corporations that have made their service so costly that it can be claimed that it may be provided at less cost by public authority in spite of the lack of incentive for efficiency and economy and the inducement it will afford for extravagance and inefficiency. It is this that is impelling to rash experiments in public ownership in lines in which it is opposed to sound principles and right reasoning. The evil has grown out of the failure of public intelligence and moral sense to insist upon and enforce through legislation and the administration of law a proper regulation and control of public-service corporations. A similar failure in these civic forces will make of public ownership a greater evil, and bring still greater scandal and reproach upon our governmental methods. If these forces can be aroused to exert their proper influence in the management of public interests, they should be guided to a corrective of the evils, bringing the corporations into subjection and making them conform to just and reasonable requirements. The real issue should not be accepted as lying between the principle of municipal ownership and that of private enterprise and management, measured by the actual results of the latter and the hoped-for results of the former, but between a properly regulated and controlled exercise of franchise privileges and a public service subject to all the malign influences of city politics. The contest against the abuses of these privileged monopolies is taking a perilous direction, when it should be aimed at the correction of the abuses and the subjection of the corporations to the needed control.

It Would Shake Him.

Chicago Chronicle.

A cannibal would feel frightfully cheap if he should find that he had been converted by the use of tainted money.