The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

(By Mail or Express.)

Daily and Sunday, per year	$9.00
Daily and Sunday, six months	5.00
Daily and Sunday, three months	2.55
Daily and Sunday, per month	.85
Daily without Sunday, per year	7.50
Daily without Sunday, six months	3.90
Daily without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily without Sunday, per month	.65
Sunday, per year	2.00
Sunday, six months	1.00
Sunday, three months	.50

BY CARRIER.

Daily without Sunday, per week	.15
Daily, per week, Sunday included	.20

THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.

(Issued Every Thursday.)

Weekly, per year	1.50
Weekly, six months	.75
Weekly, three months	.50

HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1905.

SEDITION IN BLACK SEA.

One of the strange spectacles of convulsed Russia is the aimless cruise of the best ship of her Black Sea squadron, with an attendant torpedo-boat. For many years Russia has spent millions of money on this fleet, yearly enlarging it, but knowing always that, except in case of a general European convulsion, in which treaties were torn up as waste paper, her ships were to be confined strictly to the Black Sea, on which they were built.

Russia was tightly held in the treaty of Paris, which closed the Crimean War. In 1870, seizing the moment of a beaten France, an occupied Germany and an isolated England, she denounced the treaty, by which both her ships of war and her arsenals were excluded from the Black Sea. By the European conference of 1871 her action was permitted, but the Dardanelles, the passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, was still closely shut against her. Yet she built ship after ship, and has maintained immense dockyards and shipyards at Sebastopol.

Russia could get ships and guns by paying for them, but she has failed to produce sailors to man them. Naval recruits, torn from their farms and factories in the interior, have been carried off in thousands to great naval barracks to be drilled and made seamen. The world sees the result. For months it has been known that the barracks were full of disaffected men.

The ships' crews were on the eve of a general outbreak many weeks back, but were reduced to apparent submission by stern punishments. Then, suddenly, the storm breaks.

But with the same absence of direction and organization as seen so often in every part of the empire. What ideas were at work when the crew seized the Kniaz Potemkin, and, after killing some and landing the rest of the officers, steamed off, it is impossible even to imagine.

There is a great element of the ludicrous in the Potemkin affair. A modern battleship, with 700 of her crew, an engine-room Lieutenant seemingly in command, cruises off. She visits Odessa, nominally to bury the seaman shot down by an officer the day before. She demands a public funeral for him, under threat of bombarding the city. The terrified Governor and the Generals and police officers at once consent. So these desperate "pirates" carry off and bury their comrade with full honors.

They demand food and get it. What next? If there were a plot of which this naval exhibition was to be as a spark to a magazine, it failed to connect. So far as the dispatches show, these sailors do no harm to the city—they fire a shot or two at some soldiers—but are careful not to attack the foreign shipping, of which the harbor is full. So the whole business is a domestic show, no foreigners wanted.

Then come the rest of the Sebastopol fleet, battleships, cruisers and the mosquito attendants. A fearful battle is watched for, but the spectacle ends in a sailor's kiss or two—their officers powerless to interfere. Back to Sebastopol goes the fleet, and the awful "pirate" takes a cruise to a neighbor's port, and peacefully, in the ordinary course of sea business, asks to be allowed to get provisions. Refused this, do the mutineers forcefully seize and rob? No. They go hungry to sea once more. Strange "pirates," these.

Meanwhile this Sebastopol fleet, what of that? Once got back safely into harbor, the Admiral sits down to consider. He can't fight, he can't punish. If he speaks too loud, his sailors will explode, also. So he puts out the fires and cripples the engines, and goes back to his thinking.

Meanwhile the whole Province of Kherson is blazing with a peasants' war—that worst of horrors of which history tells. Poland up and doing, and at last signs of a central rallying point, of some kind of plan, of uniforms and discipline. Moscow, St. Petersburg, Cronstadt, unable to spare a soldier or a Cossack, for extinguishing the new fires of insurrection. Every bird of ill omen, telling of the invasions, oppressions and robberies of provinces and peoples of the last three hundred years, seems to be winging home this year to roost. And the professional and educated classes, we hear, throughout the empire, propose to go on strike until a constitution is granted. Will that now cure these monstrous ills? It sounds to outsiders a slow remedy for a galloping disease.

PURE QUESTION OF POLITICS.

Admission of a limited number of Chinese annually is urged as a remedy for the exclusion trouble by T. B. Wilcox, president of the Trans-Mississippi Congress, and by W. D. Wheelwright, president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. Both men are foremost exporters of American products to the Orient, and have keen insight into trade conditions. Each has set forth his views in The Oregonian in an able manner. Said Mr. Wilcox in Monday's paper:

> Chinese labor to perform the labor on sugar plantations is the pressing need of the Hawaiian Islands, and on the Pacific Coast the demand is just as insistent for clearing of lands, cultivation of sugar beets, fruitraising, hopgrowing, and in certain branches of farming to perform classes of labor that will not pay the wages white labor commands. In the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast States and Alaska difficulty is experienced in procuring the necessary help, and much of the work is of a character that white labor cannot be procured to perform, although paying good wages, and for which Chinese adaptation makes that people peculiarly efficient and desirable.
>
> I take the position that a treaty should be made with China . . . by which the United States would admit to the Hawaiian Islands and to the Pacific Coast ports for a term of five years or a longer period a limited number of Chinese immigrants annually, say 50,000 or 100,000 each year. That number would be sufficient to cover our own necessities, and would satisfy the Chinese government fully, could be easily assimilated and absorbed in the industries that require that kind of labor, and would be of vast benefit in the growth and development of the Western country. I am confident, moreover, that white labor that commands good wages would not be in any way injured or disturbed by such a course. . . . I have no hesitancy in saying that most people on the Pacific Coast would not consider such a proposition good politics, but it is good business, and my observations have been that what is good business becomes good politics.

But does good business become good politics when it produces race conflict, with terrors of mob violence, bloodshed and anarchy, like twenty years ago? No conflict is so cruel as that between antagonistic races. This, and not demagogism, makes the exclusion question one of politics, and in this case "politics" is used in its true sense, as it relates not to the fortunes of ward heelers, machine bosses or office-seekers, but to the principles governing social contact between peoples, separated in ideals and sympathies and purposes further apart than the shores of China and America. No doubt Chinese laborers in this country would quicken industries now dormant for want of hands to stir them. But how about politics? How about the race conflict? Do you want it? The Oregonian has a memory, and it does not.

A "SANE" FOURTH OF JULY.

Much has been said within the past few years of a "sane Fourth of July." This expression is intended to convey the idea of a more decorous, less nerve-wracking celebration, the most wildly exciting feature of which is the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been urged in defense of this sort of celebration that powder, carelessly and enthusiastically burned as an expression of patriotic fervor, costs the Republic, annually, some two or three hundred, more or less, of citizens in embryo, and that nervous prostration is the prevailing disease for several months following the Fourth of July.

The public, scanning the proof that supports these charges, is forced to confess judgment; wise men look serious and serious men look wise in the face of accumulated evidence; Legislatures have been petitioned to stop the slaughter of the innocents, and municipal Councils have been urged to protect by ordinance the lives, property and nerves of citizens from the all-confusing, menacing patriotism that is bound in red paper in packages of varying sizes.

The sputter and hiss and detonation of the firecracker was heard from morning until night yesterday, and the litter of them bestrews the streets.

In truth, however, the more objectionable features of an insane Fourth of July were eliminated, to a considerable extent at least. The "cannon cracker" was not greatly in evidence; "Dewey chasers" did not hold the right of way of our principal streets; the explosive cane was not an adjunct of noise and fright, and the toy pistol was not used to call up the doctor in hilarious homes. With these features eliminated, we of this city may accredit ourselves with having passed a saner Fourth than usual.

THE WANING HONEYMOON

June, the wedding month of the year, has passed. Its chronicles, solemn with vows, gay with flowers, resonant with softest, sweetest music, instinct with hope and touched by the sadness that is inseparable even from the happy leavetaking, have been made up. The wedding month has passed—the month of the honeymoon is on the wane. What now? There will be homecomings, but they will be brief. The home-building is now to begin.

The house divided against itself, says the Great Teacher, "cannot stand." In the interest of the commonwealth, as well as of individual happiness, let us hope that every June wedding will represent the first beginnings, the sacred foundation, of a home of united purpose, out of which will proceed elements of a wholesome community life and interest, and ripening glory of manhood and womanhood to the state and to the Nation.

Pity their shortsightedness, their failure to assess the obligations of life in their higher sense, and their narrow and selfish view of its pleasures and opportunities, if the young married pair, whom the waning honeymoon finds installed in a boarding-house, and who, having voted children a handicap and a nuisance, have determined that they will live for themselves alone. Pity the bride who finds in anticipation the care of a home distasteful and who views the possibility of motherhood with repugnance, if not with alarm. Pity the young husband who finds in the club and the "fellows" a resource from boarding-house gossip. Pity all who, thus beginning life, miss the highest sources of enjoyment that lie in homebuilding, with its tender ideals and grave responsibilities.

For every new home that is set up, the community and the state is made richer; for every marriage in which the bridal tour ends in a boarding-house, the community is the poorer. The first, if founded in love, in responsibility, in unselfishness, is a guarantee of morality and of usefulness; the last, if entered as a retreat from the requirements of homebuilding, becomes the stronghold of selfishness, of frivolity, of aimless living.

This estimate is borne out by human experience everywhere. The exceptions that prove the rule are found here, but they do not change the result in aggregate. The honeymoon that is passed in the home newly set up, or the wedding tour that ends in the new home which two people have planned and established together, with definite aim in life, is guarantee for fulfillment of the purpose that marriage contemplates.

The boarding-house entered at the close of the wedding tour is a menace to this purpose. The reasons for this are not far to seek. They are found in the idle hands and gossiping tongues of women who are wives but in name; in the outside associations and temptations to extravagance and immorality of men who are husbands but in name. In the exclusion of children from the results of the marriage compact and association comes impoverishment to the state through a contract that should have resulted in its enrichment according to the extent of its influence.

Let us hope, therefore, that the honeymoon of each June wedding, in its waning, will be succeeded by the bright glow of a new home, reflecting the virtues and the pleasures of the "simple life," and showing forth the cheerful, commonplace endeavor that makes for happiness in realization and retrospect, and, in the larger view, for the welfare of the state.

HEAVY TRAFFIC WITH CALIFORNIA.

Two trains from San Francisco for Portland, running in five sections, carried north from the Bay City in a single day this week 3900 persons, and the facilities were overtaxed. Meanwhile an average of one steamer a day is sent out from each port, and the accommodations are always sold far in advance. The extent to which the O. R. & N. has failed to handle the water traffic is reflected in the large number of outside steamers that have been placed on the route. In the month of June twenty-nine steamers sailed from Portland for San Francisco with full passenger lists, and of this number but three were sailing under the Harriman flag.

The theory that it was unnecessary to provide a sufficient number of steamers to handle this traffic because it could just as well be turned over to the railroads, is not working out very satisfactorily. Not only have the owners of every old floating tub that can turn a wheel been reaping rich returns from the traffic, but it is taxing the capacity of the railroads to handle their share. And the busy season is not yet fairly on. It will eventually dawn on the transportation lines operating out of Portland and through Oregon that this is a trade field worth cultivating. Five years ago the O. R. & N. handled all of the water traffic between Portland and San Francisco. Three years ago more than two-thirds of it still remained in its hands, but at the present time not to exceed one-third of the water traffic between the two cities is carried on its ships. Fortunately, the ocean route is free to all comers. Were it otherwise, our California neighbors would have difficulty in reaching the Fair.

TAX ON MIGRATORY LIVESTOCK.

A suit is pending in the Supreme Court of Oregon to test the validity of the act of the last Legislature which provided for the taxation of migratory livestock. The act provided that the owner of livestock shall pay the taxes thereon, at the time of assessment at the rate of the last levy. If the stock should be taken into another county, he must pay a tax on them in proportion to the time they are pastured in that county, and will be entitled to collect from the first county the amount of money he has paid to the second.

The purpose of the law was to enable each county to collect a tax on livestock for the time the stock may be ranged within its borders. The principal objection to the law is that it provides an unequal rate of taxation, for the owner of migratory livestock must pay at the rate levied for the previous year, while all other property is taxed according to a rate levied after the assessment. The new law was expected to discourage the driving of stock from one county to another, to make a fair division of the tax upon migratory livestock, and, incidentally, to lessen the range troubles.

Like many laws that have been enacted in Oregon, the first thing to do is to submit it to the Supreme Court. Lake County brought the first suit under the law, and has carried the case to the Supreme Court, Judge Benson having sustained a demurrer pro forma.

NO FUNDS FOR FARM TESTS.

It is unfortunate that the Eastern Oregon agricultural experiment station will be deprived of funds for maintenance for the next two years, but such is the result of placing its appropriation in the omnibus appropriation bill. Heretofore the station has been permitted to use as the officials saw fit such money as was received from the sale of products. The receipts from this source were somewhat less than $5000 a year. The Legislature of 1905 passed an act requiring that whenever public property is sold at any state institution the proceeds shall be turned into the state treasury and deposited in the general fund, from which all appropriations are made. In lieu of the revenue thus cut off, the Legislature increased the appropriation for the station $5000 a year. A referendum petition was filed, and this prevented the appropriation from taking effect, so that all revenue for the station has been cut off.

The act requiring that all money received from the sale of public property should be turned into the public treasury was a good one, for it removes an ever-ready opportunity for abuse and graft. Giving the head of a state institution the power to sell property as he may see fit, and to spend the proceeds to suit his own fancy, is not good business policy, nor is it in accordance with the intention of the constitution which places restrictions upon the expenditure of public funds. There should be a definite appropriation for each expenditure, and the accounts should be audited before the money is paid out. With this law the experiment station people had no fault to find, and they cannot complain at their appropriation having been held up by the referendum, for it should have been provided for in a proper bill, and not joined with the appropriation for the normal schools, the asylum, the penitentiary, etc.

California imported from Oregon for the twelve months ending June 30 about twenty cargoes of wheat. During the same period there was shipped foreign from San Francisco ten full cargoes and a number of part cargoes of the cereal, the total wheat shipments sent out from the Bay City being less than the amount received from Portland. This may explain the willingness of the San Francisco Merchants' Exchange to revise its rules so that Oregon wheat is to be made deliverable on contracts on the exchange, on the same basis as the California article. The greater part of the dealings made in real wheat in San Francisco for the past six months has been in the Oregon product, and from the size of the shipments that have been going down since the new season opened, the business for the current season will be greater than that of last year. Portland exporters are chartering no ships but the San Francisco men have secured a few, and will take more if we are content to send our wheat down to be sold on their exchange.

A Fisheries Commission appointed by the Canadian government will meet either at Victoria or Olympia this month to confer with similar representatives of the American fishing interests on the Pacific Coast. The meeting is a very important one, as it may lead to enactment of an international law, or the harmonizing of Canadian and American laws, governing the fisheries, so that there will be an improvement in the present unsatisfactory methods of protection and propagation. The boundary line between the United States and Canada is quite plainly marked on land, but the salmon which run in from the ocean show such strict impartiality that not infrequently fish which were hatched in a Canadian hatchery are caught in American traps. The knowledge of these habits of the salmon has created more or less feeling among the Canadians who supply the money for the hatcheries, and one of the questions to be discussed by the commission is a plan for mutual work in artificial propagation.

Schemes for separating the avaricious individual from his money without returning an equivalent theerfor are continually being invented by men too lazy to work for a living. These schemes are, many of them, new and varied, and new ones bloom and the old decay. As bait for "suckers" nothing has yet been the equal of the old "lock trick." Even the time-honored gold brick has fallen into a kind of disfavor, and the speculative public no longer shows a deep desire to pay $5 for a guess as to which of the three shells the little ball is under. But the old "lock trick" is ever fresh and blooming, and rarely a month passes without some wise man falling a victim to its charms. The latest case reported in this city happened Monday. "Lock trick" swindlers should not be permitted to infest the city, but the individual who is so inexpressibly innocent as to lose his money at such a game should also be passed on to an institution where the inmates are carefully guarded.

The County Superintendent of Josephine County has announced that he will follow strictly the rules regarding the filing of School Clerks' reports, and as a consequence all districts whose reports are not filed within fifteen days after the annual school meeting will lose their apportionment of the school funds. That's the way to do business. Too many officers whose duty it is to make statistical reports fail to file their statements at the required time. School Clerks are slow in making reports to the County Superintendents, and the latter are slow in reporting to the State Department, with the result that on several occasions the statistics have not been complete at the time for making the state apportionment. There is always some County Clerk who is behind with his report of the assessment of his county or the annual report of county expenditures. If a penalty were imposed for all such delinquencies there would be no delays.

Chauncey Depew, witty after-dinner speaker and urbane Senator of the United States from New York, stands before the world as a high-priced lobbyist, in connection with the Equitable Insurance scandal. It will probably be necessary, in due time, to make a plea before a jury in his behalf on the basis of his few gray hairs, his length of years and service, and the crowning fact that he is a Senator of the United States, with few years of life before him.

The erotic farmhand is abroad, as usual, at this season of the year. His latest appearance was on a farm near Gaston, Washington County, where, from unrequited affection for the mistress of the farmhouse, he went mad with jealousy and considerately shot himself. The community is well rid of such a man, and is especially to be congratulated when, as in this case, murder did not precede suicide.

The simple funeral observances with which Secretary John Hay will be carried to the grave today will be in keeping with the unostentatious character that marked his life. Nothing for show—all for purpose—was the rule by which his life was ordered. Spectacular features, so common to such occasions, would ill become the funeral of John Hay.

Fifty boys were arrested Monday for bathing in the Willamette in Nature's bare garb. Their fathers did the same thing before them and were not arrested, but that was long ago and times have changed.

It seems that rebellion in Russia is so cowardly that "it can but peep to what it would." Cowardly rebellion will but furnish victims for the gibbet.

Now that Russians are about to fight among themselves, on the Black Sea, their navy cannot be robbed of a glorious victory by a foreign enemy.

The Oregon City Enterprise urges a creamery and a cannery at its town, to replace the lost Land Office. They would more than replace it.

When the Czar's ships can't keep the peace among themselves, how can they expect to win peace from the enemy?

Boys nowadays have better Fourths of July; it used to rain on that day.

The purest treasure mortal times affords
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam and painted clay.

OREGON OZONE.

The Astoria Herald, in relating an incident that took place while some of the National Editorial Association party were cruising down the Columbia River, remarks innocently that "they all gathered around the festive board, and as the first glass was being poured the vessel took a lurch to port." Didn't the vessel have water enough to quench its thirst? What ailed it? And when the vessel took a lurch to port (as the glass was being poured), did it throw the editors off their feet, beat their faces against the deck and draw first claret?

"The old school of politeness is passing out of existence," says an exchange. Perhaps it has just had its commencement, and is closed for the Summer vacation.

An esteemed correspondent sends Ozone this clever comment and conclusion: "The Queen of Roumania rises at 4 o'clock in the morning. We suppose her husband and tyrant, the King, forces her to get his breakfast at that unseasonable hour, just to show that he is her lord and master." The conclusion is not quite correct. The Queen of Roumania is a poetess, and she gets up at 4 o'clock to write a poem for the Evening Roumanian before she has to dress the children, comb the Crown Prince's hair and get him off to school.

The United Professional Teachers of Dancing in America, in National convention, have determined to discourage the use of the word "professor" as a title descriptive of dancing masters. This is a concession that evinces a high order of self-abnegation. The dancing professors realized that there were too many professors; that confusion frequently results by reason of the multiplicity of avocations which have adopted the overworked word as their sign manual. In a burst of noble self-sacrifice they now agree to leave the title to college professors and professors of legerdemain, and professors of aeronautics, and professors of shoeshining. The college professors should be the next martyrs.

An Expensive Climate.

"I see," said the citizen who was reading the newspaper, "that a man who died 13 months ago has been drawing $25,000 a year salary from the Equitable Life."

"That so?"

"Paper says so. Now, what do you suppose a dead man wants with $25,000 a year?"

"Maybe his ice bill is large."

When the Conversation Lagged.

"Do you get my drift?" said the river to the ocean.

"I would," said the ocean, "if it were not for those houseboat people who use it for fuel."

Hiram Hayfield's Views.

Grass Valley, Or., July 4, 1905.

Dere Ozone:

It's a plumb shaim how the boys of thiss day and aige air kep frum sellebraitin' the Gloryus 4th of Jooly. Why, dad rot it! thay haint got no chanse to hev no fun a-tall. What kin a live and Abel boddited boy of thiss day and ginerashun doo to amoose hisself with unly ate or ten thousun flarkrakers, a kuppel of duzzen Roamin kannels and a waggin bed full of sky-rokits?

I repete, what kin he doo? Ekko ansers, What? Duz thiss grand and gloryus nashun, on whitch the son never setts down—a nashun that reatches from Forty Reeko on the rite to the open doar of Chiny on the left, and frum Tampy, Floridy, on the tale end, to the hedwaters of the Ucon or summers eltse upp thair in Alasky—what duz thiss Guvment ekspect of itts kummin voaters when itt wunt giv the pore boys a permitt to blow upp the Main or putt a bum under the battelshipp Orrygun? Agin I ast, What?

Itt sertenly seams too mee that Unkel Sam is grajally underminin hiz own wurks and puttin thiss Republick on the down graid towards distracshun and dekay. Why kant wee lett the boys hev sum fun while thay air boys? When thay grow upp thay will haff to wurk till noon on the Gloryus 4th and then karry the baby and the lunch baskit to the Butchers' Unyun picknick.

Iff I wuz a boy agin I wud demand my rites. I wud say to Theodoar Rosyfelt and Sekretarry Tafft, "I am an Amerykin sitizen, b'gosh, or will bee when I reatch the aige of discreeshun, and I puppose to hev the Inalyenabel Rites gairanteed too me by the Deklarashun of Indypendants, whitch sez that awl men air kreated free and E Pluribus Unyun and air entitleted to life, libburty and the persoot of the publick with dinamight bums on the Gloryus 4th."

That's jess what Hi Hayfield wud doo, and iff thiss Guvment didunt like itt, why, itt cud deklair war again the undersined.

Kin we hev soljers and salers fitt to upphold the gloryus destunies of thiss Republick onless we give them a chanse too sellebrait the priceliss libburties handed down frum sire to sun, rentched frum Jorge the Third by the soared of Washington, and the cutloose of John Paul Jones? Agin I ast, Kin we? I paws fur reply.

How is the Amerykin eegel a-goin too sore onless we hav the onimpeatchabel privilej of puttin a barrel of dynamight under his tale feathers to give him a start? I ast, How?

Boys will bee boys, as the poit sez. Lett them sellebrait. Lett awl us groan fokes talk to the woods on the Gloryus 4th and leave the town too the boys. Iff thay burn down the Methydiss church and blow upp the Sitty Haul in the meantime, why, it's thayr lookout, not hours. Wee kin bild churches and hauls agin, but wee kant bild troo Amerykin sitizens iff wee bind thayr innosent sperrits like the Chinees bind the fete of thayr feemail infunts.

Shaim on these blew laws aginst the use of flararms and dynamight bums and mareen tarpeedoes on the 4th!

Shaim, I say!

Yores fur joovenile emansipashun.

HIRAM HAYFIELD.

P. S.—I hearby announts myself as a kandydate fur the Legislator at Washington, D. C., on thiss broad and nobel plattfarm, "Give the boys rope and thay'll furnish the match too smoke itt."—H. H.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

What the People Wanted.

Condon (Oregon) Times.

The Oregonian's report of Senator Mitchell's trial was complete in all particulars. Every detail of the noted trial was given in the verbal report that appeared daily in the columns of the big Portland paper. The task was immense and reflects much credit on the push and enterprise of the Oregonian management. A synopsis of the case also appeared with each full report.

Off the Track.

Richmond (Va.) Times.

Portland's "Pike" is "The Train." An onion by any other name would smell as strong.

JAPS CAN DRIVE HARD PEACE BARGAIN

In Ending War With China Ten Years Ago, Plenipotentiaries of Conquered Nation Were Constrained to Accept Their Terms.

Diplomats in Washington are recalling, as an indication of Japanese policy now, how stoutly their envoys held out in 1895 against an armistice or any suspension of military operations.

The whole interview on the first day of the negotiations was devoted to this contention. Japan demanded that Japanese troops should occupy Taku, Tientsin and Shanhaikwan; that all arms and munitions held by the Chinese at these points be surrendered, and that China pay an indemnity commensurate with the length of the armistice. Li pronounced these conditions impossible.

Marquis Ito, with the firmness of a rock, refused to change them. Over and over Li demanded a general armistice, and as often Ito dangled before him the prospect of terms of peace to divert him. Finally, worn out with his efforts and the immovable determination of the Japanese diplomat, the great Li Hung Chang gave up, utterly beaten, and proceeded to arrange the terms of the treaty. Even during these negotiations Li was told by Ito that the Japanese forces should proceed at once to attack Formosa. The same day Li was shot by a Japanese assassin. Japan promptly offered an unconditional armistice as amends for the assassin's dastardly attack. A convention for the armistice was at once made, and both governments were bound to maintain unchanged the military positions they then had. It is interesting to read again the speech of Marquis Ito, in which he stated the position of Japan to the Chinese envoys. The important part of it follows:

"China has hitherto held herself almost entirely aloof from other powers, and while she has in some instances enjoyed the advantages accruing to her as a member of the family of nations, she has perhaps more frequently denied the responsibilities of that relation. She has pursued a policy of isolation and distrust, and consequently her external relations have not been characterized by that frankness and good faith which are essential to good neighborhood.

"Instances are not wanting in which Chinese commissioners, after having formally agreed to international compacts, have refused to affix their seals, and cases might be cited in which treaties solemnly concluded have been unceremoniously and without apparent reason repudiated.

"Those unfortunate occurrences find a sufficient explanation in the fact that China was not on those occasions seriously in earnest, but beyond that it might be said with truth that the officials that were designated to carry on negotiations had not been clothed with the necessary authority for the purpose."

"It has from the first been the wish of Japan to avoid results which history teaches her are liable to be the outcome of negotiations with Chinese officials who are not clothed with full powers in the sense in which that term is usually understood. Consequently the imperial government made it a condition precedent to any peace negotiations that the Chinese plenipotentiaries should be furnished with full powers to conclude peace, and it was only upon receiving positive assurances from the Chinese government that that condition precedent had been complied with and that the Chinese plenipotentiaries were on they way to Japan, that his majesty the Emperor of Japan conferred upon my colleague and myself full powers to conclude and sign preliminaries of peace with the plenipotentiaries of China.

"That your excellencies' powers are, notwithstanding that assurance, fatally defective is to me a sure indication that the government of China is not yet really solicitous for peace.

"I disclaim any right to interfere with the purely domestic customs of China, but I deem it not only my right but my duty to insist that in international concerns affecting my own country the peculiar methods of China shall yield to the superior rules of international intercourse.

"The restoration of peace is a matter of the greatest importance. To bring about a re-establishment of amicable relations it is not only necessary that treaties with that object in view should be signed, but it is imperative that the engagements should be fulfilled in good faith.

"While Japan has found no reason to approach China on the subject of peace, she nevertheless feels bound in deference to that civilization which she represents to listen to any bona fide overtures which China may advance, but she will decline to take any part in the future in any fruitless negotiations or to become a party to a paper peace. The terms which Japan agrees to will be scrupulously observed by her, and she will at the same time insist upon a like observance of the terms by China.

"Whenever, therefore, China finds herself seriously and sincerely desirous of peace and will confide actual full powers to Chinese officials, whose names and positions will serve as an assurance that the terms which they may agree to will be confirmed and carried out in good faith, Japan will be prepared to enter upon new negotiations.

FAIR BOOMED IN NEVADA.

Colonel Frank J. Parker, who for two decades was editor of the Walla Walla Statesman has been cruising through Nevada and at Tonopah boomed the Lewis and Clark Fair in an interview with the Miner. He said the Fair must be seen to be appreciated, for there are not words enough in Webster's Unabridged to describe the fairy-like beauty of the grounds, with their unparalleled features of lake, river, hill and dale, all surrounded by the most magnificent scenery in the world. From the grounds Mounts Rainier, St. Helens, Hood and Adams, with their everlasting snow-capped heights, can be seen from almost any point of view. The Colonel continued:

At night every building is belted many times over with electric illuminations, and this feature alone is worth traveling across the continent to see, for, unlike other expositions, where only one building could be seen at a time, at Portland it is all embraced in one grand view.

The Forestry building is the most unique structure ever exhibited. It is composed of the grandest monarchs of the Oregon forests, and these, being placed upright, with the bark on, just as they were felled, remind one somewhat of the magnificence of the ancient temples of Egypt, so vast and awe-inspiring are they.

Nearly every nation is represented in the different buildings, but Japan monopolizes six times as much space as any other foreign nation.

Two of the handsomest buildings, full to overflowing with the mineral, agricultural and horticultural products of their respective states, are those of Washington and California.

I want you to impress upon your readers that not only the directors of the Exposition, but the people of Portland and all Oregon, are a unit in making visitors welcome, and are one and all imbued with the Western spirit of hospitality in all the word implies. Visitors can come with every assurance that there will be no extortion in any sense whatever. Prices at the hotels, restaurants and lodging-houses are the same as ever, and Portland has always been noted for its great variety of food and moderate prices. And, concluded the Colonel, just let the boys know that on my return to Portland I shall make my first call on the Chief of Police and see that the Nevada boys, and those of Tonopah in particular, have the freedom of the city extended to them, and I will see to it that they are treated well—and often. I am not now connected with the Exposition in any official capacity, but we are all free lances in the Northwest, and always do as Grant told us to do during the war—buckle in and do the best you can.

Root a Possibility in 1908.

Leslie's Weekly.

For several years Root has been looked upon as a very promising candidate for the successor to President Roosevelt in 1908. Taft has a fight on his own hands with Foraker in his own state. Between each of these and Vice-President Fairbanks there is an active rivalry for the West's favor. Root is the East's only aspirant. In the West and South he has powerful friends. Socially he stands closer to the President than does any other man in the country. With the sole exception of Stanton he was the best Secretary of War the country ever had. In every respect he is of full Presidential stature. He has much of the candor, the heartiness, and the democracy which have made Roosevelt the most attractive personality of our day. In the convention of 1908 Elihu Root stands a chance to be a large figure.

Isn't Portland Good Enough?

Woodburn Independent.

Portland surely didn't expect the Russo-Japanese peace conference to be held there. That invitation was enough to make a dignified diplomat smile and the distinguished foreigner to look amazed at the effort to make a circus out of the meeting of the plenipotentiaries. The unnappy idea merely makes Oregon a laughing-stock.

Dogs May Bay at the Moon.

Butte News.

Judge Warren dismissed the case against William Paschall on South Montana street, in which he was charged with maintaining a dog kennel which was a nuisance. In dismissing the case the court held that dogs had few pleasures, and that they had a right to "bay the moon," it being one of the time-honored amusements of the specie.

Exposition Is on Its Own Merits.

Kansas City Star.

It does not seem to have occurred to Senator Mitchell of Oregon to make the point that his trial was ribbed up at this time to help out the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland.

Yes, but a Little Late, as Usual.

New York Evening Mail.

Maryland politics have produced a Wellington and a Bonaparte, but is there a Blucher? Ney, Ney, Pauline!

VISION OF THE HUDSON.

Four-Track News.

We are approaching the 300th anniversary of Henry Hudson's discovery of the New York river that now bears his name. It matters not whether he was the first European navigator to visit that historic stream; it may have been Roberval in 1542; or French furtraders in 1540; or Verrazano in 1524; or the Cabots about 1497; or Zeno in 1380; or Madoc in 1170; or Thorvard and Helgi in 1011; or Thorfinn and Thorvard in 1007; or Thorwald in 1002; or Lief, the son of Eric, in the year 1000; or perhaps some bold navigator or storm-stressed voyager in even earlier years, unknown to tradition and unhonored by history. September 12, 1609, Hudson brought his vessel to anchor in the broad bay that is now the harbor of New York. We can imagine that bold commander standing upon the high stern of the Half-Moon in the gathering gloom of that Autumn day, with folded arms, and pensive gaze fixed upon the fading landscape, dreaming of the riches of the Orient toward which he fondly hoped he had now discovered a shorter route. But his fondest and most extravagant fancies could have but faintly foreshadowed the wealth and glories that were to follow him. Had fate vouchsafed him but one glance behind the veil that hides the future, and shown him that harbor as it is today, he would have seen, not a route for the costly perfumes and spices of India, but a great harbor thronged with the commerce of the world, surrounded by a vast population, in its midst the great bronze statue of Liberty, whose dimensions surpass those of the Colossus of Rhodes, which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Over its eastern approach he would have seen the vast bridges that are greater wonders still, and upon the island that was the home of the simple Manhattoes, a wilderness of buildings that are the triumphs of modern architecture.

Race-Mad New York.

Metropolitan Magazine.

Some day, somewhere, there may be something offered to the Summer-worn man and woman that is better than horse-racing, but not as yet has it been found. And New York, seemingly only to have discovered it, is race-mad. Race-mad isn't precisely the expression. The big city is just learning how much there is in the country besides idleness, and that among all these, for a gentle titillation or for a nerve-rack, if one wants so severe a medicine for mid-Summer rousing, there is nothing so good as one of these yellow and green Afternoons down where the rataplan beats—the rataplan of the thoroughbreds doing their noblest for glory and for gold. We have much for which to thank this fellow we call the thoroughbred. These be his days, July is his month above all others, and he is the daily god for the worship of 30,000 of the people of New York.

Portland Talks to China.

Omaha Bee.

Portland merchants object to the Chinese boycott, but when the local consumers are heard from the members of the association may change their opinion. For, while the Chinese market is valuable and Chinamen are entitled to decent treatment, the home market is where the American merchant still makes his profits.

Really!

Montana Record.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of the publicity bureau of the Lewis and Clark Exposition to instruct the Oregonians in the proper way in which to conduct themselves while in town, there are suspicions that two women blew out the gas in Portland.

Portland as a Peace City.

Boston Herald.

Portland, Or., is indeed half-way between Russia and Japan, and on this account its proposal to have the peace conference there is not altogether illogical. But still the plenipotentiaries may prefer a different route.

Not His Fault.

Fliegende Blaetter.

Sergeant—Why didn't you stop those students when they became so noisy?

Policeman—I tried to. I arrested four of them—but they wouldn't come along with me.

Do You Mean Red-Haired?

New York Mail.

The Washington Post is still agitating for a red-headed man for President. The people have an idea that they have now on the job a man who comes near enough to it.