

The Oregonian

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bill on the adequate ground of justice to the Philippines, but he lacked either wit or information to parry Clark's leer that he was supporting a Democratic measure, and in his confusion made the tactical blunder of reflecting the aid of Clark and his party men to pass it, aid likely to be very much needed. "Let them ride in the Jim Crow car, and not in the first-class compartment with me," he exclaimed with almost inconceivable folly. "It was worse than a crime," Talleyrand remarked of a similar exploit by a politician in his day. "It was a mistake."

CONSOLIDATION OF OREGON WATER POWERS.

Announcement in yesterday's Oregonian of the success gained by Mr. Frank L. Brown, of San Francisco, in financing a huge syndicate to convert water power from the Feather River, California, into electrical energy, will seize the attention of every reader. That approximately 400,000 horsepower can be obtained from the waters of one mountain stream by modern engineering and hydraulics, is an astounding proposition. While not many rivers in Oregon can provide a fall of 5000 feet under conditions permitting a fall of that height to be utilized, yet there are numerous waterfalls and cascades which will lend themselves to being flumed, ditched or carried through pipe and tunnel, to discharge points where electrical power will be developed.

The two electric companies which have very recently been formed to develop water power in the Mount Hood, and by their use to supply power to this city and neighborhood, are cases in point. In these only small rivers are utilized, but immense powers, aggregating something like 140,000 horsepower for the two companies, are expected to be developed for sale and use.

In his address at the Oregon Development League meeting yesterday, Colonel John T. Wheeler, secretary of the Oregon Water Power Association, pointed out the possibilities of Oregon in this regard. He supported the view, which The Oregonian has consistently maintained, that Oregon's water powers are her equivalent for the available coal fields in various other states, and deserve the same careful and official investigation and measurement as are given to the coal resources of other regions. For the time being, however, it is inconsistent with the interests of the state that claims on water powers should be allowed to hold good for an indefinite time, undeveloped and unused.

Mr. Brown and his associates seem to be on the high road to becoming the "water barons" of California. Such an enterprise as they are planning, and are apparently in the way to carry out, will markedly combine of Pennsylvania, and will be far more extensive than any other of the kind in the world. To lead the waters from the mountain-side into lake and reservoir, to regulate the outpour into flume and tunnel, to set in motion turbine and engine, to use pure water and evolve pure power, is a simpler, less costly and less dangerous pursuit than to open shaft and adit, and by human hands delve in the dark mine.

Our hope in Oregon is that the abundance and scope of her water powers will transcend the ability of any one syndicate or corporation to impound and own.

"NICHOLAS THE IRRESOLUTE."

The Russian budget for 1906 reveals the total cost to that nation of the war with Japan. The astounding presentment of an expenditure of \$1,050,000,000 is made as the price paid for an unbroken line of defeats on land and sea, including the loss of two fine naval fleets. Never was a dilatory governmental policy, total unreadiness for war, and stupid underestimate of the resources of the enemy, more dearly paid for. "Wait," said the czar and his ministers, while Japanese diplomats and statesmen urged upon the attention of the government points at issue in the Far East between the two empires, "there is no hurry about it." And Japan waited, and while she waited she built ships, mobilized troops, trained soldiers and gunners, manufactured ammunition, moved and stored food supplies, negotiated loans, and in every way made herself familiar with the situation afloat and ashore. Then one day in February, 1905, her statesmen decided that she had waited long enough, and without more ado opened hostilities.

The events that followed are of recent history, and with their results Russia is still striving with bloody hands among her own people. With them she will strive for years and years, exacting tithes from her subjects (if their plans of revolution fall) until the last kopek contained in \$1,050,000,000 is wrung from the drudging peasantry.

Perhaps these plans will not fail, though at present failure seems to overwhelm them. Count Tolstoy, that wonderful combination of wisdom and impracticability, thinks it well to warn the rulers of the empire, that unless they listen to this last appeal, that the people are making for life—a life that is worthy of the name—the time of their power, of their very existence, is short. In his latest address to the czar, which includes his advisers, Tolstoy says significantly:

You have tortured the silent sufferer until he has shown in his human face, from the humble huts in the mountain of the Himalayas, from the dull villages to the great cities you have everywhere awakened the vengeance of the people.

The ruler to whom this warning is given is designated by William T. Stead as "Nicholas the Irresolute"—a man of good intentions, not cowardly, but easily swayed by his advisers; a man who holds blindly to the doctrine of the divine right of the czar, who is pledged by every instinct of blood, birth, creed and environment to autocracy, and who knows nothing, believing that peace will be brought about by his suffering subjects write and die. "Nicholas the Irresolute" he has been since he was called to the throne by the death of his father a dozen years ago. He has lived in a state of unpreparedness all of these years. He is still unprepared to meet the questions that defeat abroad, mutiny in his army and navy and revolution among his subjects in the great centers of his empire have made plain to all the world—questions involving the simplest rights of the individual, the simplest demands of humanity. He is "Nicholas the Irresolute" still, shut away from his people in his palace prison, with its quadruple guard of fierce and bloody Cossacks, putting his faith in the symbols of ecclesiastical authority, and believing that peace will be restored in his empire by the lifting of a finger to hasten and insure this end. "Nicholas the Irresolute" he will remain to the last, which, in the view of Count Tolstoy, is no farther

away than a refusal, if it shall come, to call a national parliament in the Spring and endorse its demands for a recognition of the people's rights in and through the government.

A FULL ALL TOGETHER.

According to Judge Stephen A. Lowell, of Pendleton, Oregon has two great wants, population and transportation. How to supply them is the great question before the convention now meeting in this city, where the Development League and the editors will deliberate jointly and discuss plans for the advancement of the state. What the editors can best do is to promote the spirit of progress at home and advertise the advantages of Oregon abroad.

Nothing so hinders the development of a state as the partition between different sections combined with that dislike of outside men and enterprise which tends to grow up in isolated communities. These evils the rural editors can fight successfully, and upon the whole, their work for broad state patriotism, intelligent understanding between different sections and a friendly feeling toward men from other states is so admirable. Silly talk about the "effete East" and equally silly pride in local ignorance and backwardness are passing away in Oregon, and this progressive change must be credited to the editors.

The great Willamette Valley is, compared with many less fertile portions of the world, only partly populated. With more intelligent division of the land and better cultivation it would support many times its present number of inhabitants. Eastern Oregon must wait for railroads before settlers will locate upon its fertile soil, but railroads must come in time. Judge Lowell's sketch of a railroad system with a main line striking through the state from west to east and feeders reaching every important section may seem visionary just at present, but it is one of those visions which prove prophetic. The spirit of persistent and intelligent enterprise which is now alive in Oregon will make this and other bright dreams realities before many years have passed.

Population and hope are Oregon's great needs. Co-operation of every section and every man in the state is the way to get them.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

Among the notable features in The Sunday Oregonian tomorrow, there will be: The introductory article by Lincoln Steffens, who has started to demand answers to the question, "Is Our Government Ours?" An authentic interview with Pope Pius X by James Gibbons Huneker; "The Roosevelt Bears," a decidedly novel and fascinating serial story in rhyme for children and youth; a remarkable letter from Frederic J. Haskin, now in Ceylon, who photographed several elephants in the jungle; a sympathetic letter from London showing how, under Sir Henry Campbell-Bell, the hope for home rule for Ireland was never brighter—all these in addition to such a variety of matter of human interest as must enlighten and entertain people in every walk of life.

It may be added as a plain statement of fact, without boast, that no other newspaper on the Pacific Coast carries so large, so complete and so expensive a telegraphic report as does The Sunday Oregonian. Literally, it covers the world's activities. Eastern newspapers—if there are such—that surpass this journal in news service may be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

WHEN JANUARY IS WARM.

Next to a cold April, fruitgrowers and rose fanciers regard a warm January with greatest apprehension. There is nothing in unseasonable weather conditions to inspire confidence in an early harvest and the hopes of a plentiful year. This is especially true when balmy breezes blow out from the south in January, and the sun, encouraged by the lengthening daylight, coaxes buds to expand prematurely. Occasionally, even in this favored climate, the month of January fully justifies its name and deceives the very elect among the elements of Nature into too willing response to his wiles. January has twice in the past decade played successfully this treacherous game upon the vegetation of the Willamette Valley. February follows in each case with a quick rebuke that sent the buds to cover again, nipping them sharply. No great damage was done in either case, though there were no roses in bloom for Decoration day either year (1888 and 1901) in consequence of this exchange of compliments between the last two months of winter, while some of the smaller fruits were scarce in the markets of early Summer.

Our present January has thus far been an ideal Winter month—neither warm nor cold, neither stormy nor balmy, but just what January should be when it casts off the opprobrium of its name and refuses to be double-faced. We need Winter weather of the Oregon type, and we have had it. There is some promise of snow in the air, and if it comes it will, except for a temporary discomfort, that attends a snowfall in a moist instead of a freezing atmosphere, be a good thing, though school children will be alone in giving it welcome.

Whatever comes, the climate of Oregon can be depended upon to bring abundance to the farmer and prosperity to all. It is, furthermore, the part of loyalty for Oregonians to refrain from echoing the silly statements that reflect discredit and unjustly upon the Oregon climate because during the Winter season Winter weather prevails. The "warm January" predicted by the self-assumed weather-wise has not materialized, and half the month has passed. The "hard January," meaning one of frigid temperature and heavy snows, also predicted, can now at worst only be realized in the most remote of the public health is good, trade is brisk, stock is wintering well, merchandise is moving, the methods of the Portland Gas Company have been exposed, the finest poultry shown in the history of the state is in progress, a horticultural exhibit the like of which was literally never seen before has warmed the hearts of Oregon apple-growers, real estate is moving, plumbers are busy fitting pipes in new buildings, the editors of the country press are with us, and, literally speaking, "all's well aboard the brig." So why worry and speculate about a warm January, or a cold February, or any other condition that is under control of the powers of the air?

There is probably a connection between the unusual weather that has prevailed over the eastern half of the continent this Winter and the extra-

ordinary succession of hurricanes that has ravaged the Atlantic. One steamer that came in from Liverpool after fifteen days reported fourteen days of violent gales—the worst weather in the experience of the officers. During the storm of Christmas week one captain reported the lowest barometer he had ever seen on the Atlantic—as low as a typhoon barometer. One remarkable feature has been the number and magnitude of what are popularly called "Uda" waves, due, evidently, not to tidal waves, but to the unusual area and violence of the storms and the consequent instability of the sea.

The greatest of all illustrated books, Heber R. Bishop's collection of jades, after twenty years' work, has just been completed. Mr. Bishop died two years ago. The plan of cataloguing his collection was his own, and to carry it out cost \$100,000. It is printed in two volumes on the finest quality of linen paper. These weigh together 134 pounds, Arizona and Mexico, the halcyon days of the collection, and to carry it out cost \$100,000. It is printed in two volumes on the finest quality of linen paper. These weigh together 134 pounds, Arizona and Mexico, the halcyon days of the collection, and to carry it out cost \$100,000.

Commenting on the probable course of Congress in granting statehood to Arizona and New Mexico and denying territorial government for Alaska, the Chicago Chronicle says: "It is claimed that there are now 60,000 white men in Alaska. The claim may be excessive, but if there were even half the number stated and if they were willing—as they are—to bear the expense of a territorial government, it is hard to see why they should be denied the privilege so long as we accord it to the scattered miners of Arizona and the half-breed shepherders of New Mexico. The success achieved in the process of governing Alaska as a sort of stratum since the Yukon gold discovery is not such as to argue for the continuance of the system. Alaska ought to be a territory and not a crown colony."

A memorial to Dr. Harper, late president of Chicago University, will take the form of a large university chapel centrally located on the campus. Plans prepared by Dr. Harper for this auditorium, when he hoped to live many years to direct the exercises therein, will be followed, friends of the lamented educator contributing the funds. His most fitting and lasting memorial, however, will be the work of the great educational institution whose foundation he laid. We may indeed say with Whittier in his poem, "The State of the Illinois of Charles Sumner":

The record of the cause he loved Is the best record of his friend.

It may strike the public as strange that the evening newspaper, of the first families does not join in exposing the gas company. But the public need no wonder. Four of the seven directors of the gas company are stockholders in the newspaper organ.

Since the revelations about the Portland Gas Company, we have all been obliged to revise the old opinion that hot air is the cheapest commodity extant. The gas company has taught us—at our expense—many things we never before knew.

Trusted bankers who forge bonds ought to leave a memorandum of the worthless paper before they commit suicide. They only add to their infamy when they leave the holders of spurious bonds in doubt.

Roosevelt declared months ago that he would trust Congress to wrestle with the tariff problem. Well, Congress has tackled it early in the season, and reports from the preliminary bouts make lively reading.

By a judicious hot-airing of its gas and watering of its stock, the Portland Gas Company may be able to get the price down to \$1 per thousand without appreciable loss to itself or benefit to the public.

A deadly fear is beginning to pervade the country that Marking, Perry and Bryan come back he will show many powerful reasons why we should keep the Philippines.

Bigelow & Bowen is the alliterative title of a combination that promises to be remembered as the great American knockers.

It is surprising to find that even the Farmers and Shippers' Congress could not form a perfect tax code.

Not a Sinner That Time.

From the Richmond and Manchester News Leader.

She was a thin, narrow, dark visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of traps and leathers which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the car.

A man got on carrying a big watermelon. Out of his pocket protruded a glass flask with a rubber cork. The woman saw the flask handed one immediately to the last passenger.

"Thankee," he said; "comic almanac, hey?"

"No, sir," said the woman firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It's to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his coat pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man smiling; "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," quoted the woman, severely, as she waved a warning hand high above her head.

"He said he wouldn't," she said, "but the man gentyly. 'You see, it's for the new baby, and wife cal'lates to bring him up by the milk smilling."

THE SILVER LINING.

Not long ago they talked of Roosevelt's plans and Roosevelt's perils. We don't hear so much about the perils as time goes on.

Do you always weigh the cost? Are you progressing, or going backward; or do you think you are standing still?

A ruffled mind makes a restless pillow. Nearly everybody alive is tickled to death when he sees a friend in trouble, and yet the earth does not become depopulated.

Most of our misfortunes are more enduring than the comments of our friends upon them.

There are family trees where every living shoot and branch, where every spriglet, almost, carries the six-cipered label of plutocracy. Nevertheless, in the same year of our Lord, there are some of us who do not envy the money-bulging bunch.

This sweet, thoughtful girl is saving something for a rainy day. It isn't money; nor is it an umbrella; it is a pretty pair of new hose.

He—Will I kiss your hand? She—You should have higher aspirations.

"Ah, sweetest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his dearest one, "doest thou know what all things is nearest my heart?"

"Really, I can't say," she sweetly replied; "but in this cold weather I should think it was a flannel shirt."

The joke of the season is on Brooklyn, where the Municipal-Ownership, anti-bossism enthusiasts of the recent elections landed a lot of inconsequential dummies in many public offices, and ludicrous confusion has ensued.

Hon. Morris Lapsky wants the "sky" taken off his name, and a judge refuses him, saying that the syllable "sky" means nothing more nor less than "son of," like the prefix "Mac" in the Scotch, or "O" in the Irish nomenclature.

Hon. Morris Lapsky is not satisfied with his name, and a whole class of honorable and distinguished names are in the same boat with the "sky." So are the "bens" and the "aps" and the "sons" and "sens" and the "vichs." There is a salience to names of this sort. They associate and recall fathers and sons. Compared with mere local or territorial appellations, however "aristocratic," they are a superior class.

It is true that "Lapsky" is both well known and illustrious. The most famous of the "skys" that have been, are or shall be, however, is Slusky, the Hon. Abe, of St. Louis, Mo. Pared and peeled down to "Slus," what would it be but a derision?

If there are any Lesnisky, Petrovitchs or the like who would like to be heard on this subject I wish they would speak up.

Miss Claudie Saint Aubyn stepped in to apply. The manager turned with a look that was His luck had been good, and with hopes that were high.

"Can you dance, can you act, Or is it a fact That your voice will put Melba and Kames And the best of us to flight?"

"I've had two divorces," she softly replied. "And I'll soon have another case up to be tried."

"Enough," he declared, when at last he closed his eyes. "I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week."

(Title of "Everybody Works But Father.") I wonder why some pay have none. And others have so many. It seems the poor man's the most, And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town Has just one small boy only; But pa says, 'Gad! he pities him; In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me 'twould be so nice If kids all came up every; And when I asked pa why they don't, He said, 'The question is whether."

Then fam'lies all'd