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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Cloudy, probably followed by occasional rain or snow during the late afternoon or evening; breeze becoming westerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.—Maximum temperature, 58 deg.; minimum, 34. No precipitation.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1904.

THE POINTS OF EMPHASIS.

It is a fact familiar throughout our country that the East knows much less about the West than the West knows about the East; and enlightenment of the East, as to the West, is to be one of the chief results of interest and value to flow from the exposition for the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

When the work began there was little accurate knowledge of the history of the expansion of the United States to the Pacific Ocean. In our Eastern States and in Congress very few knew anything of the facts and details of the history or of the significance of the movement that laid the foundation of our group of states on this side of the continent. That the first discovery and the first settlement by Americans were made in Oregon very few were aware; and the subject became interesting, when presented from the new historical perspective opened by it. It continues to be so, whenever attention is awakened to it, and the narrative becomes one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of the National expansion. Indifference, or even opposition, is soon converted into sympathetic attention; and then it is admitted that the commemoration we propose of a series of events of such importance has a right claim to the recognition and support of the United States.

Strange to say, it is a surprise to multitudes to be told that it was through the acquisition of the Oregon Country that the United States first got a footing on the western side of the continent; that Oregon was settled by Americans and a government established here long before the acquisition of California, and that probably but for the expedition of Lewis and Clark the boundary of the United States on the west would be the Rocky Mountains, to this day. At the close of the Mexican War we wanted California, because we already had Oregon. It was desirable to increase and strengthen the hold on the Pacific Coast that had been previously won.

Another great fact which arrests attention at the moment it is presented is the position we have on this coast in relation to the commerce of the Orient and of all countries that border on the Pacific Ocean. It is perceived at once what tremendous opportunity is opening to us through our Pacific ports for participation in Oriental commerce. The pressure of Russia upon Japan and China, the general pressure of most of the great nations of the earth on all Asiatic countries, the development of the industry and commerce of the great islands and archipelagos of the great seas, are facts which portend a very complete transformation of a very large part of the globe. It is through our Pacific ports that the United States can hope to have a share in these great changes and results. Here is a situation that increases greatly the interest of the East in our Pacific States, and gives facility to the work of claiming recognition for our Exposition.

But for the Spanish War and our occupation of the Philippine Islands, through which our country has become familiar with the Orient; but for the large and steady movement of our people to and fro over the Pacific, that has resulted from these events and is increasing every year; but for the use of our Pacific ports as the bases of these undertakings and the great development of the shipping interest that has come with other results, the people of the United States would not yet be in the mood to listen to the appeals which our states upon the Pacific are now in position to make for the recognition and co-operation of the Government in such an enterprise as this Exposition. Its relation to the future of the commerce of the Pacific is, from the practical point of view, the strongest of all arguments for it.

A dispatch dated at Washington, D. C., January 28, says:

Harvey W. Scott, of the Lewis and Clark Commission, left here yesterday for his home at Portland. He takes with him the assurance of the Oregon delegation in Congress that he is to head the Republican delegation at large from Oregon to the National Convention at Chicago.

Do not believe that Mr. Scott asked to be elected to the Oregon delegation to Congress that he is to head the Republican delegation at large from Oregon to the National Convention at Chicago, or that they would have so little sense as to assume to dictate a matter of this kind. The Oregonian.

It should be, and doubtless is, need-

less to say that no such "assurance" was sought or given. The Oregon delegation in Congress is aware, and so is Mr. Scott, that delegates to the National Republican Convention from Oregon will be elected by the State Republican Convention. Besides, it is not a matter of importance who shall be chosen, provided always that they be men who will certainly and in all circumstances support the choice of the Republicans of Oregon—Theodore Roosevelt—and in no case can be detached from that purpose.

IBSEN AND HERO-WORSHIP.

It is a tribute of no mean worth to the power of Ibsen that wherever his plays are produced they form the theme of spirited and thoughtful discussion by theater-going and reading public. Whatever may be said against them, they deserve well in that they set this money-making and pleasure-pursuing generation thinking—which is in itself no small achievement. As we consider the seriousness with which Ibsen is regarded today, it seems almost incredible that his severe and solemn message could ever have been confounded with the palpable immoralities of the French drama.

The unrelieved blackness in which Ibsen paints vice, true to the somber forests and dismal landscapes of Norway, is something like Shakespeare in its fidelity to truth, but not at all like the gray revelry that pervades "Sapho," "Zaza" and the like. The most that could be said against his plays from the ethical point of view is their treatment of what we call questionable topics; but this offense is mitigated if not quelled by the fact that he is writing, not for children, but for mature minds; and it is at least open to question whether the cankers of the social evil are to be reached so effectively by ignoring them as through that approved remedy for other evils—publicity. The way to destroy the so-called social evil is probably not to give it no thought whatever.

The purpose of Ibsen are two—to set forth the unerring rewards and penalties of heredity, and to expose the shams of society. Thus in "Hedda Gabler" we have the blessed escape of a bright spirit from the bonds of repressing tradition; in "Ghosts" we have the conventional bondage of Mrs. Alving to family opinion; the pastor's craven slavery to ecclesiastical usage and the consequent hypocrisy of the clergy are incendiary. There is no discounting the beneficial influences of these teachings, so far as they go. They correspond somewhat to the revolt of the romantic school of poetry in the early years of the nineteenth century in England and to the protest uttered against Puritanism in this country by Hawthorne and Poe.

There is one blamish upon Ibsen as upon Sauterian, and it strikes down to the very heart of their teaching. This is their fond conception of society as an artificial something which it is their mission to serve in the capacity of deliverers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Marriage, for example, and every other institution of modern society, are not structures reared by architect and masons according to a set plan, and will right itself gradually as it goes along. But we must beware of anti-Christ. The history, in politics, of Henry George and Mr. Bryan, shows us what may be expected of the apostle who proposes to tear down the temple of society and rear it again in three days.

AN ABLE HISTORIAN OF OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

The recent death of Professor Hermann von Holst in Freiburg, Germany, recalls the fact that he was the most eminent scholar of foreign birth and education who ever devoted the best of his working life to writing the history of the American Constitution. Since the day of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," our institutions and our statesmen have attracted the attention of eminent European scholars and thinkers. James Bryce and Goldwin Smith among Englishmen have written very able and accurate estimates of our people and their government. Sir George Trevelyan has recently published the first volumes of his admirable history of England's war with her American colonies. The English historian John Green has paid an eloquent tribute to Washington, and both Cobden and Gladstone have written words of high panegyric of our American Constitution and our people, and Joseph Chamberlain has published an eloquent tribute to Alexander Hamilton, whom he describes as one of the greatest statesmen of his country.

But none of these foreign thinkers and statesmen has devoted so many years of hard study and thought to the history of our American political life as Professor von Holst. He was born in the Russian Province of Livonia. He was educated at the University of Heidelberg, but a pamphlet he published in 1867 criticizing Russian institutions made him an exile from his country and drove him to America. In 1872 he became a professor in the University of Strasbourg; in 1874 he was called to the University of Freiburg, Baden, as full professor of modern history. In 1892 he was called by the University of Chicago to the head of its department of history. At the outbreak of the war with Spain he was unopposed in his criticism of President McKinley, and contributed articles to the press on the subject in spite of the request of the university authorities that he give up talking about the war. He also opposed President Cleveland's Venezuela policy as expressed in his famous message. Of course, a man of such pronounced individuality and independence of temper would be sure to write his

story like a strong partisan, and this is the criticism made upon his great books, "Constitutional History of the United States," "The Life of John C. Calhoun," "Life of John Brown," etc. There is no lack of industry. He is an able, accurate, painstaking historian of the period of our National life which he sketched, but saw nothing in our political life of any importance save our terrible struggle with slavery. His so-called "Constitutional History of the United States," while illuminated by vast political learning, has been fairly described as "really a history of the contest between slavery and freedom which culminated in our Civil War."

The central idea of the whole six volumes is the slavery conflict. His book's title was a misnomer, for it takes no note of other very important phases of our history in the same period when the slavery issue held the attention of our people. His book is not the general history of the United States from 1800 to 1890, except so far as events are connected with or subordinate to the slavery conflict. He was a radical thinker, but eccentric in his likes and dislikes. He doesn't like Jefferson; he approved Mirabeau alone of the leaders of the French Revolution; he liked John Quincy Adams and he felt an expressed profound sympathy with John C. Calhoun, whom he does not paint as an enemy of the Union nor of his country, but as a high-minded and patriotic man, overwhelmed by the impossible task of reconciling slavery with progress and with the liberty of the white man. Von Holst calls him the Cassandras of the contest, always foretelling the truth, always unable to convince his friends.

In his "John Brown" he says that the real meaning and purpose of Brown's life and death was "the desperate proof to the South that there were abolitionists who so hated slavery that they would sacrifice their lives to do it harm." He paints Brown as "the man who dies that others may live, the prophet and forerunner of the Civil War." He was an intense man by nature; a man who would have been a Garrisonian abolitionist from 1835 to 1850. A Russian exile for opinion's sake; a man denounced as a state criminal because of free speech concerning his native land, he naturally enough was an intense defender of free speech and action, an unrelenting foe of any form of despotism, whether he found it in America or Germany. He belonged to that class of political exiles whose talents have done honor to America, which includes Follen, Schurz, Lieber and many others of lesser note.

A POSSIBLE CANDIDATE.

The Democrats know that to be successful next year they must nominate a man who can carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois, or in place of Illinois at least two Western States. Next to Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney would seem to be the man best fitted to carry Cleveland's strength than any other candidate. The next electoral college will have a membership of 476, with 239 necessary to a choice. Assuming the South to be solid, the Democrats start with 159 electoral votes. Add to this the 39 votes from New York, the 12 from New Jersey and 27 from Illinois and we have a total of 347, or, conceding the loss of the West, the Democratic candidate would have 24 votes more or one more than the number required to elect. Now if either Olney or Cleveland were nominated, it is believed by the Democrats in Congress that they would carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. But it is always hard to nominate a really strong man. The political managers will not nominate a strong man if they can hope to win by a mediocre man, because more men are not manageable after election.

In 1876 the Republicans dropped John Sherman, Morton, Conkling and Blaine and nominated the mediocre, obscure Hayes, and the Democrats nominated Tilden in 1876 for the same reason that they did Cleveland in 1884, because he was the only man who was stronger than his party. The Republicans in 1876 were all for Hayes, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1876 were all for Tilden, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1884 were all for Cleveland, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1892 were all for Bryan, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1896 were all for Bryan, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1900 were all for Bryan, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The Democrats in 1904 were all for Bryan, but they were not strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey and Illinois.

Olney then would be likely to be nominated, unless there should be dark horse in training for the race. If there is any such dark horse, we believe it is Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York. He has the Tammany Democracy behind him, and Tammany was never so strong with its party in the Empire State as it is today; that is, the Democratic vote of Greater New York stands for a larger basis of the Democratic vote of the state than it ever before in the history of the country. Mayor McClellan is in the prime of life; he comes of lineage that makes him popular with the rank and file of his party; his father was not only a commander of the Army of the Potomac, but he was nominee for President in 1864 and was later Governor of New Jersey. Mayor McClellan is a man of clean, straightforward, honest, and attractive, his Congressional record is creditable, while his vote on more than one occasion as late as 1900 showed that he had a friendly feeling for "free silver" at 16 to 1. If there is to be a dark horse, it would not be surprising if Tammany suddenly brought forward McClellan as a Democrat who could carry New York and New Jersey.

With a better political sense or more creditable civic experience have been nominated for President and have been elected. Hayes had been an obscure member of Congress and Governor of Ohio. Polk was a mediocre man, but he defeated Henry Clay. Cleveland before his quality was known defeated the brilliant Blaine, Harrison, with no record of important public service behind him. Grant never was a smooth, urbane, polished man of the world with no more angles to him than an egg, makes a good rolling candidate. Such a man was Franklin Pierce, who was nominated on a stampede during the forty-ninth ballot of the Democratic National Convention in 1852. The nomination of Mayor McClellan would bring out the full Democratic party strength, both in New Jersey and New York, and, failing to nominate Olney, the Democracy could hardly do better than to nominate McClellan. Gorman could not carry New York; it is doubtful if Parker could against Roosevelt, for he is David B. Hill's candidate and Tammany does not like Hill. It would probably be easier

ever were to hear gladly the preacher than Olney or Gray, who are not popular with the Democracy of the South and West, while McClellan did not bolt the party ticket in 1896 or 1898. Olney's nomination might be difficult because of his open championship of Cleveland, while McClellan is fairly acceptable to all factions of the party.

We shall not be at all surprised to find the Tammany Democracy entering McClellan at the last moment as a winning dark horse in the race for nomination. Counting his Congressional service, he is no more obscure than several men who have successfully sought to be elected President, and it will not be difficult to manufacture considerable pinhead enthusiasm over his candidacy as the son of the commander of the Army of the Potomac during fifteen months of memorable march and battle; as the son of the Democratic candidate for President in 1864 and of the Governor of the State of New Jersey. A good many old soldiers might vote for him in both states who otherwise would vote for Roosevelt. There is every reason for believing that the convention will be driven to select a "dark horse" candidate, for the bitterness of faction opposes the effort to nominate a strong man like Olney or Gray. When a National convention is divided by factional quarrels, a strong man is seldom nominated; then it is that a smooth, urbane, popular mediocre generally carries off the prize. While the great rats quarrel the mouse runs away with the cheese that was the stake of battle. It looks like a dark horse for the Democracy.

OREGON GRAPE NOT A GRAPE.

Mr. Himes is correct in describing the Berberis Aquifolium as "the holly-leaved berry." This is exactly what it is, correctly expressed. The name "Oregon grape" is a mere popular designation which is entirely misleading, since while it is true that the shrub is certainly not a holly, it is surely not a grape. The superficial resemblance of its blue fruit of acid taste to the blue acid fruit of some of our American wild grapes induced somebody to call this shrub "Oregon grape."

This misleading name recalls the fact that the botanist Oakes in his catalogue of the flora of New England includes the Erythronium Lilium, and then the popular name "dog-tooth violet." Now, even as Oakes knew that no plant could properly be called a "lily" and a "violet," too, so Pursh of course knew that the holly-leaved berry could not properly be called a "grape." In the early edition of Downing's "Fruit and Fruit Trees" this holly-leaved berry was botanically described as "mahonia," named in honor of an Irish botanist of repute; but since that time the name "dog-tooth violet" has been given way to its present designation.

There is no more propriety in calling the holly-leaved berry "Oregon grape" than there is in calling our "erythronium," which is a lily, by the New England local misnomer of "dog-tooth violet." In New England the wild azalea, which belongs to the heath tribe, is popularly called "wild honeysuckle," although it bears no resemblance to any member of the honeysuckle tribe. In Oregon we have the true wild honeysuckle and the azalea, too; but we do not call the wild azalea a "honeysuckle," as the children do in New England. So in New England the viburnum opulus is called the "high cranberry," although it is not the true cranberry at all, which belongs to the heath tribe. This viburnum is popularly called "cranberry," because the sauce made from the acid fruit of this shrub resembles in flavor that of the sauce made from the true marsh cranberry. So our holly-leaved berry came to be popularly called Oregon grape, because its fruit, in color and flavor, recalled the fruit of the wild grape. So in New England a variety of lobelia is called Indian tobacco.

The so-called "Oregon grape" is correctly described only as the holly-leaved berry. For it is no more tolerable to call this shrub "Oregon grape" than it would be to call a lily a violet. Children and sentimental school teachers of course are always expected to call a plant or shrub out of its name, but if an intelligent foreigner should ask the name of this shrub he should be given a name that he could understand the meaning of, and not one that would bewilder him.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

The current number of the Atlantic Monthly contains some recollections of Abraham Lincoln from the pen of the late Henry Villard, and form part of his autobiography, which is shortly to appear. Mr. Villard first met Mr. Lincoln while reporting the Lincoln-Douglas debate in August, 1858. The most notable thing said by Mr. Villard is that he was strongly prejudiced against him by his inordinate fondness for jokes, anecdotes and stories, and by the fact that "the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote, the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them." In November, 1860, after his election, Mr. Villard was in Springfield, a daily caller on Lincoln, and he says: "He never hesitated to tell a coarse story, or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been chosen to lead the destinies of a great Nation in the direst period of its history. At this time I could not have persuaded myself that the man might possibly possess true greatness of mind and nobility of heart." Mr. Villard admits that in spite of his frequent outbreaks of low humor Lincoln showed that he was really a very sober and serious nature, but his melancholy countenance always with a gleam when he was engaged in the concoction and narration of foul stories.

This criticism of Lincoln is not new. Its justice has been admitted by too many warm admirers of Lincoln to accuse Mr. Villard of misrepresentation. Dr. Holland admits it in his "Life of Lincoln," and so do Herndon and Lamon. Charles Sumner, Richard H. Dana, never direct their disgust and distrust for Lincoln, and Charles A. Dana, in his "Reminiscences," says that Secretary Stanton indulged in a torrent of profanity because Lincoln told "idle" stories to a knot of callers the night of the November election of 1864, while the fate of the Union was still in doubt. Grant in his "Memoirs" says Lincoln never told any indecent stories in his presence, but that Grant never saw him until long intervals in interviews of short duration and of serious importance. Three years of war had made Lincoln low-spirited; official experience had enlarged his sense of public propriety, but it is safe to say that Mr. Villard has told the truth regarding the

presence of an alloy of superficial coarseness and vulgarity in the gold of Lincoln's great character. If a man of excellent social environment and education of Mr. Villard, or Seward, or Chase, or Jefferson Davis, had exhibited this infirmity of speech, it would have been a thing of serious consequence, as it would imply a degeneracy from the best standards of their youthful opportunities, but Lincoln's superficial vulgarity was incidental to the evolution of the man out of most primitive and unpromising environment.

Lincoln's speech was not free from impurity, but what is of essential consequence, his life from boyhood always was free from it. He was a total abstainer and a temperance orator when the whisky habit was almost universal. He was a man of chaste life, a man of unblemished honor among women when men like his great antagonists, Douglas, were notorious for gross conviviality and licentiousness. He was a man of unblemished pecuniary integrity, a man of unquailing veracity, a man who never despised any man because he was poor or hated any man because he was black. In all the great essentials, the great fundamentals of great character, he stood on the highest levels of American manhood. Nevertheless, some of the mud of his birthland and boyhood clung to him after the gristle of youth had become the bone of manhood. Men of far more culture and scholastic training have had the same infirmity. Boswell reproached Johnson because he, Christian moralist, laughed at and enjoyed amatory stories. "Sir," said Johnson, "any story is justifiable among men that has wit enough to keep it sweet." Charles Sumner on his first visit to England recorded his disgust in his correspondence that he found Thackeray and Browning exceedingly given to telling amatory stories, and that Tennyson was very facetious in his applause over such anecdotes, even as United States Senator Dewey, a Yale College graduate, was described to be by the late Charles A. Dana, of the Sun.

It would be easy to show that many men eminent for virtue and genius, like Tennyson, shared Lincoln's rank taste for coarse stories, and it would be easy to show that Lincoln's superficial vulgarity was due to his very primitive and isolated environment among people who used gross speech as a natural and easily as Rabelais, Cervantes, Chaucer and Shakespeare did, without suffering any peculiar public reproach in their own times. Herndon, Lincoln's loved and trusted friend, and partner, for twenty years, records no meanness of Lincoln, but he gives a plain, unvarnished sketch of a long, lean, rawboned, clumsy, rustic-bred man of vast natural ability, aspirations groping and stumbling his way forward, a man whose eyes grew clearer and his step firmer every hour of his eager quest for distinction. The weakness of Lincoln's early years, his boorish lack of sensibility exhibited in his doggerel local speeches, his strange actions and speech, his relish of "horse play" wit and humor, are no more against the theory of his splendid ultimate moral and mental evolution than the early vagabondism of Cromwell, the weak-kneed statesman and soldier's claim to the downward of rare genius for the highest business of peace or war.

Lincoln budded early, but bloomed late. He rose with the rising flood of tremendous times, but the flood did not cast him on the shore as driftwood; he was brave and buoyant enough to ride the crest of the wave, if not easily, at least triumphantly, and he came into port grandly at last, the dead captain of a victorious fleet. No man is born a hero, but becomes a hero by the evolution and experience of events, the moral and social and political pressure we call the collision of the times. Lincoln became a hero and a statesman not by birthright, but by struggle, as the pirate falls if he is not slain, until at last shook his provincial weakness and ignorance, took the bridle in his hand, and when his great hour and opportunity came proved himself the man for the hour by distancing all his competitors. Such men are not born, they grow. They are a harmonious moral and mental evolution of all that is best in their time before they lead a revolution that saves a state.

The recent severe cold weather in cities of the East and Middle West has destroyed thousands of English sparrows. The busy little creatures, though foraging industriously about the parks and the residence portions of cities, have perished miserably under the combined effects of hunger and cold. The snow has been strewn with their dead bodies, and while the spectacle excited pity, it was mingled with regret at the taking off of the birds. Nature has an unerring method of striking balances in the animal world, and in this instance has by a single stroke allayed the fear that the busy, pugnacious, untidy English sparrow will overrun the land to the exclusion of more desirable birds. Even the humanitarian, who includes in his boundless pity all suffering creatures, is fain to console himself for this wholesale calamity in the sparrow family by the reflection that a very few hours of biting cold ended the sufferings of thousands of these feathered pests.

It is said that the probability of peace in the Far East is increased from day to day by the numerous deaths among the Russian soldiers in Manchuria. Water is scarce and vile, supplies are far from abundant, and the camp hospital service is inadequate to the steadily increasing demand. The efficiency of an army depends upon its physical condition, and nothing is more unlikely than that a great nation will allow the health of its soldiers to deteriorate while waiting for the slogan of war to sound. It is improbable, therefore, that the Russian commissariat in Manchuria is low or its hospital service neglected, though no doubt the conditions prevailing in the effort East to drive heavily upon the physical comfort of the sturdy Muscovites.

The mileage of railroad under the block system is steadily increasing in this country, according to the Railroad Gazette. That system is now in use in one form or another on 29,000 miles of road, or on about 9500 miles more than in February, 1902. But of this 29,000 miles only 25,800 miles are operated for all trains, freight as well as passenger, and only 4500 miles are equipped with the automatic block signal system. The rest is the manual system, considerably safer than the ordinary system, but more subject to error than the automatic system. However, the tendency is in the right direction, and the extension of the practice will probably become more and more rapid until the system becomes practically universal.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The White Cockade.

Jacotte societies decorated the statue of Charles I in London yesterday, to commemorate the anniversary of his execution (July).

Wreaths on his statue today.
Bones as white as the snow.
Cockade that puts on their way
Shed at the pitiful show,
King of the long, long, long ago.
Facing the black, unfeared,
Furies beat and slow—
Here's to the Stuart Cockade.

Wreaths on his statue—no bay,
This is no subject, I row,
Fate from martyrs would stray,
Turning to look at the bay;
Monarch whose epitaphs strow
The desecrated path that he made—
Smile and a sigh we bestow—
Here's to the Stuart Cockade.

Charles, the gallant and gay,
He was the Stuart to know—
With clans that leaped to the fray,
Flashing like fire on the foe,
King of the long, long, long ago.
Make him the blondest face,
Virtue the brighter most glow—
Here's to the Stuart Cockade.

King, we may reap as we sow—
Sheathed is the ironclad blade;
Dust are the bones that he made—
Here's to the Stuart Cockade!

San Francisco's Chinese are at it hammer and tongs, especially tongs.

There's no prouder mortal on the planet than the small boy in a barber's chair for the first time.

Canned beans are said to have poisoned a German family. Possibly the switch from sauerkraut was too sudden.

Bingo Muro is the name of one of the Japanese company's steamers. So they've got Bingo in their lingo, by jingo.

To be a centipede
I'm sure I'd never choose;
Just think of what you'd pay
For fifty pairs of shoes.

Most of us have a sneaking idea that it's pretty natural for a boy to run away from a place where he has to wear girl's clothes.

No doubt Messrs. Cunningham others feel disgusted that the authorities should fly in the face of all precedent and act up to what they promised at the Thompson trial.

If the Army post at Walla Walla is not abandoned its retention, we are told, will be as a personal courtesy to Senator Ankeny. This is an excellent way of distributing our soldiers. Station them where the Senators think most good will be done to the Senators and thus do away with all this tiring strategic business.

Police Judge Hughes has tried a new way with boys that smoke cigarettes—he has the offenders spanked by a policeman. He puffed at the gay cigarette, cigarette—Felt have as it turned, you bet, you bet; But when the top he was turned, down wards turned. It was part of himself that most burned, sorely burned.

Curiosity has ever been a trait of the daughters of Eve, but Mrs. King, of Ballard, who placed a plank across an alley from roof to roof so that she might peep into an Elks lodgeroom, is probably more inquisitive than the majority of her sisters.

Perched in the giddy walk,
She sees them take an Elk in;
She all the lodge deceives,
This Eve of eyes.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson should not overlook the Chisholm County family, of which the daughter has three great-grandfathers and an assortment of other relatives that are usually lumped under the term "ancestors." Two of the great-grandfathers are in the eighties, and none of them uses tobacco or whisky. This seems to put the anti-tobacco and anti-liquor people momentarily in the lead, but we look to Wabankum or a neighboring county to produce a centenarian that smokes and drinks.

London newspapers, which have a habit of suddenly discovering something that has been patent for years, are now much agitated, especially in their correspondence columns, over the fact that a frequency with which the English girl becomes engaged. Like the Summer girl of American fame, the London daisy is on with a new ring before the old has reached its donor by mail, and she regards a marriage engagement as lightly as a dinner engagement. The days when betrothals were regarded as being almost as sacred as the marriage vows have passed, and the girl dances with many partners before choosing her permanent companion. Still there is lots of fun in being engaged, if one may trust many speakers, and where there is lots of fun there will be dear Miss Frivolity.

Criticism is resented in Pilot Rock just as deeply as in New York. A saloonkeeper of the smaller city (Pilot Rock) has chewed a Congressman's nose, because the Congressman's views were not identical with his own. In New York, it will be remembered, Actor Davies, a dramatic critic, had his finger masticated by Amelia Bingham's husband, because hubby's views were not the same as the critic's. John Kendrick Bangs asks, in the New York Herald, "Should Critics Be Bitten?" If society should decide that critics should be bitten, what interesting collections some actors might, and probably would, make. Imagine Irving Drew showing you his dressing-room. "That finger over the door," he would say, "it bit from a San Francisco critic. Near it you see one of Allan Dale's ears—Grosvenor Goodwin got the other."

Rain, in the estimation of a philosophic correspondent, is the greatest thing in the world to make a man carry himself well, and, therefore, to benefit his health and increase his vigor. The correspondent's argument is this: Rain causes the man to carry an umbrella, carrying an umbrella necessitates throwing back the shoulders and opening the chest, opening the chest benefits the entire body. Hence, Oregonians owe their stature, strength, and erect carriage to the rains of Winter. This is very ingenious reasoning, and we must admit its force, although we could argue in a similar way that rain makes men penurious. Rain makes one man buy an umbrella and another man swipe it; man number one buys another umbrella and devotes all his time to keeping his hold on it; and this practice eventually renders him grumpy and miserly. There is no doubt that "Webfoot" is right in maintaining that carrying a cane is an incentive to correct carriage of the body. It is unusual to see a man with a cane slouching along, and, as "Webfoot" says, this is recognized in the British Army. Tommy Atkins, who, in whatever he is lacking, at least carries himself smartly, never leaves barracks without his "swagger cane," which is about 30 inches long and usually bears his regimental badge.

WEXFORD JONES.