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## MR. MEEKER'S "REMINISCENCES."

We have received a copy of Mr. Ezra Meeker's book, bearing the title "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound." It is a book of high importance and value. It goes deeply into the conditions of our ploneer life, in which the author hore a conspicuous part. Since the Spring of 1852 he has lived continuously at Puget Sound. Of the whole history of the country he has been a close observer, and in it throughout an active participant. He has always been known for marked individuality of

The book has for sub-title "The Tragedy of Leschl." In this sub-title the real purpose of the book is indicated. Leschi was the Indian chief who led the attack on the whites at Puget body's Magazine for April, in a very Sound, in the great Indian war of striking article, alleges that they are 1855-6. Mr. Meeker believes that Leschi the primal cause of Mr. Chamberlain's of the murders and massacres of that time, but was a wronged man, who, as the representative of a wronged people, fought openly and bravely, and was unjustly executed. This is the real theme of his book, of 550 pages. In this book, however, the author has gathered for preservation pioneer reminiscences of highest value.

Mr. Meeker, crossing the plains, arrived at Portland October 1, 1852. Next Spring he went with his brother Oliver to Puget Sound by the Cowlitz trail. known to all early travelers to that region. There he settled, near the spot where the City of Tacoma now stands whose very name, however, was not spoken till nearly twenty years later. interval, from the author's arrival till the Indian war, is full of interesting reminiscence, recorded in this book; but as this book is "The Tragedy of Leschi," the active interest of the narrative begins with the conditions that led up to the Indian outbreak and the history and fate of that Indian chief

A spirit of romance seems to preside over the story, yet it is not romance, either. It is an account, from the author's point of view, of the tragedy of the settlement of the Puget Sound divides industry from crime. In the last country, with an attempt to place the responsibility of it. Mr. Meeker holds that the Indians were deeply wronged. and that Governor Stevens was the ings in science, may have been awakchief author of the wrong.

The wrong, as he states it, consisted in the Governor's endeavor to deprive scientious. The first year of shop and the Indians of the lands necessary for their support, and in assignment to them of areas of rocky timber lands about the shores of Puget Sound, which | bouts, races, gambling and worse. Tired never could be productive. The Indians out, they return to what they call home, wanted alluvial tracts in the Nisqually and, being exhausted, either sleep or and Puyallup Valleys. Mr. Meeker insists that the Indians were cheated or citement of the streets, or in the amuseoverborne in the negotiation, and that this was the cause of the rising. Leschi, for them but continuance in the habits however, had refused to be a party to they have formed. As one from among this disposition and assignment of the them recently expressed it, "The realm lands, and preferred to fight rather than of ideas is not for them-the sphere of accept it.

There is much to support this point of view, and Mr. Meeker maintains the the cities named, and in many others contention with great force and with gradually reaching the great city stage, evident sincerity, throwing upon Governor Stevens the responsibility of the catastrophe. It is nearly fifty years may now have a hearing, which, in the

former time, it could not obtain, called treaty, which made a disposition of lands that was not favorable though as pioneers we did not see ithow natural it was for the Indians to man nature also in primitive and sav- masses? age man-all the more powerful because it is subjected little to the restraints of self-control and of artificial

and conventional life. It is Mr. Meeker's view that Governor Stevens pursued, in dealing with

tempered by sense of justice. Such was not the opinion of the great majority of the white settlers. They stood by Governor Stevens throughout. One sees, of course, at this distance of time, that there was injustice in the pressure of the whites upon the Indians; but it is in this way that the continent has been opened to civilized life. The old question whether it should have been left to the occupation of wild men and wild beasts is fruitless. That could not be. But justice, in the abstract, was sure to be violated in the transformation. It has been so at every stage of the progress of the white man, from and man. Is this Utopia? the Atlantic to the Pacific. And at every stage there have been wars and massacres. An outbreak of the Indians gives the best that is in him to bring in resistance to the encroachment of the whites was due in the whole Pacific Northwest, in 1854-5-6. It came; it was general in this whole country. The rising of the Indians at Puget Sound was but one of the incidents of their general resistance to the presence and the pressure of the whites.

From this point of view, the criticism of Governor Stevens by Mr. Meeker seems too severe. But Mr. Mecker is highly conscientious, and faithful to his He was a member of the jury at the first trial of Leschi, after the war; and with another juror he held out to the end of disagreement without verdict against the ten who were for conviction. Upon a second trial Leschi was convicted of a murder in which Mr. Meeker insists he had no part at

The story, in Mr. Meeker's hands, is a drama of intense interest. It is history, too, not fiction; though it comes through his narrative almost in the nature of romance. The book will live, It will carry Mr. Meeker's name down to future times; for it is a book for which there will be no substitute. As a record of pioneer life in a section of the old Oregon Country it will hold always a distinct place. To the striking individuality of the author, to the vital force of his memory, to the earnestness and sincerity of his convictions, to the vivacity of his early impressions and to the courage that ever has characterized him in the maintenance of his opinions, we owe the value of this unique production. As a contribution to our pioneer history it will take high placeabove and beyond the controversies that surrounded the name of Governor Stevens in the early history the of territory of Washington. This fine narrative, in a word, is the epic of Leschi, which has dwelt in the mind of Mr. Meeker these fifty years. Was the Indian unfortunate in his life and death whose name finds at last an attempt at vindication, which, though perhaps not clearing it wholly, yet rescues it from perishable memory and makes it immortal?

## ONE PROBLEM OF THE BIG CITY.

No writer has yet determined at what point in the growth of a big city the "hooligan," or "hoodlum," or "larri-kin" evil shows its head. But in America, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco; in Great Britain, in London, Liverpool and Glasgow; in Australia, in Sydney and Melbourne. the specimens are so numerous that they constitute a race. Certain features are common to all, but, in each source and center of the evil, they bear a separate name and show varying features. Wherever found, they are the terror of the police, the hardest problem in the homes of the poor, the bugbear of the employer, the most hopeless subject for the minister of religion, the despair of the "social settlement"-so fast they have multiplied that a writer in Everyfight against free trade. Here is his sketch of the individual: Slight, undergrown and narrow-chested in physique; colorless and sallow in complexion, low-browed, hard and forbidding feature, unwashed and dirty in dress, truculent and devil-may-care in demeanor, rough and vile in language, sullen and dark when alone, noisy and law-despising when congregated in bands; a specimen of degeneracy, having lost the stronger and developed the downward tendencies of his nation. What is their origin? Children of the

slums, badly fed, poorly clothed, shel-

tered in the garret or the cellar, negected in infancy, maltreated in childhood. What is their education? The narrow streets of the poor quarter for nursery and playground until the school officer of this generation herds them into the public school. The state enacts the code, which is devised for children of better breeding, raised in healthier conditions, and covers subjects far enough from their poor and limited horizons. When school years have passed they are let loose. Under the sharp spur of hunger they seek work in the minor industries of the great city, and enter shop or factory, unless they drift across the line which year or two in school a dawning interest in the stories of the past, the facts of the present, the elementary teach ened. Codes cover these grounds and teachers are in general kind and confactory life buries all this deep. The burden of what they hear is of the low music hall, the prizefight, drinking turn out to join their fellows in the exments of their class. Life has nothing simple sensations alone is open." Each year their number grows, until, in all

a public danger is fully recognized. Note first that they are hardly heard of except in cities where the Angiosince, and this presentation of the case | Saxon race predominates, and where what we call an advanced civilization has been developed. No writer draws Yet it seems to us that while this so- attention to this class of immature men in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Tokio. This age, again, is the breeding to the Indians, was an immediate and ground. The "hooligan," the "hoodinciting cause of the outbreak, the lum." the "larrikin," is a product of trouble between the races was sure to the later years of the nineteenth cencome; for it had come or was still to tury. Yet in what age have schools, come in every locality where the white classes, institutes, social settlements, man was an intruder. We see now- churches, clubs, been as numerous and effective? When has there been seen stronger and deeper effort by the resist this encroachment. There is hu- classes to reach and to raise the

Doubtless physical conditions are largely at fault. But there surely is no one, no universal, remedy. Whatever city most closely inspects factory and raised in his honor and dedicated to his show. Indeed, except as an adornworkshop and enforces light, air. warmth and safety to the workman the Indians, an arbitrary course, un- helps the "booligan." Where the health the following plea, the concluding museum of outclassed weapons of of-

officer is at work to enforce drainage and cleanliness, where public baths abound, where gardens and parks are found, where open spaces for games and sports are provided and guarded, there war is being waged on "hooligan-ism." Where good wages are paid and Where good wages are paid and consideration is mutual between employer and employed, where the equal chance for all is secured, there "hooliganism" will not flourish. In fine, where is offered whatever modern civilization ought to mean and yet does not mean today, there the great city justifies its existence in the eyes of God tographer of today says yes. The true pairlot is he who sees its possibility and

## JIM WARDNER, WESTERNER.

In the death at El Paso, last Thursday, of James F. Wardner, there passed on to the Great Beyond a most interesting representative of a type of men that will soon live only in history. This particular class or type, which "Jim" Wardner, as the dead miner, capitalist, promoter, rover and citizen of the world, so fittingly portrayed, might not inappropriately be termed "Western' men, for it is only out in the big. boundless West that the ambition and imagination of man has the free rein that, is necessary for the development of the Wardner class. Gold, from the beginning of time, has been the magnet that has attracted adventurous spirits from the uttermost ends of the earth, and the original discoveries which have from time to time electrified the world have all been made in regions remote from civilization. The Western mining camp is a rough

school, but it makes men out of the individuals who graduate from it, and it eliminates from their nature all of that meaningless sham which is a kind of counterfeit culture that too many dwellers in the crowded cities use in lies of the real article. "Jim" Wardner participated in all the great mining excitements of the past thirty years. To him "no land was distant," and he was equally at home in the diamond belt of South Africa or the placer regions of the Yukon. In the far-away Andes, Leadville, Black Hills, Coeur d'Alenes, wherever the presence of the yellow metal was reported or suspected. Wardner was either with the vanguard or close behind it. In the new nining camps, far removed from the furisdiction of that kind of law which does not always accomplish that which is expected of it, property and even life are always dependent largely on the behavior of the men who flock in from

In the mining camp as in the city, or for that matter in nearly every place on earth, the good men outnumber the other class, hence the original and unwritten laws of the mining camp, pro mulgated and enforced without the aid of lawyers or legal advice, are almost invariably founded on precepts of right which have stood the test of time in all ages and in all countries. Men are taken at their true worth in such places. Counterfeiting of character is so easily detected that it is seldom attempted. Living so close to Nature and ever mingling with unpretentious indiriduals like themselves, men of the Wardner type find it impossible to be otherwise than natural and easy, and the world, in spite of its hollowness, shams, mockery and false pretenses, still has admiration for them. It is the almost universal admiration for this distinctly "Western" trait in men that is responsible for the remarkable popularity of "Arizona" and "The Virginian," two of the greatest plays of re-

all parts of the world.

cent years. In Old Canby, the central figure in charming simplicity and primitive roughness appeal to us more powerfully than would a character partly disgulsed by the veneering of an alleged higher civilization. "This is the West," explains The Virginian in defense of a policy for the enforcement of moral law where environment and precedent prohibited the employment of methods tending to clog the wheels of justice. And a wonderful West it was, although its glory is now gone forever. The glamour of romance has been dispelled by the heat rays of modern civilization. The Canbys, Virginians, Wardners and other frontlersmen of the mines and plains have passed on, and there will be no successors. Here and there a few representatives of this true Western type remain, but, when they answer the final summons, a most thrilling, romantic and wonderful chapter of our world's history will be as completely closed as that which tells us of the Aztecs, the Moundbullders, or any other distinctive types that once were and

There will come-in fact there is now here-another race of miners, promoters and townbuilders, but the environment in which they have been schooled is so utterly at variance with that in which men of the Wardner type developed that they will show but few of the characteristics which made that old school of "Westerners" such picturesque figures in our National history.

MONUMENT FOR SAM L. SIMPSON. The organization at Salem of the Samuel L. Simpson Memorial Society, with the object of raising funds for a monument in memory of the author of "Beautiful Willamette," should find favor with thousands of Oregonians who have enjoyed this sublime tribute to the beauty of their lovely river, while to the pioneers of the Willamette Valley and their immediate descendants the purpose of the association must appeal with tenderness and with pathos. The fire of true poetic genius burned in the soul of Sam L. Simpson. His best en deavor, like that of many another man of genius (to use his own words), "failed of its prize" through the promptings of a restless and wayward spirit. But the tenderness and beauty of his poems, and his appreciation of and loyalty to the state to which he came in his infancy and that he made his own through the best efforts of his young manhood, are facts of common knowledge. The happiest, the most imaginative and the most successful years of his life were spent in and near Salem. Old Willamette University remembers him still as one of her brightest and most promising students. It was there that his best-known poems at the head of which stands "Beautiful Willamette," were written. It is especially fitting, therefore, that this move ment to raise a monument in honor of the best that was in the life and endeavor of Sam L. Simpson should originate in Salem. And upon a monument memory, a no more fitting inscription could be placed than that contained in

stanza of "Enowdrift," perhaps the most tender as "Beautiful Willamette" is the most sublime of his poems: Oh, when the Angel of Silence has brush Me with his wing, and this pining is hushed, Tendetly, graciously, light as the snow Fall the kind mention of all that I know; rds that will cover and whiten the sod, Folding a life that was given of God; Broken maybe, and persistent to rove-Restful at last in the glamor of love!

## TREATMENT OF INSANE.

Leslie's Magazine has an article in egard to insanity and its cure, in which some ideas are presented that will doubtless prove surprising to persons who have regarded the insune as subjects for custody and discipline. rather than for rational treatment and cure. The author is Dr. Stephen Smith, formerly on the lunacy commission of New York. He criticises boldly and with considerable emphasis the popular conception of lunacy as above outlined, and asserts that the prevailing methods of treatment in insane asylums follow lines custodial rather than cura-

A statement so sweeping as this, and from a man so well prepared to speak upon the subject, will no doubt receive wide attention and not unnaturally vigorous dissent. That there is substantial basis for it is more than probable. The theory advanced by Dr. Smith is that insanity in the ordinary sense of the term is imperfectly understood, and that much more thorough and searching investigation is required in individual cases than they now receive, before it is possible to deal with them intelligently and successfully. He concedes that expert study of the brain and its functions has in recent years engaged the time and attention of many noted allenists, but is of opinion that their conclusions still fall far short of what may yet be developed in the aubtle and mysterious realm.

He states his own belief frankly. He designates the brain as "a pulpy and apparently homogeneous mass, the most highly specialized and vitalized organ of the human body; made up of hundreds of millions of separate and independent organisms, once known as nerve cells, but now called 'neurones,' He believes that in a majority of cases of what is called insanity the difficulty is due to the solely physical fact that, owing to some form of bodily ailment, these cells do not act rightly.

Pursuing this thought, Dr. Smith declares further that, while the quality of the brain cells may be degraded by vicious living, by inheritance from an unwholesome ancestry or by many common diseases, there is ample reason for thinking that with more enlightened treatment, as a result of scientific inquiry designed to test methods of curing the sick brain, the proportion of recoveries will be greatly increased. In this connection he asks:

What tens of thousands of citizens languish in asylums for the insane, suffering from mild and curable forms of neuroses, who have never been critically examined by scientific perts, and, consequently, have never re-lved adequate treatment! Might not the coveries be raised from 30 to 40 per cent, to 80 to 90 per cent, if all the resources of science and humanity were brought into req-uisition in each case? Would it not be more economical if the state would devote its energies and its money to the creation, equip-ment and management of curative rather than

Dr. Smith's optimism may be extreme, but it is cheerful at least to contemplate. And in view of the substantial progress that has been made in the care of the insane-not to say in their treatment-in the past generation, and of the spirit of scientific inquiry that is abroad seeking information upon matters of supreme moment to the human race, the questions asked are likely to receive the attention that they merit.

# THE VITAL SPARK

An instance of the manner in which a few lines of poetry will hold out against the wreckful siege of battering days is given in the current issue of the San Francisco Argonaut, which remarks that nothing is more wonderful than the action of time in sorting the product of pens, "and from great tomes chooses only a little line, from whole libraries only a verse or a paragraph." The lines chosen by the Argonaut for illustration of the indestructible nature of poetry are:

rom the lone shieling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas-Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is

Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides. The stanza was quoted by Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton, in an address delivered at Toronto early in 1904. The Toronto Globe reprinted the entire "Caandian Boat Song," from which the lines were taken, the verses appearing in Blackwoods' Magazine in 1829, headed "From the Gaelic." The Oregonian reprinted the "Boat Song" and referred editorially to the beauty of the stanza already quoted. The writer in the Argonaut remembered the reference, and ater was surprised to find the same lines quoted by Lord Rosebery at a Scottish dinner in London, and by a speaker in Cape Town, South Africa. As the Argonaut remarks, the striking thing about the quotation of this stanza, "with all its nameless quality of mystery which is the heart of poetry, is that General Hamilton, Lord Rosebery and the Cape Town speaker were each doubtful as to their memory of the lines, showing that the words had not been "crammed" as a useful tag

for an address to Scots. These lines have thus been handed down since 1829, almost orally, as were the old ballads, and rarely are they quoted exactly as they appeared in Blackwoods' "Noches Ambrosianae." But their charm has never been lost, and it is curious to speculate in how many minds those few words are treasured as a philter that brings close the gray Scottish coast. The lines, as the Argonaut says, have that "nameless quality" which makes poetry an emotion. All the longing for native shores is here expressed, all the yearning for home that strikes its roots into the deep soil of tradition, of race, of instinct. The "lone shieling on the misty island" lies in the same viewless country as the cloudy towers with

#### Magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in facry lands forlorn

THE SWORD REDIVIVUS. According to the report of the joint poard of the Army and Navy officers convened by special order February 8. the sword has not become useless in war and should not become obsolete. The tendency in recent years has been to class this weapon among the outdated implements of warfare, or at best as a superficial part of an officer's equipment maintained entirely for ment of a warrior's thigh the sword has been for some years relegated to the

fense and defense, wherein ancient armors and shields repose side by side with clubs, slings, javelins and bows and arrows.

Long-range field guns and rapid-firing rifles are the agents that, it was supposed, had put the sword out of commission and reduced it to the status of a badge, clanking at the heel of the military hero whose achievement was largely if not wholly of the past.

Close observation of the war in the Far East has, however, dispelled this opinion in high places and returned the sword to its status of usefulness in battle. In the attempt to minimize their losses, it has been found that the armies struggling against each other in Manchurla have made many night attacks. This means that there has been much fighting at relatively close range by small bodies of troops, and that the sword and the bayonet have been used freely by the combatants. While the sses in these encounters will never be known, it is sufficient to say that they have restored these weapons to usefulness and that they will hereafter be considered indispensable to the equipment of a fighting force.

Among the many surprises sprung by his war, this is not the least. To take the sword from its place merely as an insignia of military standing, a badge of official position, and place it on the list of effective implements of modern war seems like taking a long step backward. But more strange than all is the statement that its restoration is due to the terrible effectiveness of modern guns-the very element that was supposed to have relegated it to the peace equipment of military life. It is as if the forces of destruction had suffered reaction through the recoil of their own power.

An occasion of more than usual interest in church circles will be the dedication today of the new Congregational Church building at Forest Grove, Much interest centers in the fact that this is the sixtleth anniversary of the organization of this church. This statement recalls the endeavor of Harvey Clarke, Elkanah Walker, Horace Lyman, S. H. Marsh, Cushing Eells and G. H. Atkinson, of sacred memory; of Thomas Condon, J. F. Ellis, J. R. Herrick and others who, along the line of years, have served the church as pastors and Pacific University as teachers, and of gentle, womanly women bearing the names of all of these, the record of whose endeavor appears nowhere except in "God's Book of Remembrance." The old church moves into its new home to day. Its log-cabin era is dim with the mists of three-score years. Those who knew it then know it no more, but there are still those in close touch with that period who recall gratefully upon this occasion the place and part that these men and women took and held in the religious, educational and social life of the early, early days.

Morocco bids fair to become the sub ject of as much contention as was Manchuria during the times when Russian promises of evacuation were made daily. Great Britain, with commercia and strategic interests in Morocco agreed a year ago to recognize the preponderating influence of France in the country. Spain, which owns Ceuta, a Moroccan port opposite Gibraltar, later agreed to recognize France's claims to be the preponderating influence in Morocco. After a year of silence, Germany now appears anxious to dispute with France the leadership in Morocco. Had France considered it worth while to interfere in the country's internal affairs, there were pretexts enough to be found along the disturbed Algerian they are, would be no easy prey. Russia's defeat by the Japanese is having far-reaching effects, and is already acting against French interests.

What of the Lewis and Clark monument that two years ago we were so eager to see raised in the City Park? The foundation, laid with glowing eulogy by the President of the United States, is still there, and hard by is the piece of granite that was to compose the monument. Is the work to remain thus, a representative of effort spent, of hope deferred, of enthusiasm burned out, of gratitude in eclipse, throughout the coming memorial Summer? Who among our public-spirited citizens will take this matter up and see that this monument is completed before the Summer visitors begin to throng our sightly and well-kept park?

Japan evidently wants no "Truce of the Bear" in her war settlement, and one of the ways by which Russia's good behavior may be assured is to prohibit the Czar from building a great fleet for a certain number of years. Utterances by several Russian statesmen who have long since realized that the present war must go against their county, give color to the belief that Russia might agree to make peace for the purpose of preparing for a future campaign. Without a fleet, the Caar would be very loth to enter upon another contest with Jupan.

Well, then, we take it that the editorials of The Oregonian are not regarded as commonplace, or lacking in force, or copied or rewritten from other newspapers or studied with a view of avoiding expression of opinion, or mincing in statement, or cowardly in tone or spirit, or formulated with a notion of meeting nobody's disapproval, or cultivating namby-pambyism in general. It was not by nerveless or invertebrate work that The Oregonian was made what it is: The Oregonian does not pretend to

however, their exponent and interpreter. It is a humble position, and yet a sufficiently proud one. Dr. Gladden can procure a great deal of very readable material about H. H.

control or to direct the mind, the senti-

ment and the purpose of Oregon. It is,

Lawson. Since the Japs heard about that \$225. 000,000 in the Russian reserve, the war cry has changed to "On to St. Peters-

Rogers by consulting one Thomas W.

When will that temperance saloon be started in Portland? Perhaps the evangelists, before they leave us, will look to It.

Russell Sage expects to live to be 100, although he might save time by dying To be struck by a bomb is just as

bad on April I as on any other day.

"Tainted money" is abundant; boil your income.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Is there a "microbe with horns" running up and down your spine? If so, look out for the prevailing disease, cerebro-menin gitis, or something to that effect.

A whale in Tacoma harbor has been bumped by a steamer. The whales must learn that the growth of commerce will sooner or later drive them from their quietest playgrounds.

Eignt thousand people attended a performance of "Parsifal" in Kansas City. We hope they were shown.

Russell Sage is not yet 90, and here he is retiring from business. Wall street quickly ages a man, After this every man who gets a dollar

may have to scratch his initials on it. with a brief statement of how he acquired the coin. Then we shall be saved from ignorantly taking any "tainted In a late issue of the Daily Consular

Reports there is an article on the origin of Yankee Doodle, but the writer fails to state which branch of trade his rescarches will most benefit.

'intelligent sympathy" with another, Kuopatkin is with Linlevitch.

France's predominant interest in Morocco does not appeal to the Kaiser sufficiently to make him say, "Go ahead, and round off your North African posses-

The captain of the Aurelia, finding he had too many passengers aboard, made is that the best and wisest of us know two of them disembark in San Francisco. but little, and learn but little while Sherlock Holmes asserts positively to us that the Aurelia's skipper was never a street-car conductor.

The Shamrock is the chosen leaf of band and chief, but the blackthorn is Dan McAllen's.

Latest of trusts is the Lead Trust. The Russians are taking quite a lot of the stock.

Some Japanese Princesses are going on tour of Germany. A year or two ago they would have been regarded as funny little dolls, but now they will be treated as the aristocracy of a nation that can slay in the most civilized manner.

A correspondent inquires if the word "pard" is one that may be used by those who would avoid slang. Of course, it may. "Pard" is used by such an artist in words as Keats. The line Not charioted by Bacchus and his pardsshows that the familiar abbreviation of

One of the pyramids has been struck by lightning, but even this has failed to make the Sphinx utter a pecp.

'partner' is worthy of being used in the

loftiest speech.

Three centuries after the appearance of 'Don Quixote" a statue of its author is to be erected by Havana, a city freed from Spain by a country unknown in Cervantes' time. Whirligig time at work again.

Questions put by children were recently the subject of an article in a school journal. One question was: "Do kittens take off their fur at night?" Another was: "Why don't oysters have tails?" We confess that the second is a poser. Why DON'T oysters have tails? It would be a factory answer. There might be some difficulty in getting a tail curled up on the half-shell, but this might be overcome by an ingenious cook.

Now and then the country editor gets in his revenge. The editor of a paper in frontier, but the Moors, disunited as Macksville, Kan., recently "wrote up" a wedding, and, of course, failed to satisfy the bride's family. The bride's father called on the editor, deplored the tamstyle of the write-up and offered a screed of his own, "to be printed just as written." That is just what the editor did, print the story as the fond parent had written it, and this is how the final paragraph-quoted by the New York Evening Post-appeared:

To make things more amusing sumber of 18 or 20 drawn in a wagon by four horses doing their best at pulling their jovini crowd to near the spot destined to be battered & hammered being united with scritkes & shrieks from a feminine discord, & within sight though it was dark, as they were looming over a small ridge a gun was fired which startled the stealthy merymakers, un-til they cried out, ho; some one take care of me &c &c.

#### Revelations of an International Spy. 1-THE FATAL ERROR

By "Q. T." (Synopsis of previous chapters: "Q T" receives a message from the Grand Duke Twirlyvitch, summoning him to St. Peteraburg. The hand which thrust the mesrage through the roof of his hansom cab proves to be artificial, and Monsieur "Q. T." keeps it in his packet, As he is about to enter the Winter Palace a heavily velled woman lays her hand upon his shoulder, shows that she knows the famous agent, and is about to disclose a secret, when the gate of the palace opens and the Czar appears, Monsieur "Q. T." is commissioned to end the war in six weeks. Leaving the Winter Palace, he meets Maxim Gorky, who gives the secret agent a copy of his latest work, "Drivellings From the Delicious Dead.")

Making my way overland from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, 1 paddled an iceberg down to Yokohama, where it melted and precipitated me into the ocean. I was picked up by the Japanese tugboat Rosy Mist of the Morning, and put in the military prison, still clasping Gorky's gift. For five weeks I languished in prison. One day more and the date I had set for ending the war would be past. I had never yet broken a promise made to a crowned 'end, but this time I seemed omed to fail. Evening came on. Three hours remained

watchful, determined, heavily-armed, surunded the gail. Gazing from my window at this fateful noment, I saw a procession passing down the street towards the Mikado's palace. Thousands of colored lights were being

for the fulfillment of my task, Guards,

waved by the people. An idea! Hastily swallowing a lighted match, I assumed the character of a Chinese lun-

Every guard was deceived! I was soon at the gates of the palace. Entering the Mikado's private room, I

offered him Russia's terms of peace. He scorned them. I began to read the first chapter of Drivellings of the Delirious Dead."

Half-way through the chapter the Mikado asked me to repeat the terms. I did so, and continued reading. As I ended the second chapter, the Mikado cried, "I vield." The great news was flashed to St.

Petersburg. Every capital in Europe knew within an hour that peace had been declared, but until now none but Q. T. and the Mikado even guessed that Gorky, the revolutionary, had been the indirect cause of bringing the war to an end.

(To be discontinued.) WEX JONES.

WHAT IS TRUE RELIGION. Not Shouting and Screeching, but

Right Living. Portland New Age. (Organ of the colored people.)

Religion can only be good if reasonable. That is, if it squares with the average, respectable, well-meaning man's common sense. There have been and are a multitude of religious teachers and preachers-men who profess and pretend to know all about the intricate economy of the infinite-was unctiously, insistently and voelferously tell you that they are in immediate close, personal touch with God: who are flip and facile to tell you what God thinks, and desires, and purposes,

We confess to somewhat of a doubt of both the ability and sincerity of these profervid brethren. Where did they learn so much? How do we know that either they or we are not the victims of false pretenses? We realize that man is a religious animal, and that a rational amount and kind of religion is a good thing, for true religion is supposed to be synonymous with and equivalent to righteousness-that is right living. But men don't have to get If ever one man was qualified to express excited to live right-as nearly as we can understand right living. Women don't have to go crazy to be intelligent, kind, virtuous mothers, daughters, wives and sisters. A screech is surely not the least evidence of same religion. A squirm is not proof of eternal salvation.

We would do well not to get excited and to consider motives. The truth we are journeying through this vale of tears and tergiversations. We would be wise to let God carry on his perfect work in his own way, and not depend too much on the ranting of selfconstituted evangelists.

Most of us know tolerably well how to live right, how to do justice and show mercy and walk uprightly in this little atom of God's universe; and if we do that we imagine that the elocution of the evangelists is not of very great value.

#### Mistake of the Revivalists. The Datly Olympian,

The Oregonian, eminently sound and logical on most questions and particularly so on the subject of religion, has been denounced by certain of Portland's churchmen and some evangelists of National note who are holding a series of revival meetings in the Exposition City. The cause was an editorial which the Olympian reprinted a few days ago, with approval, we may add, on the bad taste of an evangelist in exploiting his former life of sin and wickedness for advertising purposes. The church people made a great mistake, not because that in the controversy now going on they are getting the worst of it, but for the reason that even had The Oregonian been wrong, it was merely an apparent scheme of old Satan to throw obstacles in their way-something to be overcome by prayer and the example of silent submission, being secure in their faith, and not to be railed at in

anger. But The Oregonian is right. It stands firmly upon a foundation of common difficult task to give a thoroughly satis- sense and is pouring out more good, wholesome, soul religion than Portland has heard for many a year-more than will probably fall from the lips of the attacking churchmen, whose tongues are too busy shaping spiteful denunciations of The Oregonian to give forth much else.

#### Sunday Closing at Portland. St Lottle Star

The managers of the Lewis and Clark Exposition have settled the Sunday ques-tion, after much dispute. The Interior, speaking officially, declares that "the management was believed to be fully de-termined to run the Exposition full blast for seven days each week. But patient insistence on the importance of a day of rest won at length the attention of the directorate. All amusement features on the 'Trail' are to be closed throughout Sunday, all machinery in the exhibit buildings stopped and the gates of the Exposition itself closed until noon, Religious music and addresses will be given in the afternoon,

This should be acceptable to all classes, but it probably will not be.

The extremists who forced absolute Sunday closing at St. Louis will be up in arms, but it is to be hoped that the Portand Exposition will "stand pat."

One of the drawbacks of the Universal Exposition at St. Louis was its Sundayelosing policy. With a city filled with thousands of Fair visitors, many of whom had only a place to sleep, and expected to spend all their other time on the grounds. it was manifestly unfair to padlock all the gates, even if all the exhibits could Our Sunday-closing arnot be open. Our Sunday-closing arrangements unfortunately were fixed for us by Congress, which saddled them onto the \$5,000,000 appropriation, which, at the time, we thought we must have at any

But even from the most rigid religious viewpoint it would have been hard to find a better place for spending a Sunday than amid the elevating surroundings of the Universal Exposition. This is especially true if, as is to be done at Portland, religious music and addresses were made part of the day's observance, an easy task, because the St. Louis Fair never without the presence of the most distinguished divines and my of the world, many of whom would have been glad to lend their services.

#### She Thinks for Him. Chicago Journal.

You think a good deal of your hushand, don't you" asked the visiting relative. "You have the wrong preposition." answered Mr. Meekton's wife, with the cold tones of the superior woman; "I think for him."

# One Busy Place in Lent.

Los Angeles Times Where Fashion holds her gilded court,
Where Ficasure has full sway,
Each fair young votary is taught
To fool the hours away
In idle mirth. To fling saide The gifts that heaven has sent "But then, you see," they say with pride, "We swear off during Lent."

Behind the gate where Mammon sits Plying his cruel craft. The boodler, living by his wits. Works out his scheme of graft Though some poor soul the pinch may feel, My conscience is content; And swear off during Lent."

And so the world, in thoughtless gire, Recks naught of future sorrow. The time to count the cost will be Temerrow and temerrow We put our bogies out of sight On pleasure bravely bent, And lust to keep the balance right We swear off during Lent.

Meanwhile, in regions far below, The last abode of crime, The devil and his dusky crew Are working overtime Says he, "Good friends, heap high the coals, With toil I'm nearly spent; We can't accommodate the souls That swore off during Lent."