The Oregonian

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
(By Mail or Express.)

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

BY CARRIER.

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

THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.
(Issued Every Thursday.)

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

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

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, 1905.

THE HOOK IN THE PORK BARREL.

It always has been difficult to obtain conviction of persons accused of attempts of an unlawful kind to get—say rather in plain speech—to steal, public lands. For there are multitudes who think it no harm to get possession of public lands in any way they can; yet they wouldn't call it stealing them. It may be doubtful, therefore, whether a jury will ever be found in the West who will think any method wrong. Some of the members will. Others will not. The argument is that since the public lands belong to the people, and are offered for entry or sale, anybody has a right to get them, and the method makes no difference.

It is common argument—you hear it on every side—that if the fees are paid and the Government gets the money for the lands at the prices established by law, nobody is wronged—though the proceedings be irregular and unlawful. Even perjury is justified, if the money is paid. "Hasn't the government got all that was coming to it?"

The man readily makes oath that he takes the land for his own use. This, he argues, cannot prevent him from selling it—for that, he will say, is the best use he can make of it. Then he will argue with himself, and will listen to the argument from others, that he has a right to contract with others, in advance, to sell it to them—though the law forbids such contracts; and that even perjury to bring about such result is nothing. For—and this is the argument he always falls back upon—doesn't the government get its money? What more could it have or ask?

This mode of reasoning affects the minds of members of the jury. Especially since so many persons all over the country have had their hook in that pork barrel.

WHAT GRAFT IS.

Shakespeare, who said everything, defined "graft"—though he did not employ that word in the modern slang sense—when he denounced the individual "who smells his particular from the general weal." There never will be an equal definition of graft.

But Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, did well when he gave a rule—recently—concerning graft. He said: "The moment private pecuniary gain is sought through the advantage of any trust, some one is guilty of grafting." This applies to public officials, because, in the nature of things, public office is, as Grover Cleveland declared, a public trust. Men are not elected to office in order to make themselves rich through the opportunities the office affords. They are elected to serve. If they have the handling of public money they have no right to use it for private gain.

When men lay out large sums in order to obtain election to offices the salaries of which do not recompense them for such outlay, and nevertheless they grow richer in office, it is not unreasonable to suspect that they are serving themselves rather than the public; that in some way they are grafting. This rule was started in the election of Senators in Oregon almost forty years ago. It has been prevalent ever since.

NIPPON SOIL AND AMERICAN.

George H. Maxwell, executive chairman of the National Irrigation Association, published in a recent number of a Chicago trade journal, an article on the "Future of the Middle West," in which he uses the wonderful prosperity of Japan, achieved through scientific development of natural resources, as the basis of a strong presentment of possibilities in store for the wide area of America, when the same practical attention shall be given to its opportunities as in Japan.

Before drawing comparisons between the tardy effort to develop the resources of the Middle West, or the great Northwest, and the rapid development that has come to Japan, it is but fair to note the necessity in Japan of utilizing every foot of its available land. A people poor in territory is there rich in expedients. Those with a wealth of territory are prone to scatter their endeavor and get relatively small returns. Were America's great areas populated as densely as is the limited area of Japan, they would teem with an abundance that staggers computation. In contemplating it "Imagination's utmost stretch in wonder dies away."

THE PERIODICAL BEACH TRAGEDY.

Whether the ocean billows are breaking with angry sob and moan before a gale, or whether they tumble peacefully on the shore with a tender crooning melody, their mighty power is ever visible. It is a power that "nothing can stay and nothing can bind." All of the ingenuity and cunning of man, aided by centuries of experiment and research have failed successfully to cope with this power. Year after year, the sea levies its enormous tribute of life and property on those who wander over "its markless pathways where commerce shapes the trail," and it also claims heavy tribute from those who tempt fate along its borders. Loss of life by shipwreck is one of the necessary chances that mankind must take when journeying from one part of the world to another. Loss of life by surf bathing or boating in dangerous waters is almost invariably a fate that could be averted by the exercise of common prudence.

Another tragedy of the beach has been added to the long list that, as it has grown, has darkened many a home. Somewhere out in the depths of that "dim dark sea so like unto death," there lies today, a prey to the shifting sands and currents, the lifeless form of a sturdy young man, and the love light of a happy Portland home has been clouded forever. The tragedy differs but slightly from those which have preceded it, but which apparently failed to leave their lessons on the minds of others. The life of young Dayton was suddenly snuffed out by the same treacherous, mysterious element that in the past, just as suddenly snatched Judge Wiswall, H. T. Bingham, Miss Eva Burbank, Miss Nellie Boise and a large number of others.

Not in a single case could these tragedies be classed as "unavoidable accidents." All were the result of regarding too lightly the power of the all-devouring ocean.

The life of young Dayton was sacrificed by his placing too much confidence in a clumsily constructed dangerous imitation of a Sandwich Island surf boat, manned by an individual who was apparently unfamiliar with the tides and currents that in the past have swept so many people to death. Some day the people most vitally interested in the reputation of beach resorts, will discover that it is not profitable to permit people to be drowned in the presence of hundreds of pleasure-seekers. When this awakening comes, there will be an officer, duly appointed by law, with authority to arrest all people who deliberately court death by entering the water when it is unsafe for them to do so. The officer will also have power to arrest the bathhouse proprietor who rents bathing-suits to inexperienced visitors when the tide is ebbing, and assures them it is an old fogy notion that it is dangerous to bathe on an ebb tide.

That there have been no other drownings this season, is due more to good luck than to good management on the part of the people most deeply interested in the good name of Clatsop Beach. The life of a bright young man like Miln Dayton is a fearful price to pay for a warning which should have been forthcoming before it was too late. The history of beach life, however, indicates that it is only immediately after one of these tragedies that due caution is exhibited by the surf bathers, and until some one is officially delegated with full power to prevent, by force if necessary, this needless tempting of death, there will be other tragedies of a similar nature. The poor boy who paid for his foolhardiness with his life, is by no means entitled to all of the blame for the distressing accident.

BACK TO THE SOIL.

To those who know country life by living it and toiling with their hands as rural people must, the remarks of city dwellers upon bucolic affairs often sound silly. For example, a New Yorker, who went to live on a Connecticut farm, ridicules his neighbors in a recent number of Public Opinion, because they were reluctant to sell him firewood.

At first sight this does seem ridiculous, his need being great and their supply abundant; but consider a moment. This man had as much wood on his farm as his neighbors had. He did not wish to cut it himself because he had easier work to occupy himself with. So had they. Almost any work is easier than getting firewood out of a tree. Cutting fuel hurt his back and blistered his hands. So it did theirs.

Why should they endure painful toil for his comfort, if they could avoid it? They had their own ways of making a living, their own routine of occupations. He was surprised because they would not change it all to gratify a stranger for whom they cared nothing. His state of mind was typical.

The average farmer is far from being a robust man. If he is free from rheumatism he is exceptional. Very often he has chronic dyspepsia; and not infrequently both stomach and joints have "gone back on him," as he puts it not without pathos. The acute and witty author of "The Aristocrats" narrates her disappointment in the aspect of certain haymakers whom she saw at work. She had expected to see enormous limbs, athletic frames and mighty chests—Greek statues come to life in all their virile glory of form and bearing.

What she really saw was a company of undersized figures, painfully exerting themselves at tasks which seemed too heavy, and without dignity or beauty. Tuberculosis, the dire consequence of bad air and too little sun, is no less common in the country than in the city. The urban dweller cannot get air and sunshine, the rural dweller will not have them. Night air is his worst bugbear; it teems with malaria, rheumatism and catarrh. Sunshine fades the carpets. Bodily troubles from overlifting are the farmer's curse. He is constantly obliged to strain himself to move machinery or heavy stumps or timbers, often to his lifelong injury. But, bad air and dark rooms aside, country dwellers suffer most from child labor and poor food.

A boy on a farm counts with the horses as so much working power. He rarely gets sleep enough and he is put to tasks beyond his strength almost as soon as he can walk. This of itself would stunt him; but the food he eats makes the matter worse. Farmers understand the "balanced ration" for their cows, but not for themselves; and the farmer's wife who can cook digestible food is born with the gift. She never learned it at school, certainly. Her time there, like her brother's, was spent upon the geography of polynesia, the computation of decimal fractions and learning how to spell sieve.

The diet of our farmers amounts to a national calamity. The evils of alcoholic liquors are trifles compared with it. Not only is the country boy overworked and badly fed, but, worse than all that, the general aspect of the life ahead of him is dreary and hopeless. A cycle of physical functions, embittered with purposeless toil—that is what it comes to, just like the lives of his cattle. The daily newspaper's vigorous appeal to the intellect he does not hear. Theaters, of course, do not exist. There are no lectures but the quack doctors; no books but the dreary and expensive wares of the traveling agent. The rural pulpit is arid beyond belief. City preaching is as good as congregations will stand. The urban pastor makes his sermons as progressive and sensible as he dares. The country preacher really believes, what the city preacher is compelled to pretend to believe. He is salt without savor. The city preacher pulls on the reins; his rural colleague lags in the harness.

In one particular the country pulpit is a positive evil. It is the steadfast enemy of what are called "worldly pleasures." Those natural efforts of farmer boys and girls toward something like social life which might be fostered into agencies of humanity and enlightenment are denounced as sins. So the tale of the ills of farm life runs on. It is too long for recital, but enough has been said, perhaps, to explain why young people, born in the country, migrate to the city as soon as they can. Thus they have been migrating for half a century and in such numbers as to threaten the welfare of the human race. But the attentive observer now notes a change. The tide has turned. Life begins to flow back from the city to the soil.

If the only reason for this were that men had found the city even worse than the country, there would be little to rejoice over; but that is not the case. Science and intelligence have diminished the evils and multiplied the advantages of farm life in recent years until a man with fair health and good common sense can now make his living from the land without much hardship and with many pleasures. A rational theory of agriculture has been developed in colleges, and, slowly and painfully it is creeping into the rural schools. The oldest of the empiric arts is at last becoming a science. The doctrines of breeding, soil fertility, animal nutrition, plant growth, and many others, are becoming known outside of laboratories; and farming is no longer a blind gamble with chance.

The instinct of the country fights for rural mail delivery. Few public men yet realize its significance, but the intelligent farmer knows what it means. The population of insane asylums falls off in direct ratio with its spread. With this and the parcels post, rural life will lose its really serious disadvantages for men who will treat themselves and their families considerately. Excessive work, bad food and no recreation would make life unendurable anywhere.

The Salvation Army's plan of small farms in thickly settled colonies solves the problem of society, amusement and moderate hours of labor. It is the man, farming too much land, who has to ruin himself with relentless toil. It is the man, far from neighbors, whose wife goes insane. In many communities farming irrigated land, the conditions of life are almost ideal. "For them light labor spreads its wholesome store," giving not only "what life requires," but a great deal besides.

When equivalent intelligence is applied to agriculture elsewhere, the results will be the same. Country life has been hard and brutal in the past because country dwellers depended much on muscle and little on brains. Its conditions steadily improve as they learn to use their brains more and their muscles less.

THE MANTLE OF ECCLESIASTICISM.

The voter who, because of corruption in politics, stays away from the polls; the church member who, because he does not like the music or the preacher, refuses to attend church service; the parent who, because of personal dislike for the teacher or some detail of the public school system, keeps his children out of school—any man, indeed, who, when things do not meet his special view, withdraws from the contest with what he conceives to be evil, gives the case to his opponent by default and becomes a moral coward, a spiritual derelict.

The defeated politician, who sulks in his tent, has become a by-word, and, to the degree that his influence extends, he is an ally of those to whom, in self-righteous wrath, he abandons the field of effort. Nor is the case different with him who retires to the gospel tent, in self-laudation, or to sulk because, forsooth "Sabbath breaking" is going on outside. If the banner of wickedness is flaunted in the open Trail and on the "Lord's Day," is he a valiant soldier of the Lord who rebukes the gospel flag and leaves the field to the proclaimed enemy?

If, as has been freely asserted, evil has slipped the gospel leash, so carefully cast upon its neck earlier in the Exposition season, and now runs riot up and down the Trail on Sunday, would it not be well to set up against it the counteracting influences of good? If, as is popularly supposed, an eloquent sermon, delivered by an earnest godly man, is a power in this direction, is it not a mistake to withhold it? And in withholding it does not the minister play into the hand of his exultant enemy? Have not the world's greatest evangelists, from Saul of Tarsus to Commander William Booth of the Salvation Army, grappled with evil as they found it?

Is it possible that the Rev. Charles Sheldon thinks he can work for the Lord and the Sabbath to a better purpose by preaching to those who believe as he does and hence do not need his ministrations, than by preaching to the multitude largely composed of people who do not attend church and who know little of the way of salvation which he so eloquently proclaims? Is he not missing the chance of his life—this man of the Sabbath and the gospel, from Kansas, when he draws the mantle of ecclesiasticism close about him, declines to join issue with the hosts of evil and retires to the congenial companionship of the self-proclaimed elect? It is the sick and not the well who need the physician.

The Rev. Charles Sheldon has traveled half way across the continent merely to give his prescription for salvation to those who, if we are to believe their professions of holiness, do not need it, while from the multitude outside, in close touch with evil and in dire need of saving grace, he turns virtuously away, thus reversing the example of the Christ who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

Perhaps, however, he will today, after all, bear the message of brotherly love, of spiritual truth, of charity and good will where it is most needed. Let us hope that his effort will not be wholly wasted.

AN OFFICIAL UPRISING.

An "uprising" was recorded in Porto Rico a short time ago, but on investigation proves to be nothing more serious than a peaceful though earnest revolt of the Porto Rican mayors of the various towns and cities of the island. These disaffected politicians are preparing to make a concerted move on Congress this Fall, armed with the demand that the high officials of the island be appointed by the governor with the consent of a Senate to be created for that purpose, and not by the President of the United States.

The cause of this movement is not far to seek. It is strictly political. There is no hint of maladministration. The Island secretary of state, the attorney-general, the treasurer, the auditor, the commissioner of the interior and the commissioner of education are appointed by the President and confirmed by the United States Senate.

As far as yet appears, here lies the entire grievance of the mayors. Formerly, under the benignant rule of Spain, things were different. The revenues were devoted to maintenance of officials of high and low degree, and as long as the crown got its full share it did not quibble about the disposal of the remainder. Official graft was universal. It was claimed as a right and conceded without protest. It was the unchallenged prerogative of Spanish officials.

Now the government of Porto Rico is established on broader lines. An excellent school system has been inaugurated throughout the island. Teachers who have a high conception of their duties are in charge; the finances are economically administered; no one is oppressed and only the professional politicians cry out at the change. It is gall and wormwood to them to see the good positions going and to behold men selected for fitness.

This seems to be the head and front of the Government's offending. If, when the mayors' memorial shall be presented to Congress, their representatives can show any real grievance or hardship, as the result of Presidential appointments, no doubt relief will be granted. If, however, it appears that nothing is wrong except that local politicians, schooled in graft and eager for spoils, are deprived of control of the best offices under the general government, it is more than likely that the petitioners, after respectful hearing, will be courteously given leave to withdraw and the round robin of Porto Rican Mayors will be relegated to the Congressional wastebasket.

MR. MORTON'S SALARY.

One of the disagreeable characteristics of life in America is the similarity of the costumes worn by our different social classes. By her dress it is impossible to distinguish a nursemaid on the street from a lady; and cases are on record where gentlemen have unwittingly relinquished their seats in streetcars to such persons under the mistake, due to their clothes, that they belonged to the better classes. The commonest laborer, who is able to scrape together a few dollars, may purchase for himself a swallow-tail coat and pose as a gentleman in public. Against such imposition, such sacrilege, one may say, the law as it stands affords no remedy. Nor would a statute requiring the vulgar to wear garments suitable to their station in life be effectual. Such sumptuary legislation has been tested often and has always failed. But could not some new and hitherto untried species of law be devised to meet this crying evil?

Such a law would have another great advantage. As things are, when a man passes from a lower to a higher social rank there is no corresponding change in his personal appearance; and his friends, who have not heard accurately of his advancement, may make serious mistakes in assigning his new rank. Thus everybody has been speaking of Mr. Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Society, as a mere $50,000 man, no better than the President of the United States, when in reality he is an $80,000 man. The proposed law would prevent blunders of this kind, which are a source of deep regret to all who make them. The French Republic attempts to solve the problem, rather crudely, by bestowing upon certain individuals the badge of the Legion of Honor; but this only marks such achievements as writing a book or winning a victory. It indicates nothing of that gain in social value which comes with an increase of salary. The same criticism applies to the English Victoria Cross.

It is proposed, therefore, that every American citizen, of either sex, be required by law to wear on his back a placard with the figures of his yearly income printed thereon in large, legible type; with some suitable penalty, say imprisonment for five years, in case he wears figures to which he is not entitled. With such a law rigorously enforced, every man would receive his just share of respect. No nursemaid would ever be mistaken for a lady; and the regrettable blunder about Mr. Morton's salary would never be repeated. Photographs of Mr. Morton's back thus placarded, taken from time to time as he rises, could be printed side by side for the edification of the young. Now as a humble Secretary of the Navy, $8000; now as the honored president of the Equitable, $80,000; and, later on, possibly rising even to the $100,000. There is no telling what financial altitudes a man like Mr. Morton will ultimately scale. He has all the qualities, apparently, of our very greatest geniuses in high finance—a sublime indifference to the law, a quiet contempt for public opinion, and a resolute respect for his own wishes. Such a man should go far.

President Roosevelt has long been noted for his ability to say the right thing at the right time. His reputation in this line was fully maintained when he asked the representatives of Russia and Japan to drink in silence to the hope that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between the two warring nations, whose representatives he introduced to each other yesterday on board the Mayflower. The very essence of international courtesy was in the President's words on this occasion, the perfume of which has been before this time distilled in the courts of two empires.

THRIFT AND ITS CHIEF INCENTIVE.

President A. L. Guthiel, of the United League of Co-Operative Savings and Building and Loan Associations, in his address at the annual convention of that organization, stated that nearly 2,000,000 small wage-earners in the United States are learning to save out of their little incomes, and not only to save but to invest wisely their small accumulations. While this statement was, of course, made in the interest of the league which Mr. Guthiel represents, the fact that it presents is none the less gratifying.

The secret of saving from a small income is an open one. No one needs to be told, except merely to keep the fact in mind, that saving is merely to put aside every month, or every week, a certain amount of the earnings. The conscience—the very essence—of thrift lies close to this point. Along the road that leads up to it are many pitfalls for the feet of the unthrifty wage-earner, not all of which represent waste or self-indulgence.

It is not too much to say that a sensible, thrifty wife is the workingman's anchor here. The single man who works for wages represents usually one of two extremes—waste and parsimony. If he accumulates as a result of small savings, he is known as a niggard; if he does not accumulate, he is a wastrel, often to his own moral undoing. The suggestion here is so plain that it cannot be mistaken. It points to the greatest possible incentive to saving—that of building and owning a home. It means the exchange of the messhouse or the common dining-room of a laborer's boarding-house for the family table; profit-sharing with the daily wage for its basis and wife and children as beneficiaries.

What proportion of the 2,000,000 small wage-earners of America who are saving from their modest incomes are men of families the statistics presented by Mr. Guthrie do not show. That the proportion is very large may well be assumed, since all experience and all observation go to support the assumption.

The successful citizens of Portland who have lately spoken upon the matter are silent upon this point, but if their early efforts to save of their small incomes were not seconded by wives whose interest in the bank account and in the home was not equal to their own, they were certainly deprived of one of the pleasures that belong to thrift.

NEW IRRIGATION PLAN.

H. N. Savage, one of the supervising engineers of the government's irrigation projects in Montana, as stated by the Helena Record, has determined upon a novel plan in conjunction with what is known as the Huntly project—that of establishing townsites at intervals of five miles on the line of the main irrigating ditch. The land served is to be divided into forty-acre tracts. In the center of the tract the government will establish and conduct an experiment station for the benefit of settlers on the irrigated lands and for the information of the Agricultural Department.

If all plans shall work satisfactorily, the settlers upon the lands reclaimed by government irrigation works, will not have to endure the hardships and the isolation that belonged to the lot of the first settlers under the homestead law, in wooded and home sections of the great Northwest. From the first, they will have neighbors, companions, daily mail, soil ready for the plow, near markets for perishable products of their lands and transportation facilities for distribution of the staple products. There is no village in the United States without its schoolhouse and church, hence the townsites, five miles apart, will provide these adjuncts of civilization. Farmers who have hewn their homes out of wooded lands, in regions watered by timely rains, do not grudge these settlers on irrigated lands their easier conquest of the soil, but are glad rather that homebuilding has been made possible in these wide, and hitherto, waste places of the continent.

The races at Portland have been suspended. It is very well. Good morals require it. Good horses, we suppose, are to be seen on the streets of Portland or on the roads of Multnomah County no more. It is "sinful" to own and drive a horse that can "go"—especially if you pit him against another horse. But, 'tis very well. Let us "cut out" the automobile also. The puritanical regime is upon us again. Everything is sinful. The fast horse, amusement at the Fair or at the Oaks, every kind of entertainment or amusement is sinful. Our people are to put on long faces, and suits of solemn black or gray, and go to hear holy men—droning through the nose—tell them how sinful every kind of amusement is. The theater must go, too. You shall not have a glass of beer on Sundays,—nor on week days,—for that matter. The reform wave will strike the State Fair. Why should the state be so wicked and sinful as to offer purses for speed? Why should it encourage one man to suppose he can push his horse faster than another's? It is sinful gambling; nothing less. Let us all be moral. Since we are become virtuous, of course there are to be no more cakes and ale.

The mystic element that has shadowed Stanford University from the beginning, was supposed to have died with Mrs. Stanford, but it is again brought forth by the university founder's brother, Thomas Welton Stanford, who offers a priceless collection of antiques to that institution. He asserts the relics were taken from Egyptian tombs by the astral body of a blacksmith mystic, who took but 20 seconds in making a round trip from Egypt to Australia with the booty. President Jordan declines to accept the gift owing to the avowed manner of procuring it.

Idleness is a foe to right living, whatever the condition of life attending it. When it extends to the domestic realm and relegates the duties of home, and of care of children to servants, it is not strange if womanhood therein is, first belittled and then disgraced. This is true in all relations of life; hence it is not surprising that scandals occasionally break out in military garrisons, the details of which bring the blush of shame to every honest woman's face. It is a pity that there is not some way to drop a dishonored wife, who bears an honored name, or a recreant husband who is known by a military title, from the position upon which he or she has brought reproach, without letting the public into the vile secrets of idle lives lost to sense of decency. A bawd, yet a mother; a courtesan yet a wife, what words will sufficiently execrate the deeds of a woman whose name appears upon the muster roll of vice in the underworld of more than one garrison? Let us hope that the half that has been told in the latest army scandal is untrue and that upon the other half the divorce prayed for will be granted and the Taggart incident will be closed.

A Walla Walla sheepman, who has driven his flocks into Oregon, is protesting payment of the grazing tax which, under the new law is exacted by the state, and will test the law in the courts. Walla Walla sheep men are said to be pasturing about 50,000 head of sheep in Union County, Oregon, and as they pay nothing whatever for the privilege, it would seem eminently proper that they contribute a small grazing tax. If every stock owner in Oregon claimed as much free grazing land as is claimed and used by the cattle and sheep kings of Eastern Oregon and Washington, there would be an insufficient amount of land in the United States. Oregon stockmen would like to be neighborly, but when it comes to admitting thousands of sheep on lands which they need for their own flocks, hospitality is liable to be slightly strained.

The Chinese stevedores and longshoremen at Yokohama have refused to handle freight on the American steamer Manchuria, although the freight was put aboard the steamer by regular members of the "union" in San Francisco. This is the first direct move that has been made in the threatened boycott, and while it displays a feeling of much resentment against the Americans, it will not immediately impair trade relations. If China actually needs American goods, it will probably find some method for unloading them from American steamers, if these are the carriers on which they are sent forward.

John Barrett consoles us with the assurance that China's threat of boycott is exaggerated. From other sources it is announced that the agitation in China for the boycott has been set up by foreign merchants, who see in it a possible means of shutting out American goods. If so, well and good. The United States will make admission of Chinese merchants easier, but not that of coolies. The exclusion law has accomplished its purpose, in shutting out coolies. If need be, it is better to dwell alone in America's corner of the world's housetop than in a wide house, full of Chinese aliens.

The Palouse farmers living in the vicinity of Colfax will organize a bank with a capital of $100,000. Half a dozen years of big crops and high prices have made capitalists out of so many farmers east of the Cascade mountains, that it is not surprising to find many of them developing into bankers. If this wave of agricultural prosperity continues to swell, the wheat kings of the Palouse will soon have such great wealth that they will be invading Wall street with money to lend.

The query how a score of successful men in Portland made their first $1000, might be extended to ask how half a dozen "high financiers" made $6,000,000 out of grafting the public for street car franchises and selling the people's streets to outside capitalists—only the half dozen gentlemen might not tell. It's a fine thing, no doubt, for bringing money into this country and the people can say "We know you're rich, but that don't buy us anything."

Mr. Harriman is due in Portland today. If he wishes to fully understand how much of a mess his hired man Schwerin has made of the steamship business out of Portland, he might get one of those Harriman tickets entitling the purchaser to meals and berth by steamer between Portland and San Francisco, and line up "incog" at the Portland office and demand the accommodations his ticket called for.

The Assessor's census makes the population of Washington County 16,672, a gain of 2206 since the census of 1900—a little more than 15 per cent. This is about the average rate of growth for the state, as the school census shows, from year to year. Forest Grove is the largest town in the county; population, 1620. Hillsboro follows with 1350. Beaverton has 300; Cornelius, 292.

The wonder is not that Miln Dayton lost his life in the third or fourth boating venture in the breakers, but that he escaped his fate before. His death is a sad blow to his parents and sisters and a loss to the community. He stood on the threshold of industrial and business life, well equipped for manly endeavor. He staked all on a reckless venture and lost.

Giving the United States full charge of the fight against yellow fever at New Orleans was a wise act. The federal health service has faced more difficult situations in Cuba and emerged victorious. It will be a matter for national rejoicing if, in this case, like good results shall be achieved.

In the racetrack's advertisement yesterday was this line: "Today the Great Multnomah Handicap." Perhaps the press agent wasn't thinking of Judge Frazer's decision when he mentioned handicap, but it is there just the same.

The Marine Hospital Service has taken charge of the quarantine regulations at New Orleans. This means that those who are in that city will stay in, and those who are out will stay out until further notice.

Secretary Wilson may find comfort in the thought that the troubles of his department are light as compared with those of the late Postmaster-General Payne.

A southern judge epitomizes the chief causes of the divorce evil thus: "Too much dry goods for the women; too much wet goods for the men."

There is widespread if not deep regret that the showers predicted by the local weather bureau failed to materialize.

It is high time that Dr. Depew begin lubricating his vindication department or spring a new joke.

OREGON OZONE.

Sonnets of Sleepyville.

I.

Behold the swain that sitteth on the box
For soap intended, at the corner store;
He doth converse, in language most galore,
Though not so very choice, with 'Squires and Docs,
About the weather. Now and then he knocks
The town a bit; and t'other day he swore
He'd quit the burg, some time, and come no more.
That fellow might as well be in the stocks,
For he is glued to Sleepyville for life.
He'll sit there at the store and chafe and chew,
And cut the soap-box with his pocket-knife,
And maybe carve his name upon it, too;
But carve it high by noble toil and strife
Is something Sleepy Sam will never do.

II.

Observe the merry maiden as she trips
Along the length of Lonesome avenue;
Her eyes the hint of heaven's lovely blue,
Her cheeks the bloom of peaches, and her lips
Delicious—such as eager Summer sips
The nectar from. Ah, Sam! if I were you
I'd quit the soap-box straight away, and woo
That glorious girl; I'd go and stack my chips
Against the grand rewards of honest fame;
I'd work with such a purpose and a will
That I could give her fortune and a name.
But you won't do it—you'll sit there and kill
Time as you always have; you're quite too tame;
You'd rather be the Sage of Sleepyville.

His Intentions Good.

The man with the long hair and the poetic dreamy expression had been arrested for shooting at the Czar.

"Assassin! fiend! base wretch!" cried the enraged Grand Dukes and the three other persons who stood between Nicholas and the people.

"Gentlemen," calmly replied the prisoner, "I assure you that my intentions were perfectly honorable. I am no assassin."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a sculptor, and I merely wanted to make a death mask of His Majesty."

A Yell and a Slogan.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition has offered a prize of $25 for the best yell, to be yelled on Portland day at the Fair, September 30. It is stated that the yell must be of the popular collegiate sort. Here is a suggestion:

Raw! Raw! Raw!
Gee! Whoa! Haw!
Portland! Portland!
Get up there!

And here's another:

Sis! Boom! Aw!
Soak 'im in the jaw,
If he says that Portland ain't
The best he ever saw!

The Exposition also offers $25 for the best slogan for Portland, to offset the celebrated "Watch Tacoma Grow." Here are some samples from which to choose:

See Portland Swell.
Paste Portland in Your Panama.
Land in Portland.
Portland Spells Prosperity.
Pretty Portland Pleases.
Hear Portland Crow.

A Dream of the Star.

(A Song of the Oregon Trail.)

I.

A song of the men who blazed the way!
With hearts that would not quail.
They made brave quest of the wild Northwest,
They cut the forest trail.

Back of them beckoned their kith and kin
And all that they held their own;
Front of them spread the wilderness dread,
And ever the vast Unknown.

But ever they kept their forward course,
And never they thought to lag,
For over them flew the Red, White and Blue
And the dream of a star for the flag!

II.

A cheer for the men who cut the trail!
With souls as firm as steel
And fiery as wrath, they hewed the path
For the coming Commonweal.

And close on the heels of the pioneers
The eager throng closed in
And followed the road to a far abode,
An Empire new to win.

And so they wrought at the end of the trail,
As ever must brave men do,
Till out of the dark there gleamed a spark—
And the dream of the star came true!

III.

A toast to the men who made the road!
And a health to the men who dwell
In the great new land by the heroes planned,
Who have builded it wide and well!

The temple stands where the pine tree stood,
And dim is the ancient trail;
But many and wide are the roads that guide,
And stanch are the ships that sail!

For the land is a grand and goodly land,
And its fruitful fields are tilled
By the sons who see on the flag of the free
The dream of the star fulfilled!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Football Came in Handy.

Boston Transcript.

Ralph H. Evans, of Pottstown, Pa., a couple of years ago was a crack football player. At a late hour the other evening he was going home, when a footpad attempted to hold him up. Evans "tackled" the fellow in old college style, and in about a minute the highwayman was lying in a senseless heap. Then the athlete called an officer, and the marauder now awaits trial.