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.
Daily and Sunday, six months.
Daily and Sunday, three months.
Daily and Sunday, three months.
Daily without Sunday, per year.
Daily without Sunday, six months.
Daily without Sunday, three months.
Daily without Sunday, per months.
Sunday, per year.

Sunday, per year.
Sunday, six months..... Daily without Sunday, per week..... Daily, per week, Sunday included..... THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN. (Issued Every Thursday.)

Weekly, six months Weekly, three months. HOW TO REMIT-Send postoffice money rder, express order or personal check on our local bank. Stamps, coin or currency re at the sender's risk. EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE. The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency-New York, rooms 43-50 Tribune building. Chicago

rooms 510-512 Tribune building. KEPT ON SALE. Chicago — Auditorium Annez, Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street. Benver-Julius Black, Hamilton & Kend-rick, 900-912 Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214 Fifteenth street.

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1905

JEROME AND HEARST,

The population of New York City in 1905 was 3,850,000, of whom one-third were foreign born. With this multitude of its inhabitants direct from the Old World and a still larger number born in this country of foreign parents and ill-assimilated to our National ways and traditions, New York is, nevertheless, the typical American city. Her ideals of what success and happiness mean are those of the whole American people. Her social standards regulate the conduct of refined men and women everywhere in the United States. Her literature is American literature. Her journalism lays down the laws not only of American, but of all journalism though they are reluctantly obeyed and followed with apologies and remorse. Her municipal politics are like seismidisturbances in the ocean which are propagated to the remotest inlets and make or wreck the fortunes of argosies on distant seas. The provided the on distant seas. The protagonists in central figures in the interest of Nation and success in that turbulent and distracted arena makes the name of a politician a household word throughout the United States. She is fertile in criminals, with a genius for organization and leadership, but, on the other hand, it is an unusual political struggle New York which does not bring upo

the stage some man of extraordinary

ability and exalted character who illus

trates with original power the regen-

erative energies inherent in democracy Such a man is Jerome, If he falls short of the highest standard of the American politician it is in mere ability, for he has hitherto given no evidence of that transcendent intellectual power which seems to have vanished from our public life with Webster, Clay and Sumner; nor has Jerome the gift of elonce in any such sense as Wendell Phillips had it, though in the grandeur of his moral worth and courage he is fully the match of that dauntless champion. Jerome's ascendency over his audiences is the result of an inner quality to which his mere printed words Other men have been simple and direct in expression before Jerome. Croker was. Other men have counsed his courage. Parkhurst does. And Parkhurst is a more eloquent man than Jerome, while he probably excels Attorney in the fearless use of Anglo-Saxon epithets. Yet Parkhurst could drop out of New York without changing the fortunes of the present or any future campaign, while the loss of Jerome city, where he stands for all that is high and absolutely noble in municipal life, but also to the whole United States. He will go down into history as the author of a Declaration of Independence not less dramatic than the one that Thomas Paine inspired and Thomas Jefferson cast into literary form, and facts. possibly in its consequences not less salutary to the Nation, Jefferson declared the independene of the Nation from the tyranny of the English monarch; Jerome has declared the independence of American manhood from the tyranny of party names and bosses He dared to stand absolutely upon his record and demand the suffrages of the electors because he deserved them. The every year of our history.

nated Jerome, and this, it is said, assures his election. The assurance is doubtful. Beyond the expectations of in New York politics which disconcerts prophecy and invalidates calculation. The elemental forces of democracy have broken loose. The innumerable dumb units at the base of the social pyramid have found a champion. The figure of William Randolph Hearst rises vast. and possibly sinister, and fills the whole political horizon like the geni from the fisherman's urn. The roaring flood of popular enthusiasm which seems likely to sweep Hearst into office may sweep with him the other candidates upon the municipal ownership ticket, and there is danger that even Jerome may be hurtled to ruin. Straw votes taken in the workshops and stores of New York indicate that the men who labor with their hands are for Hearst, and not merely by majorities, but with unanim ity, as the men of the West are for Roosevelt. Out of \$32 qualified electors in one shop, 825 were for Hearst, and the figures are not unique. As the correspondent of The Oregonian shows,

Republicans have tardily nomi

Mr. Hearst is a man whom nobody

can predict. He stands for the poor against the rich, and yet he has never said a word against honest wealth. All that he has ever said tends strongly toward high ideals in public and private life. He has systematically fought dishonesty and fraud. He has aspired to be the champion of pure democracy against oligarchy. He has spent energy and money to force reluctant courts to deal justly with criminals in high places. In his public conduct he has been guided consistently by these principles. In his periodicals he has invariably advocated them. In the present New York campaign he advocates municipal ownership in its most extreme and relentless form, and he does so with entire consistency. Mr. Hearst is not a man to be lightly estimated. So far as he can be known, the people of New York know him, and their conduct shows that they trust him. His principles have been shouted from the housetop. They can be summed up in two words, "the absolute dominance of the plain people in our Government." this idea the voting population of New York seems to be accepting with something like the enthusiasm that burned in the Crusaders. What New York does sooner or later we all do. If "Hearst and municipal ownership gain the victory there, how long will it be before are victorious throughout the United States? The fortunes of Russia are not the only problem the near future has to solve. Fate is just now propounding some interesting questions to the American autocracy as well as to

IS IT BIG GAME?

A Nimrod who is familiar with his business does not use elephant guns it be known there just what their feelwhen he is hunting snipe. Consequently, when we find mighty hunters abroad in the jungle armed with ele- no doubt lead to more satisfactory comphant guns, the natural inference is that they are not after diminutive sandpipers. This frequently-noticed visits, which is to know and undertrait of mankind is called to mind by an cident in the City Council proceedings Friday. One Thomas R. Sheridan, apparently the promoter of an inoffensive and abbreviated electric line, had apolled for a franchise to enter Portland by way of Front street. This was not a serious offense, and, to the average layman, the request would not appear to be unreasonable, but its appearance stirred up almost as much commotion as a Warsaw riot.

The Harriman transportation lines, or which the sun or the interstate commerce law never sets, unlimbered the big guns of the legal department and their mighty Nimrods, with finger on the trigger, demanded that Mr. Sheridan be driven from cover, so that they might take a shot at him. The game was not flushed at Friday's session of the Council, but the demonstration that was made by representatives of the Harriman lines would certainly indicate that they were expecting something more portentous than an insignificant

electric line from the suburbs. Mr. Gould, after years of fighting, a ast made his way into the rich trade field at Pittsburg by means of an inno-cent - appearing electric line. Mr. Spreckels' abbreviated local road from San Francisco out to the San Joaquin Valley was the entering wedge which the great Santa Fe system drove home to open the way for an opposition route to the Southern Pacific into San Francisco. Can it be possible that Mr. Harriman is making an effort to prevent the history of some other ratirond en-

terprises being repeated in this field? If it should prove to be Mr. Gould who s seeking an entrance to Portland, the legal department might as well lay away the elephant guns and put on life preservers, for they are apt to be conronted with a task similar to that en countered by Mrs. Partington when she attempted to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. Portland needs railroads, and is now quite kindly disposed towards men who will build them

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE MINING CAMP The stage settings of the frontier mining camp, as it has figured for so long in play and story, must all be changed. The styles adapted to the longer even approximately correct. At- of sight of the work of Mr. Morton. tention to this remarkable transformation is called by the death at Goldfield, Nev., and interment in Portland, last from Summer 'round till Spring on the week, of Virgil Earp, one of the old-time "bad men" of the frontier, Mr. Earn, by all the old-established rules of the mining camps where he was best known, should have stepped over to the great beyond with his boots on, and should have been laid to rest near the the independent candidate for District scene of the killing in soil that was the least promising for prospecting. The great, bustling, electric-lighted world with its flying trains, its temples of art and culture, its pleasure and pain. wealth and woe, would have would be irreparable, not only to the known naught of the passing of Mr. Earp until months after the occur-Around this passing the Bret Hartes could have woven almost any kind of a romance, and in the old days there would have been nothing to cast around the yarn the suspicion that it was not in strict accordance with the

Virgil Earp, his brother Wyatt, Bat Masterson, and a few others of their strenuous strain, made considerable dime-novel history through the West, and, in the height of their fame, if the matter of burial was ever suggested to them, it is extremely doubtful if a peaceful cemetery in a civilized city was ever considered as even a possibility for "their first and final rest." importance of his act will increase with | And yet all progress that civilization has made in the mining camps of the West is due to transportation and electricity. Aside from the modern miracles which these two great civilizers have wrought, the camp of Goldfield everybody a new power has appeared is in most respects as crude and raw in New York politics which disconcerts as any of the old frontier gatheringplaces for the turbulent spirits who en-

gaged in the endless search for gold. The Nevada mining metropolis may not contain many such knights of the green cloth as Bret Harte's Oakhurst, but it numbers with its population hundreds of gamblers, with their attendant solled-dove consorts. There is the unlucky miner, the common drunk, the would-be bad man and the real thing in that line. All the human flotsam and jetsam that is ever seeking a chance to lay hold of an unearned dollar is in evidence in the modern mining camp, just as it was in the old days; but modern civilization no longer moves toward a new strike at a snall's pace, as it did when Earp was a young bad man. The tendants; a home where their friends industry of salting claims and selling them to tenderfeet is no longer possible, for the tenderfoot now rides into the camp in a private car and brings his expert with him.

John Oakhurst and the rest of the 'Outcasts of Poker Flat" would never have perished in a snow storm had they understands and whose fortunes none been ordered out of Goldfield, but in-

stead they would have ridden out in a palace car and there would have been no romance left for what has become famous as one of the finest specimens the buffalo to the happy hunting grounds, and the mining camp which made the West famous and picturesque in song and story for more than two generations has undergone such a transformation that, if the ghosts of gone by should now wander back, they would fall to recognize it.

PORTLAND AND OREGON.

The Business Men of Portland are in demand socially. They went to Lewiston and other places in the great Inland Empire, and made so agreeable an impression that they were urged to come again. The fame of the excursion and Its pleasures and triumphs went abroad and there is great anxiety throughout other parts of the Northwest to meet the Portland merchants and jobbers face to face, away from headquarters, with business cares forgotten, and with the simple task of getting better acquainted the first and only consideration. A business man is, after all, a gregarious being, just like the rest of mankind, and he enjoys a good time just as often as he can indulge in it. Here in Portland it has been learned that commerce has a social side, and it is proposed to cultivate it within ranal and sober bounds. The Business Men of Portland did not go to Lewiston to "drum up" business. They went be cause they were deeply interested in all that concerns the great territory east of the mountains, and they desired that ing and attitude are. Wider personal acquaintance and closer social intimacy mercial relations; but that is all a mere incident to the main purpose of such stand one another more perfectly.

Now the Business Men are going up the Williamette Valley to Southern Oregon. They are going to brush elbows exchange confidences, and eat, drink and be merry with their long-time friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens on the south. Portland will run no risks of any misunderstandings with the remainder of the state. What is good for Oregon is good for Portland, and what is good for Portland is good for Oregon. Portland and Oregon are one family, and it is to make certain that there may be no family misunderstandings that the excursion south is to be undertaken.

J. STERLING MORTON.

Yesterday an ex-President of the United States journeyed half-way cross the continent to do honor to his dead friend. The dispatches tell of Mr. Cleveland's remarks at the unveiling of the monument to his Cabinet officer at Arhor Lodge, near Nebraska City, in the state Mr. Morton loved so well and for which he did so much.

J. Sterling Morton was one of a band of young men who settled in Nebraska fifty years ago, Others were Dr. George L. Miller, veteran editor of the Omaha Herald; A. J. Poppleton, for years general counsel of the Union Pacific, and J. M. Woolworth, at one time president of the American Bar Association. It has been said of these four that they molded the young prairie state into lines of greatness and usefulness. This is true; but the work of lasting effect was Mr. Morton's.

There is no doubt the ambition of the young Michigan immigrant was to represent his adopted state in the United States Senate, but the fates willed othrwise. The prairie state looked too the Civil War who enjoyed the benefits of the homestead law to let a Democrat fill the office, and Mr. Morton turned to better things.

Arbor day was his conception, and 'Plant a tree" his motto. It was uphill work at first, but he strove with cheerful pertinacity, in season and out of season, until the day was recognized by law and observed even by the least of the school children. One is never out of sight of a schoolhouse in Nebraska; Beet Harte novel or "Wolfville" are no and by the same token, one is never out

J. Sterling Morton needs no monu ment. They are swaying in the breezes prairies from Red Willow north to the L'eau Qui Court, from the Papillion to beyond the Dismal. In the Winter they break the blasts that would chill the marrow; in the Summer they temper the flery draughts that would burn the substance. And no rounded periods of ponderosity are more eloquent than the murmur of the leaves,

HOME FOR INCURABLE CONSUMPTIVES. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Open-Air Sanitarium, with its limited facilities for the work, is no place for consumptives who have which they require gentle and more or less constant attention, and the ministrations of sympathy. For patients in the early stages of this disease, who are strong enough to sit up all day, to take exercise in the open air or remain out of doors in any and all weather, without chill or discomfort; who can, in common terms, walt upon themselves the Open-Air Sanitarium near this city furnishes in food, in attendance and in other ways, facilities for restoration to health that are of inestimable value. The success of this institution, in its less than a year of existence, with patients of this class, has been not only gratifying, but, in a remarkable degree,

satisfactory. With the other class-those who have eached the pitifully helpless and hopeess state, known as the third stage of this disease, it is quite otherwise. To place such persons in tents in the woods, where they are merely fed at stated intervals and left entirely to themselves and their own poor devices. is neither kind nor humane. It is but fair to say in this connection that the Open-Air Sanitarium was not established with the view to taking this class of patients, and its management has from the first only reluctantly consentto take them. Special facilities, neither preventive nor remedial, but simply palliative and humane, are nec essary for the care of patients who have reached this stage. These can only be furnished by a home for such persons-a quiet but not a too-secluded place-where such needs as they have may be supplied by cheerful, kind atand acquaintances may call upon them. bring them flowers, fruit or other little remembrances; where they may associate together, when congenial, without the feeling that they are shunned because of possible contagion, and finally where, when the final moment comes,

community will have and support a home of this kind, managed by a committee of men and women-the latter to look after the details that escape of American fiction. The bad men of the attention of the former from their the West have followed the Indian and habit of taking the larger view of matters under their direction. In the meantime, pending the establishment of such a retreat for hopeless and homeless consumptives, it would undoubtedly add to the comfort of such patients in the Open-Air Sanitarium if from three to the men who made it strenuous in days five capable, energetic, observant and humane women were added to the board of control of that promising institution, whose duty it would be to visit systematically and report fully upon the details of daily life and incidents of those who dwell in this colony of hope and refuge of despair-the Open-Air Sanitarium.

DESIGN.

"This world," says the familiar hymn, "is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given." Shakespeare hints at the same view of things in the famous passage where Prospero declares of the great globe, with all upon it which seems most solid, that it shall dissolve and fade like an insubstantial pageant, leaving not a rack behind. From the oldest times the notion has floated about on the shifting seas of philosophy that mind is the only reality and matter a mere product of thought whose independent existence was an illusion, Thousands of years before the apocalyptic vision was vouchsafed to Mrs. Eddy an old Greek, Parmenides, taught that thought and being were the same thing. "To gar auto noein estin te kai to einai," said this pre-Eddyite Christian Scientist, and his words being translated mean nothing more nor less than that the belief in matter is a disease of mortal mind. But this fact need not shake our faith in Mrs. Eddy's inspiration. 'The Golden Rule has been discovered, born likewise before its full period, among the precepts of Confucius; and the tragedy of the crucifixion was rehearsed some score of times in many lands and by many Messiahs before it actually took place in Palestine; but we are none the less Christians for all that, and why should we be any the less Christian Scientists merely because Mrs. Eddy's revelation contains nothing not known centuries before?

The world seems solld and the mind that we call solidity, it is only a feeling, is within the mind and not outside know not and shall never know. Bishop Berkeley taught that there was nothing exist. He is the most ridiculed of philosophers, but at the same time the most convinced by him, but also that nobody could refute him. Berkeley explained follow, his system to the famous Club, Johnson being present. "Don't go," cried Johnthe door. "Don't go. We might stop Berkeley meant was something different. His notion was that the necessary and that whether men remembered or forgot made no difference.

We shall never know whether Bishop Berkeley, Parmenides and Mrs. Eddy are right or wrong, but for all practical purposes it is exactly the same to us as if they were right. All we know or can ever know of the universe is the states of mind it excites in us. - We know our own states of mind; to know anything else is forever impossible. outside the mind. To deny it would be folly as great as to assert it. And it may be that this universe acting on the mind sets up the series of mental states which we call experience and whose sum total is the world we partly know and partly hope to know, in which all the investigations of science are carried on. Let us accept the theory that there is such a real world outside the mind, If it exists it was designed by a rational creator. That is what we undertake to prove; and we enter upon the undertaking with the full knowledge that the design theory is out of fashion, though not so much so as in the halcyon days of the later nineteenth century when Evolution was in full bloom. The presence of what seemed evident design in the universe was used by writers like Paley to prove the exist ence of God. The evolutionists held that the argument was invalld because the apparent design was illusory Things had come to be as they were by the process of natural selection. The results looked like design; but only so because everything which did not jibe with everything else had been destroyed by natural selection. Nothing was left except what fitted exactly into a rational system; therefore the system looked as if it had been designed by a reached the stage in their disease in rational creator. But it had never been so designed; the appearance was a mere illusion. Thus Evolution made short work of the most impressive of all the arguments for the existence of a rational creator who had built the universe according to design. What do we mean by Natural Selec-

tion? We mean by that phrase, "The method of action of the forces of Nature upon living objects." Acting upon living objects and upon all other objects, these forces produce results which look exactly as if they had been designed. The structure of the universe is thoroughly rational. Every new fact discovered fits in rationally with all other facts. Investigating as they may, scientists find nothing in the universe which might not be part of a plan designed by a rational being. The universe acts also just as if it were rational. The instinct of animals, blind as it appears, reaches upon the whole rational results. The movements of the heavenly bodies obey the rules of formai logic, or, in other words, of mathematics; and those rules are rules of thought. The ways things have of happening in the world are so thoroughly gical that we have stated them in logical formulas. We call these formulas "laws of Nature," but they are, in realty, laws of thought. The very fact that we make this transfer wonderfully emphasizes the apparent rationality of Nature. Its activity is so much like the activity of mind that we identify the two and speak of "laws" governing Nature, whereas the word "law" inevitably implies thought. Now natural forces, acting, as these do, invariably in such a way as to produce the identical results that design would have produced, must be acting under design. It is a rule of logic and of comm sense as well, that two things which cannot in any way be distinguished must be the same thing. A universe which cannot be distinguished from one

say that the appearance of design is produced by natural forces acting under necessity. "Necessity" has no meaning. It is a word without content to which defeated athelsm betakes itself when it has no other refuge. Natural forces which produce exactly the same results as design must be modes of activity of intelligent will. they accomplish obeys in all respects the laws of rational thought; it must therefore have been devised by a rational thinker.

A late number of Charities, exponent

THE NEGRO IN NORTHERN CITIES.

of the organized charities of New York City, is devoted to a presentment of the 'Negro in the Cities of the North," and somewhat wide discussion of the various phases of this problem. From this presentment it is seen that in these citles the negro has a more severe struggle for mere existence than he Southern towns or on Southern plantations, to the latter of which he may be said to be indigenous. The high death rates, especially among negro children, in this new and, in a sense, foreign environment, reflect in a striking and most conclusive manner the kind and degree of this struggle. The negro population has been increased in Chicago by the movement northward of these people in relatively recent years to 35. 000; that in New York to 70,000, and to other cities of the North and East in like proportion. This population is not generally diffused throughout the cities, but is gathered largely into colonies. The National capital, for example, contains the largest negro city in the world, while on every hand are detached individuals working, seeking work or claim-

All conditions of life are found among these people, from poverty the most abject to a fair degree of prosperity, and from ignorance the most dense to a degree of intelligence at times quite surprising. The studies of this complex problem are grouped about two words-'opportunity" and "responsibility." In his deprivation of the one or the other. according to the estimate given, lies much that proclaims the negro to be a human animal, actuated by motives and hounded by necessities that are common to struggles of all races for the right to live and grow. When, for example, the negro in the Northern city is excluded from industrial opportuniseems thin and airy, but the feeling ties, the negro strikebreaker is developed; when kept from decent streets and herded with the worst of his own it; and whether or not there is anything | race, and of all races, the negro crimat all outside to cause the feeling we sinal is bred; when earning only the wages of the menial, restricted by the uncompromising law of supply and deoutside the mind, and that when a mand, the working mother and the negthing ceased to be thought it ceased to lected and broken home is developed. When, on the other hand, the negro father is not held to the same accountlogical. Byron said that nobody was ability as the white breadwinner, wife desertion, illegitimacy and kindred ills

With these fundamental facts as a basis, the attempt to study this quesson, as the philosopher turned toward tion proceeds, and the conclusions reached are not all discouraging. It thinking about you, and then you would has been found that, as a haven for perish." But the kind of thinking negroes unable to bear up under the pressure of new industrial conditions in the South, the Northern city is no soluthought persisted in the mind of God. | tion. On the contrary, this study does much to confirm the expressed belief of Booker T. Washington that the masses of colored people are not yet fitted to survive and prosper in the great Northern cities to which so many of them are flocking. The optimist sees, however, many indications of the beginnings of progress toward a far-off solution of a perplexing condition. The scientific presumption is that the negro has the inherent capacity for progress -for civilization. How far and in what by his struggle, his opportunity and his quite a loss unless, relief is forthcoming environment in Northern cities is a matter largely of opinion. But it may be regarded as true that the general antipathy of the people of the North to the negro as a neighbor, a citizen, a craftsman, a factor in general industrial life, is quite as pronounced as it is in the South, and that as many and as formidable obstacles to advancement are placed in his way in Northern cities as he has found in the South, and that finally it is a mistake for him to leave the easygoing conditions in which he was born for the more strenuous life for which he has neither training nor special adaptability.

BRITISH COAL.

More coal was taken from the mines of the United Kingdom last year than in any previous year on record. The total, according to the returns at the home office, amounted to 232,428,272 tons. Of this enormous bulk 65,822,035 tons were sent abroad, of which 4,255,547 tons were sold to other nations and the remainder was sent to coaling stations throughout the kingdom.

Great Britain may be depended upon not to be caught short on coal for her navy, no matter where the supply station is located. Johnny Bull is first of all a good provider for his own immense and widely scattered family. He sees that each branch is well equipped and requires prompt service from each in the event of an always possible emergency. To the admonition, "In time of peace prepare for war," the British government gives careful heed in all matters pertaining to its navy, the breath of whose life depends upon the coal supply.

The anxious statistician will doubtless follow this report with calculations and warnings in regard to the world's coal supply and its possible exhaustion a century or two, or five, hence. But this will have no effect upon the demand of the present century for coal to stoke the furnaces of the world's navies, of its commerce and of its manufacturing plants. Supply will follow this demand. leaving succeeding ages to work out. according to their own needs and through their own ingenuity, the great problems of fuel and force,

DARK DAYS IN RUSSIA.

There are worse fates than to have been penned up at Port Arthur or Vladivostok, with a mighty army of terrible Japs pounding at the gates. One might be a Russian be obliged to live in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Kieff, or Reval. One might have died gloriously in Manchuria fighting for a country that cared nothing for him; but he can only die ignominiously if he fights for freedom against the sanguinary and brutal Cossacks. The revolutionists have no arms, no weapons, nothing but dynamite and an invincible will to overthrow the dea potism and to perish. If the Russian revolutionists had an army, they might accomplish something. But they are only an unarmed and desperate mob. designed by a rational mind must have and can only be martyrs, unnamed, un-It will come to it that every humane | been so designed. It is of no avail to honored and soon forgotten. The out- us. Or, perhaps, he only fears to

look for Russia in any event is very dark. The imperial hopes are all on Witte, again the man-the only manof the hour in Russia. Without him nothing could be done by the Romanoffs. With him much may be done. Ye Witte knows if he saves the day the royal favor is so fickle that he may soon be dishonored. But he sees his duty and does it.

Ex-Governor James S. Hogg, Texas, has brought suit for \$100,000 damages against a railroad company of his state for an accident upon its road in which he received, while a passenger between Houston and Anchor njuries that developed into dropsy. He states in the complaint that, as the result of a severe jolt caused by a colision of the passenger with a freight train on the company's tracks, his neck was wrenched and twisted, causing the tissues of his body to become filled with an unnatural collection of water, to his great discomfort and suffering. The medical expert will be largely in evidence in this trial, to the bewilderment rather than the enlightenment of the jury. The plaintiff is critically ill, and s not likely to survive the long controversy between lawyers and doctors which his claim will engender.

Victoria sealers have just purchased large new schooner at Hallfax, N. S., off Cape Horn. All of the schooners that have hunted in these southern haunts of the seal since the brandingiron of the fur monopoly frightened the furbearers from the Pribliof Islands have made profitable catches. This offers ample proof of the sealers' contention that pelagic sealing has not materially reduced the size of the fur seal herd, although they have been driven to new haunts where the cruel branding-iron is not in use. The Victorians who have invested their money in the new schooner are among the oldest operators in the business, and undoubtedly know that they are not putting their money into a dying industry.

Among other modifications which it is proposed to make in the Chinese exclusion act is one providing for the abolishment of the \$600 bond now required of the transportation companies that handle Chinese "In transit." The experience of the past in handling Chinese who enter this country without the treaty right to do so has proved that a loophole of this nature will be sufficient to admit of some wholesale impor tations of Chinamen, who will get lost "In transit" and will turn up later as merchants. Among the many questions that will add to the galety of nations during the coming session of Congress, that of Chinese exclusion will not be the least in importance.

Russia's Black Sea fleet has out to sea and is supposed to be heading for Turkey for the purpose of making a demonstration in case the "sick man" refuses to obey the request of the powers for financial reforms in Macedonia. It is undoubtedly very gratifying for the Czar to learn that he still possesses enough of a navy to answer the purpose of messenger boy for other powers. The formidable fleet might even whip Turkey in case the bluff was "called," although the battleship Kniaz Potemkin, which was captured by a mutinous able seaman several weeks ago, is not with And so, I know that death does not end the fleet at present.

And now the stockmen of Eastern Oregon have joined the ranks of those who are clamoring for cars. Thousands | About a feeling he had got. of head of cattle, sheep and horses are He printed it into a book said to be awaiting shipment in Baker County and the stockmen will suffer shortly. The car shortage is now affecting three of the greatest industries | Maybe it's poetry, maybe not. in the Northwest-lumber, wheat and If I had time I'd like to cook stock. These industries overshadow most of the others to such an extent that if there is a demand for cars in Just now, however, I'm trying to hook other lines, it is not sufficiently pronounced to attract much attention.

The chief offense of Professor Mitchell, now on trial before the college of hishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church for heresy, is found in a book which he published under the farsounding title "The Words Before Abraham." If, as a result of this trial, Professor Mitchell is forced to vacate the chair of Hebrew in the Boston University, he will doubtless find pecuniary satisfaction in the increased sale of his book.

Governor Folk has heard the Macedonian cry to come to New York and help out Jerome. The Globe-Democrat unkindly intimates that he is oulte likely to go, provided that he can be convinced that he will do Jerome no good. But Jerome needs no such aid from any Missouri Democrat. The New York Democrats are his great concern.

You will be instructed, edified and interested in reading an article today on the question as to whether angels are masculine, feminine or neuter. There may be some doubt about the sex of angels-that is, about what Huck Finn would call just common angels. there is none about fallen angels.

It may develop that a "capable, impartial person" has already investigated the McLoughlin story, and has incorporated it in an article of some 35,-000 words. Many persons think the "capable, impartial person's" name is Fred V. Holman.

We suppose that Oswego and its justly celebrated iron plant will be included in Engineer Clarke's proposed itinerary to investigate the water-pipe situation. Don't overlook the Oswego that is not the place that made starch famous.

"Remember," said Count Witte, to a

dents to whom he gave audience a week ago, "the government may fall, but into the hands of the bourgeoise." Candidate Hearst has a walkover in

the straw-vote canvass for Mayor of

New York. But somehow Tammany

refuses to look upon the matter as set-An enthusiastic Texan at the Chicago rate conference says the President will surely carry Texas the next time. No

doubt about it. And the Gulf of Mex-

Whatever else happens, President Mc-Curdy knows more about the insurance business than when the investigation began.

Mr. Harriman thinks an era of competitive railroad construction is upon

SILHOUETTES

Roosevelt was 47 yesterday. In three years he will have reached the age of discretion.

Idaho seems to have land-fraud troubles of her own. Perhaps she'd like to borrow our sackcloth and ashes.

A man named Rogoway was acquitted by an Albany court a day or two ago. He was not the man who dramatized "The Conquest," nowever.

Japan met her first defeat Friday at the hands of Judge Stewart, of Boise, who decided that Japs cannot become citizens of the United States. My hat is off to Judge Stewart.

The Portland team plays ball like the old woman in Indiana kept hotel-only some worse.

I see that O'Brien has been in another prizefight. I didn't know before that the general manager of the O. R. & N. was so versatile.

Burly Bandit Bitten.

Did you ever bite a bandit, Did you ever tame a thief, Did you ever slap a robber on the wrist? Did you ever hold a hold-up. Did you ever pinch a pirate;

and will fit her out for a sealing cruise Did you ever strike a striker with your

If you never did you cannot be a hero Your percentages are all below the zero Point. The moral of this tattle Suggests a tale of battle

That the papers print as coming from Seattle. . . .

E. H. Harriman comes back from the Orient to say that he sees an era of railroad building in the immediate future. Oregon doesn't care much now what he sees. It is tired of waiting for him to see that era. However, we can appreciate the advantage of travel to a provincial.

Fine Was It Then.

How long ago was this old world voung? How many years since the morning

stars sang? And what was the hour the solem

bells rang The death-knell of youth and the race begun

To look to the East; to hark back always And to bore us with talk of "the good old days?"

If Death Ends All.

If death ends all. Why then comes back again This longing just to see your face: This ever-throbbing ache of heart; This pain of tear-blurred eyes; That grope into the future for a light: This unassuaged desire to see your smile?

If death ends all. Why in this room tonight Is thy sweet presence manifest-A gentle guidance that would show the

right And whispers to me through the dusk of night?

No, death does not end all. Else would this memory-call of thine and mine Come back unanswered.

My minister, thou makest me to trust, all.

It Didn't Make a Hit.

Young Omar wrote a rubaiyat And then his pen in hand h And sent it to a girl he'd shook.

She answered back: "I've read your rot Up some verses that would look As lame as yours and tell a lot. Onto a husband who'd be hot If we started a correspondence rubaiyat."

The Fate of Mazie.

Mazle was a palmist Who might have been a psalmist If she hadn't met a literary feller, Who in the calmest kind of manner, In the very best of grammar. Sang a love-song that was very, very

Then by way of a digression Of his lucrative profession He proceeded very soon a yarn to land. She was interested at once, Mazie was a silly dunce.

So she promised to go with him hand in

They were married that-a-way And the neighbors now all say When pointers to young palmists they are giving:

"If you marry literary you will find you haven't 'ary A thing to live on but a sonnet or a lay Maxie met up with a psalmist

Whose demeanor was the calmest And, honest, she's a palmist to this day."

Helpful Henry's Helps for the Helpless.

TO AILEENE-My dear girl, yours is certainly an unhappy lot. I feel a deep sympathy for you. However, I would advise that, instead of reading Bertha M. Clay for consolation, you try a course of Marie Corelli. You say you are 19 and the eldest of six children, that your nose is pug and that your eyes don't track, but that you yearn to be a beautiful young heiress. Since your father is working for fifteen per week in the packing-house, I that the action of your mother in requiring you to get up in the morning at 9:30 and wash the dishes is simply intolerable. If, as you say, your musical ability is such that you play Narcissus on deputation of railroad men and stu- the pi-ano without looking on the music, you might run away from home and be come a pipe-organist in a church. That with it you will perish also by playing is a job where you don't have to look very good.

> A freak Turk, who is too lazy to work and goes about addressing things, says that the women of America are not in it with the Sultan's harem beauties, or words to that effect. He calls himself John the Baptist, or something like that, The locust and wild-honey treatment is far too good for the likes of him. ARTHUR A. GREENE.

Drawing the Line.

Chicago News.

Young Slopay was courting the daughter of his former tailor. "Darling," he said, "I hope you will learn to love and trust me."

"Well," replied the fair object of his affections, "I'm sure I can learn to love you all right, but papa says you are not to be trusted."