

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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Let others frame their creeds; mine is to work. To do my best, however far it fall. Below the keener craft of stronger hands.

UNMERITED PRAISE OF CONGRESS.

The Republican press of the country is now engaged in administering a coat of whitewash to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and is proclaiming that it has made a record upon which the party can safely go before the public in the next elections.

But for the obstructive tactics of Republican Senators, there would have been no necessity for the extra session of the Senate, called by President Roosevelt. It remains to be seen whether even now the purposes for which this extra session was called will be accomplished.

President Roosevelt realized the necessity of anti-trust legislation, and but for his determined attitude the Republican majority in Congress would have left the subject entirely untouched.

SENATOR GORMAN.

After an absence of four years Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland again resumes his seat in the United States Senate. Mr. Gorman was sworn in last week and was accorded a tremendous ovation as he appeared on the floor of the Senate chamber.

During the interim, in which Senator Gorman's seat was occupied by a representative of the opposite party, placed there by political chance and the heavy Republican landslide four years ago, Maryland did not have the brilliant representation that it enjoyed when Senator Gorman was in power.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COLUMBIA.

Washington advises afford strong ground for the expectation that the Government will soon enter upon the great work of improving the mouth of the Columbia. The Secretary of War now has under consideration the report of the Board of Engineers, recommending the construction of jetties, and he has assured Senator Mitchell and Senator Fulton that he will reach a decision within 10 days.

The Government is expending very large sums in river and harbor improvement, but it is doubtful whether there is a single case where a similar expenditure will give as great and as beneficial results as in the opening of the Columbia River.

The Journal has had frequent occasion to comment upon the necessity of improving Oregon's great waterway. The people of the State will certainly hold the Republican administration responsible, if with all its tremendous outlay of public funds, it is neglectful of this crying need.

The Sultan of Turkey evidently expects to crush out the insurrection in Macedonia without any interference from the powers. He doubtless expects the usual flood of diplomatic protests, joint notes and ultimatums, all of which he will calmly ignore.

Those insubordinate boys and girls at Oregon City who are seeking to compel redress of their supposed grievances by refusing to attend school, are not likely to get much sympathy.

In spite of the vaunted anti-trust legislation by Congress, there are no signs of panic among the trust magnates.

It took a century for this Government to pacify the American Indians. Will it take as long to pacify the Filipinos?

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but in many instances the mills of American justice grind much slower still. Witness the case of Cordelia Botkin.

For several years she has been deprived of her liberty and the state in which she is under arrest has been put to the expense of tens of thousands of dollars in the several trials—and still the question is not finally solved whether she is guilty or innocent.

It is not necessary for us to pass upon the guilt or innocence of Cordelia Botkin, but it is perfectly plain that she cannot be both guilty and innocent at one and the same time, and if the former, she has lived too long for the crime with which she is charged is sufficiently heinous to warrant hanging, if anyone should hang.

ARTS RAISE CROPS.

Recent study of ants has added another to the many facts that show the intelligence these insects possess. This is the fact that they plant their own crops.

The big leaf-cutting ant of the tropics is the most prolific species in the agricultural line. These ants visit plants and cut little fragments out of the leaves. Some times they will run a whole plantation over night, leaving the plants with ragged fragments of their foliage.

Until recently it was supposed that the leaf-cutters ate the pieces of leaf. But now it is known that they carry the fragments to their mounds, where they chew them over and over, moistening them at the same time with acid secretions until they have made a soft spongy mass. This is kneaded and worked over and over again until it is a big heap full of small holes.

In this spongy mass the ants deposit the spores of a certain fungus which forms the greater part of their food supply. Different species of ants have different species of fungus.

Chinese Newspapers.

There have recently come to our attention the first issues of three magazines in classical Chinese: The True Light, a monthly magazine published by the American Baptist Mission in Canton; China's Young Men, also a monthly, published by the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. in China.

The first of these is, of course, devoted mainly to the interests of the Baptist Churches in the Canton province and the Chinese Literary Digest, Graves, one of the best magazines in South China, in connection with this undertaking, is sufficient guarantee of its success.

The second is published bi-monthly and, as its name indicates, is devoted to the interests of the young men in China, and the third is devoted to the interests of the young men in China, and the third is devoted to the interests of the young men in China.

The Shanghai Mercury of May 5, says that "if some philanthropist would only supply a daily under proper foreign editorship with the news of war until it was fairly on its feet, it needs no gift of precience to see that such a paper would in a few years have a million subscribers, and we don't know how many million readers in every province of the Empire."

The reputation of the former signer for veracity is high and his news would be read with confidence. But, more, it would contain, besides a leading article, really leading somewhere, plenty of other useful information now conspicuous by its absence in the usual native paper.

BAR PILOTAGE BUSINESS.

ASTORIA, Ore., March 9.—The control of the bar pilots has always been a prolific source of trouble, and of more or less scandal. Whenever the subject is broached here, invariably creep into the conversation intimations that make one wonder whether or not it is possible to handle the business without these deplorable conditions remaining.

However, it has been the avowed intention of Governor Chamberlain to cause an administration such as will eradicate these abuses, if they exist, and elevate the pilotage business in the estimation of the people of Astoria and of those who go down to the sea in ships. With that end in view, the Governor appointed the following commission under the law of 1893, now in force:

Captain J. E. Campbell, George Noland of Astoria, and Sylvester Farrell of Portland. The board, that served under Governor Geer was: E. W. Tallant, Martin Ford of Astoria, and Sylvester Farrell, the last named being reappointed by Governor Chamberlain.

The impression is general here that Mr. Farrell, the Portland member, has not been consulted by the two Astoria members in any matters relating to the pilotage of the bar, but has been compelled to confine his attention to the river pilotage.

The San Jose was bought in San Francisco about 10 years ago. Connected with that purchase is one of the many allegations of "graft" that are incidental to all Astoria conversations about the pilotage. It is alleged that the San Jose was bought after a former schooner was lost. A man was sent to San Francisco to buy a schooner. The San Jose was lying in the harbor, bearing a sign, "This schooner for sale for \$4,500."

The sale was consummated by authority of a resolution which was adopted by the Legislature during the confusion of the closing hours. Few persons here know of the proposal to sell it. It is understood here that Governor Chamberlain learned of it only three or four days ago when informed thereof by an Astoria citizen who was in Salem.

"The sale of the San Jose," said Captain Campbell, "was a great surprise to me. I am not sure I care to serve now that the schooner has been sold. By expecting it to be sold, I have had to make up my mind to do that, and here it is ready for use next fall. Now, there is only the pilot schooner, the Pultizer, in use. It is owned by the pilots. Of course there should be two pilot boats, one cruising north and one south during the winter season, and the other will present the same case. For it is now the pilot boat is controlled by the pilots and the commission is not in a very strong position to give a good administration. There's something wrong about the sale of that schooner."

The importance of all these matters to Portland has been pointed out by the fact that the whole subject is wrapped in mystery and clouded with charge and countercharge. Every citizen takes a view different from that of every other citizen. So that it calls for somewhat of moral courage and public spirit to serve on the Oregon Commission.

WORK OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., secretary of the Evangelistic Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, is now conducting a series of services in Toledo, Ohio. In the course of his address to a large assemblage of men Saturday afternoon, he declared that the spirit of evangelism was not dead among the men of the great cities of North America, and cited the remarkable work that has been developed in the last few years by the Young Men's Christian Association in its special evangelistic meetings for men. He said:

"I have been connected with the Young Men's Christian Association from my youth up and intimately associated with them in their work for young men. They have always been intensely earnest in their evangelistic effort, and have constantly studied the needs as well as the temptations of the young men. In the present time they have adapted their services to reach the largest number of men of the cities, railroads, and colleges of the country. Since the appointment of specialists to conduct these meetings four years ago, immense men's meetings in theatres have been developed and sustained Sunday after Sunday, crowding in the largest theatres in the cities."

"I am indeed surprised myself that even in the City of Washington, a place which has been supposed to be the least responsive to evangelistic effort, to find that for two years a great service has been held with an attendance of over 2,000 men, and that during the winter of 1900-1901, most men in Washington are found in constant attendance, participating in the actual service with the enthusiasm which characterized the old Moody meetings. Since January 1, 300 men have in these meetings declared their purpose of leading Christian lives."

"In the old City of Baltimore a series of men's meetings has been averaging over 1,000 men each week. Here over 600 men have signed cards expressing the purpose of leading a Christian life since November 1, and pastors report constant accessions to their churches through these services. Conservative old Springfield, Mass., offers services over 1,500 men at a week for three months, and in New York, Carnegie Hall is often packed with great audiences of men, who listen to the discussions of great moral questions. Indeed, the associations spare no expense of effort or money for those seeking to bring the best music, intellectual and business life of their communities. They are often circulating 40,000 invitations for a single service besides posters, newspaper advertising, etc., to attract the attention and attendance of men."

"In some places as few as 200 men are engaged on different committees working up these meetings. The addresses for the most part are straightforward, virile, manly appeals to the brains and consciences of men, and without wavering or apology men are urged to take an immediate stand for what is clean, manly and Christian. Probably the man who is most successful in this work for men in this country is Fred B. Smith. For at least 45 Sundays in the year he is addressing audiences of 500 to 3,000 men, and last year over 1,200 men expressed their purpose to lead a Christian life at meetings conducted by him. No small proportion of these men are leaders in the social, intellectual and business life of their communities. This is one of the most encouraging demonstrations of the fact that the old Gospel has not lost its power, and where men unite with courage and power in undertaking of large purpose, large results follow. We are not in the work for men in this country as far as it is possible in every city and town in this country."

IS MAYOR.

John Weaver, who has just been elected Mayor of Philadelphia, is one of the most able men who ever served in that office. He was formerly Philadelphia's District Attorney.



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HUNTS WITH A CAMERA.

Of all the forms of game that flee before the gunnery of the camera, the shyest and wariest is not the creature of the forest or stream, but the ordinary imported Chinaman. Between lack of comprehension and superstitious fear, he regards the little machine with the snapping shutter in a spirit of mingled awe and hatred. That is why good photographs of American Chinamen are so rare.

Arnold Genthe of San Francisco. Mr. Genthe has tramped through the almost unknown parts of Mexico, studying the inhabitants; he has carried his cameras into unmapped regions of the Sierras, and has had the wild beasts of the country sit unconsciously to him for their portraits; but when he feels his wits sharpened for particularly difficult work he puts his smallest picture taking apparatus in his pocket and goes down into San Francisco's Chinatown.

There he passes for a collector of curios and rare prints, as, indeed, he is. After visiting a few of the shops he takes up a position on a corner where the light is favorable and where he himself is not too conspicuous. Past him flows the unceasing business and pleasure of the Oriental quarter. It may be 15 minutes or half an hour, or even an hour before some eddy of slanted humanity will present the phase that he wants. Then comes the sharp click of the shutter, fortunately unheard, as a rule, in the bustle of traffic.

Patience is the main requisite for this work, and it often happens that a morning's work will not bring out one first class photograph. In the course of the recent New Year's festivities he took several pictures, showing the festive life there; men, women and children in the gayest of rich apparel celebrating Chinatown's great day.

In all his pictures, however, one notices at least one face on which is imprinted an expression of startled wrath and alarm; sometimes even of murderous hatred. It is the face of the man who has seen, too late, that he is being photographed. Sometimes the hands are half raised and outstretched. In one picture, a Chinese mother is pathetically grasping at her little child to turn its face from the American devil machine.

There is not for Mr. Genthe's powerful build and unmistakable athletic bearing, he would probably lose many of his pictures at the hands of the subjects, and perhaps come to injury himself. As it is, he is by no means safe in Chinatown, now that he is becoming so well known there.

Just what the objection of the Mongols is to being photographed Mr. Genthe has not been able to determine, though many of them have talked to him and protested against his work. They seem to believe that the production of the picture implies a lessening of their own vitality and force, as if a man were made up of a multitude of thin layers and one layer were taken, they would be fixed upon a glass plate. Even the cultivated Chinamen have this dread of the camera.

Once, after Mr. Genthe had secured an excellent street picture and was enlarging it, a polite and richly dressed Chinaman called upon him. The wilder of the camera at once recognized his face as one which, in the picture, was a distorted mass of wistful emotions. "How much do you want for the picture you took of me?" asked the visitor in good English. "It is not for sale," explained Mr. Genthe. "If you wish a print you are welcome to one."

"No! I want the plate that makes the pictures." "No, I'm sorry, but I can't let you have that." "How much does he give you for it?" demanded the Chinaman, suddenly, after a pause. "Who?" "Lo Chung Kih." "I don't know him." "He is my enemy. He must not have the pictures. What use might he not make of it against me? I will pay you more than he." "Please understand," said Mr. Genthe, "that this picture is not for sale to you or Mr. Chi, or any one else. It is for my own collection." "I am sorry," said Mr. Genthe, "but this picture could determine, he believed that his enemy, by obtaining the picture, could practice tortures upon it, which inflictions would be repeated on the person of the original and cause him to pine away."

WEGGING IN THE SNOW.

The News takes pleasure in presenting the first fully authenticated and conclusively proven snake story of the season. Like all good tales, it comes from Canal, noted for woodchucks and chipmunks. On Saturday, S. D. Hasson, well known in this city, started to drive to Utica, and when in the vicinity of the Luce farm he saw a snake crawling on the snow. It had been lying on a rock sunning itself and had started for its winter home when Sam discovered it. He took his buggy home and threw the animal into his sleigh. It measured three feet in length, and was quite angry when captured.

JUST AT ALKALI.

Alkali is a stockman's station in mid-desert in Lake County. It is about 75 miles from Lakeview and 40 miles from Paisley. The nearest point to other water is at the head of Albert Lake to the south and about 25 miles. Alkali is the last stopping place where there is water on the route from civilization to the desert. It is in the center of a great alkali bed, the plains for many miles around being covered with the white substance, giving it the appearance from a distance of great snow beds. In the center of this waste a mammoth spring boils forth, sending out a stream of pure water which is soon absorbed by the alkali and dry sands.

The Host and His Station. James Johnson, a whitehead old man known throughout the country as "Uncle Jimmie," keeps the shack at Alkali. The station consists of a 10-room shack, a few haystacks and a watering place for horses. It was established exclusively for stockmen, mostly sheepmen, the only persons who ever venture that way, save an occasional trapper. "Uncle Jimmie" remains at this station year in and year out, though there are times that he does not see a human being for weeks. In the fall and spring it is lively at Alkali, because the winter travel is scarce, and in mid-summer a visitor is a novelty to the old man. The sheepmen go to the desert early in the fall to take advantage of the winter range. At this season of the year the snow falls and melts, producing through the winter the sheep thrive on this grass and eat snow in the adjoining mountains and foothills for water. By the time spring is open the grass is all gone and the sheepmen drive their flocks from the desert before the scorching sun kills everything in the way of vegetation and dries away the snow and water. As these sheepmen come and go Uncle Jimmie has his hands full entertaining them. He knows every man from one end of the desert to the other, and all speak well of Uncle Jimmie.

Bureau of Information. The old man just suits the place. He remembers everything he hears, is a fairly good cook, always good natured and makes his guests feel at home. His breakfast may be a little yellow with soda, his bacon may be a little too brown, his coffee may be a little too black, for his condensed milk gives out occasionally, but Uncle Jimmie makes up for these defects in some way. He will surprise his guests with fried duck for supper occasionally, or give them boiled eggs for breakfast like a rice pudding. It might not look tempting to the rugged stockman at home, but after months of camping out and eating the same grub, Uncle Jimmie's meals is considered a treat from many points of view.

Then he knows the news. He is a gossip by nature. He remembers everything each guest says, it matters not how many of them there may be at one time, and he tells the news to them when they are gone. He did and said. If one man brings in news from civilization about the wars and politics and social events of the kind that interests these people, Uncle Jimmie repeats it all to future guests until he gets something better. Then occasionally some one leaves a newspaper with Uncle Jimmie. That he gets it committed to memory and if it chances to be worn out when the next news come, he tells them what was in it.

He has many diversions during the long periods of loneliness. He has his dogs, his cats, chickens, ducks and geese and he is surrounded by coyotes. He has made some extra money trapping these animals. There are occasional wildcat and sells its hide. The outside of his shack is covered with hides and all kinds of ugly traps. He has two or three old-fashioned guns, but he is a dead shot with them. He hunts for geese and ducks and better than any other in the neighborhood. How Uncle Jimmie catches fish and kills ducks and geese out on the desert is a mystery to the stranger, but Uncle Jimmie soon convinces one that he does it. The spring boils forth from a crater-like opening in the ground. The hole is 20 or 30 feet across and of unknown depth. Uncle Jimmie has thrown up a circular embankment around the spring which gives it the appearance of the inside of a circus ring, except that it is full of water to the top. A ditch out through this dam enables the old man to irrigate a small garden spot and his pond around the spring has been planted with fish. He has constructed a walk out over the pond to the spring and he walks out there to catch his fish. In the deep water where he has no trouble in landing a mess of beauties for favored guests. The man with the small bottle usually receives these special foods.

A remarkable thing about this spring is that it apparently has no bottom. Hundreds of feet of cord have been let down into it with a weight attached, and none has yet been found long enough to reach the bottom. How He Hunts. And the duck hunting is just as simple as fishing. Uncle Jimmie has only to close up his house and hide inside and keep still for a day or two and the wild ducks will be let down into it with a weight attached. He waits until a large number of them light on the water and then he turns loose one of his old-fashioned guns, and he never fails to do execution. He never gets but one shot, but he makes it count.

But wild geese hunting is more difficult. After the water has disappeared from the spring and it is a swale a half a mile from his shack. A rank growth has sprung up here since Uncle Jimmie fenced it in and the wild geese light and feed in the shallow pond among the weeds and grass. Uncle Jimmie has dug several pits at convenient points around the pond and when the geese get to coming in pretty thickly, he hides in one of these pits long before daylight and at dawn he usually gets a shot, and he never shoots without killing.

Domesticated Geese. The host at Alkali has a large flock of wild geese, which have become perfectly domesticated. He found the old man and watched it from day to day. When the old geese began "setting," Uncle Jimmie "swiped" her eggs and placed them under one of his common hens. They all hatched out, took to their hen-mother handsomely, have continued to breed and now he has a large flock of wild geese with whom he gets his fish. He never thinks of leaving. They are as gentle as the commonest domesticated geese.

Then he has his funny episodes to help kill the time. He started in with a pair of cats and soon had a dozen or more. He was too tender-hearted to kill any of them, and he never was in no way with them. One day he shot two wild cats and death on house-cats, but the cats never strayed far from the house, and but few were lost in this manner. The cats were taking the place. Whenever he left the kitchen door open they ransacked the cupboard and table in search of food. There was nothing else for them to eat in the place. One day he went for a bucket of water. The cats all entered in a body, and in a moment he heard a noise that startled him. He rushed back and found the cats clinging to the walls and ceiling and mewing and crying in the kitchen. At a combination of two of their most destructive enemies was too much for them.

Found a Remedy. The old man found, by accident, a way of keeping the cats out of the kitchen, but it worked successfully and permanently. In winter he had a tin can filled with a stuffing of a coyote's skin. When he had sewed it together and stuffed it he found that he had no head for it, as the scalp had been taken. Not to be outdone, he cut the needed part from a wildcat's skin, sewed it to the coyote skin and stuffed it accordingly, placing it in the kitchen. The cats were all driven out. Stuffed and placed erect on a board the animal eyes. It did not look well enough to place in the parlor, so the old man stood it in the kitchen. The cats were under the floor, watching for an opportunity to enter. While he went for a bucket of water. The cats all entered in a body, and in a moment he heard a noise that startled him. He rushed back and found the cats clinging to the walls and ceiling and mewing and crying in the kitchen. At a combination of two of their most destructive enemies was too much for them.

The Cats Scattered. The old man was dumfounded. He thought they had all gone mad on the spot. He attempted to drive them out and in doing so broke the only window pane in the room. This was all they needed. They made a grand rush for the opening and they poured through it like a stream of water until the last cat had escaped. By accident the old man left the kitchen door open while he went for a bucket of water. The cats all entered in a body, and in a moment he heard a noise that startled him. He rushed back and found the cats clinging to the walls and ceiling and mewing and crying in the kitchen. At a combination of two of their most destructive enemies was too much for them.

For months after this episode the old man entertained his guests by telling the story and demonstrating the truth of it by taking the animal in his hands and placing the cats from one point to another about the house. The isolation the host at Alkali does not find life so burdensome, after all.