

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL BY C. S. JACKSON

Oregon Journal

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In Pompeii at the entrance to a house built over 2,000 years ago, you will find a sign set in mosaic made from tiny pieces of glass and tile, reading "Beware of the dog." The man who owned the house was said to be a joker, but there is the sign, fresh and distinct as when it was placed there before the birth of Christ.

THE ONION AND THE TURNIP.

Were you a vegetarian, you would give some thought to the relative merits of the onion and the turnip. Were you a newspaper person you would study the difference between a bloodless, mushy polly and one of strength and purity of flavor.

There is as much difference between an onion and a turnip as there is between the thin squishiness of an inane press and the spicy, and at times too pungent, qualities of an aggressive but honest journalism.

It is not the weak, soft things in life that count; it is the common sense ideas, the striking, hard-hitting, tear-producing sayings that awake humanity to a realization of its necessities. Nature has given to the onion medicinal qualities that the turnip does not possess. The onion is susceptible of doing greater good in flavoring other growths of the vegetable world. The turnip, too, has its good qualities but it is not a necessary adjunct of a well regulated culinary department.

There is, therefore, every reason for all thoughtful people to see why the turnip of journalism can at any time be spared from the menu, and why the onion is indispensable.

In every stage of life we find it thus. Man must give evidence of strength of character; the newspaper must tell wholesome truths instead of bowing its head to a narrow field fertilized with the brains of has-beens and the bone-dust of an age of journalism-long dead.

Do you not admire force rather than supine weakness? Is not nature more to be congratulated for having created the onion than the turnip, energy rather than lethargy?

A POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

As was to be expected, the Russian government is promptly disclaiming all responsibility for the horrible outrages perpetrated upon the Jews in Kishineff, and the governor of the province is said to have been removed from his office. Offers of aid from this and other countries have been met with the statement that the Czar has already taken ample steps for the relief of the wretched survivors of the massacres and for the prevention of further violence.

It is a noteworthy fact, however, that foreign correspondents of American papers are almost unanimous in expressing the belief that the barbarities which have startled the whole civilized world are but the outgrowth of a deliberate plan to exterminate the Jews in Russia, and that this plan has had the full sanction of M. von Plehwe, the minister of the interior, if not of the Czar himself. The extermination of the Jews is said to be one more step toward national solidification, the same policy which has already robbed Finland of her independence and is slowly and mercilessly reducing her people to serfdom.

It is a significant fact that the ultra Pan-Slavist newspapers frankly declare that the Hebrew element of Russia's population must be eliminated and that he who kills a Jew is a patriot. These utterances are permitted to go unchecked. Their immediate effect is to inflame still further the anti-Semitic prejudice of the ignorant classes and to confirm the general belief that massacres and outrages will continue to pass unpunished.

Many thousands of Jews are now leaving their homes without any definite idea of whither they are bound and without the means of purchasing food by the way. The forced exodus from Kieff alone is said to involve 37,000 persons. The most pitiable feature of their situation is that no friendly haven lies before the wanderers. The Black Sea blocks escape to the south. West lies Roumania, where the popular prejudice against the Jews is quite as strong as in the Czar's dominions. To the north and east stretches inhospitable Russia. Without home or haven, the condition of the refugees is appalling. The horrors that have already shocked civilization may be eclipsed by those which are to follow.

In the gigantic schemes of the great white Czar, regard for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness finds no place.

LEGAL VALUE OF KISSES

A New York woman, who has just recovered \$3,000 in a breach of promise suit, testified that the faithless defendant had been courting her for 14 years, and during that time he had kissed her just 1,235 times.

The plaintiff had kept a careful record of the kisses, entering each one on her ledger as promptly as possible after its receipt. She sued for \$3,000 and the verdict of \$3,000 is declared by the defendant to be excessive.

It is apparent that the lady appraised these 1,235 kisses at a trifle over \$4 apiece, while the unsympathetic jurors thought they were worth only \$2.43. And the defendant thinks he did not get his money's worth even at the latter valuation. An important circumstance is the fact that they were distributed over 14 years, making only 88 per annum, or one every four days. Was it the fault of the lady or of her suitor that these osculatory evidences of affection were so infrequent? Can it be that he was sordidly anticipating the breach of promise suit, and did not wish to incur a larger financial obligation than he could discharge? Manifestly something was wrong, for many a pair of young turtle doves have accomplished more kisses in a single evening than this lovelorn maiden recorded in 14 years. Gallantry forbids the suggestion that her kisses may not have been up to the standard, and therefore were not more eagerly sought. Let us rather place the blame on the shoulders of her faithless wooer, whose sluggish soul was content to peck at her lips once every four days.

The case at least establishes a valuable precedent for flattered maidens who may hereafter be forced to seek monetary consolation for their wrongs. Above all they should keep careful tab on the number of kisses they receive, remembering that each is worth \$2.43.

GREETING TO OUR PRESIDENT.

Portland gives her heartiest greeting today to President Theodore Roosevelt. All classes in the community unite in welcoming our distinguished guest and the cheering thousands who throng the streets feel the common purpose to impress upon the mind of the President a lasting memory of the city's hospitality. Civic as well as national pride demand that nothing shall be lacking which can contribute to his pleasure during the brief period that he will be here, and that no unpleasant incident shall disturb the enthusiasm of his reception.

No king nor emperor holds title to his throne by so glorious a right as that which elevates an American citizen to the high office of President. It is a diviner right than that of kings, for it is conferred by the voice of a free people, sovereign in their power of choice.

This highest honor in the gift of the people has been conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt, and every loyal American citizen, whatever his political faith, will take pride in doing honor to the nation's chief. Every cheer that is given today, every outburst of enthusiasm and applause, is a tribute to our republican form of government, a demonstration of faith in our institutions.

It is no partisan welcome that greets Theodore Roosevelt today. Not as a Republican, not as a politician does Portland greet him, but as the President of all the people, whose high office every true American delights to honor.

The shocking barbarities which have been perpetrated in Russia upon the Jews afford a strong argument against permitting any extension of the power of the Czar. Civilization and humanity demand that the unfortunate people of Eastern Asia should not be subjected to a rule so brutal and so cruel.

Not to be outdone by Los Angeles, Oakland signaled the President's arrival by incarcerating a number of people who looked to the police as if they might be related to anarchists. The Happy Hooligans would do well not to cross Roosevelt's itinerary.

P. L. Willis has not made such an overwhelming success as Civil Service Commissioner as to create a public demand for his presence on the Port of Portland Commission. Curiously enough the demand comes from the Republican machine.

Pennsylvania's new libel law might afford a good model for the Russian government to follow if its present laws for muzzling the press are inadequate.

Possibly some of our doubting fellow citizens are now beginning to realize that the Journal is here to stay.

If Russia has any regard at all for Japan's feelings, she will at least look frightened.

WEATHER CHIEF MOORE TALKS OF HIS WORK

Of all the government departments, the one from which the people hear the most and it is probable, know the least, is the weather bureau. To the great mass of readers of newspapers the sole duty of the weather bureau is to furnish to the daily papers false statements as to what the weather is going to be the day on which the publication is made or the day after. These predictions of the bureau, it is charged, frequently are wrong, and the bureau admits its fallibility when questioned outright regarding the matter. But it is not the whole duty of the weather bureau to make weather prognostications. The predictions as to rain or fair weather are only a very small portion of its duties. The bureau was organized in the interest of commerce and shipping and to reduce the science of meteorology to such a system that it could be of material aid in the industrial progress of the country. There is no country on earth which has the system of meteorological observations that is possessed by the United States. No country is so geographically situated that such a system could be worked out, in a very large degree, so that the United States has a great advantage. Spread out over the central portion of North America in almost every climatical zone this country affords the meteorologist greater opportunity for the study of atmospheric conditions than any other, and for that reason the weather bureau of this country is far in advance of the weather bureaus of other nations.

Prof. Willis Moore, the chief of the weather bureau, has in preparation a pamphlet that will explain just what the bureau endeavors to do and what it cannot accomplish and does not hope to prove. According to Prof. Moore, the great question that arises in all discussions of the weather service is: "Has the weather bureau won its way into the hearts and confidence of the American people, and do we feel that the expenditures made for its support are wisely made?"

"Let me answer this question by giving some facts relative to the number of people and industries that are daily in communication with the bureau," said Prof. Moore recently. "In our Atlantic and gulf ports alone there are floating over \$30,000,000 worth of craft on any day of the year, and at every port, whether on the Atlantic, on the Pacific or on the great lakes, there is either a full meteorological observatory or else a storm warning display man who attends to the lighting of danger lights in the storm towers at night, to the display of danger signals by day and to the distribution of storm warning messages among the vessel masters."

"A wonderful picture of atmospheric conditions is presented twice daily to the trained eye of the forecaster. It embraces an area extending from the north coast of South America over Mexico, the islands of the West Indies and the Bahamas, northward to the uppermost confines of Canadian habitation. It is a panoramic picture of the exact air conditions over this broad area that is twice daily presented to the waves, hot waves or rain storms are shown wherever present in this broad area. Their development since last report is noted and from the knowledge thus gained their future course and intensity is quite successfully forecast. Every 12 hours the kaleidoscope is shown. Nowhere else in the world can meteorologists find such an opportunity to study atmospheric changes."

"The system of distribution of the information thus secured, as described heretofore, is so perfect that the chief of the weather bureau, or the forecaster on duty at the central office, can dictate a storm warning and feel certain that inside of one hour a copy of the warning will be in the hands of every vessel master in every port of material size in the United States. As a matter of fact the storm warnings usually go only to a limited portion of the coast at one time. While the daily predictions of rain or snow, by which, as previously stated, the public measures the value of the weather service, are subject to a considerable element of error, namely, about one failure in five predictions, the marine warnings of the service have been so well made that in over six years no protracted storm has reached any point of the United States without the danger warnings being displayed well in advance. The public does not appreciate this part of the service that, as a rule, these warnings do not appear in the newspapers because it is not desirable to publish them so far in advance as to unnecessarily hold shipping in port. We only aim to place warning 12 to 16 hours in advance of the coming of the storm, and then we communicate by telegraph, by messenger and by warning lights and flags directly with the masters of vessels. It is a notable example of the utility of the new West Indian weather service, that the Galveston hurricane was detected on September 1, at the time of its inception, in the ocean south of Porto Rico, and at no time did we lose track of the storm, and everywhere, as it progressed northward, such full information was given that, notwithstanding the extensive commerce of the Gulf of Mexico, little or no loss of life or property occurred upon the open waters of the gulf, and the destruction at Galveston was many times less than it would have been without the premonition that was given and the activity of the bureau's officers in urging people to move from the low ground of the city to its more secure portions."

"No less valuable is the flood warning service which is in operation along our large river courses. So much advance has been made in forecasting flood stages that it is now possible to foretell three to five days in advance the height of navigable rivers at a given point to within a few inches. The danger line at every city has been accurately determined and charted, so that when a flood is likely to exceed the danger limit residents of the low districts and merchants having goods stored in cellars are notified to move their property out of reach of the rising waters."

"An illustration of this has been given. This bureau sent warning to the people of New Orleans this year of the rising of the Mississippi from 7 to 15 days ahead of the high water itself. Some of the people laughed at our prediction, but the actual results show that the high water was but seven inches lower than the weather bureau prediction, and then it was more than a foot and a half higher than it had ever been before. The levees were raised as a result of our warning and millions of dollars worth of property was saved."

"An illustration of the efficiency of this system was also shown during the great flood of 1897. Throughout nearly the whole area that was submerged the warning bulletins preceded the flood by several days, and the statisticians of the government estimate that \$15,000,000 worth of live stock and movable property was removed to high ground as the result of the forewarnings. These warnings are distributed from 15 river centers, at each of which a trained forecaster is located who daily is in possession of such measurements of precipitation on water-sheds and such up-river water stages as are necessary to enable him to make an intelligent prediction for his own district. On account of the recent disasters from floods in the rivers of Texas steps are now being taken to establish a flood-warning service specially for that state."—Washington Star.

HE HAD FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.

A little black boy sat on the soap box which served as a front step to the tumble down shanty. His skin was more than black. Here and there it looked as if it had been varnished. His fingers clung together when he attempted to open his hands, and films of silky sweetness were spun about him as he threw back his head and opened his mouth in epileptic ecstasy. "Household words" explains his happy condition: "Goodness, law!" exclaimed the old mammy, who came suddenly round the corner. "What were you sitting dat away for when I jes' been trying ter clean yo' up? Ef you ain't went an' molassed yo'rself f'm head to foot!"

"Dat ain't lasses, mammy." "Whut's de use o' me trying ter make yo' 'spectable, 'd like to know? I wash yo' an' dress yo', an' den I tells yo' ter go an' use de comb, didn't I?" "Yes'm. An' I look aroun' an' all de comb I could fin' was dis yere honeycomb. But I done use dat, mammy. I sho'ly did."—New York Mail and Express.

ANTS ON HORSEBACK.

A French traveler has discovered a new species of ant in Siam, or, at least, a new trait he has never before seen recorded. The creatures were small, of a gray color and lived in damp places. They traveled often and in troops which seemed to be under the direction of a commander who rode on horseback. M. Meissen, the Frenchman, who noticed this peculiarity, was attracted to these groups by discovering that each company contained a large ant that traveled more rapidly than the others. Observing them more closely he noticed that each large ant always carried a small gray ant upon its back, though the remainder of the troops were on foot. This mounted ant would ride out from the line, travel swiftly along the column from head to rear, and apparently overlook their maneuvers. M. Meissen concluded from what he saw that this species of ant, while on its travels, is under the direction of a commander, though such "ant horses" as the general rides must be rare and valuable, for he scarcely ever found more than one mounted ant in a colony.—Boston Budget.

AMERICA'S GREATNESS.

Col. Abraham Gruber is the master of more Irish jokes, it is said, than any other man in town. In making a speech at a recent public dinner he told this one: "Mickey Finnegan, who has been an American citizen for about a year and had traveled about this continent considerably, returned home to Hibernia for a visit. This is the way he described his new country to one of his relatives: "Phew, Amer-er-rica is so big, begorra, that if you wor to dr-rag England through the shitates you wouldn't lave a mar-er-ik in the dir-er-er; an' you could lose Oirland in one o' thim gr-rat inland oceans we hov, phwat we call lakes; an' if you had Scotland to get rid of, there are a thousand corners you could hide her in; an' nobody could tell where you had put her except, begorra, for the bad smell o' the whisky."—New York Mail and Express.

Capt. Charles A. P. Tabot, the new British consul at Boston, has been in the consular service of his country for 38 years, having served in Tahiti, Taganrog and Cornua.

The Rev. Dr. Chauncey Hobart of Red Wing, Minn., is called "the pioneer preacher of old Methodism." He is 92 years old and began preaching in Minnesota in 1849.

ECHO FEASTS ON AMERICAN HARE

ECHO, May 15.—Today was a red letter day in Echo's history. A hundred guests accepted the invitation to attend the banquet given at the Arlington Hotel. The banquet was given to demonstrate the food value of Eastern Oregon rabbit. If any one sat down to the banquet prejudiced against "jack rabbit," they arose from the table a convert to "American hare."

The elaborate French bill of fare, when interpreted, developed into many and various forms of rabbit.

There were rabbits young and rabbits old, Rabbits hot and rabbits cold, Rabbits tender, and rabbits tough.

Thanks to Green, there were rabbits enough. And thanks to the skill of the cooks, every bite of rabbit was tender and delicious. Roast loin of rabbit vied with fried rabbit for the honors of the feast. Rabbit fricasse and deviled rabbit, rabbit salad and rabbit sandwiches were there to tempt the appetite.

It is not saying too much to claim that the rabbits were equal in flavor and delicacy to quail, grouse or other game.

The banquet was a credit to the town of Echo and to the enterprise of J. A. Green and wife, who engineered it and furnished the viands.

In spite of driving clouds of dust and sand that made travel exceedingly disagreeable, the guests drove in for miles to make the rabbit banquet a success.

Back of all this is a splendid possibility. A possibility of making commercial use of the countless thousands of rabbits that run wild on the meadows of Butter Creek.

If the Echo Packing Company becomes a commercial success, and there is no good reason why it should not, thousands of rabbits each month can be utilized as food. The demand should far exceed the supply, as it will prove useful not only for family use, but on dining cars, steamboats, for picnic parties and for numerous other occasions.

It all seems like the vaguest dream of the most hair-brained visionary, but many a splendid commercial success has met with ridicule at its inception.

If men of sound business judgment interest sufficient capital to place it on a proper footing it can be made a success.

A word about the origin of the project may not be amiss. H. C. Willis, who had had a good many "ups and downs" during his career, while experiencing one of his

NAMING THE BABY.

"Oh, no, dearest, not that!" The environments were propitious. This new imperiousness in his young wife, the dainty, rose-lit room, the weird sentiment connected with that sentient roll of flannel by her side. At least, in a great measure, they were propitious for, instead of fuming out: "For heaven's sake, are you mad?" or "Great Scott, what a thundering suggestion!" he had merely replied, when the young mother whimsically proposed a name for the baby: "Oh, no, dearest, not that!"

She had proposed, "Joseph Hiram." It was the name of her husband's uncle—the uncle who had borne all his college expenses—and she thought thereby to please him. But, man-like, in the strenuous life of today, the benefactions of two decades back were forgotten!

The young mother's lips quivered a bit, but she smiled bravely.

"Well, then, shall we name him for your father?"

Now, the father in question was Abner Timothy, and the name jarred upon his son's supercivilized refinement.

"Hang it!" he broke out frantically. Then he remembered the physician's injunctions that when he came into the little rose-lit room he must be very humble and quiet.

"I am afraid," said his pretty wife, with a soft dignity, "you don't like that name, either."

He perceived the touch of pathos in the situation; he was compunctious. In an instant he was smiling, concessive, careful. She noted his smile and was comforted.

"In my salad days," said he in his gentlest manner, "I always had a great liking for the name of Lionel."

"Ah, that was the name of my first sweetheart," interrupted she with an ideal, far-away look in her eyes.

"Then there is the name of Leicester," he went on hurriedly, apparently taking no notice of her remark.

"Leicester?" repeated she. An obstinate, thin line which he had never seen before was observable on her lips. "Oh, no! That sounds too much like Hester. Hester was the girl who married Lionel."

Just here a little girl of 8 who had been playing quietly with her paper dolls over by the window ventured a remark. She was the young mother's little sister, and, as she addressed her brother-in-law, there was a curious, absorbed gravity in her face.

"I guess you ain't as smart as Adam was," she said, pushing the hair back from her forehead, with a dainty gesture of contempt. "What are you driving at now, Rosebud?"

"Well, he had to name all the things in the world, you know, and he did it. And just look at the fuss you and Sisie make about naming that one baby!"

She turned again to her paper dolls with dry intolerance written all over the wise little face.

Col. Alfred L. Rives, who has just died at Charlottesville, Va., was educated at the Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, and was sent by the Emperor Napoleon III, in company with other distinguished men, to survey the coast of Algiers.

Pedler—Madam, I have here a fine complexion beautifier which— Lady—No, you don't work any skin game on me.—Cornell Widow.

downs," was holding the position of night operator on the O. R. & N. at Echo.

In conversation with a rancher one day, he learned that the native jack rabbit was being driven out by a new variety of rabbit which had worked northward from Nevada and Northern California. The rancher claimed that they were gamier and better flavored than the native jack rabbit.

Several rabbit drives had been made in which a good many thousand rabbits had been slaughtered, and no use made of their flesh. Willis put in his spare time figuring how to rid the country of its ever-increasing pest, the rabbit, and at the same time make some use of it. In small quantities they could be shipped to Portland and disposed of.

Finally he hit upon the idea of securing a large enclosure into which the wild rabbits could be driven and from which they could be gotten at will. These would form the basis of the stock from which he could draw.

He secured a few dozen in glass jars and proceeded to put up rabbit meat. When a person was not told what the meat was they usually pronounced it delicious.

His scheme received a laugh all along the line. People wrote to him sarcastically for shares in his "jack rabbit cannery." It was a splendid joke. It got into the papers. People in the East, sober business men, the heads of provision houses, dining car systems and others wrote for samples and prices.

It had gone beyond a joke. It was a commercial possibility. The dream of the visionary is about to be realized.

In the flag-draped and bunting decorated dining room, when the guests had done full justice to the tender and delicious hare, toasts were called for. A guest responded to the toast "Echo." In his response he dwelt upon the possibilities of the upbuilding of this industry at Echo, of the splendid possibility of the now sage-brush covered meadows and sand flats when once water had been secured for irrigation purposes, Dr. J. C. Smith, of Pendleton responded happily to the toast "Umatilla County," while H. C. Willis responded to the toast, "The American Hare."

The banquet was a success and should result in the realization of the cold storage and packing industry plans. Among the guests from Pendleton were Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Teutsch. After the banquet a very enjoyable dance was given, 46 couples taking part.

RICHEST CIRCUS CLOWN.

Although the richest clown on earth is with Barnum & Bailey's circus, he is still a clown, and will do his turn as long as his contract with the circus lasts. He has, in fact, been a clown longer than a rich man, but he hopes to preserve his newly-acquired riches and enjoy life fully long after he ceases to be a clown. Spader Johnson, leader of the erstwhile clown band, has just received a letter from a firm of solicitors in London which says a fortune of \$150,000 has been left him by his mother's father.

When the Barnum & Bailey show visited the city of Hereford, England, in 1899, Johnson hunted up his grandfather, and after inviting his relative to visit the show, he thought nothing more about it until last February, when he received a letter informing him that he was a legatee under the will of Luke Weathersby of Hereford, and asking for proof of nativity and identity. He learned that the estate is estimated at \$150,000, of which the income is \$4,000 a year.

When the import of the good news first dawned upon Johnson, instead of cracking a joke, he let fall a tear on his painted nose; but, hastily brushing aside the water in his eyes, he assumed the old air of humor and exclaimed: "This is a big joke on me, boys. Here I am, a rich man, but unable to touch my wealth because of my contract with Barnum & Bailey. I have to continue making people laugh, but He laughs best who laughs last" is an old saying, and when my present engagement is finished I will have you all come and 'ha, ha!' with me."

Yesterday Mr. Johnson was full of funny projects as to how he would use his inherited fortune.

COLOR LINE IN BANDS.

Those who have charge of the local arrangements for the Confederate re-union at New Orleans very properly want music, and call for 20 bands. The bands of the city all belong to a union, and some of them are composed of colored people. To supply the 20 bands called for makes it necessary to include some at least of the negro artists, and this the local managers object to, and have been notified by the union that unless they accept the negro bands along with the white they can march without music.

Where the objection to the colored musicians can come in we fail to see. They will only be employed for their music and nothing more, and we venture to say they will furnish more really inspiring, heart-lifting music than all the other bands—composed of foreigners as they are—ever dreamed of, and more reaching after the southern heart.

Why, the Southern negro melodies are the only distinctive American music today. And when did Southern people cease employing the colored band, string or tooting instrument, or both, for their strictly social functions? We have danced all night, till broad daylight and gone home with girls in the morning to the inspiring strains of Old Frank Johnson and Pompey Long, and they have successors who are quite as responsive to demands upon them. If our bellies and beaus can afford to step to the music of colored bands, we old veterans can afford to march to the strains of "Dixie," or the "Mocking Bird," or the "Swanee Ribber," when rendered by our own Southern darkeys, and if any one on earth ever threw his soul into his music it is our Southern negro when he is glorying hallelujah, touching the light guitar or tooting a familiar Southern melody on a horn. Let the committee of arrangements go on with its business. The old vets are willing for the sons of their old plantation darkeys to make music for them anywhere.—Raleigh Post.