

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON

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All that is needed to make for true and lasting civilization is to let man with his hands and faculties have access to nature; then to keep the tax gatherer off his back and special privileges from robbing him. He will work, and work hard. He will sow and he will reap. He will delve and he will discover. He will add knowledge to knowledge, and a race of gloriously enlightened free men will, under such circumstances, develop from a race of ignorant, groveling slaves. Free nature to man, and man will emancipate himself. If we should do that in this country our desire would not then be to restrict immigration, but to encourage it, provided always that the immigrants could be assimilated, that is, if admitted in large numbers, they could be taken into the policy and made a homogenous part of it; could intermarry with our people and become as one with the body of our citizens.

THE IOWA TARIFF PLANK

The Republican state convention of Iowa will meet tomorrow and there is reason to expect a hot fight over the adoption of a tariff plank. The "Iowa idea," of which Governor Cummins has been one of the leading exponents, is that while a protective tariff must be maintained, the present scale of duties in many cases too high and should be modified. The "standpatners," on the other hand, backed by all the power and influence of the protected trusts, demand that no reductions shall be made. This is now the attitude of President Roosevelt himself, although a year ago he was an advocate of tariff revision.

GET THE RIGHT MAN.

One of the most important matters to be considered by the directors of the Lewis and Clark Fair is the selection of the Director-General. The success of the great enterprise will be largely dependent upon the wisdom of their choice. The Director-General, if a man of force and ability, of broad views and sound judgment, can do more than any other individual to make the Fair a lasting benefit to our state and to the Northwest.

meet with the approval of the directors, but in any event their decision should be made wisely and carefully, with a full appreciation of the importance of getting the right man.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

It is the insistent demand of a very large and influential portion of the press of the country, Republicans as well as Democratic, Postmaster-General Payne shall be compelled to step down and out. With characteristic stubbornness, President Roosevelt seems resolved to ignore the demand. His newspaper apologists are now engaged in reminding the people that when Roosevelt makes up his mind to any course, he sticks to it with obstinate persistence, deaf to remonstrance or advice. Therefore, these apologists argue, it is idle to waste breath over the matter and the subject of Mr. Payne's incompetency should be dismissed from further consideration.

The attention of the world has been diverted from Russia's movements in Manchuria by the Kishineff massacres and more recently by the assassination of Serbia's King and Queen, but evidences are numerous that Muscovite aggressions in the northern part of the Chinese Empire have not been abandoned.

Reports from the Orient indicate that Russia is steadily and inflexibly moving toward the final absorption of Manchuria. Japan is watching every move with keenest jealousy and it would take but little to cause an open rupture between the Mikado and the Czar. The war spirit is running high in Japan and active preparations are being made for the anticipated outbreak of hostilities.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts is now said to be the President's choice for chairman of the Republican national committee. Even if Mark Hanna were willing to assume the responsibility again, he seems to be regarded as ineligible on account of his close affiliations with Perry Heath and Postmaster-General Payne. Roosevelt appreciates the necessity of keeping his campaign clear, as far as possible, from the taint of the postal scandal.

Postmaster-General Payne is quoted as saying that "They can't beat Roosevelt, no matter what happens." Such utterances are certainly indiscreet. It is not strange that Secretary of State Hay should say that Payne's statements have been "a humiliation and an embarrassment to the administration."

There are some 30,000 saw mills in the country which are eating up our forests at the rate of forty thousand billion feet, board measure, every year. At this rate even America's almost limitless timber resources will eventually be exhausted, unless steps are taken to replenish them.

WOMEN AT FIFTY, NOW AND YEARS AGO

The new woman of 50 has been praised as an improvement over her predecessor, who at that age was in the same mental state that a woman 20 years older finds herself today. Her physical appearance today also corresponds to that of a woman of 35 in the past.

The woman of the '60s could have looked at 50 as young as her descendants today had she not labored under the old delusion that there were different styles of dress for different ages of womankind. She did not buy a hat like her daughter's, because there was in that identity of dress a lack of dignity which she could not reconcile with her own traditions of what a woman of 50 should be, or her ideas of the dignity that a woman of that age should possess.

And with the millinery the woman past middle age sometimes seems to have lost something of the discreet and softening charm that belonged to her before the new woman of 50 stood in the shoes of the former woman of 35.

But when the new woman put on a hat like her younger daughter, it seemed to exercise some mysterious influence, potent as the power of the wishing cap of old.

The result brings disappointment to the new woman of 50. She sees her children taking part in pleasures that are denied to her, although she cannot understand why. She is certainly dressed for them. She feels, moreover, that they are for her. But she cannot be made to fit into the scheme of social life.

So the new woman of 50 is not really so much of a success as she looks. From a spectacular point of view there is scarcely ground for complaint. To some persons who value other things than the mere appearance of a youth that cannot possibly be genuine, certain beauties may have gone when women of 50 begin to look 15 years younger.

Only she can know whether or not the new type is an improvement over the old. She could not have experienced the sensations of both, but she has her memories of what the women of 50 were whom she used to know, and it is almost safe betting that the new woman of 50 allows her thoughts to turn regretfully to the times when the women she remembered not only looked their age without the effort to conceal it, but lived according to the old rules that used to exist for them.

The New York World contains the following editorial comment upon the Heppner disaster:

The reader of the daily news is becoming accustomed to the large figures of disaster. The mind of the average man no longer responds with an acute shock to the intelligence that in a distant Somewhere hundreds of lives have gone out in fire, water or a volcano's molten stream. Sympathy is not dead. Nor has the impulse to extend a helping hand passed away.

The calamity had its heroes. Leslie Matlock rode ahead of the roaring tide, like the hero of the Mill River flood in Massachusetts years ago, giving at his own peril warnings which saved many lives.

At Heppner the business buildings are said to have stood on higher ground than the residence portion of the place, and to have received, therefore, less damage.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich says she does not talk to any one, not even to her husband, on the day of the evening she is to sing. Neither does she eat anything later than 2 p. m., until after the evening performance.

Among other birthdays of June is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's. When Mary Augusta Arnold was born in Hobart, the Tasmanian metropolis, her father, the second son of the famous Arnold of Rugby, was the inspector of schools for the colony.

Of the eight names belonging to the present Princess of Wales—Victoria Mary Augustine Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes—the first is a compliment to the late gracious Queen; the second is that of the baby's popular mother, the Duchess of Teck; the third is a reminder that "Mary" herself came into the world on St. Augustine's day; the fourth is by way of attention to the Queen of Denmark, the Duchess of Teck's cousin, and the four remaining were connected with the royal house of Wurtemberg, to which the Duke of Teck belonged.

Assassination tempered by abdication—such as has been the fate of most Balkan rulers. Since the Balkan peoples were emancipated, King Otho of Greece, Prince Cuza of Roumania, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, Prince Alexander Karageorgievitch and King Milan of Serbia have been forced to abdicate, while Prince Danilo of Montenegro, Prince Michael, King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, as well as Kara George, the Serbian liberator, have been murdered.

In addition, attempts were made on the lives of the late Queen Amalia and King George of Greece, as well as on the late King Milan of Serbia.

"Mother, dear," said a frank young woman to her parent, who had just been giving her a lecture, "if you would only stop when you have scored your point and said what I feel is a truth, you would make so much more impression, but you always go on and on, and say so much that it puts us both out of temper, and you lose all the advantage you have gained."

Many people make a mistake by not stopping at the right moment. Many a truth would be carried home to a culprit and do good work if it were not diluted with discursiveness to such an extent that its effect becomes obliterated, but the fact is that the generality of people talk too much about everything, themselves, their affairs and their neighbors. Talking never does any good, and it is apt to do a great deal of harm.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

BURIAL OF WE-A-WE-WA

(By Paul De Laney.)

It was back in the year 1873 that one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Indian affairs in this country occurred at the Malheur Indian agency, while Sam B. Parrish, who was afterwards chief of Police of Portland, was Indian agent at the Malheur reservation.

There were about 700 Indians on the reservation at the time, under Egan as head war chief and We-a-we-wa, Win-ne-muc-ca and Water Belly as sub chiefs. We-a-we-wa was stricken down with a violent case of pneumonia and the nearest physician was at old Fort Harner, more than 50 miles away.

Under this treatment the old chief was recovering rapidly—too rapidly to please one Oits, a medicine man belonging to the division of We-a-we-wa, and who was in line to succeed We-a-we-wa as chief should the latter die. This wily red man complained to his people that the beloved We-a-we-wa was not prospering under the treatment of the "white medicine man," and decided to take charge of the patient and treat him according to the traditions of Indian medical science.

Unknown to the agent, he went to We-a-we-wa's bed and, togged out in the costumes worn by the great medicine men of the Snakes, began their heroic treatment. The first course was the sudden application of a number of buckets of ice-cold water on the naked body of the unfortunate chief, and then he followed this up with a series of remedies that were equally as "heroic."

The result was simple. We-a-we-wa took a sudden departure for his happy hunting grounds, and Oits, the medicine man, became sub chief of the tribe. He was a blood-thirsty savage by nature, as his exploits proved in the last stand of the Plutes, and he proceeded to take charge of the dead chief's remains with the avowal that he should be buried wholly according to the customs of the tribe.

Sam Parrish was not a man to parley. He could have sent to the fort for protection, but the garrison was a small one and had its hands full already. In fact, this would have been the worst move that could have been made just at that time, when the Indians throughout the country were not in the best of temper.

"Oits, I have heard all. I know of your threats and what you intend to do. You claim to be a great rising chief. You claim to be a brave man. I have come to test your bravery. I have my gun. You have yours. Take up your gun and come and fight me. We will step out in front of your tent and the poorest shot shall die—the coward shall die. Brave men do not plot to kill men. They do not shoot from ambush. They do not stab in the back. They are not afraid to face death. Come, stand before me! You say you are a brave—a great chief—now come and prove it before your men!"

The stodgy-faced boy at the last table in the public library reading room is having a struggle most serious. He has covered both sides of a foolscap sheet with a vague smudge over which he still labors. His twisted mouth follows the motion of his greaking pencil.

KING JAMES' LAST STRAW.

The stodgy-faced boy at the last table in the public library reading room is having a struggle most serious. He has covered both sides of a foolscap sheet with a vague smudge over which he still labors.

THE APPETITE OF "KITTY."

The number of wild animals sold as pets to private families in this country is said to be beyond belief, but the families generally return the beasts before long to the dealer.

The production of pig iron in the United States last year was 17,821,307 gross tons; in 1901 it was 15,875,354, and in 1900 it was 13,789,848 tons.

downward. He showed guilt on his face. Parrish then proceeded:

"If you do not fight me you are a coward, a dog, a coyote. You are not worthy to be a chief. You know I would kill you, for I am right. You know that you killed the brave We-a-we-wa so that you could be chief. You killed a sick man. You will not fight a well man. You are a dog, a squaw, a whining coward!"

"Now since you will not fight I will spare you this time. But if I ever hear of your threats again I will kill you like the coward and dog you are. Say one more word against the white man and it will be your last." Then pointing to the dead body of We-a-we-wa, Parrish continued:

Bright and early next morning the five white men concealed their guns under some loose hay in the bed of a light two-horse wagon. They drove to Oit's quarters. The body of the dead We-a-we-wa was placed in the wagon and taken to a grave on the hill already ordered dug by Parrish.

Had one Indian lost his temper and turned on the white men their fate would have been short and certain. They could almost feel the bullets piercing their backs as they rode away.

Parrish's challenge of Oits to fight him in open field soon spread among the Indians. They admired his courage. They called him the brave white chief, and no further trouble came up during his term as Indian agent. In fact, they learned to love him. He did more with them than any other agent previous to that time, or any agent that succeeded him.

He told the Indians that shovels and spades never got tired. The Indians undertook to show him that they could make the shovels and spades tired. They would seize a shovel or spade and work until the perspiration flowed off of them in the attempt to make the implement tired.

"They thought the ditch was being dug up hill, however, as all of the irrigation appears to the novice nowadays, but when the water was turned in they say that the "white chief" was right, and there was great rejoicing. A general holiday was taken on the occasion of turning in the water, and the festivities of playing in the water, footracing and general fun were long remembered by both reds and whites.

The popular Indian agent and the treacherous Oits have long since passed away, and a great ranch has been established on the old reservation grounds, but the historic landmarks are still there, and the story of the burial of We-a-we-wa is still told by the survivors of the tribe, though this is the first time it has ever appeared in print.

NO ROOM FOR SURPRISE.

President Roosevelt is ostensibly a civil-service "reformer," but when bosses like Platt, Quay and Hanna are permitted to handle all the great patronage of great states, converting the entire Postal Department into a political machine to promote the re-nomination of the Republican President and to assist in every way at the election of a Republican Congress, the administration can hardly be greatly "pained" or "surprised" at such revelations as are now coming to light.—Buffalo Times.

CANADA FOR THE CHAMBERLAIN IDEA

John Bull cannot get ready to join hands all round too soon for us. Every acre in the Northwest clamors for it; every business interest in the East looks forward impatiently to the vast increase of population which this program will bring us.

BAD MORALS—WORSE POLITICS.

It is conceivable that President Roosevelt, fresh from the wholesale outpouring of moral precepts, is ready to stand sponsor for the condonement of criminality, let it have existed and been successfully operated before he became the occupant of the White House?—Springfield Republican.