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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

THE JOURNAL'S PLATFORM

A Trinity of Events Which Would Make of Portland the Mightiest City of the Pacific Coast.

First—Deepen the Columbia river bar.
Second—Open the Columbia river to unimpeded navigation at and above The Dalles.
Third—Dig an Isthmian canal.

A REVELATION OF PORTLAND'S BEAUTY

MANY of those attending the national conventions now in session in Portland come from sections of the country where they boast of their weather. They live on the high plateaus of the Rocky mountains where, though there may be severe winter storms, the electrical atmosphere, the unflecked heavens and the brilliant sunshine are the monotonous rule rather than the surprising exception.

But yet, and we leave the answer to the conscience of each one of the visitors, have they ever seen anything more glorious, more stimulating and enticing than the charming prospect which met their gaze in Portland this morning? Could weather be more suave, balmy and alluring? The air simply delicious and loaded with quickening sprinklike influences, the heavens royally blue, with here and there a suggestion of fleeting fleecy vapor. The distant snow-capped peaks boldly accentuating the widespread horizon. The emerald green of all the lawns, with blooming flowers yet to be seen in many dooryards. The various hues of the evergreen trees, native and imported, scattered about in profligate profusion.

All of this immediately under their eyes, while from the tree crested hills surrounding Portland, with the city at their feet, its dominant greens and reds deliciously melting into each other, they saw the stately Willamette winding through its very midst like a stream of gleaming silver, its surface spanned with frequent bridges, its wharves lined with stately crafts from all quarters of the globe, while glistening dimly in the distance the majestic Columbia heaved its royal way to the mighty sea.

It was well worth while to come to Portland to see that alone. Those who saw it will never forget it, for it is one of the superbest natural pictures that the whole wide world affords.

THE SAILORS' BOARDING HOUSE DECISION

THE STATE SUPREME COURT, in an opinion handed down yesterday relative to the sailor boarding-house act, has put an effectual quietus upon the efforts to continue the notorious monopoly which has long been a disgrace to this port. The court declares in emphatic terms that any interpretation of the act which sanctions a monopoly of the sailor boarding-house business is unconstitutional, and it is plainly intimated that the commissioners appointed to enforce the act desired to "limit the business to only one sailors' boarding-house in Portland, the managers of which had received a license prior to the petitioners' application therefor, thereby attempting to create a monopoly in that vocation." All rules of the commission which are designed to foster such a monopoly are declared to be illegal and void. The conclusions of the court must appeal to every intelligent and unbiased citizen as good law and sound common sense.

The sailor boarding-house act was introduced at the last regular session of the legislature as the result of strong recommendations made by Governor Chamberlain in his inaugural message. The governor pointed out the gross abuses that had been practiced by sailor boarding-house keepers and urged the necessity of breaking up the monopoly existing in this port and placing proper restraints upon the business. The act was strenuously opposed by the combination of crimps who were in control of the business in Portland, and though they were not able to wholly defeat the measure, they succeeded in fastening upon it a number of amendments which greatly lessened its effectiveness. They were successful in securing the appointment of three commissioners of their own selection, and it has been freely charged, whether rightly or wrongly, that a majority of the board was tacitly pledged to the protection of the monopolists.

The decision of the supreme court throws the sailor boarding-house business open to the free competition of all who desire to engage in it, in conformity with the law. The result cannot but be beneficial. It is impossible that the evils of the business should be greater than they have been under the monopoly which has cursed this port in the past, and if the commissioners will now devote their energies to the enforcement of the law, Portland will be relieved of the stigma which has rested upon it.

ONE OF THE STRONG ONES.

ONE of the most distinguished visitors in Portland is United States Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, who is likewise president of the National Woolgrowers' association. Senator Warren has built himself from the ground up. In any community, in any assembly, he is a powerful vital force. His activity is simply prodigious. The bent of his mind is thoroughly practical. He is one of those men who always knows how. He knows men in the mass and he knows them individually. He knows how they are moved and he has the faculty of setting them in motion.

Senior senator from one of the very smallest states, small in population but mighty in square miles, he has given to it a practical consequence in national affairs that effaces many of its more populous neighbors. On practical questions of business, viewed even in their largest and most significant legislative aspects, he is the peer of any man in the United States senate. In political matters few men have shrewder conceptions and fewer still know better the temper and disposition of the people. Few men stand closer to the administration and there are still fewer that the administration would go farther to serve.

In any eventuality he is a man to be reckoned with and for more reasons than one The Journal is glad to see him in Portland where he can view state conditions at first hand and gain an added appreciation of their significance from a national view point.

HOW THE COST SHOULD BE MET.

WHY SHOULD PORTLAND try to shoulder in one year the burdens of taxation which should be scattered over many years? This is a question which many people are asking with reference to school matters. There is very much to be done and very much money to be spent on the public schools of Portland. The whole foundation of the system must be broadened to bring it up to the very highest modern standards. Some new schools must be built, many of those in existence must be improved and all of them should be bettered. There must be playgrounds for the children and the basements must be abolished as a freaky false pretense for recreation quarters. What we are to attempt, therefore, cannot be done in a day or a week or a month; its benefits will be felt in the immediate future but it is the future rather than the present which will most largely benefit by work if it is undertaken. Therefore the future should bear its share of the burdens. If we are to undertake this work in a broad way and on an enlightened system, we should first get our bearings and, after finding out what we need, should decide how far we can go. This conclusion once reached bonds should be issued to cover the cost, so that the heavy burdens, for indeed they ought to be heavy, do not fall upon the taxpayers who have a good deal to do even as it is. With the proceeds of these bonds we may take up the question as it should be taken up. Having done that we are on the way to make of the Portland schools the pride of all the people and the envy of all our neighbors.

One cannot withhold the tribute of his admiration and respect for a man like Gifford Pinchot, head of the federal forestry bureau. Here is a man who believes in the gospel of work, not because it is essential as a means of livelihood, but for the very love of it. Broad on many lines, socially a delightful man, he pursues the subject of forestry with the passion of a devotee. He is a type of man needed in public life and needed in the world, no mere money grabber, but one who devotes himself to bettering the conditions of today so that they may be much better in the future. And it is in that work that he finds his pleasure and his reward.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

That Oregonian Gold Brick.

Portland, Or., Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal: I find upon investigation that the gold brick mentioned in the city items of the Oregonian of the 9th was the same gold brick presented to H. W. Scott by the Mitchell-Fulton combination through the Oregon legislature last winter, and was swiped by one George C.—and hid on the dock for future use. I saw him (George C.) in the city yesterday. I think you will hear nothing more of the gold brick until some future meeting of the legislature. I think it is stowed away with the gambling bill.

CLIFTON OAKWOOD.

Where is the Blot?

To the Editor of The Journal: It is amusing to observe (and observers are more numerous than some people imagine) the maneuvers at present in progress in certain political quarters. There are some phases of the situation upon which it would be interesting to have more light, but this, however desirable, is not at all likely to be afforded to the public. Nevertheless the public may ask questions, and these, even if they are never answered, may serve the useful purpose of apprising those who could answer them of the thoughts of the questioners.

Now to the point. Why is there such a hue and cry arising about Chief Hunt? Who is he anyhow, but a subordinate officer, and is this any reason why he should be made a scapegoat? If he is a "blot on the administration," isn't that equivalent to saying that the administration is itself the blot?

Is he, or is he not, carrying out the instructions of his superiors? Are they not intelligent, well-informed men, capable men, business men of the world? Don't they know more about those who hold office under them than do members of the council? Surely the latter have taken upon themselves a work of supererogation in deeming it their duty to inform the mayor of the existence of this "blot." Or have they grown simple-minded, imagining that they are really telling him something he doesn't know?

Perhaps they wisely fancy that they are placing the charge upon the right head. That a blot does exist seems to be very generally agreed, but whether it rests upon the city jail, or upon the city hall, or both, are questions which honest-minded citizens not a few would like to have answered.

The mayor and police committee stand by the chief, while the council calls for his removal. Has the latter made a mistake or is an attempt being made to hit the head through one of its members? If the head is the objective point, why not go for it directly? The council has the power, and there is not much to be accomplished by beating about the bush. Yours, etc.,

INTERROGATOR.

Respectfully Referred.

Portland, Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal: In a morning paper it is reported that Mr. Williamson introduced in congress a bill for appropriation of $50,000 as compensation to Clatsop Indians on some land claims.

It is generally reported in Clatsop county that there is only one survivor of the Clatsops—an old woman in her nineties living near Seaside—and known to all frequenters of Clatsop beach.

It would be of public interest if you would state who the participants are to be in this large appropriation now asked for. Our junior senator for Oregon is doubtless well posted on the conditions of this nearly extinct tribe, and if this bill meets with his approval it would be well to explain the necessity of the measure in more detail. Yours, etc.

ECONOMY.

A Suggestion.

Portland, Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Why can't the Oregonian be fair in political matters? The Journal's report in Monday's paper of the Democratic meeting Saturday night was fair and complete, whereas the Oregonian saw fit to misrepresent the entire proceedings.

The Oregonian represented it that Hon. C. E. S. Wood's speech was not in accord with the others or received favorably by the audience. On the contrary, it was considered the speech of the evening, and Mr. Wood received an ovation before and after its delivery.

The Oregonian knows that he is the peer of any man in Oregon as an orator and debater, and the truth of the matter is, it fears him. Haven't all fair-minded people had enough of this? Why not take steps to rally in a body to the support of The Journal?

The 35,000 Democratic voters of this state, with the Populists, Prohibitionists and Independents, all of whom abhor the Oregonian, and a large part of the Republican party—perhaps a majority who distrust it—can give support to The Journal that will give it a larger circulation than the Oregonian and its "evening shadow" put together.

A JOURNAL FRIEND.

Agrees With It.

Portland, Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—In our mad rush through life we are apt to miss many things of public concern. What prompts me now to say a word is an article that appeared in yesterday's Journal, January 11, headed, "The Future as Well as the Present Should Pay." In this case the article is sound. Yours,

DAN M'ALLEN.

STATES OUT OF DEBT.

From the Boston Herald.

When the large debt of Massachusetts and some other eastern states is considered, the condition of the treasuries of certain western states is one of which our people may be properly envious. Ohio, for example, has no debt, and lives contentedly and luxuriously enough on her income without harsh systems of taxation. But Minnesota is in even better shape. The state is not only without a public debt, but has money to invest. Her officials are looking about for some safe capitalist or municipality in need of ready money to take an immediate loan of $100,000 in gold, with the promise of being able to place $30,000 more within three months. According to the Winona Independent, Minnesota's trust funds now amount to $20,000,000, and Governor Van Sant says that within 20 years they will amount to $70,000,000. The state treasurer is sending out circulars asking brokers to suggest good state or municipal bonds for the investment of her surplus money, which is the proceeds of her sales of school lands, swamp lands and stumpage rights, and of the rentals of state lands in the mineral ranges. The state has a vast acreage of untouched timber lands, which is held in reserve for future contingencies.

FAMOUS FORECASTER'S PROPHECY

Samuel Benner, the famous forecaster, who lives in Boston, has issued his prophecy for 1904, in which he says:

"I predict that prices for pig iron, railroad stocks and many commodities will be lower next year than for the year just passed.

"I predict that the Republican party will be successful in the November election. I predict that after the year 1904 there will be a revival in trade. Better times and higher prices will prevail until the year 1911.

"The present down cycle of prices and in general business ends in 1904. The year 1905 will be the beginning of a new up cycle in pig iron and for long prosperity in general business, lasting until the next commercial revulsion, due in 1911. The coming opportunities to catch business and prices at their lowest limits of depression will not happen again for 20 years."

SALMON'S LIFE LITTLE KNOWN.

Science Can Tell but Small Part of the Fish's History.

From the London Field.

Recent researches of scientific experts and the lengthy inquiry held by the royal salmon commissioners point unmistakably to the fact that our actual definite knowledge of the life history of the salmon is very limited; that many of the theories held by men who have been regarded as authorities are, in some cases, erroneous, and in others based upon insufficient evidence, and that the subject offers abundant opportunities for extremely useful and far-reaching research.

The eggs of the salmon can only be developed and hatched in fresh water, and with few exceptions they are deposited between October and January. Where unwise netting operations upset the balance of the sexes there are considerable losses on the breeding grounds, owing to the warfare between the males. The proportion of eggs fertilized is at present unknown, but they lie covered for a period varying with the temperature of the water. For example, if the water be at a temperature of 45 degrees, eggs will hatch in about 90 days.

The spawners which enter the river late in the year lay their eggs in the lower reaches, which in some rivers are seriously polluted, with the result that the eggs do not hatch. Many pollutions, which do little harm to mature fish, destroy not only the eggs, but the young fry. The newly-hatched alevins, as they are termed, are about one inch in length. At four months they are about two and one-half inches, assuming that their growth is the same in the river as it is in the hatchery, which may be assuming too much.

The year-old salmon is about four and one-half inches to five inches, and 2-year olds about seven inches. Most of the young salmon put off the appearance of trout and become silvery fish when they are from 18 months to 2 years old, and then descend to the sea, the majority making the descent between April and July.

This is a time of danger to the future 40-pounder. Pike, perch and possibly kelts, lay in wait for him in the lower reaches. There may be a seriously polluted estuary to pass through, and once in the sea there are shoals of coal fish, porpoises and other predatory fish all hungering for the little smolt, while gulls and other sea birds never lose an opportunity of destroying them.

How many smolts reach the sea in safety as the result of the deposit of a hundred salmon eggs under the gravel we do not know, and it is of great importance that this should be known to enable a comparison to be drawn between the artificial culture of the salmon and the natural increase of the fish. Nor of the travels of the smolt in the sea have we any definite knowledge. Occasional fish are caught two miles or more from land. Norwegian experiments tend to show that smolts, after their descent, are absent from the estuaries or river, and there our knowledge ends.

When do they return? To test this question the managers of the Stormontfield hatchery on the Tay carried on experiments many years ago. They cut the adipose fin off a number of smolts, which they then released. It was said that a small proportion of these fish came back the same summer as good-sized grilse, while others, and these were the majority, returned the following year. This would seem to settle the question, but there are high authorities who decline to accept the evidence on the grounds that the experiment was not carried out with scientific precision.

Whatever their age, grilse usually enter fresh water in shoals, ascend the river again between May and September, and some of them, at any rate, develop ova and breed the same season. After they have spawned and entered the sea they lose their delicacy of scale, fineness of shape, and forked tail, and are known henceforward as salmon.

Speaking generally, salmon which run earliest are those which ascends to the highest tributaries to spawn, while those that run in autumn breed in the lower reaches, which, as we have already pointed out, are often polluted to such an extent as to destroy every egg. In the spring run there are, in many cases, far more females than males, but later on in the year the two sexes become more even in numbers.

Where the salmon goes when in the sea we do not know. That they travel up and down the coasts is evident from the fact that thousands are caught in fixed nets, but that they make many deviations also appears certain. It is quite evident from the marking experiments of late years that the majority of salmon which escape the sea nets return to their own river, a certain number, however, ascending other rivers. Some fish go down as kelts in the spring and return to breed in the autumn of the same year, but it seems probable that the majority breed in the following year; in other words, are biennial breeders.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHURCH.

Moral Influences Not Inferior to the Best Private Schools.

From the Youth's Companion.

In a recent discussion of public schools in the United States and their relation to religion, a clergyman said, "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions."

It is a broad statement. If it is true the fact is of the greatest importance, for the public schools surely fail to justify themselves if they do not build character as well as impart knowledge. The charge was made as an argument in favor of the introduction of distinctly religious instruction in the public schools.

But is it true? The Outlook of New York City has attempted to answer the question, not arbitrarily, but by asking the opinion of nineteen college presidents, the heads of institutions of learning in the North and in the South, the East and the West. Their replies are based upon a study of the students in their own colleges, part of whom are graduates of public schools, part graduates of private or sectarian schools where religion is taught.

Not one of the 19 college presidents finds that the moral influence of the public school is inferior to that of the best private schools. All say, on the contrary, that the public school pupils enter life with as high moral conceptions and as much religion as their companions from the private schools; but several of the presidents do notice a decided difference between the product of different public schools and different private schools—a difference which is always traceable to the character and personal influence of the teacher.

The result of the interesting inquiry is a splendid tribute to the public schools. The popular faith in them is not without justification. But two other conclusions should not be overlooked: The tremendous influence of good teachers, that is, teachers of strong and beautiful personal character, and the influence, in morals and religion, of the home. If there are no religious influences in the home, nothing which the schools can teach will supply the lack; and if there is religion there, the pupils in the public schools will do very well without special religious instruction.

MEXICO'S NEXT RULER.

He Is Utterly Unlike Diaz, Whom He Will Succeed.

Jose Ives Limantour, who is said to have been chosen by President Diaz to carry on the work of ruling Mexico after him, is a man of mark. He has proved himself one of Mexico's ablest statesmen; he has been Diaz' right-hand man for many years. He is almost unknown to the general public outside his own country, but among financiers his reputation is world-wide.

"I can hardly imagine Limantour as a ruler of men, the chief executive of a nation," said a man who knows him well. "He always seemed to me to be a kind of financial machine, who had no human interests, who was concerned always with money and never with men.

Taxes, rates of exchange, fiscal arrangements, audits — these are his daily food. He has his finger on the pulse of the banking community, but he knows nothing of the life of the people and their views about things.

"In short, he is an ideal secretary of the treasury, but it is doubtful whether he will make a good president. Still, there is this to be said: Jose Ives Limantour has never yet failed in any big thing he has undertaken, and it is late in life for him to begin to do so now."

To those who know him only slightly, Limantour appears to be a cold, hard-unsympathetic man—all intellect and no heart. But that is not his real nature, if his friends are to be believed. They declare that he is the kindliest and most generous of men.

"He gives away many thousands of dollars every year in secret charities, while the mob denounces him as a greedy capitalist," declared one of those friends. "He brings to the task of hiding his benefactions as much thought and cleverness as he does to the great financial work which has made him famous."

The time which as a minister he is obliged to devote to attending levees, receptions and other official functions is sorely grudged.

Unlike most heads of departments, Limantour burdens himself with a mass of detail work. Out of a pile of 500 returns of tax revenue placed upon his desk as a mere matter of form he will pick out half a dozen, add up the long columns of figures and demonstrate that the clerks have made a mistake of $2.

This trait has brought his office up to a wonderful pitch of accuracy and efficiency. Limatour is a firm believer in the maxim that if a man wants a thing to be well done he must do it himself. He leaves as little to subordinates as he possibly can. His life is a hard grind all day long, and all the year round.

Obviously, there is little in such a man to take the popular fancy. He is not addicted to pyrotechnics. The government of a country is to him a cold business proposition, which must be transacted as efficiently as possible and with as little display as may be. Men who know his work admire him, but he leaves the masses cold.

Bernardo Reyes is a man of quite a different stamp. As secretary of the army and navy and as governor of Nueva Leon he has shown himself to be a sound and clever administrator, especially anxious to promote the investment of American capital in Mexico, but, first and foremost, he is the popular politician, the man of the glad hand and the ready smile.

He is a distinguished soldier, who has led the Mexican troops to victory again and again. In Mexico, as in France, the army is the idol of the people, and, as its chief representative, Reyes is the hero of the masses.

"He ought to be president," was the verdict of another Mexican in this country, "with Limantour as the power behind the throne. He would be a fine figurehead and would take good care to keep the country at peace while Limantour did the real hard work of finance and administration."

CROSSING TO VANCOUVER ON ICE.

A Winter of Fifty Years Ago that Was Memorable for Cold.

From the Salem Statesman.

As an indisputable proof that the climate of Oregon has materially changed for the better since its settlement by the whites, the Statesman republishes from its issue of January 31, 1854, the following article showing how the "oldest inhabitant" will sometimes forget his own experiences. When recalled to their minds, however, doubtless many of our oldest citizens will remember the "cold spell in the winter of 1853 and 1854." The article follows:

"The weather and the mails—The Columbia is reported frozen from the Cascades to the Cowlitz. Heavy teams cross at Fort Vancouver with safety. The Willamette is also frozen below the falls. At Oregon City they were crossing last week (on foot) on the ice. There was no communication between Portland and Oregon City and no mail was received from below the latter place.

"The weather has been the coldest ever known. Eight or ten inches of snow fell and remained on the ground over a week—mercury remaining below the freezing point the whole time. It commenced raining Friday and a high freshet is anticipated.

"There are doubtless two state mails at Astoria, and a third will be due this week. But their arrival in this valley depends on the breaking up of the Columbia. That event cannot be expected for several days yet, though the 'thaw' should continue. We think it hardly probable that we shall get a mail here until the middle of February. The Willamette above the falls has not yet been frozen over.

"The Oregon City mail, due Monday night, arrived here about noon Tuesday; passengers who came with it on the steamer to Butteville arrived here on Monday. Returning, it arrived Friday, bringing all the mail for the west side of the river it started with, not having crossed except at Marysville. Subscribers in Polk and Yamhill counties will understand why their Statesman failed last week. They are now lying in this office, having performed the trip to Marysville and back."

SUCH A LITTLE CRIME.

From London Tit-Bits.

"Clara," said William Wharton, as he placed his arms around his wife and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise, before I begin it, that you will forgive me." A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp, "Tell me—tell me what it is."

"I cheated a man out of $50 today," he said. "Can you, darling—can you forgive me?"

The color came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile. She rested her head against his breast and, looking fondly up into his eyes, said, "Oh, Will, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid woman."

Spirit of the Season.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Ten separate revolutions are said to be in progress in Santo Domingo. It beats all how the Christmas spirit gets into every corner of the world.

The Chinese Are Learning to Hate Russia

Eliza R. Scidmore's Pekin Letter in Chicago Tribune.

Every resident can tell of questions and comments from the Chinese clerks, teachers, compradors, and servants that show a rising interest in public affairs, a sense of the terrible straits in which China now finds itself. A spirit of patriotism is growing at the same time with a hatred of Russia, as the designs of the northern neighbor are now made plain, and awakened China is having its pride and conceit laid low. Two years ago, when I sent runners out to find the fat boy, Liu, who had gone with me as traveling servant once before, he appeared smiling.

"I been Port Arthur one year, missis. Selling stores, missis. I sell flowers to the Russian army."

"Bouquets for Russian soldiers?"

"O, no, missis. Not those flowers, just barrels of flours for Russian soldiers."

"You like the Russians?"

"I don't know, missis. Those Russians not like other foreigners. Just like Chinese more. Those Russian officers rob Russian soldiers just like Chinese officers rob Chinese soldiers. I take my bill and take my bill, and those Russian officers never pay. Bimeby I take my bill and pay him cumshan first, and quick he tell writer to pay me my money. Plenty squeeze, just like Chinese."

When the portly guide was sent for this time he was just returned from Dalny, where he had been acting as interpreter-stevedore, a longshoreman boss at the docks.

"You must like the Russians?" I observed. "How will you like to have them ruling over China? They will soon be here in Pekin."

"No, missis, I don't like those Russians. We don't want them over here. They are too stupid."

"How are they stupid?"

"O, they don't understand English. They never come here. Japanese soldier not let them. O, yes, Japanese soldier whip those Russians easy. Why, Russian soldiers just like Chinese soldiers. You see, soon come that war, and Japanese soldier chase those Russians; chase them Russia's own country. I like have Mexicans or English best, get China. Then I cut off this 'snapping tassel of his long pigtail,' and stop all such foolish things. Then wear nice foreign clothes and be American citizen."

Part of this was a professional touch on the part of the heavy villain, who knows how and when to flatter, and has not his match for "squeeze pidgin" in all China. It was one of his confreres, however, who, laying his mask aside, said:

"Yes, I can take you for whole job, whole trip, for $200, but then I shall have to make other hundred dollars out of you. Better pay me $300 and then all be fair, no squeeze."

If there is an awakened China, there is also an awakened England in China, and the British resident in far Eastern Asia is fairly walking the floor in this season of crisis and nonevacuations.

"O, there must be this war between Japan and Russia," exclaimed one of the best known Englishmen in the East to me but a few days since. "There must be war. Things will never be settled until Japan strikes the blow. Russia must be stopped now and Japan can do it. Nothing else will do. Russia must be checked. There must be war. Nothing else will restore England's prestige in the East."

Then I bade him fight the battles and pay the war taxes himself. If England wants war to restore her prestige in the East let her declare the war and pay the bill in treasure and in lives. If the much belauded Japanese-English alliance means only that Japan shall fight for English supremacy and get England's chestnuts out of the fire, the forefathers of our republic, who were Englishmen themselves and knew their own people, knew what they were about when they charged us against entangling alliances.

At last I had the key to the English enthusiasm for war between Japan and Russia, and the changed heart as regards Japan generally. The same English residents and the same English newspapers of Chinese treaty ports who sneered at, derided, and ridiculed the Japanese in 1894 foretold the certain victory of China, and openly longed for the crushing of "upstart Japan." These same people and papers are now ardent champions of "the English of the East," and loudly extol the nation, its army and navy. They think, too, that America should come openly into a dreibund and force the open door in Manchuria. "To restore England's prestige in the East also?" I asked, and lost a useful acquaintance.

"I hear that all the cotton from the mills of one of the states, the state of Caroline, goes to Manchuria," said another Englishman. "Now, they say, your great corporations can control the congress, so why do they not agitate against the loss of their trade in Manchuria? Our Manchester men would make a great demonstration if it came so directly home to them as that."

"Because the Carolina cotton mill owners do not know, probably, that their cloth does or does not go to Manchuria. They sell to wholesale agents in New York, probably Englishmen at that, and they do the rest. The millers are not shipowners, too, trading directly with Newchwang."

"Well, America ought to do somethipg. It is a shame to leave Japan alone to fight for your 'open door' in Manchuria, and your government just sitting still."

Would it be worth while to tell such a one that another great government was just sitting still, too, its fingers pinched also when the "open door" slammed shut on them and Russia put the key in her pocket?

Beside her aspirations and aggressions in Manchuria and Korea, Russia is pushing its way in Mongolia and Thibet, and its insatiable earth hunger is manifested in the same way in all instances. First the railway surveyor and a force to protect him, then camps that in a few seasons become barracks, and barracks that are fortresses; and, thus strongly in occupation, Russia asks the local rulers and the world generally: "What are you going to do about it? We have spent much money in barracks and improvements, you certainly do not think we shall leave now. Moreover, we are not going."

An English traveler, who was camping through the grass country this summer, was the guest of a Mongol prince, who told him how a few Russians had come to survey the line of railway down to Pekin and had never gone away. They had begun building winter houses this year, apparently for a greater number of Cossacks, and the prince kept asking his guest why the Russians did not go away, what they were staying for.

"They will never go away unless you drive them away. They are staying and building houses because they consider that your country is now their country," was the candid friend's response.

The most important branch of the Trans-Siberian road will be that leading from Irkutsk to Pekin, which will shorten the time between Pekin and St. Petersburg by four or five days. Instead of making the great detour around by way of Manchuria and Dalny, the line will strike away from Irkutsk in almost direct line to Pekin, following the old route of centuries.

At Kiakhta, on the trans-Baikal frontier, the Russians have naturally a large garrison, and all the way down through Mongolia the line of the proposed railway is now marked by barracks and Cossack camps.

At Urga, the most important place in Mongolia, 700 miles from Pekin, the Russians have now a garrison of 2,000 troops and Cossacks, and as many more enlisted Mongolians. Urga is the spiritual as well as commercial and political metropolis of Mongolia. The lama at Urga is a living Buddha, ranking next after the dalai lama of Thibet, and the Mongolian town contains many splendid temples with colossal images and great bells. Many lamas from the great lama temple in Pekin have betaken themselves to Urga since the return of the court and the continued neglect of the emperor to visit the temple or resume its allowance.

Near the Mongolian holy city is the Chinese city where the overland trade centers, where caravans of camels file by without ceasing, transporting brick tea in baskets. A Chinese political resident practically rules in this region of independent Mongol princes, and a Chinese general with two battalions of troops support him—did support him until the Russian visitors came. There came first the engineers and surveyors with a few tents; then more tents, and the tents became barracks; then regular forts were built, and just now guns have been mounted on both. When once fortified the Russian commander sent word to the Chinese political agent that the Chinese soldiers could not bear arms at 30 paces beyond the Chinese headquarters; if found outside that limit the Russians would seize their arms. Hence comes a cry for help from the practically besieged Chinese officials in Urga, and it is found that the Russian camps are fixed all the way down to Kalgan, the gateway in the great wall, northwest of Pekin. Another surveying season will bring the engineers through Nankow pass, in sight of the gate towers and palace roofs of Pekin.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

From the London Chronicle.

Mrs. Wolfe, the mother of the great general, kept a comprehensive cookery book, still preserved at Squerries Court, Kent. One of her recipes was for "a good water for consumption." "Take a peck of garden snails," says the prescription, "wash them in beer, put them in an oven, and let them stay till they've done crying; then with a knife and fork prick the green from them, and beat the snails, shells and all, in a stone mortar. Then take a quart of green earth-worms, slice them through the middle and straw them with salt; then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelico, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, then egrimony, bears feet, reddock roots, barberry brake, biloney, wormwood, of each two handfuls, one handful of ruetumoric and one ounce of saffron, well dried and beaten. Then pour in three gallons of milk. Wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves (well beaten), hartahorn grated. Keep the still covered all night. This done, stir it not. Distill it with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time."

"SWEARING OFF" AND "ON."

From the Indianapolis Star.

The "swearing-off" season of the year is almost here. We are going to quit many of our bad habits on the first day of the new year.

Our advice is not to "swear off" too many things, and for everything that you "swear off" take on something in its place. In other words, "swear on" as you "swear off."

There is nothing that frees the mind from its old desires like having it occupied. So if you are going to start the year with a clean slate begin to think now of the things that you will do in place of the things that you will not do.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

Whatever oughtn't to be is somehow mighty interesting.

It is noteworthy that a mustard plaster always seems easy to a man with a nagging wife.

If a girl could put on her own skates she might be able to wear stockings that would keep her warm when she goes.

GIRLS TO BUILD A CHAPEL.

Students of Rosemary Hall Have Accumulated a Pile of Stones.

From Stanford Cor. New York Sun.

The girls who attend Rosemary hall at Rock Bridge, in Greenwich, recently decided that a chapel was needed which would accommodate a hundred persons, the gymnasium being, in their minds, not suitable for religious services. They also decided that they would build the chapel.

A leader was appointed, plans were drawn by themselves and submitted to the head instructor. It was for a one-story stone edifice. George Lauder, Jr., who is a neighbor and a nephew of Andrew Carnegie, had plenty of stone on his new estate, and he offered the stone to them free of expense. The girls hired a team and a box wagon a few days ago. Fifty girls, hatless and in short blue skirts and white sweaters with the letter R on the front, went after the first load of stone, one of them driving the team. They took all the stone that the team was able to haul. Some of the stones were so large that it took two or three girls to lift them into the wagon.

In the eyes of the builders, the stones would not be called suitable for a church, but they suited the girls. Every day after school sessions the girls took the team and went after stones. The result is that a huge pile is to be seen near the seminary, where it will remain until the weather is such that the girls can go out with pickaxes and shovels and dig the trench for the foundation. They say they intend to mix the mortar and lay the stone according to instructions from a mechanic.

CAN ROOSEVELT BE BEATEN?

From the Boston Globe.

Four vice-presidents before President Roosevelt gained the presidential office through the deaths of presidents—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—but each failed to obtain a presidential nomination. President Roosevelt will be the exception to secure a nomination through his shrewd manipulation of the party machinery, but is there not considerable truth in the remark of a distinguished Republican from a beet-sugar producing state at a recent meeting of the national committee that "everybody is for him and nobody wants him?"