THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

BRAKES ON THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS

THIS dear old comfortable fatalistic philosophy which accepts every evil as beyond remedy simply because it exists, of course suits the fossilized Oregonian in school and other affairs which are beginning to feel the quickening touch of modern influences and progress. It is so much easier to let things drift, so much more comfortable to accept things as they are, so much more fascinating to hide our heads in the sand and, not seeing ourselves, fancy we are not seen, to live as a vegetable rather than as a human being and to placidly anchor in the eddies of life rather than to develop muscle and strength and character through the rude buffetings with the waves of progress and advancement.

It is the Spanish spirit of the manana, the putting off till the morrow which never comes, which, transplanted to American shores breeds paralysis, arrests development and cripples enterprise. It is the spirit which rests content with the progress which the last generation has made and accepts what was then done as the high water mark of human achievement. It is the spirit which would measure what it has done by itself rather than to measure it by the highest point of human achievement realized elsewhere. It is the spirit which is impervious to the intellectual evolution of modern life, which, terror stricken, regards every new idea as revolutionary if not actually anarchistic, which would draw a deadline about the state and say to human progress, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

It is for this spirit which the fossilized Oregonian newspaper has always stood and still stands; indeed it is itself the very embodiment and outward expression of this spirit. For 50 years it has stood in the way of progress, it has hamstrung enterprise, it has levied tolls at the threshold of the city and it has throttled every generous impulse, enterprise and undertaking. The harm which it has done to Oregon, the false impressions of its people and their purposes which it has scattered broadcast, the miasma of its hatred, its bigotry, its narrowness, its moral and mental delinquencies and obliquities can never be measured in words or mitigated by a lifetime of devotion. We have here one of the very grandest of all the states in the American union, a state of almost measureless natural resources, but after half a century of effort the surface of it has been scarcely scratched and its population is less than a third of what it legitimately should be. And why? Every progressive man and woman in this country knows. Each and all of them point the finger to the monopolistic Oregonian which, fearing rivalry and the keen competition which goes with it, has sandbagged and disheartened men of substance, character and enterprise so that no resident until within the past few years mentioned Oregon or Portland without an apologetic preface.

But happily for everyone the specter that so long haunted the pathway of progress no longer appals. The bold, enterprising and progressive spirit of the American people is beginning to assert itself here in Oregon. The time has gone by never to return when any incident may be regarded as closed because the Oregonian has finally pronounced upon it. The time for free discussion of all public questions came with the advent of The Journal and it has come to stay. Each and every man is now entitled to his hearing and what each man has to say is discussed upon its merits. The progressive man need no longer hide his diminished head. He may come out into the open and have his say. He may even criticise the public schools without being ostracized from human society and perhaps drawn and quartered for his temerity. He may say that there are public school needs that have not yet been recognized and boldly uphold his theory. He may, too, suffer defeat but it is with him as it is with The Journal—defeat no longer means annihilation. If he believes he is right he will arise and go at it again, knowing that sooner or later his sincerity will count and that there is a great body of modern people here in Portland who are not willing, indeed would shame to rest upon their oars, in a matter of such grave consequence as the public schools and who will never be satisfied until the modern spirit has touched that great institution and brought it in fact as well as in claim up to the highest attainable standard.

Even that hitherto sacred subject, the Oregonian itself, no longer escapes merited criticism and thrice merited denunciation. Better than ever before are appreciated its malign influences upon the state and upon the individual character of its people. Better than ever before is realized that policy of selfish repression, that lack of sincerity and intellectual conviction which at one time or another has put it upon every side of every public question that has ever been up for discussion. Better than ever do they understand the erratic inconsistencies of its course in so often flying in the face of decency, in its malignant denunciations of many things which respectable people hold sacred, in doing for pay so many lowlived and despicable things which the very scavengers of the public press would turn from in disgust and loathing. The public realizes now as never before the distinction between occasional mild denunciation of vices in public, which are secretly and powerfully sustained in private. It may take them longer to understand how, for instance, Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian and president of the Lewis and Clark fair, can have the face to go before the senate and house committees, pleading for an appropriation, while at the same time confessing, as he has done privately in Washington, that he is opposed to the whole scheme of the fair. But after all there is nothing very remarkable about them. Now as always the Oregonian and its editor may proudly claim that if they have been inconsistent they have at least been consistent in their inconsistency and such praise as this deserves they may freely demand as they richly merit.

OREGON'S PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

IT IS AT LEAST indicative of the new, aspiring and courageous spirit of the Democratic party of the state that it puts itself in the very forefront of the national political movement by announcing a local choice for the presidential nomination. Fortunately, too, that choice rests upon a man who so singularly enjoys the respect, admiration and good will of those who know him, regardless of their politics.

Governor George Earle Chamberlain has behind him a record of unbroken political success. It is the jobs which no one else cared to tackle that have usually come to Chamberlain. In the line of what he considered to be his duty he has never avoided an emergency or shrunk back from a forlorn hope. In the face of it all he has never failed in a political battle and on the very heels of the achievement of the apparently impossible, when he grasped the district attorney prize in this county, he gathered himself together, at the behest of his party, and landed himself in the governor's chair which he now so ably fills.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his friends and admirers believe that he has reached the national stature in the great game of politics or that the mention of his name in that connection should arouse the hearty enthusiasm and stimulate the fighting spirit of a party which has existed since the organization of the government and which is destined to live until the far distant day when popular government perishes from the face of the earth.

A better time could not be chosen. There is no man anywhere who stands forward so conspicuously the choice of the national party as to obscure all other aspirants. There are favorite sons of states but no favorite sons of the whole nation. It is therefore, as seldom before, a free and open field to which representative men everywhere may reasonably aspire and where friends of men of the character, achievements and intellectual qualities of Governor Chamberlain are presented with opportunities which may well inspire them to prodigies of valor and new heights of intellectual endeavor.

THE NEW CHIEF OF ENGINEERS.

THE CONFIRMATION of Col. Alexander McKenzie as brigadier-general and chief of engineers, is a matter of great personal moment to the whole Oregon country. General McKenzie, as acting chief of engineers for some years, is perfectly familiar with the river and harbor conditions of the whole country. He is a man without prejudices and who is ready to consider every project on its downright merits. He recognizes that there is a west as well as an east coast to the country and we venture to say that there are few men more familiar with the river and harbor conditions of the Pacific coast, more fully alive to the importance of the majestic Columbia as a vast artery in the expanding westward trade or who has a broader grasp of the increasing significance of Pacific coast harbors in the light of the building of the interoceanic canal and our territorial expansion in the orient.

Oregon has every reason to be pleased with this promotion and it extends the new chief the assurances of its most distinguished consideration.

The pension bill to come before the house and senate, introduced by Dolliver of Iowa and Calderhead of Kansas, provides that a pension of $12 per month be given every survivor of the civil war who served in the army 90 days, or to his widow, provided she was married before June 27, 1890.

If this bill goes through a large slice of public money will be paid out monthly to men and women who have done absolutely nothing to deserve it.

No man or woman who can be shown to have adequate means of support, and no man or woman who is strong and able bodied should be allowed a pension from the government. Charity, whether disbursed by the government or from a private source, is demoralizing to the self respect and self reliance of the recipient. Moreover a man must vote for the party who gives him a pension, and it is therefore in the nature of a bribe. The next step will probably be to pension all sons of veterans, also grandsons, who are over 21 years of age.

HANNA STILL PUSHED FORWARD.

Rockefeller is Back of Him and a Ten-Million-Dollar Campaign Fund.

Washington Correspondence N. Y. Press.

Positive evidence of a Hanna-Rockefeller bureau at work against the nomination of President Roosevelt has come to light here by the receipt by most Republican senators and members of congress of copies of editorials from a Cincinnati newspaper declaring against the expediency of the president's candidacy. All these clippings came from Indianapolis, but they bear no name except that of the Press Clipping Bureau.

The last batch to be distributed at the capital contains a two-column editorial from the Cincinnati paper, and their wide distribution has caused much comment today. Eshelby, the editor who is credited with writing these editorials, declared against the president several weeks ago, when his first editorial was reprinted far and wide. This newspaper is a Republican paper, so-called, although it is known to be controlled by John R. McLean, who, by the way, also controls the finances of Perry Heath's newspaper in Salt Lake City. Heath formerly held a position with the Cincinnati paper. Other evidences of the strength of the Hanna movement in Ohio have been seen besides the activity of the mysterious clipping bureau there. It is evident that Hanna's friends still are seeking to have him announce himself as a candidate for the nomination for president.

A prominent Republican is authority for the statement that he would take a contract to raise a campaign fund of at least $10,000,000 for Hanna's candidacy should he be nominated for president. "Wall street is pretty poor just now, too," he exclaimed, "but we would know where to go for all necessary funds."

It is recalled in this connection that there was an important conference of prominent financiers in New York about two years ago, when it was decided to weaken the Roosevelt administration in every possible way. That the president might be held responsible for party defection, it was agreed at that time not to make any contribution to the Republican congress campaign last year, as it was desired that the Republicans should lose the house as a further reflection upon the administration in power.

Perry Heath at that time was the accredited representative of the Hanna boom with the Rockefeller interests. Fortunately, however, a Republican majority was elected in the house without Wall-street contributions, and the president's popularity in other ways has been so clearly attested that Hanna has withheld his personal indorsement of the campaign of his friends and business associates in his favor. Only Hanna's refusal to announce his candidacy has kept these interests in check.

One of the paragraphs in the editorial in question is a statement made by James G. Blaine. It refers evidently to Hanna, and is as follows: "It is the law of American politics that no man can make himself a candidate for president, and no man can prevent himself from being a candidate for president."

NOTES ON BIRDS.

In the little island of Laysan of the Hawaiian group, which has no human inhabitants, bird life is so dense that the various species have economized space by building their nests one above the other. The similarity of these tiers of nests to the flats in tall apartment houses is quite marked. For example, the petrel and the wedge-tailed shearwater live in burrows which compare with an apartment house basement. Above them dwell the gray-backed tern and the sooty tern. Higher still in bushes the red-tailed tropic bird and the Christmas island shearwater have their apartments. Higher still in shrubs the Laysan finch and the miller-bird build their homes. The loftier branches of trees are filled with the red-footed booby, the man-o'-war bird and the Hawaiian tern. Naturalists who visited the islands last year frequently crushed through the roofs of the petrel burrows, sinking to the knees in these subterranean bird homes. It was necessary in walking about to exercise great care lest nests and eggs and young of all sorts of birds be trampled upon.

A writer in the Scientific American says: "In collecting bird skins I have found innumerable air cells, forming a most delicate and wonderful network, between the body and the skin. In the pelican, one of our largest birds, this network of cells practically covered the whole body and was very noticeable. Now, if these cells work automatically, like the lungs or like the circulation of the blood, being filled with or emptied of hot air, according to the purpose of the bird to rise, float or descend, then surely we can better understand the ease with which birds seem to sustain themselves in the air during their long flights."

The white tern has the curious habit of never bringing less than two fish at a time to its young. It carries the fish crosswise in its bill and sometimes returns from its excursions with no less than four fish thus carried. It is easy enough to understand how it captures the first fish, but naturalists are unable to comprehend how the bird manages to retain it while securing additional ones. Its ability to hold three fish in its bill and still capture a fourth is particularly puzzling.

Everything Said.

From the Washington Star.

Having already declared Mr. Rockefeller the superior of Shakespeare, it is difficult to see how the Chicago university is going to find anything to say as a suitable recognition of his further gift of $2,000,000.

Famous Sermon From the Bible

St. Matthew 14:1-33.

Herod's opinion of Christ. Wherefore John Baptist was beheaded. Jesus departeth into a desert place, where he feedeth five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes. He walketh on the sea to his disciples, and landing at Gennesaret, healeth the sick by the touch of the hem of his garment.

At that time Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus,

And said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.

For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife.

For John said unto him, it is not lawful for thee to have her.

And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

But when Herod's birthday was kept the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.

Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatever she would ask.

And she, before instructed of her mother, said, give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.

And the king was sorry; nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her.

And he sent and beheaded John in the prison.

And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother.

And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.

When Jesus heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place apart: and when the people had heard thereof, they followed him on foot out of the cities.

And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick.

And when it was evening, his disciples came to him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat.

And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes.

He said, Bring them hither to me.

And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the fragments that remained 12 baskets full.

And they that had eaten were about 5,000 men, beside women and children.

And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come he was there alone.

But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.

And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.

Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

And when they were gone over, they came into the land of Gennesaret.

And when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased;

And besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.

SINGULARITIES.

What are presumably the largest string beans in the world may be seen growing in the gardens of a resident of Pasadena, Cal. They range from 30 to 48 inches in length and average half an inch in width. They are not only enormously large, but they make a delightful table delicacy when cut and stewed and prepared with cream and butter. The vines bear profusely, and the beans are so large that one of them is more than a single person can comfortably manage. These beans are of the aristocratic species, and do not claim alliance with the common string bean. California botanists class them as belonging to the genus Dolichos, but owing to their great length they are more popularly known as "yard beans." The plants are natives of China and Japan and the seeds were sent to California from Japan.

Fear of microbes seems to have spread to the possessors of old furniture, which during a long life and unknown experiences may have collected the germs of disease. Recently a cautious lady in London who had been studying the medical warnings inherited a Sheraton table. She would not admit it to her house, but sent it off to a cabinet maker's with orders that an exact replica be made, the original table being offered in payment. If this lady's craze for new and innocuous furniture spreads, there should be good times in store for the cabinetmakers, as well as for collectors who prefer the risk of microbes to the certainty of shoddy.

Professor Lombroso, as the result of his observations on left-handed and left-sided people, finds that among 1,000 soldiers and operatives the proportion of left-handed people is 4 per cent among the men and 5 to 8 per cent among the women. Among criminals the quota of left-handed was found to be more than tripled in men and more than quintupled among women.

Genesis.

Arthur Gibson Hull in The Reader.

Between his palms the Potter twirled
The patient clay.
Damp with his spittle, lightly hurled
It then away,
Far down the void of black-breasted Night,
Betwixt the lean Moon and the sodden light
Of a chill, dead Dawn, it fell. Behold, the World!

SAGE OUT OF WALL STREET.

Clerk Suing for a Check Which Sage Got But Forgot to Turn Over.

From the New York American.

Wall street practically has lost one of its most interesting characters. Russell Sage, although still insisting upon visiting his office once or twice a week, has departed from his lifelong habit of arriving there daily with clock-like regularity, regardless of weather conditions, and in fact is now seen in Wall street at infrequent intervals. He has gradually withdrawn from participation in great financial affairs at the earnest solicitation of his friends and Mrs. Sage, but the trusted employes who have served him many years still handle the loan business on the stock exchange.

Mr. Sage, who is 87 years old, spends most of his time in his new Fifth avenue home, and is said to be in his usual state of health.

With the news of Mr. Sage's retirement comes the statement that he is determined to fight a judgment for $2,840 rendered in favor of E. C. M. Rand, a former clerk of his, by Justice Dugro in the supreme court. Technically, Mr. Rand's suit was against the Iowa Central railroad, of which Mr. Sage is the principal stockholder.

Three years ago, when Rand was in Mr. Sage's office, he performed valuable services for the Iowa Central and put in a bill for $2,000. According to Rand, Mr. Sage was at the meeting of the board of directors that passed on his claim.

"Certainly we will allow it," said one of the directors. "Mail Rand a check; he's a good fellow."

"Make out the check in my name," Mr. Sage is alleged to have said. "Rand works in my office, and I'll give it to him."

At any rate, Mr. Rand never got the money. Mr. Sage does not deny he got it. All that he affirmed in his defense was that Mr. Rand was in his employ; that he was well paid for his services; that his time belonged to him; therefore Mr. Rand was not entitled to money from his company.

"Uncle Russell" never told Mr. Rand that the directors had voted favorably on his bill. Rand alleges that when he mentioned the little item to Mr. Sage, each time the reply was:

"Yes, yes. To be sure, Rand. I had almost forgotten about it. But you'll get it. Don't worry." He continued to work for Mr. Sage and finally wrote to the officers of the Iowa Central, asking why his claim wasn't paid. The answer was that long ago Mr. Sage had received the check. Mr. Rand then confronted Mr. Sage.

"That $2,000. What about it? You've had it for months. Shell out!"

"Oh—let's see? That's right, Rand. I did get the check and I guess I'll keep it. It wasn't due you; you were working for me at the time and getting paid every week."

Next day Mr. Rand went hunting for another job and found one in the presidency of the Securities Protective association. Then he walked into Mr. Sage's office and resigned.

"Aha, what's your hurry?" observed Mr. Sage, with his mollifying smile. "Hope you will reconsider this."

"It is useless to talk," said Rand. "I want what is coming to me, and in addition I want that $2,000. I could have you arrested and could prosecute you criminally. Pay me or suffer the consequences."

Mr. Sage was too full for utterance. Finally he spoke. "Now, Rand," he drawled with ascetic vigor, "get out of here. You haven't any money coming, and you ought to be glad that I have kept you at work. Good day!"

That day Mr. Rand saw a lawyer and a suit was filed. The case was fought and defended with vigor. Mr. Rand gets a verdict not only for the $2,000, but interest and costs were added.

The verdict is against the Iowa Central railroad, and as the road has paid the claim its directors look to Mr. Sage for restitution in the event the verdict stands.

MARY.

From the New York Sun.

I.

The old world's rolling on
Beneath its weight of years,
Deep covered by the dust of man
And watered by his tears.

But Mary's only
Ten years old,
And Mary's hair is
Ripling gold.

II.

Above the patient plains
Old Cheops lifts his head,
A nation's sombre monument
Among its sleeping dead.

But the weary years
Might never be
When Mary looks and
Smiles at me.

III.

Old Sorrow stalks abroad,
And Worry's always here.
The Big Blue Devils leap and play,
And Trouble's ever near.

But all these things
Are naught to me,
When Mary's sitting
On my knee.

DIDN'T WAIT FOR ORDERS.

From the Chicago News.

Senator Hoar says that at a dinner where General Grant and other distinguished men were present Commodore Alden remarked that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some dispatches, from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place 15 minutes before the rebels and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off."

NOT SO BIG AS IT LOOKED.

From the New York World.

A naval officer who has just returned from Colombia is showing a check he was given in a restaurant in Cartagena. He went in one morning and got a cup of coffee and a roll. The waiter gave him a check for $4,600. "Good Lord!" spluttered the naval officer, in the best Spanish he knew, "what do you mean by this? More than four thousand dollars for a cup of coffee! It's an outrage. I can't pay it and I won't!"

The proprietor came around and suavely explained that that price was in Colombian paper currency, for which the ratio that morning was $23,000 to $1 in gold.

The bill was 20 cents in American money.

Russia and England Playing a Game of Intrigue for Control of Thibet

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

Tibet, the mysterious land of Central Asia, is destined to pass under the control of either Russia or England. Already the two powers are engaged in military and diplomatic intrigue to gain the supremacy in Lhassa, the sealed city of the dalai lama. Russian surveyors, guarded by troops, are in Northern Tibet, and are building permanent barracks. Apparently they have gone there to stay. The English are assembling a large military expedition, which will march perhaps to Lhassa itself in the spring. The game of intrigue is on. China, the protector of Tibet, is not only helpless but indifferent. The lamas themselves are only awakening to the wonders of the modern world.

The temple in the far north quarter of Pekin is a dilapidated old place, highly disenchanting, now that the mystery of it and the difficulty of access are in the past. It was formerly the palace of the prince who became the Emperor Yung Cheng. He endowed it richly and his successors made annual visits, liberal presents and allowances until the year 1900. In that season the lamas took fright and left Pekin for Mongolia, reducing the company of 800 or 900 pious folk to only 200. Fortunately for the lamas and the treasures of the temple, that quarter of the city fell to the Japanese to administer, and there alone the temples were not pillaged and used as military quarters. Guards stood at the gates for months before the Japanese general visited the temple and was shown through its dreary stone courts, its halls of images, and lecture rooms of priests.

When the tourist had to bribe largely to get in, and pay more and fight desperately to get out, there were tormenting tales of the splendors of the altar ornaments and images, the magnificence of the successive fonts. One found but dingy quadrangles, dilapidated buildings, commonplace images, and, over all, such dust and litter that the effect was depressing.

There are some fine old bronze incense burners of the Kieu Lung period in one court, one good set of altar vessels of the same period in cloisonne enamel on one altar, and a painted enamel set of beakers, flower vases, urn, and incense gilded images and the tiny arhats and rakans in the fantastic rock work paradise of another pavilion are not equal to those in other temples.

The head lama of this temple was curious about Buddhism in Japan, and used to ply his visitors with many questions. Had they any temples as large and splendid as this in Japan? Were the altars as richly furnished, the priests as many and as well robed and supported in Japan?

The Buddhist chaplains of Japanese regiments sent word home, and the Hongwauji temples in Kioto invited the head lama over as their guest. He went over with a chaplain on a troopship, was entertained at those magnificent temples in Kioto, and at famous temples all the way up to Tokio and Nikko. He was shown schools, museums, gardens, arsenals, shipyards, and hospitals—in fact, everything in the way of spiritual and material development and progress in Japan.

It was too late in the summer for the emperor to grant an audience, but the dazed lama was shown through and entertained in the palace, and when he was to leave Tokio some 300 priests and a great company of Japanese officials, military and civil, made a formal farewell at the station.

It was a sight worth braving an August noonday's heat to see the dull railway platform and carriages enlivened by those hundreds of superbly glittering brocade priest cloaks, and the group of white and gold uniforms.

The lama was duly impressed with Japan's greatness, her higher civilization, and spiritual condition, and he spread the wonderful accounts of his travels far and wide through the region of Lamaism. The lamas, who come in from Tibet and Mongolia, stay at this temple or the yellow temple outside the walls, and there is a great going to and fro of the tonsured brethren. The lama delivered a continuous lecture on the greatness and goodness of Japan to his colleagues and acolytes, and when the court returned to Pekin and the emperor so entirely neglected him the chagrined lama could not endure the situation. Having lost face and lost heart, he withdrew to Mongolia, seeking for consolation the living Buddha at Urga.

At the Yellow temple, just north of the city wall, there are many Tibetan lamas, and the Tibetan merchants, who come out from Lhassa and return there each summer make it a general headquarters. One most interesting Tibetan lama was in at the Japanese photographer's place the other day—the Rev. A. Wau Karasau, a Kompo lama, who came a few years ago as an official tribute bearer from the dalai lama to the Chinese emperor. This annual tribute is not a serious thing, consisting of carpets, drugs and incense only, since the money tribute prayers and masses for the special prayers and masses which the Tibetans offer up for the welfare of China.

The Kompo lama was a stalwart old soul, with a strong and kindly face, with a red button of rank in the yellow crown of his turban hat, and while he sat for the photographer to make ready for him, he ladled snuff out from a little silver and turquoise stoppered bottle to the side of his thumb and sniffed it vigorously. He told me that he liked Pekin better than Lhassa, and he also told me that in 1900 a Buriat Mongol came to Lhassa and excited the lamas with the news that the Chinese empire had fallen and that the Chinese emperor had fled. The lamas had been told of a war at the time the boxers began operations, and had been asked to pray for the success of Chinese arms.

There was great consternation, and the Buriat easily persuaded the chief officials and many lamas to sign a paper asking Russia to protect the Tibetans. Then some merchants arrived direct from Pekin and brought word that the government of China still lived, that imperial proclamations were posted on the walls as usual, that the emperor was in Shansi, to be sure, but Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang were in Pekin and had driven away all but a few foreigners. The angry lamas turned upon the Buriat in wrath and he fled to Mongolia.

As to recent foreign travelers in Tibet and Lhassa, there have been Russian surveyors in the north part of Tibet for a year, but the lama said the only foreigner actually in Lhassa was a Japanese doctor, who studied the sacred books for a year in Sera university and suddenly disappeared. It was not until this doctor wrote back letters from Nepad that all Lhassa learned that a Japanese had been in their midst unsuspected for all that time.

The merchants who came up from Lhassa this June had many stories to tell about this Japanese doctor, and the Kompo lama was a little dazed when we cried out that all the world knew all about him—the famous priest, Ekai Kawaguchi, whose travels in Tibet and long stay in Lhassa have been the talk of Japan for some months.

Since all other travelers after Abbe Huc had failed to enter Lhassa, it remained for a Japanese to attempt it and succeed. The priest Kawaguchi went on a purely religious errand, his object being to see and search for certain Buddhist writings, supposed to be treasured in the great temple of Tibet. He spent a year in India studying Tibetan, some months in Nepal and on the Tibetan border, and a year traveling Western Tibet before he ventured into the capital.

Representing himself as a Chinese doctor, he had great vogue among the dropsical, whom he was able to cure. One of his grateful patients, the minister of finance, took him into his house, and under his protection the doughty Japanese continued his Sanskrit and Tibetan studies at the great lama university attached to the Sera temple.

Kawaguchi had an audience with the grand lama, who offered him a position as one of the court physicians. Some Tibetan merchants from Darjiling recognized Kawaguchi in Lhassa, but before they could follow and denounce him he fled for the Indian frontier with his horse load of sacred books. It was not until he wrote back to his friends in Lhassa that the mystery of his disappearance was explained, and it was a sensation of many months when the lamas learned that a foreigner had been living among them for so long.

Chinese are permitted to go and come freely in Tibet, and also the Buriat Mongols, although they are now under Russian domination and their country a province of Siberia. All other travelers are warned off, held at bay by Tibetan soldiers, and refused provisions and pack animals until they turn back. Prejevalsky's expedition, which was more truly a diplomatic than a scientific mission, was turned back as relentlessly as any other, and the presents intended to cement the friendship of the czar and the grand lama were abandoned in the snow wastes.

Russia has not rested during these 33 years since Prejevalsky failed. If European Russians could not succeed, Asiatic Russians might do so, and the Buriat Mongols were made much of. Promising young Buriats were educated in Russia, and the Buriat of whom the Tibetan lama told me might well have been the Zoubikov who in his lecture before European geographical societies says that he resided in Lhassa for a few months during 1900.

The tutor of the dalai lama in his minority was a Buriat Mongol, who since his return to his own country has been made much of by the Russians, and has several times gone back to Lhassa and made rich presents to the different universities and temples and higher officials. Presents more wonderful than anything the lamas dreamed of before have come from Russia, and one of the dalai lama's chamberlains went to St. Petersburg to thank the czar, and to make a secret compact with the czar.

All the efforts of the Russian emissaries have been to thoroughly alarm the Tibetans as to the intentions of England in India. Until the year 1900 the Tibetans were secure in the belief that China would always protect them. Since then the Russians have besought the lamas to lean on them, and have painted the English bogey in more terrible colors.

The present expedition, which Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener are organizing to make rapid advances in the spring, has already spread panic in Lhassa, and there will be great news when the next lot of Tibetans come into Pekin.

By imperial edict last May the empress dowager bade the Tibetans receive the English expedition kindly, and indirectly warned them that if they put obstacles in the way or made trouble, they need not look to China to help them in their straits. By the wording of the edict China gave notice that she would not be responsible for any reprehensible conduct of the Tibetans, that Tibet was none of her concern, and that the lamas must look out for themselves.

During the summer Lhassa made complaint of the Russian surveyors and engineers accompanied by troops, who were going where they pleased in northern Tibet, and the lamas were curtly advised to chase them out, to drive them across the borders of Mongolia.

Poor Tibet and its problems, its timidity, blindness and weakness, its inability to distinguish between the wolf and the lamb, and its certainty of doing the wrong thing in the end, about parallels Corea, which so long leaned on China also.

Tibet is dependent on India for its most necessary supplies, and there is an increasing trade over the border at Darjiling. Although China has for ages furnished the brick tea of the Tibetans from the Yangtze valley, much tea now goes from India, together with all the cotton goods they consume, much barley and foodstuffs. When Mr. and Mrs. George Littledale were held in camp only 40 miles from Lhassa they sent in for supplies and the tobacco was in tins from Bristol, England, the matches came from Japan, and some other things had been made in Germany.

While no foreigners are permitted to cross the boundary, Tibetans go back and forth freely. There is a school for Tibetan boys at Darjiling, maintained at government expense, and many of the graduates have taken positions as teachers and surveyors and clerks in India. The number of Tibetan graduates from this school, the Tibetan traders who regularly visit Darjiling and the coolies who work in the tea plantations for a season and return, all help spread the advantages of England's ways and government among the people.

The Russian emissaries have worked upon, won over and showered their gifts upon the lamas and higher officials. The Tibetans themselves would welcome the English, the officials would oppose them at the prompting of the Russians, so that there is every prospect of an internal struggle when the affairs of Tibet become a matter of world's interest.

These are stirring times, this is a strenuous century, that Eastern Asia finds herself thrust into. Better a longer sleep than such a fevered awakening, some of the poor old easy going peoples must think.

WHY ALLISON MISSED IT.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Allison of Iowa, famed for his conservatism and his compromises, was at a dinner party a few nights ago.

Along in the evening, after the game had been served and the glasses filled several times, an admirer of the senator came over to him, put his hand on the senatorial shoulder and said, between sobs:

"Allison, if you had ever in your life hit a man a good stiff punch in the slats and called him out of his name a few times you would have been president of the United States."

Philanthropic After All.

Charley Schwab shows a disposition to do the right thing. He has a lot of stock which he is willing to surrender if he can get the price quoted when the stock came into his possession.