

THE OREGONIAN DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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

ANOTHER BACK NUMBER.

THE esteemed Oregonian this morning prints an elaborate official apology of the Associated Press which originally appeared in the New York Times.

Its apparent purpose is self-glorification, but its real object is to explain why it took that great newsgathering agency three days to get through the news about Port Arthur.

THEY DO IT DIFFERENTLY THERE.

LIVING in Portland, where our moral standards are so different, and where, perhaps, because of inherited predilections for grand old men we so easily become unconscious opportunists, we must confess we have read with amazement the statement recently made by District Attorney Halley at Pendleton when a bunch of gamblers was fined there a day or two ago.

While it may sound like treason to the Portland powers that be, we cannot refrain from printing a few sentences from the district attorney's heart-to-heart talk: "I want you gentlemen to know," said he, "that just as long as there is a law on the statute-books prohibiting gambling, and just as long as I am district attorney, I will enforce that law. I mean just what I say. You can't go out from here thinking that you have bought a privilege to gamble by paying this fine. If you start gambling again, I will arrest you tonight and bring you up before the court on Monday. I am determined to stamp out this evil. I do not recognize this subterfuge of the city in licensing you. Gambling is prohibited, and there is no authority to license it. It is my duty and the duty of every officer to stop it. I am going to do my duty."

The whole thing seems to be so easy when it is tackled in the right spirit. All that is needed is a man to do it. Of course in Portland the mayor has abrogated the state gambling laws, and all the other officials, apparently including the district attorney, accept that as final, official and irrevocable. But suppose some official, with power to act should come to the front and refuse to accept the mayor's dictum? And then suppose he should get busy in the courts?

Wouldn't there be a rattling of dry bones, and wouldn't there be a rush to cover on the part of the officials and newspapers which are now justifying an open defiance of the law?

A RUSSIAN WATCH TOWER.

THAT birds of a feather do flock together is well illustrated by the sudden deep attachment that has sprung up between the editor of the Oregonian and the czar of all the Russias. Whether Russia's isolation appeals so strongly to the man in the tower because he himself not long ago experienced the bitterness of isolation, or whether it be on the principle of like to like—the result is just the same: the Oregonian is in desperate straits for all sorts of excuses to justify its position in behalf of its friend, the White Czar. To this end it is concentrating all of its efforts. It has discovered what no one else has succeeded in doing—namely, that it is the British and the Jews who, jointly and separately, conspired in cultivating an anti-Russian propaganda in Europe and in America against "peace-loving" Russia. Al-

most with tears of indignation does it bewail the fact that such efforts of the British and the Jews should meet "with enthusiastic approval in the United States" (Editorial, "The Power Without a Friend," Feb. 8). Indeed, even as far back as December 24, in the leading editorial, "Lessons From Kisheneff," there already appears its great discovery that the British and Jews are using the Kisheneff affair to work up an anti-Russian feeling in the United States. And, again, only on last Tuesday it prints an editorial, "Harvest of Old Hatreds," in which the Jewish people are charged with "rejoicing at every Japanese victory."

Of course, the British are perfectly safe from massacre by the Russian experts in that business, since at the present stage of things "peace-loving" Russia is too busily occupied to invite further trouble. But as to the Jewish people—what is it that the Oregonian wants of them? Why should that paper so frequently charge them, individually and collectively, with engaging in an anti-Russian propaganda and with "rejoicing at every Japanese victory"? Is it possible that by such incendiary agitation it is endeavoring to furnish the Russian authorities with an excuse for encouraging a repetition of the Kisheneff butchery? That some Jews do not sympathize with Russian aggression is quite likely; there are men of every creed and in every part of the world who have no sympathy with military aggression in any form. But to try to make the world believe that they are the source of the universal antagonism against Russia is certainly a detestable piece of barbarism and brutality.

HOW ABOUT THE PAID DEPARTMENT?

WHAT is the matter with the paid fire department, about which so much was heard until within the past two weeks? Everybody seemed to be in favor of it then. The only thing that stood in the way was the attitude of the fire underwriters and the concessions which they were willing to make in the contingency that the service was improved. The fire underwriters have been heard from, not quite so generously as was expected, but still making a considerable concession. But the matter of the paid fire department seems rapidly to be sinking into the limbo of forgetfulness. The council's committee is not showing the same degree of enthusiasm that it so recently displayed. Indeed, it seems rather inclined to give the cold shoulder to the whole proposition and to let Portland shift as best it may with the old part-paid and part-volunteer fire department.

The sentiment in favor of a full paid and thoroughly organized and equipped fire department is profound and unmistakable. But as usual in all such cases politics is beginning to play a part in the enterprise, with the result that the public service suffers. It is time that the council committee get down to serious business and get ready to install a department which is likely to meet the needs of a great city like Portland.

A CASE OF THE INS AND THE OUTS.

SO LONG as one political party is so overwhelming in evidence that the contests which arise are simply fights between two factions of the same party to secure the leaves and fishes, so long will there be degeneracy in politics and political methods. The Mitchell wing of the Republican party is now in control, and it uses all the powers at its command to maintain and strengthen that control. The people to whom it gives employment are expected to show their appreciation by the political work which they do. If they fail to do it, something happens, and they are at no loss to suspect what. If the Simon faction were in power, the very same methods which it may now denounce would be put in operation in its own behalf. Therefore to this degree it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. Each side will play every card in the pack to gain supremacy, and those who think otherwise are verand indeed in the game of politics. Meantime the public, more or less unwillingly, foots the bills and accepts as inevitable conditions which it might change were it so minded.

It may not be inopportune to suggest to all printers in these times of war that a careful distinction should be noted between fight and flight, corps and corpse, scarred and scared, and battle and bottle.

A NOVEL WAR MAGAZINE.

Volume 1, No. 1 of the Twentieth Century Home has appeared and the critic can digest and approve at his leisure. The magazine is unusual only in that it caters to the home spirit of the American people and in being unusual it is neither freakish nor uncomfortably "cute," as many recent ventures into the magazine field have attempted chiefly to be.

The table of contents for the first number is lengthy and from the "Home" poem by Edwin Markham to the fashion hints the offerings are unusually good. Among the noted contributors are Dorothy Dix, Richard Mansfield, Benjamin E. Andrews, Garrett P. Serviss, Tom Manton, the late Ralph Julian, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Crocker and the Countess of Warwick. Fiction that is certainly meritorious, interesting articles by authors on science, home arts, dress, entertainment and recreation, current topics and fresh departments all add their quota to the success the number will make and press work, paper and illustrations do not lower the tone in the least.

The magazine is published by the Cosmopolitan company, whose headquarters and printing establishment is now contained in a handsome marble building in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York. The poem, "Home," by Markham, will probably materially add to this author's reputation, the first of the three stanzas reads: "Precious the home, though but a rifted rock Where way-worn shepherd carries with his flock; Precious the friendly covert, though it be Only the shelter of a lonely tree. Dear is that world-old, warm, heart pulling den; To man and beast and bird one glad dening; Dear is the roof, the hole, the lair, the nest— Hid places where the heart can be at rest."

LONDON LAWYER'S BIG WINNINGS. From the London Outlook. The parliamentary bar is not what it was in the days of "King Hudson" and the railway mania. The two forensic giants of that epoch were Hope-Scott and Charles Austin. The former made a sufficient fortune in a few years to restore and enlarge Abbotford, to marry a sister of the Duke of Norfolk of the day and to bestow a matter of £40,000 (£200,000) in private charity. The latter's income in a single session was computed on an excellent authority at £100,000.

Question of Popularity. From the New York Mail and Express. Judging from the fact that the Mormon president has five wives and the Mormon senator only one, more women have been smit with Smith than with Smoot.

Port Arthur and its History

From the Chicago Tribune. For hundreds of years Chinese coasting junka, beating along the Yellow sea in the coastwise trade, had run into the land locked harbor of Lu Shun Kow, down at the extreme southern tip of the vast peninsula. All along the shore there were cliffs rising straight from the sea to a height which varied from 300 to 1,500 feet. If you came close enough in you could make out a slit in the mountains which gave entrance to a body of water within. This slit was not more than 200 or 300 yards wide. Once you got through the passage there was a wide stretch of water before you, hemmed in by cliffs on every side. At high tide the water was deep enough for the anchorage of a big ship, but when the tide went out the mud flats were exposed to view.

In the valleys between the cliffs were built 50 or 60 miserable mud huts, and in them lived 300 or 400 Chinese coolies. That was the situation up to 1858, that is, until Port Arthur was discovered. In that year three British ships of the British navy came that way on a surveying expedition. One of these ships was the gunboat Albatross, commanded by Lieut. William Arthur. Lieutenant Arthur daringly ran his vessel in between the cliffs which guarded the harbor, which was thereupon named Port Arthur in honor of his exploit.

But beyond the name, Port Arthur gained no new fame for another 20 years. In 1881 it was still merely a convenient harbor into which coasting junks from the interior of the continent swept the seas outside. On the cliffs and in the valleys thereabouts there still lived only a few hundred wretched Chinese coolies.

Then the great Celestial empire began to wake up. Foreign engineers were sent along the coast to pick out a safe harbor which might be fortified and made the chief station for the new and modern navy of China. They settled on Port Arthur, and it was planned to transform the place into an immensely strong and completely fitted naval station. Plans were drawn for great dockyards, workshops, drydocks, refitting basins and foundries, while above them on the commanding cliffs strong fortresses were to be erected. The contracts for all this work were let to French contractors, so that it was France which first among the nations had to do with this Gibraltar of the far east. French contractors, with the aid of swarms of Chinese coolies, working like slaves for 15 cents or 20 cents a day, worked for years on the work in and about Port Arthur. Not until 1891 was the place turned over to China, ready for occupancy as a great naval station.

By that time Port Arthur—its name already forgotten—had become a fairly well built town, containing more than 1,000 houses and shops, outside of the government works. It then had a commercial population of 6,000 to say nothing of the Chinese garrison of 7,000 or more soldiers. The forts were mounted on the cliffs, and Chinese gunners were trained by German and other foreign experts in the use of the artillery.

In 1894, during the month of November, the victorious Japanese army marched down one of the two narrow paths which lead through the surrounding mountains to the city of Port Arthur, captured the city, and put to the sword many of the inhabitants, non-combatants as well as the members of the garrison. It was a bloody day, and the Chinese officers and soldiers were slaughtered as quickly as was possible.

For a time then Port Arthur was apparently in the permanent possession of the Japanese, until the pressure of the allied powers forced her to give it to the Chinese. The English, however, before they marched out the Japanese destroyed a large part of the Chinese fortifications.

In 1898 Port Arthur was "leased" to Russia, which immediately began to fortify it, with the intention of making it the strongest port in the world. Its importance to Russia is great. Vladivostok, the other great Russian port on the Japan sea, is icebound a

large part of the year. The possession of Port Arthur by the navy of the czar is a port which is never frozen. Moreover, it is a port which commands the approach to Peking, the Chinese capital. Never since the Russian occupancy has there been any cessation of activity in an about Port Arthur. In miserable hovels on the hillside swarm thousands of coolies, who at a word can be hired for 20 cents a day to do any kind of hard and adventuresome work. Last year a Russian contractor at Port Arthur offered to bet that within a half hour he could dig 100 feet outside of his regular large force. These regular forces are extremely large and are kept steadily at work both by land and sea. Any time within the last five or six years one could find in the outer harbor a fleet of from 500 to 1,000 Chinese junka, all built with raised masts, masts and other building material. They, of course, are all working for the Russian government.

One important result of the Russian occupancy of Port Arthur has been a great increase in the imports from the United States. During several weeks in 1902 American goods to the value of more than \$2,000,000 weekly were landed at Port Arthur, and the yearly commerce of the United States with that and the adjacent ports has been valued at \$10,000,000.

But the Russian plan has been from the first to make Port Arthur a purely military and naval center. With that plan in view the Russians several years ago began the construction of the wonderful city of Dalny, 30 miles north and 15 miles west of Port Arthur, which they hope to make the commercial capital of the far east. The plan contemplates that all commercial ships shall be barred out of Port Arthur and sent to Dalny, and that the former fortress shall be barred to civilians, where, indeed, they are now allowed only on emergency property being held on merely temporary leases.

Dalny—or rather the site of the present city—was located on an open roadstead, where the navies of all nations might ride. In order to make there a safe harbor, a tremendous breakwater, costing millions, was built and is now completed, projecting into the sea for a great distance and inclosing a splendid anchorage. At Dalny also great administration buildings were erected and even that rare thing in the far east, a first-class hotel, is being built. Dalny is to be the final terminus of the great Siberian railroad, by means of which Russia has tied together her widely scattered empire.

Visitors to Port Arthur within the last few years have been vastly impressed by the spirit of boundless energy which prevails there. Life in the fortress city is in great contrast to that in most of the settlements along the Chinese coast. The streets have been thronged with Russian soldiers and with gangs of coolies, all busy on some important errand.

The Russian soldier, as seen at Port Arthur, impresses the visitor as being in deadly earnest. Before them all, from the lowest private in the ranks to the highest officer, shines the hope of winning the little cross of St. George for valor in the face of the enemy. On the day of St. George the brave men who wear his cross have the honor of breaking bread with the great white czar himself in his palace at St. Petersburg. If they are stationed there, or if they are quartered at Port Arthur they eat breakfast at the table of the czar's viceroys, Admiral Alexieff—and how can greater honor come into the life of one of these wily Cossacks, wrapped in skins and furs and mounted on a little shaggy pony even tougher and harder than his master's?

So, strangely, in the passing of the years and in the working out of the policy of the nations has the little Chinese junk harbor of 40 years ago, named by the English, fortified by the French for the Chinese, won by the Japanese at a great cost of blood, and finally leased to the Russians, come to be the center of the world's interest. H. M. H.

VICE-ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.

A Man of Ungovernable Passion with Actual War Experience.

From the Detroit Journal. When vice-Admiral Alexieff was appointed administrator of eastern Siberia and given full control of both land and sea forces, thus made despotic ruler of all the lands lying between Lake Balkal and the Pacific, from the Arctic ocean to the Yellow sea, people who knew his fighting nature and the confidence which the czar has in his predicted confidence that war was coming and that he was sent there to prepare for it and to take supreme command of all military operations when they did break out. And this is what has happened. General Kouropatkin is the greatest Russian general since the death of his old chief, General Skobelev, but he is required at headquarters to attend to the general conduct of the war, and Alexieff takes command at the front.

He is probably the only living admiral in the world who ever conducted a great war on land and the only one who ever had command of half a million soldiers. Although a fighter by nature he has been but little warfare, practically none except the expedition to China during the Boxer outbreak. All his service prior to that had been at sea, and Russia has never distinguished herself on the ocean. He is the man who built up Russia's power on the Pacific, and he was compelled to look on helplessly while the Japs were smashing it and undoing his work of years, a work for which he received promotion and honors from the czar.

Alexieff is a man of fierce, ungovernable temper and breaks out into paroxysms of rage on the slightest provocation. Even the loss of a little money will send him into a fury, and his subordinates have learned that to win from him at his favorite game is anything but favorable to their chances of advancement.

He was responsible for the seizure of the Pekin railway, the property of British capitalists, an act that nearly involved the two countries in war, a calamity which was averted only by the intervention of the masterful commander-in-chief of the allied forces, ordering both British and Russians from the spot and leaving diplomacy to decide which of the two should have possession of the road.

MORE OF BIDE'S WIT. From the Philadelphia Record. J. Adam Bede, the Minnesota editor who jumped into fame by a recent speech in congress, told these stories at a dinner in New York. There is no conflict between capital and labor out west. A man asked one of our orators to define the problem of capital and labor, and he said: "If I lend you \$10 that's capital, and if I try to get it back that's labor."

A group of Irishmen were sitting up at a wake, and one asked: "What did Mike die of?" "Gangrene," said the other. "Let us be thankful for the color," sighed his friend.

CHILDREN AT BARGAIN PRICES. From Ram's Horn. A clergyman, upon introducing some new hymnbooks, requested his clerk to sit out the notes just before the collection. The clerk forgot and instead read out: "All those who have children that they wish christened will kindly let me know after the service." The clergyman was very deaf, and added blandly: "And I should like to add, for the benefit of those who have none, that they may be obtained in the vestryroom any day between 3 and 4 o'clock, the ordinary little ones at 25¢, and the special ones with red backs at 35 cents."

Manchuria a Splendid Prize of Combat

From the New York World. Manchuria, the scene of the greater battles in the eastern war as at present planned, is a mountainous province of the Chinese empire as large as all our New England and Middle States, with Colorado thrown in. Its population is much less dense than that of our Eastern states or that of Canada proper. The latest estimates give it nearly the population of New York and Massachusetts combined—about \$,500,000.

The original Manchurians were not Chinese. They were a part of the "outside barbarians" world against which the Chinese built their great wall. The present Chinese imperial dynasty, however, is Manchurian, coming from Mukden, the Manchu capital, where their dead ancestors are buried. Hence Mukden is a sacred city in the eyes of Chinese people, and it is captured by the Japs in the recent war had a corresponding political effect.

The Manchu language is employed in the Chinese court, but is not understood by the Chinese proper. When Manchuria was added to the empire it was underpopulated, much of our country was by the Indians, and to fill it up the Chinese transplanted there Chinese Mahometans from Central Asia and other mixed peoples. For this reason the inhabitants of Manchuria are said to be a mongrel race, and it is which makes it easier to hold them in subjection.

Sun Chwang, at the apex of the gulf of Liao Tung, is in about the latitude of New York City. Port Arthur is at the point of a long peninsula which divides the gulf of Pechili from the Yellow sea, which is fancifully known as "the Regent's Sword." Its latitude is that of Baltimore.

The climate, however, seems to be more severe in Southern Manchuria than in New York and Baltimore. The winds of the west, and the Asian continent behind the Yellow sea subjects the coast to blizzards from the west, which make the winter bitter cold. Russia has in Manchuria two claims—one good, the other good enough to bluff upon until she is called. She has a great railway, and she wishes to maintain her railroads in Manchuria and to keep troops there to guard the lines. Since the boxer troubles, however, Russia has kept strong bodies of troops in towns that are nowhere near the railroads, practically occupying and controlling the whole country. It is

Manchuria's possibilities may be compared roughly to those of our North Atlantic states. Its splendid wheat harvests call every year thousands of Chinese laborers northward, and many of these laborers, who are full of mineral wealth, the fields are broad and fertile, the harbors excellent and commanding from the military point of view. Port Arthur commands Peking and the most populous provinces of China.

Of late Russia has had its wanting eye upon Korea for a curious reason. The port of Masampo, at the extreme southern tip of Korea, is ice-free. Vladivostok, the original terminus of the Siberian railway, which is closed for four months every winter. When they got Port Arthur the Russians at once abandoned work at Vladivostok, diverted the stream of emigration to Port Arthur and near the latter place planned the great port of Masampo. Now it appears that Port Arthur itself is not wholly ice-free. Masampo is.

For hundreds of years the huge northern bear has been struggling to escape from the ice and snow that rim his birthplace. This is the secret of his activity in the far east.

ENGLISH SHORTSIGHTEDNESS. RICH IN TREASURES.

It Gave Russia Its Opportunity in Manchuria. The English King Has Many Costly Things in His Collection.

From the Chicago Journal. There may be monarchs, like the shah of Persia, who owns treasures more costly than those of England, but none of them can eclipse him in the range and interest of rare possessions; and, even considering only the wonders of gold and precious stones, the English king's collection may on a comparison with anything to be seen in the royal palaces of Persia or Turkey.

To mention only a few of these royal treasures, there is at Windsor a single magnificent candelabrum, exquisitely made of solid gold, and weighing the tenth part of a ton; there is an enormous tiger, large and fierce as life, sheathed in solid plates of gold and with flaming eyes of crystal; and the daintiest bird in all the world, with plumage one shade of precious stones. These treasures, the tiger and the bird—once made the eyes of Tipoo Shah—flash with the pride of ownership.

At Windsor, too, is probably the finest gold dinner service in the world, a full table equipment for 150 guests, a single dish of which is sufficient burden for one man, and with gorgeous centerpieces which would tax the strength of three men. There are huge shields of gold, one of which, composed of snuff boxes, is said to be worth \$1,000,000, and a pair of snuff boxes, one of which is made of diamonds and rubies, and other treasures of precious metals and jewels, a mere list of which would fill columns.

But, although the value of these treasures is estimated in seven figures, there are other things of equal, but less, interest. What fabulous sum would not many a millionaire pay for a tankard made from gold doubloons taken from one of the ships of the ill-starred Armada, or for that lovely casket of enamel and gold, which was the personal treasure of Catherine of Braganza carried by her to her English home!

Then there is to be seen at Windsor "the most magnificent and beautiful cloak in the whole world, made from the red and yellow plumage of rare birds to be found only in a few Pacific islands. It was three quarters of a century ago one of the most prized possessions of the queen of Sweden, and its value is estimated at \$50,000.

An exquisite little clock of enamel brings back pathetic memories of Queen Anne Boleyn, for it was one of the presents which made her happy on her wedding day. It is a large number of legacies from the far-off days of Richard III, who once wore them. There is part of a regimental dinner service used during the black days of the siege of Lucknow, and denied by rebel shot; and two brocade gowns presented to Queen Victoria by the last emperor of the French, which she wore when she was crowned.

King Edward's books none but a millionaire could hope to match, for they number in all over 150,000 volumes, of which two thirds are many Caxtons, missals, psalters and other centuries-old volumes, and some of which, bibliophiles would gladly pay a few thousands apiece. The king's pictures, too, are valued in hundreds of thousands of dollars, and include some of the finest works of masters old and new; and to these he adds more than 2,000 drawings, engravings, and miniatures, largely the collection of his father, the prince consort.

The royal collection of china has scarcely a rival in any palace of Europe. It is the summation of centuries and comprises the finest specimens of the world's potteries from China to Dresden and Derby. One exquisite service of "Blen du Roi," made for Louis XVIII of France, is alone said to be worth \$50,000.

But these and countless other treasures of equal interest have all come to the king by inheritance. Among his own personal collections are also many things of rare beauty and interest, of which two at least are unique. His collection of silver models of ships is unrivaled, and includes every type that has been seen in the English navy from the earliest times, each vessel a microscopically exact reproduction of its original.

The king, too, is very fond of his collection of walking sticks, which numbers several hundreds, and among them a stick made from one of the piles of old London bridge, and another on which a great Australian statesman worked for months while serving a sentence of imprisonment.

From the Washington Post. Representative McCleary of Minnesota has a rural district. A large number of county newspapers, Republican as well as Democratic, circulate among his constituents. About 100 of these newspapers of Republican politics come in his mail weekly.

"I take a good number of the Democratic papers also," Mr. McCleary recently remarked. "I prize the friendship of many Democratic editors in my district. I like to read their papers."

"But don't they attack you politically?" "Oh, my, yes," replied Mr. McCleary. "They say one me for this or that, but I happen to be doing in politics."

"And you subscribe for their newspapers under such circumstances?" "Ah," added Mr. McCleary, "but you ought to see how they go for me for a Republican who tries to beat me for a nomination."

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. A stump speaker is almost as sincere as an actor. What a woman is ashamed of depends on who the man is. It is not for this or that care whether people think you have any or not. What a girl likes about getting flowers from the right man is the note he hides in them and she forgets to tell her mother about.

A Shining Mark. From the Chicago Record-Herald. A Maryland judge has sent a man to jail for two years for refusing to work. Young Willie K. Vanderbilt is still in Florida breaking automobile records.

From the Washington Post. The administration is still figuring on how much we should pay Colombia in damages for the Panama insurrection, in which we played no part whatever.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Denies Any Desertions.

Portland, Feb. 18.—To the Editor of the Journal—We, the apprentices of the ship "Glenshin," wish to rectify a little mistake which appeared in your yesterday's issue of the Oregon Daily Journal. The young apprentice, Gerald N. Jones is not deserting the ship, but has been regularly paid off and signed off the articles. He is going down to San Francisco to join the ship "Silbourn."

There has been once or twice a suggestion in the papers that we, the apprentices of the "Glenshin," were afraid to go to South Africa. We wish to contradict that statement, and to make use of an American slang word, we of the Glenshin have no cold feet. We like the ship and we like the captain and there is not one of us intending to leave the ship at this port.

(Signed on behalf of the apprentices, HUGHIE JONES.

AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

From the New York World. Almost frenzied declarations come from Russia that the people of the United States are to blame for the course of Japan going to war. Any such belief must be ascribed to characteristic ignorance and prejudice. Japan has needed no monitor in this matter, and has been aware of the strict neutrality of our government.

That the sympathy of the American people is with Japan cannot be denied; indeed, there is no tendency to deny it. Not only has the brilliant Japanese overture to the drama of war excited admiration, but back of this is the history of the contending forces. Each has by its own acts established a moral status. Russia is not viewed with either the admiration to be won by mere hugeness and strength or the esteem due to the effort to uplift itself. It has been unspcakably greedy and brutal. Its policy one of acquisition abroad and oppression at home. Japan, on the other hand, has been an eager and apt student of the ways of civilization and has made wonderful progress in adopting them.

While it is true that Japan and Russia are at war over territory that belongs to neither of them, their contentions do not rest on common ground. Japan knows that if Russia shall be permitted to retain Manchuria, the door Korea, the integrity of China will be shattered. The ultimate domination of the Orient by Russia means the ex-

THE JAPANESE HOUSE.

From "Queer Things About Japan." A Japanese house is the simplest thing in the world. It consists of a post at each corner and a roof. One may say it is all on one floor, if it is a small house. The number of rooms in it depends on the number of bed-rooms the owner requires. They are divided by night by paper shutters fixed in grooves like the divisions of an old-fashioned workbox. There are no doors or passages. Your bedroom acts as a passage, and when you want a door you slide back the nearest panel. Two sets of shutters go round the outside. These outside shutters cannot be slid in the same promiscuous fashion as the other. Each is held in its place by the next, and the last one is secured with a bolt of wood. There are plenty of Japanese houses which when secured for the night would hardly stand a drunken man leaning against them. An Englishman's house may be his castle—a Japanese's house is his bedroom, and his bedroom a passage.

Question of Popularity.

From the New York Mail and Express. Judging from the fact that the Mormon president has five wives and the Mormon senator only one, more women have been smit with Smith than with Smoot.