

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.
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GOVERNMENT THERE; SETTLERS HERE

THE DIFFERENCE in the colonization methods of Russia and the United States is strikingly illustrated in the advances which Russia made into Manchuria.

In the United States—the discussion receives added interest from the approaching centenary celebration of the Lewis and Clark expedition—the first feeble impulse alone came from the government.

If it had not been for them, the claims based upon the rights of discovery through Captain Gray and the Lewis and Clark expedition would have been juggled out of sight and the whole of the Pacific Northwest would have been lost to us.

PROPHETIC FORECAST BY PRINCE KRAPOTKIN.

IN AN ARTICLE entitled "The Russians in Manchuria," written in 1901 by Prince Krapotkin, scientist and humanitarian, we have an almost prophetic outline of present conditions in the far east.

Prince Krapotkin was one of the first party of Russians to cross Manchuria. In 1864 his services as topographer were requested by a party of horse-traders in guiding them across Manchuria.

Krapotkin deprecates the attempt of Russia to colonize and annex Manchuria. He states that it was a great misfortune to the Russian nation when the Caucasus, the Trans-Caspian territory and Turkestan were annexed to Russia, and still more unfortunate when the Russians entered the valley of the Amur in 1858 and took possession of the North Manchurian coast of the Pacific ocean.

"None of us could believe that Russia would really try to establish her rule in Manchuria. The immense uninhabited stretches of plateau land in the north are absolutely unavailable for cultivation, while the cultivable parts are far asunder and already settled by Chinese and Manchus.

WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY.

Justice Brewer Discovers a New Rule of Official Etiquette.

From the New York World. At his daughter's wedding the other morning Justice Brewer received a practical lesson in the new official etiquette.

Senator Stewart, who is one of the least and more or less venerable bridegrooms of the senate, has a very precious little stepdaughter who is much attached to him.

interests of an ambitious military state, not those of the Russian people. The abandonment of all of her possessions in the east would spare the nation enormous sacrifices for which there will be no recompense; it would avoid the possibility of war entanglements in the east and would strengthen Russia against possible invasion.

BOTH KICK THE UNDER DOG.

AS AN INSTANCE of the unanimity of great minds in many channels of thought it is a notable fact that the editor of the Oregonian and the king of Korea pursue the same policy in regard to taking sides in a quarrel.

In the Jap-Russ quarrel both of these men strongly favored the boastful Russ, who certainly made a bigger showing on paper than did the Japs, who had no time to boast, being otherwise engaged.

To extol the upper and freely kick the under dog in the fight is an old custom of the Oregonian. The kaleidoscopic suddenness with which it has changed its opinion of politicians and other people is calculated to make the ordinary person gasp for breath and wonder, when he compares yesterday's Oregonian with today's, if it "really isn't some dreadful mistake."

It is a curious spectacle, and not an edifying one, to see the mental gymnastics and gyrations which are the outcome of a total lack of courage and principle. Inconsistency is quite compatible with principle, but the sort of inconsistency which sees good in a man only when he is successful, and hastens to "expose his corrupt methods" only when he is crushed, has nothing whatever to do with principle.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE MAN.

THE PROBLEM of best handling the delinquent youth of the state is one of the most difficult and discouraging which confronts the public officials charged with this duty. The charities and correction convention therefore acted wisely at its meeting held yesterday when it decided to recommend to the legislature Colorado's juvenile court law, which, enjoying the supreme merit of a thorough test, was calculated to save much in the way of costly experimentation along untried lines.

But it must be remembered that laws, however good, are not self-operative. They need official agencies to put them in motion and to get from them all the benefits which they promise. With these laws on the statute-book there is a grand opportunity for good work in this city, and the man who undertakes it for the work's sake and without hope of further reward than that which comes from the consciousness of duty well performed will scatter blessings broadcast and earn a name for himself which the proudest will envy.

An article in the Oregonian yesterday, entitled "Poetess Recants Unknown's Woeing," should have been credited to the New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser.—From This Morning's Oregonian.

Here is indisputable evidence of a delicately attuned conscience which is far above appropriating without proper credit those things which it lifts from the columns of its contemporaries. But it might have carried the affair a good deal further had it been so minded. On the previous day, under flaring headlines and dated as though it had been received by telegraph at great expense the previous evening from Philadelphia, it gives the synopsis of the contents of an article written by ex-President Cleveland for the current issue of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

From the Cincinnati Times-Star. What would you do if a girl you knew should look in your eyes and say, "It must be awfully hard to propose!" Do you think you would turn away? And make some remark about the rain, the snow, or the price of tea? Perhaps you would. And perhaps you should—But, my! what a chump you'd be!

SANTO DOMINGO.

From the New York Sun. Before the United States had any place on the map of the world, Santo Domingo was a little hotbed of rows and wrangling, internal insurrections and almost persistent disturbances, besides being a bone of contention over which France and Spain had more than once quarreled and fought. The history of Santo Domingo for the entire period of the 19th century is a record of strife punctuated with brief intervals which served as little else than mere breathing spaces for enabling the combatants to resume their disturbance. A land within a few miles of our border has been for 100 years the scene of almost persistent revolt, assassination and the destruction of property.

AT A TEACHER'S EXAM.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian. It is often the case that funny answers are given in school examinations, but the teachers' examination just closed furnished a couple of laughs. It was asked in civil government that a definition be given of the word "quorum," and one of the teachers wrote, "A quorum is that condition of equilibrium where the opposites balance."

Admiral Alexieff, the Russian Viceroy

H. M. H. in the Chicago Tribune. Picture a heavily built man, standing fully 6 feet in height, with broad shoulders and a thick brown beard and mustache, now slightly tinged with gray; see him in the uniform of a Russian admiral, his coat covered with medals and decorations; let there be about him an impression of accustomed authority and of great reserve force; make him a charming companion, acquainted with the society of all the world and ready to talk interestingly about anything but his business, which is the business of his imperial minister, then you will have an idea of Admiral Eugene Alexieff, the viceroy of Russia in further Asia and the direct representative of the Russian government at Port Arthur.

Those who know him declare that Alexieff is a strange combination of many strong qualities. He was bred a sailor, and many of his early years were spent in cruising about those gay winter cities of the Mediterranean when the naval officers of many nations were warmly welcomed. Later, as lieutenant he served for four years on a vessel which spent most of that time in exploring the ice-covered coasts of southern Siberia. And it was on his return from this long voyage that the young naval officer made his first acquaintance "in" with the powers at St. Petersburg.

Lieutenant Alexieff had secured a leave of absence and had decided to go home to Russia by way of the United States. He landed at San Francisco and there first met the minister of the Russian Empire in his country and Great Britain. Forthwith, with a hardihood which seems almost like insolence, the comparatively obscure young naval officer sat down and wrote a cablegram to his excellency the minister of the navy at St. Petersburg.

"Why not authorize me to buy commerce destroyers to prey on British commerce?" is what he wired. "Good suggestion," came back the answer, "but there is not time. War is on the march, and you must be ready to sail in ten days. The minister and would have been plenty to satisfy most young naval lieutenants. But it was not enough for Alexieff.

"Permit me most humbly to suggest that your excellency does not know the United States," he cabled indignantly in receipt of the minister's message. "Let me try." "Wired the minister, and at the same time put at the disposal of Alexieff ample funds for the purchase of a number of fast sailing steamers.

On his way across the continent from San Francisco Lieutenant Alexieff was conducting negotiations for the purchase of no less than eight or ten big steamers. Before he reached the east several of them had been bought and were being fitted out. He was accompanied by eight big steamers and had six of them waiting with steam up for the first declaration of war. Three of them rendezvoused in Frenchman's bay on the coast of Maine, and three others off the Delaware breakwater.

When the war was averted, war was not declared, and finally Lieutenant Alexieff was instructed to sell the ships he had bought, which he did to good advantage. Then the young Russian went over to Long Branch, then at the height of its fame as a winter resort, where he spent several weeks as the guest of American friends. Even today in conversation with Americans he is fond of harking back to those days at Long Branch and the good times he had there.

When Alexieff finally went home they gave him command of a ship with the title of captain. Three years later he was an admiral. That one exploit of buying the ships which never were used since the war is a thing which the Russian government with his quality. Since then he has been a great man. He was chosen to command the warship on which the present czar, then heir to the throne, went out to the far east, and on the long voyage the friendship between the two men was greatly strengthened. Later he was sent out to act as governor-general of Russia's far eastern provinces, and there he showed his ability as a diplomat and administrator. He commanded the Russian fleet in the Far East, and he was the ambassador at Peking, and there won honors as a land commander. Later he served for a time as minister of marine in the cabinet of the czar, and last fall he was sent out as the first viceroy of the Russian empire in the Far East.

Alexieff has shown on several occasions that he is a man of peace so long as peace is to be maintained. In the year of 1895, when the great fleets of Russia and Japan lay opposed to each other in the harbor of Chefoo, the greatest naval battle of modern times was only averted by his coolness.

Second in command to Alexieff was Admiral Tyrtov, a grim old sea fighter, who turned to open an attack on the Japanese admiral, who was in command of the victorious Japanese commander in the Yalu battle. Russia had given Japan an ultimatum, the time had expired, and the last telegram had come from St. Petersburg, saying that the war was inevitable. Tyrtov trained his soldiers. The men of both fleets were drunk with the lust of battle. The great gray and black ships had been stripped for action.

"Not a man must be withdrawn," was the grim answer. "You must hold the station or be annihilated." And when the railroad station was finally relieved the Russian flag was still flying in the signal towers, so that the men left unscathed to receive their respite.

Alexieff is noted for the great care and consideration he gives the men under his command. He more than any other great Russian commander is on almost chummy terms with his soldiers, but it is a friendliness in which there is respect amounting almost to awe on the part of the men in the ranks. On the day of St. George, when the wearers of the cross of St. George, privates or princes alike, were in the ranks, Alexieff was in the vice-regal palace; his host will sit there with them for eight or nine hours, as the various detachments come and go. A few days later he may make a long march into the wilderness and come back to recover lost baksheesh mud and living, like his men, chiefly on cigarettes and peanuts.

So far as reported, no one has ever caught Alexieff without his regimentals on. Wherever he may be, under no matter what conditions he may be living, he is always properly and handsomely dressed, with all his medals and decorations in place. He always looks as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, if one may imagine a six foot, bearded man stepping from such a dainty equipage.

Alexieff, who is now 60 years old, has spent most of his life in the new empire which Russia is building on the coast of Asia. "Everything is done and over with in Europe," he says. "There you have only to keep your repair shop running. Out here we are helping to create things." He is a man who likes to do things. Under his direction the Russian millions were spent in building docks and fortifications at Vladivostok, and when that giant work was done he moved on joyfully to tackle the still larger problem of the great commercial city, Dalian, and the commercial capital of greater Russia, the city of Khabarovsk, at the junction of the Amur and the Ussuri, have been built, both of them, from practically nothing.

He loves the work in this new country. He admits that he is not at all happy away from it. The delights of civilization fall on him as they do on most of those who have tasted the delights of empire building. If his cigarette be extinguished, he will light the same one. Alexieff is found in his favorite recreation in the great commercial city of Dalian, and the commercial capital of greater Russia, the city of Khabarovsk, at the junction of the Amur and the Ussuri, have been built, both of them, from practically nothing.

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The Big Suez Canal, the Red Sea and Arabia. Most Primitive of Countries

William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. Afloat on the Red Sea, Jan. 18.—Every vessel passing through the Suez canal is compelled to take a pilot, because the skippers of ordinary vessels cannot be trusted to navigate the narrow channel, for the slightest deviation may cause damage that will cost thousands of dollars to repair. Each year, however, navigation is rendered easier by the widening of the channel and by the excavation of additional sidings or basins where vessels can pass. From the moment the pilot goes on the bridge he takes charge of the movements of the ship and is responsible for whatever may happen, regulating the speed according to tonnage and draught.

Vessels cannot pass in motion. When the signal station is notified of the arrival of the ship and the pilot goes on the bridge he takes charge of the movements of the ship and is responsible for whatever may happen, regulating the speed according to tonnage and draught.

The canal looks exactly what it is—a big ditch through a desert of sand and hot fumes, jackals, hyenas and occasionally lions are seen by the watchmen in the signal towers, so that the banks of earth on either side are so high that passengers on the steamer cannot see over them, but for most of the journey you have a wide sweep on both sides back to the mountains that rise from the desert, and at a certain point for miles the two Mount Sinais are visible 37 miles to the southeast, and is pointed out to you by the captain or the deck steward. Naked Arab boys run along the banks crying for baksheesh and easily keep abreast of the creeping vessel, grabbing at the pennies which passengers throw them from the deck. Half the coins roll down into the water, which is exasperating to the youngsters. They do not like to stop and dive for them while there is a chance of getting more, but I imagine they mark the spot and come back to recover lost baksheesh when they have left the vessel.

There are only two towns of any account on the canal. One is Ismailia, a half-way point, with a population of 4,000. It is the only monument in honor of the Khedive Ismail, who did the most and spent the most to carry out the enterprise and lost his throne thereby. It is rather a pretty town, abundantly irrigated, and hence has lovely gardens and groves of palms and other trees. Here reside most of the engineers and the military and naval officers. It is preferable to Port Said. There is a hospital for sick employes, a club for the benefit of the officers and several good houses, including one erected especially for the entertainment of M. de Lesseps, when he should be pleased to visit the canal.

Before, are occasional oases in the desert—groves of palms and luxuriant gardens surrounding the stations of the canal officials, for wherever you can turn water upon that lonely desert everything will grow with a will. The water is pumped up from the Nile. Half the coins roll down into the water, which is exasperating to the youngsters. They do not like to stop and dive for them while there is a chance of getting more, but I imagine they mark the spot and come back to recover lost baksheesh when they have left the vessel.

The chief interest is found in the town of Suez because it is the crossing place of the great caravans of camels that furnish transportation between the two continents of Asia and Africa, and travel regularly between Cairo, Damascus, and Bagdad; also because biblical historians believe that here the waters of the Red Sea were dried up, and that it was here that 3,000 of the children of Israel to cross over upon a dry bottom. It requires a considerable concession to the imagination and a strength of faith which the most of mankind do not possess to accept this theory, but the experience has taught me never to doubt the truth of interesting stories. If you do, you deprive yourself and others of much pleasure. It is like analyzing the attractions of a pretty woman or separating the various inches of a woman's trunk and measuring them by the Venus de Milo.

On the other side of the Red sea, which, by the way, is not red but blue—as blue as the sky in June—you can see the purple peaks of the Sinitic range and a few miles from the shore which you can reach in three hours by donkey, one of those remarkable oases that are frequently found in the desert. This particular one is called the Wells of Moses. There is a comfortable hotel kept by an Arab, where beds and refreshments can be obtained, but it is better to start early in the morning, so as to get back the same day, and take a luncheon in a basket from Suez. The trip can be easily made while the vessel is coaling.

The children of Israel, according to the Bible, wandered three days in the wilderness of Shur and found no water, and when they came to Marah they could not drink the water, for they were bitter, and the people murmured against Moses, saying, "What shall we do? The water is bitter." The Lord showed him a tree which he cast into the waters and the waters were made sweet. And they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters of Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timber in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbers and with dances. That beautiful scene, one of the most dramatic in the Bible, is believed to have taken place here, for these wells are the wells of Elim, and three and ten palm trees still shelter a collection of a dozen or more springs. The village is peopled with naked Arabs, sinewy, springy, enduring fellows, whose flesh shines like polished mahogany, and who more resemble the young men of Israel, when they started on the journey that was not finished for 40 years.

It is difficult to understand why and how they happened to be wandering about so long down here. If you will look at the map you will see that Suez is almost on a line with Cairo, and it was the most natural rendezvous for the tribes, who were scattered all along the Nile from Memphis, which is just above Cairo, to Thebes, which is just below Luxor. The account in the Bible is condensed, and we are compelled to take a good deal of these traditions on faith, but, as I have already suggested, it is worth while to do so.

The Red sea is 1,400 miles long, and its greatest width is 200 miles. It is about the shape of a sausage, and tapers at both ends. On one side is Arabia, the most mysterious and primitive of all countries, and on the other side is Egypt, Nubia and the Sudan. At the north end what is known as the Sinitic peninsula projects into the sea, and divides the sea into two arms, and near the point of the peninsula is Tor, the landing place for Sinal. Opposite Tor is Jebel El-Zeit, which means "the mountain of oil," where petroleum was discovered some years ago, and created great excitement. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in sinking wells and building docks, warehouses and refineries, but they have all been abandoned, because, for some reason, the manufacturers could not compete with the Sinitic oil companies of the Russian factories on the Black and Caspian seas.

People think that there is a good deal more wealth in Arabia than we know of. It was once of greater importance than immediately becomes an object of plunder and persecution by the tax gatherers and every other representative of the government. There is no incentive for the coffee growers to extend their orchards or to increase their product.

One does not realize, until he comes face to face with the fact, that Arabia is nearly half as large as the United States. Its area is almost as great as that of India and is nearly equal to that of our states west of the Mississippi river. The population is unknown, because there has never been a census, but it is supposed to be between 7,000,000 and 12,000,000. The distance from north to south is more than a thousand miles and from east to west it varies from 500 to 800. Yet in this enormous territory there is no central authority. The interior is governed by petty sheiks, each being absolute over the members of his own tribe. Along a coast line of nearly 2,500 miles are only six ports, where the sultan of Turkey has a few garrisons, and garrisons to protect the collectors of taxes, who are required to pay him a certain amount of tribute every year and they wring it out of the people in any way they can.

The relationship between the government at Constantinople and the Bedouins of Arabia is a curious one. It is based solely on the cohesive power of the Mohammedan religion. There is no law in Arabia but the Koran; there are no courts but the priests; there are no mails, no postoffices, no postage stamps, and a person who wants to communicate with a distant friend must send his letter by a messenger, which is expensive, or by a caravan, which is the common way. There is no telegraph line, no newspaper, no railroad, and, strange to say, not a river in all that vast area except a few shallow, rocky beds which during the spring bring down water from the melting snow on the mountain tops to the sea, but for nine months in the year are as dry as a crematory.

The captain tells me that they produce a curious phenomenon. The coast of the Red sea is lined with coral banks built by those mysterious and wonderful little masons who, like some men I know, hate fresh water, and wherever the spring floods fall into the sea there is always a wide break in the coral reef.

The mountains of Arabia reach an altitude of more than 19,000 feet, and in spots where borings have been made the sand is more than 600 feet deep. It is the prevailing impression that Arabia is a vast expanse of desert, but that is a mistake. There are wide strips of barren sand, but they are not so barren as you would think, only because they cannot be reached by water, but two-thirds of the country is capable of cultivation, and lying at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the sea, might produce cotton, sugar and other semi-tropical and subtropical quantities. Although there are no streams, plenty of water can be had for irrigation purposes by digging 20 or 30 feet, and the introduction of windmills would simplify the pumping problem. On the coast it is intensely hot, and the humidity of the atmosphere during the summer season makes life almost unendurable, but in the interior, upon the table lands along the mountain slopes, and in the valleys, the mercury seldom rises above 85 degrees, even in midsummer. While the direct rays of the sun are intense, it is cool in the shade, and at night the mercury often falls below 50.

More than two-thirds of the population are Bedouin nomads, without permanent places of abode, who live in tents made of camel's hair, but, just like the patriarchs of old, they have numerous flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle and camels. They follow the grass and move from place to place with all their possessions. There are, however, several prosperous cities of considerable population and commerce, and the trade is conducted by camel caravans, which cross the desert regularly, and transport enormous quantities of dates, wool and other merchandise.

who strike Gedalia. A bunch of them has been getting free lodging in the Missouri Pacific station in that place. They buy tickets for the next station, and then curl themselves up on the floor of the depot and go to sleep. The agent can't put them out because they can show tickets. At the end of the month they return the unused tickets and get their money back.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. A girl marries to gain her liberty; she gets it when she becomes a widow. Most women plan after they stop having children to write a novel about them. If a burglar should stop at the crib and kiss the baby a woman would have her work making herself get him arrested. Every one in so often a woman has a deliberate quarrel with her husband so she can write home to her mother that nobody ever understood her but her.

SCOOPED BY THE "YELLOW." From the Pendleton East Oregonian. Because the Hearst newspapers pay such high prices for side correspondents that all the best in the world are in the service of that combination of papers, the associated press can only cry "yellow journalism," as its antiquated news gatherers are "scooped" day after day on war news in the Orient. All the Hearst news has been verified by the associated press correspondents after they had time to find out about it. The Hearst papers are in closer touch with the news of the world than any other combination on the earth today. The Hearst correspondents have access to more than 200 rooms and high officials than any other class of men in the world.

Burns and the Missouri Pacific. From the Kansas City Journal. There doesn't seem to be anything defective about the gall of the tramps