

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

A MUNICIPAL WHITE ELEPHANT.

ONE OF THE burdens and worries of this municipality for 10, these many years has been that notorious Tanner creek sewer. Very likely there was a big job in its original construction, but that occurred so long ago that nobody remembers or cares about it now.

AM IMPROBABLE CONTINGENCY CONSIDERED.

ANSWERING an inquirer, the Chicago News says that if President Roosevelt had been killed when he fell from his horse a few days before election, the Republican national committee would have met and issued a call for the immediate reassembling of the delegates to this year's national convention of the party.

It is undoubtedly true that if there were time the national committee would select the candidates, and if elected the electoral college would carry out the people's will as expressed at the polls, yet it is to be remembered that the electoral college is not legally bound to do this. It still has the reserve power to do as it pleases.

Suppose a candidate for president should die on the morning of election day, too late for a new nomination to be made and placed before the people, and yet electors chosen for him should be in a majority in the electoral college. In that case the majority of the people would have voted for no one, a man not alive when the votes were cast. Then would not the opposing candidate having the next greatest number of electoral votes be entitled to the office? Probably not, for here the office of the electors, as originally designed, would come into play.

The Play

In an eloquent and evidently sincere speech, following a half dozen curtain calls, White Whittlesey, the new star of the Pacific, expressed the hope that he and Portland would become fast friends. There was no agency besides hand-clapping through which to reciprocate this wish last night, so let me do it now.

It was Mr. Whittlesey's first appearance here as a star and not more than a few minutes were required to set the pulses throbbing. "Howdy, glad to have met you." He called in the same flagrant way that carried Henry Miller to fame and fortune—"Heartsease," one of the most beautiful dramas the pen of man has yet produced. It is that familiar story of the stolen opera and the real composer's return after weary years on the night of its rendition; his recognition of its melodies; his belief that he is suffering a wild hallucination, and finally, the tragic undoing of the great wrong done him.

In fairness, of course, the performance of last night cannot be compared with Henry Miller's, but it thrilled a large audience, nevertheless. Mr. Whittlesey has many charming characteristics—an enviable physique, a musical voice and a clear knowledge, at least, of those qualities which the best of actors must acquire. His modesty is praiseworthy. Always the company shared his curtain calls, and at no time did he allow Eric Temple to "hog" a situation. His best acting was in the third act, where it should be when he hears his own opera being played under a different title and believes the melodies to be the hauntings of his long-lost work. Here the star attained a splendid climax.

The company as a rule is capable. John Sainpolis is almost an ideal Geoffrey, the musical thief. Throughout his villainy he never loses the polish of a courtier and never once exaggerates the character. Henry Lewellyn as Faddury proved himself a capital character comedian, just awkward enough for one of lowly life and instincts in an eighteenth century drawing room. The Lord Neville of Harry D. Byers was another good piece of character acting. Taylor Curtis, the Captain O'Hara, was less successful because of a strong tendency to creep his glasses over the women were about equally divided. Miss Lawton reads beautifully and her acting is

the office. So long as there was no contest, as in the case of Washington, everything apparently worked in accordance with this idea, but the moment there was an actual division of political sentiment upon the lines for which Hamilton and Jefferson respectively stood the electoral college, instead of finding itself an independent body with the initiative in selecting men for president and vice-president without reference, it need to be, to the will or wishes of a majority of the voters, simply recorded the popular will as it has continued to do ever since.

The contingency herein indicated, that of the death on election day of the candidate receiving the highest number of votes, is not likely to arise, yet the unexpected oftentimes happens in politics as in other human affairs. Suppose that it should arise in this case, would the electoral college exercise its originally intended function and independently name a man for president?

A SAMPLE OF RECIPROCITY.

AFTER GREAT and prolonged effort, and over strong and persistent opposition on the part of the stand-patters, a modicum of reciprocity was gingerly measured out to Cuba last year, over the wailing protests of sugar trust organs like the San Francisco Chronicle that it would ruin our beet sugar industry and a lot of other things.

But reciprocity with Cuba hasn't hurt anybody. It has been beneficial both to Americans and Cubans, and the beet sugar men are doing very well. Cuba is prospering. Its exports last year were \$16,000,000 more and its imports \$12,000,000 more than the year before. It has sent us more sugar and been able to make a living profit out of it, sugar that we needed—though it, too, is strained through the sugar trust's sieve—and Americans have sold Cubans more manufactures. By being able to sell us sugar, Cubans have increased by 35 per cent their purchases of American lumber, cloths, flour, sewing machines and oil. Even this little piece of reciprocity, that dangerous entering wedge of awful free trade, has greatly benefited both countries and harmed nobody.

Now if a little two-bit slice of reciprocity works so well, why should not a larger piece of it be still better? And if freer trade with Cuba turns out beneficially all around, why would not freer trade with Canada, South America and France work equally well?

The "free trade" hullabaloo of the high tariff mouthpieces is about the shabbiest species of claptrap in the whole Republican party repertoire of humbuggery.

FOLKS NEEDED EVERYWHERE.

A PROPOS of Folk's triumph, simultaneously with that of the president, in Missouri, the Minneapolis Tribune, a Republican paper, after explaining caustically the reasons for the defeat of the Republican candidate for governor in Minnesota, charging it to Republican factionalism and unscrupulousness, goes on to say:

There is fine hope in this increasing dominance of the personal note in politics for states like Minnesota, that are wallowing in the muck of furious factional strife and selfish personal contention for petty ends among men unable to command general confidence and enthusiastic support by high service to all the people and broad appeal to civic patriotism. If we should ever get a man in this state big enough and strong enough and pure enough in his devotion to the public service to appeal to the popular imagination as Roosevelt and Folk appeal, all the irritating clash of private selfishness and mean resentments that degrades our politics would disappear in a spontaneous burst of genuine enthusiasm for him. All we need to clean up our politics is a Man. That is a universal need, which nature takes the trouble to supply only in vital emergencies.

These timely remarks can be applied in many states. What they need, as governors and senators and members of the house and other officers of high degree, is Men—men of convictions, of moral courage, of a large degree of independence, of true patriotism—real statesmen, not mere tongue-wagging, wire-laying, purely partisan politicians.

graceful, but she destroys much of this favorable impression by making up her eyes like two pieces of coal and chalk-link her face until it is ghastly. Miss Brissac was wholesomely charming as Alice Temple, and the Lady Neville of Edith Campbell was uniformly satisfactory.

There are details of stage management that show very little care. When a character walks off right and is within a moment pointed out as being off left—and when a supposedly great music hall adjoining the stage contains a light during a fashionable recital, it is time for rehearsal. The last act of the piece has a climax almost as stirring as the scenes at the opera, and I would like to see it worked up better. It can be done after a glance at the prompt book of the original production, if not from memory.

Tonight Mr. Whittlesey and company appear in John Drew's play of a few seasons ago, "The Second in Command."

Back to Alaska!

A crowd of Indians whose three-sheet posters proclaim them the Metlakatla, the most famous kind of a tribe, no doubt—appeared at the Marquam Grand theatre yesterday afternoon before an audience numbering 37, 31, 20, 16, 11, 6—and scattered. The Indians were there, the program stated, for the purpose of giving a concert. The only other indication of this intention was that all of them carried instruments, upon which they blew, at intervals. During these moments they made a desperate attack upon "William Tell" and turned Rossini over in his grave. Suppe suffered a similar experience when with a great crash of brass and reed the tribe crashed upon "Poet and Peasant."

The clarinet was a hit. The player is one of the best truck-drivers in the musical profession, and succeeded admirably in reducing to a painful operation anything that started out to be really entertaining. I don't know who conceived the idea of taking the Metlakatla band on the road, but he seems to have got his route mixed. This band belongs on the summit of the Rocky glacial.

The quartet of vocalists who doubled in brass, or rather, the brassists who doubled in voice, would have been as funny as the band but for the limit of human endurance. Even the Indian woman who sang "Have You a Little Love" while the audience prayed she would wait longer—didn't have any luck striking the key, and when she poured forth her arctic tones the audience held its congealed breath and invoked providential relief.

But no! One more venture to come. The great Indian Chief Neashoot, billed for an Indian performance of tricks,

Small Change

Becoming Novemberish. D. B. Hill hasn't much now to retire from. Doubtless Debs and Swallow will be willing to try again.

Maryland has the distinction of being the only doubtful state. And all Judge Moreland's many years of campaigning for nothing, after all.

What the Democratic party seems to need for awhile is a trained nurse. Are our lawmakers going to allow the royal chinook salmon to become extinct?

By the time they get through trying old hoodler Doc Ames he will probably be dead. Now Theodore Roosevelt has a splendid opportunity to make a really great president.

Now can the Socialists keep on popping, or will they retrograde, as the Populists did? "Now will all the other shoe manufacturers try to run for governor or something?"

Speaking of stout men, politically, take a squint occasionally at Governor La Follette. Shrewd moneyed men know Portland is the best and is to be the greatest Pacific coast city.

If you go to Yick Springs, be careful when you sit in a game with T. T. He is not feeling very pleasant these days.

Still another airship has broken down. Being composed of solid matter, airships have a strong affinity for Mother Earth.

"Didn't anybody interview Uncle Joe Cannon about the election, or, as usual, were his remarks unsuitable for publication?"

"Perhaps you will remember that I remarked beforehand that the battle would begin in a footrace and end in a rout."—W. J. B.

Now will the Republican majority in the Missouri legislature play petty partisan politics by trying to put and keep Governor Folk "in a hole"?

It is reported that the board of lady (women) managers will have a surplus when the St. Louis fair closes. And yet a large majority, women probably, would pardon ladies—business capacity.

Portland seems to be the home at present of a multiplicity of financiers schemes to rob the people.—Salem Journal. And this after winning that \$50 prize, too! Or did some Portland high financier get it away from the colonist?

The Albany Herald wants the state election changed from June to November to avoid the worry and trouble and expense of two campaigns. The question was submitted to the people not long ago, and they decided against it by a large majority, women probably, again. Oregon will remain a June state.

Oregon Sidelights

Hood River Commercial club is wide awake. New first-class laundry in Forest Grove.

Fine fall for work—lots of it being done, too. The new Houlton coeppage plant is in operation.

Wild geese are very numerous just back of Arlington. Glendale has six times the population it had four years ago.

No apples at St. Louis equal those sent from Hood River. The Malheur Gazette promises its readers a railroad before 1908.

There is still a loud call for country school teachers in eastern Oregon. Some land in Hood River valley sold last week at \$25 an acre—and was cheap at that.

A Big Elk wood chopper's name is Ladyview. That name would fit some of our town mashers.

The father and sister of the only Democrat elected to congress in Illinois, M. D. Foster, live in Independence.

Two Rainier young men have built a fine new gasoline launch, which they think will be the fastest boat on the river.

An Iowa man who recently located in Corvallis says a great many Iowans are coming out to the fair next year, and to look over Oregon.

A box of Hood River King apples presented to the Glacier contained 54 apples, all apparently exactly alike and equally perfect, and weighing 55 pounds.

Oakland Owl: "Mrs. J. P. Crouch has grown a lemon 19 inches in circumference on a tree a trifle over a year old. This tree is not exactly a house plant; it grew out of doors most of the time."

The Mud Springs correspondent of the Madras Pioneer writes: "Miss Mary Booth has just finished putting in a large field of grain." And lots of stalwart young men up there, too!

A few years ago Walt Smith rode into Morrow county on a \$50 saddle and a \$8 cayuse, with \$35 in his pocket, and now he owns 1,000 acres of what has turned out to be good wheat land. He has just finished seeding 600 acres.

McMinville News-Reporter: A dry summer in a dry county has not retarded the growth of alfalfa, the king of forage crops. G. P. Easthart has cut three crops from his alfalfa patch this year, and the fourth crop is knee high waiting to be harvested.

The Southern Oregon Nursery company has planted 1,000 pounds of peach pits. They average 120 to the pound. Mr. Drew expects 10,000 peach seedlings to bud next summer, besides 50,000 apple, pear and cherry. The firm expects to have over 200,000 plants of nursery stock growing in the nursery by next fall.

Is the War Just Begun

Charles E. Hand's Mukden Letter of September 18 in London Mail. "As, well! The war has not begun yet." It was the most familiar of Russian phrases.

At each stage of the campaign, after every fight, it was the comment that struck the final note of the Russian discussions. "We have not begun to fight yet!" after Kinchou it was "Wait a little while, until we begin to fight"; after Wafango the grave-faced debates ended upon the Russian "We have not begun to make war yet." The soldier preserves a cheerful confidence in discussing defeats in which he personally has not been engaged. Things might, may, must have been different if he had been there. For him the war had not begun yet, and every sturdy soldier arriving from the north felt as he detrained at Liaoyang that now the war had entered upon an entirely new phase.

The Japanese had advanced on every line. No matter! The war has not begun yet. He had possessed themselves of the Manchurian coast, the war will begin soon and then you will see.

The retreat continued, Tashichao and Simacheng, Haicheng and Yanushing, and still the same comment. The Russian soldiers' eyes, trust and confidence in Russia as a vague, mysterious, all-powerful influence quite remote from outside of, and above himself and other Russians—a sort of detached potentiality—beyond and exceeding the might of the nation, vaguely and infinitely greater than the sum of energies of all the Russian people.

My English do not little that visionary conception of England; Great Britain is to most of us little more than a geographical term, and even the thought of the British empire chiefly appeals to our pride of ownership as a collection of islands and possessions of which is a tribute to the national merit. The direct English mind prefers to exalt the "Anglo-Saxon race," which is French for "our noble selves." The Frenchman, when he speaks a golden halcyon of war, says "La France" really talking of himself, of the glorious achievements and the admirable qualities of his France. The American regards America with the pride of achievement as the country which has made him what he is; and indeed, with all nations, the fervor of patriotism is based on the pride of race.

But to the Russian Russia means either so very much or so very much less. It is a term which conveys to him no idea of something, that he has any such emotion as the emotion of the Russian, or that he is a part of it. The Russian may suffer defeat, but that does not alter his conception of the ever-victorious Russia.

The Russian regiment may be outnumbered and outmaneuvered, but Russia is not affected. Russian outposts may be sunk, a Russian fleet may be pulverized, but although that may be the case, the Russian army cannot be destroyed. The Russian army cannot be destroyed, the entire Manchurian army might be beaten, but that would not affect the Russian's view of the irresistible might of Russia.

But I looked round when I came among the men. For what was this? This was a new kind of a camp to encounter in Manchuria. The same kind of camp, but the men were different, ranged more smartly. But it was not only that. What else was it that made the look of the encampment so different? I looked round again. It was the soldier who was the new element. They, he was a different type of man from those who had been accustomed to meet, the thick-set, heavily-moving, shock-haired peasants who had mobilized with their bearded reserves in the Siberian wilds. These newcomers were different, ranged more smartly, by comparison with the others.

And they were young. There was not a long-bearded reservist father-of-a-family-looking soldier among them. And they were young, ranged more alertly, and the quick, eager interest in things of youth. These were the first men I had encountered who manifested any interest in the presence of a new element. The Siberian soldier's interest in anything was satisfied by one dull yolk, stare of half comprehension at anything unaccustomed, one dull stare, and then he went on with his plodding. But these men were of another stamp. When I stopped to make an inquiry they crowded round me, eager to know who and what I was, where I had come from, and what I had been. Some of them were able to speak German, several talked with me in my native tongue, and one or two, in English, asked me questions. And of all the unwonted and unexpected subjects for a soldier to show interest in, they were keenly interested in what do you think? The war? What was happening around Liaoyang? Were the Japanese going to make a flank movement on the west? What sort of positions were they which the Japanese held on the Motien road in case of a real, whole-hearted attack, by a resolute force? And, above all, what was known or expected of the Japanese movement towards Mukden?

They were keenly disappointed that the Japanese force which had come through the hills towards Mukden had merely been a reconnaissance, an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and where was General Kuropatkin? And where was General Kitzenko? There were many inquiries after that dashing commander, whose exploits seemed paraded in the newspapers, and whose name was a cheerful, buoyant condensation of a different thing from the vague sort of reliance or something else that was behind the tiresomely reiterated phrase. For these men were confident in themselves.

They had just arrived from Russia, from Russian Russia. That was the explanation. They were part of an army of complete European army corps to take their places in the war. Was there then, after all, something in the reiterated phrase? Might it not, after all, be really true that Russia had not yet begun to fight, as she had not yet begun to fight with Russia had only just begun to arrive?

It had never occurred to me before, but now I come to think of it, had not the war so far been wrongly described as being between Russia and Japan? The Japanese had only had Siberia to oppose them. Instead of the disciplined might of the west, there had been offered to them only the hasty levies of the semi-civilized Asiatic provinces. Indeed, there was something in it. Russia was only just beginning to take part in the war.

In the town afterwards, and at the railway station where the troop trains were being sent north, through the aspect of things had changed in a hundred ways. The station was busier and more crowded, but more businesslike.

Meinself Und Gott

And after dinner, with the inevitable papirous, and perhaps a little sweet wine, or maybe some beer, or maybe only the little vodka glass, again came loud-voiced Russian conversation, of which the war had been discussed with no more interest than other matters of minor importance, such as the unprecedented failure of the rainy season and the various aspects of the expulsion of women and children from the town.

If there was any subject which commanded eager and excited interest, it was the questions arising out of the Russian incident, and the strange rumor that passed from mouth to mouth to the effect that the English ambassador in St. Petersburg and the Russian ambassador in London had been recalled. There, indeed, was a possibility of something more taking a real interest in it; but as to this war, it was nothing, and besides, it had not commenced yet.

Down at the railway station the buffet was as crowded and as noisy as all railway station buffets have been since the railway began to carry nothing but soldiers. Some of its customers were not only showing no interest in the events of the war, they were manifesting a complete unconsciousness of everything. "What does that matter?" The war had not begun yet.

But if this was the atmosphere of Liaoyang, where General Kuropatkin's constant presence was felt, what was the atmosphere in the Russian town further north—in Mukden, for instance, where only an occasional rumor of remote fighting came to invade its cathedral city quietude? I remember the thick-set, shock-haired, sturdy, stolid Russian soldier, who in the lounge heavily about the place, knowing nothing, and apparently caring no more about the war or the Japanese. I had occasion to go to Mukden, and the railway line there being a difficult one in obtaining quick railway transport, even for the Red Cross hospital stores which at that time were being sent north—I went by road.

Just north of Liaoyang a series of camps bordered the road and the railway. New troops had been placed there since last I had passed. At Yental, where a little branch line runs away from the main line, a station where the Chinese had lately made a passing call, there was a big camp. At Shahey, two thirds of the way to Mukden, there was another big camp. I came to the Hun River, a few miles south of Mukden, at the point where the Hun River is not practicable, the main road traffic is carried over by a ferry. A fine stout timber bridge, 500 yards long, with massive masonry approach piers, had been built since last I had been that way, and at the foot of the bridge there was a camp. Between the river and the south suburb of the town there is a stretch of sandy plain, and when I looked down upon it from the ridge above the river bed the plain was becoming a spreading city of white canvas tents.

Russia, it seemed, might not have begun yet, but a good many Russians were getting ready. The road led directly through the camp. And since the Hun River was not yet begun to be a tributary to the national merit, the direct English mind prefers to exalt the "Anglo-Saxon race," which is French for "our noble selves." The Frenchman, when he speaks a golden halcyon of war, says "La France" really talking of himself, of the glorious achievements and the admirable qualities of his France. The American regards America with the pride of achievement as the country which has made him what he is; and indeed, with all nations, the fervor of patriotism is based on the pride of race.

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Princess will be printed, it seems, and there have been times when the Kaiser has had to talk like a father to his offspring. There is a delicious story of one wiggling which he administered to them which the court is still chuckling over.

"Never forget," he said solemnly, as they stood in attention before him, "that you are Hohenzollerns and sons of the Kaiser of Germany. But you," he added, turning upon one who shall not be particularized— "you remember that I have my eyes on you."

In person the Kaiser is a solid man of barely middle height, with a full face, bushy neck and a noticeable general plumpness. On foot, especially in one of his two score uniforms, he is less regal than engaging; on horseback he is quite a fine figure of a man. Although his horses are specially broken and trained for his own use, he is a good well-to-do major without ambitions. In spite of his growing stoutness he takes a good deal of exercise. In particular he shoots, and he issues to the chasseur corps a well-known order, "Follow the Duke in Browning's 'Flight of the Duchess.'"

When the Kaiser's mimes produce the Kaiser's play in the Kaiser's theatre it is a good type of military looking man, not much less than a good working well-to-do major without ambitions. In spite of his growing stoutness he takes a good deal of exercise. In particular he shoots, and he issues to the chasseur corps a well-known order, "Follow the Duke in Browning's 'Flight of the Duchess.'"

He wrote a poem once, which he submitted to a great literary man who did not think it worth his while to applaud with enthusiasm and half an eye on the Kaiser's box. He wrote a poem once, which he submitted to a great literary man who did not think it worth his while to applaud with enthusiasm and half an eye on the Kaiser's box.