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E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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The American citizens down in Porto Rico now have a splendid chance to test our nation's much boasted civilizing power. The people there are destitute and in great need of the help which we promised ourselves that we would give them, and having been helped by us fron the standpoint of physical necessities, they will be especially susceptible to American influences. This is simply one more of the white man's burdens which he has taken upon himself, and should be carried cheerfully.

Oregon has found a staunch friend in Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, and at the same time has found an excuse for this much abused and much ridiculed cabinet office. Mr. Wilson is a man of practical affairs, having profited by the practice of agricultural pursuits as well as by the theory. His Oregon trip showed him to be a shrewd and careful observer. He recognized the great possibilities for the development of Oregon, and on the other hand seeing some unsatisfactory conditions from an agricultural standpoint, pointed them out, at the same time giving some sound practicable advice for the improvement of these conditions.

Now that France has been consigned to wickedness by common consent, on account of her evil ways, it might be profitable to look around a little closer home for a few sign boards pointing in the same direction. The other evening in a Cincinnatti church Murat Halstead gave a lecture on "The Philippines" before the Economic club and was seriously threatened with mob violence for the expression of some distasteful "imperialistic" doctrine and for calling some classes of people by their proper names. He was rescued by escaping through a side door to the privacy of his home. And this disgraceful affair didn't happen in fickle anarchical France either, but in the land where freedom of speech is a universal privilege and openness to conviction a national virtue, but some way or other it still savors of a few dark chapters of our colonial history. "God of our fathers be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

We suggest that the war department give a little vacation to some hard-worked regiment of soldiers over in the Philippines and let them take a little holiday excursion across the salty deep in this direction all for the sake of allowing Portland to give it a reception. Poor Portland is fairly bubbling over with patriotic reception gush and will never rest in peace until she gets to administer a good strong dose in the most approved style of the times. Dewey's New York reception wouldn't be in it in comparison.

Yamhill county has been honored by the election of Dr. J. F. Calbreath, of McMinnville, to the position of superintendent of the asylum for the insane at Salem. Beside being an excellent physician, Dr. Calbreath is a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman and the Graphic is glad to be able to announce that he has received the appointment.

It appears that Bryan hasn't been talking for nothing for the past—well, since he was first discovered. Several of the ambitious old war horses were determined that Willie should be placed in the back ground next time, but he had different ideas on the subject and hasn't been backward in making them known. And now he has been rapidly relegating his factional adversaries to the shades of oblivion and bids fair to shine forth yet at the head of his shattered ranks as "cock of the walk."

The Baker City Daily Republican is out with a strong editorial favoring Editor H. W. Scott, of the daily Oregonian for United States senator. The editorial concludes thus eloquently: "Harvey W. Scott has been truly and publicly called the Bismarck of Oregon journalism. As a United States senator he would be the Bismarck of the senate."—The Plaindealer.

'Tis true that editor Scott is one of the state's able men, but the fact that he is the Bismarck of Oregon journalism, does'nt signify that he would be the Bismarck of the United States senate, where the tongue is mightier than the pen. Lets not spoil a good journalist and turn a Bismarck into a common every day United States senator.

France has her Dreyfus and Uncle Sam has his Carter, the difference being that Dreyfus is undoubtedly innocent while Carter is just as certainly guilty. The former, having been an officer in the French army, is on trial on the charge of having betrayed important official information to the Germans, the inveterate enemies of the French. And, though the universal sentiment is that he is innocent, it seems that he stands in a good way for conviction, principally on account of race prejudice, as he is a despised Jew. Now, on the other hand, Carter held an important and responsible position in the engineering service of the United States government, and about two years ago was convicted of the crime of embezzling government funds to the amount of two million dollars. The evidence against him was so strong that there can be little doubt as to his guilt. But within the past year a mysterious and powerful influence has been brought to bear upon the administration to grant Carter immunity from punishment for his crime, and to reinstate him in his former exalted position. It must be very evident to all that behind this attempt there are some very suspicious circumstances. Why should a man be released from suffering the penalty of his crime, simply because it was committed in high life and on a stupendously large scale? A man who, some time ago was convicted of holding up a United States mail coach, and getting for his trouble a few paltry cents, was sentenced to imprisonment for life. And there is no sentiment aroused, either, in favor of his pardon. Where does the justice come in? But in the Carter case the goddess of justice is politely requested to turn her regal head in the other direction, while some influence certainly any thing but just, can gain the freedom of a national fraud. What this influence may be is the question. It is hinted that officers higher in the ranks than Carter are implicated and are interested in shutting his mouth by liberating him from his grave embarrassment. At any rate the affair has developed into a national scandal, and it is due the American people that the case be probed to the bottom, or to the top, as the case may be. A great furor of sentiment has been aroused against the French nation on account of the farce she makes out of justice. But how much nearer will we approach justice, if, as it now seems probable, Carter is allowed to suffer no penalty for his colossal theft? The situation seems paradoxical: Two national scandals. France persecutes the accused, though innocent. The United States acquits the accused though guilty. Does our side of the paradox approach any nearer the ideal of justice?

There can be no doubt as to the value to our state of such conventions as that of the national editorial association held a few weeks ago in Portland. Generous hospitality may sometimes be rather expensive at the time, but it seldom fails to bring rich returns; especially when extended to the appreciative editor. As a result of the hospitable entertainment which was accorded by Oregonians to the editors collected from all over the Union, hundreds of papers, from the metropolitan daily to the little rural weekly, have dwelt with enthusiasm upon the unrivaled attractions and possibilities of "Oregon, sweet Oregon." This kind of advertising bears the stamp of sincerity and will doubtless have its perfect work. The following is a sample taken from the New York Dispatch. "It was a most delightful trip, full of pleasant surprises, and through a country of wonderful beauty and richness and almost limitless possibilities of future development. It is utterly impossible to give anything but a mere outline of what was seen in Oregon. Oregon is a state of wonderful resources. Its farm lands are fertile and will grow almost anything that soil will grow; its climate is all that could be desired, its timberland a source of great wealth, and its mines rich beyond computation, while its water power is sufficient to make the state a hive of busy industry. Oregon is destined to be a great state. All that is needed is people of energy and capital to set that energy in motion. Her people are enterprising and progressive, and their hospitality is unbounded. The courtesies extended to the editors were almost unlimited. The people of Oregon in all the towns and cities visited were the personification of hospitality. The week spent in Oregon was one of pleasure unalloyed, and full of instruction and profit."

A CALIFORNIA TRIP.

Returned to our hotel we found ourselves in a lovely suite of rooms and two beautiful boquets added since the morning—these were the compliments of the proprietor. It was just fun to see what our badges would do for us; San Francisco was determined that Los Angeles should not receive all the praises of the Golden state. The evening was given to Chinatown and of this, one might write indefinitely and then hardly exhaust the material at hand. One of our party would not take the trip, not caring to see the misery and degradation she had so little power to alleviate. The remaining five with a guide glib of tongue, and well able to protect as many more if strength and ability are to be judged by size. A bare mention or even an attempt to describe what we saw would give little idea for Chinatown has to be seen to be known. The dark alleys through which we passed and the narrow winding stairways leading to the living apartments where the Chinese are herded by the hundreds, were indeed a revelation to some of us who had never had a chance to know how "the other half lives." The kitchens were narrow passageways with stone trough-like arrangements on either side. These were divided into sections and each section belonged to a family. That in itself looked not unlike starvation. We were taken into one aristocratic home where the $1,000 wife (all Chinese buy their wives) was sitting with her embroidery and most beautiful it was too. The daughter was doing less elaborate work but both seemed to dwell upon the æsthetic side of life. The mother had feet about 3 inches long and the most dainty little shoes. The size of her feet enhanced her value very much indeed. The home itself was far from splendid in any of its appointments. There were but two rooms, the kitchen and the living room, and these were far from clean or neat. It is better to visit Chinatown at night for more reasons than one but notable among them is the fact that darkness covers a world of filth. In the Chinese restaurant were displayed meats and vegetables cooked in a most peculiar way and while it may have proved inviting to the Chinaman, had little relish for the "school marms."

The barber shop seemed to be the most patronized of anything in the whole place and these shops were very frequently seen. Our guide carefully explained the whole process, how the Chinaman has his whole face shaved, showed us the razor used for the ears and noted the non-use of soap of any kind etc. etc. To me it was intensely funny to think of all this explanation to a company of maidens(?) not likely to need much information on that line. However we realized that it requires much nerve both on the part of the shaver and the shaved to go through the process as the Chinaman does. A drug store was also of interest. Here we saw a clerk filling a prescription and to such a mixture of powders one is little accustomed. While we were in this store there entered a man of rank evidently—perhaps a doctor—for they all did him honor. He had a cup of tea with them and passed on. The tea was constantly brewing in the back part of the store. The "tea-garden" is indeed an elegantly furnished building with carved work such as one does not see among Americans. Its straight-backed chairs and fine tables are very unlike anything which we had seen in their homes and one is almost ready to conclude that the Chinaman has never learned to live at home, in fact I fear he will not know so long as his wives are to be bought and the number a man may have is dependent upon the amount of money which he can afford to spend in that way. The temple or Joss house is elegant in the extreme according to the Chinese idea of elegance. The carved work here is the more elaborate and of richer material than at the tea-garden. The smoking incense sticks and burning candles, and ashes of the sandal wood all show the place not without its worshippers. Leaving the temple we were taken through the dark winding halls of what was once the headquarters of a "high binder" club and one could easily see how well adapted it was to the hidden deeds of the members. The opium den was not passed by. This one was occupied by only seventeen people whose bunks were like shelves in the wall, tier upon tier. One opium smoker gave us the full benefit of his habit and allowed the guide to explain the process and give us a good chance to learn to detect the odor. I for one breathed a sigh of relief when we were out of the den, though it was hardly as bad as I had expected. The most interesting place of all was the night school to which were gathered some twenty persons of all ages. Most of them were learning English, having books with the two languages in parallel columns. There was one American present with an official badge but the principal teacher was a sweet faced lady whose every manner bespoke culture, one seemingly well calculated to help these people whom we had realized by this time were so full of need. Another lady was devoted to typewriting and things of that sort. But most interesting of all was the scene in the corner, where an elderly Chinaman with a beard and spectacles was teaching a class of three to read their own language. A little after ten we were back again at the Occidental, tired, sleepy, but filled with visions of filth and wickedness which will not easily let the mind rest in selfish unconcern.

About 4 p. m. on Saturday the boat docked at Portland and my friend and I lost no time in crossing the city to the Jefferson St. station and were glad enough to get into the quiet town of Newberg and the red cottage with vine-clad veranda.

And thus ended one of the pleasantest summer outings I have ever taken; one filled with sights so new and experiences so different from anything I had ever known before. Southern California is an ideal place for the tourist and it is rightly termed the golden state when one sees its hills parched and dry and decidedly yellow. It also seems rightly termed the golden state when one sees the vast amount of gold which is expended in its cities making them thoroughly elegant and suited to the demands of the wealthy New York banker or the rich beef dealer of Chicago.

JULIA S. WHITE.

For La Grippe.

Thomas Whitefield & Co., 240 Wabash-av., Jackson st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la gripp, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la gripp to result in pneumonia. For sale by C. F. Moore & Co.

The Oregonian's crop correspondent who has been up and down the valley, says: "Crop prospects in Yamhill are ahead of any other section that the correspondent visited. This was apparent long before this place was reached, as the writer came from the south. Grain in the field had a brighter appearance, and the sun was much in evidence. There has been little rain in this section compared with the flat country in Linn, Lane and Marion counties. However, the ground has been wet to a depth of 8 or 10 inches, which indicates it was no summer shower."—Reporter.

Quickly cure constipation and rebuild and invigorate the entire system-never gripe or nauseate-DeWitt's Little Early Risers. C. F. Moore & Co.

Garner Speichler, of Shanksville, Pa., an 18 year old nephew of N. E. Kegg, has been sent for by that gentleman to come out and assist him in his grocery business. He is expected to arrive about the middle of September.—Reporter.

Irritating stings, bites, scratches, wounds and cuts soothed and healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve—a sure and safe application for tortured flesh. Beware of counterfeits. C. F. Moore & Co.

Mrs. Summerville and son Ralph, formerly of this place, have gone to Evanston, Illinois, where the young man will attend the Northwestern university for the next two years.—Telephone-Register.

Hamilton Clark; of Chauncey, Ga., says he suffered with itching piles twenty years before trying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, two boxes of which completely cured him. Beware of worthless and dangerous counterfeits. C. F. Moore & Co.

Poor Thomas Blair of Amity, a worthy citizen and a respected neighbor, has become demented along one line, and last Thursday it was found necessary to take him to the asylum. Without cause he imagined his wife and daughter were endeavoring to poison him.—Transcript.

Our baby was sick for a month with severe cough and catarrhal fever. Although we tried many remedies she kept getting worse until we used One Minute Cough Cure,—it relieved at once and cured her in a few days,—B. L. Nance, Prin. High School, Bluffdale, Texas. C. F. Moore & Co.

One good woman remarked in the hearing of ye editor that "much of our hay is spoiled, but there is enough saved to winter the stock, so what is the use of fretting." It is perhaps needless to add that the lady in question is of pioneer stock, and believes in looking for the bright side of things.—Forest Grove Times.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers did me more good than all blood medicines and other pills, writes Geo. H. Jacobs, of Thompson, Conn. Prompt, pleasant and never gripe—they cure constipation, arouse the torpid liver to action and give you clean blood, steady nerves, a clear brain and a healthy appetite. C. F. Moore & Co.

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Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, rundown people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by C. E. Smith, druggist.

Minnie P. Fryer will reach McMinnville September 6, on the 10 o'clock train and spend several months visiting relatives and friends throughout the Willamette valley, Portland and vicinity. She has spent fifteen months in the great Cripple creek mining region of Oregon, and is willing to grant any information regarding the prosperity of Sumpter and its surrounding mines.—Telephone-Register.

A Happy Mother

Frolicking with her baby makes one of the prettiest spectacles ever seen in the home. But nothing is sadder to see than the unhappy mother, weak and nervous, striving in vain to hush the cries of her weak and nervous babe. There can be no happiness for either mother or child without health. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription "has done wonders" for many a woman, by restoring her health and opening for her the way to happy motherhood. This really wonderful medicine is not a cure-all. It is a preparation specially designed to cure diseases peculiar to women. It dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness, and removes the causes which generally make women nervous and sleepless.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

Mrs. James W. Blacker, of 629 Catherine Street, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I have much better health, and now I have a fine healthy baby."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the lifelong friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8 x 10 inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only $1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYwhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgents camp with Aguinaldo on the Deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by the government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, sec'y Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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Digests what you eat.
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Whatever it is, there's a pair of
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to meet it. They're not only made to fit every conceivable size and shape, but they make the feet look well, feel well. They'll outwear two pairs of any other shoes—that's the main point. Look for "Lewis" on every shoe—men's, women's and children's. Made by
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