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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1905.

WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED. The Oregonian believes the object it had in view when it called attention to the proposed sale of the Portland Consolidated Railway franchises has been accomplished. Certainly it is in the way of accomplishment. That object was to apprise the people of Portland and of Oregon that here was a property, selling for the prodigious sum of six millions of dollars, for which not a dollar had been paid. From proceeds of the sale of bonds the lines had been built; but the right to use the streets had been capitalized and was being sold for the time when it had cost to create the material property. Here was "high finance," right at home—exactly a counterpart of operations that the country has been complaining of, through which so many colossal fortunes have been made. The people's own resources have been capitalized for immense sums, all over the country, and sold out as at Portland, or held at other places, for perennial dividends. It was not the object of The Oregonian to "kill" this particular sale, but, by presentation of a concrete example, to notify the people of their rights. It believes it has succeeded. It could not but succeed so well, had it not been for the fact that the country has established beyond cavil the value of this and other municipal and state franchises, for the purposes of taxation. Consequently the principal purpose of The Oregonian has been accomplished. That purpose was to drive the main facts as to these franchises, the manner in which they were obtained, their actual value, and their liability to taxation on such value, in upon the public mind. This illustration of the subject will now have wide application.

For the franchises of the Portland Consolidated, thus sold, are by no means the only franchises in Portland that have a great cash value. For the right to occupy and use the growing streets of a city is the basis of all the values which these "public utility corporations" possess. Portland already has still another street railway system, and a third is just now to begin operations. And here are gas and electric light and telephone companies, using the streets, and more to come. What The Oregonian has done has been to bring to the fore the whole subject and situation as to the status of these franchises, their value, the policy of dealing with them, and the public right of taxation and control. Even in their present state these public franchises, now in private hands, have a cash value of not less than ten millions of dollars. It is proved by the one recent sale. This valuation is to be added to the taxable property of Portland, and as the city grows it will be increased. Likewise as other cities and towns of the state shall grow, the subject will be of increasing local interest to them also.

Should it be found that the statutes of the state are not now sufficient for taxation of a species of property with which the state and its cities hitherto have had little experience, the Legislature certainly will provide an adequate remedy. The State of New York has shown the way, and its act has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Municipal ownership may not for a long time yet come to the front in Oregon, and may never, if the just demands of the people are not resisted and met by the intervention of these corporations with legislative and judicial powers. The Northwestern Miller has these remarks, worth quoting: "The principle of municipal ownership is prominent only because of the outrageous debauching of municipal bodies by public service corporations. The nation-wide movement for the ownership of railroads is merely a phase of the real trouble, which is that the present statute-book is totally unfitness to deal with present conditions. The demand for destruction of large corporations has little support; the real de-

mand is that the corporations shall only obey the law and shall keep their lobbyists from the Legislature."

KILLING OUR ORIENTAL TRADE. Within the past five months more than sixty steamships have departed from Pacific Coast ports for the Orient. They have carried cargoes aggregating more than 500,000 tons of American products, valued at more than \$30,000,000. The flow of this golden stream has suddenly swollen into such great proportions that from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf our commercial and financial leaders are pointing with pride to our rapidly increasing Oriental trade. But trade requires two parties—buyers and sellers. And the buyers who have enabled us to make this fine showing are not on the verge of a strike. They are threatening to boycott American goods and destroy in a few months a business which it has required years of commercial effort to establish. The worst feature of the situation lies in the fact that our Oriental buyers have a grievance that warrants the taking of the most drastic possible methods to remedy it. The protest made to President Roosevelt by members of the American Asiatic Association is one that demands immediate consideration and action. It was formulated largely by the representatives of the cotton, iron and steel countries except the United States. In this country they are repelled by severe administration of ancient law which is so humiliating that no self-respecting Chinaman will ever again set foot on our shores unless compelled to do so. An overzealous immigration department has enforced the exclusion law so rigidly that large numbers of Chinamen have been deported without being permitted a hearing.

We have denied to cultured, well-educated Chinamen the privileges which we have freely extended to thousands of low-bred, swarthy ignoramuses from Europe. Having been guilty of such offenses against a friendly nation, can we for a moment expect anything else but retaliation from the injured people? Will they continue to send us millions of dollars for American products if we continue to insult and deport without a hearing the innocent Chinese who are the victims of our technicality can be guilty of any offense against our laws? All that the Chinese government has asked is that the immigration department cease classing all Chinamen as coolies, and that they admit all other classes of Chinamen on a certificate given by their own government and countersigned by officers of our Government. By our unfair attitude regarding the Chinese we have stirred up an antagonism that will cost our exporters millions, unless amends are speedily made.

But trade with China is not all of the commercial interest we have in the Orient. For Japan, which has been promising to give us a world power with greater rapidity than any other nation that ever emerged from obscurity, is also a target for insult. An organization known as the Japanese and Korean League has been formed in California for the purpose of securing legislation that will bar our shores to the "Yellow Peril" of the Orient. One of the principal resolutions of the platform of this organization reads as follows:

Resolved, That the terms of the Chinese exclusion act should be enlarged and extended to all permanent residents from the Chinese states and its insular territories all classes of Japanese and Koreans other than those exempted by the present terms of that act.

It may not be possible for this newly suggested method for killing trade with the Orient to be molded into a law, but, if it ever does, the United States will lose the trade of Japan so suddenly that a panic will strike every citizen who now reaps large profits in the sale of his goods. Not only will our trade be cut off, but the cocky little Japanese will hustle every American out of their country in short order. The question involved is not a political one, but it is one which must be settled on a business basis in such a manner that our rapidly growing Chinese trade will not be hampered and destroyed. No more important question has yet come before the President for consideration, and speedy action is a necessity.

DOCTORS WHO DISAGREE. We have been greatly interested in the current issue of our luminous contemporary, the Medical Sentinel, because of the broad and fearless manner in which it discusses many subjects of vital concern to the profession and to all laymen. For example, we find a chapter in another highly intelligent discussion on "Bronchocystis for Removal of Collar Button from the Lung." After fourteen months of painful experience with the button on the inside of his neck instead of the outside, "the patient made an uneventful recovery. Passing over a somewhat lengthy discussion on "The Treatment of Epidemic Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis With Injections (chiefly intraspinal) of Diphtheria Antitoxin," we come to the real flesh and bones of the number, which is an address "To Our Seattle Brethren." The controversy which recently arose between the Portland doctors and the Seattle doctors over certain funds for the entertainment of the American Medical Association is discussed in most diplomatic terms. "For their displeasure (i. e., Seattle's), we are genuinely sorry," remarks the Sentinel. "Whatever has been said, however, forms but a ripple on the surface of the placid waters. . . . The time is not far distant when Seattle, with its push and progress, will want to make a bid itself for the annual meeting of the A. M. A., and it will find that its success in its aspirations will be largely promoted by the success and brilliancy of the entertainment that the visiting

doctors will receive at the hands of Portland." The sense of language is plain enough for anybody but a doctor to understand, so we cheerfully interpret it for the benefit of the Seattle profession. If Seattle don't help Portland now, Portland will not help Seattle later. We might not be moved to take so deep and friendly an interest in this little affair, but for the objections of the Sentinel on the "Philistine press," which it accuses of having extensively aired the little differences of the medical brethren. Softly denying the harsh impeachment, we turn the other cheek, and do our level best to promote a better understanding all around.

OREGON AND RAILROADS. Oregon seems to have found her voice at last. The report of the transportation committee of the Willamette Valley Development League, presented at the Independence meeting on Monday last, is to the point. While dealing with general propositions, the committee is so bold and frank in its language as to specify, giving earnings of the O. R. & N. at \$5,000,000, and the Biggs-Shaniko, or Columbia Southern, Railroad as paying over 20 per cent annually on its capitalization to Mr. E. H. Harriman, a door is opened for reply from the railroads in question denying the accuracy of the statement. When figures are rejoin that it had made a strong effort to secure exact and official figures, and had been foiled—and was therefore justified in using the best information it could obtain, and that it had guarded itself by specifying its figures as estimates only. In passing, it may be noted that the figures are not really maintained by the big corporations as to their earnings and profits reacts already on them, and will surely, in the future, be an effective weapon in the hands of the advocates of public ownership. The old proverb, "Whatever is vague and mysterious is magnified," is true as ever. Let not be taken when it is far harder to remove a belief formed by assertion than to prevent its formation by open truth-telling in advance. So long as the corporations preserve silence and secrecy, just so long will an interested public lend an ear to every tale that is told of their profits. And the Legislature of the future will be very apt to do things based on common beliefs, even now being formed. The firm ground of the committee is the unquestionable fact that railroad construction in Oregon is far, very far, behind the needs of the state, the advance of its population, the development of its industries.

Except in its past experience of foretelling future action, this calling up of broken promises and falsified expectations does no good. The immediate question is not what the people of Oregon, rightly or wrongly, demanded of Mr. Harriman, and his great system, in the past. The history of the last few years, since Collier P. Huntington died, and E. H. Harriman succeeded to his throne, and extended the bounds of his empire, is an open book. Every move on the great board standing for the interests of the Pacific Slope, past and present, so far as Oregon is concerned, demonstrates the fact that our wagon tracks, in the matter of railroad construction, are in the hands of a man who is determined to haul it out as he sees fit.

Therefore, let us take stock of the situation as it is, and see what courses are open to be followed. First, we may offer a few more prayers, a few more statements of what Oregon has done, or has refrained from doing, and for her prayers to Jupiter, to haul it out as he sees fit.

Second, there may be other duties in the railroad Olympus—appeal to them. Possibly they will give ear. Never has there been greater inducement and opening for an invasion of this Oregon, which, after all, ours, and is neither the domain, nor the preserve, of one group of New York capitalists. Let us invite and make easy the way.

Third, Mr. J. J. Hill has shown how a great railroad can be built, opened, operated and made profitable without land grants, and in the face of opposition as hard as can possibly follow independent action by Oregon people. But, if Oregon people are to do this work, united and harmonious co-operation will be needed. The results will tell as much for Portland as for outside counties first to be reached. But jealousy between Portland and the great country outside of it must be buried for good and all.

Fourth, we can drift, as we have drifted, grumble, as we have grumbled, and for want of action, slide back in the race of states.

WORK FOR THE TAX COMMISSION. Questions of grave responsibility, involving the rights and duties of property-owners, large and small, will come before the State Tax Commission. That body effected an organization at Salem Monday, and will for the present hold its meetings in this city. If the work of this commission is faithfully and intelligently done, justice and equity will in a large measure succeed injustice and favoritism that have so long compelled the relatively small property-owners and farmers to pay an undue proportion of taxes throughout the state.

In wiles more inexact, the man with the small home which he maintains by his labor; the farmer, who literally earns his bread in the sweat of his face; the small tradesman, who prospers in a moderate way through serving himself and practicing strict economy, pay taxes upon their modest possessions and equipment, while the owners of large utilities "smuggle" their holdings and escape their just burden of taxation. An "evening up" in this matter is hoped for from the labors of the Tax Commission. Every effort will be made by tax-dodgers of high degree to evade processes looking to an equalization of the tax burden. It remains to be seen whether the State Tax Commission will be able to match the sagacity of the tax-dodger in covering his property with the alertness of the tax-regulator in uncovering it for purposes of assessment. The tax code that the commission will prepare will be looked for with much interest by all classes of property-holders.

Every year, prior to completion of the tree swimming baths in this city, a number of boys loiter their lives in the river. Since these baths were completed, three years ago, not a life has been lost. Boys will go in swimming wherever there is water, and, unless some safeguards are thrown around them, distressing fatalities will be frequent. A comparatively small sum is needed to place the baths in good condition, and public subscriptions are solicited, for that purpose. The fact that the most liberal contributor to the fund is

the father of a boy, who was drowned, before the baths were established, ought to be a most persuasive factor with those whose boys are still with them and can enjoy the pleasures of the river without courting its dangers.

Good, old-fashioned hospitality will reign at the Army in this city next Thursday. The state-builders—men and women—will be there in force as guests of the city, and with flowers and music, with cordial welcome and sympathetic greeting, with tender reminiscences and with a renewal of old friendships, the long June afternoon will pass away. At its close a banquet will be served, to which every pioneer who came to Oregon prior to 1853 is invited, and each and all will be heartily served. "Old Settlers' day," they call such an occasion in the Middle West. "Pioneer day" it is proudly and affectionately called in Oregon. What it means to a slowly passing multitude will be attested again, as it has been attested many times before, by the smiling faces and appreciative words of the gray-haired guests of the city, as they share its welcome and partake of its good cheer.

Seattle has many active young men who have had much to do with making it a prosperous and growing city; but it is not wholly a young man's town. H. G. Struve, who has just died in New York, was long a resident of that city, and yet longer of the territory and state. He had much to do in earlier days with territorial affairs, both as citizen and public official. He was for years at the head of Seattle's leading law firm, and was widely known through his active participation in general and local affairs, and his connection with important industrial interests. Judge Struve was trusted by his clients as few men are trusted, and his advice, always careful and sound, was implicitly followed. He was a man of much personal dignity, wide information, exceptional industry and simple and straightforward character. His work, now done, was well done.

Life has no longer any charms for Norman Williams, murderer of Alma Nesbitt-Williams, his wife. He says so, and, though not a man of veracity, there is no reason to doubt him. It is mistaken kindness—if it is intended as kindness—that allows any consideration of length of time to intervene between penalty and execution in the case of a condemned murderer. Williams expressed this view when he said, on receiving sentence, that his execution had been set a week farther off than was necessary of desirable. It is the play of the fisherman with his game before he lands it, of the cat with its mouse before it swallows it. The motive is different in the case of the condemned murderer, but the effect is only to prolong suffering without affecting the final issue.

Up from the peppery Central American land has drifted a party of Guatemalans who are formulating plans for another revolution. The periodical diversion is slightly stayed at this time by the illness of ex-President Barrios, who is desirous of attaching the prefix which he now bears to the title of President Calvera. The revolutionary gentlemen from the tropics are making a rendezvous in San Francisco, and when their warm Southern blood becomes heated to the proper temperature, they will swoop down on Calvera and there will be more opera bouffe war down where the chile con carne and tortilla thrive. One striking feature of these affairs is the lack of fatalities in connection therewith.

The Farmers' Packing Company, undismayed by the report of Mr. Garfield, who stated that there was a profit of but \$1 per head for the beef trust in handling cattle, has organized with a capitalization of \$1,500,000, and will go into the packing business on an extensive scale. The farmers may not become enormously wealthy in fighting independent action by Oregon people, but they dressed meat advances in price simultaneously with a decline in the price of livestock. The trust managed to pay some very respectable dividends on the dollar-a-head profit which it exhibited to Mr. Garfield, and by close attention to business the farmers may do equally well.

"God help them," said the Government Indian Superintendent when reporting to Washington the fact that the assembled country editors were being fed on buffalo meat. No reason to appeal to Divine Providence. The average country editor has to wrestle so much with the wedding cake and such that he has no time to think of a great dainty. The country editors—six hundred of them—are now on their way to Portland, having been lured thither by rumors about the beauties of the Exposition and visions of Hood River strawberries and June roses. They are going to see each other and eat such things as they have never before seen or eaten.

The great subway in New York was turned last Monday into a channel through which the released floods of a large water main rushed and surged madly for many hours. This was a contingency not reckoned with by the designers, for when the tunnel, it is one with which, as a matter of fact, it is practically impossible to reckon.

There is no quicker way to kill baseball than to put the sport into book-makers' hands. In the interests of the National game, it is earnestly to be hoped that San Francisco "sports," tarred with horseracing, may be prevented in their attempt to get in on the Pacific Coast League.

Vaudeville managers of the Pacific Coast are organizing to prevent extortion by "artists" whom the public really wish to see. Whether \$25 or \$50 a week, the laborer is worthy of his hire.

The country will do well to heed Governor Cleveland's latest utterance: "We can better afford to slacken our pace than to abandon our old, simple American standards of honesty."

Roosevelt must be having a hard time dodging the bouquets from London, St. Petersburg and Tokio. We cannot remember when we had a President so internationally popular.

Umpire Bray, of the Pacific Coast League, has already achieved well-merited unpopularity. His stupidity shows that he has not been innocently named.

OREGON OZONE.

If Norway and Sweden get into a war, on which side will the Norsk Nightingale sing? William F. Kirk will please answer.

William Allen White, in a speech to the National Editorial Association, asks what President Roosevelt would do if he were editor of the Oyster Bay Tribune. It is quite probable that he would take oysters on subscription, and would turn down lobsters, just as he does now.

A Call Upon Carnegie. "Who is Victor Murdock?" inquires the High and Mighty Nobs, Ltd., who has charge of the Carnegie herd fund. What? Not know who Victor Murdock is? Mr. Carnegie must have imported a most uncanny Scotchman to serve as disbursing officer for his herd fund. Victor Murdock is a lifesaver. It boots him nothing that he is Congressman from the Seventh Kansas Territory's old district, and that he was elected by the biggest majority ever given a winner in that district. His fame has become worldwide at a single bound. He made the bound himself. At Ocean Park, Cal., a few days ago he bounded into the briny Pacific and saved two young females from a watery mausoleum. In a letter home the Congressman's bright young cousin, a vivacious Kansas maiden, thus immortalized Victor Murdock, after describing in detail his daring, desperate, darling deed: "Uncle Marsh pulled the thumb, ran to the house and got some Thompson's eye, and in a few minutes the two ladies were able to walk to their cottages. Victor's rhesus was a better job than his hat."

Perhaps here we find the secret of the Carnegie herdsman's scorn. Of course, he knows who Victor Murdock is, but he does not propose to reward a man who already has been rewarded for his brave deed by having his rhesusism helped. But the fact remains that Mr. Murdock lost his hat. Is he not entitled to some reparation for that? Is Victor Murdock, the redheaded cory from Kansas, to flare through the ceremony of Washington politics unroofed, undombed, his dazzling glow unshaded? If so, the world will behold a light that never was on sea or land, for not Aurora, rising from her maternal plane in an ambrosial bath of gold, bath looks to rival those of the gallant Kansas, not the aurora borealis itself can hold a candle to the unshaded head of Victor Murdock. We plead to the end that other Congressmen may have a chance to shine, that the Carnegie herd-fund custodian bestow at least \$250 upon the rescuer of two helpless females for the purchase of a hat.

Uncle Robert's Essays. No. 3.—The Pipe.

They are many kinds of pipes. Gas-pipes, perhaps, are the most unpopular, because they are family connections of meters that run Ananias a close race for the championship. Sewer pipes are usually very low-down pipes, and, therefore, not to be mentioned in polite society. Water pipes are the dread of householders, and the delight of plumbers, for when they freeze up and burst they demand 80 cents an hour for repairs and the plumber takes his own time.

But it is not any of these kinds of pipes that is now under discussion. The subject of this sketch, as the obtusarian would say, is the smoke-pipe. Smoke-pipes are of many varieties, but one respect they are all alike; they go out if no attention is paid to them. In this respect the pipe is the most sensitive object in the universe.

Some pipes are mere shams, while others are mere shams. Mark Twain once became possessed of a mere sham. It was when he was working as a newspaper man. He smoked a pipe which had been handed down since the time of Ptolemy; current report held that the pipe was taken from the tomb of a mummy. Perhaps this was why it was known in that particular newspaper office as "The Remains."

The other journalists on the staff thought to play a trick upon Mark Twain and get rid of "The Remains" at the same time. They made up a purse—of 30 cents—and spent 20 cents of it for beer and the remainder for a pipe. It was a pipe that presented a respectable appearance on the surface, but it was a mere sham. They presented it to Mark Twain with a flourish of oratory, and the recipient responded feelingly, at the same time tossing "The Remains" into the back yard.

The other men were happy, but Mark wasn't. He discovered that his gift was a mere sham, and the next night they found him in the office smoking the odoriferous "Remains," which he had picked up out of the back yard.

A year or two ago I asked Mark Twain if this story was true, and that was the only time I ever saw him mad. He gave me his characteristic definition of a practical joker:

"A practical joker is a coward; his head is full of stewed oysters instead of brains."

From which I gathered that the pipe story must have been true.

When My Ship Comes In. (With apologies to everybody.)

When my ship comes in, I'll be loaded down with ducats, I'll be lousy with tin!

I'll be Rockefeller mingled With Carnegie, don't you know, And I'll quit my daily labors, And go out and blow and blow!

Oh, I'll blow the merry millions, And I'll scatter 'em like bird seed; When my ship comes in, I'll be the big levitation.

The loud and lordly wailer, That controls the seven oceans, And ker-swats them with his tail; I'll endorse the billion checklet With my own end-dorsal fin—

When my ship comes in, When my ship comes in!

But alas and lack-a-day! I'm afraid my ship has sunk In the maddened wastes of fortune, Going bottomwards ker-plunk!

I'm afraid that little rowboat That I sent to cross the seas Took a plunger for the bottom, When it felt the ocean's enfeeble; So I guess I'd better bustle, If I ever hope to win.

'Steard of sitting down to stagnate Till my ship comes in!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

A SYMPOSIUM ON WIFE-BEATERS

Correspondents Express Vigorous Opinions on the Whipping Post—"K. C." Says One—"K. C." Says Another—The Unhappy Wife in Indiana.

OAK POINT, Wash., June 12.—(To the Editor.)—Amend the communication of Bandmaster Innes in The Oregonian of June 2, asserting that the "whipping post" as a means of punishment is degrading and distastefully brutalizing, allow me to say that same but degraded, and degrading, brutalized brutes need the least approbation of being brought within the pale of this salutary influence. Instead of the next Legislature repealing this law let them be sure to give it further scope! Let the law include all foot-pads and hold-up men. Let it include also all demoralized brutes who do not hesitate to touch off dynamite to avenge their real or supposed wrongs upon the community, or upon the individual. Let it include, further, all those lecherous brutes who live off the earnings of fallen women. Let it include that other class of moral lepers, both men and women, who bring into the world a host of demoralized lives, masquerade under a thin cloak of pretended decency. Let the women of this class be put in the pillory and scourged through the streets.

Do not be alarmed about a "dark cloud being thrown on the fair fame of the great State of Oregon." A few judicious amendments of the "beat" named gentry will do more to clear the fair fame of the great State of Oregon than all the mawkish, sentimental sentimentalism of the "beat" named gentry. If it requires a fifteenth century medicine to cure a nineteenth century ill, then let the doctors prescribe the fifteenth century medicine and purge the moral atmosphere and rid decent society of the above vicious class. And I hope that every true man and woman who reads the Oregonian will lend the course and the Legislature their whole moral support in this matter.

Please do not throw this into the wastebasket as too radical for sentimental ears. W. NEWELL.

INJURIOUS AND DISGUSTING. This Correspondent Makes Vigorous Protest Against Whipping.

MORO, Or., June 12.—(To the Editor.)—In my opinion the flogging of Wife-beater McGinty by Jailer Grafton, June 6, was as injurious to the people of this state as it was to the man himself. It is a disgraceful thing but hasten in the least the cause of decency and righteousness. McGinty himself it was not bettered, but made worse. His unhappy wife should have found herself in a condition more distressful than ever, and upon the children of the ill-matched couple, if they be any, has been the most degrading and humiliating. The Judge who appointed the punishment, the jailer who inflicted it, and the multitude that have witnessed it in the Portland streets, are all to be held either degraded or painfully shocked. And whatever of good the affair may have obtained as an example and warning for other wife-beaters, is much more than counterbalanced by the sorry and disgraceful spectacle of a great state employing a form of punishment which, for a century past, has generally considered most barbaric and outrageous.

"This whipping," said Jailer Grafton, "is going to hurt me more than you. The sympathetic officers of the court will ask the divorce court for relief. The only punishment the law permits is imprisonment, and this means no support while in prison."

There is always a lot of silly junk about cruel punishments when the subject of a whipping post is brought up. In this generation the practice of beating a brute to beat, abuse and desert a woman at will? When a man undertakes the responsibilities of marriage and fatherhood he is bound to assume the responsibilities of those responsibilities are real ones, not things to be taken up lightly and thrown away upon the wind. It is only through a whipping post that a man can be punished for the crimes of wifebeating and desertion.

A SWEET REVENGE IN BUTTE. From the Boston Herald.

The young wife of Senator Clark of Montana lived not long ago in poverty with her parents in Butte. As Miss La Chappelle she had friends, warm and firm; but she was, it appears, a born dandy, arrayed in silk and satin, who passed her by with mien step and disdainful glance.

Some weeks ago, as Mrs. W. A. Clark, she returned to Butte after an absence of several years. Some of the most prominent women of the city, leaders of the first circle—and there are circles in society as Dante found them in his Inferno—promoted a "starry" party at the residence of the butler took the cards, and while they waited they heard a "gentle, familiar voice" instructing the servant to tell the callers that Mrs. Clark was not at home. Other women were turned down in the manner, women described by the passionate correspondent as "stately dames, many of whom have been leaders in Butte society for many years," but the women, who had been friendly to Mrs. Clark in her humble days were welcomed cordially.

There are details in the story that might require explanation. The correct Englishman will smile at the thought of a butler receiving cards at the hall door, but too often in this country ladies are invited to a party for a man of all work, who blacks boots, runs errands, looks after the furnace fire, and who should be not well on the door if he has nothing to do. The stinging irony of the "starry party" also inquires curiously into the age of Butte's "best society," not knowing that Butte was a social place from the very start, and that the women, who had been friendly to Mrs. Clark in her humble days, were invited to a party for a man of all work, who blacks boots, runs errands, looks after the furnace fire, and who should be not well on the door if he has nothing to do. The stinging irony of the "starry party" also inquires curiously into the age of Butte's "best society," not knowing that Butte was a social place from the very start, and that the women, who had been friendly to Mrs. Clark in her humble days, were invited to a party for a man of all work, who blacks boots, runs errands, looks after the furnace fire, and who should be not well on the door if he has nothing to do.

It is paradoxical that the students, not the coolies, are the greatest present danger to American labor. These ambitious young men, land-hungry, and ambitious, are ages ranging from 12 to 18, and take jobs at any wages so long as they get a chance to learn English and go to the public schools. Many of these boys, and many of these girls, are the sons of the Japanese, and many of these girls, are the daughters of the Japanese. They are building their own schools, colleges, technical institutes. Every year there is a smaller reason for a student, wanting a thorough education in any line, to leave Japan. In this war the Japanese have measured themselves with their occidental teachers and found how little they have to learn. Home education will probably come to be as popular in a few years as foreign education is now.

IN KANSAS. "You propose to run this state off leery by convict labor?"

"Yes, I could only put the Standard Oil people in jail and make them help to run it, we'd be perfectly satisfied."

REVENUE.

REVENUE.