

The Oregonian

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the pulpit and the church; and the pulpit and church notoriously and in every age have been just what the age has made them. That is the reason why so many immoralities and cruelties have been practiced in the name of church and religion. Among the forces of human life there is not much that burns with a pure flame; and journalism on the whole does its duty as well as the other forces around it. Accusations of venality so often heard against the press are seldom true. No newspaper that has a position in journalism, and hopes to make one, will compromise its prospects by taking money for "jobs" or by favoring "interests" that seek advantages, whether of a public or private nature.

Chief of all the conservative forces of society is the self-respecting and self-supporting newspaper. Such homilies as that of Mr. Roberts are not necessary; and, moreover, they are insulting in the indecency of their suggestion that the journalism of the country is actuated by mercenary motives, and falls below its obligations.

On the question of expediency there always is liability to endless debate, with every variety of opinion; and things that are possible and practicable at one time are not so at another. The newspaper must meet all these conditions, and a thousand more. In every case the question of expediency is against it, and this question, though falsely raised and not having the least to do with the matter at issue, will often outweigh all the newspaper's arguments, and the right of the matter, too. Newspaper men of experience, therefore, do not descend much on "the power of the press." They leave that to the imagination of sentimentalists controlled by "bookish theory," and to neophytes of journalism, who have yet their experience to obtain.

It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that the press of the country could "run" the country. Newspapers are directed by men who do for their other much in thought, feeling, prejudice, purpose, as other men. Even their judgments of what is right will be at variance, and their judgments as to what is expedient more so. Moreover, it is through the disagreements of journalism, more than in the consensus, that results are to be had conducive to the welfare of the country. Men who know what newspaper work is, who know from experience its possibilities and limitations, can very well dispense with the wisdom of the pundits and the sophists who essay to preach to them about their opportunities and their duties.

While it may be true, as the opinion of the Attorney-General holds, that the Oregon Normal School board of regents has power to accept donations of funds for use in maintaining the institutions at Drain and Monmouth, it would not be good policy for the board to accept either a legal or moral obligation upon the part of the state to repay the money. The last session of the Legislature left the Drain and Monmouth schools without appropriations. Should the board of regents proceed now to create an indebtedness for these institutions, that indebtedness, if not repaid, will exercise for all practical purposes, a legislative veto, which it has no right to do.

The proposal that funds shall be supplied by people locally interested in the schools is but a repetition of the methods by which the Normal Schools became state institutions. Originally founded by private enterprise, as a concession of the use of the name of the state was secured and later came the plea for an appropriation. The normals have never stood upon their merits, but have procured appropriations by creation, fraud, scheming and legislative ruse. The board of regents conduct the schools with funds contributed by private parties is but an attempt to create a basis for demand for appropriations at the next session for repayment of the money donated. Such procedure would be unbusinesslike if not illegal. If private parties wish to run the schools, let them do so. Let the board of regents lease the buildings to the local authorities at a nominal rental, to be conducted as private enterprises and without imposing any obligation on the state.

Oregon needs no donations. It has no debt and has plenty of resources. When it wants Normal Schools it can build and decently maintain them where and when it will. The sooner it abolishes forever the custom of accepting private donations for public institutions, the sooner will the Normal school system be placed upon a business basis, where it will command respect at home and abroad. Let's have an end of mixing private and public funds and private and public business.

NOTICE TO LAWBREAKERS. Since the plan has been adopted of giving gamblers ten days or two weeks' notice to cease violating the state statute, it is thought generally may be disposed to claim their rights under that section of the constitution which guarantees equality under the law. If gamblers are given ten days of grace, in which they may continue to violate the laws unpunished, why shall not breakers of other laws be granted the same temporary immunity? But it is not likely that all criminals will insist upon a fixed period of time. In order to be granted immunity like the gamblers, they would undoubtedly consent to the establishment of a graduated scale of immunity periods. This it might be satisfactory to the classes interested. Prosecuting Attorneys would give notice that robbers must cease their operations in nine days, blackmailers in eight days, burglars in seven days, murderers in five days and automobile scorchers in four days. By conferring with attorneys for the various criminals, the Prosecuting Attorneys could ascertain

what periods of time would be satisfactory and the schedule could be announced publicly. The amount of time allowed is really of less importance than the principle involved, for, since all men are created equal and all laws were enacted by the same legislative power, and are administered under one judicial system, there appears to be no reason why an immunity period should not exist for one class of criminals as well as for another. Then there would be equality for those who disobey the law as there is for those who obey.

WAR WITH JAPAN. Captain Ignaz Rodde, of the Austrian General Staff, has published a pamphlet on the prospect of war between the United States and Japan. He believes that war is imminent, that Japan is concealing the most hideous designs against us under a flimsy pretense of friendship, and that we are extremely foolish not to be ready with a huge standing army, on the European plan, to defend ourselves. A translation of the pamphlet is published in the Military Service Journal for July, where everybody who likes may read it and form his own opinion of its wisdom.

There are several reasons why the feudal militarism of Europe is being replaced by a more democratic system. In the first place, any war whatever always delights them, since it affords an opportunity to make a scientific study of the art of butchery and devise expedients to make it more expert. To them a war is like a medical operation, and a hospital to the young surgeons. They find its advent with rapturous delight from purely professional motives.

Again, although professional soldiers are hired to kill one another, there is a fraternal sympathy among them the world over, as there is among lawyers, who are hired to demonstrate each other's mendacity; and, since a new war offers chances of promotion to the members of the craft in the countries actually fighting, it is welcomed with kindly benevolence elsewhere. But there are still stronger reasons why feudal Europe, where every starving peasant carries an idle sword on his back, would reject the idea of a war between us and Japan if possible. They hate both of us, for one thing. They hate the United States, and always have, because our institutions are a standing reproach to their own system of legalized and apotheosized robbery of the common people, and our freedom from religious superstition and intolerance is a perpetual incitement to their own brutalized populations to break their chains. They hate Japan partly because it has never adopted what, by a delicate irony, these immemorial plunderers of the poor call "Christianity," and partly because it is today the most progressive nation in the world.

If there is anything that your thorough-going feudalist, particularly the Austrian feudalist, abhors it is progress and the new ideas that underlie it. To an Austrian, an idea which is not at least two thousand years old is the most terrifying thing in the world. The European feudal militarists also hold it against Japan that she has the generosity to shame by routing the Russians, and has shown how much better use an enlightened, non-Christian people can make of their vaunted strategy than they can themselves. If they could induce the American people to put their chief reliance on the making war upon Japan they would dance with delight openly, and secretly despise us for being such fools.

War between the United States and Japan could not benefit either of the belligerents in the slightest degree. Neither of them could gain anything of importance, and both must necessarily lose enormously. The most valuable thing that each would lose would be the friendship of the other, to be replaced by an undying heritage of international hatred. If the United States were defeated and weakened Germany would pounce upon Brazil, for which the Kaiser's mouth has watered ever since he spread his vainglorious net over his throne; and the rest of South America would be partitioned among the other European nations. For, if Japan desires an outlet for her surplus population and products, as Captain Rodde argues, her desire is mild compared with Germany's, and she has an indefatigable army for expansion on the continent, while Germany has none nearer than Africa. All the principal European powers are hungry for colonies and all of them have their eyes upon South America. Let the arm of the 'United States once weaken, let us become involved in war with a power that has the capacity of making us pay the reverse would be followed by a descent of feudalism, with its inveterate curse, upon this hemisphere. Those who doubt this are invited to remember what happened to Mexico during the calamities of the opening campaigns of the Civil War, though they are the land hunger of Europe and the international rage for markets had scarcely begun.

If Japan were defeated the case would be little better. We could not conquer and hold her territory, but Russia could. After we had destroyed her we could not annihilate her, and the forces of the Czar would at once assume their descent upon the Asiatic coast. Through our good offices the power and prestige of that cancerous tyranny would be re-established in the Orient, and thenceforward forever we should be confronted across the Pacific, not by a nation but by a world of kindred aspiration and traditional friendship, as Japan is, but by the deadly malignity and Satanic policy of Russia. Would not Russia desire the supremacy of the Pacific as eagerly as Japan? Would she exercise more conscience and neighborly forbearance in seeking?

Taking advantage of our tariff fetch and our ruinous shipping laws, Japan has captured the carrying trade of the Pacific. The fault is entirely our own and the remedy is in our hands without the necessity of a resort to war. We have only to direct our energies to the promotion of the public welfare instead of the advantage of private greed. But can we expect that Russia would be more hesitant than Japan to profit by our fault? She might not see her advantage so quickly, for the Muscovite official mind is noted rather for its crudity than its celerity, but when she did see it she would not be slow to seize upon it; and what Russia once grabs she never releases.

Captain Rodde points out that Japan could land an army at almost any one of our unfortified harbors upon the Pacific Coast. Perhaps it could be what would the army do after it landed? These harbors are separated from each other by hundreds of miles of country almost impassable for troops; they are cut off from the interior by the chains of mountains whose passes could be held impermanently by small

bodies of soldiers. In a territory where they could not move, with a hostile and armed population all around them, what would become of the Japanese army after it had landed? Never in the history of the world has a conquest been effected under such conditions. Captain Rodde thinks the Japanese could traverse the Coast ranges and find a hospitable retreat in the interior where they could maintain themselves indefinitely without reinforcements. Such an opinion is not worth refuting.

With five continental railroads pouring troops into their rear and every village in arms against the invaders, the Japanese would vanish like a mirage of the desert. We have nothing to fear from Japan, and much to hope. We have only to treat this rising power with decent courtesy and common justice to our mutual benefit. The Japanese are the beneficiaries which her energy, her enlightened spirit and her unfranchised courage are destined to confer upon the world.

PERHAPS AND PERHAPS. Shakespeare hadn't much to do with geography, and when he spoke geographically, he usually made a mess of it; as when he talked a seaport in Bohemia, or fixed a large part of "the new map" with suggestions that the "Indies," Milton, much later, had knowledge little more accurate. He had all the learning of his time, yet his geography was still ptolemaic, and so was his astronomy. His cosmology, or cosmography, was just a little in advance of that of Dante, who was a half-century earlier. His knowledge got ahead slowly, in those times. Nobody was particular about chronology.

Shakespeare makes Hector quote Aristotle. Milton makes the Almighty himself argue like a Puritan pulpiteer or schoolmaster, on matters supposed to have transpired unnumbered ages earlier than the Puritan regime; and he makes Satan, in those unknown and unnumbered early ages, before the fall, dispute in the terms of theological contention common in the period known as the Middle Ages.

It is not making great poetry, but no poetry like that, or comparable with that, can be written now, or any more. It is a question whether knowledge, slender as it still is, in our day, yet is not now too exact or accurate for Aristotle. It is, to be impressive, must deal with the great, the serious, the serious sides of our nature. It raises a doubt whether there ever will be any more great poetry.

Our system of education teaches the exact sciences. It separates the actual from the possible, and turns down the back of the student's religion and superstition. The common schools begin it, and the academies and colleges carry it on. You must study accuracy, to do anything these days. Imagination is reduced to smallest limits. Poetry suffers, and the poetic spirit, which has done so much to keep alive and to deal with the great, the serious, fades out too. We get on wonderfully in the ways of material progress, but is here the goal of human life? Yet the apothegm is that knowledge is power. Perhaps it is. And yet perhaps it isn't.

THE ATOMIC THEORY. The New York Tribune announces with a certain gusto, that the atomic theory of matter had not yet been disproved. For authority it quotes Lord Kelvin, who used to be Sir William Thomson before his transfiguration. One may well believe that the atomic theory has not been disproved. In the sense that it explains some phenomena and fails to explain others, it is not disproved nearly where it always did, but not quite.

There have always been facts which the atomic theory could not account for. The propagation of light is one example; the laws of value in chemistry are another, while to pure metaphysics it is a certain quest, that the atomic theory of matter had not yet been disproved. Of late years the investigations of Hertz, Roentgen, Professor and Madam Curie, and their colleagues have greatly increased the number of facts for which the atomic theory offers no explanation.

Long after Galileo had shown that the earth rotates on its axis, there were plenty of eminent people who believed that it stood still, and even after the voyages of Columbus, multitudes held to the venerable opinion that it was flat. Very likely no amount of mere evidence could ever convince a respectable minority of men who were taught that the atomic theory in their school days that it is impossible. Death alone will change their minds, and perhaps not even that; for the nearer some of them come to death the more tenacious they cling to their errors.

So skeptical of reports are we taught that the atomic theory was demonstrable. At best they have conceded to it the status of a working hypothesis, and they have always known that it was not a very good one. The new theories do not deny that there are molecules and atoms; but they hold that the atoms are very complex, and are composed of smaller units of some primitive substance. The properties of the different atoms, like those of gold and zinc, depend upon the number of units they contain. Since it is conceivable that this number may be changed in any given case, it may be possible sometime learn how to change gold into zinc, if we care to do so. Thus the latest scientific speculation revives the dreams of the alchemists.

A WRETCHED TALE OF MOROCCO. The desperate outbreak of savage fanaticism, which the French are trying to quell in Morocco, recalls the adventures of James Riley in that miserable country in the year 1816. In the century which has elapsed since his shipwreck near Cape Bojador and his enslavement by the wretched natives, the condition of Morocco has not changed for the better. The inhabitants are just as filthy, dishonest and murderous, and as ignorant as they were then. Much like our trust magnates, they preceded each outrage with an invocation to Allah, and followed it with thanksgiving and prayer; and they do the same now.

When the Arabs, who rode camels, now made for the interior, and Riley, with his men, were forced to follow. The sharp stones of the herbless desert cut their bare feet to the bone; the blazing sun blistered their naked skin. At night no shelter was given them. They lay shivering and groaning on the flats. Food there was none, either for Riley or his captors, except a little camel's milk now and then. The squallid savages had no dependable source of supply. They were content with wandering up and down the desert, begging, stealing, murdering and praying. They raised no crops; they carried on no industry. They lived in constant peril of starvation and perpetual fear of death from other miscreants like themselves.

Finally, after a journey of 300 miles, one of the most horrible ever recorded, Riley and some of his companions were sold to a couple of Arabs who expected to make a profit from their ransom. A mass of sores, their bones protruding, half dead from incessant beating, they were taken back over the desert, still in the same rags, to the coast again. Like their former owners, the new ones were always hungry, always thirsty, always in fear for their existence. But, since these wretches had money invested in Riley and his men, they took some slight pains to keep them alive. Finally, after a journey of 300 miles, they were reached and the captives were ransomed by the British Consul.

Riley recorded his adventures in a narrative which was once widely popular, but is now almost unknown. It is interesting and valuable, especially for his description of the Moroccan savages. He has been murdering shipwrecked mariners or reducing them to slavery more dreadful than death. Their country is worse than a pirates' den. It is the plague spot of the earth. It is marvelous and shameful that civilized nations have tolerated the prolonged existence of a pretended government which sheltered crimes so hideous. Now that France has a decent excuse for cleansing Morocco of its miseries, it is to be hoped that she will make the job a thorough one. No petty jealousy should be permitted to stay her hand.

Standard Oil is in trouble with the City of Indianapolis. It has been selling there at retail measures of oil which people were led to believe contained one gallon each. Every one of them is a pint short. Now the City Council is after the fraud with a sharp stick, and the robber's attorney answers that the company doesn't call the same name as paper bags, in which a grocer puts small lots of goods, and which may be of one size or another. The subterfuge is not deemed an answer. Of course the vessels were made to deceive and swindle buyers, by leading them to think they were getting gallons. Doubtless this trick is practiced in many places, perhaps in this city, with various short measures of a check in Minto's favor for the amount and a half-hour later the bank books tallied with the cash in the vault.

Here was the way Minto figured it out: This was an expensive pair of gloves, the man who owned them very likely likely be cashing a large check, and be overlooked them because he left the bank in a hurry or under excitement. Examination of the gloves showed that they had been used by an expert horseman. This led to the fair grounds race track. When Minto mentioned the cashing of a check he could tell by the expression on Mr. Blank's face that he had the right man. Subsequent investigation showed that the \$300 was paid on a check in which one figure had been written in such a manner as to be mistaken for another.

It is humiliating enough for a man to make a fool of himself, but it becomes exasperating when he does so in a public manner. A stranger who was staying at a hotel in Oregon City a few days ago will probably spend some time kicking himself for the ludicrous spectacle he presented before a crowd that gathered to see the expression on Mr. Blank's face that he had the right man. Subsequent investigation showed that the \$300 was paid on a check in which one figure had been written in such a manner as to be mistaken for another.

Canon and Hughes would trot as a great team in the election next year; but it is doubtful whether Hughes would march in the rear rank. If he should consent he would expect, perhaps, to succeed Cannon. It's never safe to nominate a man for the Vice-Presidency with expectation of shelving him. Old Tom Platt could give a reminiscence on that subject.

"We are servants, not masters." Thus says Rockefeller. Does he think the American people are idiots? Maybe he needs the service of a commission usually appointed by the County Judge.

When a Seattle Constable levies on a debtor's wooden leg, it may seriously be asked whether a man's wig or a woman's porcelain teeth are sacred to the minions of the law.

President Roosevelt had no comment to make upon the decision fining the Standard Oil Company \$29,240,000. Evidently Judge Landis left nothing to be said.

OREGON EPISODES RETOLD. Peace officers could always exercise the powers of a Sherlock Holmes, the life of a criminal would be so hazardous that few would attempt such a career. In fact, the career of the criminal would be cut short, however persistent his attempts in defiance of officers possessing such rare detective skill. The word "rare," as used here, is not inappropriate, for, though in the popular mind the Doyle stories have no counterpart in actual life, yet there have been instances, even here in Oregon, of work of which a Sherlock Holmes might well be proud. National Bank Examiner Claud Gatch tells of a case which he thinks belongs in the Holmes class, or perhaps above it, and Harry Minto, several years ago Chief of Police of Salem, was the hero.

Gatch was cashier of the Ladd & Bush Bank, and one evening found the cash \$300 short. He worked all night and most of the next day, trying to account for that \$300, but could not solve the mystery. He studied another day and then called in Minto. After stating the fact of the loss, Gatch explained that he had not even a suspicion where the money had gone, for he felt confident that no employee of the bank had taken it. In the hope of getting some sort of clue, Minto inquired whether anything out of the ordinary had happened in the bank the day the money was lost. "Nothing that I remember," replied the cashier, "except that some one left this pair of gloves on the desk, there."

Minto took the gloves, looked them over, pulled them in his pocket and went out. Half an hour later he was back on streetcar bound for the State Fair Grounds. Arriving there he went to the racehorse stables. Hunting up a horseman with whom he was acquainted, Minto showed him the gloves and asked if he knew to whom they belonged.

"Yes, they belong to Mr. Blank," naming a well-known and well-to-do horseowner of high standing in sporting circles, but not known to the police, and who Mr. Blank pointed out to him, and who an opportunity offered he approached and addressed the sportsman, carefully watching his countenance as he spoke: "Mr. Blank, you cashed a check at the Ladd & Bush Bank last Tuesday," and Minto paused an instant, "and you got \$300 more than the check called for. I came out to get the money," and he displayed his star. The horseman acknowledged cashing a check, but denied getting \$300 too much. "That's all right," said Minto, "but I want that \$300." Mr. Blank persisted in his denial, and drew indignantly at the charge of theft, but when Minto informed him that it would be necessary to arrest him, the man broke down, confessed that he got the money and begged that he be not exposed. He assured the officer that he had never been guilty of such a thing before, and that under ordinary circumstances he would not have taken a dollar to which he was not entitled. When he saw the money counted out to him and knew he had \$300 too much, he was seized with the impulse to keep it, and did so. He wrote a check in Minto's favor for the amount and a half-hour later the bank books tallied with the cash in the vault.

Here was the way Minto figured it out: This was an expensive pair of gloves, the man who owned them very likely likely be cashing a large check, and be overlooked them because he left the bank in a hurry or under excitement. Examination of the gloves showed that they had been used by an expert horseman. This led to the fair grounds race track. When Minto mentioned the cashing of a check he could tell by the expression on Mr. Blank's face that he had the right man. Subsequent investigation showed that the \$300 was paid on a check in which one figure had been written in such a manner as to be mistaken for another.

It is humiliating enough for a man to make a fool of himself, but it becomes exasperating when he does so in a public manner. A stranger who was staying at a hotel in Oregon City a few days ago will probably spend some time kicking himself for the ludicrous spectacle he presented before a crowd that gathered to see the expression on Mr. Blank's face that he had the right man. Subsequent investigation showed that the \$300 was paid on a check in which one figure had been written in such a manner as to be mistaken for another.

Canon and Hughes would trot as a great team in the election next year; but it is doubtful whether Hughes would march in the rear rank. If he should consent he would expect, perhaps, to succeed Cannon. It's never safe to nominate a man for the Vice-Presidency with expectation of shelving him. Old Tom Platt could give a reminiscence on that subject.

"We are servants, not masters." Thus says Rockefeller. Does he think the American people are idiots? Maybe he needs the service of a commission usually appointed by the County Judge.

When a Seattle Constable levies on a debtor's wooden leg, it may seriously be asked whether a man's wig or a woman's porcelain teeth are sacred to the minions of the law.