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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with northerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 86; minimum temperature, 56; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20.

PORTLAND IS NOT "SLOW."

Mr. George Taylor makes a point when he says that Portland is falsified by the careless habit of her own people in accepting and accentuating the gibes which envy or careless humor are always inventing. Every city is subject to the sneerer and the joker; Chicago is the "windy" city; Philadelphia is the "slow poke" among American communities; Kansas City is the "jayhawker," and so on down the list. But these cities do not take up the gibes against themselves, and so appear to confess the characteristics which they allege. It is, we must confess, the habit of Portland to do this to a greater or less extent. Right here at home we hear it constantly declared that Portland is a "slow town," in the face of the great enterprises and the large achievements of which Mr. Taylor names a few.

Whoever believes Portland to be a slow town will learn something for his enlightenment, if he will undertake to do business in competition with it. He will find that Portland's interest in the business field of the Northwest is prosecuted with an unremitting energy, that as a matter of fact no rival city is able to make head against it. He will find that with all its brag Seattle has never been able to gain the slightest foothold in the field which Portland has come to regard her own; that by our superior business energy and our heavier capital we cut the ground from under her at every point of contact. He will find that in every branch of business where opportunity exists our people are going into manufacture in ways both large and small, and that we are thereby laying a foundation which will be a tower of strength in future competitions.

Upon close examination it will be found, too, that Portland capital and energy are reaching out in works of general development from the California line on the south, to Montana and British Columbia on the north. In the mines of Jackson and Josephine Counties, in the apple orchards of Medford, in the great work of remolding the domestic industry of the Willamette Valley, in a thousand schemes of development in Eastern Oregon, and in many parts of Washington, Portland is quietly putting in the force of her capital and of her trained business judgment and leadership. It is not Portland's way to burn much red fire or bid the band to play in these operations. Her method is the quiet one of business, not the noisy one of "promotion." But she is on hand, all the same, where things are being done in this country, and she usually stays there after her more noisy but less persistent rivals have exhausted themselves and sought the financial boneyard.

Mr. Taylor names several projects of home development which Portland has put through without making any fuss, and these are but a few of her greater enterprises. It is Portland capital in large measure upon which rests the great range stock business of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. It was Portland foresight and Portland capital that created the great transportation system of which the O. R. & N. lines are the modern development. It was Portland energy and money that developed the great Pacific Ocean flour trade, and which maintains it today; it is Portland capital and initiative which has created the Pacific Ocean lumber trade and which holds it; it is Portland capital which supports in large measure the wool trade of the Northwest. This is not all, but further recital would be tedious, for there is no corner of this Northwest—not even excluding the cities of Puget Sound—where Portland is not actively and beneficently busy with operations of trade or of direct material development. Portland is not given to parading herself, but she is generally "thar or thar about" when any big thing is to be done in this Northwestern country.

By every one who needs to know it is doubtless understood that the reason why banking reform is not enacted by Congress is that the banks themselves do not want it. Significant along this line is the recent pronouncement of the Wisconsin bankers against the Fowler banking bill, with its scheme for branch banks and circulation secured only by general assets, in no uncertain terms. They adopted one resolution declaring themselves "opposed to the Fowler bill and all legislation tending to the substitution of branch banks for our present independent system of banking." They adopted another one declaring themselves "opposed to any law tending toward the substitution of asset currency for the present National bank circulation." One of the speakers against the Fowler scheme, Banker Frentz, of Oshkosh, declared that the establishment of the proposed branch banking system meant the extermination of every small bank throughout the country. "Do you know," said he, "that the City Bank in New York, with $500,000,000, would dominate this country if it had branch banks throughout the country? Do you know it would dictate the tariff, make or prevent wars, own all the ships, the railroads, the mines and hold the whole country in the hollow of its hand?" Our Populist publicists, who view the Fowler bill as a conspiracy of the banks, should comprehend at length that the currency-reformers are not the bankers. They are mostly students and thinkers.

CUBAN EPOCHS.

Few spots on the earth's surface of equal size have undergone more of the strenuous life than the surpassing rich but grievously harried island of Cuba. Beside its original Spanish conquerors, invading and devastating armies have occupied its cities and fields at different times, from Great Britain, from France, from Holland and from the United States. So much natural beauty and fertility can rarely be seen in conjunction with such human misery and unloveliness. Cuba is like the lands spoken of in the old missionary hymn, "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

We might divide Cuban history into epochs. The first one would be that of discovery, colonization and conquest. For 200 years Cuba was the spoil of foreign foes. It was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage, and by 1553 Spanish cruelty had exterminated the entire native Indian population. In 1534 and 1554 Havana was destroyed by the French; in 1624 it was taken by the Dutch; from 1650 to 1700 it was often ravaged by filibusters, and in 1762 it was taken by the English. At no time prior to 1700 was the island safe from attack by European governments or by pirates.

Then for 150 years or so ensued an era of comparative peace. Except for the single incident of English occupation in 1762 the island prospered mightily in tobacco and in the slave trade, of which it was the center for Spanish America. It is said that in the sixty halcyon years of this traffic no fewer than 550,000 slaves were brought into Cuba.

Along about 1844 began that epoch of Cuban history which ended only in the expulsion of Spain in 1898. This might be called the revolutionary period. More than 10,000 negroes perished in the insurrection of 1848. The uprisings of 1849 and of 1851 were led by American adventurers. The Spanish revolution of 1868 led to an effort for Cuban independence, which continued with varying fortunes for twelve years. In 1880 the insurrection was put down, but it had saddled upon the island a debt of $85,000,000. The revolutionary movement which ended in American occupation may be said to date, in its more active manifestations, from about 1893.

When the Maine went down in Havana Harbor the bell rang for the curtain which was to fall for once and all on four centuries of Spanish misrule. The ensuing four years form an epoch by themselves—the period of American occupation. While much of the work done by our representatives there is for all time, some of it is already in peril from Cuban incompetence and unrest. The island is accordingly entering upon another stage of its existence—the period of qualified independence under American protection. Its outcome is problematical, depending as it does not only upon native capacity, but upon American generosity. It is hard to govern an impoverished and discontented people successfully, and the task is especially difficult in Spanish America, where native incapacity has been bred to Spanish corruption.

Most people look forward to a sixth and last period of Cuban history—its incorporate life in the American Nation. In that arrangement both countries should find rest from their ceaseless misunderstandings and cross-purposes. With Cuba as American territory, all our perturbation over the approaches to the Gulf and the canal would cease. Under American sovereignty the Cubans would find peace and prosperity like that of the Kanakas in Hawaii, the Spanish in California, the Mexicans in Arizona, the French in Louisiana, the Russians in Alaska, the Mohammedans in Sulu, the other Spanish-Americans in Porto Rico, and our contented immigrants from every nation under the sun. Cuban annexation cannot come any too soon for the comfort of the United States and the welfare of Cuba.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

If the Portland Public Library is to become worthy of its pretensions and to serve adequately the purpose back of its foundation, some better provision must be made for its support. It is now merely a heterogeneous collection of old books, many of them out of date, useless in connection with any definite purpose, and valuable only as a basis upon which to build a library. Not less than 10,000 books ought immediately to be added to the collection to fill in its many lapses and to bring its historical, literary and reference departments up to date; and at the very least $5000 per year ought to be devoted to the purchase of current books. Nothing less than this will make an efficient library and keep it efficient, and if we are to have a public library at all, nothing less ought to be thought of.

The subject is one which commends itself to the City Council, whose powers, we presume, will enable it to make such provision as the situation calls for. In many other cities—in most others on this Coast—a certain fixed proportion of the fines assessed in the Municipal Courts is devoted to library purposes, and under this system some fine and even great libraries are being built up. At Seattle, notably, the income of the library, under a fixed provision of the city charter, is in the neighborhood of $40,000 per year, and, thus supplied, the library department is creating a collection which will rank with the best in the minor cities of the country.

One of the standing objections—and it is a legitimate one, too—to appropriations for public libraries is the fact that a very large proportion of library patronage is by readers of fiction, from persons of trivial tastes, who seek merely to be entertained. It is no part of the public duty, it is argued, to provide entertainment for the public, and this is true. And yet, at the same time, there are many works of fiction which belong of necessity to any literary collection. Any complete library, even though limited to works of reference, would have to have the works of the standard writers of fiction. Different libraries have different rules in respect to fiction, some providing everything, some discarding current fiction altogether, some restricting it to approved authors. In our situation, it might be well to provide nothing which has not stood the test of at least one year, by this means cutting off the library as a resource for those whose passion for the latest book is the mark of a trifling taste and for a mere fashion in reading.

Either by this or some other device it ought not to be difficult to give the library a serious character and to prevent its being a resort for fiction-mad triflers. A severe rule in respect to fiction would no doubt cut down the patronage of the library very largely, but we see nothing to fear in that. There can be no obligation on the part of the taxpayers to provide novel readers with entertainment, and if the novel-reading habit should be disturbed, no harm will be done, not even to the readers themselves.

PUBLIC RIGHTS AND IDLE RICH.

The recent death of Charles Fair and wife in Paris while speeding a huge automobile is of small consequence in itself. Whatever grief the death of this young man may cause his family, he is known to the American public as a notable representative of a class of idle rich who spend their inherited millions in "playing horse" from the cradle to the grave. The public have no interest in the pranks and fads of rich men's booby sons, except when their sports are pursued on the public highway in violation of due regard for the public safety. Fair ran his machine at the rate of over sixty miles an hour, and when the accident took place the speed attained was between eighty and ninety miles an hour. A man who will run a machine of this sort on the public highway at such a rate of speed is a dangerous fool, for automobiles driven at a high rate of speed on the highways of New York and New England have killed a good many persons outside of the occupants of the machine, and it was merely a bit of luck that when Fair's machine was wrecked some persons outside the vehicle were not killed. In the vicinity of New York a number of persons have been killed who were not occupants of the automobile.

The singular appearance of the machine, the noise it makes, the speed at which it is driven by reckless owners among the idle rich, frightens horses and causes disastrous runaways, so that two-thirds of the list of dead and wounded belong to the public who do not own or operate these machines. Of course, there are numerous owners of automobiles who are as careful and conscientious in speeding them on the public streets as a decent man is in driving a horse on the public highways, but there are a large number of offenders against public safety among the idle rich. In Providence, R. I., these reckless fellows once attempted to defy the law regulating the speed of their machines, and it required the strenuous protest of a number of leading citizens to make the officers of the law interfere. One of the young Vanderbilts has been repeatedly fined in Massachusetts for recklessly speeding his automobile on the public highways, and a number of fatal accidents have been caused by these machines in the hands of the idle rich on the roads of New York and New Jersey.

The shame of the whole matter is that these idle rich show not the slightest regret for the melancholy accidents they cause by their lawlessness and folly. They have plenty of money to pay their fine, when arrested, and proceed to repeat their dangerous recreation at the first favorable opportunity. So indignant has the public become that New York and Massachusetts are disposed to insist that these dangerous racing machines shall be compelled to reduce their speed to the demands of public safety or else build at their own expense a racing track. When we remember that the law will not allow a horse to be driven at reckless speed on a public highway, when we remember that railroads are confined to tracks of their own and are compelled to slacken speed when passing through a town or approaching a crossing, it is certainly a great outrage upon the rights of the public that machines many of which equal the speed of the average railway train, and some of which surpass it, should be allowed to be driven at a high rate of speed upon a public highway. The railway is a vast business necessity for the transportation of passengers and freight, and the public welfare demands that some risks be taken, but the automobile that is speeded by the idle rich represents nothing but the private personal passion for a new and strange kind of recreation, that seems to be a favorite fad with these reckless and heartless idle rich. If nobody's neck was broken save that of the idle rich drivers and their fellow passengers, it would be a matter of small public concern, but these machines, driven at great speed, have become a public nuisance and a terror on all the fine roads of the East.

The melancholy thing about the idle rich is that they are prone to abuse their opportunity and their direct and indirect influence in gross acts of invasion of public rights, which a poor man neither could nor would attempt. The consequence is they increase the class hate between the honest, hard-working masses and the ostentatious, extravagant, idle rich. These idle rich are correctly estimated as utterly worthless in brains and arrogantly selfish in character. Nobody finds any fault with a rich man's indulgence in sport at the proper time and place, but no man, rich or poor, has any business to indulge in reckless sport in contempt of the general public safety on the public highways. Furthermore, no man, rich or poor, is deserving of any respect to whom sport is not simply one of the desirable coincidents of life, but stands for his whole existence. The aristocracy of England is devoted to outdoor sports at the proper season, but the leading members of the aristocracy from King Edward down are devoted to public duties that stand for severe mental application and drudging labor. The great captains of industry in this country are men to whom sport is a mere incident of life, but the fool sons and grandsons of able men of wealth, the idle spawn of the enterprising rich, are the most odious, hateful people in America. Nobody is really afraid of them, for their wealth in the last analysis lies at the mercy of the ballots of the masses whose public rights they insult and abuse. What the masses ask of rich men are not public libraries scattered broadcast by a Carnegie. The masses want no generosity; they only want justice. They want their rights free from invasion, which is worth more to them than many books.

Exports of breadstuffs in the past seven months are $10,000,000 less than in the corresponding part of 1897, and they look small compared with those of the corresponding portions of each intermediate year. In the corresponding seven months of 1901 the value was $163,907,596, against $89,940,350 this year. Of this decrease $37,000,000 was in corn, and nearly $6,000,000 in oats, $24,000,000 in wheat and $7,000,000 in flour, for while the wheat exports for the fiscal year showed a considerable increase, it was all in the latter part of 1901; since this year began the exports have declined surprisingly. Europe's importation of wheat from this country began to increase before the European harvests were gathered; there was apparently a very general effort to import wheat in advance of actual needs. The cattle and hog exports for seven months are also much below those of the corresponding portions of any of the five. In provisions the comparison is more satisfactory. The figures for the last seven months are $10,000,000 under those for the same seven months in 1901, but exceed those of like periods in the four preceding years. The value of cotton exported is less than in the two preceding years, but very much greater than in the years 1897 to 1899. The quantity is very nearly the same as in 1899.

Opinions differ as to the money stringency in New York. The time-honored explanation of Western demands is brought out again, but meets iron-cheeked skepticism. One New York bank president is reported to have received information on this wise:

Chicago—All demands of the crop-moving season can be met without help from New York other than a return of a portion of the Western money now on deposit at that point.

Sioux City—This part of the West is practically independent of the East. We can take care of ourselves.

Kansas City—The crops of the West can be handled without calling on the East for any funds.

Minneapolis—The Western banks are better prepared than ever before to move the Western crops. They are not needing any help.

Omaha—Eastern banks need not worry; the West does not need any assistance.

Bankers are not infallible, however, and the course of money in New York indicates that Western demands for currency are far from falling to the negligible point. The Western bankers are in danger of confusing wealth with mere currency phenomena. The West is undoubtedly rich, but this does not militate against the normal movements of various sorts of credit back and forth across the country, as they continue to move across the Atlantic. The fundamental cause of the monetary demand, whether at seed time or harvest, is the confidence and activity based upon the Nation's adoption of the gold standard.

The Public Library of San Francisco contains 146,297 books, of which approximately 20,000 are works of fiction. There are 37,326 card-holders, and in the past year they took out 61,119 volumes, of which 57 per cent was fiction. No record is kept of books consulted, since they are not taken from the library rooms, but the number is very great. Within the year $11,908 was expended for new books. The salary list is $36,623. In addition to the Public Library, there are two large private or association libraries in San Francisco—the Mercantile Library and the Mechanics' Library, both of which have an extensive patronage. San Francisco, while hardly four times the size of Portland, his ten times our library facilities.

Dr. D. W. Poor, who has had charge of the hospital for smallpox patients at Orange, N. J., for eight months past, reports that the mortality among the unvaccinated was 18 per cent, and among the vaccinated 7 per cent. Seven of the nine deaths were among the unvaccinated. The other deaths were of patients that had been vaccinated twenty years or more ago. Four patients between 50 and 65 years of age who had been vaccinated in their youth recovered. Of the eighty-six cases, thirty-nine were unvaccinated, twelve were vaccinated successfully after exposure, seven had been vaccinated within twelve years, and twenty-eight had not been vaccinated for twenty years or more.

An Indiana engineer has been estimating the cost of transportation by road and has produced a strong argument for good roads. He figures that the cost of moving one ton by horse power over one mile of dry, sandy road is 64 cents; over wet sand, 32 cents; over ruts and mud, 39 cents; over an earth road, dry and hard, 18 cents; over a broken stone road in good condition, 8 cents; over a compact gravel road, 8.8 cents; over wood or stone paving, 5.33 cents, and so on. The better the quality of the road the less the cost of transportation, so that it is economy to build not merely good roads, but the very best roads.

Peter Power is in jail, and unless the evidence is very misleading, that is the proper place for him. It was once supposed he had been given or sold some stock for the express purpose of fighting the merger. It looks now as if he had not that technical status for his appearance as plaintiff. He seems likely to be posted as a representative of a gang of desperate blackmailing brokers. Not the least of his offenses is the discredit into which he has brought the cause of the people in the anti-trust movement. The thing to hope for is that the principals for whom he acted so culpably can be reached by the law.

Good roads is a hackneyed topic in the Northwest. So is the selling of hogs and sugar and muslin. But it is a topic that age will not wither nor rust corrupt. We must have better roads for the farmers. The convention to be held in Portland, October 12-15, under Federal auspices, will test public interest in the matter, and good will result from it if the people will have it so. "Ideas" on the road question are plentiful as mosquitoes in Jersey, but practical and scientific information is scarce. Some of this may be had at the Portland good-roads convention.

If the Iowa platform really meant what Secretary Shaw says it does, it would be fit only to be trodden under foot. He interprets it to say: Reform the tariff when necessary (but no reform is necessary); cut off all duties that promote monopoly (but no duties do promote monopoly). This is not idiotic, but what is much worse—rank dishonesty. The Republicans of Iowa want the tariff reformed; and if the Congress elected this Fall does not reform it, Iowa will go Democratic, and so will other states.

It is about a year ago now since The Oregonian, discussing the worry problem, observed that "President Schwab, of the steel trust, is trying to earn his $800,000 a year and some day he will break down under the strain." This is probably as good an explanation of his reported retirement as any of the ingenious yarns contrived by malice or cynicism.

A NATURAL EVOLUTION.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The sweeping reduction of railroad rates on grain in the Northwest, which it is estimated will save farmers $1,000,000 on the crop of this year, is the result of an industrial evolution as natural as that which has reduced the price of cotton cloth to a fraction of its former cost, with increased demand, manufacture on a larger scale and improved machinery. It is no more the result of political agitation against the railroads than it is a pure benevolence on their part. It is not the result of the merger, though the economies of that operation may save shippers from a return to old rates when the present enormous business shall fall off. The independent roads join those of the merger in reducing rates, and none of them think that the reduction will diminish earnings. It is quite certain that the reduction would have come this year, had the Northern Securities Company never been heard of.

This change is simply a step in the general fall of prices of nearly everything but labor, which has come about with the higher development and better organization of industry, in the improved condition of enormously increased demand for its product. Let the farmer consider his own case. He sells his wheat for much less than 30 years ago, but he makes more profit because it costs him so much less to produce and market it. The world is his market, instead of the neighborhood. Improved machinery saves him large part of the old labor cost. He can ship for a fraction of the old cost of transportation. We have not the figures, but the cost of sending Western wheat to the seaboard cannot be one-tenth what it was in the early days of railroads.

If this economic change affects the farmer, how much more powerfully must it affect industries that can make such enormous economies in production by operating on a great scale. Iron and cotton goods are sold at a fraction of the price a generation ago, because they can be produced so much more cheaply by improved machinery in the immense quantities now required for consumption, and because they can be transported for a fraction of the old cost. After all, the diminished cost of transportation has been the largest element in the reduction of price to the consumer on one side and the increased profit of the producer on the other. That has permitted the enormous expansion of markets by which consumer and producer have profited mutually; because every reduction of price of any article brought a new swarm of buyers and every increase of buyers permitted cheaper production and a new reduction of price.

Hardly any industry in the world is so sensitive to the economies possible with greatly increased business as that of transportation. Improved mechanical facilities have done a great deal to reduce freight rates; but the increase of traffic to be carried has done far more. Take an extreme case. It costs almost as much to run a steamship from Liverpool to New York, or a train from New York to Chicago, half full, as completely loaded. It costs nearly as much to build and maintain a track between New York and Chicago for 10 trains a day as for 100 trains. Consider, then, the enormous economies that have come to the railroads merely through the filling up of the Western country with people and the enormous increase in the traffic to be carried either way.

Add to this the economies of mechanical improvement forced on the roads by pressure of business, and it will be seen that the fall of freight rates is even more a natural evolution than the fall in the price of cotton and iron goods. It has been going on for 30 years, and it has not come to an end, because the country is not yet full of people and has not reached its limit of production of goods to be exported. What has just happened in Northwestern freight rates is a single episode in a long economic history, a single step in a mighty operation of natural law.

Mr. Watterson Is Despondent.

Chicago Tribune.

Time was when the Kentucky gentleman could stride proudly into the political arena and demand for his merits the recognition they deserved. It was not necessary for him to cringe to a "boss" or buy favor of a venal rabble in order to succeed. If defeated he was defeated by the better man and came out of the contest with a clear conscience and clean hands. The halcyon days have gone. There is no denying it, for a Kentuckian who knew the old conditions and knows the present ones says so.

Henry Watterson would dearly love to be Governor of Kentucky. He asks for no prouder inscription on his tombstone. But he will not be a candidate for the nomination. He says:

> I am appalled by the conditions which the successful candidate for office must needs meet and overcome; the rogues and cheats he must court or coerce; the servility he must affect or practice; the obligations he incurs; the personal solicitation, ignoble and humiliating; the use of money, more or less corrupt and corrupting; for, though he have an overwhelming majority of the people at his back, there stands the machine, first to be captured and then to be deployed, with all that this implies.

Mr. Watterson is "too old to be a rascal," so he stands aside and lets the ignoble throng strive for office. Tears flow from "eyes unused to weep" when he contemplates the degeneracy of politics in Kentucky, the state of Clay, Crittenden, Breckinridge and the Marshalls.

If a man as fervid and daring as Mr. Watterson refuses to take up arms against the "machine" in a state where there are no large city constituencies and political conditions should be purer than in many other states, it is not surprising that less fiery and impetuous spirits in other states should think war on the "machine" is hopeless. Does Mr. Watterson "despair of the republic" or does he dislike to exert himself? He throws cold water on the aspirations of all the "machine smashers" of the country instead of showing them how the work can be done in Kentucky.

Mr. Austin's Painful Omission.

New York Evening Post.

In one matter Mr. Austin is visibly hampered by his position as a Republican office-holder, inhibited from breathing a word about the sacred tariff. He reasons with perfect correctness about the main aspects of international trade. He clearly perceives that it is, in essence, a system of barter. We take from the Orient what it has to give and what we want, and we sell to it what we produce and it needs. But never a word has Mr. Austin to say about the needless handicap which we put upon our Pacific trade by protective duties. One of his maps shows the articles to be imported. Among them are sugar, wool, hides. But he is disabled from remarking how our system of protection keeps our merchants from bidding for those products as the English can. It lies glaring in his argument—this artificial disadvantage of our Oriental trade—but it is not for a sworn defender of the Republican party to mention it. If that party or the Government of the United States under any party ever seriously sets itself to a rational fostering of our trans-Pacific commerce, one of the first things it will have to do is to remove the present penalties it inflicts upon that commerce in the form of a protective tariff. Until we do something of that sort, our trust in "frontage" will prove vain, and Mr. Austin's beautiful ellipses and radiations will fill us with joy, but not with trade.

Rehabilitated Democracy.

Atlanta Journal.

With a return to that conservatism which up to a few years ago had ever influenced and guided the Democratic party public confidence in it and those of its leaders who represent that conservative spirit is being restored, and those do not speak idly who assert that the Democracy has good reason for expecting to greatly increase its strength in the next national Congress, even if it does not actually control that branch of the Government.

TORTURING A PRISONER.

Chicago Tribune.

An Army officer, speaking in defense of the "water cure," said it did not compare in cruelty with the methods resorted to by American police officials to extort confessions from men whom they suspected of crime or of the knowledge of crime. There was more truth than poetry in this statement. American police officials have been known to resort to refined and unrefined cruelty in order to make men talk. Like the men who administered the "water cure," they have argued that "the end justified the means."

The Chicago police have had in custody for some days the man Thompson, whom they suspect of knowing more than he has yet revealed about the crimes of young Bartholin, who is believed to have been guilty of a double murder. The police, looking on Thompson as a bird who can sing, will not sing, and should be made to sing, have been laboring assiduously with him. They have cross-examined and recross-examined him, so as to worry out of him the information they think he has. The "sweat box" treatment of threats and coaxing to which he has been subjected is illegal in the case of a man accused of crime. If Thompson is withholding information about a murder he is an accessory after the fact and is punishable therefor and should not be forced to confess his guilt.

To deprive Thompson of sleep to get information out of him is as cruel as it is illegal. The Chicago police are accused of torturing him after that fashion. The afternoon papers of yesterday say that the police put in his cell on Wednesday night a detective who played the part of a drunken tramp and kept Thompson awake all night. Treatment of this kind is apt to break a man down and make him say whatever it is desired he shall say.

The administering of the "third degree," whether by kicking and beating a prisoner or by depriving him of sleep, is as illegal and as immoral as the administration of the "water cure." If the police are resorting to illegal methods to extort from Thompson information which they believe he has they are law-breakers. The information may be needed to further the ends of justice, but it is not lawful to put a man to the torture to get it.

Boomerang Argument.

Boston Herald.

The esteemed Philadelphia Press is quite certain that the Cubans ought not to be permitted to raise their tariff taxes as a guarantee for a loan. Why not? The reason given by the Press is that the burden will fall heavily on the poor people of the island. Is that so? Do tariffs work that way in Cuba? Here in the United States, as the Press and all the protectionist newspapers have told us for years, the tariff is the boon of the poor; it is that which enables them to live. The tax which the tariff extorts comes out of the people abroad who send goods here to be sold, or out of the benevolent importer. The consumers do not pay the duties. But it appears that the case is otherwise in Cuba. Political economy there works in another way. A higher tariff on imported goods will be an oppression of the poor; so certain and so severe an oppression that it is the duty of the United States, as a benevolent guardian of the welfare of the Cuban people, to forbid the consummation of any such wrong. Cuba must not incur a debt to be met by increased imports on importations from other countries, the United States for one. We should like to see the Press showing mercy to the poor of this land.

It Is Time to Stop.

Baltimore News.

A decision by the Controller of the Treasury that Navy funds cannot be used to entertain Congressmen or other officials invited by Secretary Moody to witness the coming maneuvers has doubtless spoiled a pleasant outing for some distinguished statesmen. The Controller was once a Congressman and therefore knows a thing or two about junkets, and the cold, distant manner with which he intimates that he does not see that any good will inure to the Navy from the presence of the Congressmen gives rise to the suspicion that he is laughing in his sleeve while he dips Mr. Moody's would-be guests in the ribs.

Game La Follette Is Playing.

New York Sun.

Governor La Follette seems to play the country against the city. He wants to "sock it" to the railroads and other corporations. He vetoes a dog tax law because "upon the farm the watch dog and shepherd are as much a necessity as the other domestic animals which they protect and guard," whereas in the city they are a luxury and can be dispensed with. He vetoes a bill allowing railway companies to appoint policemen. A sop to the corporation holters. He makes an easy popularity with the virtuous by preventing one Carter and one Root from having a prizefight in the world-loved town of Oshkosh.

Republicans and the Tariff.

New York Evening Post.

The exact position of Republicans is that an unjust tariff is crying out for urgent revision, that they are the only ones who can do the work, and that they will do it just one day after never. This is the true tariff faith, which if any Republican do not profess he shall without doubt everlastingly—fail of getting a campaign fund.

PERSONS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT.

William Cox, a private in the British Army, who has just died, enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only soldier in Lord Roberts' army who declined a commission. He wore more medals won by personal bravery than any other man in the military force of the empire.

Nagiyanpe, a full-blooded Sioux Indian from Fort Shaw, Mont., has just been elected leader of the municipal band of Carlisle, Pa., and thus enjoys the distinction of being the first red man to assume dictatorship of a musical organization composed entirely of whites.

The Democratic nominee for State Superintendent of Schools in North Dakota, V. Stefanson, is but 22 years old, but has taught in the public schools, including the Kindred High School, for the last five years. He is also something of a poet, having produced verses of considerable merit.

Professor Sledd, of Emory College, in Georgia, has resigned his place because of the storm of condemnation he has aroused in that state and other parts of the South by an article he wrote on the negro question for a Northern magazine. Some of his statements in criticism of the whites were exceedingly strong.

Since Charles H. Moore, the first colored graduate of Amherst College, left that institution in 1878, he has been engaged in educational work in North Carolina, his native state. For the last five years he has been at the head of the academic department of the agricultural and mechanical college for the colored race at Greensboro.

Lord Rosebery one time sat next to a farmer at his estate dinner, and the confiding man whispered to his host when the ice pudding was brought: "The pudding has been frozen." The ex-Premier, thanking the farmer and looking surprised, called to a waiter, said something, and then, turning to the farmer again, said: "They tell me the pudding has been frozen on purpose!"

James B. Conolly, whose stories of sea adventures have given him high rank among the younger American writers, is off on a European trip in search of new seas to conquer. His Gloucester yarns are well known. Last year he was living with the fisherfolk of the North Sea and the Baltic. Now he has turned his face southward and will cast his lot with the sailors and fishermen of the Mediterranean and other Southern seas.

William Watson, who succeeded to a large part of Lord Tennyson's pension and was, no doubt, intended by Mr. Gladstone for the laureateship, is 44. He was born at Wharfedale, in Yorkshire, and gave early signs of literary genius. It was not until 1892, however, that he gained adequate recognition with his poem on "Wordsworth's Grave." The classic beauty and the absence of affectation in his work have steadily won for him the admiration of all who care for poetry.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The days of our youth are the days of our glory, when a circus is in town.

Charles Schwab, of the steel trust, finds a salary of $4 a week healthier than one of $1,000,000 a year.

Why was it that when we went to school, teachers were never known to take examinations?

An actress mistook carbolic acid for face lotion. She decided this was just as good as to have her diamonds stolen.

Harry Tracy's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on. Ask those who are fighting for the reward.

Of course, each of the girls would have been a more beautiful and gracious Carnival Queen than any one of them, but this is only to be thought, not spoken.

Porto Cabello has recovered its composure. It thought it was captured by the insurgents, but the enemy was only a herd of cattle that rushed by the town.

May Yohe and "Putty" Strong say they will never return to the United States and will go to a place where there are no reporters. And yet some people believe reporters are a bane.

A Cossack is walking around the world to study social conditions. That's why he is walking, and if nobody ever studied social conditions before, it's because nobody ever walked to do it.

Our own Binger Hermann is with us again. It rejoices our souls no less than his that in Oregon rest the pillars of a fame that reach up even to the Nation's high councils. These were humble beginnings, here in Oregon, and we feel all the humbler when he deigns to move among us. It gratifies us also that we can be to him the means of higher greatness.

Since the Declaration of Independence the Catholic church has grown faster in America than any other. In 1776 the Catholics were one-ninetieth part of the population of the 13 states; now they are somewhat less than one-fifth. This is brought out by Salvatore Cortesi in the latest Independent. He assigns as the chief cause of this marvelous growth the complete separation of church and state in America. In no other nation has the church had this progress. Governor Taft in his address to Leo XIII pointed this out clearly and showed that in the United States all churches were more secure than in countries where there is said to be a union between church and state. These facts explain the attitude of intelligent Catholics in the Philippines.

His name was Tong Jack, Chinese enough, to be sure, but it belonged to a being whose humanity rose above racial distinction to the common heritage of all men. In his breast beat a heart as warmly as under a skin of white, and through his veins coursed a stream as highly tinted as if it were Christian. He had a laundry in Cambridge, Md., adjoining the house of James A. McAlister. Mr. McAlister would have preferred another neighbor, but Tong Jack minded his own business so faithfully that the American respected the rights of the alien. When boys annoyed the disciple of Confucius, McAlister took his part. Then McAlister fell sick. Tong Jack sent flowers to the man with constant solicitude. When the patient died, Jack's grief was intense. He provided 40 carriages for the funeral, robed himself in mourning white and followed the body to the grave with every expression of sorrow. Who is the more human—Tong Jack or his persecutors?

The most interesting of the large installment of historical manuscripts published in the June Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is Daniel Webster's answer to a request of Theophilus Parsons for advice in regard to the conduct of the Boston Daily Advertiser. He refers to it as "a respectable print, conducted with judgment and intelligence," but wishes that the editor, Mr. Hale, "had more disposition to seize on great National questions, discuss them, in all their forms, and awaken a livelier interest in the proceedings of the Genl. Govt. . . . If a paper is intended to be a mere chronicle, that is one thing, but if it be meant to perform a political part, it must have discussion, spirited paragraphs, and the power and habit of presenting great truths in a variety of form. In a single discourse repetition is in bad taste. But the press cannot be effective without much of it. It must renew today the arguments of yesterday, and thus hold up constantly the truths which it wishes to impress on the public mind. Well-conducted efforts of this kind can alone constitute what we call a vigorous press."

The Wisconsin Fish Commission has experimented largely in the matter of transplantation, and while its work has been highly valuable it has met with many failures, particularly in the way of Pacific Slope trout, both of the ordinary and steelhead varieties. Rainbows have been taken over, Dolly Vardens, the Mount Shasta trout, which in its native water is a very vicious steelhead indeed, Montana trout and other sorts of salmonlies, but nothing has been put into Wisconsin water yet which is as good as the native brook trout. Moreover, the state has many amateur pisciculturists who put fish into the water with beneficial intent and leave other folks to have trouble with them. Some of them are in the class with men who brought English sparrows to this country, the San Jose scale, the Russian thistle and such things. Some time ago one of these well-meaning persons put a lot of German carp into Lake Koshkonong. Koshkonong five years ago was the greatest inland water for canvasback ducks in the world, since it was matted with wild celery and the big fellows came to it from a thousand miles afar. The carp have eaten all of the celery as well as forty million tons of mud, and loaf about, rotund, sleepy, happy and worthless, but there are no canvasbacks.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

At Long Beach.—Impecune—Which of old Moneypenny's daughters are you going to propose to? Foreign Count—Oh, the youngest one, first.—Judge.

Algy—When he married the widow he stopped smoking. Maud—Why? Algy—Well, she gave up her weeds for him and he gave up the weed for her.—Tit-Bits.

The New Regime.—"Have they been in society long?" "Only about a week." "How's that?" "Before that they called their chef a cook."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beats the Record.—"What, sir, I ask you, is as deeply profound, as majestically impressive as the silence of eternity?" "H'm! What about the silence just preceding the curtain lecture?"—Baltimore News.

His Situation.—"So you ran across Dingbat in New York, did you? Has he a good position there?" "He had when I saw him last. He was sitting in a hammock with the daughter of a big banker."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cost of It.—"I wonder if advertising like this," said the unsophisticated youth, after looking over the department store announcement, "is really expensive?" "Wait till you get a wife who reads those ads and you'll find out," replied Phamliman.—Philadelphia Press.