

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER - Fair. Northerly winds. YESTERDAY'S WEATHER - Maximum temperature, 64; minimum, 48.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, AUG. 25, 1902.

ROOSEVELT IN DANGER.

It is not at all reassuring that President Roosevelt's New England speeches, while comprehensive to the point of discursiveness, so far contain not the slightest reference to tariff revision.

It is not to be supposed that President Roosevelt either understands or enjoys the tariff question. His dry and technical details, his very prosaic obscurity, do not appeal to his imagination or stir his blood.

It is perfectly obvious that these speeches contain no original contribution to the subject, unless it be the irrelevant theory about "labor cost," and also that the propositions laid down are valueless if not positively indefensible.

Our experience in the past has shown that sweeping revisions of the tariff are apt to precipitate a panic in the business world. It is not only possible, but eminently desirable, to combine with the stability of our economic system a supplementary system of reciprocity.

porations or rapacious producers, but the relief of the consumer and the Treasury's need of revenue. The demand for tariff revision is the most pressing demand upon the United States Government.

OREGON IS GOING FORWARD.

There can be no doubt that the industrial awakening of Oregon, so long hoped for and so long delayed, is at last coming about. It is manifest in a thousand circumstances whose meaning is plain to the eye.

New industries in ways both large and small are rapidly changing both the industrial and social character of the country. Wheat for export, which until now has been the mainstay of the country, is becoming a "back number."

In the forest districts there is an activity such as the country never saw before. Export mills have been put in wherever there is a supply of timber in the Lower Columbia and Coast regions.

With the exception of wheat-growing in the Willamette Valley which is being replaced by more profitable uses, and land, no old form of production has declined; in fact, every old industry is made more profitable by the larger and more active market which the new operations have created.

The development of the east-of-the-mountain country is worth special notice, for it is not small factor in the generally advancing condition of Oregon at this time. In Sherman County, a region which only a little while back was a sheep pasture, there has grown up a great farming industry.

Large capital is quick to heed movements like these and to give its aid where returns may be had. Already it is busy with colossal schemes of irrigation throughout Eastern Oregon; and it is only a matter of a little time when the sage plains of Baker, Malheur and Crook Counties will cease to be deserts.

Capital in the hands of the railroad-builder is active as never before. The line of the Columbia Southern, which has so promoted the development of Sherman County, is about to be extended into Crook and the region of the Upper Deschutes, and another branch is planned to connect its southern terminus with The Dalles before the obstructions to navigation. A little line of road is being actively pushed into the Nehalem country, from Columbia City, a point on the Columbia River some thirty miles below Portland.

River; and local movements in active progress look to extending electric lines into Washington County on the west and the remote parts of Clackamas County to the east.

And what is scarcely less gratifying than these developments is the fact that they rest very largely upon Portland and the faith in the country. We have reached, it appears, a point where we do not have to look for everything from without, where we are able to borrow a fine phrase—to fly with our own wings.

It is a pity to make too much of the differences between Senator Spooner and Governor La Follette in Wisconsin. A large section of the press of that state was engaged for many months in an attempt to discredit the Governor, in the hope of preventing his renomination and getting rid of the primary election agitation.

A peculiar feature of the new issue of \$21,000,000 Oregon Short Line bonds is that they will carry a possible equity in the earnings of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads. They are secured by \$31,000,000 of Northern Securities stock, which is now paying 4 per cent dividends.

China and Mexico are not alone in the habits of the evil of fluctuating currency. The United States has determined that the price of American money should be \$27 in Mexican. The commission changes its valuation from time to time, but it cannot change as often as the price of silver changes.

Not discouraged by the lamentable failures of prune trusts, hop trusts, etc., some farmers have recently organized a co-operative company, with \$50,000,000 capital, in South Dakota; whereupon the Minor Optic is moved to call attention to the time—in 1882—when the farmers living along the Northern Pacific, from Fargo to Bismarck, organized an elevator company, and the outcome.

Very successful, evidently, is the plan for disfranchisement of colored voters in Alabama. The registration under the new constitution of the state, just completed, shows that out of a total of 180,000 registered voters not more than 2500 were negroes.

CUBA'S TARIFF BILL.

Receipt of the new Cuban tariff bill at Washington serves to emphasize the impression of the lamentable character of this contemplated move on the part of the island government.

One is fain to sympathize with the saloon-keeper who seeks upon the wine-stand to dispel what odium attaches to his place for having been the scene of poor Peter Beauchene's intoxication preceding his tragic death. These awkward things must be taken into account by every man, however honest and respectable, before choosing as a vocation to "put the bottle to his neighbor."

In the ten months ending in April last Cuba bought from us \$70,000 worth of corn. Cuba raises the tax on corn 33 per cent. And so it goes all along the line. It is true, however, that if Cuba does not take our wheat and corn, somebody else will—a source which is obviously limited.

One of the most depressing of the new developments in the new Cuban tariff situation is the announcement that these high rates are collected for the express purpose of providing a foundation for a reciprocity treaty. They are to be put high so as to form the basis of a sharp bargain with the United States.

It is only when such names as Shakespeare or Hugo rise and remain as the supreme witness that what is in an artistic country at any particular time that there can be no question among any but irrational and ignorant men as to the supremacy of the intellect. England under the reign of Dickens had other great names to boast of, but they were not to be compared to the sovereignty of Shakespeare and to Hugo to rival and eclipse his glory.

The vital quality of the novelist's work is proved by the fact that a "reader of that age, who had earned honor and respect in public life, affection and veneration in private life, could hardly in any other way have secured such a wide and honorable fame.

Swinnburne agrees with Dickens that "David Copperfield" was his greatest masterpiece. Contrasting the merits of "Marble Faun" with "David Copperfield" he says: "But no reader above the level of intelligence which prefers to Shakespeare the Parisian scene and the Norwegian scene."

A Fling at Old Enemies.

In the midst of his exalted laudations Swinnburne digresses to take a fling at old-time enemies. "A single passage from the last scene of the fourth act of 'Love's Labor Lost' is more than sufficient to outweigh, outshine, to eclipse and efface forever the dramatic fabrications of the most famous of the dramatists."

The day after the death of Mr. Menie is one of the most memorable in the record of creative history—or, to use one word in place of two—in all the record of fiction. The Sardon of humor and satire in the marvelous chapter which describes it is comparable only with the kindred work of such creators as the authors of "Les Miserables" and "King Lear."

Now very soon the real test of the strike in the anthracite coal mines will come. The miners believe that exhaustion of the coal supply will force the masters to yield. It is for this crisis that they have been holding out.

SWINBURNE ON DICKENS.

Chicago Evening Post.

In the Summer number of the Quarterly Review, Algernon Charles Swinnburne writes the letter to the editor in honor of Charles Dickens. No hot-headed knight of medieval prowess rushed to the onslaught with greater vigor. Rash thrusts are made to right and to left, friends are adored, foes bite the dust while Swinnburne sings the praises of one whom he calls the greatest creative spirit of his time.

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Proof of Vital Qualities.

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THIS IS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

Springfield Republican.

That the American farmer during the past half dozen years has enjoyed a period of unusual prosperity for him admits of no question. Whether he has obtained the lion's share in the general prosperity of the country, or has profited to the extent of anything like the degree which some other industrial classes have, is another question more open to doubt.

While unable to dispute the fact that the United States has been enjoying most remarkable prosperity, the opponents of the Republican party insist that such prosperity is confined to a considerable extent, if not entirely, to the manufacturing classes. This is another question, and one which is not so completely exploded. According to census figures the farmers of the country have reaped the largest returns of any industrial class, and are consequently sharing the general prosperity to a considerable extent.

But the farmer—he has been doing even better. The trouble with the above story is that it is a gross exaggeration. The comparison—so false that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of even a hasty reading of the census bulletin in question. The 10 per cent which the steel trust paid to its shareholders in 1901, in proportion to a highly inflated capital—income above all expenses of operation and allowances for depreciation; and it amounts to more than double the rate on the actual investment. On the other hand, the 15.3 per cent of return on the total value of farm property in the census year is gross income. It is expressly stated in the census report that the expenditures for taxes, interest, insurance, feed for stock and similar items have been obtained by any census, no statement of net farm income can be given.

The census in like manner shows that on an investment of \$9,574,648.87 in manufacturing throughout the United States there is a gross profit of \$1,467,000.00, or 15.3 per cent of the investment. This is over 100 per cent on the invested capital, as compared with 15.3 per cent on the invested capital in farms. The Western paper invites a comparison of the two industries. Heavy deductions must be made for wages and cost of material in the manufacturing industry, and relatively small deductions on the same account in farming. But while nothing can be guessed respecting net farm profits, if gross income is only 15.3 per cent of total farm property, what must have been the rate of income after deducting taxes, payments, cost of feed and seed and other material, taxes, insurance, interest and so on? What is left for capital after the farmer has been allowed a fair wage of profit for his work and the interest on his investment? It must obviously be a very small sum, constituting a percentage of the total investment almost too small to be visible. It is extremely doubtful that the farmer makes more from his investment and labor combined than what would be called a moderate wage in other industries.

The fact is not to be denied that agriculture pays poorly when compared with most other industries and occupations. You could not drag this Western editor on to a farm with a yoke of oxen. But the whole population of Seattle is depending out on the soil in short order if, as the editor would have them believe, the average farm was paying 15.3 per cent net profits. The great fortunes of the time do not come from farming as hardy as they do from other industries. The drift of population from the farm to the city tells the true story about the situation, and it is not going to be improved in the long run. The farmer must find some combination to control what the farm must buy, while the farm must work on under the rule of sharp competition.

There is in all this a question to plague the mind of the farmer: "What is the cause of my loss? Am I not doing as well as time goes on? We are not to suppose that the granger has been permanently eliminated from politics as a revolutionary factor by three or four years of comparative prosperity on the farm."

PERSONS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT.

Emile Zola did not learn to read till he was 8 years old, and is a self-educated man, his mother being indifferent as to whether or not he attended school.

John R. Drexel, the New York banker, made a present of \$100,000 to his birthday remembrance last week. The family is sojourning for the summer at Newport.

Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, refuses to be considered as a candidate for the caucus because he is not a resident of the state since his last term expired, and would not pass through the ordeal again for double that amount.

The Duke of Argyll, in the hope of locating Colorado, is buying the inventory estate surplus by a mining expert, who has unearthed numerous specimens of an ore composed of nickel, copper and gold.

One of the youngest of the British officials in South Africa is Major Herbert Darling. He is a member of the sixth generation of a mine in Western Australia. At 20 he was Captain of a West Australian contingent in South Africa. He looks younger than he really is, and in the early days of his war, before his coolness and bravery were recognized, he was known among his associates as "Baby Darling."

At the reunion of the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, held at Rose Park, near Binghamton, N. Y., last week, there was present a representative of the sixth generation from John Alden, who was born in the town of Windsor, Broome County, on March 25, 1818. The oldest living descendant is Timothy P. Alden, of Binghamton, and the youngest is Florence Alden, 20 months old. Members of the family attended the reunion from all parts of the country.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Yes, indeed, we have known it to rain in Oregon.

The Portland team is unlucky—it wins only by hard work.

It takes as long for the oil tanks to go as for the freboot to come.

Another automobile record has been smashed—not the automobile.

East Burnside is the only street in Portland that has ever been improved too soon.

A theater trust is forming. J. P. Morgan is not in it, although all the world's a stage.

This is the time when the vacation was just finished begins to look like a vain show.

No, the Boer Generals would not have received more honor if they had stopped exploring Britishers' soons.

Explorer Baldwin says, "Baffled, but not beaten." Candidate Bryan says, "Beaten, but not baffled."

You could now have a new board school-walk if you hadn't been so cursed stubborn about building it before.

No man who secures money by false pretenses is likely to the law if he secures a wife along with the money.

No American officers in the Philippines has been court-martialed for some time and the Moros feel encouraged to try barbarism all over again.

The German Crown Prince is said to think more of an American girl than the imperial throne. He is right for being young, but foolish for the same reason.

A young woman at Meriden, Conn., has caused the arrest of the young man to whom she was engaged for kissing her. Perhaps after he shall have been married to her a while he will not repeat the offense.

Reports from Central America are to the effect that the navy officers down there are much chagrined because their methods have been acquired by the United States Navy for the maneuvers off New England.

A Democrat, to be loyal to his citizenship and his party honor, does not have to lay to the platform of 1896 and 1900. Neither does his wife have to lay to hoop-skirts nor the birds to last year's nests.

Already it has taken nearly 100 years to choose a fair site. But this is but as a handbreadth. By the infinite of things just as many years are ahead of us as behind us; therefore let us rejoice and be exceedingly glad that only 100 years are behind us.

The Salem Sentinel decries that it has been an advocate of a special session of the Legislature, "except jokingly, in the interest of boarding-house keepers of Salem." The interest of the boarding-house keepers is a reason of state at Salem? What else is the capital there for?

The remains of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fair will be examined further to ascertain the cause of death. Mr. and Mrs. Fair were speeding 60 miles an hour. They were dashed into a tree. Their heads were crushed in. It is very important to learn whether it was the speed, the tree or the dashing out of their brains that caused their death. This point settled, we shall know whether they died for want of breath.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 23.—Great consternation reigns among the elite. Mrs. Vanderbilt's butler slooped with Mrs. Gotrox's waiting maid, but not a word of it got into the newspapers. Each lady charges the other with trying to keep the matter quiet until she herself could announce it first. The ladies had indeed sent for the reporters, but President Roosevelt and not a single reporter could be found. To make matters worse, Mrs. Astorbill gave a pink tea to her favorite chimpanzee, and even this function failed to get into print, although the chimpanzee behaved just too nice for anything and all the elite were present. Some of the ladies are in hysterics today over the outrageous treatment received from the President, the tennis players and the newspapers.

Professor F. G. Young, of the University of Oregon, last week sounded a warning against permitting commercialism to overshadow the historical significance of the Lewis and Clark Fair. It is quite easy in the discussion of fair fund and fair site, fair this and fair that, to lose track of the true object of the celebration, namely, the commemoration of Lewis and Clark's achievement. Professor Young perhaps from his home in Eugene can perceive the drift away from the main purpose better than can Portland people. It is well for us in building our structure to keep in sight our foundations. The fair is for Lewis and Clark, not Lewis and Clark for the fair. Perhaps Professor Young is right. Much like that which would come from other outside places when the celebration is looked upon, not as that of Portland, but as that of the entire Pacific Northwest.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS.

"Really, Louise, this bill is outrageous. You mustn't try to dress like these millionaires' wives!" "Oh, Charley, dear, I don't care. I'm going to appear as well dressed as the shop girls."—Life.

It was at a fashionable boarding-house, and when he called 'brains for lunch. She spoke to the gentleman next to him. "And do you like calve brains, Mr. Dome?" "I always try to feel content with what I have, madam."—Tit-Bits.

"I understand that he has written a sonnet on a backyard." "Yes, so I hear. It's almost as great a piece of work as that of a man I heard of once who wrote the dramatic sketch of Independence on the back of a postage stamp."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Disguise.—Mrs. Stubb—This is strange, John, I thought the people on this block were the most intelligent and the most cultured sitting around in patched clothing. Mr. Stubb—That's nothing, Maria; they are expected the Tax Assessor.—Chicago Daily News.

Dear Broke—Fred—Why don't you send me some more? Ned—Give, what man! I didn't tell you I'm just back from my vacation? Fred—Can't raise the wind, eh? Ned—Well, if you were 10 cents a hundred I could raise enough wind to stir one petal.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Unintended Saviour.—"Charley, dear," exclaimed young Mrs. Torians, "the paper has a sketch of you as a rising young reformer." "Yes, I thought that would surprise and please you. What did you think of the biography?" "Oh, Charley, dear, it is too good to be true!"—Washington Star.

His Point of View.—"The tendency in modern journalism," asserts the man with the haunted face, "is to come on the scene, to be counselled before the most successful newspapers will be but one column wide." Here the listening sat-waiter broke into a chorus of approval. "But they were a weary of being counselled to sit on the five-cent in order to see what was on the next page."—Baltimore American.