The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in advance)—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$0.85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9.00
Sunday, per year..... 2.00
The Weekly, per year..... 1.50
The Weekly, 3 months..... .50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico—
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 30-page paper.....2c
32 to 44-page paper.....3c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscription, or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis street, and N. Wheatley, 813 Mission street.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 250 South Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 305 South Spring street.

For sale in Kansas City, Mo., by Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut streets.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street, and Charles MacDonald, 53 Washington street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street; Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam street.

For sale in Ogden by W. G. Kind, 114 25th street; Jas. H. Crockwell, 242 25th street.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second South street.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., Fifteenth and Lawrence streets; A. Series, Sixteenth and Curtis streets.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 81; minimum temperature, 52; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and slightly warmer; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1903

VICTIMS OF A SYSTEM.

A letter from Alabama in the Washington Post expresses a doubt whether Booker Washington's work in the education of the negro is really serviceable to the negro or to society at large. Here is an extract:

> Living in Montgomery, a county adjoining Macon, wherein Tuskegee is situated, I speak whereof I know, in saying that for one genuine, hard-working husbandman or artisan sent into the world by Washington's school it afflicts this state with 20 soft-handed negro dudes and loafers who earn a precarious living by "jeraps" or petit larceny, or live on the hard-earned wages of cooks and washwomen whose affections they have been enabled to ensnare. The girls graduated at this school are taught to scorn hard work, while their poor mothers toil over the washtubs and cook stoves that their daughters may be taught music and painting and to rustle in fine dresses in a miserable imitation of fine ladies.

All this may be true. It certainly is probable enough. But in what way, to what extent, does the result thus deplored differ from results we see everywhere in the country among the whites? The Oregonian ever has been of the opinion that too much is done for the education—so-called—of those who haven't force or ability to educate themselves; and that in our system of public education, through which the principles of independence and self-dependence are rooted out of personal character, we have the sure elements of individual and National degeneration.

But it is useless to sound any warning on this subject. There is a set tendency in this direction, and it cannot be arrested. Our educational system, instead of teaching and preparing our youth to take care of themselves, makes them dependents, converts them to state paternalism, fills them with socialistic notions, renders them incapable of personal initiative and individual effort, turns their thoughts from legitimate labor to sharping schemes, inclines them to "lie down on the state." In these respects it isn't apparent that the results of the work at Booker Washington's school are worse than those at the white schools of the country, where instruction costs the recipient neither sacrifice nor effort, and makes him think the world "mine oyster," though he has done nothing to earn it.

But really these unfortunate persons are the victims. They are "educated" away from honest and productive labor, and turned out upon the world to live by their poor wits. The result, whether for whites or blacks, is practically the same. For great multitudes there is such a thing as too much schooling; and whether the evils of too much schooling exceed those of too little—making the necessary individual exceptions and taking the subject at large—demands a doubt.

DECREASING WHEAT YIELD.

The San Francisco wheat market, compared with that of the rest of the world, yesterday afforded a striking illustration of the passing of California as a factor in the wheat-exporting business of the world. Spot wheat in San Francisco sold yesterday at $1.45 per cental, and the December option sold up to $1.47 per cental. The top quotation on December wheat in Liverpool yesterday was $1.50 per cental, and in Chicago 78¾ cents per bushel. From these figures it will be seen that Chicago, with a comparatively low freight rate to Liverpool, the world's market, was paying 12 cents per bushel less than Liverpool price, and San Francisco was paying up to within 2 cents per bushel of the Liverpool price. The lowest rate ever paid for shipping a bushel of wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool was a shade over 13 cents per bushel, so that, basing prices on the world's markets, San Francisco was paying more than 10 cents per bushel above the Liverpool parity for wheat. At the same time San Francisco buyers were negotiating for a full cargo of wheat from Portland for use by the California millers.

This remarkable situation can hardly be traced to anything but a shortage in the California wheat crop of such proportions that the state is drifting out of the ranks of the exporters into that of the importers. A few years ago California's part in regulating the world's wheat prices was a most important one, and bullish or bearish news sent out from San Francisco during a critical period for the growing crop jarred every market of importance in the world. All this is changed, and while a weather scare in Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas, or the appearance of the Hessian fly or chinchbug in Indiana or Ohio, will set the market bobbing up or down, California news is no longer heeded. The situation in our neighboring state to the south is not unlike that of the Willamette Valley. A man need not be a very old-timer in this state to remember when all of the wheat that was exported from the Pacific Northwest was grown in the Willamette Valley, the grade taking its name in the Liverpool market from the state where it was grown.

The increasing population and milling demand, together with the encroachments of diversified farming, several years ago began making such inroads on this business that a number of cargoes of "Oregon" wheat gradually became fewer and fewer, until last year not a single full cargo of "Oregon" or Valley wheat was floated. What has already come to pass in the Willamette Valley is now taking place in California. The wheat yields of that state have shrunk to such small proportions that fruitgrowing and other lines of agricultural industry have offered more alluring returns to the farmer and crops are more certain. Eventually this condition will extend to the wheat districts not already affected in Oregon and Washington, each year showing an increasing area of land which has become too valuable for wheatgrowing.

The consumption of wheat in the United States is said to be increasing at the rate of 9,000,000 bushels per year. At this ratio of increase and with the dimensions of the crop rapidly working up to a limit which must soon be reached and can never be exceeded, the time is not far distant when the United States will cease to figure as the granary of the world and exporting to foreign countries will cease. With such conditions facing us, we can perhaps view with equanimity the efforts of the Canadians to extend their wheat belt farther and farther toward the north. For the immediate present their enterprise in that direction may result in the production of more wheat than is good for the health of the market, but if the production of wheat in the United States should again dwindle down to the point reached in 1893, we would need a large amount of that Canadian wheat to meet the demands of home consumption.

MR. KEMPER'S ESCAPADE.

What did Mr. Frank Kemper expect of the Pollard woman, anyhow? When a so-called man goes out into the purlieus of vice and immorality, fills up on bad whisky and invites a cheap creature of the dives to his room, what can he possibly be figuring on except to be robbed?

We assume that Mr. Kemper went in quest of Miss Pollard, as she calls herself, for no good purpose. He may not have formulated robbery or murder, but his intentions could only have been to drive her a little deeper into the mire of degradation, where she is already rapidly sinking down to perdition. Neither his ambition nor his loss deserves that decent men should arouse themselves for his vindication or the recovery of his losses.

Nothing better can happen these prowlers than to be robbed. Nothing better can happen the young blood who goes down into the bad lands for a spree than to be kicked in the head and thrown into the gutter. The more thorough and expeditious the operation, the less friction and cost to society, whose enemies all such malefactors are. In her own humble way the Pollard woman has been the agent of a high and beneficent natural law which blocks the path of evil with warnings and lines it with tragedies. Nothing is gained for purity and uprightness by extracting the stings with which Nature has equipped the hornets' nest of forbidden pleasures. The diseases, horrors and death which encumber the debauchee are as blessed in purpose and effect as the aching nerve that betrays the decaying tooth or the odor that warns from putrefying food.

A good deal of misplaced sympathy is also wasted on the loser in gambling enterprises. He who is fleeced by sharpers at dice or cards is merely reaping the harvest of his own sowing. He goes down there for wool and comes back shorn. He plans to steal from others—for gambling is only a euphemism for stealing, for taking something without an equivalent—and is only beaten at his own game. The quicker and more uniformly tenderfeet are done up in these so-called games of chance, the better for all concerned. It is no proper function of society to make innocuous the way of crime.

All this, of course, is aside from the question of punishing criminals and from the responsibility of police officers in discharge of their duty. If Snow and Kerrigan have protected thieves, their official heads should come off quicker than it takes to tell it. Meanwhile nothing is gained by prejudgment. They are able and experienced officers, and there is a presumption in their favor which can only be removed by proof. It is needless to say that no person of sense supposes the Mayor, Chief or Executive Committee in sympathy with the vagabonds of the North End or with crooked work in the police force.

THE GROWTH OF PROTECTION.

Professor J. B. McMaster, in three chapters contributed to the Cambridge "Modern History" planned by Lord Acton, concerning the internal history of the United States, describes the growth of the policy of protection. In 1806, when Congress proposed to cut off all intercourse with Great Britain, it was shown that the people of the United States were so dependent upon Great Britain for china, glass, pottery, hardware, cutlery, edged tools, blankets, woolen cloths, linen, cotton prints and other manufactures of prime necessity that such a measure would be ruinous. Nevertheless, the Jefferson Administration imposed the so-called "Long embargo" on American ships and commerce and all trade with Europe and her dependencies. Jefferson was influenced to do this because of the so-called orders in council issued by Great Britain and by Napoleon's Berlin decree. From December, 1807, the encouragement of home manufactures was the political watchword with the party in power.

Mills, factories, workshops, foundries and rope works multiplied throughout the country. Kentucky became a great hemp-manufacturing state. The census of 1810 revealed that goods valued at $198,000,000 were manufactured annually in the United States. The nonimportation act, the nonintercourse act and the War of 1812, affording protection of the strongest kind, had brought our manufactures to a prosperous condition; but the peace of Ghent in 1814 opened American ports to foreign trade and competition, and American manufacturers at once appealed to Congress for protection. Congress answered this appeal of the cotton and woolen manufacturers by the passage of the act of 1816, which established prohibitive duties on cotton and woolen cloths and foreign articles of which a full supply could be made at home, put a duty of 20 per cent on articles on which a full supply could not be manufactured at home, and laid a tariff for revenue on a long list of articles consumed in large quantities but almost entirely made abroad. As it was not the purpose of the act to establish protection as a permanent policy, it was provided that after three years the duty on cotton and woolen goods should fall to 20 per cent. For this tariff of 1816, John C. Calhoun, afterward the great free-trade leader of the South, voted, while Daniel Webster, afterward a stiff protectionist, vigorously opposed it.

By 1820 the capital invested in manufactures throughout the United States amounted to $75,000,000, and the number of hands employed to 200,000. By 1825 the capital had increased to $160,000,000 and the number of hands to 2,000,000. The demand for protection was naturally renewed by the manufacturers, but they were defeated in Congress in 1820, 1821, 1822 and 1823, and it was not until 1824 that a bill was enacted by Congress against the violent opposition of the Southern and Western States, which fastened the policy of protection on the United States. Calhoun opposed this tariff, while Webster, the eloquent leader of the Free-Traders in 1816, supported it. In 1828 the manufacturers succeeded in obtaining the enactment by Congress of the tariff of 1828, which imposed excessive duties on raw materials and imported manufactures. It was this tariff, known as "the tariff of abominations," which South Carolina undertook to nullify. The attempt failed, but Congress in 1832 amended the tariff act and removed the duties on a long list of imports that did not come into serious competition with American manufactures. Further desiring to appease South Carolina, Henry Clay, the leader of the protectionists, introduced a new tariff bill, which became a law, under which all existing duties were to be reduced ultimately to an ad valorem basis of 20 per cent. Such duties as at the time exceeded that rate were to be diminished gradually, one-tenth of the excess coming off in each of the years 1833, 1835, 1837 and 1839. One-half the remainder was to be removed in 1841, and the rest in 1842, when there would be a uniform tariff of 20 per cent ad valorem on all dutiable goods.

It is noteworthy that while Professor McMaster brings his sketch down to 1850, he says nothing of the Walker tariff of 1846, enacted under President Polk, which was the nearest approach we have had to a tariff for revenue only since the policy of protection became a National issue. Professor McMaster finds in the peace of Ghent of December, 1814, a turning-point in the internal history of the United States.

HIGHWAY MURDER.

Nothing seems to have come of the reformatory measure aimed at a Washington-street resort where music is dispensed upon the deposit of a nickel in the slot. The matter has been blown over these three weeks, and we are therefore emboldened to advert to the subject without being suspected of desire to create political capital. There is mischief here that should be corrected, and to it we invite the attention, not only of Mayor Williams, but of the Mitchell and Simon machines, Chairman F. C. Baker, Abe Tichenor and Colonel Thomas Guinean.

The anti-orchestrion campaign failed of its end, it is believed, because directed along improper lines. The cause of action was alleged to lie in the fact that certain inmates of the Imperial Hotel wished to sleep, but were restrained of their comfort by the aforesaid instruments of music. At the hour when the theaters dismissed their nightly crowds the various phonographic brass bands, orchestras, banjos, tin pans, etc., at some apparently prearranged signal, began simultaneously to emit their various notes of sound. It is not enough. Why should the law take cognizance of a hotel's guests any more than of the helpless victims of the boarding-house trombone, or the near neighbors of the young woman with the voice-culture habit?

The Council commendably required grounds more relative than these; and the true basis of objection is found in the nature of the performance itself. We should have an official censor, at a commensurate salary, who should examine and pass upon all ostensible musical performances and see if they are up to the Wagnerian standard. It is obviously criminal for a reed orchestrion to be playing "The Holy City" in B flat the same time that a pretended banjo is picking out "The Georgia Campmeeting" in G major. There is a wheezy machine on Sixth street that plays "Good Old Summer Time" every evening with about half of its registers most atrociously flatted, and one of our sidewalk wonders executes over and over "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky" with only the first four bars and the chorus in endless and monotonous procession.

In all the carnival of crime there is nothing more heinous than the hourly murder of music, to say nothing of assault and battery committed on inoffending melodies and ballads whose age entitles them to respect. No right-minded citizen should reckon on his list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon high C or issues false notes against "Ben Bolt," or stabs poor "Annie Laurie" with tones as sharp as a buzz-saw and about as smooth.

The lonely death of the man who had lived alone is but the natural sequel to an unnatural life. The duty of the neighbors of such a human creature is done when, notified of the fact of his demise by noisome odors, they bury him and save the world a nuisance. The good people of a suburb of McMinnville were called upon to discharge this disagreeable duty a few days ago by burying a man who had lived alone, died alone and been dead two weeks when discovered. It is a sad commentary upon a freak of human nature when a man makes so little of life that, passing out, he is not missed by his nearest neighbors for full two weeks. The sympathy of most people in this case will be with the horse that nearly starved to death in the stable before the processes of Nature upon dead bodies gave intimation of what had happened to his master and brought him relief.

The American visible supply of wheat continues to shrink, and yesterday showed but 12,950,000 bushels, a decrease of 117,000 bushels. Last year, at a corresponding date, the visible was nearly 22,000,000 bushels, and the week showed an increase of 1,176,000 bushels. World's shipments posted yesterday show a decrease of over 2,000,000 bushels, and quantities on passage decreased over 3,000,000 bushels, as compared with the previous week. The market yesterday responded to this bullishness in statistics and an advance of 1 cent per bushel was scored. Pacific Coast farmers are in a fair way to get more out of the improvement in the wheat market than ever before; for, while wheat is steadily working toward a higher level, ocean freights are still tending down. The total yield in the Northwest will be smaller than that of last year, but the improvement in prices will more than offset the shortage.

The Bangor News reports that when James G. Blaine read the speeches made against him in the Republican National Convention of 1884 he said the speech of George William Curtis was that "of an old man soured by neglect"; he called the speech of Henry Cabot Lodge very able, and predicted a brilliant career for him; but of the brief address made by Theodore Roosevelt Blaine said:

> That fellow Roosevelt is a spoiled boy. He is trying to make capital out of abusing me, but he will not amount to anything. I have watched public men all my life, and I have never known any one who was near-sighted to succeed. Roosevelt will spend his life in fighting the inevitable.

If this story is true, it shows that Mr. Blaine was sometimes exceedingly whimsical. General Meade, who won Gettysburg and was a very able and accomplished soldier, was a near-sighted man, and so was Charles Sumner. While nearsightedness may exclude a man naturally from pursuits that demand perfect sight, there is no sort of foundation for Mr. Blaine's pretense that myopia is associated with any peculiarity of mind and temper which interferes with success in public life. Mr. Blaine might as well have said that he never knew a lame man to succeed in life, or a man who had red hair. Thad Stevens was lame, and Jefferson had a very red head.

The Oregon Historical Society's current quarterly contains an interesting article by Henry E. Reed on "The Great West and the Two Easts," the "Easts" being the country east of the Mississippi and the Oriental countries. Tabulated statistics show the growth of the West since 1850 in agriculture, mining, manufactures and population. The future of the West is further considered by Mr. Reed in its connection with Asia, and also as to its ability to support a large population. Were the density of population in the West equal to that of the Union, 25.6 to the square mile, there would be 55,000,000 people on this side of the Mississippi. The prospect is bright, for, as Mr. Reed concludes, "the West comes on the stage of the world's activity in an era of peace, prosperity and advancement of American principles and institutions."

The admirers of Chautauqua are happy, its friends are happier, and its managers are happiest of all. The session just closed was, in the expressive language of the small boy, "great." This is true whether it is considered as a Summer outing with excellent and agreeable camping privileges, a social occasion of many pleasures, or an educational opportunity earnestly improved. "It grows better each year," say its officers, with a careful eye to its finances. To be sure it does. Otherwise it would have gone backward, since nothing remains stationary in this world of motion and age of development, and it would not have reached its tenth annual session.

California has a prison sensation that far eclipses in the outset the penitentiary delivery at Salem in June of last year whereby Tracy and Merrill were turned loose upon the world. Twenty desperate convicts, fully armed from the prison arsenal at Folsom, are abroad and will shoot to kill. The officers in pursuit, on their part, will waste no ammunition in the attempt to take any one of these desperadoes alive. The chances are that the run for liberty that these desperadoes are making will be a short one and the end sanguinary.

Dr. J. Hunter Wells, formerly of this city, now medical missionary to Corea, again emphasizes the fact that to minister to the spiritual in man his physical condition must first be considered and its sufferings relieved. While this idea is squarely at issue with the contention of Mother Eddy that the mind is all, and can be made to overcome all things, it appeals to the common sense and experience of mankind.

Better Licked Than Dead.

Detroit Free Press.

Even the Whitechapel type of Englishman is content to celebrate the King's birthday by getting drunk and having his head punched. That satisfies all his patriotic ardor and all his devotion to "th' bloomin' ol' rag." He does not feel called upon to kill himself, or to set fire to the tenement-house in which he lives. In spite of their reputation for phlegm, our German friends are more or less devoted to the fatherland; but they are willing to wait until the dogs of war are unleashed before they die for their country. When they give themselves up to the excesses of patriotic fervor, they do not go around poking one another's eyes out with skyrockets or blowing off one another's hands with cannon firecrackers, or shooting one another full of holes by the premature explosion of firearms. Even the Chinese, who invented fireworks, do not employ them to check the growth of an already congested population. It has remained for the American to give a homicidal twist to his patriotism, and to make the celebration of a National holiday as horrible as the descent of Bashi-Bazouks upon an Armenian village. The Fourth of July is our National Moloch, and being a prodigal people we are prodigal in the sacrifice of human victims.

Teachers' Worshipful Delight.

Boston Herald.

The worshipful delight with which the thousands of school teachers who attended the convention in Boston last week viewed the homes of famous authors to be found in this vicinity was a striking proof of the great respect in which a reverential public holds our literary shrines. To be permitted to enter the very rooms of the house in which a great writer lived, and to feel the very surroundings amid which he found the way to fame, is by most mortals deemed a rare privilege. A house that has served as the home of a great man or woman means much more to those who survive him than any monument of stone that could be reared to his memory by a loving people. New England is proving herself to be a good conservator of such priceless heritages, and there is an increasing sentiment in favor of providing public funds for their care and maintenance whenever the private means or disposition is lacking.

Theory of Depew's Incumbency.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chauncey M. Depew has an easier time in politics than any other politician in the United States—that is to say, if Chauncey is to be considered a politician at all. He goes to Europe and has a good time, while the party managers in New York, headed by Mr. Platt, take care of his interests better than he could run them himself. Possibly they simply love Chauncey; or it may be that they simply maintain him to keep some dangerous person out.

HEARD OF IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Springfield Republican.

Oregon people are preparing for a long pull in behalf of the Lewis and Clark Exposition which it is proposed to begin in Portland in 1905. To the consummation of that enterprise all things are being bent. Thus when Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, who had been brought to the Northwest to address a Chautauqua assembly, reached Portland he became the prey of the officials of the embryonic Exposition, and was dined at the Arlington Club. Greatly impressed was he by his first view of the Willamette Valley and by the commerce of the Columbia River. As for Portland's projected Fair, it was something worth talking about. Well did it contrast in its important historical significance with the Buffalo, Charleston and New Orleans expositions, which had been planned merely to aid local objects. "Many people would not have attended the Eastern fairs had their transportation been handed them, while they will come to Portland if for no other reason than that of seeing the country. It is worth the cost of the transportation to get the view I did from the City Park." So Senator Dolliver pleased his hosts, and doubly so when, after Senator Mitchell had said that the Oregon delegation proposed to ask Congress to appropriate between $600,000 and $700,000, the Iowa statesman broke in with: "A million is what you want, what you should have, and what you will get!" The same issue of the Portland Oregonian which brings the above information contains an appeal from a member of the State Historical Society that Oregon have a building at St. Louis, and that it be a model of Fort Clatsop, the first American fort on the Pacific Coast. Writes George H. Himes:

> This fort was a stockade, probably 80 by 10 feet, with bastions on diagonally opposite corners, with seven cabins inside, covered with roofs of shakes. There are sufficient data at hand to obtain a reasonably correct idea of it. Oregon timber solely should be used in this structure, and no log in it be more than 15 inches in diameter. All furniture should be rustic in design, and simplicity the aim in every detail, even to wooden hinges on every door, with the typical emblem of pioneer hospitality, the buckskin latchstring—Oregon buckskin—hanging out. Such a building, by its suggestiveness, originality and simplicity, would be unique and attractive, and call forth more favorable comment than $50,000 worth of stucco in any form, and the expense would be very small. As to embellishments, antlers of elk, deer, horns of mountain sheep and goats, floor mats of skins of wild animals, a few good specimens of stuffed animals and birds, just enough to show what was in Oregon in Lewis and Clark days, would be sufficient. In addition a copious display of portraits of Indians, pioneers, illustrations of scenery, products, etc., should be made, together with raised maps indicating the Lewis and Clark trail and the Oregon trail. At the outer gate I would place a colossal Lewis and Clark medal with its legend, "Peace and friendship," as the motto of every loyal Oregon heart, to be strongly emphasized in the cordiality with which greetings should be conveyed in the name of our beloved state to every visitor, to be accompanied by carefully prepared descriptive matter relating to every county.

Thus would the pride and hope of Oregon, her coming Exposition, awaken interest in St. Louis, and the characteristic display serve to advertise the next big show by which Portland hopes to profit in coin and glory.

Not the Dodging Kind.

New York Evening Post.

The President did himself great credit when he ordered the reinstatement of an employe of the printing office because he had not lived up to his alleged obligations to a labor union. Failure to do this justice would have been interpreted by the unions as notification that they were in charge of the Washington departments—an idea that has occurred to them ere this, owing to the cowardly truckling of more than one politician. But it would have been so easy for a Presidential candidate for re-election to have dodged the issue that we are constrained to call especial attention to Mr. Roosevelt's manly utterance. It is another deserved check to the arrogance of the labor leaders to have the President remind them that no rules and regulations of a union "can be permitted to override the laws of the United States." The offense of the employe who was discharged was simply that of giving information to a member of Congress as to means of saving money by changes in the office of the Public Printer. As those changes involved a reduction of the laboring force, there was an outcry from the union. Dismissal was quite too mild a punishment for an assistant foreman who was so unpatriotic as to wish to save a few thousands for Uncle Sam. Hanging is too good for a union workman who fails to realize the true motto of our up-to-date unions—"to make work, not to do it."

Crisis of the Smiths.

New York Sun.

Know all Smiths by these presents that they are not doing their duty; that they are falling behind in the race; that they are on the path to race suicide. Once we believed in the Smiths. We thought that the world was theirs. It was a comfort to feel that wherever you went the Smiths were at the head of the poll. Voting lists were purple with Smiths. Directories sagged with Smiths. The country was safe and happy under the protection of the multitudinous and constellated Smiths.

And now where are the Smiths? The manager of the Chicago directory is a Smith. He is not a man to let a Smith escape from his agents. Yet his figures show that there are 5866 Johnsons and only 5374 Smiths in Chicago.

"The Smiths are running a close second," writes an Inter Ocean reporter, whose patronizing manner betrays him as a triumphant and sneering Johnson. It has not been the habit of the Smiths to be second. Have they lost their long preeminence? Must they decrease and the Johnsons increase?

Where is Mowbray? Where is Plantagenet? Nay, what is more and most of all, where is Smith? Will the Smiths yield without a struggle to the Johnsons? Call the Clan together at Peapack. The Smiths must meet the crisis like Smiths.

Paint Spread Over Acres.

Anaconda Standard.

So great is the size of the modern trans-Atlantic liner that the total area to be covered every time it is painted runs up into the acres. Thus to entirely paint the top sides of a big steamer from water line to rail calls for enough paint to cover an acre of surface. About as much more is required to paint the upper works, while the big smokestacks call for over half an acre of paint, and in the case of the German steamships with four smokestacks the total area must be nearer three-quarters of an acre. Since the great ships of the first class companies are painted every voyage, the calculation shows that to keep the 100 or so vessels of the International Mercantile Company in first-class shape requires the painting of about 2250 acres each year at a cost of between $250,000 and $500,000.

What Is to Come?

(Written by William Ernest Henley, who died July 12.)

What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . . . even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe,
Dear, though it spoil and break us, need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow.
What is to come?

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

An Appropriate Preliminary.

Elgin Recorder.

If the people of Portland expect others to take an interest in the coming Lewis and Clark Centennial, they should demonstrate the fact that people may visit the city without danger of being held up by footpads.

Harmony Through Powerful Lenses.

Junction City Times.

Frank C. Baker, formerly for eight years State Printer and prominent in political affairs of the state, was elected chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, to succeed W. F. Matthews, resigned. Mr. Baker is an active and progressive worker, and will come as near harmonizing the warring factions of Multnomah County as any other man in the state.

The Man Is His Platform.

Seattle Times.

The Portland Oregonian believes that those who intend to vote for Roosevelt will do so, no matter what sort of an old platform is built for him to stand on, or whether he kicks the platform out from under him and stands on "hot air." This isn't a very high estimate of the G. O. P. and its principles as exemplified in the Iowa platform, but it is probably correct and a strong argument in favor of a change.

The Beauties of Reciprocity.

Moro Observer.

Frank C. Baker is now the nominal head of the Republican party of the State of Oregon, having been chosen chairman of the State Central Committee, vice Jack Matthews, resigned. The Republican party has very efficiently served Frank for about 20 years; now he can serve it as good a turn by properly organizing it in a systematic manner for harmonious work in the coming campaign, thus filling a long-felt want.

The Standard That Is Needed.

Salem Statesman.

Portland is wrought up over its inefficient police force. The force is under the civil service, and this makes its members self-satisfied and perfunctory. What Portland needs is a police force appointed with regard to efficiency in detecting and capturing law-breakers and in keeping order regardless of height, appearance or other qualifications prescribed by arbitrary and foolish civil service rules.

Brimstone or Babies?

Adams Advance.

Different newspapers have different ways of helping their town. Willamette Valley papers, especially those at Eugene, sacrifice all news to their baseball slush, and the hatefulness and dishonesty exhibited is disgusting in the extreme. On the other hand, Pendleton papers are filled with good boom stories of great crops, big building operations, good wages and a happy, contented people. Would you sooner live in a community which raises hell and baseball players, or big, husky boys and girls and six-bit wheat? You may take your choice.

Burdensome Tax on Matrimony.

Spokane Chronicle.

Possibly $5 doesn't seem like a large sum to some legislators when the railway lobby is doing business at Olympia; but it is considerable to young folks who have been pinching expenses for months to get enough money to rent a house, buy a little furniture and start a home of their own. If the grand, ambitious state of Washington is so desperately in need of cash, let it buy a dozen mite boxes on credit and scatter them about the fruit stands and cigar stores—but don't let it continue to haul up the young folks just at a time when every dollar counts for the making and beautifying of the new home. May the next Legislature have the sense to undo this contemptible little blunder and cut the marriage license fee squarely in two—or, better still, abolish the fee entirely. The state should encourage marriage—not place upon it a tax, which, in many cases, is burdensome, and in all cases is unjust.

Drive the Thugs Away.

Athena Press.

It is doubtful if Portland stands second to Seattle in police regulations and crime. If her newspapers are to be relied on for information, Portland today is weltering under the worst possible conditions of city government and police regulations of any city west of the Rocky Mountains. Seattle's gilded dens of vice pale into insignificance when compared to the mantraps of Portland's "North End," which is infested with hold-ups and sure-thing men by the score. Apparently the police department is wholly inadequate to cope with the situation. Hold-up and murder occur and reoccur without arrest of perpetrators. Cow county criminal stock drops far below par when placed alongside of this city fad article. Portland just now is receiving all kinds of advice, but that which comes nearer fitting the situation than any other, and comes nearer offering a solution, is to drive all disreputable characters from the city. If the police department can't do it, call on the militia.

In Mr. Simon's Interests.

Salem Journal.

The unscrupulous Portland politicians who put the demand for flat salaries in their state platform and then did all in their power to defeat the bill in the Legislature should not be permitted to run the next Republican state convention. They can bunco the people once too often, and there will be no Republican party left in Oregon to juggle with. The people showed what they could do when they turned down Furnish, and will turn down the whole gang if they get a chance. The gang imagine because next year is a presidential year, and because Oregon will be the first state to vote, the people will, out of loyalty, swallow anything that is put up in order to get Roosevelt elected in November. But Roosevelt can be elected in the Fall, and the Portland gang looked after in June, if it is not done at the Republican state convention. There will be a hot time in Oregon next Spring, and the rank and file of the Republican party will be heard from in one way or another, at the convention or in the election.

Progress on Bellingham Bay.

Whatcom Reveille.

Of the proposed extension 27 miles have been built, and are now in daily operation. The permission of the Interior Department has not yet been given for the road to enter the forest reserve. But labor and money are being expended despite that bar to further immediate progress. A large surveying party is in the mountains of the west side and another in the valley of the Methow on the east, making the permanent location of the line. The preliminaries were run last year. The line is now located from the end of track, 27 miles southeast of Sumas, the former terminal, through the Baker and Cascade Mountains, down the Methow to the Columbia, up the Columbia across the mouth of the Okanogan to Bridgeport, where it will in all probability continue up Foster Creek around Grand Coulee and to the confluence of the Spokane and Columbia Rivers, thence up the Spokane to the City of Spokane. Oregon is a little backward and development there has been slower than in her younger sister state of Washington. Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman may have all feasible Oregon railway propositions bottled, but Washington people do not find the situation so intolerable. The various transportation problems are being met in a manner quite satisfactory to all. No one has noticed these great magnates making efforts to circumvent or frustrate the building of the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia road. Neither Mr. Hill nor Mr. Harriman own a share in the line at present. But if it should eventually become an integral part of the system of either no one on Bellingham Bay will wail regrets.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Compared with a negro in Illinois Damocles led a restful life.

Apparently the Kearsarge's "radius of action" is limited only by the globe.

London has been trying to have a flood, but it is no more than a feeble imitation of Topeka's.

An automobile has whizzed across the continent. But it meant less than the slowest prairie schooner that ever creaked out a mile.

It is with some surprise we learn that King Peter's son has been pronounced a degenerate and at the same time unfit for the succession.

The warden at Folsom had done the "same thing every day for three years and a half and no convict had attacked him." Desperate men often show a humiliating contempt for precedent.

A Philadelphia man published a notice of his marriage before the event took place. This made the girl mad, and the too previous lover was two days in persuading her to have the ceremony performed. It is to be hoped that the impetuous young man will not be equally anxious to publish an account of his divorce.

Thomas Driscoll, who has attained some fame in the Bronx as a pilitician, made himself an incubator some time ago. The finished article did not look in the least like an incubator, but it incubated with success, and that was all the amateur carpenter required. One afternoon last week 40 little chicks were thinking of pecking their way through 40 shells, when a new driver called at the house to deliver 50 pounds of ice. He took the home-made incubator for the ice-box, and into it he dumped the 50 pounds. When Driscoll came home in the evening he found his chicks frozen hard, while the last piece of ice over them was slowly melting in the rays of the incubator lamp. And now he has probably evolved the proverb that it is foolish to count your chickens before the iceman has been around.

Rhode Island Stealing Our Glory.

A wordy war is raging bitterly on the Atlantic Coast. The Boston Transcript incautiously declared that "no clambake is right up to the hour if it doesn't include fried chicken," uncorking the vials of Puritanic wrath by this "crassly ignorant statement." "Whatever," indignantly exclaims the Journal, of Providence, R. I., "whatever may be the proper name by which to call an amorphous aggregation of incongruous foods that includes baked clam and fried chicken, it is most certainly not a clambake." With this the most liberal must agree. Fried chicken can be no part of a clambake. The consensus of expert opinion in New England is that no food may be admitted that is not cooked with the clams, the principal addition under this ruling being corn. This may pass, although to a purist it is a confession of weakness, of a failing away from the self-sufficing idea, of a hankering after vain ticklings of a palate that should be rapt by the central ecstasy of the steaming clam, the most blissful morsel that Nature has given an undeserving world. We will, however, grant the Journal, whose editor appears to be an unworthy descendant of single-minded ancestors, all the corn its staff can eat. It is when the clambake is claimed as indigenous to Massachusetts and Rhode Island that the great Pacific Coast must make itself heard. "For white men," says the Journal, "the genuine clambake originated when, as recorded in Bradford's 'History of Plymouth County,' 'they scattered up & down by ye water side, where they could find nuts & clames.'" Are the claims of the Pacific to be meekly abandoned before such arrogant assertions? Perish the thought. No, the first white men to worship at the steaming altar of a true clambake were the crew of Drake's little vessel. Does the Providence Journal suppose that Drake braved the terrors of the Horn merely "to sail an English ship in those waters"? Does the Journal think his men endured such hardships merely to fight a Spanish galleon? Can Rhode Island sophists persuade us that Queen Elizabeth knighted Drake for any other reason than that he discovered the clambake? Could Sir Francis have fought as he did against the Armada if he were not aware that the control of the New World's clam beds was at stake? Indigenous to Rhode Island, indeed! "They scatered up & down where they could find clames" clearly shows that the emigrants had learned from Drake's men that there were clams to be found. The evidence is clear; a moment's thought will make ducks and drakes of the Rhode Island arguments; and the Oregonian will shoulder his clam gun firm in the belief that he is the inheritor of the greatest discovery ever made in the Pacific or any other ocean.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"That new Borelli comet has two tails." "Beautiful equipment for fly time, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bings—There goes a particular friend of mine. Bangs—Friend o' yours, eh? Well, he can't be overparticular.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Charlie—How in the world, Gawge, do you manage to see with that single eyeglass of yours. Gawge—My deah fellah, I see with the other eye.—San Francisco Wasp.

Clubberly—What's the matter? Is that widow I've seen you with troubling you? Castleton—Yes, on my nerves. I can't make up my mind whether she is going to marry me or not.—Detroit Free Press.

It is stated as a scientific fact that some kinds of music will kill mosquitos, but unfortunately there is no reason to believe that mosquitoes will kill some kinds of music.—Kansas City Journal.

Mother Earth (to the moon)—Say, you flat-faced shiner, what are you laughing at? The Moon—Pardon me, but I wasn't laughing. I was just admiring the fit of your new electric girdle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is the prisoner going to plead insanity as his defense?" asked the court stenographer. "Judging from his selection of an attorney," replied the lawyer, who had failed to get the case, "I should say he was."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"I don't like these references," said the housewife. "Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my f