

The Oregonian

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Portland, Friday, June 2, 1905. The Oregonian cannot think there are any Republicans who, under the plea that "there are no politics in a city election," will commit the illogical act of voting for the Democratic candidate for Mayor.

A TALK TO REPUBLICANS. The Oregonian cannot think there are any Republicans who, under the plea that "there are no politics in a city election," will commit the illogical act of voting for the Democratic candidate for Mayor.

INDUSTRY AND ITS FUTURE. The modern industrial system has been evolved somewhat slowly, through various stages covering a period of about three centuries.

OCEAN TONNAGE PLENTYFUL. Wherever ocean traffic originates and there is a sufficient depth of water to float ships, there will be found abundance of tonnage for handling the business that offers.

INEQUALITIES OF PENALTY. An example of the inequalities of penalty is cited in the case of a man who was recently sent to the penitentiary by a Judge in one of the Western States.

THE VULGAR HERO. Some days ago The Oregonian said that in every contest between privilege and plutocracy on one side, and the proletariat on the other, it was with the latter that the victory had been.

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know they are a mighty good lot of people. They know that the entire generation is in the "vulgar herd." The proletarians are the common people—specifically, they who rear children. In the Roman commonwealth, according to a law of Servius Tullius, persons who had little property or none, yet served the state in lieu of taxpaying, were called by this name.

Nothing could be more appropriate or impressive than the speech delivered by Mayor Williams yesterday at the Exposition grounds, for the City of Portland. It was eloquent, energetic; it was conceived in the true spirit of the occasion, and every one who heard it was proud that the city had a Mayor who could respond for it so impressively on this most important occasion in its history.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FAIR. The day was ideal, the crowd was large, the enthusiasm and interest were great, and the attractions were altogether satisfactory at the first day of the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

THE OPENING DAY. Once again Oregon belled all the prophecies of evil—Sunshine of the brightest, and a few white clouds, made an ideal first of June, and set off the unequalled surroundings of the Fair.

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equality in pronouncing penalty as a powerful factor in turning the lesser criminal into the greater. The lad who serves a first term of five years for stealing a pair of shoes takes note of this inequality of shoes takes note of this inequality.

There would be no vessels in that trade. But almost simultaneously with the announcement that the railroad would be strictly in the hands of the railroad, traffic offering comes the Hamburg-American line with announcement that it would immediately establish a line from New York to Colon, connecting with the railroad to the Pacific, where it will again connect with steamers for the west coast of South America.

A new line of British steamers is to be established between New Orleans and South American ports, and plans are being perfected for establishment of a Japanese line between Portland and the Orient. Everywhere throughout the world where there is business that can be worked by American shippers there will be found tonnage in practically unlimited quantities, willing to handle it at remarkably low rates.

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OREGON OZONE.

The absence of a long-drawn-out opening ode was the most commendable feature of the altogether excellent ceremonies attending the starting of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. For the Chicago exposition a lady poet manufactured an ode of skyscraper style, six stanzas and a roof with ornamental cornice. Doubtless it was built according to specifications, for it is understood that the managers of that exposition let the ode out on contract, just as they let out the building of the Palace of Fine Arts and the Machinery Hall. Twelve years have passed. What has become of the Chicago ode? It has disappeared utterly, from roof to cellar, and the world wots not of it. In 1893 Philadelphia held a centennial exposition, and there was an ode. A poet wrote it—a real poet, a man, and his name was John Greenleaf Whittier. Mayor George H. Williams, of Portland, in his delightful address at the Lewis and Clark opening exercises yesterday, quoted about half of this splendid poem, beginning: "Our fathers' God, from out whose hand the centuries drop like grains of sand."

That was a one-story ode, but it was long enough; it lives, it breathes, it is bright with Divine power, it is immortal. Whittier possessed a fine sense of the eternal fitness of things, including exposition odes. Hereafter let us hope that expositions, if they must have odes, will confine the flight of the poet to one story, or at the most to one story and a balcony, and perhaps the ode will survive.

The undesignated, in his zeal to write the unofficial opening ode for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, contributed to this column yesterday what he considered the best ode on record, because it was the briefest. It ran thus: "Ready, Teddy."

That was all—and that was enough. But, unfortunately, there was an item immediately following it which related to Rojevstevsky's dispatch to the czar, and an engagement resulted between the two. The upshot was that the ode lost its head, Rojevstevsky's dispatch lost its meaning, and the reader lost time in trying to separate the poet's masterpiece. However, that ode turns out not to be the shortest poem on record, though it is two-thirds shorter than the late Charles A. Dana's famous poem:

"We'll be happy yet, You yet!"

When President Roosevelt read the ode by telegraphic telephony, he immediately dictated the button that started the Exposition, and wired The Oregonian his response, which must take rank as the very shortest poetic flight on record. In an answer to "Ready, Teddy" he sent by wireless telephony this remarkable production: "Done, Sen!"

If the shade of Daniel Webster heard what "Uncle Joe" Cannon said in his speech at the Exposition yesterday about the lack of wisdom displayed by the Massachusetts heavyweight champion statesman in regard to the Oregon question, the mighty ghost of the great departed is likely to find that his own country had confined itself to assisting his namesake in the manufacture of spelling-books and dictionaries. When Webster declared that the Oregon country was fit only for the growing of sagebrush and the dwelling place of savages and beasts, he showed that even a prophet with honor in his own country has no metallic clasp on the approval of posterity.

HINTS TO HOG-RAISERS. (Adapted from an agricultural journal.) Figs should not be weaned until corn is ripe. Mud baths always improve the health of a hog. He who makes two hogs to grow where only one grows before is a benefactor to the race. Street-car hogs do not thrive well in single-seat buggies; they must have room to expand. Feature young hogs on clover, so that you can work out the "Pigs in Clover" puzzle. Razorback hogs should not be used for moving hay or sawing stove wood without frequent honing. Poland-China hogs make the most suitable mantelpiece ornaments. Catch your hog before killing. Never shoot a fat hog with buckshot, as it might make the gravy too thick.

HIT THE TRAIL! The camels are coming—Hit the trail! The drummers are drumming—Hit the trail! The spellers are spelling—With forcible feeling—Hit the trail! Advice to Exposition Visitors. Don't hit the trail too hard; it is built over the lake, and you might fall through the floor. Check your babies; the infant incubators will get them. If you don't watch out. Don't insult the camels in the Streets of Cairo by telling them to get a hump on themselves. Be careful not to pull the lion's tail; if you do he will make an awful roar about it. When you buy a souvenir gold dollar and pay for it, don't accuse the Government of short-changing you. You pay for the dollar and pay for the souvenir. The gold you get for nothing. Fishing with dynamite in the Government's fish tanks is not permissible; use bent pin hooks.

ROBERTUS LOVE. The Ruling Passion. Exchange. The ruling passion is often very strong in death. A Senator from Tennessee discovered this some years ago. Among his constituents was a certain man who came to him regularly twice a year for the purpose of obtaining a pass to Baltimore. The man and his wife had served the Senator when he was first making his way up the ladder of politics, and as a result of this he always obliged him, and had, moreover, a soft place in his heart for the man. He obtained for him a position in one of the departments at Washington; but this did not seem to be enough, for regularly at the end of each six months he applied for his ticket to Baltimore. One day he sickened and was reported to be dying. The Senator, very much grieved, immediately called upon him. "Joe," he said, leaning over and speaking very softly, "is there anything I can do for you?" The sick man looked up with a flash of recognition, and instantly replied in a whisper: "Send me a ticket to Baltimore, please get me a pass to Baltimore."

Now that it is all over and Admiral Togo will start for home, Admiral Dewey would be able to give him some admirable advice.

HOW'S THIS FOR A BALMY CLIMATE?

An Eastern Visitor's Impressions of the Rogue River Valley on February 25—Wonders in Fruit, Grains, Vegetables and Grass.

D. R. McGinnis, in Indiana Farmer. I am writing this from the town of Medford, Jackson County, Southern Oregon, 23 miles south of Portland, Or., on the Southern Pacific Railway. It is the 23rd of February, but I cannot realize the fact by the looks of this country. In fact I am gushing myself—hardly a conviction—that it is not mid-May or nearly June, for am I not this blessed day at a place as far north as Southern Wisconsin, and I have a warm summer sky, the hot sun, the advanced state of vegetation of this chosen spot of comfort and happiness, the Rogue River Valley of Oregon, make me forget that this is by the almanac a real winter month. I have walked over the town and enjoyed the flowers and green grass of the yards. I have walked into the country to the orchards and farms. I have talked with the farmers and fruit-growers, and am truly filled with amazement at what I see. A mile south of the town I stopped at the farm of the Eshbachers, where they are big, husky farmer boys, with a fine farm as every eye looked upon. Their winter wheat was already five or six inches high, their comfortable home bore every evidence of thrift. But what drew my attention was not the wheat, fine as it was. It was a grapevine, not a mile over six inches through, that covered the house, ran along the trees to trees, and had to be cut out every 100 feet long. This grapevine is the only one they have, and its yearly yield is over 300 pounds of excellent grapes. Such is the wonderfully prolific nature of the soil and climate that I find it hard to grasp the wonders that I see in fruit, grain, vegetables and grass.

They tell me here that they can always tell an Eastern man by the big heavy coat he hangs around for the first day or two after he comes to this balmy climate, and that the climate was mild, but did not realize that it verged upon the semi-tropical, and I see every evidence of that fact, as well as my senses. I find the delicate plants and flowers that the botanists actually growing here in the open air, and flourishing, too. I drove to the Britt farm, about seven miles west of Medford, Oregon, to see the plum and flowers which Mr. Britt has gathered together from the ends of the earth, he being an old settler and having a taste that way. It was a very pleasant surprise to find the great fig trees actually with figs, and clinging to them, for I plucked them from the trees myself. Here the fig tree was a real tree, 15 or 16 feet high. A fan palm was growing right out in front of the house, and it was at least 35 feet high. English walnuts, Japan persimmons and almond trees were all around, while I inspected a large California fig tree that was 42 years old from its setting, and at least four feet through and 80 feet high. I was shown a peach tree set out in 1853 that had never failed to crop all this time. Mr. Britt told me the only trouble was that it had to be carefully thinned of its fruit every year or it would tear itself to pieces bearing so much heavy fruit.

A mile east I stopped my team to actually go among and enjoy the cloud of blossoms in an almond orchard lately bought by a lady from Iowa. The almond is something like a plum tree. The trees are very hardy in this climate, one being over 18 inches in diameter and more like a forest tree than a fruit tree. The great variety of fruits here makes it a housewife's paradise. A bareheaded babe was on the porch, and while I was talking to the farmer, who is from Iowa, came out of the house. I said: "How do you like this warmth and sunshine?" She replied: "Oh, this is heaven. I would not like this warmth and sunshine." This Rogue River Valley is a big country, and it is a mass of fine farms in alfalfa orchards and wheat, and I have had the pleasure of seeing just good feed corn, as sound and thoroughly matured as at the old Illinois home. The summers are so long here that corn is a decided success, and it is a paying crop, for it goes 30 to 40 bushels per acre, and is raised at less than 45 cents per bushel. While it is raised, it is not extensively so, for the reason that alfalfa and fruit bring very much larger profits to the farmers here.

Some wheat is six inches high, some is just being sown. They sow wheat here most any time they get ready. The farmers are all at work in the fields, but it is fruit and grain and alfalfa that is the making of these immense profits that, though an actual fact, appear almost unbelievable to an Eastern man. Alfalfa land here brings the farmer about six tons per acre per year, and sells at a price of about \$40 per acre per year. It is paying much better than that this year, as alfalfa hay is now selling at \$40 to \$41 per ton here in Medford.

Here in this vale of mildness and sunshine is the home of the Spitzbergen and the Northern Pipples apples. These are the big, money-makers. Hundreds of acres, hundreds of acres of orchards cover this valley and its encircling foothills, and more are being set out every spring. And I have never seen such orchards as these in any other country. I have never seen such orchards anywhere, or orchards in such perfect condition. I have seen orchards over this valley of verdure. I have not seen one neglected orchard. It is perfection in orchard management. With apple blossoms in bloom, and the orchards in bloom, New York and Chicago come to compete for these apples of Hesperides, and the competition is keen. London wants the golden Northern Pipples, and New York the Spitzbergen. The Spitzbergen is sold for as high as \$2.50 per bushel right at the tree. This would be the equivalent of \$5 per barrel, as there are 36 pounds in a bushel and 100 pounds in a barrel. The Spitzbergen is a hardy less price. Of course, the dollars are away up in the hundreds of dollars per acre, as much profit from one acre as from 100 acres of other crops. A 40-acre field of heavy wheat in Minnesota or Dakota. The Southern Pacific fosters the fruit industry by a rate of 25 cents per hundred for fruit to be taken to Portland and other ports, and it is cheap power in this mild climate, where loc never bothers the turbines.

And do you think this is out of the world? Hardly. The farmer here has his rural mail delivery, he talks by phone with Portland and San Francisco or Los Angeles, and here over this wide valley anywhere and everywhere is a network of electric wires from the big water at Toledo, so that the electric lights are everywhere, his barn and houses, and electric power on his farm for pumping, grinding and every other need, and at a cost which is simply absurd in its cheapness, for water power is all over the Oregon coast, and it is cheap power in this mild climate, where loc never bothers the turbines.

SHAW'S TARIFF POLICY. Trifling With a Serious Problem. Washington Post (Ind.). With due respect to Mr. Shaw and the great place he has filled with consummate ability and pronounced success, it is yet pertinent to remark that his conception of maximum and minimum is trifling with a question soon to be paramount, and with the people, who are grimly resolved to examine the whole thing. Fortunately, we have a President chosen in this man, he is not for the party he belongs to. He seems to realize that truth—at least, he acts upon it.

Council of Foolishness. Springfield (Mass.) Republican (Ind.). Perhaps it is a matter of indifference to us whether Britain goes back to a protection policy or not. But it is not to Shaw's mind a matter of grave concern. And then he proceeds to advance steps which would only increase the danger. It is the council of foolishness. No tariff revision on the plan of maximum and minimum rates is to be considered which starts with the present retaliation-provoking duties as a minimum.

An Absurd Theory. Hartford Times (Dem.). The trouble with statements of the Shaw side is that they all believe that the people of the United States would be better off if we bought nothing whatever from foreign peoples. These men are trading for our cash, and that we Americans have rights in this respect which are not enjoyed by any other nation. This absurd theory is occasionally proclaimed loudly by the Iowa school of public men, in which Shaw and Wilson are the leaders.

Not a "Square Deal." Providence (R. I.) Journal (Ind. Rep.). Roughly stated, the Shaw policy is to slap extra duties on the goods of any country whose duties are not to our satisfaction. What effect this would have toward making the objectionable foreign duties more acceptable could hardly be known until after a long practical experience. But some of the effects on ourselves might feel can be readily foreseen. And they are not pleasant effects that harmonize well with the fundamental principle of protecting a free industry; they are not effects that accord with the conception of a "square deal."

Commercial Peace is Desired. Boston Herald (Dem.). We should not in this way injure our trade with England or with any other country. This would be in exact harmony with the best speech of President McKinley at Buffalo. It would be a policy of conciliation in place of what Secretary Shaw is urging, a policy of war. If through our aggressive tariff action in the past we have led to the threatened war, it is to be unkindly aggressive on their side, so that it seems not improbable that our foreign trade will suffer severe damage, the best course for us to pursue as a means of commerce. But some of the effects on ourselves might feel can be readily foreseen. And they are not pleasant effects that harmonize well with the fundamental principle of protecting a free industry; they are not effects that accord with the conception of a "square deal."

Not a Logical Position. Philadelphia Record (Dem.). Whether Secretary Shaw's own mind be clear or whether he seeks to confuse the minds of others, his assertions concerning the German tariff are altogether misleading. Hence the want of logic in his advice to meet the German tariff by authorizing the President to threaten the States to raise the Dingy duties when ever any other government does not allow our exports the lowest rate. The new German tariff contains maximum and minimum schedules. The maximum rates are imposed on the imports of all countries that have not relations of reciprocity with Germany. These rates are lowered if their tariff rates on German goods is allowed, therefore, the minimum rates of the German tariff, which are lower, moreover, than the Dingy duties on London. There is no question here, then, of tariff warfare. Germany treats this country the same as all others, and offers our commodities the same minimum rates on like terms of reciprocity.

Electrically Pure Water. One Mr. Cupman alleges that he has discovered a method of treating water with electricity, which destroys bacteria, throws down minerals held in solution, and clears out vegetable and animal matter. In suspension in producing water that is pure after the French standard. Others have done this, but not so simply and cheaply. The current from a house-lighting circuit does the trick. There are about one and one-eighth cents for each thousand gallons. You touch the button and turn the faucet, that is all; or you put a cent in the slot and get water enough for four persons for four cents. Mr. Cupman presents a very respectable array of expert approval of his method.

The Destroyers. Rutherford Kipling. The strength of twice three thousand horse That seek the holds the rearing course, The hate that swings the whole; They dash to leeward and a coast of brass At gaze and gain again—The Brides of Death that wait the groom—The Choosers of the slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend In rain, the dark dim daze; The mullen, shuddering swells attend Night and our sacrifice. Adown the bay against the spray No mark on spit or bar—Girdled and desperate we dare The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell The threat of our foe's fate; Clearer the barkings, fiercer that yell Their scattered flank to close. Sheer to the trap they crowd their way From ports for the submarine's bay; Quiet, and count our laden prey: The convoy and her guard!

On shore with scarce a foot below, Where rock and islet throw, Hidden and hid, the mine, the mine throw Their anxious lights along. Not here, not here your danger lies—(Stars hard to hood) and a coast of brass Where the dashed rock-pigeons rise The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—break the rest ye seek, The Narrow Seas to clear—Hate to the ship's whimpers shriek—The driven sails to the wind; Look to your van a league away—What midnight terror stays In the darkness against the spray Her crackling tops ablaze! Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home, The muffled, knocking stroke—The steam that overruns the foam—The dawn that breaks the night—The smoke that clogs the deep abode—The deep that chokes her throbs The streaked for the submarine's bay; The lightning whirlpools close!