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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1905.

A SUBJECT THAT RAMBLES.

Not a few newspapers of Oregon, since the election in Portland, have been commenting on the result. Which is very well. But some of them talk about The Oregonian in a way which shows they have a strange and total misconception of the position of The Oregonian, and of its editor, in relation to the politics of the City of Portland and of the State of Oregon.

The position of Judge Williams, his relations to the history of Oregon, his personal character and the greatness of the man, were facts that The Oregonian could not ignore. It did not urge his renomination. From the beginning it was doubtful whether he could be re-elected. The editor frankly told him so. But he desired re-election; he had a plurality in the primary, and The Oregonian did what it could to re-elect him—both because of his own character and greatness of the man and of what he has done for Oregon, and because it wished the Republican party to continue in the ascendant. Any one of the principal competitors of Judge Williams The Oregonian would have supported earnestly; and it said so, before the primary. While, therefore, The Oregonian has the highest respect for this venerable, great and worthy man, he was not its candidate. It had no candidate.

Thus far, by way of preliminary statement. Now we come to consideration of the things which a number of the newspapers of Oregon say about the Portland election—ignoring what the Democratic papers say about it, and confining ourselves to comments and criticisms by Republicans. For it was the dissensions of Republicans that brought about the result. It is their funeral, and our Democratic brethren have no right to weep and mourn. To give them credit, let it be said they do not affect a sorrow.

We take the remarks of the Daily Astorian as a type of all the rest. It declares the defeat of Judge Williams means that "a large majority of the Republican party in Multnomah County will not tolerate political dictation by Harvey Scott, an aspirant for United States Senator, and Francis Heney, the carpet-bagger politician imported from Alaska to kill the Republican party in Oregon and build upon its ruins a Scott oligarchy. They prefer that all of the offices of the city, county and state be in the hands of the Democrats than in the hands of the Scott-Heney Trust Company."

Let us deal, first, with the first part of this grievance. H. W. Scott is not a candidate for United States Senate, nor will he be—next year, or ever. The position is an honorable one, and he might be able, in it, to acquit himself without discredit, and to render service to the state. But to himself the position neither is nor could be in any way desirable. Will all aspirants for the Senate, and all their friends, be so good to themselves—not to say to him—as to drop his name out of their calculations? Let every one who wouldn't like to see him in the Senate, or in other official position, be comfortable; let all such go to bed early and sleep nights. H. W. Scott will never seek election to the United States Senate. But he is not bound to say he would not have a choice among those who might seek it and strive to obtain it. The Senate of the United States is a high position—if one can hold it and fill a place creditably in it—not otherwise. Sought and obtained as a gratification of petty personal ambition, it is nothing—a truth of which we have had proofs enough. United States Senators come and go. How many have come and gone during these forty years? How many will come and go during the next forty? But who will hold the leadership of journalism here, against all comers, during the next forty years? Let every reader pardon this little vanity. It fits the occasion well; it is proper answer to those who imagine that a seat in the Senate is the one object of this editor's consuming ambition. Toil and trouble and responsibility, entire devotion to business not his own and little to an independent man's liking, belong to that place; and extreme financial sacrifice besides—for the salary will not pay the Senator's own hotel bills. Let every one, therefore, who imagines that Harvey Scott desires that position and is laying plans and plots to get it, dismiss that notion and recover his own peace of mind. And let such person get the seat for himself or for some one else—if he can.

As to "Francis Heney, carpet-bagger politician, imported from Alaska to kill the Republican party of Oregon"—let this charge, or whatever may be in it, be directed against Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, not against H. W. Scott, editor of The Oregonian. Mr. Roosevelt sent Mr. Heney here. Till then Mr. Scott had no knowledge whatever of Mr. Heney. And since then their acquaintance has been of the slightest. As all readers of The Oregonian know, it doubted when Mr. Heney came here, and for long afterward, whether he had any case, in these land-fraud proceedings. It said so repeatedly. But Heney pushed the inquiry and developed testimony which no one who followed the revelations—certainly no newspaper—could ignore. Believing that Heney would "make good"—indeed had "made good"—the President appointed him District Attorney for Oregon, especially to prosecute these cases. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, is not a man who would throw responsibility of his own acts on others.

Let us have another word. The Astorian says, further: "The Oregonian was responsible for the defeat of the Republican candidate for Governor three years ago—W. J. Furnish—and his metallic influence with The Oregonian resulted in his nomination over T. T. Geer, who could have been re-elected Governor of Oregon, but the man in the tower refused to allow him the nomination to which he was entitled. The people of Oregon rebelled against such methods, and they will continue to do so." The Oregonian did not advocate the nomination of Mr. Furnish. It had no candidate. But Mr. Furnish was and is a good man, fit to be Governor, and The Oregonian supported him. His nomination was brought about chiefly by James A. Fee, Charles W. Fulton, Robert A. Booth, Dr. William Kuykendall and Walter F. Matthews. The Oregonian acquiesced, and supported Furnish. It would have supported Geer, had the convention nominated him. But the purposes of the convention made his nomination impossible. Furnish was sacrificed, then, to faction, as Williams has been sacrificed now.

The Astorian professes to regret the defeat of Mayor Williams; but in reality it is in high glee. Had it been here, its effort would have been exerted against him. The Astorian is merely one of the organs of an entirely discredited gang in Oregon, which is continually attacking even the President because of his resolve to push the law in the case of the land frauds. Beyond doubt, the general atmosphere of Oregon will be a good deal clarified by publication of the testimony in these cases, to be delivered in the trials soon to begin. It may be supposed that Mr. Heney wouldn't be here in these cases had not the President believed in him.

Should this seem to be a rambling review, please observe that the subject as presented by the critic thus reviewed is a rambling one.

WHO SHOULD PAY FOR ROADS?

The Washington State Grange, in a resolution adopted at the meeting at Toledo, asks that state and National aid be given for the improvement of public highways. It supplements the request with the statement that "large appropriations are made for the improvement of rivers and harbors." The natural inference drawn from this statement is that, because rivers and harbors are improved by the Government, public roads should also be so improved. The necessity for good roads and the merits of any reasonable appropriation for their construction and maintenance are so apparent that it seems superfluous to give as a reason for their improvement the fact that rivers and harbors are improved with Government funds. The cases are not parallel, for the reason that the Government has complete jurisdiction over all water highways, while town, county and state each have a certain amount of authority over the land highways through the country.

The waterways of the country are also in most cases interstate highways, the control of which by the officers of the counties and states through which they pass would be too complicated and difficult to be practicable. The Government has in the past made very liberal appropriations in the way of land grants for wagon roads in newly opened sections of the country, and the returns in the way of good roads have probably been smaller in proportion to the amount invested than have been secured from any other form of Government subsidy. At the same time there is a crying need for good roads in every direction, and their value is too apparent to necessitate argument to prove it.

Real estate values along the Base Line road, eight to ten miles out from Portland, when compared with those for property situated a similar distance from the Courthouse on some of the roads leading out on the west side of the river, offer pretty conclusive evidence on this point. But difficulty will arise in perfecting a plan by which the cost of these good roads can be equitably levied. The owner of a thousand-dollar-per-acre farm along the Base Line road will object to having an ad valorem tax levied on his land in order that the man on the hundred-dollar-per-acre farm on the west side may secure as good a highway as the Base Line road. Inasmuch as the road would double or treble the value of the land through which it passes, without in the slightest degree increasing the value of the land on roads already completed, the objection would seem to be warranted.

It is thus quite plain that state aid, or even county aid, for some of the principal thoroughfares needed cannot easily be disbursed in a manner satisfactory to all. The State of Washington is just at present expending a large appropriation for construction of a wagon road across the Cascade Mountains, and also for one down the north bank of the Columbia River, in Clark, Skamania and Klickitat Counties. These roads will bring together divided sections of the state, with which communication at the present time is impossible except by a long and circuitous route. There is much merit in both of these projects, but they were fought, and fought hard, by the representatives of other sections of the state not directly benefited.

The good roads movement is spreading rapidly, and quite naturally the greatest change is noticeable near the cities. This is due to the desire of the city people to work out toward the country, where land is cheaper and living expenses lower, and also to the desire of the country people to have the city, which takes the products of the farm, made accessible at less expense than over the old road. The automobile will in time become a factor of importance in development of the good-roads idea, but the only satisfactory system for improving the roads will be one that distributes the cost so that those reaping the greatest benefits will bear a proportionate share of the cost. This cannot well be carried out with Government or state control of the work.

ALPHONSO'S QUEST.

King Alphonso of Spain seems to be having the time of his life in London. He is supposed to be on parade for the purpose of winning a British Princess. He is certainly disporting himself to the best advantage, and, as King Edward is said to be willing and even anxious to further the hopes of Spain and the wishes of the young King in this respect, it seems probable that the matrimonial quest will be successful.

British Princesses have, however, been rather hard to manage in recent years. When the present Czar of Russia went wooing to the English court, some years ago, hoping to win his cousin, Victoria of Wales, that young woman laughed in his face and refused to consider the subject. Her elder sister, Louise, a few years before had, to the great grief of her royal grandmother, married a subject of the realm, the Duke of Fife. Princess Marie of Edinburgh yielded to the royal command and married her cousin, Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse-Darmstadt, but later braved the wrath of Kings and the ostracism of courts by refusing to live with him. Whether Princess Margaret of Connaught, for whom the Spanish net is said to be spread, will succeed in keeping out of it remains to be seen. She is said to be a spirited young woman, and strongly averse to leaving her own country for the semi-barbaric customs of the court of Spain.

SERIOUS TRADE WAR IMMINENT.

There now seems to be but little doubt that the Chinese intend to institute a boycott against American goods. The belief is quite generally expressed that Germany has had quite a hand in bringing about the unpleasant situation now confronting us. No other people on earth has made such rapid strides in trade with China as the Germans. They have increased their hold to such an extent that 75 per cent of the exports of Canton, China's greatest city, now pass through the hands of German merchants, while 50 per cent of the imports are handled by the same people. At Tientsin, one of the newer ports, twenty-nine German business houses control 60 per cent of the imports, and 45 per cent of the exports. German enterprise on a corresponding scale is in evidence in all other big ports in China.

In inciting this feeling against the United States, Germany is actuated by two very important motives. One is the desire to secure as much of this trade as possible for her own people. The other is retaliation for the manner in which we have excluded German sugar, bulbs and manufactured goods from our own markets. We refuse to permit Germany to trade with us, and she turns to China, and quite naturally begins at once to replace American goods with the German article. But Germany might not have found the Chinese mind in such a receptive state had the United States been innocent of any wrong in the case. As it was, she found the Chinese goaded to a point where anything that offered them a weapon for retaliation was acceptable. They decided by a unanimous vote to stand together and boycott not only American goods, but American steamship lines, and American educational institutions, until the people of the United States came to their senses and extended fair treatment to them.

The boycott is not regarded with favor in America, and, while we may not approve of its use by the Chinese, it is a certainty that they have a grievance that is far from being fancied. As far back as 1894 we excluded all Chinamen who were classed as laborers, and there should have been nothing to prevent the admission of other classes since that time. It was wholly unnecessary to subject the Chinese, individually and as a nation, to the humiliation and injustice that was repeatedly heaped on them by overzealous immigration officers. The Chinaman has been slow to anger, and might not yet have presented his demand for fair treatment, had it not been for the agitation of the Germans. But, now that he is aroused, the question becomes a most serious one for the United States.

Between the exclusion act and the tariff barrier, we have turned from us millions of customers who have been steadily increasing the amount of their purchases, and are at this time on the threshold of an immense industrial and commercial expansion. Germany, barred out of the American market with her sugar and other products, of which we are in need, is doing all in her power to keep the trouble going, and between them American trade is bound to suffer greatly. We are a great Nation, and we can eat our wheat—some of it—and wear our cotton goods—some of them—but we cannot sell where we do not buy, or where we refuse to extend fair treatment to those who in the past have been among our best customers. Trade wars are very expensive affairs for the countries which provoke them, and the gauntlet has already been thrown down by Germany and China. There are other nations that are not any too fond of our jug-handled protective tariff system, and, if we stand by our guns long enough, the rest of the world will become tired of our snubs and trade restrictions and let us severely alone, or retaliate by administering to us some of the protective medicine which we for years have been forcing down their throats.

Not long ago it was suggested that President Gatch, of the State Agricultural College, was getting too old and he ought to be retired. He is 75, or thereabouts. He has had a long, honorable and efficient career as an educator in Oregon and Washington. He is known and loved by more students and ex-students, hundreds and thousands of them, than any other person whatsoever in a similar calling in the Pacific Northwest. Every one of them, including now many men and women with students in their own families, is proud to have been under the tutelage of Professor Gatch. All these will be astounded to hear that anybody has had the temerity to suggest that Professor Gatch is getting old, for they know that he is one of those singular men who never can and never will grow old. The students at Corvallis, who see him every day and also know him and his work, do not think so, for they gave him at chapel Thursday a most touching and enthusiastic ovation. In eight years the enrollment at Corvallis has grown from 300 to 650. It is the best-attended of our colleges, and the increase must be largely due to the activity and great prestige of President Gatch. Here in Portland we may retire our old men from public service because we know no better; but the example is not necessarily a good one for Corvallis to follow.

Petty pilfering by college and high school students seems to have become quite prevalent of late. The object is, in most cases, obscure, not to say incomprehensible, as the articles taken are generally of no use whatever to the pilferers, for the reason that to use or try to dispose of them would bring immediate exposure. The student of the University of Oregon, for example, who stole a lot of trappings belonging to the militia could make no use of the things. He knew that the theft was more than likely to be discovered, and that the consequences would be disgraceful dismissal. His motive in the theft was therefore inexplicable. So also with the Seattle High School girls who had been pilfering from their classmates for some time and were finally dispovered. Their spoils had been boas, trinkets, etc., taken from the cloakroom, and it was not possible for them either to wear or sell the articles stolen. Other cases of more or less prominence might be cited, in which pilfering has been indulged among students, disclosing a sort of mania that is not easily accounted for.

The Chicago newspapers are quarreling over which of them printed the first news of the battle of Corean Straits. The Tribune in its early edition on Sunday, May 28, said in a Washington City dispatch that the battle had begun at noon Saturday, "and the Tribune printed it ahead of all papers of the known world, so far as we know." The Tribune doesn't know, for on that same date (May 28), in its regular edition, The Oregonian printed conspicuously the following bulletin from Tokio:

Admiral Togo attacked the Russian fleet in the Corean Straits at noon today, and the battle is still in progress.

The dispatch was authentic and authoritative, as the event proved. The Oregonian and two others on the Pacific Coast (one in California and one in Washington) were the only newspapers in the United States to print this Tokio news on Sunday morning. Later other papers in the East had it in special editions. It is all another illustration of The Oregonian's unequaled news service, made the more valuable by the difference in time between Portland and Eastern cities.

Paul Morton, present Secretary of the Navy, is to be the new chairman of the Equitable board of directors. It appears to be the purpose to confer on Mr. Morton large powers to straighten out the tangled affairs of the company. If he can subordinate both the Hyde influence and the Alexander influence, public confidence will be restored; and that is all that the Equitable needs. The Equitable has been and is one of the great insurance companies of the world. Its resources are vast, its prestige great, its influence in the financial world large, and its management until recently entirely conservative. It is undeniable that the late scandals have impaired its credit and alarmed its policy-holders and the public; but that it would emerge from the trouble in a perfectly solvent condition no one has doubted. Now that it has again started on the right road it may be hoped that the clouds in the life insurance sky will be dissipated.

When Lewiston has railroad connection East and West, and is more firmly than ever established as a busy trade and manufacturing center, we may expect an agitation to have it placed on the same basis with Spokane for transcontinental railroad freight rates. It will naturally want to control the jobbing trade of the territory of which it is the center. Then we shall hear a great outcry from Spokane, which appears now to be much disturbed by the growing importance of Lewiston and by the certain prospect that it will have adequate railroad facilities. But if Spokane gets special consideration from the railroads, why not Lewiston? Why not Colfax, Cheney, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Baker City, Boise and every other town in the interior of Oregon, Washington and Idaho? The railroads, in making an exception of Spokane, have simply stored up great future trouble for themselves.

"No hitch has occurred and the outlook continues favorable for peace," says a St. Petersburg dispatch. That is to say, the Czar has not yet made one of his lightning changes of mind. But the Grand Dukes have a great deal to say about Russian affairs, and they are at last convinced that the Japanese cannot be defeated by a broken, discouraged and rebellious army, and are willing to take their medicine. The Grand Dukes are doubtless now ready to adopt any plan that bids fair to relieve them from the assiduous attentions of the revolutionists at home.

Such strawberries as were dispensed by citizens of The Dalles and vicinity last Thursday at their "at home" in the Oregon state building on the Fair grounds were declared to be the "best ever" by those who received them from the hands of the hostesses on that occasion. It now devolves upon the citizens of Hood River to show, if they can, that they still lead the world in strawberries.

President Castro is to be formally inaugurated as President of Venezuela today. Castro is much more popular in South America than in the United States. However, that was probably the reason he was re-elected.

The Czar naturally hopes that President Roosevelt will "put yourself in his place." That is asking a great deal of the President, who never has to worry about what he would do if he ever got licked.

It is to be hoped that Jimmy Hyde will get enough out of that stock sale to retire to Paris, where his talents will be better appreciated.

OREGON OZONE.

Summer Complaint.

Now in the rosy month of June
The birds and bees are all atune,
The brooks assist the regnant rune,
And all the world is gay;
But, lack-a-day! it will not last!
Too soon
Will June
Be o'er and past,
And rent will be to pay!

Does Family Count?

"I go a great deal on family," remarked the Ward McAllister of the community. "I tell you there's lots in blood; family counts."

Ah, does it?

Abraham Lincoln's father was so poor that the niggers called him po' white trash, and Abe himself was born in a log hut with cracks in the walls so wide that you could throw a dog through them; and his mother's name was Nancy Hanks.

The father of John Adams ran a corner grocery. John Quincy Adams, however, had "family" back of him, for his father, John, had been President of the United States.

James K. Polk grubbed roots out of a new farm in North Carolina until he got too strong to work for his father, then he managed to secure a job in a country store.

Andrew Johnson married "family," for his wife knew enough to teach him how to read.

John Keats was the son of a hostler, and was born in a livery stable.

Rare Ben Jonson laid brick while he was learning Latin.

Charles J. Bonaparte is a "family" man, but Napoleon Bonaparte once remarked: "I am my own ancestors."

Did you ever happen to hear who was the father of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Gladstone, or of Socrates, or of Walt Whitman?

A Thought for Today.

The drummers march along the street,
But not a drum the drummers beat;
Now ain't it truly funny—some—
That drummers don't know how to
drum?

New York publishers announce the early appearance of a book by Dr. William Osler, entitled "The Fixed Period." Add Osler to the list of successful press agents.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat devotes half a column of editorial space to the proposition that "Russia is not a dying nation." No; but she's a "dead one."

A cablegram from Verona announces that the house of the Capulets is for sale under foreclosure proceedings. Since all the world loves a lover, the balcony to which the sighing Romeo climbed to whisper sweet nothings in Juliet's ear should not be knocked down at any low figure. How much do you bid?

The Punk Punster.

"I am told that you have strong preferences in the arts?" said the Punk Punster, inquiringly.

"I certainly have," replied Sarcastic Smith.

"Who's your favorite composer?"

"Wagner."

"And who's your pianist?"

"Paderewski."

"And Hoosier poet?"

"James Whitcomb Riley."

Saving by Shaving.

(Dr. J. F. Kennedy, secretary of the Iowa State Board of Health, declares that whiskers are unsanitary, and all men should shave.)

Dr. Kennedy says that our whiskers
Must go;
He's a doctor, and doctors, you know,
ought to know;
And he says that our whiskers are dragging us down
Perditionwards—whether they're black or
brown;
And, therefore, to save us,
Doc Kennedy'd shave us.

Dr. Kennedy says that a spinachy growth
Is vile or unwholesome—or maybe it's
both;
And it may be he tells nothing less than
the truth
When he says that a billy-goatee is uncouth.
Doc says so, and maybe
It's true—of a baby.

Dr. Kennedy, truly, is wise in his way,
And we all should be "shavers," of course,
in our day;
But when we grow up and our whiskers
grow out,
Are we bound to turn Nature end foremost about?
Our whiskers God gave us,
But he doesn't shave us.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Self-Reliance and Independence.

New York Sun.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition, which was opened at Portland, Or., yesterday, is not open to the criticism that have been the case in other affairs. It is unique in several respects. For one thing, a record was made by the management in having the whole show in complete working order when the President pressed the gold key in the White House at Washington. Then, too, whereas other fairs started in debt to outsiders, this one began business on a perfectly solvent basis. A lot of rich persons on the Coast contributed the capital, on the patriotic theory that it didn't matter whether or not they got back their money. If they didn't it was well spent in making the rest of the country better acquainted with the resources, the progress and the energy of the state. If the Fair proved profitable, so much the better. It must be admitted that Oregon and Portland have shown a self-reliance and independence of Government and official aid which are altogether admirable and greatly to their credit.

Large Enough to Be Important.

Evening Wisconsin.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial and American Pacific and Oriental Fair possesses claims upon the interest of Americans in general that cannot be ignored. One of its claims is that it commemorates an undertaking which had much to do with the enlargement of American thought regarding the possibility of the expansion of the Republic. The centennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition may well be celebrated not only by the people of Oregon, but also by the people of the United States. The Exposition at Portland is not so large as that which was held last year at St. Louis, but it is large enough to be important. It derives additional importance from the historic even which it commemorates, and from the present prosperity and future promise of the section of the country in which it is held.

OUR TAX PROBLEMS.

An Earnest Protest That Will Deepen With a Roar.

PORTLAND, Or., June 9.—(To the Editor.)—This morning I read the following editorial paragraph in The Oregonian:

Now it is said the Assessor of Multnomah County intends to increase the valuations of the property of the county three-fold. Very well. But let him put into the assessments these great public franchises, at the proper valuation. Real estate has borne the whole burden long enough. Bring in this highly valuable property included in public franchises.

What has been the condition in Portland, and what may the small property-owner, or the man who owns a house and lot, expect under the proposed increase in taxable valuation? Will it mean that the franchises of the Portland Consolidated Railway Company and the Portland Gas Company will pay three times the amount of the taxes that they have heretofore? By no means. Even if they should have to do this their tax would not compare with the tax the small property-owner will be called on to pay on his home. By no means; it is not intended that such should be the case. Will the Portland Consolidated Railway Company pay taxes on $6,000,000, the amount it proposes to sell out for, the main portion of which—$4,000,000—it received as a gift from the taxpayers of Portland? By no means. The small owners, the men who own homes, will pay three times the amount of their present taxes, which is now excessively burdensome, and he will be driven out of Portland into the suburbs, where he can live for a brief time—until the tax collector again reaches out after him, and he is crowded off the earth.

Owners of the large tracts, like the Ladd property in Brooklyn and Stephens' Addition, will escape. Ninety per cent of the value attached to the Brooklyn and Stephens' Addition tracts is the result of the improvements made by the owners of the property surrounding them. The Brooklyn tract is covered with slabwood and a dairy, both of which are detrimental to the surroundings. Not a nickel has the Ladd estate contributed to the upbuilding of that section. Even the bridge across Stephens' Slough on East Eighth street was built in the first place by the city, and recently it was repaired by donations and by the city, the Ladds paying $75 toward the expenses.

Truth is, if the taxable property in Portland is increased three times and taxed in the same proportion, owners of homes will be driven out of Portland into the suburbs. They belong to the class who cannot escape. They have no pull. If they make a protest at the Courthouse some smiling, sarcastic clerk will simply ask, "What are you going to do about it?" while the owner of acreage has his taxes cut down to suit his wishes. This has always been done in Portland, and will be continued—if the voter will allow it.

The homes in Portland are already taxed as much as they can stand. Between 2000 and 3000 people have been driven out of Portland within one year because of the heavy burden that has been placed on the small property-owner. These people have been either tenters or owners of small homes. They are now to be found between Portland and Mount Scott living in small houses, shacks and tents—any sort of shelter—to escape the burdens imposed by the policy of placing the burden of taxation on the small owners. These people—at least 3000—were the direct victims of this unjust discrimination against them, all along the line.

When the small property-owners in Brooklyn were asked to allow the proposed big sewer to be laid through their property they generally consented, but not so Mr. Ladd. When the committee called on Mr. Ladd to see if he would consent to this needed improvement, he would not consent, and finally absolutely refused to permit the conduit to be laid through his tract. It was all right and proper for the owners of the small homes of the neighbors to submit to the sacrifice, but not for Mr. Ladd.

It is simply for revenue, for revenue, that the County Assessor proposes to increase the taxable value of property in Portland and Multnomah County. His contention that he will reach the owners of these large tracts and leave the small owners is all bosh. It will not be done. The small property-owners in Portland are the ones who will be placed between mill stones, while these plutocrats—owners of street-car and gas franchises—will continue to escape in the future as in the past—unless, indeed, the people pull themselves together and resist effectively. The average voter votes blindly on most all propositions. Only one saving feature can be predicated out of the late election, and that is the defeat of the proposition to give the Portland Consolidated Railway Company a deed in fee simple to the streets of Portland. It is amazing how it happened that this was voted down, and at the same election Judge George H. Williams was defeated. And so if the people are deceived with the proposition of the County Assessor that the way to reduce the 4 per cent taxes they have been paying is by increasing the value of taxable property three times, it will only be what has been done before. Will they stand quietly for this new outrage—this new method of ringing more revenue out of a sponge that has already been squeezed pretty dry?

I want to extend my sympathy to the people of that portion of Mount Tabor who have just been voted a part of Portland—with the privileges that Mr. Zigler is about to give them. Methinks I can hear the gentle snicker of the "boys" who live just outside the new corporation lines at Mount Tabor. How about it, Brothers Gay and Welch—you who have escaped?

And it is proposed to increase the taxable value of the farms of Multnomah County three times over. Will the farmer stand for this also? Does Mr. Zigler want Multnomah County to pay the whole burden of maintaining the state government, as well as the county and city? It would seem so. Does it occur to him that if the taxable values in Portland and Multnomah County are increased three times, and that of other counties remain the same, we shall be called on to pay a much larger proportion of the expenses of the state government than at present—perhaps one-half or more?

L. H. WELLS.

Heavy Blow to Republicans.

Pendleton Tribune.

The election of Dr. Harry Lane as Mayor is one of the heaviest blows that Republicans of Portland and of the state have received in many days. It is almost equal to the defeat of the Republican nominee for Governor and the indictment of Senator Mitchell and Congressmen Williamson and Hermann. Such events give great encouragement to the Democrats and increase their strength through appointments and the ability to make good their promises.

That Portland will be better governed, that a reform movement of any consequence will be instituted or carried out, is not a question that knowing ones consider. The game of politics has been played and the Democrats played it a little more skillfully in Portland than did their able antagonists. The leaders of the Democrats succeeded in drawing all the disgruntled unto themselves. They made a strong play on reform that won many votes. They "promised," and ideal promises often go farther than real deeds. The world is full of rainbow-chasers and huggers of delusions, and Portland imagination has been more than unusually at work.

But the deed is done. The facts are to be faced. The fight is not over. Next Spring is to reckon against. Portland will be a battleground. The Democrats will make a powerful effort to carry it for the state Legislative and Congressional candidates. And, encouraged by successes in Portland, Democracy throughout the state will make a great struggle for success in next June's election.

It is a disgrace to the party for such a splendid man as George H. Williams to be defeated, and the defeat is more keen because of his attainments as a citizen of the state and Nation, but the lesson is the deeper impressed.

A Song.

From the German Critic.

My Love it sweet as any flower,
And is as fresh and fair.
Her voice is rich and soft and low
Borne by a fragrance rare.
Beyond her clear and honest eyes
A constant mind doth lie;
And from her full and ruddy lips
A kiss is ecstasy.

CENTURY AFTER LEWIS & CLARK

New York Evening Post.

The opening of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland serves to remind the world how rapidly, in these days of steam and electricity, man can subdue Nature and transform a wilderness into a populous city. Orators at our various celebrations are fond of telling us that the swift growth of our American commonwealths since the invention of the railway finds no precedent in history. At Chicago, and again at St. Louis, the familiar tale of the winning of the Middle West has been rehearsed. We know how the adventurous settlers on the Atlantic seaboard topped the Appalachians and poured down, a resistless army, to the conquest of the vast alluvial plain of the Mississippi; how, within the memory of men still living, the buffalo has disappeared and a trading post on Lake Michigan has become a metropolis; how the plough was put to the corn and the wheat lands out to the very base of the Rockies. These level stretches offered slight resistance to the movement of population; to pull up stakes in order to secure richer soil a few hundred miles further on was a comparatively easy task. The barrier of the Rockies, however, has made the problem of developing the Pacific Northwest somewhat different. To reach Oregon, Washington and Idaho, to clear the dense forests on Puget Sound and along the Lower Columbia required more capital, energy, and intelligence than to drive a prairie schooner from Ohio to Iowa. For these reasons the romantic annals of that opulent country must always have a peculiar interest to students of American character and enterprise.

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The theme has attracted many American writers—from Irving in "Astoria" and Parkman in "The Oregon Trail" down to the nameless press agents of the Exposition. As yet we stand too near to see the subject in proper perspective and to treat it philosophically. When we visit Oregon and Washington, we are so stunned by the sight of their enormous resources that in forecasting the future we dare not trust our imaginations; and in reviewing the past we can hardly believe that the present development is the work of but little more than half a century. The early explorers who sailed up the Pacific Coast in the 16th century knew nothing of the interior. Captain Cook, even, was unaware of the existence of the Columbia River; Captain Robert Gray discovered it in 1792. The expedition of Lewis and Clark, which, speaking broadly, secured this territory to the United States, was one of the great achievements of Jefferson. His was the mind that planned it; upon his recommendation Congress made a special appropriation for it. In May, 1804, the party started from near St. Louis, and after almost incredible hardships reached the Pacific in November of the following year. That expedition was, as President Roosevelt has said, "the beginning of the process of exploration and colonization which thrust our National boundaries to the Pacific."

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Then came the project of John Jacob Astor to contest the supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Company and establish a chain of trading posts from the Great Lakes to the Western Ocean. In accordance with this scheme Asioria was founded in 1811. For the first fifty years after the Lewis and Clark expedition the country was little more than a hunting ground. In 1848 it was organized as a territory, and at about the same time its trade and agriculture received a sudden impetus from the discovery of gold in California. By 1859 the population was large enough to warrant statehood. Oregon remained, however, a primitive community until the transcontinental railways penetrated the mountain passes and rescued it from isolation.

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The real development has come in the short space of 36 years since the Union Pacific was carried to its junction with the Central Pacific at Ogden in 1869. The ups and downs of railway construction in Oregon, Washington and Idaho will some day be made the subject of an elaborate history. The struggle for control of strategic lines in the '70s and '80s, the driving of the last spike of the Northern Pacific in 1883, the completion of the Great Northern more than a decade later, the expansion of the Alaska trade—all these momentous incidents have been crowded into a mere span of time. In place of the straggling, half-cleared farms, tiny lumber camps, and sawmills, that only yesterday were mere specks in the forest about Puget Sound and the Lower Columbia, we have today lands under the highest cultivation, great lumbering and mining industries, large factories, substantial cities, and a commerce with the Orient that has warranted the building of the largest freight steamers afloat.

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The United States acquired the Pacific Northwest when not a soul knew its extent, its watercourses and mountain ranges, or its agricultural or mineral resources. We literally took a leap into the dark, but the venture has turned out well—beyond the most extravagant expectations even of such a sanguine statesman as Jefferson. The region, unless all signs fail, will be one of the wealthiest and most powerful in America, perhaps in the world. The purpose of the Exposition is to draw attention to these facts and to their bearing on the political and social welfare of the United States. Many of our citizens are even now almost as ignorant of the States of Washington and Oregon as was Jefferson himself. Few have any adequate conception of the large part the Northwest is already playing in our National life, or realize how great its political influence is to be in years to come. But by visiting Portland they may at least learn by ocular demonstration that in the annals of all mankind there is no more conspicuous instance of brilliant achievement in turning a savage wilderness into a glorious empire.

No Small Drawing Card.

Chicago Evening Post.

There have been larger world's fairs than that which opened at Portland amid charming and picturesque natural surroundings; but, measured by the enthusiasm with which the people of a locality or section have entered into such enterprises, the Lewis and Clark Exposition bids fair to make its mark alongside of much more pretentious undertakings of this charcater. The City of Portland always offers enough in the beauty of its natural surroundings to warrant a journey across the continent, but the energetic promoters of the Exposition naturally expect that the addition of artificial attractions on the 400 acres of Fair grounds near wooded hills and in plain view of the distant mountains will be no small drawing card for as many as can make the journey.

A June Day.

Adelia Washer in Four Track News.

The cherries are ripe in the orchard,
The wild birds are calling to me,
And out in the meadow the grasses
Are rippling like waves on the sea;
The daisies are shaking so gaily
Their white-ruffled caps in the sun,
And over the tall weeds beside me
A long silken line has been spun.

I watch it sway upward and downward,
And fancy a message so sweet
Has come to the bee, seeking honey
In blossoms not far from my feet.
I sit in a wonderful silence,
And softly o'er wires none can see
The many-toned voices of Summer
Are telling their story to me.