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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1905.

NO RIDDLES HERE.

This paragraph appears in the Salem Statesman, viz:

These Republicans who were and are still friends of Senator Mitchell are still Republicans. They must be recognized in the future as an element of the party.

Also this paragraph, viz: Republicans have much to think about in Oregon. A reorganization of their forces is necessary, but it will not be done.

All of which means, simply, that "the friends of Senator Mitchell," who hold all the offices in Oregon, must be organized in place and office, and in control and direction of the party, and that if any one not a Mitchell man, not a member of the Mitchell dynasty, should be appointed to any position or nominated for any position, it would be the signal for internecine party war.

The "Mitchell men" will not stand it, if any of them are dropped out of office, they are not to have in future, as they have now, "all the pork" and "the whole cheese."

All this from the Salem Statesman will be understood when people who feel an interest in such a matter are reminded that the Salem Statesman is the personal organ of the Collector of Customs at Portland, and reflects his views.

Collectors at other ports believe that no other man in Oregon has a right to apply for or be supported for the Collectorship at Portland, and that he controls and directs everything that it never will do.

Next day when who now hold all the offices in Oregon, continued in receipt of their offices, they are to be organized in place and office, and in control and direction of the party, and that if any one not a Mitchell man, not a member of the Mitchell dynasty, should be appointed to any position or nominated for any position, it would be the signal for internecine party war.

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that inflame men's blood to such acts as that of Ensign Alexieff and the crew sailing to death under his orders. The mutiny will be short-lived, but the fame of its ringleaders will last for centuries, for they are making history with a vengeance.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

During the past five days Portland has entertained the twenty-seventh annual session of the American Library Association. Their meetings have been marked by great earnestness, and many of the papers were very able.

The ordinary booklover a peep has been given behind the scenes of the great libraries of America. We all know the impression of orderliness, and of detail carried to the farthest point, when, on entering any of the well-known public libraries, on special information bent, the very civil attendant receives our request, finds book after book, and at once shows real interest in our quest.

More ready to apologize, as for a personal injury, if any sought-for work is not at once available. There is the finished work of the library—the book, the catalogue, and the reader. These association people have been discussing before us the steps by which this has all been wrought out, the present condition of the libraries, the art, and the possibilities of still farther improvement.

In general terms, of course, the aim of the librarian is to bring the book and the reader together. But to do this effectively the library must be well stocked and filled. Can private gifts, bequests, subscriptions, be relied on as adequate? Most states in answering this question by passing library laws, and filling and supporting the libraries by the proceeds of public taxes. The association tells us that this movement is spreading, and in the way to become universal.

But the library and its keepers have two objects. One is to collect and make available new ideas. This appears to be the chief aim of the librarian, and great advantage to the body politic. It assists and informs the seeker, and, in most instances, encourages humility by showing him how little he knows in comparison with the vast sum of gathered learning on his special subject. In this direction the help of the qualified librarian is simply invaluable. Without it the seeker is lost, and the shelves, gaining naught but disappointment.

The second great purpose of the library is to scatter common knowledge over an ever-widening field. So say the librarians, filled with the pride of their calling, and putting "knowledge" as the end and prize of reading. It is just as well to know, but to enjoy, and to exalt the marble coldness of the Goddess of Wisdom over the living, breathing, loving deity, to whom Paris, old or modern, ever yields the golden apple. The booklover is, after all, who, in his pages, finds the delightful hour of life, who so makes friends not only with the real but with the fanciful, and who, in his reading, finds while they cannot get along without the staple products of the soil, they can curtail expenses in the way of dress or manufactured products not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life.

But the Pacific Northwest has not yet reached the manufacturing stage, except in a small way, and even in that our principal manufactured product is lumber, for which there is demand that since its inception has never slackened. Our sawmills have for the past five years been running right up to their capacity, and the amount of new wealth which they have placed in circulation is enormous. From grain, hops, wool and salmon there has been a proportionately greater contribution to the per capita wealth of our people until the accumulation has become so great that there is not only money here in sufficient quantities to handle the coming grain crop, but there is also enough to finance almost any legitimate undertaking presented to our people.

This prosperity that has rendered us so rich is not the result of the wealth of the East has not yet run its course. The wheat crop now coming on in Oregon, Washington and Idaho gives promise of breaking all former records, and, with continuation of favorable weather conditions and present prices, it will add nearly \$40,000,000 to the wealth of the Pacific Northwest.

A contributing factor to the light demand for money from outside sources for crop-moving purposes is the prosperity of the farmers and the local banks throughout the country. The big crops and high prices of the past few years have placed these farmers in such independent shape financially that they no longer need to make a rush on the banks for money to sell the crop as soon as it is harvested or sold, but instead they leave the greater part of the returns for their crop on deposit in the banks. This easy financial condition last Autumn resulted in the deposits in some of the small banks in the Palouse country running up to greater sums per capita than were recorded in any other part of the country.

OUR ANTHEM AND OUR FLAG.

"The entire multitude uncovered respectfully when the American anthem was played." True, the telegram from Paris, where extraordinary honors were paid to the memory of John Paul Jones. We can learn something of good manners from the French. Somehow or other, Americans have not been taught to lift their hats when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," or, if they are seated, to rise at the first strain of the anthem. In England and in France there is spontaneous and universal tribute to that which stands for the national spirit. We are not less patriotic, less proud, less devoted, than European peoples, but we care less for form. However, when the Second Oregon seven years ago was putting down rebellion in the Philippines, and Sampson and Schley were forming that cordon around the Bay of Santiago, we did not remain seated as the first strains of Francis Key's hymn fell upon our ears, and there were many who could not resist the impulse to cheer. But in these "piping times of peace" the tendency is against any display of emotion.

Nor do we observe form toward the flag. In 1838 here at home, when men wearing the uniform of the United States Army marched the streets, we took off our hats as Old Glory went by and dropped our heads slightly forward; but after the return of General Sumner's command we soon forgot the salutation. War spirit cannot be maintained when there is no war, but we can always profit by keeping alive the National spirit. Our flag symbolizes it.

Note the lesson taught by our fellow-republicans of France. While American representatives after the lapse of a century were paying honors to an

American patriot, the French capital joined in acclamations. Multitudes of emotional people paid tribute to the emblems of another nation as well as to their own. Americans should not hesitate to make outward show of devotion to the flag, and they should be ever prompted to display respect for the National anthem.

Director Farnham, of the Panama Railroad, has returned from Europe with the information that he can buy steamships and steel rails cheaper in Europe than in the United States. There is nothing particularly new in this discovery, except that it has been made by an official of the American Government who was investigating the matter for business and not political purposes.

The price of steel rails was found to be much lower in England than in the United States, while in Germany it was lower than in England. As the United States sells large quantities of steel rails in competition with both of those countries, it is quite apparent that the trip of Mr. Farnham has resulted in smoking at least one "nigger" out of the woodpile. The Panama Canal order for steel rails will hardly be awarded to the foreigners, but if the Government stands on its rights the American manufacturers will be obliged to sell as cheaply at home as they do abroad.

EASY MONEY IN THE WEST.

The matter of securing funds for moving the crop no longer disturbs the Western bankers. To use an expression of one of the number, "The West no longer sneezes when Wall street takes snuff." It has not been so very many years since the money market was practically at the mercy of the Eastern financiers whenever crop-moving time came round. Now any uneasiness is all on the other end of the line. Wall street is not worrying over possible drains on cash reserves, which are the property of Eastern financiers; but there is a slight apprehension in some quarters over possible drains of the West for funds that are owned of the West and have been lying in the New York banks waiting the call of their owners. A portion of these funds may be needed to handle the big grain crop now coming on, and their withdrawal would be in no way dependent on the whims of the New York bankers, as it would be in the hands of the rightful owners of money for which they have up to this time had no pressing need.

The Middle West and Northwest have felt this change coming for many years, but it is only within the last half dozen years that the Pacific Northwest has become almost entirely independent of the Eastern financiers. This is due almost wholly to a steady increase in our output of staple commodities, and there is a never-failing market. The farmer, the producer and the small landowner have heretofore paid the bulk of taxes; and the capitalist, the bondholder, the stockjobber and the curbstone broker have escaped. But things are changing. Real estate no longer is required in some states to pay taxes. The power of taxation rests with the practical, and it has lately shown everywhere an inclination to even things up.

Mr. James J. Hill, who was defeated by the courts in his attempt to build up an American railroad merger, and was victorious in securing control of the debris when the said merger was smashed, is planning another coup. According to Ottawa (Can.) advices, he is uniting Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific, although the necessity for such an amalgamation is not exactly clear at this time, unless it be for the purpose of stifling the competition, which is becoming pretty warm on the western divisions of the two roads. From all reports that are trickling out from the inner circles of the big railroad camps, Mr. Hill is not yet a subject for the wake which his enemies were preparing to hold over his financial remains a short time ago.

Journalism in Turkey is attended with a certain degree of risk. New Zealand Bey, editor of the Hildmet published at Smyrna, was recently sentenced to prison for making uncomplimentary criticism of the government. It is now reported that he has been released by his keepers, who afterwards hanged the body at the door of the prison, and stated that the journalist had committed suicide. The suicide story was true to a certain degree, but its truth was on the same order as that contained in the Arizona verdict, which declared that the death of the Indian, who had been arrested at a college, was due to his being "overcome by the heat."

The plan to establish, in conjunction with the Juvenile Court, in this city, a Juvenile Aid Association, the purpose of which will be to form boys into clubs of various kinds for amusement and instruction, is worthy of development. The effect would be to break up the neighborhood "gangs" in which law-breaking is hatched, and to gather the idle boys into clubs in which the liberty of juvenile management compatible with order would be encouraged and developed. Boys are eager and animals. They will "meet." To accept and control this fact is wise. To fight against it is foolish.

George Shannon was the youngest member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. His grand-daughter, Miss Anne Shannon Monroe, is now in Portland describing the Fair for an Eastern magazine. She has written for The Oregonian "Impressions of Portland and the Fair"—an impulsive, warm-hearted yet discriminating prose poem that every Portlander will enjoy. It will be published tomorrow.

Milwaukee, Wis., has sent a bribe-taking city official to jail for eighteen months. The amount involved was only \$1500. Cheap grafters always were detestable, and juries seldom disagree when the facts in the case are plain. If Mr. Dunn, the Milwaukee victim, ever gets into bribe-taking position again, he will do well to make it thousands instead of hundreds.

The people of Odessa now have some notion of what a real Fourth of July celebration is like in a modern American city.

James B. Dill, the corporation lawyer, has left a \$300,000 practice to accept a \$2000 Judgeship. While the light holds out, etc.

Mayor Lane has found that his authority ends at the city limits. The Mayor is learning some things very fast.

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OREGON OZONE.

Hiram Hayfield's Views.

GRASS VALLEY, Or., July 7, 1906. Dear Ozone: Akkordin too my iddes there is a matche brigitation of John De Rockfeller. What's the yuse to jump on the pore fellor with both feet? Never hit a man when he's down, and partiklerly never step on him when he haint got spunk enuff left to hit back—the's what Hi Hayfield sez.

Ime powerfull sorry for Mister Rockfeller, I am. Lss weak the Grass Valley Graftest his plar, and gosh my soul! but I felt sew sorry for the pore mat that I moughty nigh saved a washin bill on my Sundry handkif by lawdrin itt with my own briny teers.

John De Rockfeller haint got no hare onto his hed—nary a hare. Tawk about billyard bowler; why, that man's hed haint got no more hare than a snowball in Hayfield. Yude think hee sew Mornm and hed as menny ewy as Brigrum Yung, and eatch and ewy wife had jess tuck and snatched himm bawli-hed.

What duth itt prophet a man to win the hole wurld and lewz his own hare? If Mr. Rockfeller ewer did stinn, dont jew rekkn he heg bin punnished twice over allreddy? Haint itt a vridgishun of Providence too lewz awt his hare thet way? Why, iff I wuz too wakk up sum morning and hee unabel too tel my hed from a petrified footbawt, Ie begin rite off too try to ricommer awt the hadd things Ie dun cents the first doller. I turned a-toin water for the men inn the over bottom hayfield at 2 bits a day and that's all.

Ie begin too sew about fur intaned munn, in thet way, and thet give the Methydis church 6 bits necks Sundry for konfusse funned.

Jess konsider how unfornitt Mister Rockfeller iz, without no hare. Hee kant never asper too be a villinist nur a Paddyroosky, fur hoo wud pay 4 dollers too god and here a bawli-hed munnishun? Hoo, I ast?

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It seems too mee that there iz nuttin left over for Mister R. The subbick of this sketche, hoo too sett down inn sak thet the ash bin and spend the rest of his days and the ballints of his inkum and his unurned inkermat a-foundin kollidges too teach the yung idee hoo too shoot sew as too hitt the doller mark and whint a bulls T on Stranded Oil stock an avrage of 4 out of 5.

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Yores fur play,  
HIRAM HAYFIELD.

P. S.—Hi Hayfield's Standard Hare Oil iz a fine thing too malk still dressin fur friend rabbit.

A Summer Idle.

Now doth the gaysome Summer girl  
The shining hour improve,  
And at the seashore take a whirl,  
Ignore convention's groove,  
And be a tomboy once again,  
To gamble with the Thomas men.

Now doth the fond papa go in  
And work and work and work,  
And gamble not ('tis now a sin),  
Nor any hardish shirk,  
That he may pile the golden hoard,  
And pay his daughter's Summer board.

Now doth the fond mamma repair  
With Ethel to the shore,  
In hope the multi-millionaire  
Her daughter may adore,  
And deem the fairest of her sex,  
And seek permission to annex.

Now doth the ribbon-count clerk  
Put on his ouling suit,  
And quit the cares that cark and trk,  
And go and shoot the chute,  
And break the breakers, hand in hand  
With Ethel on the silver strand.

The millennium surely is near at hand,  
A Boston newspaper has published the picture of a young man who took honors for intellectuality at college. Now he is the bulking college athlete, with hirsute head and knotted muscles, retire to the rear row of the bleachers. A collegian who studies books has scored. How old-fashioned 'his world is getting to be!

The Philadelphia Inquirer has published No. 122 in its series of "Poems Worth Reading." It is evident that there is no "Four Hundred" limit in the cosy circles of Pegasus.

Mr. Swatt, the Missouri farmer who named his baby Ebenezer Nicodemus Oshadin probably knows what he is doing. Say it fast—E. N. O. Swatt.

ROBERTSON LOVE  
He Knew About Nero.  
Lippincott's.

A teacher employed in one of the East Side public schools of New York City relates the following anecdote from her rich experience among the foreign children of almost every nationality under the sun.

One day she found it necessary to relate to her congregation some facts in the life of the wicked Emperor Nero.

After dwelling for a few moments upon his name and fame, she said: "Now, what child can tell me anything about this wicked man, Nero?" There was a dead silence.

"Tell me anything about him that I have told you," she continued.

"Since a few moments longer, and then a tiny hand went up from the rear of the room.

"Please, teacher," piped up the voice of a small child, "I go to know some things of that Nero."

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Now doth the gaysome Summer girl  
The shining hour improve,  
And at the seashore take a whirl,  
Ignore convention's groove,  
And be a tomboy once again,  
To gamble with the Thomas men.

Now doth the fond papa go in  
And work and work and work,  
And gamble not ('tis now a sin),  
Nor any hardish shirk,  
That he may pile the golden hoard,  
And pay his daughter's Summer board.

Now doth the fond mamma repair  
With Ethel to the shore,  
In hope the multi-millionaire  
Her daughter may adore,  
And deem the fairest of her sex,  
And seek permission to annex.

Now doth the ribbon-count clerk  
Put on his ouling suit,  
And quit the cares that cark and trk,  
And go and shoot the chute,  
And break the breakers, hand in hand  
With Ethel on the silver strand.

The millennium surely is near at hand,  
A Boston newspaper has published the picture of a young man who took honors for intellectuality at college. Now he is the bulking college athlete, with hirsute head and knotted muscles, retire to the rear row of the bleachers. A collegian who studies books has scored. How old-fashioned 'his world is getting to be!

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