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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

The Chamber of Commerce of Portland, in its address to President Roosevelt, in favor of the admission of a limited number of Chinese laborers during the next ten years, puts forth a number of statements and arguments which may not be disputed—namely, that in our Pacific States there is work that ought to be done which our own working people will not do; that development of the country lags because there is lack of people to do this work, and that white labor would not be injured, but benefited rather, by the introduction of Chinese labor that would do it.

But while these arguments contain much that is sound and true, exceptions may be taken to them, nevertheless. For it is true that Chinese would to some extent push our own workers out of employment, or cause here and there reduction of wages. Chinese would swarm into innumerable occupations in which white workers now to some extent engage, and white workers would feel that they were being crowded out. It would be useless to tell them that development of the country through labor in its lower forms, supplied by Chinese, would certainly open new opportunities for white labor in higher forms and with better pay. They would not believe it.

To reopen the gates to the Chinese would, beyond doubt or question, give rise quickly to renewal of the war upon the Chinese which convulsed our Pacific States twenty to twenty-five years ago. Our working people will not have the gates reopened, or even partially reopened; and it is useless to talk about it. They will not have it. And they have votes enough to prevent it, or to retire from Congress or other positions in public life, all persons who would advocate it.

Undoubtedly, if we should let half a million Chinese laborers into our Pacific States, we should get a deal of useful work out of them, that will long go undone. But we should have stormy protest from our own working people, political and social turmoil, anti-Chinese meetings, renewal in intensified forms of all the features of the former war upon the Chinese and upon their employers. No matter whether the protest were altogether rational or not—we should have it.

But we shall not have it, for the law which excludes Chinese laborers will not be repealed, nor modified even to the extent suggested by the Portland Chamber of Commerce. The address to the President is a mistake. There can be no valid objection to admission of merchants, travelers and students; but laborers will not be admitted, even though the country might find them of great service in many ways. We would better let development go slow than introduce this source of trouble into the country.

NEW PENNSYLVANIA BOSS.

Senator Knox has just made a visit at Oyster Bay of "profound personal and political concern to President Roosevelt." So the news accounts say. The exact purpose of the Pennsylvania Senator's visit may easily be imagined. It was to discuss the great political upheaval in Pennsylvania. Events of moment have happened in that rich, corrupt and discontented state during the past three months. The remarkable revolt of Mayor Weaver against the powerful Republican organization started it all. Israel W. Durham, the Philadelphia boss, has been overthrown. Senator Penrose, the weak and inefficient successor of Boss Quay, has gone into eclipse. The Republican machine, both state and city, has gone to pieces, and the party is looking for a new leader.

Senator Knox expects to step into the shoes occupied in succession by Simon Cameron, Tom Scott, Don Cameron, Matthew Quay and Boies Penrose. He will assemble, if he can, the fragments of the disorganized and discomfited ring, and himself dominate hereafter the Republican party of that state. Senator Knox has the special friendship of H. C. Frick, and he undoubtedly has the moral support of the President. If he is able to gain control of the party in Pennsylvania, it is to be supposed that he will elevate politics there to a plane never yet attained. Knox is an honest man. He has been a corporation lawyer, but he is known to be independent, resourceful, aggressive and fair. The corporations will not fight him. The people as a whole like him. He will find no enemies in Pennsylvania except the adherents of the old Quay-Penrose gang, who are in politics for all there is in it and who purpose not to be driven out if they can help it. But they are badly on the defensive, and their power is gone. Better days are in store for Pennsylvania.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Yale is shocked. It takes a good deal to shock your up-to-date university. The twentieth century alma mater, in her tough benignity, can overlook amazing obliquities in a rich alumnus and more amazing ones in an alumnus who is not only rich but filially beneficent; but Mr. Depew is a little too much even for Yale. In the throes of digesting her recent putrescent million from Rockefeller, Yale does not feel quite equal to keeping Mr. Depew under her ancient and respectable skirts any longer. He must hie him forth from the dignified shelter of her corporation chamber, and face, not a frowning, but a smiling, world. For the world cannot frown at Mr. Depew; it cannot take even his sins seriously. There is something gently ludicrous about his graft of $25,000 a year upon the forlorn Equitable Life which disarms the critic. It is very much as if some cherub had been caught safecracking. We read his confession of getting a swindling loan from the Equitable of a quarter of a million upon property worth only half as much, and try hard to burn with righteous indignation. It is in vain. No one can burn with indignation against Mr. Depew. He is a sort of flabby moral prism which dissolves the hottest wrath into smiles. He is a promontory of spiritual mush and molasses from which the loftiest ethical billows return in sweetened wavelets. It is not credible that Yale is half as angry at him as she pretends. Can it be possible that she is making a scapegoat of her venerable son?

Mr. Depew is 70 years old; and pretty nearly all those years have been filled with activities which he thinks enormously important. Readers of his speeches know what a delight it is to him to tell what he has done and how exemplarily he has done it. Above all things, he loves to pose as a type of the successful American before a Young Men's Christian Association. And his joy in himself is not ill-grounded.

Mr. Depew has achieved what in any other man would be called brilliant success. He is an orator, and, queer as the statement undoubtedly sounds, his speeches are not silly. A very careful reader may even, here and there, come across a sentence which sounds as if a statesman had thought it out. Further research will generally show that Mr. Depew was not the statesman, but the speech sounds just as well as if he were. His style is what Elizabeth, of the German Garden, calls stodgy—a sort of literary pork and beans; his discourse is singularly barren of anything like vivacity or humor; but there are opinions which do not lack sense. Mr. Depew thinks, for example, that the President of the United States should be ineligible for a second term and should have a pension for life. These views are sound, and none the less so because Mr. Depew only echoes them. In 1888 he remarked in an oration that "the political mission of the United States is purely internal." If he changed his mind about this later, he was one of a numerous company, and he had the advantage of having less to change than most of the others.

Mr. Depew began his political career in the Assembly of New York. He ends it in the United States Senate, and there are few dignities between those extremes which he has not enjoyed. He was even though of for President in 1888, and received ninety-nine votes in the Chicago Republican Convention. There is no record of any useful act which Mr. Depew has done as a politician or any measure for the public good which he has advocated; but, on the other hand, he has kept out of jail. Whether this is to be taken as evidence of luck or ability need not be decided; it is not evidence of patriotism, for Mr. Depew has never made the least pretense of holding his offices for any other purpose than to promote the interests of his railroads. His betrayal of the public has been bland, ingenuous and consistent.

Through all these oratorical and political adventures and throughout his remarkable career as a railroad president—betrayer of the people, violator of official oaths, grafter, manipulator of shady deals—no one has ever dared to question Mr. Depew's fervent and intrepid piety.

"I believe in the Old Testament and the New Testament precisely as they are presented by Christianity," says this admirable confessor. Surely here is one man, in a backsliding age, not ashamed to own his Lord; and what a comfort and inspiration he is to all the rest of us! Not only of his Lord is Mr. Depew not ashamed; he glories also in a good, old-fashioned devil. "Some people don't believe in a personal devil," he says in one of his most comforting discourses; "I do. He is one of the most agreeable fellows I know." Doubtless the esteem is mutual.

Such are the character, the achievements and the religious convictions of the man whom the corporation of Yale University threatens to disown. A wondering world asks why. Not long after entering upon his high office, President Hadley remarked, touching dishonesty in public life, that the way to end it was to treat those thieves like other thieves. The remark was so wise and so obviously true that no one believed he could mean it. Nor has he since done anything to show that he did mean it. The acceptance of Rockefeller's million seemed to indicate that President Hadley had forgotten what he said in the early freshness of his great position. It was suggested by a chuckling admirer of President Harper, of Chicago University, that that distinguished and foxy pedagogue had taken advantage of his rival's lapse of memory to effect a neat bit of strategy.

The odor of kerosene is very strong, as everybody knows, around Chicago University. So strong that students have gone to Yale rather than breathe it. Suppose one should manage to pour a little kerosene over Yale, then? Would it not beautifully advance the cause of education? President Harper thought so. He whispered his thought to the great source of all good; and behold the golden rain descending upon Yale, which put up no umbrella. Indeed Yale set out every one of her tubs and caught the million, smell and all. The deodorizing could come later. President Harper smiled. Yale was now as bad as Chicago. But he smiled too soon. Yale had a Depew to fumigate with; an oily, combustible, useless Depew, not very rich, no longer very influential, and very, very shocking; just the lamb for an effectual but not too expensive sacrifice. So up goes the voluble Chauncey in smoke, and when the fumes of the offering have cleared away, not "Araby the blest" will smell sweeter than she. Tally one for Yale.

PURE FOOD.

It was a kindly philosopher who embodied his wisdom in the aphorism "Keep away from the kitchen." What is to be seen and learned there is far from lovely. Ignorance of it is more appetizing than knowledge. Still, great men have not been wanting who made much of the delectable art of nourishing the human body. The younger Dumas valued his cabbage soup above his novels. Cookery, as commonly practiced, is the art of spoiling food. The art of poisoning it is applied before it comes to the kitchen. The stuff that is put into our baking powder, vinegar, coffee, sugar, butter, milk, pretty nearly everything we eat or drink, we do not call poison. It kills us just the same, but we elegantly name it "adulteration."

It is curious to think how many people there are engaged in the daily occupation of slowly poisoning their fellow-citizens and making money enough by it to support their families decently and contribute something for the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands. Slow murder may now be classed among the refined vocations, perhaps, and still the Pure Food Commission finds it objectionable. R. M. Allen, secretary of the convention, thinks he has found a way to stop it altogether, and his way is very easy to follow. A label, so he thinks, stating exactly what was inside the package labeled, would solve the problem. Very likely it would, if labels could be induced to display so much frankness. Nobody would put poison into food, if he had to announce the fact to the public. Nobody would buy poisoned food if he knew it.

The difficulty would be to maintain the veracity of the label; but a law to confiscate and destroy all food in the market falsely labeled might accomplish something. Such a law would require an elaborate and expensive system of inspection, but no more so than any other pure-food law; while its enforcement would be exceedingly simple. The food itself would furnish all the evidence required; no question of ownership or personal responsibility would come in to complicate the case. The application of the law would begin and end with the guilty parcel.

Such a law, decently administered, ought to work well. It is worth a fair trial, but the political influence which has blighted all really effective legislation for pure food in the past is not likely to admit this if it can be prevented.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

The change from Bigelow the banker, living in a luxury that requires millions to purchase, to Bigelow the convict, tottering to his grave in convict stripes, is not a pleasant spectacle. It should serve as a warning to the many individuals who regard too lightly other people's money. This is a swift age we are living in, and the disciples of high finance are turning their tricks with such alarming frequency that new records for swindling are continually being made. For that reason Bigelow might have passed out of public mind had his embezzlement not been on such a colossal scale that the shock did not wear off before Banker Devlin trailed in with another violent breach of public confidence, and was in turn closely followed by Banker Lewis, of St. Louis and other points throughout the country.

So far as appears by advices to date, neither of these two latest candidates for public notice is liable to meet the punishment laid on the shoulders of Bigelow, but in a degree their crime does not materially differ from that which made the Milwaukee banker "famous for his infamy." It will never be known whether Devlin was lucky or unlucky in having his methods exposed before it was too late. Had the gigantic enterprises which he was financing with other people's money been carried through to a successful termination, the world might never have been aware of the close call that the owners of that money experienced. On the other hand, had Mr. Devlin kept his unlawful proceeding under cover until reverses forced him into the same financial depths sounded by Bigelow, he also would in all probability have ended his days in a convict's cell.

For this reason, paradoxical as it may seem, Devlin was lucky in reaching the end of his tether without doing any more damage than has already been charged up against him. The light regard in which he held the law or the rights of other people is reflected in the details of his assets and liabilities. Overshadowing all other items is a loan of $1,200,000 which he secured from his First National Bank of Topeka. As the capital stock of that bank was but $300,000 and the National banking act says quite explicitly that "the total liabilities to any association of any person or of any company, corporation or firm for money borrowed, shall at no time exceed one-tenth part of the amount of the capital stock of such association actually paid in," this was most flagrant violation of the Federal law. In thus breaking the law he placed in jeopardy practically all of the deposits held by the bank, as those deposits amounted to but little more than $1,200,000.

These depositors placed their funds in the keeping of Mr. Devlin's bank because they regarded it as a safe institution, and had any other individual or number of individuals appealed to the bank for the use of twelve-thirteenths of all of the money on deposit in the bank, the appeal would have been turned down immediately. But Mr. Devlin, with no more regard for the rights of the depositors of his bank than that held by the man who takes his employer's money to the racetrack instead of the depository to which he has been sent, loaned himself this vast sum on such insufficient security that the moment a breath of suspicion struck his financial cardhouse it tumbled in ruins.

Lewis, the St. Louis high financier now in the toils, seems to have had a similar contempt for the rights of the unfortunate dupes who supplied him with money for financing his private schemes. Among the items on his list of loans is one of $797,788 to a real estate company of which he was president and principal owner, and $380,000 to the Lewis Publishing Company. Many of the remaining loan items were directly and indirectly traceable to Lewis, and to all intents and purposes the Peope's United States Bank was merely a trap for catching funds to be used by Lewis in carrying on his wildcat schemes.

The highwayman who holds up his victims at the point of a gun is only a mild sort of a nuisance in comparison with these financial highwaymen of the Bigelow-Devlin-Lewis stripe, who rob, or attempt to rob, hundreds of people with their "frenzied finance" schemes. The most unfortunate feature of the evil lies in the distinction that seems to be made between the highwayman with a gun and his fellow-craftsman with the bank. The former is nearly always sent to the penitentiary, the latter nearly always escapes the punishment he so richly deserves.

The discussion of a site for the new High School building on the East Side simmered down comes to a question of ways and means. The district owns the site in close proximity to the Hawthorne School. It does not own the site which is urged in place of this one, and the owner, holding to the not uncommon idea that the close proximity of a school building damages residence property, will demand what is practically a prohibitive price for the coveted blocks. As plainly stated by Director Beach: "The School Board has no authority to spend money in excess of that provided by the taxpayers." The sum of $100,000 was voted for a new High School building, the site to which objection is made being already an asset of the district. It would require an additional $30,000 to procure the site urged as an ideal one for the purpose. Where is this money to come from at this time? Neither Director Wittenberg, Miss Florence Kelley, of New York, nor Mrs. Millie R. Trumbull, of the State Child Labor Commission, offers a solution, to this question. It is clear that the construction of the much-needed building must either be delayed, practically another year, until the taxpayers can be heard from in due course of law and time, or construction must proceed upon the site already designated. These are facts which theories will not answer.

A young man and young woman of Eugene scouted the wisdom that counsels first cousins, for the sake of posterity, not to intermarry. Eluding parental vigilance, they hied them to San Francisco and thence out to sea, where the captain of the vessel performed the marriage ceremony for them. So endeth the first chapter. Let us hope that one later on in their life history will not verify the fears of those who, when such a marriage is contemplated, seek to prevent it in the interest of offspring. Not all consanguineous marriages prove disastrous in this way, but statistics show that many of them do, and in the common estimate the menace hangs over all. Many states, for reasons presented by the history of the defective in their charitable institutions, prohibit the marriages of first cousins. Very brave or very inconsiderate must be those who defy these warnings of prudence and experience.

Official life in Russia carries with it grave responsibilities and dangers. The ever-present knowledge that the bomb of the assassin may cut short the life of the official is not conducive to peace of mind, and an even greater disturber is the apparent hopelessness and impossibility of placating the bombthrowers. The Grand Duke Sergius fell a victim to the avengers, because he would have no audience with them. Now Count Shuvaloff has been assassinated because he was too free in granting audiences and hearing petitions from all classes of people. Russian history has been written in blood for generations, but the particular chapters that are now being made will live as the bloodiest of any in the story. If there is truth in the saying that "the darkest hour is just before dawn," there is certainly a dawning for Russia near at hand.

Dr. John Welch, whose death occurred at his home on the East Side a few days ago, had been for many years one of the substantial, dependable citizens of the state. He came to Oregon in 1863, a poor man, but carefully trained in the profession of dentistry. Through application to his work, and by open, honest but correct business methods he acquired a modest fortune. In addition to this he brought up a large family and gave the ready hand of philanthropy to many who were struggling against adverse circumstances and who were not so well equipped by nature as himself to overcome obstacles unaided. His record of over forty years in Oregon is one of good citizenship and of honorable endeavor along lines early chosen and persistently followed.

A star pitcher suing a league president for damages to his reputation is a real novelty in a much-advertised sport. If "Skel" Roach gets a verdict against Lucas, he will establish the precedent that players have some rights a manager is bound to respect.

A year ago no small number of knockers declared that Portland lacked hotel accommodations. We are now taking care of about 15,000 visitors a day. Has any one heard of people walking the streets at night because they can't find beds?

Mrs. Oelrichs, of the Newport colony, has lost by theft a diamond tiara worth $10,000. Is it possible that for the sake of publicity the 400 have taken up methods discarded by actresses years ago?

While Mayor Lane is about it, let him order boxes removed from sidewalks also. Just now we need all the natural room we have for our own pedestrians and for visitors.

In view of the disclosures connecting Chauncey M. Depew with certain transactions of the Equitable, it may be said once more that no man's fame is safe until after he is dead.

Portland today has as a guest the distinguished Ohioan who declined a $100,000 job in order to run for Governor again.

Perhaps it was all one of Senator Depew's little jokes. Then perhaps not.

OREGON OZONE.

The Queen of Coos.

The dispenser of Oregon Ozone is not much of a ladies' man, if the reader will pardon a personal allusion, but he surely wants to meet the remarkable young woman described by the Coos Bay Harbor, of North Bend, Or., as the top-notcher in the Harbor's recent contest for the purpose of sending a few star beauties to the Lewis and Clark Exposition. She is coming, we understand, next Saturday, the 15th inst. Speed the day! If this is the sort they have in Coos Bay, let them send us such Hebes and Helens, Penelopes and any other sort of Greek goddesses that may appear in the back of the dictionary and in Coos County, Or., by the bunch:

Miss —— has a great reputation for beauty and richly deserves it. She is only a slip of a girl as yet, well entered in her teens. She is tall for one so slender (truly?), five feet three and one-half inches and weighs 118 pounds. Her hair is brown-black and her eyes a warm brown. She looks at you with drooping head from under long lashes and her eyes are soft as a young fawn's. Her cheeks are like red roses and in either one is a little dimple. Her chin and nose and mouth are finely chiseled, beautiful as a sculptor's model. The sweetness of her charm is her simplicity. Miss ——'s visit to the World's Fair will be the first time she has ever been away from Coos County. She has a simple, trusting disposition. She is a child of nature, wholly unspoiled as yet. She is not fluent in her converse, but honest and straightforward. She knows none of the arts by which people in society conceal their true feelings. (Please God, may she never learn.) Miss —— is unschooled, but she is young and her life is before her. She can make it what she wills. She has not that fault so common to the young, a doubting cynicism and a cruel sarcasm. She has a charming manner, and her air is one of confidence. The writer never saw Miss —— but twice, once at a distance, and again last May, when he called at her home near Sumner. On that last occasion she was out in the barnyard helping with the evening's milking. She is a pretty little milkmaid, and that is about the sum of her existence.

Ah-h-h-h! There is something truly catching about that description. It sails into the Harbor in double-leaded, triple-plated, quadruple glory like the triumphal barge of Cleopatra under full sail, sweeping across the front page like the aurora borealis in the land of the midnight sun. The man who could write that sort of thing after having seen the subject but twice—and once at a distance—is an artist, and we bow before him, we kowtow, we salaam, we kiss the grassy sward of Coos. Let us but behold her once, even at a distance. Let us stand afar off and be immersed, soused, drowned in the madness of that melting vision! We doubt not that the girl who got 42,120 votes deserved a million. Let her come to the Fair on Saturday, which is Joaquin Miller day, and let the Poet of the Sierras be presented to the Queen of Coos. Then will he cease to celebrate in his song the glories of Oregon mountains, cease to sing of the Sierras and the sundown seas, and tune his lyre to loftier lilts in praise of this glorious girl, who would have given Homer inspiration for Iliads, made John Keats impervious to the darts of early death, and caused Swinburne to flash from the fiery summits of immortal song a more scintillant message to the ages. Queen of Coos, Come!

A Happy Thought.

"The other day," said the Morrison-street man, "I put a handful of matches in my pocket, from a match-holder hanging by the door, and was happy in the thought that for once I would have enough matches to run me for the day. You know I'm a constant smoker."

"Yes?"

"And when I got to my office, up on the eighth floor, I found that those confounded matches were the kind that won't strike unless you scratch them on the side of the box in which they come. Now wouldn't that smoke you out?"

"You would have been all right if you had known that you can strike matches of that kind on a pane of glass," said the Washington-street man.

"Is that so?" the constant smoker ejaculated, eagerly. "Good! Hereafter I'll just carry a window pane along with me."

The Funston family is keeping up its reputation for fighting qualities. The father of General Fred was arrested in Kansas, the other day, for expressing his opinions, and he resisted the policeman so forcibly that he had to be strapped to his buggy and hauled to the station. The officer averred that Mr. Funston came to town armed with a Winchester and a revolver, and bought cartridges enough to carpet the bottom of his buggy. The sort of spirit that swims rivers with swords in its teeth, under a galling fire, seems to be retroactive.

A bronze factory in Butte, owned by Senator W. A. Clark, has the contract for turning out a monument to Marcus Daly, who was Clark's most bitter opponent. Fortune's wheel makes strange turns, but none stranger than this.

Down in Southern California a man who makes a living by having himself buried alive for two days and charging 10 cents' admission to see his grave, has committed a sad breach of decorum. It appears that he took a flask of whisky with him into the solemn tomb, imbibed too freely thereof, got drunk and tried to paint the inside of his coffin a carmine hue, and in his efforts disconnected the tube which furnished air for his lungs. When dug up he was just about to breathe his last. One should not indulge in such hilarity in such a grave situation.

"An effort is being made," says the Los Angeles Times, "to have a time-ball erected at the harbor of San Pedro. At the present time there are only two time-balls on the Pacific Coast." We do not know what a time-ball is, but we venture the opinion that it is high time that the number of highballs on the Pacific Coast be diminished. Down with the highballs!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

THE STORK'S AID-DE-CAMP.

Reprinted by request from The Oregonian of Oct. 1, 1905.

SOMEBODY—Sept. 27, to the wife of A. B. Somebody, on the something farm in Patton Valley, a daughter, the parents of whom are the best pleased couple in that section. Dr. C. L. Large attending.—Classified dawff

In Patton Valley when the stork
From Heaven is near arriving,
You see the farmer hitch his team
And see him madly driving;
He's off post haste to catch the Doc,
Whose work is never ending,
And soon we read a child is born,
With Dr. Large attending.

The people think no child of theirs,
A son or eke a daughter,
Can enter in this vale of tears,
Exactly as it oughter,
Unless the little notice reads:
"The mother is duly mending,
And pop is glad he got his kid,
With Dr. Large attending."

And when the great millenium comes,
To bring us joy unending,
I'll bet the world is born again,
With Dr. Large attending.

LETTERS ON IMPORTANT TOPICS.

Fraternal Insurance and the Necessity of Legislative Action—Direct Primaries and the Voter—Sunday and the Fair.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., July 9.—(To the Editor.)—About four years ago I wrote an article for your columns calling attention to the inadequacy of the rates for life insurance then in force among the fraternal insurance societies, and predicting that the day was at hand when the older societies would be compelled to advance rates or go to the wall.

Since that writing, which attracted considerable attention, nearly all the older orders have advanced rates materially, and some of the younger, wiser than the rest, have done the same.

The eldest in this country, the A. O. U. W., put itself on rates prepared by one of the first actuaries in the country; the K. O. T. M., a younger order, made a decided advance, and now the Royal Arcanum has followed the lead of the A. O. U. W. very closely, and the Woodmen of the World have authorized their head consul to employ actuaries to report to their next head camp session adequate rates.

The importance of these moves in the right direction cannot be overestimated, for fraternal insurance has grown to proportions only slightly short of regular life insurance. The monthly payments and the low expense ratio, possible by the lodge system, has placed insurance within the reach of the classes who need it the most, the men who toil in the shops, in stores and on the farms.

The change noted above has not been brought about without much discord, and large loss of the less thoughtful members, who cannot understand that societies, organized with only comparatively young men, must have a constantly increasing death rate, as the number of old men in the ranks increases. Happily, the number of men who have seen the necessity for the change has been large enough to prevent the failure of any of the larger orders.

The trouble in the old-line companies have emphasized the necessity for the fraternals to guard their reserves with a jealous care. From reports just at hand, I note that the A. O. U. W., with only half their membership on the new rates, accumulated over $1,000,000 in a year, besides paying off about that amount of accrued indebtedness. It is true that a very considerable proportion of this was loaned to the members on their policies, and the provisions for the safeguarding of the funds seem perfect, yet forewarned by the experience of others, if there are any loopholes, they should be closed promptly.

In the letter referred to, I suggested the necessity for state legislation for fraternal insurance. Such a law was passed at the last session of the Legislature, and while it was far from being perfect, it seemed to me to be a step in the right direction, in that it prevented the organization of new societies on manifestly inadequate rates. Its verbiage was not clear, and was capable of double interpretation, as was clear to all who heard the discussion on its passage. The Governor, in vetoing it, placed a different construction on some of its provisions from those who secured its passage. By the next session a law should be prepared and fully discussed beforehand, which shall at least safeguard the following points: Minimum rates for mortuary proportion; filing complete reports, annually, with the state, showing membership statistics; rates, changes in rates, valuation on a 4 per cent basis, amounts of receipts and disbursements, investments and their nature, and the State Commission should have authority to proceed against any society failing to comply with the provisions of the law.

You will note that I have not made valuation a basis for permission to do business. As these are mutual associations and as their plans vary materially, solvency cannot be determined on the same lines that are used for old-line companies. Again, the enormous surpluses and reserve accumulations of the old-line companies indicate that the rules used in their government need revision.

The publication of the statistics will have a beneficial effect, for a society shown to have a great and growing deficiency of funds for future needs will be open to suspicion, and will soon be unable to compete with those showing a better financial condition.

Already the change in sentiment among every-day people in regard to insurance is becoming apparent. The only question for years seemed to be, "How cheap are the rates?" This is being replaced with "How safe is the order?"

C. C. HOGUE.

WHY NOT A CONVENTION?

Suggestion for Guidance of the Primary Voter.

PORTLAND, July 11.—(To the Editor.)—Our next general election will be held under the new primary law and every person who aspires to office will have the privilege of circulating a petition and getting his name on the primary ballot. The Utopian dreams of the reformers will have come to pass. Perhaps. The man who is best known will have a long lead in the primary race though a better qualified and better man may be in the running. A plurality will nominate, and the unfortunate person who receives a plurality of the vote cast, which may be but a small proportion of the party vote, will be entitled to go on the official ballot as the party standard-bearer. It occurs to me that there is danger of naming the wrong man and some measure should be taken to give direction to the party. Why would it not be advisable to call a convention in the good old-fashioned way and recommend candidates for the consideration of the voters, and a candidate required to receive a majority of the convention.

Of course it will be urged that such a convention is likely to be dominated by the bosses. That is true, but the primary law will give the mass of the voters the right to appeal from the action of the convention and confirm or set it aside before the general election. If the last state convention had been merely a recommending convention the result in the party would have centered on some other man than the nominee for Governor when the primaries occurred and we should not now have a Democratic Governor. After all the candidates before a convention are good men whom the members could cordially support even if they lost their favorite, but when a nominee is forced upon the party in the face of a large and determined protest there is going to be trouble.

A convention is necessary to frame a platform and declaration of pdinciples. Why may not that convention recommend for the consideration of the members of the party a list of candidates?

Parties are maintained for the furtherance of policies of Government believed to be for the best interests of all the people. How is the party organization to be preserved without representative party councils? VIDI.

WHY NOT A HALF HOLIDAY?

How the W. C. T. U Would Solve One Sunday Problem.

HEADQUARTERS W. C. T. U., Portland, July 13.—(To the Editor.)—Having read with deepest interest all that has been said pro and con on the question of "open amusements at the Fair," we beg leave to offer a suggestion.

It would seem that the chief argument in favor of an open Trail is that the laboring class cannot otherwise have the pleasure of attending these places. This was the main argument in asking for the open gate. Now, of course, the working man or woman desiring to visit the Fair surely want to go when all is in active operation. They all wish to see all "the wheels go round."

In face of this fact, why not unite in work to bring this about, not on the Lord's day, commonly called the Sabbath, but to appeal to employers, business houses, etc., for a Saturday half-holiday, then appeal to the Exposition management for a lower rate of admission on Saturday; then the laboring men and women could "do the Fair" when the machinery and all was in active operation.

Saturday half-holidays are now almost universally observed in Eastern cities. Shall the great and beautiful Rose City, "where rolls the Oregon," be behind in this progressive step? This half-holiday innovation is a well-established custom in older countries.

And would not the half-holiday plan be the most sane and delightful way out of the much-debated question of an open Sabbath? Let us set about educating public sentiment to bring this about.

L. H. ADDITON.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S JOKE.

Makes College President Swallow His Own Plan.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

It was while speaking at Denver in January, 1900, that President Hadley, of Yale, brought forward his famous remedy of social ostracism for trust abuses. He did not think much of legislative remedies. He believed that a proper and healthy public sentiment, acting by itself, would be more effective, and said: "When it is understood that a man who does certain things cannot associate with his fellow-men, it will penetrate deeply into the social organism." Later on he said, by way of explanation: "Social ostracism will serve as a remedy for any public evil. It is, in fact, the only effective remedy. It applies to evils connected with trusts in the same way that it does to any other form of commercial wrong."

President Hadley was evidently still holding the same views when, a few weeks later, he spoke in Boston, saying, among other things: "We shall have an emperor in Washington within 25 years unless we can create a public sentiment which, regardless of legislation, will regulate the trusts." This utterance also underwent explanation later on, but without changing the sense as it was understood by most readers.

Truth compels the statement that few people regarded the Hadley remedy for trust evils as practicable or entitled to serious consideration as a finality. But no one anticipated that Professor Hadley himself would be the one most conspicuously to cover his remedy with ridicule.

Accounts of the Yale alumni meeting of Wednesday say that four times in the course of President Hadley's announcement of the Rockefeller gift of $1,000,000 did the entire audience "cheer" and "yell" and "roar" its approving enthusiasm. Had Mr. Rockefeller himself been present, what would have happened? Refusal of a seat on the platform? The cold shoulder everywhere? Yet if his methods may properly be condoned what are the methods related to the aggrandizement of the syndicated wealth which call for social ostracism of the author?

One is almost forced to the belief that Mr. Rockefeller deliberately laid a trap for President Hadley, which he proceeded straightway to fall into. He is a man, we believe, not wholly devoid of a sense of humor, and it might easily be worth a million in his case to see Dr. Hadley publicly swallow his own plan of meeting the menace of the trusts. It was a great joke and worked to a charm.

The Jumping-Jack Soldier.

Toledo Blade.

General Weyler has been made Secretary of War in the Spanish Cabinet. Remember Weyler? He is the man who, once upon a time was going to lick Uncle Sam.

Vain Hope Rudely Dispelled.

Chicago Tribune.

The landgrabbers' hope that Secretary Hitchcock would be a good fellow has been rudely dispelled.

PAUL JONES' BODY.

Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was certain, when the quest for the body of John Paul Jones, instituted by General Horace Porter, was rewarded with success, that doubt would be cast upon the genuineness of the find.

Human nature is whimsical alike in its credulity and in its skepticism. Sometimes it will pursue a fake, sometimes resist a fact, with a pertinacity little short of ridiculous. There are people who believe that John Wilkes Booth was not killed by Boston Corbett, but that he made good his escape and lived many years after; yet they surmise in the very nature of the case—to say nothing about the proof to the contrary—does not admit of reasonable conjecture, even of intelligent discussion.

That the body of a man dead 1[illegible] years and exhumed from an unmarked grave—no matter what the identification—should be received without question by a public 3000 miles away was not to be expected. In the first place the sensation newspapers, committed with each issue to as many surprises as may be found or fabricated, would not permit it, and outside the newspapers, of course, the "doubting Thomas" is perennial and always around. It is fortunate, therefore, that General Porter has his evidence in such perfect shape and that it is so abundant and absolute. Only a man of his orderly method, his trained deliberation and skill, his tenacity and sincerity of purpose, could have worked to such a conclusion a task so arduous and intricate.

Editor Patterson's Venture.

Independence Enterprise.

The Oregonian is a little unkind to H. L. L. Patterson, a recent acquisition to journalistic fraternity. Mr. Patterson holding down the position of Collector of Customs for the Port of Portland, naturally felt a little timidity toward plunging suddenly into the field of newspaper endeavor, to be assigned a place among the more experienced. Mr. Patterson attempted once before to embark in the newspaper business with others by acquiring stock in the Salem Capital Journal. The venture was unsuccessful. Associated with such veterans as E. Hofer, George W. Davis, Brother Patterson never had a fair show, and failed. At the time, Brother Patterson chose the Salem Statesman as a medium through which to express himself, and profiting by experience with the Journal, did not buy stock outright. Another method of acquiring control was adopted, and The Oregonian should have known it was not intended that the names of the publishers should be announced at this time.

Profitable Use of a Great Name.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

There is a disposition to moralize on the fact that the son of the author of "Scarlet Letter" is writing physical nature articles for a yellow journal. But if it comes to "mere lucre," the chances are that Hearst pays Julian much more than the public paid Nathaniel.