

## The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1905.

## LET US SEE.

The Oregonian is in some doubt whether it ought to print the following, written and signed by E. K. Faucett, of Medford, Or.; but it hazards the publication, viz:

It would be more fitting a paper occupying the high position held by your paper to refrain from glorifying in the downfall of a man who has done as much for his state as Senator Mitchell has done for Oregon, and more especially when this downfall was caused by the personal enmity of another man high in office and by the traitorous conduct of Senator Mitchell may be guilty of the crime of which he is accused; but where is the man who has not committed public misdemeanors equally as great and heinous as Senator Mitchell? If there be one, it is not because of his high honor, but because he has not been tempted. Many of your readers scattered over this broad state of ours hold the opinion here expressed.

The personality of Senator Mitchell makes it a painful subject, and The Oregonian will not dwell upon it. But it is incumbent on The Oregonian to say of the subject contained in the above statement:

First, however, it will say that it has not "gloried" at all "in the downfall" of Senator Mitchell. It is a newspaper and has published the testimony; but it has refrained from comment. It could have said much; but it felt that since it has been a critic of Mr. Mitchell during a great part of his career, it might be censured, if it had commented on or misrepresented. So The Oregonian has left it to others to make the comment and to point the moral.

Mr. Mitchell, during his long career in the Senate, has certainly been an active and industrious man. Much of his work, however, has been done for individuals; very little for the state. He has attached multitudes to himself by the industry with which he has pressed his claims of all sorts upon the Government; as he pressed these upon the Government as he pressed these upon the people. This activity on his part, in behalf of so many who have sought his assistance for their private interests—not "his work for his state"—has been always the real source of his strength and the main source of his popularity. He has been an indefatigable worker for private interests, against the Government explains both his career and his fall.

But it is the justification attempted by Mr. Faucett that demands attention. "Senator Mitchell," he says, "may be guilty; but where is the Senator who has not committed public misdemeanors equally as great or greater?" There are some who would say that there are no standards of morals in such a matter. Yet if every Senator did the like, would that make the practice any better? Rather, wouldn't it make it worse? As an ethical argument, this is too weak for consideration. Yet the spirit of it is widely prevalent. From a multitude of sources the excuse comes, "They all do it." "Why is it equivalent to saying that the man who steals is as good as right?" Medford, makes a serious mistake. He should subject his opinions to a careful review.

## WHY THEY SUBSCRIBED.

The world breathes freely once more. It knows who subscribed for "Fads and Fancies." Could we now, by some hook or crook, find out what William said to Nicholas, life would have little more to offer. Strange as it may appear, the subscribers to the great literary work to be published by Town Topics are not all fools. Some of them have not been hitherto known as cowards, either. A fool would subscribe for "Fads and Fancies" because he is a fool; his case needs no remark. A coward would subscribe because he dreads exposure. But why should Mr. Thomas W. Lawson subscribe? His advice to the people of America to smash the trusts would be published by Town Topics and then at panic prices resues him permanently from the category of fools. His

monthly scandalous shows that he is no coward. It is possible that a man of Mr. Lawson's lofty and unimpaired virtue save \$1500 for a copy of "Fads and Fancies" because he wished to see his noble countenance pictured side by side with Perry Belmont's, Mr. Harriman's and Charles M. Schwab's? Heaven forbid! Those gentlemen are all members of the "System" which Mr. Lawson despises and abhors. Moreover, aspirations have been upon Mr. Schwab's character. He is no fit companion for Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Lawson knows it. The question why he subscribed for "Fads and Fancies" turns out distressingly difficult to answer; one almost regrets asking it. But there is a third hypothesis. He may have taken a copy and had his picture printed in the book in order to make it known that he moves in the best society. All the subscribers, the fools, the cowards and the rascals, move in the very best society. In fact, they constitute the best society. They are our upper class. Light of intellect and light of virtue, they would naturally rise to the top. It is equally natural to see Mr. Lawson among them?

SCIENCE AND EPIDEMICS.

When, about A. D. 1575, the Black Death was ravaging Europe, the stricken populations appealed for help to the medical faculty of the University of Paris. Help, of a certain sort, they got abundantly. "The cause of the plague," decreed that sapient body, "is the conjunction of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn." And its cure was among other things, "to eat only small river fish" for diet; "to refrain from bathing," and to shut oneself in a close room at night. The church prescribed more active remedies. Of course these included prayers, bestringing and processions; but it was generally held by the priests that to torture and burn a choice selection of witches would do even more to avert the divine wrath and check the plague.

The Black Death was probably the most dreadful pestilence that ever desolated Europe. In England it left alive, so some writers assert, only one inhabitant out of ten. Whole parishes were smitten to the last man, and great tracts of plow land reverted to marsh and forest because none were left alive to till the soil. All over Europe the case was similar. In some places, the annihilation of the human race. Before the plague struck there were fearful outbreaks of religious mania. In the cities along the Lower Rhine thousands of people would suddenly leave their houses by one impulse, unite in a wild mob, and dance day and night with furious calling upon God until they dropped dead. With this was sought out and tortured with implacable ferocity as allies of Satan. In Bavaria, before and during the pestilence, 12,000 Jews were put to death to avert the wrath of God; and to make sure of pleasing him, they were racked at their trials, torn by mobs on the way to the stake, and finally burned with lingering fires. In the City of Strasburg, in one street, still called the Street of Torture, 2000 Jews were massacred as only a terror-stricken mob can massacre its victims, transports of religious frenzy. Such were the remedies of that age for its measureless calamity.

God was angry, the people believed, because witches and Jews were allowed to live; therefore he had sent the plague. In a similar way Sophocles explains the plague that desolated Thebes in the prehistoric time of his tragedy; the plague of the books of Moses is attributed to the sins of the Israelites; thus account for the plagues of Egypt. The later Greeks were more rational. "Every man may account for it in his own way," says Thucydides of the pestilence that half depopulated Athens during the Peloponnesian war; but he says nothing of the wrath of the gods. DePoe is equally skeptical in recognizing the causes which the people assigned for the Black Death. He says, "The pestilence was not a supernatural plague, but a natural one, the result of their superstition. To say, as the did, that the Jews had poisoned the wells, was an advance in good sense over the theory of an angry God. Doubtless the wells were poisoned, though not by the Jews. The filth of a thousand years was rotting in the drinking water of Europe."

The religious cult of filth was universal at that time. It was introduced by the early Christians. St. Anthony, for example, expected a reward in heaven because he had never washed his feet. Certain monks having impiously resolved to bathe in a stream near their monastery, the Lord saved them from thus imperiling their salvation by drying up the water. Filth and pletory were synonyms. "A stinking wave of air" hung over Europe, we read. Dwellings were never cleaned. The rush of the people over one another after another of decaying garbage for generations. The open wells accumulated refuse century after century; it was not merely used to clean up; it was wicked. In one monastery 900 Carthusian monks perished by the Black Death, but no one dreamed that filth was the cause. As late as 1553, Dr. Hecker, in speculating over the origin of this plague, does not suggest filth as a cause.

Even Jenner's great discovery did little for the prevention of filth diseases like the Black Death and typhoid fever, or of those like consumption fostered by poor food and bad air; for smallpox is independent of dirt and poverty. In its palmy days this pestilence smote high and low, rich and poor, clean and unclean alike. Two million people died of it, some years, in Russia; in 1510, the year the Spaniards brought it to Mexico, three and one-half millions of the natives died. It annihilated whole tribes of the American Indians. In years when it was only mildly prevalent every tenth death in Europe came from smallpox. Then Jenner made his great discovery, and now, while it is still somewhat more dangerous to have the smallpox than the itch, it is scarcely more excusable. When Jenner transferred the drop of cowpox pus from Sarah Holmes' hand to the boy James Phipps, he earned the gratitude of mankind, but he did little for pure science. Jenner, nevertheless, who was a practical man, would prevent smallpox, and therefore, scientifically, his discovery was sterile; while it left the filth diseases exactly where they were before.

Cholera is a filth disease. When it first invaded England, in 1832, one case in three was fatal, but it was remarked as a curious circumstance, quite unaccountable except on religious grounds, that the victims were nearly all among the vicious and the poor. The obvious inference was, of course, drawn, poverty and vice being equally unacceptable to the British deity; but when, in 1873, Hoch demonstrated the cholera germ, and showed what it thrived on, the ancient belief that cholera and poverty chose their victims for eschatological reasons had to be given up. These victims were chosen because they were dirty. Such was the verdict of science, and the world had to accept it. From burning a witch or torturing a Jew to playing germs when pestilence rages is a long stride. It is a long stride from prayer to kerosene when yellow fever threatens. But mankind has taken many such strides during the last century, and, unless all the signs fail, it will take many more.

THE FEDERAL JUDGESHIP.

Mr. Cotton says he is not offered more money to stay with the Union Pacific; and he was not given enlarged powers. He simply didn't want the judgeship. He didn't seek it in the beginning, because it had no attractions for him; but his friends and others persuaded him that he ought to want it, and so he concluded that, if they wanted him to want it, that was what he wanted. But the more he argued with himself that he wanted it, the more he knew he didn't; hence his declination. Mr. Cotton does not exactly say so, but it is obvious that he thinks he is not the man for the place. He knows he would be unhappy on the bench. He has no doubt heard, as we all have heard, about the case of James B. Dill, who gave up a \$200,000 law practice to take an unremunerative judgeship, and the equally striking case of Elihu Root, who abandoned wealthy New York clients to become Secretary of State at \$2000 a year. These men have been widely praised for sacrificing personal interest to public duty. The reward of an approving conscience, universal approbation and dignified position is theirs. Besides, they wanted the jobs; or we presume they would not have taken them. It seemed that no others would be suited to fill these respective places. At least, everybody thought so; and they could not gracefully resist.

With Mr. Cotton it is different. He is sure he would not like the judgeship, and questions, not his abilities, but his aptitude; and he is sure that there are other eminent citizens of Oregon who would make acceptable judges. Besides, they or some of them would not be called on to sacrifice so much in taking it. Hence it is gratifying all around to find that the Union Pacific's gain in keeping Mr. Cotton is not the Federal Judiciary's loss.

CRISIS FOR THE CANAL.

Washington dispatches regarding the expected extra session convey the hint that some of the eminent statesmen on the Senatorial payroll may use that most important measure, the Panama Canal, for filibustering purposes. Their object is said to be postponement of consideration of a railroad rate bill which the President is very anxious to force through Congress at the next session. The extra session will, of course, be too short for accomplishment of anything in the way of railroad legislation, and, if it assembles, it will be for the purpose of making a final decision as to the type of canal which is to be built. If there are Senators and Representatives who, in obedience to the constitution, then elected them, desire to defer construction of the canal, the situation presents a golden opportunity for delay.

There is a difference of millions in the estimated cost of the two types of canal that have been discussed, and there is also a difference of years in the length of time that will be required to complete them. By invoking the aid of parliamentary law, which has killed so many good measures, and may at any moment begin reducing the white population in the vicinity of the reservation which once was theirs. It is supposed to be rather late in the day for any more uprisings and massacres on the part of the American Indians, but if the thrifty white whiskey-sellers put out a sufficient quantity of red liquor, there may yet be another tragedy of the plains.

The Astoria regatta, which has become a distinctive feature of Summer life in the interesting city by the sea, will this year be held during the closing days of August. The management this year is headed by Mr. Herman Wise, one of the most enterprising rustlers in that community. This by itself is an assurance of an entertaining programme, and Portland, as usual, will have too much to do to object to her Eastern visitors along with her.

One can hardly restrain, even at this distance, a feeling of exultation at the thought of the myriads of mosquitoes that have fallen by the sword of manly science in New Orleans in the past week. While we deplore the fact that yellow fever has invaded that city, we find consolation in the thought that the unsung musician of the insect world has been discovered as the carrier of the plague and is being slain by tens of thousands.

"Never will I conclude a shameful peace or one unworthy of great Russia," says the czar. All of which has a lofty and high-minded air about it, but, to get down to facts and conditions as they exist, the czar may as well accept any kind of peace that Japan offers. There is nothing very "great" about Russia these days except her grievous blunders. These have proved the wonder of the world.

"No salmon, no suckers," was the alternative description of a bunch of artists who had found financial conditions strained at Astoria a few seasons ago. The fact that a wandering forger successfully passed twelve checks of an aggregate value of \$215 in Mr. Astor's town a few days ago would indicate that the salmon run was excellent just at this time.

Dog days seem to be coming earlier than usual this year. Last week two Portland freemen indulged in a fierce fight over an unkid remark made by one about a dog owned by the other. Sunday at Aberdeen, Wash., in a row over a dog, Henry Gustavson was stabbed and dangerously wounded by Gus Mueller.

passenger boats for the San Francisco business is heavier with these lines than it has ever been before, and with customary enterprise the transportation men are preparing to handle it as it grows. It is, of course, expecting too much of the Harriman lines to show such enterprise. At the same time, Mr. Schwerin might improve his present Portland service by securing some of the steamers now in use on Puget Sound as soon as they are cast aside to make way for the new steamers. That would help some.

The pronunciation of Willamette, Wahiakium, Skamokawa and a few others of our Indian names is somewhat uncertain for our Eastern visitors, who are inclined at times to make sacrilegious remarks regarding such nomenclature. At such critical moments an item in yesterday's telegraphic news from Paterson, N. J., stating that the steamer Musomocum plying on Lake Hopatcong had struck a rock and sunk in a portion of the channel known as the River Styx. There are Indians and Indians, and so far as the names they leave behind them are concerned, the effect has not been to be many laps ahead of the wild and woolly West.

A life-size crayon drawing of Carrie Nation in the State Historical rooms at Topeka, Kan., was totally destroyed by some vandal, who apparently had a grudge against the hatchet wielder. In adopting this method for revenge, the vandal displayed fully as much sense as was shown by Carrie when she was raiding saloons and defacing property. The net results in good accomplished are the same in both cases. Cranks are said to have been instrumental in many reforms in this world, but it is doubtful if any of them were of the same stripe as Carrie Nation or the individual who has just destroyed her portrait.

Well, indeed, the Lewis and Clark Exposition is advertising the Pacific Northwest. From ten thousand sources it concentrates attention on the Pacific Northwest. Thousands of newspapers take or make occasion to publish matter about the Pacific Northwest. The railroads, this year, direct their folders and circulars and general advertising matter to the Pacific Northwest. Visitors from every part of the United States are in the Pacific Northwest. The prophecy of those who conceived the idea is fulfilled.

Elbert Hubbard's coming to Portland seems not to have raised the excitement among the clergy that he anticipated. Rev. C. T. Wilson has "heard of no objection" to Hubbard speaking here. Rev. E. S. Buckley says the "ministers" have too much to do to object to Rev. J. R. Wilson appears to think that nobody cares. Rev. E. L. House scouted the idea. All's well that ends well. Fra Elbertus will come and explain the gospel of work, which, we suppose, to labor hard six days in the week and rest on the seventh.

The Rosebud Indians having invested most of the money received for their lands, in firewater, are now becoming restless and belligerent, and may at any moment begin reducing the white population in the vicinity of the reservation which once was theirs. It is supposed to be rather late in the day for any more uprisings and massacres on the part of the American Indians, but if the thrifty white whiskey-sellers put out a sufficient quantity of red liquor, there may yet be another tragedy of the plains.

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## OREGON OZONE

## Remarks to Bill Nye.

We were cronies, long together, Bill Nye.  
 (Chummed in calm and cloudy weather, Bill 'n' I.)

Now and then we had a quarrel, Bill Nye.  
 Which the same was quite unmoral.

Couldn't help it. After all, sir, I'd have liked to take a fall, sir, Out of 'Bill; we both had call, sir—Bill 'n' I.)

But we always stuck together, Bill Nye.  
 Never minding what the weather.

We were bound to one another, And as brother unto brother, Clung, and one was true as 'other—Bill 'n' I.)

Yet you swore you never knew me, Bill Nye?  
 Well, you didn't. (Listen to me; Bill 'n' I.)

Were a creditor and due-bill, And the man who owed me—shoo, Bill! Never paid. We stuck like glue, Bill—Bill 'n' I.)

## The Grammar of It.

Spink—What is the difference between the Alaskan Yucan and the Russian Konk? Minx—Merely a personal difference.

## The Most Unkindest Out.

The Question Mark—How is the joke market now?  
 The Humourist—It's fallen flat.

## Sea-Weeds.

Johnny (at the shore)—Maw, is the ocean's paw dead?  
 Mother—Why, Johnny, what a funny question! What makes you ask that?  
 Johnny—Well, I read the other day about the sea's insatiable maw, and I've been wondering if she's a widow.

## At the Fair Today.

Paleface—Hey, there, Redskin; who are you?  
 Redskin—Me Clark; see badge?  
 Paleface—Are you a native son?  
 Redskin—No; me native grandson.

## His Uncle Had It.

His Wife—Come, now, put on your dress suit, and we'll go to the ball.  
 Her Husband—Sorry, but I can't wear it tonight.  
 His Wife—Why not, dear?  
 Her Husband—Because I've already taken it to three balls.

## An Appeal to Fra Elbertus.

(Elbert Hubbard, the Philistine pastor, wires the Oregonian a literary effort designed to reconcile the Portland preachers to his coming to deliver an address on "The Gospel of Work" by invitation of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Fra Elbertus seeks thus to encourage Fra Elbertus.)

Come along, now; you won't hurt us, Fra Elbertus.  
 Come and preach your gospel, Hubbard. Long we've rubbered.  
 Just to get a glimpse of you, sir—Just a view, sir.  
 Of your face and phiz Philistine And your piston.  
 Rod of rhetoric and grammar.  
 With a glimmer of logic, sir.  
 Of your grace enlight, enight us, Fra Elbertus!

Do not wobble, do not waver: You're a savior Of the gods of high Olympus. Do not skimp us. Give us full and generous measure Of your treasure.  
 Yes, O Fra Elbertus Hubbard, From the cupboard Of your wisdom hand us victuals—'Tis as little's.  
 Any one can be content with, Since you're sent with Many messages to Garcia.

Be not harsh; you Can't afford it; nay, be gracious: Efficient, Is your teaching, and we need it. Come—we plead it! So, "Be kind" (you'll get the money)—"Be kind and sunny; Smile upon us—don't desert us, Fra Elbertus!"

## Mighty Men at Washington.

New York Times.  
 To be in the United States Senator and to get into Japan is an cruel fate as one would like to have befall his very worst enemy. In Washington a Senator is a very exalted personage—so exalted that they all seem personally cognizant of their greatness, and to no other officers of the Government is there so much reverence paid by kowtowing and humility. No other bear themselves so grandly. In the company of Senators a member of the President's Cabinet looks like a farmer.

But Washington is the worst city in the country for practicing the arts of a crook—particularly the official crook. Government officer or department employee who is detected in criminal doing may be sure that the country will ring with the story of his misdeeds, and he will be relentlessly pursued. Scandals and corruption make Administrations angry. A rigorous inquiry is always insisted on, and when conviction follows the punishment is severe.

Mitchell used to make very long speeches and he was rather quick to resent any attack upon himself. Not having taken the precaution to become a millionaire before entering the Senate, he attempted in weak and foolish ways to repair the defect of fortune, and getting caught at it, he must suffer the consequences.

## The Real Tragedy of It.

Harford Courant.  
 John H. Mitchell has a chance yet—such as it is. His appeal is still to be heard and decided; the reviewing judges may find some flaw in the record from the court below. But in his 71st year, political autocrat of his state, Senator of the United States, father-in-law of a French Duke, he has stood before the bench of justice like any ordinary criminal and heard the blighting words, "Six months' penal servitude." Life can never be the same for him again, whatever the sentence that the law inflicts. The old man is reaping only what he sowed; that is the real tragedy of it.

## Makes Purchase of Realty.

Abraham Oohn, manager and secretary of the Pacific Grain Company, has purchased the quarter-block at the northeast corner of Thirteenth and Washington streets from George A. Crow, vice-president of W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., for \$100,000. Mr. Oohn anticipates that in the near future he will improve the property by the erection of a substantial structure.

## FLYING MACHINES THAT DO NOT FLY

Principle is Entirely Correct, but Practice is, Well, It is Different—Professor Langley and His Aeroplane Recall the Flight of Darius Greco.

Richard Weightman in Chicago Tribune, WASHINGTON, (Special.)—Experimentation in the line of flying machines continues, notwithstanding the tragedies and failures that attend it.

To be sure, some one occasionally goes up in one of these aeroplanes or tetraedra-kites, as they are respectively called, and sails about for a little while without doing any great injury to himself or anybody else, but quite as often the structure collapses at an unfortunate moment, as happened in California about a week ago, or refuses to soar at all as in the case of the Langley bird, constructed here by the head of the aeronautics division, with the financial aid of the War Department.

In California last week, it was an aeroplane which crumpled up in mid-air at the elevation of 300 feet, killing the unfortunate aeronaut who was manipulating it. A curious and highly suggestive feature of the incident is the fact that the aeroplane which lifted the flying machine descended safely after the man in the aeroplane had cut it loose, while the flying machine promptly collapsed, as I have stated, and killed its passenger.

Science, however, insists that while the balloon does actually ascend and descend, covering greater or less distances meanwhile and seldom hurts anyone, the "principle" is all wrong, and not to be respectfully considered. Science will tolerate nothing but the aeroplane, or the tetraedra-kite, because that machine is constructed upon the only true hypothesis.

This Santos-Dumont and other ignorant persons make pleasant little journeys through the air returning safely to their friends and families afterwards, while the high priests of science go on building things according to correct principles which are of no sort of value, practically speaking, and which, when they are artificially lifted and are left to their own devices usually go to smash and exterminate the reckless persons who may be at their mercy.

It should be said to the credit of our own Professor Langley, who already has constructed several aeroplanes, that he has yet to make a successful flight on his own, and all Washington is proud of the fact that the only human being who ever volunteered to undertake it survived the venture with slight injuries quite commensurate with his nature. The Professor has given many years of study to this subject. He has spent several Summers in Europe in the interest of science, of course, and presumably in his official capacity—examining the various flying machines invented by impudent and ill-informed foreigners, and subsequently holding them up to well deserved ridicule and execration.

As a result of all this effort and investigation by the most prominent scientist in the Government service he must be more than accounted for. He has made four different flights, the War Department two or three years ago set aside \$50,000 to aid in the Langley experiments, and it

## ODD BITS OF NORTHWEST LIFE

Casts a Pall Over the Community.

Without Cor. Oregon City Courier.  
 Frank Scott lost a valuable vermin dog, which he had for the neighborhood, for he caused the death of many vermin.

## Child Captures a Doe.

The Dallas Chronicle.  
 A little 7-year-old girl up the Hood River Valley has captured a pet antelope child, and many "big folks" would envy her. The dogs frightened a young doe into the garden and the little girl chased, the frightened animal running down into the field, with the child following. Finally the doe gave up and the child returned home with her pet.

## Sure Cure for a "Week Back."

South Bend Journal.  
 The other day a man from the head waters of Smith Creek came into the Journal office and said to the "devil": "I want five of your papers for a week back." The "devil" looked at the man and said: "You're kidding, aren't you? You want anything for a week back you had better go down to Johnny Myers' drug store and get one of his porous plasters; one hole in 'em."

## This Picnic a Success.

Junction City Times.  
 A hay rack load of young folks went out to the river on Wednesday evening to enjoy a brief outing. They took the raw material along for a sumptuous meal on the banks of the Willamette, where it flows to the moon-moon sea. After walking about seven miles through the timber the river was finally found. The steak was smothered in ashea, the potatoes were burnt on one side and raw on the other, roasting ears were tenderized to the queen's taste, and the other condiments were all that a hungry, sweating, exhausted, hilarious crowd could wish for. No fatalities.

## The Lady, the Ax, and the Snake.

Pilot Rock Record.  
 Miss Eva Belle, a driver to the cool breezes which waft through the tall trees in the rear of her home on East Birch Creek, early in the week, to escape the torrid heat, when she made her bed, and the cancer of her neck, the crickets were at their best, the frogs croaked and the rippling stream on whose banks she had placed her couch sang a lullaby as it murmured in the direction of Pilot Rock. With all this sweet music about her, Miss Eva was not long in falling into a state of coma, but while Neptune cooed fanned her face she dreamed not of the danger that was upon her, and trophies. Possessed, like all other women, of an ear that can hear a mouse creep at 100 yards, Miss Eva was suddenly aroused, and was certain she had heard a snake. And sure enough she had. With help she returned to her bed upon the lawn, and with the aid of a lantern and an axe a huge rattlesnake, with ten rattles and a broken, was dispatched. Miss Belle did not bat an eye, and a dramatic scene when she saw the snake. She simply said: "Hand me the axe." The next minute there was a headless rattlesnake. Her aim was perfect.

## Easy Enough.

La Grande Chronicle.  
 It is easy to tell the Republican papers of the state that have been allied with the Mitchell wing of the party. They dare not come squarely out in the open and support the party, but they will under the ban or censure of the Chief Executive, who is back of the movement to purify the administration of public affairs. There are few exceptions, and the political jealousy, prejudice of the press, untold trials and the like, all of which is traceable in most instances to a source that has had a stand-in with Mitchell, Hermann or Williamson in the past.

## British Inns.

London Lancet.  
 The traveler who makes holiday in Great Britain by means of a driving, cycling or motoring tour is not contented in anything like the same way as the traveler who is in even the smaller towns or villages of provincial France. The British innkeeper in the home counties, at any rate, does not seem to care very much about the comfort of his guests. His only object is to sell intoxicating drinks.