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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905. THE CRISIS OF 1896.

Of course the managers of the insurance companies had no right to make contributions from the resources of their companies to the Republican campaign fund, as they did in 1896, and have done since.

But in fact it was a terrible crisis for the insurance companies and for their policy-holders—especially in 1896. Had free coinage of silver been carried, there would have been general ruin; and they who held insurance policies would have felt the catastrophe at its worst.

Change of the money basis from gold to silver would have wrecked all insurance companies. It would have ruined their securities and virtually destroyed the value of every policy.

The managers of the insurance companies fully realized all this. Nevertheless, they had no right—certainly no legal right—to use any part of the funds of the companies, of which they were merely the trustees, to avert it.

It was right, as it was necessary, to avert the catastrophe; but the work ought to have been done by individuals, on their own account. Men who saw the danger would have put up their own money. Great numbers did. Trust funds are not to be used in any irregular way, even for their own preservation.

The simple truth is that the country had fallen upon an evil time. Silver had been juggled with till it had become a terrible danger. Not even the crisis of secession, rebellion and civil war was so dangerous to the country.

It is a terrible thing, when a nation is deceptive, so seductive, so loaded with evil and peril, becomes a national craze. It was a matter of pure economic and historical science; it did not belong at all to the domain of politics.

Millions who had no knowledge of the subject, and other millions whose judgment was warped by partisanship, contended for a policy that would have brought wreck and ruin. It was in these circumstances that the managers of the insurance companies threw in large sums from the funds of which they were trustees, to avert the danger.

There is little wonder they did so; yet all the same they had no proper right to do it. Individuals may not do with trust funds what they may wish with their own. Nevertheless, the defeat of Bryan was necessary to the safety of the insurance companies of the country, and of those who held policies in them. And nine-tenths of all who were interested in insurance knew it, and voted accordingly.

the company to build and equip a couple of steamers adequate to the demands of the trade. Failure of the Harriman lines to maintain proper facilities on the Portland-San Francisco route has been directly responsible for appearance on the route of a lot of ancient craft which were out of date a quarter of a century ago.

Nothing that has yet appeared regarding the causes of the wreck would tend to throw much, if any, of the blame for the disaster on Captain Clement Randall, who, in spite of his excellent reputation as a skillful navigator and a good seaman, seems to be followed by the sailors term a "hoodoo." Through no apparent fault of his own, three steamers of which he has had command have gone to destruction in the straits.

It is easy to understand how the following of a different course would have carried the St. Paul clear of these dangerous rocks, but the history of steam navigation is replete with similar disasters, which prove that fog, wind and the baffling tides of the ocean not infrequently prove too strong a combination to be conquered by the skill of man.

"RUBBING IT IN." The Pendleton Tribune discovers that "The Oregonian and Democratic papers of the state have ungenerously taken a grade delight in 'rubbing in' the conviction of J. N. Williamson." The Oregonian has had no occasion to "rub it in" on Mr. Williamson. It has not done so. It would be glad to have the Tribune point to any expression made by The Oregonian during or since the recent trials that was not in all respects careful, moderate, temperate and justifiable.

The most The Oregonian has at any time said as to Williamson, Biggs and Gesner was, on the day following their conviction, that "the charges were true. There never was a real doubt in any one's mind that they were true; but there was a serious question as to whether an Oregon jury could be found that would convict." It pointed out, too, that a Congressman in violating laws he had taken a special oath to uphold must expect to be held to a more strict accountability, even than a private citizen. The Oregonian said these things because they should have been said. It could do no less. It did no more than state the facts.

Williamson, Dr. Gesner or Mr. Biggs. But it could not, would not, by silence or apology, condone their demonstrated offenses. It could and would and should approve whatever makes for proper respect for and observance of law by anybody. But the Tribune cares nothing about law and deprecates the conviction of lawbreakers. Listen further to this: "The Tribune says that the Government has taken up land to sell to some one and has not lived a day upon it, and how many lands now enjoying the benefit of property have not secured title to their lands in the same way? Of course, one will be condemned for defending such 'law-breaking,' but the Government is as guilty of negligence in admitting goods to patent as the men who made the profit."

Then let the Government officers be brought to trial. That is what the Government is doing, despite the clamor of little objectors like the Tribune. But the Government did not try and convict these three men for taking up Government land in accordance with "custom," as the Pendleton paper intimates. Their offense was much greater. They coveted a great area of Government land. They formulated a plan to secure it unlawfully. They procured a large number of persons to enter upon this land and to swear falsely that their entries were bona fide.

Not by, but because of, fire, Baltimore is being beautified, as was, each in its turn, Chicago, Boston and other cities, including those of our own Northwest—Spokane and Seattle. Portland, indeed, has not been without favors of this class from the fire fiend that succeeded in his mission of clearing the way for things better and more speedy, which in demands more money, and is, of course, the freeman's duty to put out fires; however unsightly the buildings which it attacks with eager zest to destroy. But his failure, sometimes, to do this is to the ultimate good of the city. Chicago dates its real progress as witnessed in the superior construction and architectural beauty of its buildings from the great fire of 1871, though at the time, as sung by Whit-  
Men clasped each other's hands and said, The city of the West is dead.

For a brief space it is true that hope and endeavor were paralyzed, but they were called out to work, and the greatness of Chicago was assured. That which is true of Chicago is true in a greater or lesser degree of other cities—Boston, Jacksonville and Portland, Me.—all having increased in wealth and beauty and promise, due to the improvements made possible by the "clean sweep" of the flames in their older and more unsightly districts.

The Russian army in Manchuria is preparing to go into winter quarters. The soldiers will bivouac in peace, secure from night surprise by a vigilant, ever-ready foe. Once they turn in these bearded, burly Muscovites—they will be allowed to hibernate in safety until far into the Spring of another year. It is no reflection on their bravery to say that they doubtless face the approach of Winter with thankfulness instead of the dreary apprehension that they felt a year ago.

The name of the donor of Hamilton Hall, the new building that has just been completed for Columbia University, at a cost of \$500,000, has never been made public. This was probably not intended as a slight rebuke to men whose names are blazoned upon their charities throughout the land, but was merely in response to personal modesty, which is the prompter of the charity that "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up."

Eibert Hubbard, of East Aurora fame, has come, spoken and gone, leaving the world with an epigram which is found in Epigrammatic, a literary, impractical, dogmatic, earnest, he is the Eibert Hubbard of the "Philistine," the "Fra Eibertus" of a numerous following. Only this and nothing more.

If the ghost of the dunghill fowl is not laid by the lusty challenge of the chautauqueers of high degree that is heard at the great poultry show now in progress at the Lewis and Clark Fair, then this fleshless thing of memory may be held to out-Banquo Banquo.

Senator Platt's committee to investigate the cost of public printing will probably contribute to the general information on the subject by finding that printing that costs too much should cost less.

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to accomplish anything in other directions is not surprising. If Mr. Fairchild attempts to disturb joint rates without the consent or assistance of either the shippers or the railroads, he will, in due season, have a practical and perfect knowledge of the uselessness of at least one Railroad Commission.

PILOTS AND RIVER ENTRANCE. The master of the British steamship Inmau yesterday cabled his owners in Liverpool that the pilots had warned him not to attempt to load his vessel deeper than twenty-four feet, under penalty of delay at the bar. This practically amounts to official announcement that twenty-four feet is the extreme depth between Astoria and the sea, although there is a good twenty-five-foot channel in the river between Portland and Astoria. Under ordinary circumstances Portland would enter no serious objections to a few ill-bills fouling their own nest at Astoria, but unfortunately, it is not Astoria, but Portland, that has the greatest interest in the depth of water over the bar. It is for this reason that an emphatic protest is made against this attack on the commercial prestige of the port.

Old age and its attendant timidity is always entitled to respect, and if the men who have outlived their usefulness in the pilot service are no longer capable of doing the work for which the state permits them to charge highly remunerative rates, they should immediately make way for young blood, instead of insisting that smaller ships be provided for them to pilot. This port has grown too great to permit its interests to be jeopardized by the timidity of a few Astoria chair-warmers, and the inactivity or stupidity of a slumbering Board of Pilot Commissioners.

J. Scott Harrison, "Government Inspector of Surveys, has completed the survey of the Crook Indian Reservation, in Montana. The plat made will, in due time, be filed in the nearest Land Office, probably that of Billings or Forsyth, where the drawing will take place. It is likely that the proclamation of the President declaring these lands open for settlement will be made some time next year, when there will be a rush of the land-hungry to secure desirable holdings in the tract. These land openings are likely to be a feature of the Summer season for some years yet, as there are still a number of Indian reservations with land to spare to settlers.

The British press has been very friendly to Japan of late, but the white residents of Vancouver, B. C., failed to become hilariously enthusiastic over the recent visit of Baron Komura. The reason for the lack of enthusiasm over the visit of the Japanese ambassador, a distinguished Japanese was the fact that Japanese working for 80 cents to \$1.25 per day have crowded the white workers out of most of the Canadian sawmills. No attempt has yet been made to restrict the importation of this class of labor, and now that the war is over, it is expected that Canada will be overrun by the little brown men.

Wonderful stories are told of Oregon's prehistoric hog—a grotesque creature the size of a cow. No effort has yet been made to establish its kinship with the man who stands on the platform or steps of the street-car and puffs smoke in the face of women seeking to enter the car—immovable, as though this very democratic vehicle was made for his accommodation and run for his benefit. Perhaps the creature he held to be unnecessary, since this man advertises his pedigree without the help of the paleontologist or the deiving of the antiquary.

Pat Crowe probably missed a number of installments of Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." Otherwise he would not talk so glibly of the ease with which he could kidnap John D. Rockefeller and haul down a \$100,000 ransom. If Lawson has been telling the truth about the mild-mannered philanthropist with the tainted money, the result of Pat's kidnaping adventure would undoubtedly have been that John D. would have relieved Pat of his watch, small change and keys, and turned him loose with a warning.

No special day has fitted better to the scheme of the Lewis and Clark Fair than the McLoughlin day. There was in the exercises a flavor of the past that was pleasant and that will linger long with those to whom it came. A name synonymous with the fading splendor of the early days is that of Dr. John McLoughlin. It should become so fixed by frequent repetition that the memory bells of one generation will ring it out softly to the next, to the end that its sound may never be lost.

The Russian army in Manchuria is preparing to go into winter quarters. The soldiers will bivouac in peace, secure from night surprise by a vigilant, ever-ready foe. Once they turn in these bearded, burly Muscovites—they will be allowed to hibernate in safety until far into the Spring of another year. It is no reflection on their bravery to say that they doubtless face the approach of Winter with thankfulness instead of the dreary apprehension that they felt a year ago.

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the schools on the basis of health. It is believed in this way that children not infected with the deadly germ of the deadliest of diseases—tuberculosis—may be protected from contagion. Consumption, though not actively contagious, is a communicable disease, and dust is its most ready carrier. The schoolroom, with its dust constantly arising from the shuffling of many feet, presents the most favorable opportunity for communicating the germs of this malady. Recognizing this fact, consumptive teachers are no longer employed in the schools. To make this protection more complete is the object of the segregation of pupils according to health, in the overcrowded schoolrooms of the great cities. The suggestion is indicative of the desperation with which science is fighting the "white plague" and the necessity of bringing every available force to the battle against it.

Abigail Scott Dunwavy, pioneer, long an advocate of woman suffrage in the Pacific Northwest, was duly honored at the Oregon building on the Fair grounds yesterday by many persons who came, extended greetings and passed on, pleased with the opportunity to meet and take her by the hand. The tribute paid to her endeavor was fitting because well earned. The active period of this endeavor belongs to a generation that is approaching its close—a period with which memory is still in close touch, and the ruling element of which was strenuousness. Whether recalling the past or casting her eye upon the possibilities of the future in the knowledge that she is closely identified with it, and that in its pursuit the best efforts of her best years were spent.

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OREGON OZONE

At the Poultry Show.

Butte Belle—Freddy, what are these two birds? Freddy Fresh—Why, the sign on the front of the coop says they are Toulouse geese, but I don't believe it.

Butte Belle—Why not? Freddy Fresh—Because they are both penned up. Natives.

Visitor—I saw quite a slur on Oregon today. Oregonian—Indeed! Where? Visitor—Out at the Fair. Advertisement tacked on fences and buildings out there says "See the Igrootes—in their original state—at the Exposition." First time I knew they were native sons of this state.

The Generosity of Woman. The other day an Idaho woman got a butcher knife and tried to carve off a slice of her husband's leg. The husband—and one sorely can blame him—took offense at this treatment and left his happy home. We are informed by the local newspaper that the wife went to him with tears in her eyes, repenting of her attempt to take a slice of his leg, and "asking him to take her back." Never was the generosity of woman more touchingly illustrated. Study it over.

The Only Perfect Man. "No man is perfect," remarked a gentleman who was discussing human shortcomings with a friend. "I beg your pardon, sir," said a bystander, "but you are mistaken. May I not have the privilege of proving to you that there is such a thing as human perfection?"

"You may, sir," assented the first speaker, observing that the interloper was a person of apparent refinement and culture. "Ah! I thank you," said the latter. "Then I must ask you to look at me. I, sir, never in my life committed any sort of offense whatever, either against god or government or good breeding. I never robbed an insurance company or took the copper from a man's eyes. I never tore a coat by trying to get it into its tail and waiting to see it dance a can-can. I never even thought an evil thought. In me, sir, behold what you have denoted—a perfect man."

"I am indeed glad to meet you," the first speaker said, as soon as he recovered from the shock. "I should like to know you still better. May I ask where you reside?" "Certainly. At present I am a guest in this large brick hotel which we see on our right."

"What hotel is that?" inquired the other man of his friend as they passed on. "That's the Insane Asylum," was the reply.

Ye Pilgrim's Progress.

And it came to pass that a Pilgrim from a principality to the Far and Effete East journeyed to the city of Tacoma and hesitated at an Inn, hoping to find a more appropriate and better inn. "Fine town, Tacoma is," quoth ye Pilgrim, picking up the Goose-Quill with which to sign his name in the Register. "Mighty fine mountain out here, too, this Mount Rainier!"

"Get out of here!" yelled the Individual yelet Clerk, simultaneously calling forward the Grand Bouncer, who bounced the Pilgrim. Thereat the Pilgrim addressed was sore chagrined and sick at spirit. "Wherefore?" quoth he, stroking his Long Gray locks. But he wot not wherefore. Entering another Inn, he praised Mount Rainier even more fulsomely than before, and the Individual yelet Clerk summoned a Bouncer who bounced him even more boundingly than before. Whereas ye Pilgrim marvelled much; and, being now Exceeding Sore, both in body and in spirit, he betook himself to a Transporation Plant and purchased a ticket for Seattle, which is in the land of the Puget.

Now in due time the Conductor came around to punch the ticket of ye Pilgrim, who opened his mouth and spoke: "Wherefore am I Kicked out of these Inns, having faithfully praised your town of Tacoma and your Mount Rainier?" "That is just wherefore, O Pilgrim," quoth the Con, concealing a laugh up his Sleeve. "You are a Tenderfoot, and it is behooving unto you to call that mountain, while in these parts, Mount Tacoma, Savvy?"

And ye Pilgrim availed Verily, and proceeded to Seattle, the which he had been importuned to see through the agency of Sundry Signs at the Portland Exposition, which the same is holden along the lake where is suspended betwixt Heaven and Earth the sign of the Watch-Tower. And having seen Seattle, more or less, ye Pilgrim sought an Inn, for verily foot-sick and Weary Willie was he by this time. And at the Inn he said: "I have Saw Seattle, and Great is the aforesaid; and truly excellent is the neighboring peak, Mount Tacoma."

Whereat the Individual yelet Clerk called two Grand Bouncers, being the Incumbent and his Understudy, who bounced ye Pilgrim so that he hit the stone sidewalk Thrice. Thereupon ye Pilgrim took Wise Counsel with himself, and after writing on a Placard the following message to Posterity, he jumped into Puget Sound: "Only a Fool will take the advice of a Con Man."

Goodby—A Benediction.

Goodby—And God be with you as you go Upon your daily journeys to and fro; And may he grant the saving grace of toll That idle ways your spirit may not spoil; And may He give you life's divinest, best Reward—an angle-neck for twilight rest; And may you learn from blossoms and from birds That so your speech be ever kindly words; And so may life be beautiful to you, And love be long, and hearts be fond and true, And eyes that speak to eyes be bonny bright.

Till Time shall bid you say, "Good night, good night!" ROBERTUS LOVE.

Will Be Cheaper.

Life insurance in some of the European companies costs just one-half as much as it does in this country. We shall get it much cheaper, however, when the leaks have been stopped and the graft knocked out of some of the big companies.

Work in Progress.

Washington Star. "If you keep on," said the credulous layman, "you will find cures for all the diseases that flesh is heir to. Then what will you do?" "Then," answered the scientist, "we will proceed to seek cures for the new diseases to which our remedies have given rise."

OUR WEAKNESS IN CONGRESS.

Grant's Pass Observer.

After three trials, Congressman Williamson and his two associates stand convicted before the country of suborning perjury to forward fraudulent land claims. Gesner and Biggs, reckoned as only common offenders, will soon pass out of sight, but with Williamson, holding the high representative position of Representative in Congress for half of Oregon, it is different. This man is still Representative, and if he chooses can continue to be so until his appeal is decided in the higher courts. Senator Mitchell, as might be expected from his record, seems disposed to hold his office as long as possible, probably for the little money there is in it, for certainly he cannot imagine that the high position any longer contributes to his honor. It would be a mistake to take the Congressman Williamson to follow the same tactics. These men, found guilty by a jury of their peers, stand disgraced and resigning their offices, even to their constituents in their representative positions. To continue to hold office doubles the betrayal of trust, and it is not conceivable that a man so disgraced, though wrongly convicted, would wish to maintain a high office which, for the time being, at any rate, he had been convicted of disgracing. Nothing better was expected from Mitchell; but even the jury that convicted Williamson built upon his former good character, and he could now best show that he merits this token of credit by resigning his office under the circumstances have made it dishonorable for him to hold. Though he may never again be elected as Congressman, he will at least have a good record, and a man who needed one, for men holding important representative positions who fall from grace, and in that way be of real service to his constituents and the country at large, is in his connection the Eugene Register says:

Now that Mr. Williamson has been convicted, his duty should be clear to him. He should resign his office at once, and under the circumstances—resign his seat in Congress immediately. That would give another resigning Congressman to pursue new Congressman before December. Oregon's interests must not be further hazarded by the retention of a man who has been convicted of a crime. The interim case be reversed and sent back for trial and Mr. Williamson vindicated. The interim would be mostly to Oregon for the assurance passed, and even if he should be so unwise as to show up, he should be held to receive special consideration. No doubt the Congressman will look upon this matter as a mere technicality, and will resign his office with a reputation as a man of good judgment by resigning without delay.

Street Named "Roosevelt."

Pittsburg Despatch. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own home." This is true of all prophets except Roosevelt. A street is to be named for him in New York; a Republican Club here has made the demand and a hearty non-partisan echo has resounded. The resolution is as follows: "Whereas, there is a Rue Roosevelt in Brussels, a Roosevelt street in Vienna and a Roosevelt street in London, and whereas, his native city, the city of New York, has no street named in his honor, Roosevelt street in New York, Eastside having been named a century or so ago in honor of another Roosevelt; be it Resolved, That the Aldermen from the Thirty-third Aldermanic District be requested to produce at the next regular session of the board and urge for passage a resolution calling for the change of the name Roosevelt street to some other appropriate name, and that Seventh avenue be changed in name to 'Roosevelt drive,' in honor of the President of the United States, who has so signally honored this, his native city."

Radical Reform is Needed. Hillsboro Argus. When a nation loses, through its political representatives, its fine sense of honor, its citizenship begins to lose a strict sense of duty. It is the duty of its citizens to exact strict accountability from public officials; install these doctrines into youth, with the admonition, scriptural, that it is right to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; and perhaps we shall have some cessation of crime. Radical reform must follow the events of the last decade or the body politic will lose its sense of duty and with bad literature, thieving statesmen in the offices, and graft in politics from insurance companies "down" to Presidential candidates, will be glad to see the revolution is needed to effect a better condition of affairs?

"Hence These Tears." Albany Democrat. Wonder if Lawyer Pies will be able to cry with the effect that characterized the cry of the eagle in the case of the Williamson case. Mr. Bennett is to be a consummate tear-shedder, when it comes to the final argument in a case in which the sympathies of the jury can be moved by the earnest pleading of the plaintiff. There were too many Mr. Abie-bodied men in the Williamson jury to allow such a game to warp them. Nor should such things as this be allowed to weigh in a trial. More than that, a lawyer should be above such things. Lawyer Bennett is an able man, as well as a clean one, but in the Mitchell and Williamson cases he seems to have made a fool of himself several times.

The Man With the Grievance.

London World. I suppose that there never was such a flourishing time as the present for men with a grievance. The daily and weekly journals eagerly receive and complain of the increase of organelle, the pitfalls of the self-inflicted, the prevalence of the red tie among the younger generation in dotting his 's' and other equally dreadful abuses which do not matter one way or another. If one were not an incorrigible optimist one would be tempted to agree with the writers of these letters, who are for the most part men of enforced leisure and idle hands, that England is rapidly about to decline and fall.

The Pit, and Who Dugged It.

Weston Leader. The Pendleton Tribune accuses The Oregonian of persecuting Williamson. The Leader has no particular fondness for The Oregonian, but fails to see where he has received anything but a "square deal" at The Oregonian's hands. It is not The Oregonian's fault if the land-fraud testimony it prints doesn't present the Congressman in a half of frank and generous innocence in "digging his political grave." Mr. Williamson himself, and not The Oregonian, has had hold of the spade.

"Farewells-to-Summer."

Pilgrim for October. (The name given by the mountaineers of North Carolina to the wild aster.) Bright dashes of crimson are gleaming below; The aster overhead is with splendor aglow; While the crispness of Autumn is in the air, And "farewells-to-Summer" are everywhere! In purple and lilac, in yellow and white, They wave us adieu as we pass out of sight; Ah, wading dear memories, softly they tell— "Farewells-to-Summer—farewells!"

The rose loves the soft Summer sunshine and air, But these patiently wait till Autumn is here, Then scatter their loveliness where'er they dwell. As they farewell to Summer, Farewells! Farewells! The message they give as they nod us goodbye is: "We have loved looking up to the sky; Ah! the heart of the hopeful does not to tell Its farewells to Summer, Farewells!"

IN THE OREGONIAN TOMORROW

Additional to the largest and most comprehensive news service of any paper on the Pacific Coast, and the customary departments; The Sunday Oregonian tomorrow will contain:

HOW TO DETECT EDIBLE MUSHROOMS

Now, that field mushrooms are "ripening" and so many people are fond of them, a popular article, simply written, by a scientist, telling how to distinguish poisonous foodstuffs from the wholesome variety, of timely value. Such a contribution comes from Professor Albert R. Sweetser, State Biologist, University of Oregon. It will be followed by others on the same subject in succeeding issues.

DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN, THE "FATHER OF OREGON"

Part of Frederick V. Holman's address to the Legislature, by Dr. John McLoughlin, at the Lewis and Clark Fair. This address is, in fact, a biography, carefully prepared, exhaustive in its research, and luminous in showing the character of the man who for 21 years ruled with autocratic power, yet with kindly spirit, the empire of "Old Oregon."

BROKE FUNSTON'S RECORD IN THE PULLIN

Frederic J. Haskin writes a thrilling account of the personal valor of J. J. Haskin, a Canadian, a Virginian, whose achievement throws into the shade Funston's capture of Aguinaldo. In a jungle fight, Crockett, who is a descendant of the celebrated Crockett, and with his own hands 11 outlaws and rescues his own command from annihilation. This truthful story reads like a romance from the Middle Ages.

FIRST ORGANIZED CHURCH CHOIR IN PORTLAND

Historical sketch by Marion MacRae of beginnings in choral music in Oregon, and pointing out some who were prominent in the material affairs of the backwoods town, together with a rare photograph of the first choir formed in the First Congregational Church.

TO YOUNG MEN WHO ASPIRE TO LEADERSHIP