The Oregonian

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year.....$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months.... 4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months. 2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month.... .75
Daily without Sunday, one year..... 6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months..... 3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months.. 1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month..... .60
Sunday, one year..... 2.50
Sunday and Weekly, one year..... 3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year..... 9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month.... .75

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; 30 to 44 pages, 3 cents; 46 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage double rates.

Eastern Business Office—The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1908.

THE SOCIALIST'S DREAM.

"It is the system that is wrong," the Socialist orator and Publicist tells us. "We are not fighting individuals; we make war for our deliverance from the system." What is meant by "the system"?

"Unequal division of property, private ownership of land and machinery, direction of industry by individual or corporate ownership, denial to workmen of the results produced by their labor, and wage slavery."

It has a formidable appearance, stated thus; but what is offered as a remedy? "Appropriation by the states of all the land and all the means of production, and distribution, and award by the state to each and every person of the full fruits of his labor." "Then," said an orator on the street, last night, "the women on Snob Hill will no longer go shopping in their carriages, while our wives and daughters have to work in Mother Hubbard's." But it is not the sole purpose of socialism to compel the women to change places. This is merely an illustration.

The state is to be the manager, the director, the employer and the paymaster. John Spargo, a recognized authority, thus presents the programme: "Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and administered. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to their creators and users; that all production shall be for the direct use of the producers; that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together; and that opportunities shall be open and equal to all men."

Is it a practical or practicable programme? Would all opportunities then be open and equal to all men? Not unless all differences of ability, of capacity and of talent were abolished; for the world has long been accustomed to the belief, gained from experience, that some men can do things that others can't. When the making of goods for profit shall come to an end, of course the growing of crops for profit will some to an end also; for the state will be the owner as well as the tiller of the land.

In this fine programme who is to do the rough work and the dirty work? We shall probably put our jewelers to the plough and our bankers sweeping the streets and to carting off the garbage. You may depend the philosophers of the system, who preach in the public places, or exploit the system through the socialist prints, will never do any of these useful and necessary things. Not all the power of the new ideal state could compel them. If they would work, now, they would make more than ever they could get under their ideal system.

The existing system, with which they declare themselves at war, is the fruit of universal human experience, in all countries and all times. It is a necessary consequence of man's position on the earth. It has grown up under his effort, through ages, to adjust himself to his situation and environment. Some changes have been made in details, due to advancing science and to improvement of methods; but the conditions are substantially the same as under first civilizations. The main difference between present conditions and those of earlier civilizations has arisen from abandonment of slavery or slave labor. Even this has been only a recent change. Yet the socialist state would mean a return merely to slavery, and to the most rigorous system of slavery the world has ever seen, for it would be an attempt to enforce universal compulsory labor, under direction of the state, leaving no hope to the individual of escape from it, or of betterment of his condition in it. It goes so violently against good sense and common judgment that it is really an idle thing to talk about.

"But the existing system is wrong, and socialism is a protest against the system." The root of this wrong system is in the fundamental condition in which man was placed on the earth. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." If this is a curse every attempt to escape it becomes more truly a curse. It is no answer to say that some, even many, eat bread who have not earned it; for somebody has earned it, somebody has accumulated it through industry, trade or business, and passed it on to his descendants; and the state can only exist by careful protection of rights of property, with regulations over its descent to the natural successors. This is universal in human society; it conforms to experience, to nature and to reason. Personal initiative on the one hand, and protection of the rights of property on the other—both of which the socialist scheme would destroy—are the basis of all civilized states and of all the progress of mankind; and the purpose to destroy them is as chimerical as any dream that ever played in a mad man's brain. Perhaps it is a fault to give it any serious treatment or consideration.

The farmer whose land is producing a steadily decreasing yield per acre has nothing to be proud of, however great the quantity may be. Deteriorating productiveness must sooner or later reach the point where expense exceeds the revenue. There is always a promising future for the farm so managed that fertility increases rather than diminishes from year to year. This desirable condition can be attained by an intelligent system of rotation of crops, and by use of such fertilizers as can be secured by every farmer. It behooves not only the individual farmer, but the agricultural community as well, to see that the best modern methods of agriculture are pursued. When the individual farms of a community have become poor and unproductive the whole district assumes an appearance of retrogression and lack of thrift. Local agitation and education are necessary in order to induce the less progressive to adopt the agricultural policies which bring increasing, instead of decreasing wealth. No one wants to locate in a farming district that has failure staring out from every straggling fence, broken gate, tumbling barn and barren field. All homeseekers are attracted by the prosperous appearance of productive fields and well-kept premises. The progressive farming community has a double advantage—it reaps the larger harvests of well-managed fields and receives the aid of those investors who seek only thrifty localities in which to purchase property. Of the farmer who adopts modern methods it may be truly said, "to him who hath shall be given," and of the careless or unprogressive, "from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

BETRAYING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

There comes from Tacoma a bit of interesting testimony—a personal confession from an itinerant newspaper writer—printed on this page today, that he, a Democrat, registered as a Republican, for the Oregon primaries. This particular perjurer glories in his dishonest deed. "Everything's fair in love, war and politics," he cries. Hardly; but the Democrat who wants results, doesn't hesitate to pursue any kind of game, fair or unfair, in Oregon, to get them. Therefore, hundreds and even thousands of Democrats last Spring registered as Republicans in order to control the Republican primaries, and name the weakest men that such candidates might be beaten in the regular election. So Cake was defeated by Chamberlain.

But it is now denied by some that Democrats voted as Republicans, though it was notorious; it was spoken of constantly; the newspapers were full of it; George H. Thomas, chairman of the Democratic county committee of Multnomah, said he was aghast at the perjury of Democrats, well-known, lifelong Democrats, who registered falsely as Republicans. Did Mr. Thomas know what he was talking about? He did, of course, as everybody else knew who took the trouble to inquire. In one county, Marion, a single citizen reported that he recognized on the Republican rolls forty tried and true Democrats. Why were these faithful partisans thus traitorously sneaking into the enemy's camp and enlisting under his flag, if not to betray him? They did betray him, as the result proved. But how are we going to stop it until men become honest, which, in such a matter, is hopeless to expect; or until the primary law is amended?

A FEW LESSONS FROM JACKSON REID.

The observant reader will draw one ominous conclusion at least from the account of the murder of De Mars by the boy Jackson Reid. He cannot fail to perceive that the lessons in immunity for crime which the courts have been teaching so long and so assiduously have penetrated deep and wide throughout society. In answer to the first question he was asked after the crime, the boy was ready with his specious plea, and it was one which has played a conspicuous part in dozens of farcical murder trials. "I did it in self-defense," he said. "De Mars was after my dog and threatened that he would get me after he had done with the dog." Is not this the very language of the criminal pettifogger? Jackson must have been a more diligent student of the court reports than of his school books, and the lessons he has learned are portentous. How many other boys have been pursuing the same course of instruction? How many lawyers and judges stop in the midst of those scholastic technicalities which discourage justice and foster crime to think of the teaching they are offering to school boys?

Is it not strange that a boy eleven years old should have at his tongue's end a technical plea in justification of murder? Is it not stranger still that his first thought, when De Mars offended him, should have been to shoot? Is it not strangest of all that the deadly revolver should have been lying within reach of the children, that Jackson's little sister knew exactly where to find it, and that she obeyed without hesitation when the boy ordered her to go and get it? All this tells us terrible tales of the instruction which the administration of the criminal law has imparted to the rising generation, but it tells tales also of the discipline and nurture of the Reid children. How many times must not Jackson have heard his step-father threaten to shoot somebody before the idea of murder became so familiar to him? What sort of daily conversation must have taken place in the family to make the little children so knowing about "trespass"? Two men peaceably passing their gate were hailed as trespassers by these extraordinary children and the dog was set upon them. What sort of civilization is this to be flourishing on the outskirts of Portland? Is the Reid family a group of Ishmaelites with its hand against every man?

What sort of parents are they who permit their children to keep a dog so savage that he tore the clothes of a passerby to rags the other day? What excuse is there for permitting such a beast to exist in the city? What use had the Reid family for him except to help in their contentions about "trespass"? It is only people of a certain character who like to possess these savage dogs. Against burglars and so forth they are of no use, since it is the easiest thing in the world to poison them, but in neighborhood quarrels they are inestimable. This one has been the occasion for a murder. Revolvers, snarling dogs, family conversations about crime and defensive court pleas, and a mother who is so concerned about her soul that she overlooks the conduct of her children, how beautifully all these things harmonize with one another. When Jackson shot De Mars, his mother was attending a meeting of the devotees of "The World's Advanced Thought." If she had been home switching him for his precocious quarrelsomeness, it would have been better. Much good her advanced thought has done the boy. Much comfort it will be to her now that he has committed murder. There are a great many other people who, like Mrs. Reid, spend their time speculating about advanced thought, their souls, God and the future world, when there is plenty in this world of a very material and practical character to occupy all their energy if they would attend to it. The most advanced thought we know anything about is the very ancient precept that when a person has undertaken obligations he ought to fulfill them. This especially applies to mothers of boys. We assure all these women that if they will attend to their children, they need not worry about their souls. The Lord will look after them better than any advanced thought disciples possibly can.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

There are very few American industries that now fail to reflect some improvement in the commercial situation. On account of the magnitude of its business, the quarterly statement of the steel trust is an exceptionally valuable business barometer. This statement, which appeared a few days ago, showed June earnings of $7,482,797, the highest figure reached this year, although quite naturally the comparison with the $15,000,000 profits of June, 1907, is unfavorable. Not only were the June earnings the largest for any month this year, but the earnings for the second quarter of 1908 were more than $2,000,000 in excess of those of the first quarter. This recovery is, of course, far from phenomenal, when the magnitude of the business is considered, but it shows quite effectually that the turn of the tide has been reached, and there are better times ahead.

These earnings represent past conditions, and it is in the outlook for the future that the most encouraging signs appear. Accompanying the report is a statement that the average daily bookings for the first twenty-four days in July are in excess of 26,000 tons per day, an amount equivalent to 75 per cent of the capacity of the mills. This new business was distributed over a wide range, covering practically all grades of finished steel, with the exception of rails, for which there has been but little improvement in demand. While the American public can readily understand that there is cause for rejoicing over increased earnings, even for the iniquitous steel trust, it is not at all clear that the return of former prosperous conditions would not be hastened if the trust would make still further concessions in the price of steel.

Reduction in prices would encourage the demand so that, instead of working the mills at 75 per cent of the capacity, as now seems an occasion for congratulation, they could be worked up to their full capacity. The primary reason for failure of the railroads to buy rails at this time is their inability to induce capital to buy railroad securities until it has been definitely settled that the good are no longer to be forced to suffer with the bad in the drastic railroad regulation that has been so much in evidence during the past year. There is another reason, however, and that is the belief that the price of steel rails is susceptible of still further reduction in prices, without impoverishing the philanthropists who dominate the policy of the greatest trust on earth.

WHERE THE BLAMELESS SUFFER.

Several thousand employes of the Canadian Pacific railroad have struck for higher wages and fears are entertained that the great system will be completely tied up. As a rule, the parties most seriously affected by a strike are the employers and the employes. This strike is usually precipitated because one side or the other is unwilling to continue on an existing basis of labor and remuneration. But no sooner is the strike declared than its effect is felt throughout a wide field which theoretically has no direct interest in the controversy. This is especially true of the railroad strike, for the reason that practically all lines of industry are dependent to a certain extent on the railroads. The public does not directly share in the wages that the Canadian Pacific boilermakers earn, neither does it participate in the dividends earned by the road; but every time there is a strike brought about over the unsatisfactory dimensions of the wages or the dividends, the public suffers and suffers much.

In this respect, the present strike of the Canadian Pacific employes promises to be a very serious matter. There is an immense crop of grain ready for harvest and, unless men can be brought into the country by rail, much of it will be lost. The hard-working immigrant who, after two or three years of work and self-denial, in the new Northwest, is this year about to harvest his first crop, will with difficulty understand why he should lose his crop simply through a falling out between the railroad company and its employes over a matter of wages.

Herein lies the injustice of the strike, and it is this feature which causes the great public that foots the bills and suffers the discomforts, to lose patience with both the employers and the labor unions which declare strikes. The system which precipitates such conflicts is all wrong, for it forces 1,000,000 innocent people to suffer loss and discomfort, while a few hundred immediately interested are settling their differences.

COLORED SHIRTS.

Beware of the colored shirt. Shun the bandana handkerchief. An article in The Literary Digest proclaims that they are traitors to health. Not because of the dye stuff in them, although that has its demerits upon occasion, but because they are specious devices to conceal dirt. The man who wears a white cuff must keep it spotless. He must change his garment the moment the first speck appears. Otherwise it becomes an unsightly reproach which publishes to everybody his niggardliness or slovenliness. But a colored garment may be worn on and on indefinitely. Its brilliant red or hydrangea blue can conceal any number of spots. The dirt may accumulate upon it until it peels off like the layers of an onion and still the garment will look well.

It follows that a man who wears a pink shirt confesses to all the world that he is unable or unwilling to pay laundry bills. Since cleanliness is next to godliness, he admits that his religious convictions are precarious. Worst of all, he endangers his health by accommodating colonies of microbes. Thus much from The Literary Digest. It must not be forgotten, however, that white shirts are not altogether innocuous. Who has not suffered from pimples and sore places on his neck where the stiff white collar rubs? The intractable fabric first breaks the skin and then with its starch poisons the wound. Moreover, collars and bosoms which resemble pieces of plank prevent the skin from doing its duty by the body. They keep the perspiration in and fend off the life-giving breezes. One concludes, therefore, that if a colored shirt indicates a parsimonious disposition, a starched garment suggests that the wearer values his vain pride above his health. Why not dress for comfort first and show a long way afterward? The white shirt which is free from starch would appear to meet all objections. It is indeed a perfect garment. All it lacks is beauty. But "Why should our garments, made to hide our parents' shame, provoke our pride? Let me be dressed gay as I will, bugs, worms and bees exceed me still." So sings Dr. Watts, and to our mind he sings wisely.

The "Watson family"—Tom, of of Georgia, and Citizen D. M., of Portland—are not in strict accord regarding the possibilities of Bryan's success. Their views, in fact, are as far apart as their respective homes. Tom, of Georgia, has difficulty in finding a sufficient number of printable terms in which to express his opinion of the Platte statesman, and predicts defeat so overwhelming that Democracy will no longer be Bryanized. Citizen D. M. returns to Portland with advice to "bet all your money on Bryan to win, and all you can borrow." It is difficult to determine which of these Watsons is right, but, in all fairness, it must be remembered that Tom is speaking from personal knowledge gained while serving as a running mate, and his words are entitled to consideration. Perhaps it would be safer to split the advice given by Citizen D. M. and simply bet our money, reserving the "borrowing" power until after election, when it might be useful in case the "sure thing" goes astray.

The stage settings, the gun work and the principals in that Idaho tragedy, reported in yesterday's news columns, were lurid and realistic enough for anything ever related of the frontier tales of a generation ago. When Dan Carr, the rancher, met the rustlers, according to the Lewiston special, "a fusillade of shots greeted the rancher, but Carr killed Moore at the first shot, wounded Rice with a bullet through the neck, and sent a ball through the right arm of Reed." This was not only in accordance with the dime novel tale, but it was also strictly in keeping with the way those things are done in the yellow "mellow-drammer," for Carr was an honest, hard-working rancher, and the bad men who stopped his bullets were cattle rustlers and very undesirable citizens. The West still retains some of its picturesque but deadly features.

Another three-cent advance was scored in the Chicago wheat market yesterday, on the strength of bad crop news in the Dakotas and other points where rust is appearing. Foreign news is also of a "bullish" nature, and, until harvesting in this country is pretty well over in the Spring wheat districts, there will be enough uncertainty in the situation to prevent very much short selling. Locally, buyers have been making some heavy purchases at prices far above the market value, all of which is very pleasant for the farmer, but far from profitable for the buyers. The inability of the call board to be of any advantage in Portland, is shown by the purchase by Portland buyers of more than 1,000,000 bushels of wheat in the past ten days, while not a single bushel has been bought or sold on the board.

The decision to exclude cocaine from the mails shows that the Postoffice Department abounds in good intentions. Its wisdom is not so evident. Efforts to make the postoffice a general censor of morals and manners never have succeeded very well in other countries and are not likely to fare much better here. The fool and his drug will come together in spite of all impediments. Meantime, the postoffice seems to be acquiring a habit of meddlesomeness which is as bad as cocaine.

Most of the exempt property in Oregon belongs to individuals or societies which are abundantly able to pay taxes upon it. Moreover, it enjoys the protection of the law precisely the same as other property. In all fairness, either the farmer and small householder should enjoy a reasonable exemption or the property now exempt should be taxed. The law should have no favorites.

The perfect airship must carry a lightning rod. So much we learn from Count Zeppelin's mishap. Around the airship of the balloon type dangers multiply faster than ingenuity can resolve them. The simple truth seems to be that the practicable vehicle for traversing the air must evolve from Professor Langley's aeroplane and not from the balloon.

A Chicago woman, devotee of the "higher thought," says she has fallen heir to a $20,000,000 estate in Scotland. That is, she thinks she has. The higher thought works wonders.

There is no need, of course, for Governor Chamberlain to be nervous about the Legislature. That's a mere formality. Hasn't he been "elected" Senator by the people?

Count Zeppelin solved the problem of aerial navigation, and then his ship blew up. Those balloons are all right if they don't explode or something else doesn't happen.

Mr. Harriman objects to all references to Oregon as "my" (meaning "his") territory. Can he mean that it belongs to Mr. Hill?

That Guild's Lake murder came about as usual, through the circumstance of having a loaded pistol handy about the house.

We shall all be glad to welcome those pay-as-you-enter cars. But we hope we won't have to pay when we can't enter.

NEW SCHEME FOR COOLING FRUITS

Then Our Cherries May Be Served Fresh to New York.

New York Times.

Salem, Oregon, has just held a cherry fair, at which were exhibited the cherries of the Willamette Valley, cherries one and three-eighths inches in diameter, ripe, luscious, endeared to the Oregonians by a juiciness that has prevented their successful shipment East. Of cherries of the Pacific Slope we taste only the drier varieties. The Royal Anne, which is the standard French white cherry, has attained to a melting perfection in the Willamette Valley, while the American Bing, Lambert and Hoskins cherries are even more highly prized by the connoisseurs of Yamhill County. The Portland Oregonian, however, predicts that the choice Pacific cherries, loganberries and other tender fruits, may soon delight the palates of Manhattan gourmets.

The fruit will be cooled before it is put into refrigeration for shipment. Cooling stations are to be built at points from Oregon to Lower California, into which loaded cars will be run, after which, the temperature being promptly reduced to the right point, the cars will be packed with ice and started Eastward. By the old way the temperature of perishable fruits plucked in the hot sunshine and immediately dispatched had not fallen sufficiently before the journey across the continent was half over. The preliminary cooling plan will allow picking fruits at a riper stage, and will reduce the wastage during transportation 3000 miles to their best market.

JOHN SMITH AND PARCELS POST

Showing How This Nation Is in the Grip of the Express Trust.

New York World.

John Smith, of New York, can now send parcels-post packages to any point in Bolivia or Peru for 12 cents a pound, a watchful government having made a new treaty. The distance being approximately 4000 miles and the routes slow, circuitous and difficult the rate is a bargain, but as Smith probably knows not a soul in Peru or Bolivia it is of little use to him.

Mrs. Smith is in Asbury Park, N. J., for the Summer. The distance is an easy thiry-five miles, wholly within the United States and much travelled, but Smith cannot mail her a five-pound package of Summer novels at any price whatever. He must employ a private monopoly and pay the rate fixed by it for this very profitable interstate service.

It does no good for Smith personally to get warm under the collar at this absurd condition of things. But if Brown, Jones, Robinson and all the rest of them work together they may yet impress on Congress a sense of shame that the United States lags far behind the world in mail facilities.

When We Fight in the Air.

Philadelphia Press.

It was only two years after Trafalgar was fought that Fulton sailed up the Hudson in his steamboat. In a very short time men-of-war that were propelled by sails were put out of commission by the steamers.

About midway between Fulton's day and our own two ironclads met in battle in Hampton Roads, and the death knell of all wooden warships was sounded at that hour. One little iron-sheathed monitor could sink all of Nelson's fleet.

Since the first Monitor and the Merrimac had their memorable fight there has been such a rapid advance in the way of size, armor and guns that one Dreadnought today could whip a dozen first-class battleships of a decade ago. But the only thing revolutionary in the last quarter of a century has been mainly in the way of bigness of ship and caliber of gun.

Has the time now arrived when another new invention is to annihilate existing navies. Count Zeppelin's flight in his wonderful airship may well cause the profound attention of Europe and elsewhere which it has created. Who can tell in how short a time the first battle is to be fought in air? And who cannot picture the uselessness of floating hulks of steel when that day arrives!

Japan in South America.

New York Tribune.

The Japanese overtures to Chile for closer diplomatic and commercial relations are a noteworthy sign of the times, indicating the untiring enterprise with which Japan is reaching out into all parts of the globe in her campaign for mecantile pre-eminence. She is inviting Chile, one of the most prosperous and progressive of South American states, to be represented at the Tokio Exposition, and proposes to establish a legation at the Chilean capital. Naturally Japanese merchants and students will settle in Chile, and before long a Japanese steamship line will connect Yokohama with Valparaiso and Japanese industries will compete with those of Europe and America in the Chilean market.

London Times Praises Our Athletes.

Boston Post.

The London Times, among English newspapers commenting without rancor on the Olympic games makes frank admission that in speed and strength the British are far behind the Americans. "They were as amateurs," says the Times, "as compared with professionals." The lesson which the English writer draws from these facts is that the methods of training there are antiquated, good enough at home, but insufficient when competing against the world. There is something in this. The Americans are called "businesslike athletes." But it is simply that here the means are better adapted to the end, and the spirit of sport is not deteriorated.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Chicago News.

The silver question—is it solid or only plated?

Opportunities and shrewd politicians wear rubber shoes.

The man who plants a ladder never knows what may come up.

It takes the strongest kind of love to survive the onion test.

Too much of the love Cupid hands out is of the cold-storage brand.

The child with a mind of its own seldom cares to mind its parents.

A progressive man is apt to get his back up when asked to come down.

Where Presidents Are Made.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Chicago is the center and metropolis of the region where Presidents are made. The East contributes campaign funds and votes—sometimes, and always in Pennsylvania—to the making of Republican Presidents. The mountains and the Pacific Coast contribute enthusiasm and noise. But the Middle West—the Mississippi Valley—does the hard and sober thinking that moves the Nation to action and makes Presidents.

Swarms of Bugs Darken a Town.

Baltimore News.

Recently at La Crosse, Wis., people were compelled to stay indoors on account of swarms of bugs, which were so thick that at times the town was in semi-darkness.

Pet Carp Eats Out of Owner's Hand.

Trenton (N. J.) Dispatch.

Otto Evers, a farmer living near Newton, N. J., says he has a pet carp that sits in his lap and eats out of his hand.

MR. ALBERT MAKES EXPLANATION

Thinks The Oregonian Misunderstood Him, and Says Just What He Meant.

SALEM, Or., Aug. 4.—(To the Editor.)—The temper of your comment on my communication of yesterday in your paper of today indicates an inexplicable misconception on your part of the tenor and motive of my article. What I wrote was in no sense a criticism of your editorial, but only contrasted the results of the Presidential and Gubernatorial elections in the past, referring to the "Kilkenny" conditions in the Republican party in the East and at home, which led to the election of Governor Chamberlain to the Senate, concluding that the dissensions still exist, intensified by the pending strife between Chairman Cake and Committeeman Williams for the possession of the campaign sack, would logically lead to the defeat of the Taft ticket here in November.

I could not have misunderstood your views in the premises, so plainly indicated in the conclusion of your editorial referred to, as well as by your statement in an adjoining column of the same issue: "Possibly Oregon may be carried for Taft. It is a possibility only," your conclusion being based on the very conditions in the Republican party upon which I based my belief in the probable defeat of Taft, in my communication.

As to your charge, "Mr. Albert makes a misstatement when he says The Oregonian claims this is a cock-sure Republican state," I can only say that I made no such accusation against The Oregonian, but it would stand against nearly all other Republican newspapers in the United States and the jingoes at home.

When I said, "How can you consistently place Oregon in 1908 in the column of cock-sure Republican states," I used the pronoun "you" in the general sense in which you frequently use it. The Standard Dictionary says: "'You' is often used indefinitely like 'one' or 'they,' for persons not specified, etc." It was in this sense I used the word in the (to you) objectionable sentence. I again disavow any intention of accusing The Oregonian of a belief that Taft will carry this state in November. If you still fear my language may be misunderstood by your readers, to your detriment, I hereby publicly express regret for my poor diction, imputing the result to my faulty rhetoric and not to any bluntness of acumen on your part.

I am not a politician and have no knowledge of illegal registration here, nor have I noticed any prosecutions for perjury in Multnomah County for such cause. I take issue with you upon the statement: "It is not true that an untrammeled vote deliberately chose Chamberlain for United States Senator," admitting the truth of your statement that "Republicans refused to be bound by the result," and so bolted their own party nomination. I assume that deliberately voting for Chamberlain some six weeks afterward evidenced the fact that they were untrammeled. J. H. ALBERT.

Sued By Miss La Follette.

Chicago dispatch to Kansas City Star.

On behalf of Miss Fola LaFollette, daughter of Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin, a motion to set aside the bankruptcy of the Will J. Block Amusement Company was filed in the United States District Court.

That she was engaged to play a role in a production that was never staged and as a result of which she failed to receive a weekly salary of $50 is alleged by the daughter of the Wisconsin senator. Miss LaFollette avers she was employed for a period of thirty weeks to star in the production.

The amusement company not only failed to produce the play but forgot to release Miss LaFollette from her contract, and the season passed before the young actress was able to obtain other employment.

There are vague promises of good things in other plays, Miss LaFollette alleges, but none was forthcoming, and the amusement company even went into bankruptcy without the young woman's knowledge she declares. For all of this, Miss LaFollette asks damages.

The Oregon Idea.

Tacoma Tribune.

Under the direct primary law, The Oregonian laments, Oregon Democrats registered as Republicans, helped to nominate the weakest Republican candidate for the Senate, and in the general election voted for the Democratic candidate. The Oregonian is correct. The writer of this paragraph did that very thing, believing that the public welfare required it. The Oregonian says that's stuffing the ballot-box. Stuff and nonsense! Everything's fair in love, war and politics. * * * The scheme is practical and beautifully simple. Wonder if it can't be utilized in Washington? Keep quiet about it, ye Democrats. The Republicans have heard from Oregon and they have their eye on you.

Rescued Rabbit Strands an Auto.

Eastport, L. I., Despatch.

A rabbit whose life he instinctively saved stranded Richard B. Tillinghast's automobile and gave him and a Miss Tooker, his companion, a four-mile walk. The rabbit jumped into the path of the machine near Riverside, and caused him to swerve into the woods, thereby imperilling his life and that of Miss Tooker. Disregarding all risk, Mr. Tillinghast swung the steering wheel to the left, carrying the big machine off the embankment and into the woods. Fortunately the resisting bushes stopped the car before it upset, and the occupants escaped without injury.

They could not get the car on the road again and had to walk four miles to the nearest hotel.

New-Old Remedy to Prevent Iron Rust.

Shipping World.

It is announced from Blackburn, Lancashire, that an important discovery has been made which will be of great value to shipping in the preservation of iron and all other material liable to rust and deterioration by weeping. The substance is a liquid paint, the principle of which is believed by experts to be an old Roman secret, which has been lost to the world for 700 years.

Publicity Withheld.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

What we would like to know is, Why doesn't the Independence League publish the name of its campaign subscriber, as a matter of justice to the latter?

Rural Joys.

Chicago News.

The cattle stand beneath the trees
And fight the flies the livelong day.
The meadow lark has ceased to sing.
The bobolink has gone away.
The cherries ere they could be canned
Were seized by birds as contraband.

The warm nights force the growth of corn,
The streams abound with infant trout,
The cabbage worm is trying hard
To knock the crop of sauerkraut,
And where we planted flowers last Spring
We cannot find a single thing.

The city girl from far away
Has donned a brassy coat of tan
And squeals at little garter snakes,
Hoping to bring the only man.
The man himself is fighting mad—
He has hay fever very bad.

The mower of the ripened hay
While steering on the starboard tack
Ran on a nest of bumble bees
And wears a poultice on his back.
The haying's almost done at last.
Gee! How's the Summer's flying past!

KENTUCKY'S BITTER TOBACCO WAR

Three Years of Barn-Burning, Crop-Destroying and Personal Violence.

Chicago Record-Herald.

For the last three years organized and unorganized tobacco planters have been at war in Kentucky, with the result that there now exists in the state "a condition of affairs that is almost without parallel in the history of the world," according to H. A. Vivian, who has investigated conditions in the region of "night riders" and writes about them in the New York Times.

"Disrespect and disregard of law and order prevail; the wanton destruction of property is a daily occurrence and passes unpunished, indeed, almost unnoticed, save by those immediately concerned," writes Mr. Vivian. "The taking of human life is alarmingly frequent, and in some sections of the state men and women dread the hours of darkness.

* * *

"Kentucky's tobacco war is an old story. The deeds of the so-called 'night riders' have been chronicled from time to time in news dispatches and in magazine articles. The war is very nearly over. The night riders have about accomplished the end they sought. And yet conditions in the state, despite the earnest protests of her citizens to the contrary, are not improved, but unquestionably are actually more serious than they were some months ago. This is true not so much because of the outrages that are being committed from time to time, but because of the complacency with which the existing state of things is regarded by a community of educated, civilized people.

* * *

"To one of unbiased mind who travels through Kentucky in these days and talks with farmers, tobacco-growers, land-owners, tobacco warehousemen, shopkeepers, laborers, a single fact is brought home with almost appalling directness. This fact is that the majority of the people of the state have reached a stage where they seriously believe and solemnly affirm, though not in so many words, that two wrongs do make a right. Not only are the deeds of the night riders generally condoned, but they are actually applauded. The taking of life, while regretted, has come to be regarded as a necessary incident in the remarkable fight that has been going on. The interference with personal liberty is approved. Might is right to the average Kentuckian, and he does not believe that in all cases law and order should prevail so that government may be maintained and communities progress."

* * *

Reviewing the history of the tobacco war, Mr. Vivian says it began early in 1906, when a number of planters, convinced that the so-called tobacco trust, through a practical monopoly of the industry of manufacturing tobacco, was paying what were termed starvation prices for the raw material, banded themselves together and pooled their crops. Of the 1906 crop something over 43 per cent was pooled and held in warehouses. In 1907 between 70 and 80 per cent of the crop was thus controlled and in the present year, it is estimated, the amount reached nearly 90 per cent at the time the "night riding" began.

"Independent" tobacco-growers—those who stood out against the combination and tried to raise tobacco for the market price, have had their fields practically all ruined this year, according to Mr. Vivian. The crop of the growers in the pool has not been marketed in previous years and their land has not been planted to tobacco this year, with the result that the state will not produce one-fifth of its normal crop.

* * *

Aside from the immediate results of the "night riders" in destroying fields, burning barns and committing acts of personal violence ranging from murders to whippings, Kentucky has been plunged into a state of public feeling that Mr. Vivian considers deplorable, and describes in the following paragraphs:

"Taking the law into their own hands, firmly convinced that they were right and could not expect justice from the usual sources, the night riders, no matter what part of the state they acted in, sowed a wind and now the whirlwind appears upon the horizon.

* * *

"'When a large body of men form an organization or several organizations for the purpose of disobeying the law, no matter how good their ultimate purpose may be, the effect is to show to the lawless element in any community how easily the law may be disobeyed.' This is from Adjutant-General Johnson, who is as closely in touch with the whole situation as any one in Kentucky. There has been but one conviction in connection with the night riding; that of Dr. Champion down in Calloway County. It has been impossible to get convictions. Juries drawn from the body of the state have refused to convict; county officers have refused to do their duty; judges and court officials have declined to punish.'

"General Johnson might have added that the people of the state have refused to censure; that among the body of the citizens the deeds of the night riders were not regarded as crimes, and that, in some instances, where punishment threatened an offender, the public outcry of sympathy has been amazing.

* * *

"It will be recalled that in the latter days of the Ku-Klux unpardonable depredations were committed in its name. So it is with the night riders. There was, and still is, a considerable lawless element in the organizations of tobacco-growers, and necessarily in the night riders. There are headstrong, reckless young men of thoughtless dispositions, as well as a few vicious characters. It is invariably so. A love of mischief, too, has played its part, and the consequence is that all over the state personal feuds have sprung up, hatred has been engendered, the strong, bitter desire for vengeance has been aroused, and men have come to plotting secretly to burn and destroy and sometimes kill with no thought of the tobacco war in their minds, but ever remembering that the night riders were successful in defying and evading the law."

Social Influence of the White House.

Detroit Free Press.

"There are no lovers like wedded lovers," wrote President Roosevelt in a note to his friend, Miss Kohlsaat, of Chicago, congratulating her on her approaching marriage. The phrase is reminiscent of President Cleveland's eulogy of wedded life as "one grand, sweet song."

In these times of divorces and loose views on marriage the attitude of occupants of the White House is, no doubt, a steadying influence. It seems likely to continue, for Mrs. Taft's recent utterances on divorce are an assurance that her husband is as sound on the sanctity of marriage as he is upon all public questions, and Mr. Bryan's home life is a model for his fellow-citizens.

Pulpit preachments on the divorce evil, editorial comment, and formal addresses by men and women of prominence may have some effect in restraining the drift from old standards, but at the most they can be little more than formal and conventional.

The happiness that comes with such unions, and its reflection in the lives and casual remarks and writings of those of conspicuous station, inevitably carry more weight and influence for good than a thousand dry speeches.