The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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
Weekly, one year	1.50
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, JUNE 10, 1909.

THE WOOL DUTIES.

The Congressional game of grab which passes for tariff revision has now reached the subject of wool. The phantasmal Payne bill reduced the rates on wool somewhat and the Senate is debating whether or not to restore them to the Dingley pitch. Very likely this will be done in the end, and indeed when everybody else has his hand in the pouch there is no good reason why the sheepgrower should be excluded. He is just as much entitled to protection as any of the rest of the parents of infant industries. The wool duties make clothing dearer and compel the poor man to go thinly clad in Winter, but on the other hand they enhance the profit of the man who raises sheep and thus the balance swings even. At least it comes fully as near swinging even as it does in the case of any other duties. Everybody gets something out of the tariff taxes but the ultimate consumer. Upon him the burden falls in the end, and he receives no compensation for it, but if he does not complain, why should any other person?

The tariff on wool affords protection against the beneficence of Providence. Other duties shield us from the competition of pauper labor. This one forfends the dire consequences of the goodness of God. In certain parts of the world, Australia for example, the Almighty has made vast areas of cheap land where wool can be produced in sufficient quantities to clothe the human race at small cost. To protect ourselves from this abundant wool and the cheap clothing that could be woven from it we impose the wool duties, preferring to pay a high price for wool grown in our own country. There is no accounting for tastes, but neither does a wise man permit himself to dispute about them. De gustibus Solomon keeps silence. The wool duty is no more iniquitous than the sugar duty, and not half so monstrous as protection for steel products. For us in Oregon it has the merit of favoring one of our own industries. Therefore we defend it with the same arguments the Louisianian uses for his beloved rates on sugar and the Nebraskan for beets. Everywhere it is the same game, and if one section wins no other section ought to lose. The infinitely difficult question touching tariff revision is still "with whom to begin, and where?"

"MODERNISM."

In an article in the North American Review for June, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, remarks that "the battle between Modernism and the Papacy is raging all over the Christian world." But it is "raging" less, we believe, in the Roman Catholic than in the Protestant world, for the Roman Catholic religion is a religion of authority, to a far greater extent than any form of Protestantism. It was precisely on this thing now called Modernism, the spirit of which always is the same, but which nevertheless changes its expression from age to age, that Protestantism broke with the traditional and historical church. For Modernism is nothing more nor less than the modern spirit, the spirit of new times, changing from the old, applied to religious, theological and ecclesiastical problems. Modernism, therefore, in its essence, is but the sense of the historical spirit, used against old authority that had its basis in theories and formulas made by faith without knowledge. It is rapidly modifying the doctrines of all branches of the Christian church, and in particular the terms and forms in which they are stated. But Dr. Briggs finally admits that progressive Protestants and Catholic Modernists are lined up substantially in the same ranks, and that "it is no longer a battle between Protestants and Roman Catholics."

It is inevitable that church history shall be studied by the methods of modern criticism. Also, that since religion, in all its forms, is an outgrowth and expression of the human spirit, the forms in which it is stated in one age cannot stand through all ages, without new interpretation to meet new conditions of experience and knowledge. Modernism, too, compels interpretation of the Bible on the same principles as those employed in examination and interpretation of any other body of literature. This enforces change of early and medieval concepts, and, as Dr. Briggs well says, "destroys a multitude of untenable positions." Yet the article of Dr. Briggs has a tone extremely apologetic. It is an endeavor in the direction of "harmony" between the new and the old; and, by changing definitions and formulas, to get new interpretations, which would remove gradually the chief stumbling-blocks of dogmatic theology. He says, therefore: "Modernists study dogmas by the use of modern philosophy. Modern philosophy discredits the scholastic formulas in which both Roman and Protestant dogmas are encased; it does not discredit the dogmas themselves, but endeavors to set them in modern formulas that can be understood by modern men."

It is probably the only way by which the change can be effected in the "orthodox" mind. Attempt at direct rejection of the dogmas would fail to move those who are fixed in traditional beliefs. But restatement of definitions would probably smooth the way, by subtle methods. Hence it is that Modernism is so greatly feared by the followers of scholastic orthodoxy, both in the Catholic and Protestant churches.

NO ATTACK ON THE PRIMARY.

From the result of the election in Portland last Monday the primary law is not in danger. But that fraud, delusion, humbug and snare, Statement One, is. No quarter will be given to it by Republicans, nor to any Republican who may avow it.

The primary law has defects that may be corrected, in time. But "the assembly" will be employed for guidance of the operation of the primary law—till such time as amendments suggested by experience may be made. The danger to be averted, or guarded against, is self-nomination of a multiplicity of candidates, whose names will divide the vote in the primary and produce nominations by small pluralities which will not be ratified in the election.

The initiative, experience proves, is so liable to abuse that it ought to be repealed—unless it can be amended so as to limit its use and abuse. It is intolerable to find all sorts of crazy schemes put up to electors on the ballot.

OREGON'S APPLES.

The New York Times of June 4 contains the following editorial statement about Oregon's apples:

> Mr. George T. Powell, a horticulturist of this state, declared this week in a letter to the Times that, in his Oregon competition, the New York farmer "is 'up against' the brightest men in our country"—Eastern business men who have gone there for their health and have put their restored energies into the business of growing apples. In the Progress Magazine for June Mr. Olin D. Wheeler says that, owing to the methods of these Northwestern farmers, more money has been made in growing apples in the past decade than in any like period since the settlement of New England. Trainloads and shiploads of the sun-colored fruit move steadily across the continent and the Atlantic Ocean to England and other ports of Europe. Even Asia has taken some of them, and Australia gets thousands of boxes of the very best, and calls for more. Conditions of culture like those of Oregon obtain now, also, in the States of Washington, Idaho and Montana, where small farms are made to yield thousands of dollars' worth of apples yearly.

But the Times attempts a counter argument by adding this statement, to wit:

> In this state thousands of neglected and abandoned farms can be made to yield apples as abundantly, better-flavored apples than those of Oregon, and at as great profit. Our business men who are tired of the city should seek these farms in preference to the farms of Oregon.

Nothing probably but demonstration through further experience in New York can put a final quietus on this assumption that Eastern apples may be grown as good as ours of the Northwest. If that can be done, why hasn't it been done? And if it was done in old times why was it discontinued?

AN INITIATIVE FOOZLE.

Among the wonderful things the voters of Portland did in the Monday election was to declare for a policy that will raise water rates. They rejected the proposed new charter, but adopted a section out of it, providing that interest on the new $3,000,000 pipe from Bull Run and cost of water mains and laterals of less than 10 inches in diameter, shall be paid out of the water fund—that is, out of water rents.

Present water charges are insufficient to pay for these things and must be raised if the new plan is to be made effective. Two years ago the voters had water rents reduced to the present figures by shifting the $3,000,000 interest to taxation and the main and lateral expense to benefited property. Now the voters declare for the old arrangement and high water rents again. No doubt that is because they didn't know what they were doing last Monday or couldn't find out. And yet electors of Portland are the wisest people on earth. No doubt about that. Everybody admits it.

Up to two years ago, when interest and cost of mains were paid out of the water fund, the charge for an average home was $1.50 a month. When those two big items of expense were shifted the average rate was reduced to $1. Now the people foozle with the initiative, as with a gun they don't know is loaded, and kill off the fine plan that they begot but two short years ago, after sore trial and tribulation.

One hope remains. Some say this year's change was intended as part and parcel of the new charter which the people rejected, and was not to become effective unless the proposed charter should be adopted. But although the voters turned down the new charter, they selected one of its important sections and adopted it by no uncertain majority. Does this ordain it law? The committee of fifteen charter givers sought to set bounds on the people by saying that this latest change should be of force only in case the fine-spun charter should be accepted by the electorate. But the people reply by rejecting the charter and ordaining the higher water rate plan. Shall the people rule? Shall they be curbed by an oligarchy of fifteen?

The Oregonian has profound respect for the people and thinks the lawyers and the courts have, too. It will look on while they untangle the will of the people from the confusion of last Monday's voting.

WOE, ALAS, ALACK-A-DAY.

If Mr. C. L. Daly had the boosting fever instead of his fearful case of grouch what a windbag he would be. Only consider how exceedingly optimistic his letter printed today would be if all its grumbling were but transformed into exhilaration. The hilarious hops of the sportive cow would be insignificant in comparison. The trouble with Mr. Daly is that he has made up his mind to see the world through blue spectacles and nothing looks good to him or ever will. If he were dwelling in the New Jerusalem, instead of Portland, he would find just as much fault. The harps would not be of the right shape. The bonnets of the female angels would not please his taste. Doubtless Mr. Daly's grouch is more thoroughgoing here than it would be in heaven, because there is a shadow of excuse for a little of it. But it takes a pretty determined man to see nothing good.

It would add beauty and value to Mr. Daly's remarks if he would specify what species of manufactures he thinks would flourish best here. If he will point out some variety for which the conditions are suitable, no doubt he will find capital ready to engage in it. Manufactured goods can now in very many cases be made elsewhere and shipped to Oregon more cheaply than they can be produced here. To try to compete with them would simply be throwing money away. When labor becomes more plentiful, and in particular when the local market enlarges, it will be time enough to talk of driving goods made in the East out of the local market. At present it cannot be done, except in favored cases. High freights have heretofore made it out of the question to find a market for any manufactured articles except lumber and flour in other parts of the world when shipped from Portland, even if we could have produced them at a cost which would have permitted the attempt.

Thus one might try to reason with the grouchy Mr. Daly, but it would be a waste of time. His grief over the scheme of things entire is too deep seated to admit of reason. The best favor one could show him would be to set him down on an ash heap with old Job and let him howl to the winds.

MISLEADING CROP REPORT.

The course of the wheat market in Chicago yesterday would indicate that the buying public was puzzled as to what interpretation to place on the latest Government report. If the report for the remainder of the country is in keeping with that for Oregon and Washington, the market operators may well have been puzzled. We find Oregon credited with a June 1 condition of 87 per cent, while Washington is credited with 90 per cent. The Oregonian is unable to state whether either of these reports is accurate, but it is a certainty that one of them is wrong. The best reports of grain trade of Oregon and Washington and the railroads which haul the grain to tidewater are practically unanimous in showing the Washington crop in much worse condition than the Oregon crop. This was due to the absence of needed showers along the main line of the Northern Pacific and in some portions of the Big Bend at a time when Oregon's wheat belt was favored with them.

Both states will produce good crops if there is no further damage, but in making it appear that the crop of Oregon is in worse condition than that of Washington, the Department of Agriculture has committed another of its usual blunders. The percentage condition credited to Washington is much too high or that of Oregon is too low.

LEARNING TO PLAY.

The old reproach that Americans do not know how to play loses point as the years pass. Much of the Puritan dread of a good time, which we inherited from our colonial forefathers, has disappeared and we are now able to face a pleasant day without a qualm of conscience. Some of the former zeal for destroying vicious amusements without putting anything better in their places, has been abandoned. Instead of trying to make Sunday a mere desert waste of time, for example, we have learned that it is much better to fill its leasurely hours with intelligent and restful enjoyment. The public library is no longer closed on Sunday in many towns, and some have even attained to a degree of humanity which permits baseball and open-air sports of all innocent sorts. These are the modern devices for invigorating the morals of the plain people, and they are found to be vastly more efficient for the purpose than sermons. Better still, because they catch the human being younger, are those new playgrounds which are springing, as it were, from the earth, all over the country.

Massachusetts has passed a mandatory act, which obliges certain cities to vote upon the question of public playgrounds or no public playgrounds for their children. Forty-five have voted thus far, and out of that number, forty have decided to establish sporting places for the young. There the little ones can play their games without hindrance or annoy. The dire policeman doth not warn them off the grass. The hoodlum doth not pervert nor the automobile frighten. Wherever public playgrounds have been established, the testimony is unvarying that the morals and manners of the young have improved beyond belief. Boys form themselves into gangs of lawless toughs, simply because the inborn play instinct has no outlet. Give them a chance to disport themselves without injuring anybody, and they gladly do it. Nothing helps the police to manage the graceless urchins of the street like the public playground. It saves its expense in Police Court expenses over and over in a short time. Better yet, the children of the poor learn there the art of playing which is more wholesome than medicine for their bodies and more salutary than the catechism for their souls.

Beware of the youth who has never learned to play. He is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. The development of holiday seasons all over the country indicates a turn in our National life toward hale and hearty merriment, instead of the unbroken grind which many people used to think was the duty of the good citizen and the provident father. The citizen is all the better for taking a day off now and then. A week is preferable to a day. He is a worthier father for giving himself time to get acquainted with his boys in the only possible way, that is, by playing with them. The reader will recall the lament of the boy whose father was not like Henry Blake's. Henry Blake's father would "take him and stay somewhere in the woods for a half-holiday." Indeed, that marvellous parent liked Henry so much that our envious youth could not believe he was "any more than his uncle!" It seemed so out of keeping for a real father actually to play with his son. But that reserve which formerly kept parents and children apart is vanishing. The best company for the little ones is their parents. We are discovering that it is not the whole of our duty to lay up a fortune for the children to inherit. We ought also to take time to make their acquaintance and bring them up in the way they should go, with frequent play spells by the roadside.

It is a great mistake, though, to think that only children need play-spells. The mature need them just as much. Play is nature's medicine for old and young. All the nations of the world which have made their mark have had frequent seasons of jollity. The Greeks had them; so had the Romans. The modern carnival in Italy is directly descended from heathen festivals as old as time. One of the finest of our inheritances from merry England is the tradition of jollity at Christmas, and on other holidays. Some of them have fallen into neglect and we should be the worse for it if we had not undertaken to replace them with new ones, better suited to our life. The Portland Rose Festival is more in keeping with our climate than the English May-day sports would be, even if those old games were adapted to the city. The best trait of the old-time games was that they were pure merriment. Nothing commercial intruded. As we break the fetters of routine more and more completely, our holidays, too, will grow in beauty and sheer joy. We shall forget all about money making. We shall think less of making a loud noise and more of such songs as Henry Vandyke heard at that famous festival in the Tyrol, which he describes in Little Rivers. It really does not add to the charm of the Rose Festival to toot horns. Music is much more satisfactory, though it requires somewhat more effort to produce.

In the art of merrymking we are young as yet, and naturally a little awkward. Observers have said of us, with a grain of truth, that we enjoy ourselves like savages, but we are learning better. The tin horn and the firecracker will not always be our sole means of expressing hilarity. We have the capacity to witness street pageants with serene and rational enjoyment and sometime we shall begin to exercise it. A merry crowd is not necessarily a crowd of hoodlums. Pleasure can be kindly and considerate without losing a particle of its heartiness. But all this goes without saying. The great point is that the American people are learning how to play and in so learning they are becoming healthier in soul and body.

It may be proper still to mention the gentleman with the blanket and the hankering for firewater as "Lo, the poor Indian"; but we must cut out the remainder of the quotation, which alludes to the "untutored mind." For there has been much "tutoring" going on around the reservations, and as a result Lo is no longer an ignorant savage, incapable of thinking for himself. For example, we find the Modoc and Klamath Indians following the example set by the Umatillas in forwarding a petition to Washington asking for removal of the Indian agent. The petition of the Umatillas was promptly granted, and, if that of the Modoc and Klamath Indians possesses similar merit, it also will receive due attention. With the progress he is now making it will not be long before Lo, the poor Indian, can dispense with the services of a "tutor."

The haughty cattleman, who is generally disposed to regard the more humble sheepman with disdain bordering on and sometimes stepping over contempt, has at last met his Waterloo. At Sun Dance, Wyo., where a band of cattlemen burned some sheep ranch-houses and killed several thousand sheep last Winter, the cattlemen have settled their case out of court by paying the sheepmen all damages, attorney's fees and expenses of prosecution, and have further agreed never again to molest the sheepmen. This is establishing a precedent which, if followed, will result in a very pronounced change in the ethics of the two branches of the stock industry.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg's psychological algorithm for detecting perjury has a dangerous competitor in the X-ray. It is not recorded that the Harvard savant's idea has as yet proved fruitful in a single instance, while only the other day a woman who besought a doctor to examine her heart with the X-ray free of cost because she was impecunious showed up two $20 gold pieces under her corset when the apocalyptic ray was turned on. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

These questions are put up to The Oregonian, viz.: "Since The Oregonian is so opposed to use of the initiative, why did it advise the adoption of several of the initiative measures? Why did it not advocate rejection of the whole lot of them, and thus show a proper contempt of the system?" Because this is a world we must work in, even though we don't always find the tools we want.

Why, it is asked, doesn't The Oregonian continue its fight for reduction of the tariff? It does, but it meets many discouragements. As fast as Republicans in Congress break away from the high tariff policy Democrats fall in with Aldrich and Payne to fill up the gap.

Perhaps, after all, the most real thing connected with the Black Hand is the fear it inspires. The tale of that wonderful find by the police in Ohio would have been a happy invention in one of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's novels, but in real life it sounds altogether too romantic.

If there was so terrible a dread of "the effects of Simonism," why didn't that "reserve vote," that is said to be solid against Simon, turn out and vote him down? How could good men be so insensible to the peril of the city?

Whirling over three times in an auto and escaping unhurt is the record of a Portland party in a hired machine. The machine was badly smashed. If there is a moral in this incident find it.

Messrs. Albee, Munly, Kellaher, Nottingham and McCusker no doubt feel like taking off their hats to Harry Lane—the man who couldn't be persuaded to run for Mayor.

Mr. Guggenheim gets a divorce from Mrs. Guggenheim and the lady marries another and is divorced from the other. Now she says she is still Mrs. Guggenheim. We hate to think it.

The river doesn't appear to be attracting much attention with its 20-foot spell of "high" water. The June flood isn't what it used to be since we discovered the June rose.

There were 1,324,562,931 roses, or thereabouts, in that automobile parade. But there were more where they came from, as anyone may see by taking a look about town.

Portland wants half a million people in 1912. It also wants a big increase of population in the country to raise cheaper potatoes and pigs.

If you don't think there were 250,000 people in the streets yesterday, count 'em yourself today.

Mr. Albee's campaigning, he says, "didn't cost him anything." That's about what it was worth.

Where are the old band tunes? The new ones don't sound like the real thing.

THIS MAN NEEDS TREATMENT.

Sad Case of Flatulency, Which a New-Comer Exposes to the Public.

PORTLAND, June 4.—(To the Editor.)—While everyone is shouting for that 500,000 in 1912, better get in and make some provision for that amount of population to exist. Give manufacturing concerns some inducements to come here. Get the factories. The population will be here with them. Furthermore they will be permanent.

Your city has got the location. It is not equaled anywhere else on the American continent. Nature has done her part, and if the people of this city would only wake up and do their share to improve the conditions that nature has given them, they could accomplish wonders, and the name of mossback would be no more.

What Portland has got in the way of commerce and business in general came with hardly an effort on the part of any of the citizens. It was simply the force of circumstances that brought it here. If everybody had been boosting and hustling like other cities in this Northwest for the last ten years, conditions would be reversed; for you will have to admit that Portland is pretty well along towards the end of the list; your bank clearings will prove that, while in proportion to population your city is right on the bottom.

Outside of sawmills there is practically nothing manufactured here, and they are the poorest revenue-producers on earth. As for other kinds of factories, the raw material is here in abundance, and accessible to Portland as to no other city in the United States. But there is one thing that Portland has not been fortunate enough to get a hold of, and that is the right kind of business people. The business man of this city has got his little patch of territory. He does not want to or try to enlarge it, for it may mean success, and should a man succeed, it invites competiton. Goodness, that is something no Portland merchant wants. This little field is all his own. Everybody else keep out. This policy has kept this city back as much as anything, and will continue to do so.

Opposition to progress seems to be a kind of disease here. Start an improvement of any kind, what happens? You are simply blocked by a bunch of mutton heads that have got a few dollars worth of real estate. They claim they will be damaged by your improvement, and the chances are that half of them never ate a square meal until they came to this country. Push clubs is what they are called. What a blessing to the city it would be if they were all clubbed and pushed into the river. But after all, I suppose when a person lives here a year or so it takes hold of him just like all other mossbacks and he falls asleep.

We do not want any more factories, no more merchants, no more steamship lines, no more bridges, unless the railroad company will build to suit our special needs, because we have 30 cents' worth of property that will be ruined. We don't want anything to tell the honest truth. Just please go way and let us slumber.

C. L. DALY, C. E.

BRYAN'S EUPHEMISM.

His Tenderness Towards Protection Democrats in Congress.

New York Sun.

Nothing could surpass the tenderness of Mr. Bryan's treatment of the Democrats in Congress who have combined with Republicans to defeat promising opportunities for drastic revision of certain tariff schedules. In the House some 40 Democrats built an explicit provision of the party platform and by their votes kept lumber from going on the free list. In the Senate 18 Democrats followed suit. Seventeen Democratic Senators likewise voted for a protective duty on iron ore. Yet has Mr. Bryan arisen and denounced these Democrats as "traitors," "embezzlers of power" and other names synonymous of nefarious depravity and degraded abandonment? Not if he knows it. The very harshest thing that he has said about them is that they made a "mistake," and now he is engaged in what? Well, the latest issue of his proprietary publication discloses him in an act which closely resembles the performance known as juggling with facts, for he says that the Democratic member of Congress who votes against a decrease in a tariff duty "is the exception rather than the rule." The Democratic Senators who voted for protected lumber and protected ore were more than half the Democratic strength in the Senate. In the House more than half the Democrats voted, in the only roll calls which put the Democracy on record there, for protected lumber, hides and barley.

How Mr. Bryan would have made the moral welkin ring with the thunders of his invective against the Republicans if their party had contained such a large percentage of members who repudiated the party platform and the party promises! Evidently Mr. Bryan feels desperately put to it to deal with the situation properly, for the upshot of his consideration of it is the conclusion that anyway "our platform was superior" to the Republican platform.

HE CULTIVATES PRESIDENTS.

The Assiduity of Senator Bourne of Oregon.

Chicago Record-Herald's Washington Gossip.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, is likely to pass into history as the friend of Presidents. He likes Presidents so well that he cannot bear to see one leave the White House. It was Bourne, it will be remembered, who most persistently kept the Roosevelt boom alive after Colonel Roosevelt had given the country to understand that he would not be a candidate. Bourne was the original "second elective term" man and he carried his flag right to the doors of the Chicago convention, waiting for the sensation that was to sweep the delegates off their feet and start the Roosevelt stampede.

One day prior to the convention Senator Bourne was at the White House. He was there every day, for that matter, but "one day" is an effective beginning for a story. Well, on this "one day" a group of newspaper men happened to be there also, talking shop, and one of them was telling, apropos of rate regulation, how difficult it was to get the word "intrastate" over the wires and into print, because it was so much like "interstate." "I wish," said the Senator sadly, butting into the conversation, "that the newspapers had the same difficulty with the word 'Taft.'" But now the second elective termer is the golf companion of President Taft, and it is said would not be averse to being the Taft mouthpiece in the upper branch of Congress if the President desires such a functionary. He's a popular fellow, is Bourne, an energetic friend and the champion in loyalty to the "President what am."

Hawk That Wouldn't Be Trapped.

Baltimore News.

An interesting hawk story comes from Concord Township, N. V. Kearns, a farmer, set a steel trap in his chicken lot to catch some sly animal that had been robbing him of chickens. The day after it was set an investigation showed that the trap had been carried away. Nearly a week passed before he heard a great commotion among his chickens, and, going out, he saw a hawk soaring upward with a chicken in his beak and another in one of his claws, and from the other claw was dangling the steel trap that had been carried away a few days before.

Burglars Raid a Stocking-Bank.

Baltimore News.

Isaac Simon, of Paterson, N. J., hid his money in his wife's stocking for safe keeping; but while the couple slept burglars entered and found $160 in the stocking.

NOT LOOKING FOR "TROUBLE."

Oregon Commission at Seattle Answers Criticisms by C. F. Swigert.

OREGON A-Y-P EXPOSITION COMMISSION, Oregon State Building, Seattle, June 7.—(To the Editor.)—I am sending you a copy of a letter written to Mr. Swigert in answer to his letter published in The Oregonian of June 5, together with copies of letters therein mentioned.

As stated in Mr. Swigert's letter, I do not care to get into a controversy with any one, and am merely sending this to you so that you may use your own judgment. If you think best to publish same, do so. If not, you will have the facts and will know the exact condition as far as this letter goes. I trust I am not imposing on your good nature in adopting this course, but wish to be understood by the management of The Oregonian and others and to assure them that we are doing everything possible for our state and certainly are not hunting trouble.

W. H. WEHRUNG,
President.

Mr. Wehrung's letter to Mr. Swigert is subjoined:

Seattle, June 7.—Mr. C. F. Swigert, Portland, Or.—Dear Sir: I have before me your letter of June 4, which appeared in the Oregonian of June 5, and while I do not wish to get into a controversy over this, I wish to say that I believe you are in error in regard to some matters therein stated and wish to set you right.

You say, "I have just returned from a visit to Seattle, and I am very strongly of the opinion that our representatives are going around with a chip on each shoulder, and conducting an extremely careful search for trouble." This opinion is certainly wrong. The commissioners and the employes have not conducted themselves in this way and have not been looking for trouble.

You also say: "I believe it is admitted that every state except Oregon was willing to permit the candy booths to be located as the fair management desired. . . ." Permit me to say that you are also in error on this point. I am pleased to enclose a copy of resolutions adopted by the Commissioners' Association of the A.-Y.-P. Exposition, covering above statement. This association is composed of all the different Commissioners from all states, counties and foreign exhibitors participating in this fair. These resolutions were approved by all members of this association. Also enclosing copy of letter from Commissioners' Association, under date of May 28, to Hon. I. A. Nadeau, and copy of his reply, under date of May 30. These will prove conclusively that Oregon was not the only state objecting to booths on state and county grounds.

You ask, "Why wasn't the Oregon building illuminated to conform to the general scheme?" The Oregon building was not illuminated for the simple reason that the wires connecting our building had become grounded and we were left without a light in the building. The Commission was in no way to blame for this.

Further on you say: "If I am correctly informed, the Oregon Commission is one of the most backward on the grounds in spite of the fact that we advertised months ago that our building was completed." We did advertise months ago that our building was completed, and had you visited the grounds months before you would have seen that the Oregon building was completed.

Your statement in regard to the Oregon exhibits being the most backward on the grounds is absolutely false. I know not from what source your information has been gathered, but judge that it must have been from some one at outs with the world. Both President Chilberg and Director-General Nadeau called on us on opening day and congratulated us upon the splendid exhibit we had installed and on the general arrangement, and remarked in the presence of a number of guests, "Oregon is first, as usual."

Being a public man yourself, you know that you are often criticised unjustly, and we certainly feel that we have received more than our share of unjust criticism. Would it not be better for us all and for our great state if you and all public men of the state join hands with us and help advertise Oregon as the land of opportunities? Your very truly,

W. H. WEHRUNG, President.

CLEVELAND AND TAFT.

Between the Men Resemblances and Parallels.

A. Maurice Low in the National Review.

Mr. Cleveland had almost a horror of self-advertising, of notoriety, of doing anything undignified or cheapening the great office which he held. From the standpoint of the flashy, tricky, sensational journal, he was, in its own choice vernacular, "a dead 'un." He furnished no sensational news, he called no man a liar and bullied no woman; he saw no necessity of taking the public into his confidence when he ordered a suit of clothes; his views on the latest popular novel he kept to himself as religiously as his private opinion of Senators or Justices of the Supreme Court or Ambassadors. But Mr. Cleveland stuck to the business for which he had been selected and managed to do one or two noteworthy and lasting things—the repeal of the silver law, for instance, and the defeat of the silver party—and, living a life of usefulness, at his death the American people placed him among their great.

Mr. Taft is much the same kind of man. He isn't "running" the petty politics of half the states of the Union, for he does not believe that he was elected President simply to build up a machine for his re-election four years hence. He is going about his work steadily, quietly, but with a definite purpose. He has had to reconcile differences in his party on the tariff, for the tariff is a most complicated question, and in a country so vast as this, and where the interests of different sections are antagonistic, it is inevitable that what will be for the advantage of one industry will be to the injury of producer or consumer. In his role as harmonizer and party leader Mr. Taft has shown that he is both Cleveland and McKinley.

Around the World in Thirty Days.

Boston Post.

Jules Verne would give a thousand years of paradise to be alive in this age of wireless chatting, of turbines, of trans-Siberian railroads and Japanese expresses. What a romance of the aeroplane would he not dictate into the maw of a talking machine!

With a five-day steamer from New York to Plymouth, starting Saturday, we could connect with the train for Berlin, via Flushing, arriving on Friday at 6:49 o'clock in the afternoon. Catching the slow express to Moscow, we reach there at 1:20 o'clock in the afternoon Sunday. At 7 o'clock in the evening we start over the new trans-Siberian roadbed, making Harbin in five and one-half days. We then take the Japanese express to Fusan, arriving Sunday morning. With the new gas engine boats of the Canadian Pacific line we reach Vancouver, B. C., on the 24th day out, and the 96-hour schedule from Puget Sound to New York lands us home on the 28th day.

But the trans-Siberian is still building and the Corean express is not yet in operation. Nevertheless, this schedule is not a dream of madness, but a practical possibility that will be carried out within five years.

Tender Tribute to an Old Servant.

Ocala (Fla.) Banner.

Dr. Henry G. Spooner, of Stanton, Fla., sends to the Banner this tribute to an old and faithful servant: "Aunt Tiny Jamison, beloved wife of Mack Jamison, of Stanton, Fla., died early this morning of apoplexy. Tired as her old feet were, she never failed to do her duty. In washing a dish or roasting a joint of meat she took infinite pains, and no horse or cat or dog left in her charge ever suffered for water. Aunt Tiny was of the type of the old-fashioned colored woman, fast disappearing from off the face of the globe, who reared and tenderly guarded our earliest infancy. For four generations she worked for the writer's family, but never failed once to keep her word. God bless her."

PROHIBITION RUN TO SEED.

The Very Stiffest Prohibition Law Down to Date.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A new law in Kansas ordains the most rigid kind of prohibition. Under the regime now in force no alcoholic liquors can be sold in that state for any purpose. The old law gave druggists the right to sell liquor for "medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes," but now druggists may not handle or sell liquor, even upon a physician's prescription. The sale of alcohol is absolutely forbidden, and the display of alcohol or liquor on the shelves of a drugstore is regarded as prima facie evidence that it is being kept for unlawful sale and the druggist is subject to arrest. The state association of druggists proposes to test this law in the courts. It has obtained an opinion from Judge Frank Doster, ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court, that the law is invalid, but Attorney-General Jackson, as well as several good constitutional lawyers in the Legislature, say it will be sustained.

Under the new law, also, the Attorney-General is to start a crusade against the social clubs of the state. He has ruled that no man can even drink liquor in a clubhouse. Most of the clubs maintain locker systems, but these are put under the ban by the Attorney-General. The Topeka club, the most important in the state, is resisting the new ruling. Its members claim that they have a right to drink their own liquor, if kept in lockers, and a test case will soon be made. Attorney-General Jackson takes the position that a clubhouse is a place where people congregate to drink, which is against the law.

Many towns, following the advice of the Attorney-General, are limiting the amount of beer that a man can have shipped to his home from an outside state. Wichita has fixed the limit at one case a week, Topeka at one case for every two weeks, while Leavenworth permits two cases a week. If a man has more than the limit shipped to him, it is taken as evidence that he is getting the stuff for sale, and he is subject to arrest. It is also made unlawful to drink liquor publicly on passenger trains, and any traveler caught drinking from a bottle is subject to arrest, conductors and other trainmen being given authority to make arrests. The through transcontinental trains are being watched by spotters lest liquor be sold in the buffet cars.

All this is a long remove from the old prohibition days in Kansas, which the late Senator John J. Ingalls once described as "prohibition for the prohibitionists, and whisky for the whisky-drinker." The "thou shalt not" policy is made of iron-clad rigidity, and the old "personal liberty" doctrine is buried deep under the new law.

STRETCHED SPINE TO GROW TALL

Midshipman Who Won Honors in Scholarship and Athletics.

Annapolis Special to Chicago Record-Herald.

Four years ago there was much interest in a little chap from Kansas City, Mo., who had an appointment as a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy within his grasp, but who was short by an inch or two of reaching the required height and who, with great spirit and determination, had submitted himself to a specially constructed instrument similar to the rack of Inquisition days, and had succeeded in pulling out the reefs in his spinal column until he measured up to the full standard of an American midshipman.

The name of this ambitious young Missourian is Luther Welch. On Friday this undersized young man will receive his diploma and will stand out as one of the top notchers in his class.

Welch graduates No. 4 among 174 picked young men who compose the class. He has shown great brilliancy in mathematics and kindred subjects, and scarcely less aptitude in languages and the other scholastic branches. Every year since he has been a midshipman he has obtained star grade—that is, over 85 per cent, and that is his graduating rank. His proficiency in officer-like and soldierly qualities is shown by his choice as midshipman commander of one of the 12 companies.

It is conceded that he has been a good commanding officer and that he has produced one of the best drilled companies of the brigade. Finally Welch developed as an athlete. Last year Welch was captain and conducted the lacrosse team through a successful season, the crowning result of which was a victory over the Harvard 12 in a game in which Welch did yeoman's work.

Welch is one of the popular men in his class and there is no one of this year's graduates who has indicated greater all around efficiency in the qualities that go to make up a soldier and an officer.

Notable Women Cigarette-Smokers.

Exchange

The question of whether women should smoke or not has been settled in the affirmative by some of the European royal women. The Empress Dowager of Russia smokes cigarettes regularly; the Queen of Roumania, when at her library labors, usually has a cigarette between her lips; the Queen Mother of Spain is said to smoke cigars as well as cigarettes, and the widowed Queen of Portugal smokes incessantly. Queen Alexandra of England and Queen Victoria of Spain are not smokers, while the Empress of Germany has taken a firm stand against the use of the weed by her sex.

Great Prelate and Great Soldier.

London Letter to the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Of all the Roman Catholic clergy now in England, the Archbishop of Westminster (Archbishop Bourne), is the most popularly known, and next to him comes Doctor Brindle, D. S. O, Bishop of Nottingham. Doctor Brindle is a remarkable man in an age which has almost forgotten that a great prelate could be a great soldier. He was with Lord Kitchener at the capture of Khartum, he took a gunboat into action at Dongola, and for his services won the much coveted D. S. O. He has also received Spanish, Turkish and Egyptian decorations.

THE ROSE.

Sweet Portland Rose, Sweet Portland Rose,
Far north from where the lily grows,
Thy kingdom lies, Sweet Portland Rose
Mid mountains with eternal snows
E'er smiling on thee, Portland Rose,
All nature joins with sun and showers
To make thee blossom in thy bowers
In Portland fair, which to thee owes
Her glorious fame, Sweet Portland Rose.

Sweet Portland Rose, Sweet Portland Rose,
Though Portland's business doubly grows,
She'll ne'er forget thee, Portland Rose,
Hence every June for many days
We offer homage in thy praise,
For thou art dear in childhood's glee,
In manhood's strife on land and sea,
And in our final blest repose,
Thou still art near, Sweet Portland Rose.

Sweet Portland Rose, Sweet Portland Rose,
Our foreign wanderings but disclose
Thy matchless beauty, Portland Rose.
Here, where the calm Willamette flows,
Thine Eden is, Sweet Portland Rose.
Oh, land where brightest suns have shone,
Where rolls the "Mystic Oregon,"
Go tell the world that in thee grows
The queen of flowers, Sweet Portland Rose.

Sweet Portland Rose, Sweet Portland Rose,
Our every heart-throb plainly shows
How much we love thee, Portland Rose.
Thou blessed flower, sweet and fair,
Thy fragrance floats on every air,
Let mortals join in sweet refrain,
To sing it o'er and o'er again.
The only queen that has no foes,
Is Nature's queen, Sweet Portland Rose.

A. B. L. GELLERMANN.