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FORTLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1909.

REFERENCE TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The Republican platform of 1908 (Republican official textbook, page 467), undertook to state the difference, "as shown in history," between the two parties—Republican and Democratic. We quote this paragraph, to wit:

> In history the difference between Democracy and Republicanism is that the one stood for debased currency, the other for honest currency; the one for free silver, the other for sound money, the one for free trade, the other for protection; the one for the contraction of American influence, the other for its expansion; the one has been forced to abandon every position taken on the great issues before the people, the other has held and vindicated all.

This doesn't state the real difference "in history," between the two parties. These are only "the limbs and outward flourishes." The difference between the parties, hitherto, whatever it may be hereafter, has consisted in efforts to enforce by one side, against the opposition of the other, the principles of democratic nationalization.

These fifty years and more the Republican party has been the one national party in opposition to the party of local authority and disintegration. Believing that the United States is a nation—constitutes a nation—the Republican party has stood against sectionalism and opposed to assertion of local sovereignty against national authority. It opposed dissolution of the Union, insisted on a financial and monetary policy that should be national in its scope and suited to international conditions, pushed national expansion and accepted extension of naval power as its consequence. It fought at every stage the opposition that refused to accept the logic of our national position, but obstructed it with claims of state sovereignty, with demand for debased money, and with insistence on restriction or limitation of national sway and masterdom; it brushed aside objection to retention of the insular positions that have come under our control and in general the opposition to the vigorous and efficient national life that a great country placed as ours is placed, must pursue. The status of the Republican party was that of a national party, against the party of lax and loose conceptions of national life and of national policy, entertained by its opponents. But it has forgotten one duty of this policy, which was its own and upon which it was invincible, and has begun and already has gone far in the direction of compromise with its historic adversary. It forgets what the Democratic party has been and by its very nature must continue to be. It abandons (in Oregon) its own candidates and elects those of its opponents, on the plea that there is no longer a difference between parties. Yet the difference remains as fundamental as at the beginning. The Democratic party, by its very nature, is the party that sets up local feeling and desire and authority against national ideas. It is opposed to strong and efficient government. It is a breeder of local discontents. It is instinctively against all measures and all policies that tend to assertion and to evolution of national life. Ours is a democratic republic. But the trouble from the first has been found in the nationalization of democracy. "Hamilton" is still the bugbear of the Democratic party.

Now, protection, so-called, is not a national policy, but a local policy. It suits the constitution or general principle of the Democratic party much better than the Republican. It lacks breadth and scope and knowledge of international relations. Hitherto the Democratic party has favored free trade, or near approach to it, because the industrial condition of the Southern States, where the party has its chief effective strength, has required it. But now the scene shifts or changes. The South, developing various industries, is going over to protection—over to the idea of development and conservation of local interests by protective tariff, and as fast as the representatives of the great states of the North and West break away from the narrow policy and insist on putting a national and international policy in its place, the South furnishes the votes in Congress to defeat the proposition.

We have quoted from the Republican platform of 1908 on the historic difference between the parties, which is not the historic difference at all, but only some of the accidents of the contest between them. We quote now from the Democratic platform of 1908, viz:

> We favor immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of import duties. Articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products should be placed upon the free list, and material reduction should be made in the tariff upon the necessaries of life.

And yet, when the schedules have been presented in Congress, representatives of Democratic states and districts have invariably joined hands with the high protectionists. One Democratic Senator says, with a sneer, "Who cares what a platform committee, that agreed on its report between night and morning, may have written?" Another, "What's the use to bother with small fry politicians who deride Senators because they do not take up the rejected platform (the Denver platform) of 1908?" There, now, you have it, the parties (both of them) shifting from their natural and historic positions and getting on false ground. Protection is a local or state issue, not a national policy. It is easy to see what the tendency is. As a party devoted to local ideas and policies, the Democratic party is becoming a party of local protectionist schemes. As a party of national ideas, as a party of national authority and purposes, the Republican party will find the ideas and purposes of the local protectionists less and less suited to the principles and policies for which it stands and must stand.

It is a puzzle in politics; it portends readjustment of parties on lines hitherto unknown, conflicts involved in contradictions, and confusing results. But, behind all is the difference—a real difference, not an imaginary one—the broad growth or tendency towards nationalization, towards national policy that shall require submission to it of local and personal and private monopoly interests, as against the policy that insists on "protection" of this thing or that, because a local or personal interest demands it.

A LESSON IN VERACITY.

Since Pascal's day it is usual for people of good judgment to take their lessons in veracity from sources with which Father O'Hara seems to be unfamiliar, if his letter in today's paper is any sign. His statement that when Vesalius was persecuted "dissection had been going on for hundreds of years in the medical schools" is perhaps an unintentional oversight, but it misleads just as badly as if it were deliberately false. The Emperor Frederick II, the arch enemy of the papacy, granted permissions from time to time to dissect the human body. This was in the thirteenth century. In 1391 John of Aragon gave the University of Lerida permission to dissect one dead criminal every three years. Similar privileges were granted now and then by other monarchs, but they were "rare and infrequent." From the time of Augustine the church "held anatomy in abhorrence." Pope Boniface VIII issued a decretal "which was universally construed as forbidding all dissection and threatening with excommunication those who practiced it."

As to Vesalius, he published his great work on anatomy when he was 28 years old, and, though he was at first threatened with persecution for it, he was saved for the time by the friendship of the Emperor Charles V. When Philip II came to the throne Vesalius was unable to carry on his work in Spain, if we may believe his own words. The charge of dissecting a living man was trumped up against him as so many other false charges have been trumped up against other progressive men for similar reasons and "either from direct persecution," as the great majority of authors assert, or from indirect influences, as the recent apologists for Philip II admit, he became a wanderer. On a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, apparently undertaken to atone for his sin, he was shipwrecked and "in the prime of his life and strength he was lost to the world."

Persons who wish to inquire more deeply into the persecution and undoing of this great man, the father of modern anatomy, may find the facts and authorities in Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science With Theology." Since the facts are not stated by a member of Father O'Hara's order we do not expect him to accept them, but to people with open minds they may prove instructive.

WHERE OUR WOMEN DO NOT BELONG.

The police authorities of Chicago have placed a ban upon so-called mission schools in that city wherein Chinese men are pupils and young girls are teachers. The very fact that in the face of the late horrible developments in connection with these schools in New York the police find it necessary to interfere in this line of work in another city establishes beyond doubt the insidious danger that lurks in this association between white girls and Chinamen. Were the maidenly sensibilities of these girls not already in eclipse of the dark shadow in which Elsie Sigel's life went out, they would have fled these schools as a pestilence when the fate of their co-worker among Chinese was made known.

Who can doubt that it is the sex principle instead of religious zeal that binds these misguided young women to this literal body of death—the Chinese mission schools of a great city—until beaten off by the police?

MOVING ON CENTRAL OREGON.

The decision of the Harriman system to begin construction work on the Natron cut-off is one of the most important railroad announcements made in Oregon this season. There are no hampering dam sites or irrigation schemes to interfere with early construction of the line as soon as the contracts are awarded. That but sixty miles out of a total of approximately 200 miles necessary to connect Natron with Klamath Falls are included in the proposed bids in no way lessens the importance of the undertaking. This can readily be understood when it is noted that the sixty miles on which construction will soon begin can be of only nominal value to the system until the entire road is completed. Long before the last spike is driven in this new highway through the state the Natron extension will have penetrated that land of isolation, Central Oregon.

The grade will be less satisfactory than the water-level line which the Harriman forces are seeking to establish up the Deschutes Canyon, but for many years it has been a matter of small concern to the dwellers of Central Oregon whether the grade was heavy or light. What that country stands most in need of is any kind of a railroad that will enable the people to ship their products to outside markets. Further assurance that there will be early construction of an east-and-west line across the state is found in the only local traffic of consequence which can be developed by that portion of the Natron extension for which bids have already been called. This traffic, until the line is pushed ahead into Central Oregon will consist almost exclusively of lumber and other timber products for which, aside from a limited amount shipped to California, the market is practically all in the East.

To bring this traffic out from the proposed extension would involve a haul several hundred miles greater than that across the state to Ontario, and it is doubtful if very much will be done to develop this traffic until an east-and-west line makes it possible for the railroads to shorten the haul necessary to reach the Eastern markets. But there is an incentive, probably more powerful than all others, in inducing the Harriman system to penetrate the Central Oregon barrier. Until this extension is completed, there will be a very heavy fixed charge against the system for lifting trains over the heavy grades of the Siskiyous and through Cow Creek Canyon, with its many ineradicable curves. By the easier grades of the new route an enormous saving in operating expenses as well as in time will be effected. This economic feature alone is of sufficient importance to insure early completion of the line. With the two great obstacles to speed and economical operation removed, it is not unreasonable to expect a twenty-hour train between Portland and San Francisco soon after the new line is completed.

There are many reasons why Portland would prefer the Deschutes route to Central Oregon against all others, and eventually that water-level road will be the main traffic artery into Central Oregon. Pending removal of the numerous obstacles that have been thrown in the way of the Deschutes route, all Oregon will welcome with joy early construction of the Natron branch of the Southern Pacific, which, through traffic necessity, must be accompanied by an east and west feeder that will open up the great country capable of supporting many times the number of people now dwelling in the entire state.

THE RIGHT WOMAN AT EUGENE.

The board of regents of the University of Oregon is confronted at this time by the important and somewhat perplexing question of supplying the place upon its teaching and governing force vacated by the resignation of Professor Luella Clay Carson as dean of women. Miss Carson retires after a score of years given to the work. Not only is it necessary to supply the services that are thus withdrawn, but it is necessary to consider the question of this supply in the broadest, most catholic spirit. Everything worth while in this world grows or dies. Nothing remains, or should remain, stationary.

The woman coming to this work should be one of broad culture and wide experience along educational lines, a woman of tact and judgment, sympathetic but in no sense weak and one at least approaching the years of middle life. The permanency of the co-educational feature in our State University depends largely upon the tactful vigilance, intelligent sympathy and good judgment of its dean of women. A young woman, educated at the university or in one of its auxiliary schools and with no experience beyond that which is thus acquired, would not for plainly obvious reasons be a suitable person for this very important position. It is essential that she have knowledge of the workings of some one of the older institutions of learning (preferably a co-educational college), in order to bring to the service the understanding that can be gained only by personal observation of and experience in such matters. The University of Oregon has passed the time when it can afford—when its patrons can afford—to train, underpay, and place in positions of grave responsibility and authority those who serve it. A wider culture is needed for those who fill these positions of honor, emolument and trust than that which its daily routine and the limitations of its village opportunities furnish. And in this connection it is not amiss to say that not even the role of president of the university is so difficult to fill acceptably as is that of its dean of women.

THE WAR ON TAMMANY.

Apparently New York is about to enjoy one of its periodical revolts against Tammany. The various elements which constitute the "good citizenship" of the city have slumbered and slept as long as they could under the domination of the Tammany toughs and now they are bubbling over with zeal for a great moral revolution. There is no reason to believe that this upheaval will differ greatly from its predecessors. Their course is pretty uniform. First comes a period of from six to a dozen years when Tammany waxes fat on the proceeds of gambling, illicit liquor selling, tribute from the scarlet woman and all sorts of profitable lawbreaking. The sale of licenses to commit crime becomes a regular business and the revenue from it is sufficient to build up great fortunes for men like Croker and Murphy.

Encouraged by immunity and filled with justified contempt for the stupid sloth of the "better element," Tammany finally pushes its outrages on decency a step too far. A great awakening follows, such as we now behold in the metropolis. Civic virtue fairly blazes. Single-minded devotion to the public welfare erupts like a volcano. The anti-Tammany factions, which are as the sand of the sea for multitude, forget momentarily their mutual jealousies, their petty spites, their insane ambitions. A short-lived truce is patched up. Virtue ceases to fight virtue momentarily, and all her cohorts are hurled against the citadels of vice. An easy victory is gained, of course, for Tammany is far from controlling a majority of the votes in New York, and the city sings psalms of thanksgiving for her deliverance from the Evil One. Then straightway the "better element" divides into two contingents. One of them falls asleep for another ten years' nap in the sweet confidence that Tammany's cake is forevermore dough. The other breaks into a score of warring factions which try their best to repeat the stunt of the Kilkenny cats. In the meantime Tammany, which never sleeps and has no internal disruptions, slips back into power and the story begins all over again.

This Summer, according to the reports, some thirteen more or less hostile societies, clubs and cliques have buried the tomahawk, smoked the pipe of peace and concluded an offensive alliance against Tammany. Some of them are Democratic, some Republican, some merely mugwump. Their various appellations will not keep them asunder if they can compose their more vital differences, for party names do not mean a great deal more in New York than in the United States Senate. They are ornamental merely, and easily overlooked when matters of real interest come up. Theoretically New York is a Democratic city by a majority of perhaps 100,000, but in practice it goes one way or the other as its mood happens to incline. In 1905 the city cast 450,000 non-Republican votes, giving McClellan a few more than Hearst; but in 1908 it cast 300,000 votes for Taft and not so many for Bryan by 16,000. So it has been for many years. What sense is there in calling a city "normally Democratic" when it goes Republican as often as it has a lucid interval?

Unhappily these intervals are both rare and transient. New York vastly resembles an annual convert at campmeeting whose name was Pidcock. "My experience, brethren," said he in the single testimony which was all he ever managed to give before he backslid, "has been partly ups and partly downs, but the downs is a heap most frequent and lasting." Thus it is with the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. Its spasms of civic virtue are few and far between. No sooner is it converted than it backslides. The question whether it is Democratic or Republican misses the point. New York has no politics in the genuine, American sense of the word. Habitually it lies a helpless, semi-somnolent victim at the feet of Tammany, and Tammany is an outlaw. Hated and feared by both parties, it belongs to neither. The city has not the faintest concept of constructive civic virtue. Its highest ideal of municipal effort is a spasmodic wriggle which invariably ends as it began. For that long, patient and tireless vigilance which is the price not only of liberty but of honest government, the average New Yorker has neither capacity nor inclination.

We used the word semi-somnolent advisedly a moment ago in describing New York's habitual abjectness before Tammany. The city is asleep only on the side of civic pride and decency. On the side of speculation it is wide awake, nor is there any sign of sluggishness in its scramble for what, queerly enough, goes by the name of pleasure. In greed, vanity and vice, New York undoubtedly sets the pace for the whole world, but the art of self-government it has never learned, or at any rate never applied. Americans boast a great deal of their self-government, but there is no other country where in the cities the intelligent and decent element is so completely dominated by the criminally vicious and in no other city is organized crime so powerful as it is in New York under the title of Tammany Hall.

The man who thinks the "works" of O. Henry—whoever he may be—and of William Allen White, the sage of Kansas, of higher quality than the writings of Plutarch, Milton and Bunyan and destined to outlast them—these last-mentioned authors being too dull and too "antiquated" for anybody's reading—doesn't, therefore, approve even the poor little five feet of books selected by Dr. Eliot. The lucubrations of this critic shine through a "news" paper at Pendleton. Of course, he deems U'Ren and Bourne and Chamberlain great thinkers and ideal statesmen and holds Pym and Burke, Hamilton, Webster and Gladstone in as little esteem in statesmanship as he holds Dryden, Johnson, Froude, Thackeray and Hawthorne in literature, or Bacon, Locke, Berkeley and Hume in philosophy. George Ade's Fables in Slang would seem to strike him as about high-water mark in literature.

Never a season has passed since the bold gill-net fishermen have gone down to the mouth of the Columbia and stared death in the face without the cruel breakers claiming some victims. And while this "breed of the oaken heart" who tempt fate where the river and ocean meet have only a mild fear of death, there is seldom a fatality that fails to leave a life-long sorrow in the heart of those who must watch and weep "while the harbor bar is moaning." Among these tragedies of the fishing fleet, few, if any, present more of the elements of sorrow and pathos than that of Fisherman Bostrom, who was drowned last Monday, three days before his sister landed in New York, en route from Finland to meet him at a home he had prepared for her.

Nine steamers with a carrying capacity of more than 20,000 tons crossed into the Columbia River during the forty-eight hours ending last evening. Six others with a carrying capacity of 10,000 tons crossed out during the same period. There was no "bunching" of this fleet. The fifteen vessels arrived and departed in the regular order of business and attracted no attention along the waterfront for the reason that traffic of this nature is becoming so common that it no longer excites comment. Compared with one lone steamer every five days, which was about the average less than a dozen years ago, the showing reflects the great changes that are taking place in Portland's maritime commerce.

Jikiri, the Moro bandit, who seems to be a latter-day successor of Aguinaldo, has again slipped through the lines which the American troops have thrown around him in the Philippines. Fortunately for the cause of peace, within the past thirty days, thirty-one of his band of bandits have been killed or captured. If this record can be maintained, it will not be long before Jikiri will be without a following and he can then come in and take the civil service examination and get on the police force.

The latest bulletin from the Austrian doctors assures everybody that Mr. Harriman "is improving." Following the recent announcement from the same quarter that Mr. Harriman was well, it may be classed among those things that are interesting, if true.

Mr. Aldrich said the amendment placing wood pulp on the free list would be acceptable to him and immediately the Senate so voted. Is this a mere coincidence, or a calamity—to the paper-makers?

Just a word of caution and advice to Manager Lyons, of the Union Terminal Station, who is having trouble with Lawgiver U'Ren about baggage: The initiative will catch you, if you don't look out.

Editor Hofer modestly disclaims responsibility for bringing that rain through prayer. But somebody did it and the evidence points overwhelmingly to Hofer. Now is the time to subscribe.

Undoubtedly our visiting friends from the East and Middle West are keeping posted on the sizzling hot weather back there, with the emphasis on the "back there."

New Courthouse on Holladay avenue or Broadway? Does Mr. Kellaher think that St. John or Lents or Sellwood has no rights that he is bound to respect?

Count the fingers of your small son some time within the next day or two. Then you will be able to check up in the quiet days following the Fourth.

It will probably be a long time before any Teutonic song writer gives birth to: "Germania Rules the Wave."

Even when an enterprising citizen catches a pickpocket, the police can't hold him. What's the answer?

Visitors, as well as old residents, notice that Western Oregon is having a rather late Spring.

THE TAX OF INEQUITY.

Consider the Case of These Two Shoe Factories—The Taxed and the Untaxed; the Searchlight of Government Inquisition on One, the Other in the Shadow.

New York Sun.

To the Editor—Consider for a moment the effect of the proposed 2 per cent tax on the surplus of corporations. Here are two shoe factories side by side in this city, both employing the same capital and both having the same surplus. By the proposed act of Congress the shoe factory which is incorporated is selected by Congress to be taxed to make up the deficiencies in Government expenses caused by the voyage of our battleships around the world and other extravagances, while the neighboring shoe factory, which is not incorporated, is not called upon to pay a penny.

There may be 100 times as many factories which are not incorporated as there are of those incorporated; thus the gross injustice of this scheme may be seen at a glance.

Furthermore, the factory which is incorporated is taxed by the state each year in addition to the tax paid by the corporation when it is incorporated; thus the shoe firm which is incorporated is plucked on every side, while its competitor is not disturbed in the conduct of its business. The corporation on the other hand must throw open its books to the inspection of the Government authorities.

While I speak particularly for the small corporation having $50,000 or $100,000 capital, I see injustice in placing the 2 per cent tax on a large corporation; if there is a deficiency to be met by our Government, why not tax all of our people rather than a specified few? If a specified few can be called upon to make up this deficiency of our Government, why could not the movement be carried to such an extreme as to demand that some one rich individual make up the deficiency?

CHARLES A. GREEN.

Rochester, N. Y., June 22.

Editorial in New York Times.

There is no principle of economics, no just principle or theory of taxation, that warrants the singling out of incorporated business interests from the whole mass of business interests as the subject of this exaction. Partnerships and individual concerns enjoy the same protection of the laws, the same benefits of orderly government, that accrue to corporations. The Federal Government can doubtless tax anything and anybody, but it cannot tax corporations because of the privilege they enjoy of doing business as corporations. Corporations are created by the states, not by the Federal Government. That reason for the tax has been wisely withdrawn because of its obvious unsoundness. . . . And concurrently with the preparation of this bill the Senate is engaged in preparing a tariff bill notoriously contrived to increase and confirm the power of the protected corporate interests to extort money from the people.

Destined to Be Most Unpopular.

New York Press.

At the very start it is obvious that the proposed tax on the net earnings of corporations is destined to be one of the most unpopular measures ever suggested. It is hateful to the corporations, not because they will pay it—for they will push it along to the public—but because it is further Governmental interference with their affairs. It is hateful to the stockholders, big and little, because the tax applies to the earnings available for dividends. It can be shifted, but they will never forgive its point of application. It will be hateful to the general public, because it cannot fail to see that, like the price of coal, steel or anything else used by corporations, the tax on earnings will be figured in the charge that is to be made to those buying the product or using the service of the corporation.

Nobody outside of the Federal officials concerned about the Treasury receipts will see anything to commend in the measure. It does not satisfy the strict income taxers, because it doesn't tax the ones they want taxed. It does not satisfy the corporations, it does not satisfy the stockholders, it will not satisfy the general public. And as for revenue, twice as much could be raised, with infinitely less difficulty and resentment, by a simple stamp tax such as this country has used so often and successfully for the raising of special revenues.

It will be very remarkable if a measure condemned by all parties, all interests and all elements can become law.

Several Pointed Interrogatories.

Boston Herald.

The President draws the line of constitutionality carefully between the tax on individual incomes and the tax on corporation incomes. He quotes an opinion of the court to sustain his interpretation of the latter as a tax on privilege, rather than on property. The corporation charter is a franchise to do business as an artificial entity, to enjoy freedom from general partnership liabilities on the part of those who own stock. Franchise taxation of that character is generally recognized as legitimate. But the corporation charter is a privilege granted by the state. In nearly all of the states that franchise already is subject to specific taxation.

Why should the states abdicate to the Federal Government this source of revenue? Is it proposed to introduce a system of Federal corporation charters, to be required for the transaction of interstate business, as an essential preliminary to this scheme of taxation? Is there any reason why that part of the business of the country organized under corporate charters should be subjected to further burdens of taxation, from which individual enterprise and general partnerships are exempt? What will be the effect of such a tax? Will it not tend to discourage corporate organization? If it does it will tend to check the distribution of ownership of capital, which has been counted one of the most encouraging developments of recent years.

Does Not Consider Ability to Pay.

Cleveland Leader.

As a matter of fact, the corporation income tax is less considerate of the ability of those who pay it to make additional contributions to the support of the Government than a graduated income tax upon individuals would be. Hundreds of thousands of stockholders in corporations are people of small means. A multitude of them have total incomes so modest that they would be practically exempt if a general income tax were imposed by the Federal Government. A great number of women whose husbands have died, leaving them enough property to keep them from want, and little more—perhaps with incomes of $700 or $800 a year, and ranging from that level up to $1500 or $2000, have nearly all that they possess in the stock of corporations. Out of the dividends they receive they must support their children, as well as themselves, in uncounted instances. The shares of corporations are the savings banks of a multitude of men whose gross incomes, including their earnings, are so small that they would hardly be touched by any general income tax.

Market Price of Radium.

Kansas City Star.

Not only is radium now selling at $8,000,000 a pound, but the food inspectors should have their attention called to the fact that the radium manufacturers sell only 12 ounces for a pound.

DISSECTION IN THE DARK AGES

Father O'Hara Writes a Letter, Which Is Duly Considered Elsewhere.

PORTLAND, Or., June 28.—(To the Editor.)—I read in The Oregonian, Sunday, on the editorial page, the following:

> In the beginning the study of the human anatomy was carried on in secret nooks. Surgeons were persecuted. Corpses were deemed to be more or less sacred, and anybody who ventured to dissect one was impious. If detected he incurred not only secular but also religious penalties. The father of modern anatomy was hounded by the inquisition.

I know its regard for the truth above all else will make The Oregonian willing to consider a few facts which seem to contradict the dicta quoted above.

Vesalius is usually spoken of as the Father of Modern Anatomy. It is not proved that Vesalius was hounded by the inquisition. Learned historians doubt whether the inquisition had anything to do with Vesalius' case. A person, therefore, who is concerned for his reputation for veracity should not write as if there were no dispute as to the facts. Moreover, your editorial writer plainly suggests that the hounding was done on account of Vesalius' illicit interest in dissection. But the charge (probably false) against Vesalius was not that he dissected a corpse (dissection had been going on for hundreds of years in the medical schools) but that he dissected a living man; and even in our enlightened age homicide is looked upon as a crime.

Your writer also has something to say about the religious penalties attached to dissection, and he makes it plain that he refers to the time of Vesalius. Vesalius got his early medical education at Paris, where Sylvius (after whom the sylvan fissure of the brain is named) was teaching anatomy and directing the work in dissection. When Vesalius wished further to perfect himself he went to Italy, where one would expect the ecclesiastical penalties to be enforced, if anywhere. But Vesalius went there for the same reason that our students flock to the German universities for scientific work. Italy was then recognized as the place to go if one wanted to do post-graduate work under the masters of surgery and medicine. Over a quarter of a century before Vesalius went to the University of Bologna the chair of anatomy in that institution had been held by Berengar, who dissected more than a hundred human bodies. Colombo was a contemporary of Vesalius at Bologna. Of him Dr. George Jackson Fisher writes (Annals of Anatomy and Surgery, Brooklyn, 1878-1880): "He dissected an extraordinary number of human bodies. It must have been an age of remarkable tolerance for scientific investigation, for in a single year he dissected no less than fourteen bodies." And where do you suppose was the secret nook in which Colombo performed this great number of dissections in a single year? It was at the Papal University at Rome, where he held the chair of anatomy and demonstrated to as many as three hundred students at a time.

It would be easy to fill many columns with evidence to show that the alleged religious penalties for dissection had no existence in fact; but you have more interesting matter to put in your columns.

JOHN O'HARA.

POLITICAL PICKINGS OF TAMMANY

$500,000 a Year From Sales of Outing Tickets to City Employes.

New York World.

An assault on Tammany Hall in the form of a bulletin under the title, "Indirect Cost of Tammany," has been issued by the Democratic Union. It says, in part:

> "The outing season political harvest, which yielded Tammany $500,000 last year and cost small storekeepers, wholesale merchants, householders, shippers, grocers, milk dealers, livery stable men, and builders $750,000, will be inaugurated on July 1 by the first sales of outing tickets. Through control of the city departments large blocks of outing tickets are sold to the employes at $5 each.
>
> "For one Tammany outing in the Bronx last year 13,000 tickets were sold at $5 apiece, a total of $65,000. These tickets are sent, with a request to 'remit on receipt,' to those having business with city departments controlled by Tammany and are sold further to employes of all city departments who may be removed, transferred or fined. Street sweepers get one, drivers in the street cleaning department two, assistant foremen in any department five, and foremen ten.
>
> "Other sources of honest graft which do not appear in the budget are found available by Tammany. Water meters installed by the city cost, wholesale, $32. The cost of installing is $9 additional for plumber and helper. The cost to the householder varies from $150 to $250. The Astor estate paid this year $226 for one meter. A Jamestreet tenement paid $213. Over 16,000 meters were installed in Manhattan and the Bronx last year by the 'Tammany plumbers.' Though in five years the city budget for current expenses increased from $108,000,000 to $156,000,000, the collection of fines and penalties in the various departments through the ability to 'get things fixed' has diminished and is less now than it was four years ago."

U. S. Senate Now Shy on Oratory.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Nowadays when a Senator gets up and shows the symptoms of having a long speech concealed on his person, his colleagues get nervous and fidgety and show a sudden yearning to go and get a drink of lemonade. This was well illustrated when Senator Paynter, of Kentucky, got up to make some observations.

"In the first tariff bill a duty was placed on iron ore," he began.

At once there were signs of panic and signals of distress. Senators heard C. Q. D.'s calling them elsewhere. In three minutes an exodus had begun. Senator Paynter proceeded to discuss his vote on iron ore to vacant seats. He spoke for about 10 minutes. Then the Senators returned. But it was an excellent illustration that the Senate is getting gun shy on oratory.

Yes, We Used to Be "Webfeet."

NORTH POWDER, Or., June 26.—(To the Editor.)—Will you please state in your daily whether at any time in early days the State of Oregon ever was called the Webfoot State instead of Beaver State, as now?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

You are certainly not an "old subscriber" to The Oregonian. If you were you would not ask this question. Oregon's nickname was changed to "Beaver" only four years ago.

One Penny Brings $1375 Value.

Baltimore News.

An English penny, dating from 825 A. D., has just been sold in London for $1375.

Like the Gay Butterfly.

Edith Macomber Hall, in the Nautilus.

All things do but seek completeness,
Like the gay butterfly's cocoon.
Falling in dust, that it may give repleteness
Fairer, more perfect than its own.
The dying night does but reveal the morn;
Its subtle mystery and glow.
The waning day bespeaks the stars are born;
The time for ocean's ebb and flow.
The fading rose gives place to brighter bloom
And sweeter fragrance from its heart.
The dead leaves warm the seeds beneath the loam;
They too of nature are a part.
So one day we will cast the husks aside
And from our moldering dust, great thought
Reborn in Genius, rise and find a vantage wide.
The heights, on earth we vainly sought.

NOT WHERE THEIR FATHERS DIED

Therefore, Anarchists Cannot Sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Pocatello (Idaho) Tribune.

My country, what of thee?
What hast thou done for me,
That I may sing?

So sing certain anarchists or malcontents of divers designations at their Sunday meetings in New York's Bowery. It seems a perfectly good song, metrically considered, but it doesn't make sense. One or two things are the matter with even the short sample quoted.

For one thing, this is not their country. They're here because they're here, and not because they belong here or are wanted here. The Government does the best it can to prevent any more of them coming here. Their number is not increased by process of nature, for children born in this country do not become anarchists. Pretty much all the anarchists in America were born in Europe. They cannot claim this country as theirs by birthright. They have not even availed themselves of the opportunity, open to all worthy men of whatever birth, to make it theirs by adoption.

Again, their concern as to what the country has done for them seems unduly keen. Do they expect the country to support them in idle ease? Being too lazy to work and too proud to beg, do they desire the Government to pay them ample annuities that they may spend their days and nights spouting anarchy and silly parodies on respected National songs?

As a matter of fact America has done as much for these worthless agitators as for her desirable citizens. She has given them a fredom that they never knew in their own countries and do not appreciate now. She has done far more for them than they for her.

But there's no need of resenting their mutilation of "America." Let patience attend on realization of the fact that they couldn't very well sing the song as the rest of us sing it. For this is not the land where their fathers died and they do not love her name.

SWAGGER SOCIETY HAS A NEW FAD

The Family Crest Has Been Supplanted by the Aboriginal Totem.

Washington Special to N. Y. World.

"What is your totem?" is the latest question in swaggerdom. If you cannot answer offhand, the inference is you have been dead to the world of fashion for at least two weeks.

Nowadays, in lieu of the familiar monogram and the banal crest and the erstwhile much-coveted coat-of-arms, society dames and damsels, taking the cue from the aboriginal natives of the country, go out to the fields and, selecting whatever bug or bird or beast that strikes their fancy, promptly preempt it as their totem. The pendulum has swung the other way, and society, with a big S, has elected to become American of the Americans. If, for instance, a butterfly is chosen as the totem, then milady proceeds to have it embossed on her note paper and flutteringly embroidered on her dainty lace-trimmed lingerie. Delicately cut out of silver, the emblem is affixed glitteringly to her handbag and to her card case, while a whir of wings flashes across the glittering surface of her toilette silver.

Mrs. Perry Belmont's delicately perfumed notes from Paris are surmounted by a great big buzzing bee of gold, its quivering wings poised for flight. Miss Mathilde Townsend's totem looks like a giant mosquito. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh have for their totem a bird built on hieroglyphic lines. The bird, which looks much like a young robin, with bill tightly closed and neck considerably longer than usual, perches on the Walsh note paper and also on the Walsh cards of invitation. Sometimes it is in dull blue, sometimes gray on gray paper, again it comes in glowing gold, and again in gleaming silver.

Microphone, a New Speech-Transmitter.

Berlin, Germany, Dispatch.

The German postal authorities are negotiating for the acquiring of a marvelous new microphone, the invention of two Swedish engineers named Egner and Holmstroem. The instrument is so sensitive that it enables telephonic communications to be made at twice the distance now attainable. Experimenting the other day, the inventors conversed from Berlin with the superintendent of telegraph at Stockholm; it was proved that the new apparatus had the same transmitting power over this distance as the one now in service has between Malmo and Stockholm.

"Fining the Small Shareholders."

New York Sun.

We hear from Washington that a tax on the net earnings of corporations is regarded as a tax on "wealth," and therefore desirable and acceptable and a bond of union between conservative and "progressive" Republicans.

Of course, anybody who knows enough to dress himself in the daylight, knows that there are hundreds of thousands of small shareholders in corporations, and that the number has been increasing remarkably of late years. We find nothing in the Republican platform about fining these people.

Congress, at 91 Degrees, Makes Laws.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Here are the costumes worn by some members of the House in Washington, D. C., the thermometer registering 91 degrees at 4 P. M.: "Gussie" Gardner, cute pair of white duck trunks, with very broad cuffs; Adamson, of Georgia, a gray chinchilla effect; Phil Campbell, of Texas, a barber's uniform of pure white, trimmed in starch; Garner, of Texas, a dainty creation in elephant's breath crepe de chine; Speaker Cannon, ice-cream suit, and Hayes, white flannel.

Blind for Five Years; Can See Now.

Baltimore News.

The wonders of modern surgery were never more apparent than in a case which is at present attracting attention at the Maryland General Hospital. Mrs. John Snyders, 80 years old, wife of a wealthy millowner of Germantown, Montgomery County, Md., had been partially blind for five years and entirely blind for two years. Today she can read a newspaper plainly.

COYOTE SONG.

(From a selection of the "Best College Poems" printed in the Literary Digest. J. S. Reed, the author, is a son of C. J. Reed, of Portland. He is now at Harvard and is one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly, in which the "Coyote Song" first appeared.)

A—oo, my brothers, the moon is red,
And the antelope starts from his prairie bed,
Then join ye again in the ancient threne,
For the day that's dead,
And the hunt that's fled,
And the terror of things unseen.

Afar, afar, on the star-lit plain,
Our fathers howled where the deer had lain,
And hung on the flanks of the bison-run,
For the bull that fell,
In that wild pell-mell,
Had died ere the night was done.

No more the warrior rides his raids,
And the hunting star of the prairie fades,
While a fiery comet tears the night
With a crimson streak,
And a demon's shriek,
All ablaze with the white man's light.

But oft when the Winter wind is high,
We hear on the prairie the bellowed cry
And the rumbling hoofs of the bison-run.
But we seek in vain,
Through the empty plain
For the buffalo days are done.

A—oo, my brothers, the stars are red
And the lean coyote must mourn unfed.
Come join ye again in the ancient croon,
For the dawn is gray,
And another day
Has faded the red, red moon.