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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

THE LIMITATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Why," asks a reader, "do you dogmatize about the origin of life, or question the limits of the Divine Power?" Will the inquirer excuse us? We think we do nothing of the kind. What we do protest is the effort to force upon the credulous mind a theological dogmatic that attempts to explain the origin of things and the finality of things, and to support both theories by the formulas of creeds which, upon historical or rational inquiry, are not even plausible.

On the other hand it is easy enough to talk about the origination of life in germs and protoplasms; but when you have traced life back thus far you know no more about the origin of life than before. In our experience particular cells—for convenience call them paternal and maternal—must unite for development of the active life principle; but in all cases it is not so—that is, we do not find it so; for, so far as we can tell, many of the lower forms of life are not dependent on this union for their propagation. Each and every theory only throws the origin of life further back. But life, so far as we can tell, can have no existence except in connection with matter. The secret of the development we cannot even guess at.

Now revelation, so-called, throws no light on this mystery; for all revelation is through man, and nothing more can be revealed through man than is found in man himself. He is, as a poet expresses it, "Himself the astonished talker and the tale."

Upon this mystery no method of human divination sheds any light at all; and the theological argument, or the teleological argument, is as hopeless as the rest. It may help to sustain the spirit, but it gives no definite answer; and the answer it attempts to give in one age is not good for the next.

If "dogmatism" be talked about, the objection lies against the argument pushed by theologues and ecclesiatics, who profess to give a sure account of the origin and destiny of man—that is to say, an explanation of what man never can know.

Will it be said that this lands us in agnosticism? But is it different from the inquiry in the Book of Job about this same secret: "It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" The Oregonian submits that it has not dogmatized. It has at times made some protest against an ecclesiastical dogmatism, which professes to expound secrets or mysteries far beyond human knowledge.

SOME UNNECESSARY ALARM.

For more than ten years, the Northern Pacific Railroad has been hauling wheat out of competitive railroad territory east of the Cascade Mountains, through Tacoma to Portland. Last year approximately a million bushels were handled in this manner. It is needless to say that the railroad company would have much preferred to deliver this wheat at Tacoma, instead of incurring the expense of hauling it an additional 145 miles; but the owners of the wheat insisted on having it at Portland, where ocean tonnage was plentiful and cheap. If the Northern Pacific had refused to haul it, the O. R. & N. would have brought it in over the water-level grade. These conditions are occasionally reversed, and there is idle tonnage to be filled on Puget Sound. The O. R. & N., in the past having had no line to Puget Sound, has successfully evaded railroad commission orders, and refused the supplications of shippers for the same rate to Puget Sound that the Northern Pacific made to Portland.

With the recent agreement by which all roads have a mutual right to trackage facilities between Portland and Puget Sound, the Harriman road has at last been forced to give the same rates to Puget Sound that the Hill roads give to Portland. Quite naturally the O. R. & N. will haul no more wheat past Portland to Puget Sound (unless the Columbia bar shoals) than the Northern Pacific has hauled past Tacoma to Portland, but the mere fact that such a proceeding is possible has caused a great wail of anguish down where the tide comes in. The Astorian (newspaper) finds that "the head traffic man of the pet Portland railway system" has been bartering the wheat business of the Inland Empire away from the Columbia River and Valley to the shipping ports of Puget Sound rather than send it to a nearer-home port on a down-grade haul, and this at the behest, and with the commercial sanction of the City of Portland," etc.

Our mournful friend at the entrance of the river is sure that the State of Oregon is now "cinched to the Sound ports" and that the "cheap jealousy of its metropolis" is responsible for the "cinching." The only ray of sunshine that appears in the Astorian's dark and gloomy view of the situation appears in the statement that "It begins to look as if the shipping business of this state will never be recovered to the Columbia until Astoria is given the common point and sends her agents out into the producing centers and to Europe to put this anomalous and high-binding programme squarely before the shipping world."

Cheer up, brother, cherries are already ripe, and the bathing is fine. Yesterday was the last day of the fiscal year, and the returns are now in for the foreign business for the past twelve months. During that period Portland shipped 60 per cent of all the wheat that was sent foreign from the Pacific Northwest, Tacoma, Seattle and Everett shipping the remaining 40 per cent. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1908, Portland shipped but 46 per cent of the total amount of wheat exported from the Pacific Northwest, and Seattle, Tacoma and Everett shipped 56 per cent. The highly satisfactory gain for the year ending yesterday was scored before the new North Bank road had figured in the wheat traffic of the Northwest, and as the Port of Portland has equalized all cost of getting a ship in and out of the river, so that charter rates are the same as on Puget Sound, the railroads will strain a point, wherever possible, to avoid the extra 140-mile haul to Puget Sound and deliver the wheat at Portland.

THE PRESIDENT'S MISTAKE.

It is not surprising that the proposition known as the corporation tax is resisted throughout the country, and that the effect is manifest in general remonstrance addressed to the Senate. For it is not a fair or just tax. The corporation is a legitimate instrument or method of doing business. It is a necessary method and it is wrong to penalize it. Corporate abuses are to be restrained by law. But to single out the corporation for special taxation and allow individual or partnership business to escape, is not just. The President has made a mistake. An income tax would deal with all alike. But the idea of a corporation tax is based on the purpose of discrimination against the multitude of stockholders in every legitimate business. The President has not thought the proposal out to its consequences. It would be a most unjust form or method of taxation.

It is not helped by the frank avowals of Senator Aldrich. He will support it, as a means of tiding over the effort to secure the reduction of protective tariff and to prevent the enactment of an income tax. Aldrich wants no reduction of the protection schedules. He wants no tax of incomes that would reach the great incomes of the country.

It is a disappointment, indeed, that President Taft has proposed this peculiar, one-sided and unjust tax. It is open, moreover, to every constitutional objection that can be proposed against the income tax; and besides it is open to the moral objection that it would be unequal and unfair. It would do gross violence to the country's sense of justice, and, therefore, could not stand. The argument made for it by Senator Aldrich, the reasons he has given for his support of it, should alone suffice to compass its defeat.

USES OF PARTY.

Mr. George I. Brooks writes to The Oregonian a letter (dated June 29), of which the following are the principal parts:

> Perusing your leading editorial in The Oregonian today, on the parties, the thought came to my mind how prone is mankind to set up idols before which to fall down and worship. I cannot believe that you fail to see and know what has been the perfidy and the hypocrisy of political parties in this country. Knowing that every mistake, every corruption, every rascality and every theft which has resulted in the injury of the people of the United States, as a nation, has been the result of the manipulation of the machinery of political parties, I cannot believe that you in your heart can really believe that the maintenance of strong partisan political organizations in this country is wise.
>
> Talk about national parties and local parties—parties of all kinds and ages, with very rare exceptions in times of great stress on vital questions, are and have been merely organized capacity, to take power and pelf from the other fellow. Your Republican is not and never has been any more of a nationalist than is and has been your Democrat. Parties are to befuddle and rob the fool; nothing else.

We suppose this writer to be a Socialist, both from these remarks and from a further assertion in his letter, that "party is the modern means employed by the feudal lords in this democracy to rob the mass of men of the fruits of their labor and to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few." This is part of the current Socialistic lingo.

But the party system, though liable to abuse, and in need of continual restraint, is indispensable as a means of effecting political action. There is no other, in a democratic republic. Of course, no man is compelled to be a constant follower of a party. In the course of their lives, at one time or another, all or nearly all are occasional "bolters." One may "vote the ticket," or not, as he pleases. The inconspicuous citizen will not be questioned; the conspicuous citizen will be judged by his apparent motives and by the reasons he gives. Nobody "worships" party, but the services of party to liberty and to popular government are indispensable. For it is only through party that great abuses are corrected or great dangers averted, in popular government. For evil and error will always unite. How are they to be combatted without union against them? Even party prejudice has its uses. It often helps to carry men to the right side; as when opposition to the Democratic party carried men of former parties over to the anti-slavery cause; or when Republicans by thousands were made anti-silver men, by their party platform.

Abuse of party is no excuse for refusing use of party. The question always is, "To what extent should a citizen subordinate himself in order to co-operate with a party?" Each one must determine that; but he who isolates himself or acts a disconnected part will effect nothing.

BRITISH WAR RISKS.

The British war scare over a possible German invasion has reached the interesting stage where the statisticians are figuring on the possible commercial loss that will be suffered. The statesmen and diplomats have many times made up the estimates as to the probable war cost of the impending conflict. The London Fortnightly Review in a recent issue printed some figures compiled by Sir Robert Giffen, who is credited with being an authority on such matters. These figures place the approximate annual value of the maritime trade of Great Britain that would be subject to war insurance at $10,000,000,000. Approximately one-half of this immense prize, which would be exposed to capture in the first twelve months of a war, is credited to imports and exports, not including bullion and specie to the value of $625,000,000.

The value of shipping, steam and sail, including bunker coal and provisions, is placed at $1,060,000,000. These immense values convey a very good idea of the tremendous property interests that are at stake in case of war. Behind that almost fabulous amount of real tangible property lies the prestige, power and progress of the British Empire, an intangible asset which for hundreds of years has enabled her to win the great prizes of commerce in competition with all the world.

Germany, with a rapidly increasing population, has had a few slight tastes of over-sea conquest and has relished them. As Germany's rapidly increasing population is hemmed in from all but northern seas, and is seeking new fields for conquest and commerce, there is naturally much in the situation that can hardly fail to cause statesmen and statisticians as well as diplomats to work overtime devising ways and means for postponing what now seems to be inevitable.

MORE ABOUT VESALIUS.

As we rather expected, Mr. O'Hara, in his rejoinder today, disposes of Andrew D. White by saying that some person has "shown him up" and that he cannot, therefore, be regarded as "a serious historian." Notwithstanding this direful sentence upon a great writer and a truthful historian, we shall venture to rely upon his authority just as we did before. For instance, in the matter of Pope Boniface's decretal which banned dissection, Mr. O'Hara says he has the document before him as he writes and that "it has no reference to dissection." It may be impolite to intimate that Dr. White also had the decretal before him as he wrote, but such is undoubtedly the fact, and it is quite likely that he was fully capable of understanding it. At least, we shall continue to think so until some better reason is advanced for believing the contrary than we have seen yet. Dr. White and his admirable work have been abused and maligned, but it remains for any person to show that he has not stated the facts as they were in all essentials.

As for Vesalius, the effort to rob him of his glory as the founder of modern anatomy will hardly succeed, for here again the facts are too numerous and accessible to permit it. The Grand Dictionnaire Universelle speaks of him flatly as "the creator of anatomy," and adds that his book, De Corporis Humani Fabrica "produced a complete revolution in anatomical science." Senac says of him that "he discovered a new world" in science, while Haller, the famous Swiss anatomist, declares that Vesalius' book "surpassed everything which had been written before it appeared." German writers are of the same mind about him. Brockhaus' Konversations Lexikon calls Vesalius "the founder of modern anatomy," and goes on to say that "his book began a new epoch in the history of anatomical science, which was really originated by him (die eigentlich erst durch Vesalius als solche begruendet ward)." In regard to The Oregonian's statement that "surgeons were persecuted" and so on, it may be sufficient to the unprejudiced reader to quote from Larousse, in confirmation of Dr. White, the remark that in Vesalius' time "the law pursued dissections as odious profanations," law here meaning both ecclesiastical and civil law. Moreover, all the historians agree that the Inquisition condemned Vesalius to death, and it is pretty well established that the charge against him was merely trumped up for the occasion. It may be as well here to correct Mr. O'Hara's statement that Vesalius was accused of dissecting a living man. The charge was that while he was operating on a supposed cadaver the heart was seen to tremble under the scalpel. Still he "was stupidly condemned to death" and it was with some difficulty that commutation of the sentence to a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was obtained.

One word more to correct the impression which may have been obtained from Mr. O'Hara's previous letter that Vesalius learned his advanced views of anatomy from Sylvius. The fact is that Sylvius, while he did some good work in anatomy, was still a follower of the theories of Galen which Vesalius exploded. After Vesalius' book was published, Sylvius pursued him with malignant and relentless hatred. In truth, all the professors of anatomy at Bologna and elsewhere, before the epoch-making work of Vesalius, taught the silly fancies of Galen about the structure of the human body. Sylvius was so devoted to the ancient authority that when he discovered a structure which Galen had omitted, he declared it was abnormal.

But what is the use of arguing about these subjects? Every person who knows anything at all about the history of science is aware of its condition in the dark ages when investigation was under the control of the theologians and the search for truth was punished as a crime.

FOREIGNERS' FOODSTUFF PROBLEM.

In lieu of an admission of the remarkable scarcity of wheat supplies in Europe, some of the foreign trade papers explain present high prices as due to the political situation. Dependence of Great Britain on other countries for such an overwhelmingly large portion of the breadstuffs annually consumed in that country is one of the most pronounced features of the British economic system. With so much fear, real or imaginary, of impending conflict with Germany, it would not be surprising if an attempt should be made to lay in stocks for an emergency. But, despite the prevalent high prices which the foreigners are paying for wheat, there has been no accumulation of stocks in excess of immediate requirements.

All of that old-time confidence with which the foreigners hammered down wheat prices on the faintest showing of weakness in this country has disappeared. In its place has come a feverish desire to buy wheat wherever it can be obtained at prices which for many months have been either on a parity with or slightly above American quotations. That the present abnormally high prices are due more to the conditions of supply and demand than to any war scare is shown in some very interesting figures printed in the current number of the Northwestern Miller under a London date of June 9. These figures show the total stocks of wheat on June 1 at nine of the largest ports in the United Kingdom to be but 760,600 quarters, compared with 1,427,000 quarters on the same date last year, and 1,087,910 quarters on June 1, 1907.

The same authority places the world's visible supply of wheat on June 1 at 11,275,000 quarters, the lowest figure reached since 1897, the year in which Leiter began the foundation for his 1898 corner. An interesting feature of this world's visible is noted in the fact that while the figures are 500,000 quarters less than those of a year ago, the average English price is 9 shillings per quarter higher. Perhaps it is in these dwindling stocks that we may find the explanation of the action of the Liverpool market in defying precedent by advancing in the face of steady declines in Chicago, the world's greatest wheat market. The situation must be nearing a climax, for within thirty days new wheat in considerable quantities will be coming on the American markets. It will be a bold gambler that will hold back his wheat for higher than current quotations on new-crop offerings.

The Oregonian has had little occasion to approve the course of Mayor Lane during his term of office, since he is not a man whose judgment in business or opinions in politics it ever could approve. Perhaps it has been unjust in its supposition that a man who never has been successful in anything else could be successful as Mayor of Portland. Dr. Lane is a man who will agree with nobody on anything. Even Governor Pennoyer, with whom he had much in common, had to part company with him. He has been posturing throughout his term as Mayor; he admits it himself. To this extent he has been true to his natural character, which, moreover, is one of general crankiness. He has been an obstructer of many things, which ought to have been pushed along for the good of the city; he has assumed that everything that a "corporation" proposed ought to be checked or defeated, and that this was the way to popularity. He is of so contentious a nature that few can agree with him, and they who can agree with him are persons of mighty little consequence. Almost every department of the city's affairs he leaves "in a mess," to be straightened out. His election was an absurdity, that surprised everybody who knew Portland or had known him. It was a freak of the electorate, such as sometimes occurs. But The Oregonian will not say much, for it has no desire to be unkind in its criticism.

A cable from Calais says that three French aviators are waiting on the French coast for a favorable opportunity to attempt an aeroplane flight across the English Channel for a prize of $5000. The cable says that "French torpedo-boats are being held in readiness to aid the aviators in their flight and rescue them in case of need." It is easy to understand how it could be possible for the torpedo-boats to rescue the daring Frenchmen after they have fallen in the water, but unless they pass out a towline it is difficult to nuderstand how the boats can "aid" them in their flight. Experiments with the aeroplane floating above the earth have not yet demonstrated that it has reached a stage where it is safe to use it in flying acros anything wider than a river, and it is not improbable that the near future will find a new kind of ship lying in the ooze at the bottom of the English Channel along with a good many other ships that were never built for flying.

The Government has made a demand on the National depository banks for $25,000,000, which is needed at Washington to prevent exhaustion of the working balances. The call is made at an unfavorable season of the year, for crop-moving time is at hand and the demands of the country for the next three or four months are larger than at any similar period in the twelve months. Fortunately for the country, however, the banks are pretty well equipped for taking care of business without the aid of Government funds. The country is so rich and resourceful that for many years our producers will make money so much faster than the Government can waste it that anything worse than a temporary shortage of cash will be practically impossible. There is the additional hopeful prospect that some day the Government will practice the same businesslike economy that business men are forced to practice all the time.

The French bark Charles Gounoud has been chartered to bring a general cargo from Antwerp to Portland and carry back to Europe a return cargo of wheat. Her owners receive 33 shillings ($7.92) per ton for the round voyage. This is said to be divided at the rate of 5 shillings for the trip to Portland and 28 shillings for the return with wheat. This would mean $1.20 per ton for carrying general cargo 14,000 miles to Portland and $6.72 per ton for carrying wheat to Europe. Quite naturally there could be no legitimate profit in the business at these rates. Fortunately for the Oregon wheatgrower and the Belgian merchants who are shipping the goods, the generous French government pays a ship subsidy which more than makes up any loss by these low rates. It is very nice for the importers and exporters of other countries than France, but the advantages of the system to the French taxpayer are far from distinct.

Protection has developed the tinplate industry to an extent that leads to strikes; and most of the tin-plate works in Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana are shut down. The workers, like Oliver Twist, say they want more. But the employers say there isn't more in it. These always are the ultimates of protection. An artificial policy always destroys itself; or like Saturn, must devour its own children.

Senator Tillman told the Senate that his "poor little tea baby has been laid aside and is crying for papa." The little tea baby is not the only thing around Washington that has been crying for "pap," and, as tariff revision progresses, most of the babies seem to be getting about what they are crying for.

Harry, in his valedictory, says, concerning the effect of his policies upon himself, personally: "I did not, nor do I now much care." For once the public will agree with him.

If the sand and gravel barons of Portland could scoop up gold from the river bottom, they could not get rich so fast. It's a case where sand and gravel are more precious than gold.

It will take many weeks for the Washington Legislature to pry Schively loose from his fat job. Schively formed the office-holding habit early in life.

There are a few things for Mayor Simon to reform, since a city is never so much in need of better things as at the end of a reform administration.

Mr. Wellman has made his annual start for the North Pole. As a starter Wellman has all the other Arctic explorers badly distanced.

If Dr. Eliot's five feet of books are sold on the installment plan, an inch or an inch and a half will satisfy most people.

Wonder how many acrtesses Howard Gould could pay $3000 a month allmony and still have some for himself?

Wanted—Garbage man to remove four years' accumulation of old junk. Apply City Hall.

DR. WHITE AND DISSECTION.

More About the History of Anatomy in the Dark Ages.

PORTLAND, June 29.—(To the Editor.)—I am happy to have elicited the source of The Oregonian's misinformation on modern anatomy. No one who has read Dr. James Walsh's effective showing up of Dr. Andrew D. White's historical method can any longer regard Dr. White as a serious historian.

A standard history of modern anatomy like Dr. Roth's "Life of Vesalius" abundantly bears me out in my contention that dissection was common in the Italian universities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Roth's chapter on "Dissection Before Vesalius' Time" is a complete refutation of Dr. White's myth about the prohibition of dissection. Beginning in 1302, two years after the alleged prohibition of dissection by Boniface VIII, Roth finds records of dissections in the principal universities, particularly Bologna. Speaking of this great school he sums up his evidence thus: "These are a few but weighty testimonies for the zeal with which Bologna pursued anatomy in the fourteenth century." Just before the middle of this same century Guy de Chauliac, the father of modern surgery, was a student at Bologna, where, according to Roth, he saw Bertrucci dissect many bodies. This was in the first half century following the bull of Boniface, and this father of modern surgery was a clergyman, a papal chamberlain and physician to three popes in succession. Pagel, of Berlin University, one of the great authorities on medical history, in his chapter on "Anatomy and Physiology" in Puschmann's "Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin" (vol I, p. 707) says that the professors of anatomy at Bologna toward the end of the fourteenth century "were in a position, owing to the gradual enlightenment of the time and the general realization of the importance of anatomy as well as the fostering liberality of the authorities, to make regular systematic dissections of the human body."

The bull of Boniface VIII to which you refer, and a copy of which I have before me, has no reference to dissection. The decretal was directed against the barbarous custom which arose during the crusades of cutting the flesh off the bones of men who were killed in foreign lands and who wished their bones buried at home. It was not until the nineteenth century that any one tried seriously to use the bull in the dishonest manner of Dr. White.

This is a matter to be decided by appeal to the historical authorities and not by such unbecoming heat as you display this morning. It was an excusable error for you to mistake me for Father O'Hara, but your fling at him was quite ungenerous.

JOHN O'HARA.

FES: GREAT DEMOCRATS ARE DEAD

Busy Mortality Only Leaves Joseph Weldon Bailey as Lone Survivor.

New York Mail, Rep.

With apparently no one but the Hon. Joseph Weldon Bailey to represent the principles, the economic policies and the honor of the Democratic party, one becomes conscious of the recent awful mortality among the great Democrats.

Grover Cleveland is dead. This is very apparent. Controlling votes have been cast by Democrats, at the present session of Congress, against about every principle and policy that Cleveland stood for.

Those two great Southern Democrats of full statesman-like stature, John T. Morgan and Edmund W. Pettus, are dead. L. Q. C. Lamar is dead. William L. Wilson is dead; nobody could doubt that at the present moment.

That fine Missourian of eloquent and humane speech, George G. Vest, is dead. John M. Palmer, Illinois' grand old Democratic patriot, is dead. A. G. Thurman, Ohio's noble Roman, is dead.

The crafty but wise Gorman is dead. William E. Russell, the pure and fearless paladin of Massachusetts' victorious young Democracy, before whom the bars of party opposition fell like reeds, is dead. James C. Carter, the peer of the jurists and publicists of the past, is dead.

We shall not extend the sad list. All the great Democrats seem to be dead. What has the party left in Congress? Mainly a pitiful lot of temporizers and demagogues, of assistants of organized influence, of sorry apologists for the continual surrender of their own principles.

The ghosts of the great men whose names we have mentioned, or their painted portraits on the walls, would be worthier representatives of the cherished principles of their party than they.

Some of the Old Senators.

Washington Letter to the Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

It is interesting to watch the movements of certain Senators during the long debate on the tariff. Two of the three oldest men in the Senate—Frye of Maine and Stephenson of Wisconsin—are very close listeners to all that is said and done in the chamber. Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, the other old man of the Senate, does not stay in the chamber any more than is absolutely necessary. In other words, he is there only when his vote is necessary to prevent the opposition from scoring a point against the regular Republican organization. When a statesman arises and shows that he is about to make a set speech, Mr. Cullom gets up and quietly goes out to attend to matters on his desk in his office. But Messrs. Frye and Stephenson are steady listeners, the Wisconsin Senator even moving from seat to seat so that he may be very near the Senator who has the floor. Every now and then Mr. Frye will put his hands in a position that might indicate he was about to offer a prayer that the session may soon come to an end, for it is well known that he yearns to get back to the Pine Tree State, as reports from Maine indicate that the fishing soon will be good up there, and Mr. Frye is an expert angler.

Vast Project to Be Regretted.

New York Evening Post.

It is not certain that some corporations could not safely contest the constitutionality of the tax. Any of them whose earnings came in whole, or in part, from land could apparently claim exemption under the decision of the Supreme Court that to tax the revenue from land is to tax the land itself, thus making it a direct tax such as is forbidden to Congress, without apportionment. Even the choice of the corporation tax therefore may be no less than would be the voting of an income tax, the "enacting of a lawsuit." And when we add the complexities and dubieties sure to arise from putting a swarm of Federal inspectors and bookkeepers into the offices of all corporations, great and small, we see reason enough for regretting the time and manner of bringing this vast project before a fatigued and fretted Congress.

Portland's Thirty-Five Propositions.

Indianapolis Star.

Only one of the 35 was a "referendum," or legislative act submitted to the voters to ratify or reject; but the other 34 were proposed under the "initiative," being honored by a place on the official ballot through the petition of presumably intelligent voters, ably stimulated by assiduous and imaginative statesmen who have never made a success of any business of their own, but lightly assume the responsibilities of omniscience in the field of statecraft.

Portland as Viewed by Chicago Eyes

Correspondent of the Record-Herald Dwells on a Million-Dollar Pasture for One Cow—Old Joke About Webbed Feet and Praise for the Roses.

With the party from the Chicago Association of Commerce, which visited Portland a few weeks ago, was Richard H. Little, of the staff of the Record-Herald. What he said concerning the city follows:

Portland marked the turning point in the pilgrimage of exploration and discovery of the trade extension commission of the Chicago Association of Commerce to the northwest corner of the United States of America. The minute the commission said good-bye to Portland it was on the home trail. Portland was a good place for a turning point. In the minds of a good many it was the high-water mark. It's a big town and it's old enough to have taken form and substance, and it hasn't got the unfinished aspect of most of the towns in the new empire. The city looks as staid and solid as any Eastern towns. When you walk down the street you don't have to go a half mile out of your way while they cut down a mountain or fill in a gulch. They started work on Portland away back in the '40s, and it was pronounced done to a turn and taken out of the oven a long time ago. In Portland they point out to the visitor ivy-grown old mansions, surrounded by great trees and beautiful grounds and inhabited now by the third and fourth generation. In this exceedingly new empire of the great Northwest these old mansions have all the dignity and medieval romance of castles on the Rhine.

There's many things they show you in Portland. They whisk you up and down miles of shaded asphalt boulevard to impress you with the size of the town. The kind-hearted gentleman chauffeur of our automobile made us miss a luncheon in order to point out personally all of the 300,000 inhabitants. I think we saw all but 10 or 15, who were probably up in Seattle attending the fair.

* * *

We changed automobiles three or four times during the day, and each time we were whisked up to a grand old mansion which was surrounded by a yard full of trees, and in the middle of the yard a Jersey cow was peacefully browsing.

"Something you don't see very often," each of our guides would say in turn, "there's a big block of land in the heart of the city, worth a million or more, but the owner won't sell it. He needs it for pasture for that cow. Been offered all kinds of money, but he always says, 'well, suppose I sell it, where would I pasture my cow?'" The moral of the cow and the million-dollar pasture was obviously that the residents of Portland are quite comfortably fixed. The poet laureate of the commission from Chicago, who had been taken around and shown the haughty cow grazing in her million-dollar pasture, was so struck with the incident that he went back to the special train, and, unpacking his lyre, composed the following ode:

> In Portland they're wealthy, I trow,
> For they say in surprise, "I allow,
> If I sell my back yard,
> For ten millions, pard,
> Oh, where would I pasture my cow?"

* * *

The poet was observed while in Portland to pay close attention to the feet of the Portlanders, and as the day wore on, his face assumed more and more a disappointed look. He finally admitted that he believed that the people in the towns back in the irrigated areas had grossly deceived him. He said that at Billings and Bozeman and North Yakima, where it doesn't rain and where they don't want it to rain, because they get just the right amount of water out of the irrigation ditches, they had spoken disrespectfully of Portland's climate.

In Bozeman the poet said the committeeman who steered him about had turned pale and shuddered at the idea of going to Portland. "Terrible, terrible," said the Bozeman citizen, "why, water falls right down from the skies out there instead of running in neat ditches at the side of the road, where you can just take what you want and not have it pouring down the back of your neck. Horrible, horrible."

The poet pulled out a booklet regarding Portland and showed the Bozeman citizen where it said that Portland had a mild, equable climate, the most healthful and the most delightful in the United States. The Bozeman citizen retaliated with a booklet issued by Baker City, Or., another irrigation town, which referred to its sister city in these sorrowing terms: "Portland, with her somber clouds, dripping clouds and depressing gloom."

* * *

The poet got so nervous while in the irrigation belt regarding rains that he forgot that back in his own Chicago moisture was occasionally precipitated from the clouds in large bucketfuls.

Still, he wouldn't tell for a long time why he watched the feet of the Portlanders with such untiring zeal. Finally he told. "Back in the irrigation belt," said the poet sadly, "they said that the people in Portland were web-footed." The poet went on to say that the irrigationists confided to him that no matter what kind of feet people had when they first went to Portland, after they had lived there and paddled around in the rain awhile, they commenced to grow web feet like a duck.

"Merely one of the wise provisions of nature," the dwellers of the irrigation belt had said. "Those who don't grow web feet, just naturally drown; that's all." Five minutes after he landed in Portland the poet began watching his own feet to see if they were commencing to get webbed. But it didn't rain while we were there and we escaped back to the nice, dry irrigation belt without physical change.

Having listened to the siren songs of the irrigationists and bought an option on a peach orchard near North Yakima, the poet had become an ardent champion of the irrigation zone, and he wrote this sonnet explaning the situation in Portland:

> Don't live where the ground is all muck,
> For if you're not drowned it's just luck.
> True, in Portland it rains,
> And no one complains,
> But there they've web feet like a duck.

* * *

Our arrival in Portland was well timed. It was the last day of the Rose Festival, a carnival like the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. Portland claims to be the greatest rose-growing city in the world, and a drive around the city seems to justify this distinction. There are great masses of roses of all colors and hues blooming in every dooryard, and the parks are masses of roses. The poet almost wept when he looked around on the myriad roses in Portland, and he frequently repeated the motto of the Rose Festival:

"Roses fragrant, roses rare, roses, roses everywhere."

The poet had frequently proclaimed on the trip that he was happy to go away from Chicago because of the recollections of the stockyards, memories of which were burdened with painful thoughts to the poet. He was glad to get away out in the great Northwest, where there were naught but the tall pines and the great plains and the blue seas. But on the plains he saw cattle and sheep, being fed for the Chicago stockyards, and on the blue seas of Puget Sound they took the poet out to a salmon trap and he watched while the fish were dumped by the dozen onto the deck of a scow and big-footed natives walked on them and stuck pikes through their eyes and tossed them about. He went into the great pine wood and saw men cutting down the giants of the forests with their saws and axes, and he said the sight was as sickening as anything he had witnessed in the stockyards. But at Portland he was happy. Here, indeed, was the place for a poet. Nothing but roses and the air laden with perfume. So he sat entranced all the afternoon while the big floats, drawn by many horses, came by, each float emblematic of something concerned with the great Northwest, but each one, no matter what its subject, weighed down with roses.

UNITY, TRINITY, TRIUNITY.

But It May Be Doubted Whether Anybody Will Be Satisfied With Such Play on Words.

MILTON, Or., June 29.—(To the Editor.)—Apropos to the able editorial article of The Oregonian, respecting the Trinity, permit me to say: The Christian Church declares in its teaching that the Father is God, the Son is God and the Holy Spirit is God; and by this it is not affirmed that there are three Gods, but one God. The word trinity is not to be found in the scriptures, but it is anticipated in the Old Testament in the expressions Angel of Jehovah and Spirit of Jehovah, and in wisdom personified, and it is found implicitly in the New Testament, Rev. xv:6, John 1:1 and Eph. ii:22. The word trinity occurs first in Greek in Theophilus of Antioch (A. D. 181). and Tertullian (A. D. 200) used the Latin word from which we have drawn our word trinity.

In the unity of the Godhead, orthodox Christians regard God the Father the Creator, God the Son the Redeemer, and God the Spirit the applier. Did not Christians see divinity in Jesus of Nazareth, they would be guilty of idolatry in the worship of him. While orthodox theologians make distinctions in their treatment of the Godhead, they do not expand distinction into separateness. The word person they use to express distinctions, and do not press the word so far as to reach Tritheism. God "threes" himself to deliver us from sin—that is all. Triunity would be a better word for theology than trinity. Polytheism would be in tritheism, but could not take root in triunity. Unity guards our noble doctrine of trinity.

At first, Christians did not express in technical words their adoration of the Father, the Son and the Spirit, but in the evolution of theology, as necessary to Christians as anatomy is to physicians, this adoration is explained, and we have trinity. The word "person" in the days of early Christianity was used in a more flexible sense than we now use it.

If we should press the idea of person too far, we would land in polytheism. History begins with God in Jesus Christ, who reveals, discovers him the Father, revealed, and ends with the abiding guest in the soul, the Spirit. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all." This is not abstract, but practical.

B. I. HOADLEY.

The House of Seven Gables.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

"The House of the Seven Gables" at Salem, much visited in memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is to be turned into a house for settlement work. The neighborhood is as unlike what it was in its prime, or even in Hawthorne's day, as Longfellow's birthplace in Portland is unlike what it was in his youth; and as a settlement house is wanted there, Mrs. George R. Emmerton has bought it for that purpose. It had seven gables when it was built in 1602, but most of the seven were removed 40 years ago. The old parlor where Judge Pyncheon in the story sat in the night, with the red stain on his breast, was not identifiable, but people have visited the house by hundreds.

WILL WORK HARDSHIP ON MANY.

Protest Against the New Law Forbidding Cattle to Run at Large.

PORTLAND, June 30.—(To the Editor.)—One bad feature of the new law prohibiting stock from running at large in Multnomah County is that the Legislature in making this law unconsciously played into the hands of the milk and cream combine. One reason why this law should not be enforced is that there are hundreds of citizens, who desire to bring up their families where they can keep a single cow and a few chickens to lessen the expense of living, and get beyond the reach of the city milkman, and at considerable trouble have gone to the far outskirts of the city and purchased their homes, thus believing that they would not inconvenience their neighbors by letting their cow run at large and graze on the hundreds of acres of vacant, unfenced lands. The writer is one of that number.

Should this law be rigidly enforced, and should all those who now enjoy the benefits of having a cow be denied that privilege, it will undoubtedly increase the cost of milk and butter to such an extent as to make it almost prohibitive, thus depriving of good food many children in Portland, whose parents can hardly afford to pay the present high price of 10 cents per quart for good, wholesome milk, a kind of food that many are strangers to. I do not believe that any person who wants to see such a law enforced is a friend of the common people, but must be selfish, and more than likely cares only for his own comfort.

E. A. BARNS.

One Day With Mrs. Gould.

New York American.

Mrs. Howard Gould's checks at the St. Regis for one day:

Hotel St. Regis, September 24, 1906, 11:31 A. M.—

1 Manhattan	$ .25
½ Ragout of Lamb	.60
Lima beans	.45
Peach pie	.20
1 pint No. 73	2.00
Dime tango	.20
Total	$3.80

Hotel St. Regis, September 24, 2:38 P. M.—

1 Manhattan	$ .25
1 pint water	.35
1 Manhattan	.25
Total	$ .80

Hotel St Regis, September 24, 7:30 P. M.—

1 pint No. 178	$2.25
1 Manhattan	.25
1 pint water	.30
1 quart water	.45
Total	$3.25

Hotel St. Regis, September 24, 9:30 P. M.—

1 Manhattan	$ .25
1 Manhattan	.25
Total	$ .50

Partnership in Lottery.

PORTLAND, June 30.—(To the Editor.)—Can two persons join in a partnership in applying for Government land at the opening of the Indian reservation? That is, should one fail to win, can he share the homestead with the winner?

JOSEPH MARGOLIES.

We do not know. Two persons, each of whom had made application, might enter into such an agreement as you suggest. Whether the loser could compel the winner to divide is a question for some astute lawyer to give an opinion on. It is doubtful whether the records contain a decision which would cover this new matter.