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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18, 1909.

DEMOCRATIC REFORM.

Everybody will wish success to the conference of Democrats which Judge Alton B. Parker and his friends have called to meet at Saratoga on September 9. A boss-ridden, time-serving, unprincipled opposition party such as the Democrats have allowed themselves to become is not a good thing for the country. It is bad even for the Republicans. A contemptible enemy may infect the best disciplined army with his shiftless inefficiency, while a worthy foe is a perpetual stimulus to keep on one's mettle. Had Charles XII and his Swedes been as low in military efficiency as the Democrats are in politics Peter the Great could never have learned the art of war from them.

The purpose of Judge Parker and his colleagues is to restore to the Democratic party the vigorous prestige which it enjoyed in the days of Grover Cleveland. Aware that this cannot happen until the wretched New York machine is shattered, they have passed over the recognized leaders, ignored the office-holders and invited nobody but members of the rank and file to their Saratoga conference. By appealing to the basic elements which constitute the party, they hope to call to the front a new class of men who can ask for the confidence of the country because they are worthy of it. This is an excellent plan; but these are not the best of grounds for thinking it will work. The present Democratic leaders in New York, despicable as many of them are, must be in some ways acceptable to the rank and file or they could not keep their positions. Nothing compels the voters to follow them. It is all purely voluntary. Putting forth a new set of leaders, even if they were amirable in every respect, might not dethrone the old ones. Its sole effect might be to split into more minute factions a party which is already badly enough divided. Leaders like Conners and McCarren are not the kind of men who retire into obscurity for their party's good. They will cling to their power to the last gasp, and it will need a hard fight to get rid of them. In such fights the better cause does not always win.

There is another difficulty in the way of a reformed and reinvigorated Democratic party. Good leaders are all very well as far as they go, but something else is needed. Leaders amount to little unless they are going somewhere. If their march is nothing more than milling around in a mud-puddle, people cannot be expected to follow them very long. As Judge O'Brien, of New York, forcibly puts it, the Democratic party "has been losing ground because it has not been taking any positive stand on policies." He limited the scope of his remark to the state, but it is just as true of the whole nation. In its National platforms the Democratic party has made a noisy pretense of standing for certain principles, but, mainly because of the character of its leaders, the people did not believe it was sincere. The event has shown that distrust was wiser than confidence. The last Democratic platform promised, among other things, a vigorous campaign for a lower tariff. When the opportunity came to wage the campaign in Congress the representatives of the party were found fighting on the other side. Mr. Bailey, of Texas, talked for more merciful taxation, but he voted against it. Mr. McEnery, of Louisiana, an old-time Democrat who might be expected to stand for principle if any member of his party could, both talked and voted for the Aldrich evasions.

In the days when the Democrats really helped govern the country their party stood for definite ideals. It believed in something and for its faith it was militantly aggressive. A party which stands for no idea is as helpless as Aladdin when he had lost his lamp. The powers that command success had deserted him. The Democrats do not even achieve the puny feat of opposing the Republicans. It would not be enough to win the respect of the country if they did, for few men wish to belong to a party which has no constructive principles; but in the duty of criticising and finding fault, humble as it is, the Democrats conspicuously fail. Half the time they are on the side of the enemy. The rest of the time the country thinks they are ready to go over, if the reward is made large enough. When it comes to proposing measures of their own, every Democratic leader but Mr. Bryan is dumb, and it would be well if he were dumb, too. Since it lost the issue of state rights the party has had no abiding aim except a low tariff. Some factions of it have wanted one thing and some another, but no two wanted the same thing. Now the low tariff has been abandoned and to the uninspired eye the last difference between a Republican and an orthodox Democrat has disappeared. Why bother to have two parties when both want the same thing and work for it in complete harmony? The loyalty of many Democratic Senators to Aldrich far surpassed that of Republicans like Dolliver and Beveridge. If the two latter men are Republicans, certainly Mr. McEnery is one. When the Democratic conference finally convenes at Saratoga it will be discovered that, while it is essential to have decent leaders in the fight between parties, it is still more essential to have something besides offices and spoils to fight for.

The New York stock market is becoming somewhat hysterical, and it is a poor day when there is not a variation of from three to four points between the high and the low figure on the securities most actively in demand. Union Pacific, which soared up to within a fraction of 219 on Monday, yesterday dropped below 213, but, before the day was over, regained some of the loss. The game is a great one, and the stakes are pretty high, but if there should come a sudden advance in money rates, there would follow a sudden slackening in the demand for automobiles, diamonds and other luxuries which are in large demand when call money is plentiful and cheap in Wall Street.

FOR AIRING FADS AND FANCIES.

One of the wonders of the new U'Ren scheme of government is a "Board of People's Inspectors of Government"—new officials, whose duty it shall be to pry into all affairs of government and print in the "Oregon Official Gazette" their impressions and opinions of what is right and proper, and also the notions of contributing citizens. All this literature is to be published at expense of taxpayers. The measure is compiled at the Oregon City "reform" factory, as supplement to initiative and referendum, direct primaries, state ownership of railroads, proportional representation, etc. It will be offered to the sovereign people next election.

Here is a scheme that will further aid every crank and fool citizen to print his "views" at public expense. The big pamphlet of arguments, heretofore published by the state for every initiative and referendum election, will be a thin offering by comparison. Yet it has been so compendious that scarcely any voter has ever plowed through it.

Here, then, is a new plan for airing fads and fancies "free." The inspectors are to establish and edit the Oregon Official Gazette, for the purpose. Their notions are to have the authority of the state and every voter is to be a subscriber, postage and subscription free. The inspectors are to sit as a continuous court of inquisition over every official's policy and every citizen's politics. Through their theories all publications of the official gazette must filter. These mighty fad editors are to be appointed by the Governor and draw $3000 a year salary each.

Such a machine power, utilizing the state's stamp of authority and its means of intelligence, never would have been thought of in days of safe and sane constitution-making in Oregon. It is an absurdity that the people of this state ought not to have to learn; their instinct perhaps will guard them against the experiment.

COMING CAR SHORTAGE.

Railroad prosperity, which is reflected in increased earnings, and higher prices for stocks, is already spreading to other branches of the industry. The greatest crop of agricultural products ever produced in the United States will shortly be moving to market, and it will require more rolling stock and motive power to move it than was needed for any of its predecessors. The immense amount of business held in abeyance pending settlement of the tariff question is beginning to move, and in every quarter there is much evidence to indicate that the country is entering on a greater era of prosperity than that which so abruptly terminated nearly two years ago. This means that the railroads will in a short time be confronted with a greater volume of business than they can handle. That this is no idle statement or prediction can be understood, if we recall the conditions in existence two years ago.

Every man in the Pacific Northwest, or in any other part of the United States, who had a carload of goods to ship will remember the extreme difficulty experienced in securing the car, and also the delay in having it moved. The railroads, with every available car in service, and with every locomotive working up to the limit, were unable to handle the immense traffic then offering, with anything like satisfaction to their patrons, or with adequate returns warranted by the extraordinary outlay which abnormal movement involves. This country has grown rapidly in wealth and population, and there has been a great development in all parts of the United States, even during the two years of hard times. It is thus a certainty that the maximum business which the railroads of the country will be called on to handle within the next six months will far exceed in volume that which threw them into such a helpless state of congestion two years ago. For all that, the long list of industries that have been awaiting the return of this coming prosperity will good-naturedly put up with a return of car shortage, if it brings with it all the accompaniments that were in evidence two years ago.

HARRIMAN'S WIDENING POWER.

The report that Mr. Harriman has secured control of the New York Central, while lacking official confirmation, is undoubtedly true. At none of the interesting stages of the phenomenal career of this greatest railroad financier has he occupied for very long an unimportant position in the management of any property in which he has secured a foothold. Whatever criticism may be directed against this steadily increasing power, already inconceivably great to rest in the hands of one man, it must be admitted that every railroad that has been drawn into the Harriman net has profited by the change in ownership and control. To this fact is due the steadily increasing power of Harriman, and the enlargement of his railroad domain.

Nothing succeeds like success, and the world of investors, large or small, is not only willing but anxious to follow the leadership of any man who has made a conspicuous success in a chosen field. When Harriman took up Union Pacific, a bankrupt, discredited road which had repudiated all of its obligations, the stock was selling at $18 per share. Monday it sold at $218. This rehabilitation of the great trans-continental line was not accomplished with ease. It required not only brilliant financiering and rare economy in operation, but also a remarkable genius for stilling the protests of stockholders who were unable to draw any dividends while the work of reconstruction was proceeding. Harriman "made good" with Union Pacific, and he has "made good" with every road that has come under his control since he first lifted that bankrupt road from the gutter.

The additions that have been made to the Harriman system since Union Pacific was laid as the keystone for the railroad arch have not all come easily, and quite a few railroad managers who got in the way of the Harriman Juggernaut have gone down fighting. In every case, however, the properties involved have made a better showing under Harriman management than in the hands of his predecessors, and it is but natural that the later additions to the system are coming much easier than the early accumulations. New York Central is coming under Harriman control because the race of Vanderbilts who made the road famous are no longer on earth. There are thousands of stockholders of varying degrees of prominence who prefer to have the control of their property in the hands of a successful railroad man instead of under the domination of the incompetent Vanderbilt descendants.

The Harriman thirst for power, or, to use a harsher expression, greed for gain, would have cut but a sorry figure when Stuyvesant Fish was relieved of the control of the Illinois Central had not the railroad wizard been encouraged and assisted by a large number of hardheaded business men who had money invested in the road. These men did not think they were receiving the returns which their investment warranted, and in seeking a man who could get more out of the property than it was then producing they selected Mr. Harriman because he had made a conspicuous success of the roads with which he was already associated. The control of the New York Central, if it passes into Mr. Harriman's hands, will give him two lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific, joined in the East by his water connections between New Orleans and New York, and also by the Illinois Central, and on the west by the Southern Pacific. Within the boundaries of this vast territory dwell more than four-fifths of the population of the United States. A few years more of "Harrimanizing" of the railroads in that territory will have them all paying tribute to the man whose actual performances have made most of the magical tales of Aladdin seem very ordinary by comparison.

PICKING HOPS.

Hop-picking is the poetry of toil. It is only by straining language that it can be called toil, in fact, for it is a good deal more like play to stand all day in the cool breeze with the dim September sunlight falling dreamily over the fields, and gather the fragrant clusters. Who does not love the odor of hops? Whatever he may think of the taste when it has been mingled with the other substances which compose beer, no man can deny that the smell is purely and innocently delightful. To breathe it all day is reward enough for filling the boxes over and over again, but the happy hop-picker gets a penny a pound besides. This is the kind of work which makes the body vigorous and the mind serene. Modern civilization compels some to labor at tasks which shorten their lives. It immures little children in noisome factories and deforms their body with hideous tasks. But anybody, young or old, can pick hops and grow healthier every day. Women can make their fingers fly in gathering this most delectable of harvests without losing their charm. Indeed, the more hops they pick the more lovable they grow.

It were a beauteous thing to send all our city dames out into the hopfields every Fall, the vain, the fretful, the social climbers, the spendthrifts, and let them be converted by kindly nature to the sweeter life which frets over nothing and cares not to climb. Perhaps the next legislature may be persuaded to require by law that every woman in Oregon shall spend two weeks in the hopfields each September. Who shall say how much happier the state would be for it, especially if they were all compelled to wear calico gowns and Shaker sunbonnets? People smile now at the thought of such a law, but some time they may take it seriously. Ideals are changing. Many things that were only amusingly eccentric ten years ago are now accepted bits of wisdom. Our annual exodus to the fields might be worth while, even at the price of one more law.

A FARMER TO FARMERS.

The American Association of Farmers' Institute Workers is the stately and comprehensive name of an organization now holding its fourteenth annual convention in this city. J. L. Ellsworth, of Massachusetts, president of the organization, struck the keynote of successful endeavor in the line indicated by the association's name when, in his opening address, he admonished the delegates, saying:

> It should be remembered that in the farmers you are dealing with a peculiar and cautious people, who have decided ideas and perhaps prejudices, that are conservative, ultra-conservative and the hardest people in the world to make change an opinion once formed. They do not take up matters of importance until such time as they can take them up in their own way.

This premise being true, the method of procedure in organizing and conducting farmers' institutes readily suggests itself. Farmers should not only be permitted, but they should be encouraged and even urged to take charge of local institutes. Instructors in these should be farmers of practical experience in the work which they present; not theoretical farmers whose fields are textbooks and whose gardens and orchards are fancifully laid out on paper. It may not be possible at all times to secure for this work a man who is both a farmer and a teacher, but if either is to be dispensed with, "take the farmer." This is the advice of Mr. Ellsworth. Given a farmer who is a growing, progressive man in his vocation, the advice is sound.

The work of the State Agricultural College, both technical and demonstrative, easily wins its way into the respect and confidence of farmers of the younger class. Those who have reached middle age, working their way, so to speak, to such knowledge of crops and rotations and seasons as can be gained by experience covering a long series of years, are slower to accept the suggestions of professors of agriculture, but are willing to listen to men who by experience know whereof they speak, while old farmers are in the main indifferent, if not hostile, to the new gospel of agriculture. All of this is but to say that the element called human nature is strongly entrenched among the farmer folk and that they are loyal to the traditions of their vocation, and abandon them only when convinced that they have been supplanted by something better.

Convictions all along the line of agricultural endeavor have within the past twenty and even ten years routed many time-honored traditions in this ancient realm. Among these is pride in the ownership of large areas which it was impossible for the farmer of moderate means to till. In evidence of this are small tracts well cultivated into which many large farms have been divided; the diversified crops which have taken the place of an "all wheat" culture; the commercial orchard that is flourishing in many places where tradition and sentiment held to the family orchard, the trees of which were unproductive of marketable fruit, or in many later years even of fruit fit for the table or the cider press. Farmers of the more progressive type have sacrificed tradition to knowledge in these and many other matters, while the sentiment that clung to old orchard trees—mossy, gnarled and infested by fruit pests—has been sternly ruled out of the horticultural court of pleas.

Farmers are taking kindly to new methods or, making merit of necessity, as in the case of the old family orchard, are conforming to them. More than this, as represented by the most active and progressive of their class, they are seeking to learn what is worth knowing about their vocation through the medium of experiments which they themselves have not had time or means, or perhaps inclination to make. They emulate the enterprising, though skeptical gentleman from Missouri in that they "want to be shown." When one of their number is able to demonstrate the new problem of agriculture that is being worked out in agricultural colleges, experiment stations, by boards of horticulture and through the National Department of Agriculture so much the better. He is a practical farmer, which means that his way into the confidence of his brethren has been opened. After that he may be a technical farmer without exciting their contempt.

Mother love is the same in all languages and among all peoples. Its tender solicitude is found alike in the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor. Criminal history is full of cases where most grievous offenders have been deserted by all others except the one best friend, the mother, and there is no crime too hideous to dim the lovelight that beams from her eyes. Out of all the murky shadows of the Thaw tragedy the only gleam of purity and light that has appeared has been the pathetic loyalty of the sorrowing mother for her wayward, ill-witted son. To save him, first from the gallows and now from the asylum, the mother of Harry Thaw has not only wrecked the Thaw fortune and brought herself face to face with a penniless old age, but she has been obliged to sacrifice health, happiness, position in society, and all else that a few years ago made life attractive. Whatever parental delinquencies may be charged up against the mother of Harry Thaw for the poor start he got in life, the poor woman is now making more than full atonement through the awful sorrow that is searing her heart.

Hardly a day passes without bringing news of some new manufacturing enterprise for Portland. These new projects, which are to make heavy increases in Portland's dinner-pail brigade, range all the way from small affairs, with a few thousand dollars capital, to big enterprises in which several hundred thousands will be invested. Lack of manufacturing enterprises, both large and small, has always been a weak point in Portland's industrial situation, and, now that the tide has set in our favor, the effect will soon be noticeable in all kinds of business.

Abdul Hamid, who recently lost a good position as Sultan of Turkey and boss of the largest harem in the near East, is not near death's door, as reported, but has only been troubled with an abscess in the throat. As Abdul retained thirteen wives, there was undoubtedly sufficient talk in the Hamid family to make up for the enforced silence of the ex-Sultan while he was recovering.

From the National and international point of view, Portland's harbor is part of the world's great watery highway, open to the commerce of the world; viewed locally, it is a stream dividing a city into two parts. Mayor Simon says to shipping: Don't balk us so often when we wish to cross. Uncle Sam says: Ships have the right of way. And there you are.

Seattle is preparing to be ripped up the back and across the center by the mighty question whether President Taft shall spend his day in Seattle playing golf or as the stellar attraction of the Pay Streak. If Seattle becomes real earnest over this matter, someone ought to give the President a tip in time so that he can take to the tall timber.

The Japanese government has withdrawn the sealing subsidy which has heretofore been extended to vessels engaged in sealing. The expense of squaring up the international rows precipitated by the sealing poachers was so much greater than the subsidy that the change will no doubt prove to be for the better.

It is estimated that Seattle's street lights for the coming year will cost $202,000. This is about double the cost of public lighting in Portland. But what does Seattle care? There they have municipal ownership of lights, and nobody has to pay but the taxpayer.

So eager was a man in Linn County for a divorce that he crossed Santiam River into Linn County to accept summons for his wife's suit. Maybe now the wife will wish she hadn't.

Reason for the sudden rise in Harriman stocks is not far to seek. Wall street has heard of its prospective increase in earnings from traffic in Central Oregon.

You can't take up a more trite topic than Oregon's Summer weather, but where by contrast or per se can you find a pleasanter subject for conversation.

In a few years when everybody owns one of the Wright brothers' machines, the closing of Portland's drawbridges will not be so live a question.

The hoppicking season being earlier than usual this year, thousands of youngsters can earn their Fall clothes before the public schools open.

Coos Bay would be a suitable goal for Mr. Hill's new railroad. It would enable Mr. Harriman to see fine things in that part of the state.

If J. J. Hill had managers in San Francisco like Mr. Harriman's, he might not have thought it worth while to enter Central Oregon.

Those who gambled for Government land and won would better not go near the gambling game again.

Mr. Harriman's health in Europe has not improved. Doctors are the same the world over.

All aboard for Central Oregon!

OREGON, LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

Practical Sermon on Two Texts Furnished by The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, Aug. 17.—(To the Editor.)—There were two suggestions in The Sunday Oregonian which were fraught with more than ordinary significance. One was a cartoon representing a regretful citizen who had neglected buying a piece of land here 25 years ago, while the other gave the details as to how a Linn-county farmer cleared $6000 this year on a 400-acre farm, for the use of which he paid $600 rent.

As to the first, it may be said that the opportunities for making money in Portland and Oregon investments were never so good as right now. Indeed, no other part of the United States so capable of sustaining a dense population is so lacking in that very element of progress and prosperity. If Oregon had as many people to the square mile as has Massachusetts, we would have here a population of 20,000,000, and everybody knows how much superior our own state is in the matter of an equable climate and fertile soil to the old Bay State of the New England coast.

And the second instance referred to illustrates what is possible here under the most normal conditions. The Linn-county farmer did not raise fancy fruits or rare vegetables, but plain food for man and beast, and what he did can be done by any other farmer in any part of this country. There is no patent on his methods nor any miracle shining out of his results. And yet, it is quite common for men with money to stand back and declare that land is too high here, and rather than invest it will lend it out at 7 per cent and receive an annual income of $7 from a sum that would no doubt buy two acres of such land as yielded the Linn-county farmer $2? net profit. It is a safe guess, however, that the owner of the land, having a demonstration as to what it is capable of doing, will not again rent it out for $1.50 an acre.

And yet, this instance of what is possible for Willamette-Valley land to do, presents just an ordinary output. When devoted to fruits or vegetables or dairy products, the profits are much above the case under consideration, and in this climate as sure as taxes.

A Portland visitor last week earnestly protested that farm lands were as high in Oregon as in Illinois, and he insisted that it is an outrage that it is so, but an innocent bystander reminded him that land in a country where roses bloom all the year around, and every home is a Summer resort in the middle of August, should be, and is, worth about three times as much as in any other country where in Summer people are mowed down by the excessive heat waves and in Winter chilled to the bone by the opposite extreme. It may be true that "people cannot live on climate," but it is also true that sometimes they cannot live on account of it. Indeed, whether a country is fit to live in at all, depends upon its climatic conditions. And vegetation takes cognizance of this as quickly as do people.

An up-Valley man was in Portland last week looking around and remarked that "if he had had any sense 10 years ago" he would have come here and invested his means and "would today be a rich man," and he was nibbling around looking at several propositions but went home leaving another opportunity for profitable investment unimproved. It is probable that Harry Murphy ran across some such man when he found his subject for the cartoon portraying an angry and disgusted individual kicking himself for in a left-handed manner running down the best country in the United States—a fact which he himself admitted.

T. T. GEER.

SINGLE AND INTENSE PURPOSE.

This Is the Keynote of Success in Any Vocation Today.

PORTLAND, Aug. 16.—(To the Editor.)—It is said that Booth, in "Richard the Third," during the duel once used his sword with such unusual vigor that his antagonist became aware that the great tragedian was actually and desperately reaching for his heart with frantic thrusts of his weapon. There was fire in Booth's eyes that alarmed him. He uttered a shriek and rushed off the stage, with the great actor in hot pursuit, back behind the scenes, out through the dressing room, down through the stage entrance into the street, crying for help at every step. "Arrest Booth!" he screamed; "he thinks he is Richard the Third!" And so he did. He had studied the times in which Richard lived, worn Richard's armor, adopted his impulses and manner with such concentration that all the sentiments, feelings and passions of Richard were actually his.

This is an exemplification of the fact that one well-cultivated purpose, deepened and intensified, is worth a score of shallow faculties. The first law of success among the clamoring thousands now in our great and growing city is concentration.

The day of universal knowledge is past. Life is too short to attempt more than one thing. The man of single and intense purpose is the man who is in demand when something is to be done.

The marksman last week, when the soldiers were in target practice at Clackamas, who aimed "at the pile," hit nothing in particular.

The crying evil is dissipation, and it makes no difference whether these dissipations are coarse or fine.

The all-round man who does a little at everything and nothing in particular may properly be termed the jackass-at-all-trades.

C. E. CLINE.

Keep the Jail Where It Is.

PORTLAND, Aug. 16.—(To the Editor.)—An able article appeared in your issue of August 12 by M. G. Griffin, in reference to the most suitable location of the new City Jail. Mr. Griffin has covered the ground so ably and showed to the public so lucidly that it would be unnecessary for me to endeavor to amplify on the same. Suffice it to say that probably 75 per cent of the criminals who appear in the Police Court are arrested north of Oak street. The offer tendered by Mr. Taylor, agent for the owner of the 25 feet, along Second street, to the north, adjoining the old City Jail, should, in my humble opinion, be accepted.

WILLIAM PLANE.

Oh, Piffle!

PORTLAND, Aug. 17.—(To the Editor.)—It occurs to the writer, a visitor in your city, that the caricature displayed three columns wide on the front page of this morning's Oregonian is a step downward from the usual good taste and good sense that characterize your paper. Mr. Harriman and our other great financiers appreciate a good joke on themselves, but I doubt if any man of sense and breeding can see anything "funny" about this horrible nightmare depicting the surprised countenance of the railroad king as something between that of an idiot and a devil fish.

J. E. NYE.

Mr. Pulitzer to Live in Berlin.

New York Herald.

Announcements are made in the local press that Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, has taken a villa in the Grunewald, Berlin's fashionable residential quarter, with a view of making this city his home in the future.

The Fat Girl.

Here's to the woman, bless her heart,
Who heeds not fashion's call,
But who is simple in her part,
And comely, too, withal;
Who, when her sisters dress so slim
They don't know where they're at,
Will scorn each fashion's foolish whim
And keep on being fat.

—St. Louis Star.

SIX MAZAMAS RETURN HOME

Two Weeks' Climb Is Declared a Great Success.

After an outing of two weeks on the slope of Mount Baker, six members of the Mazama party, which left here August 2, arrived home Monday night. The permanent camp was struck Sunday morning and the entire party started down the trail toward Deming, where members of the Bellingham contingent were met with wagons and began the journey home. The Portland members remained at Deming over night, taking the train for Seattle Monday morning. Here the expedition disbanded, most of the members remaining in Seattle to visit the Fair. Those who arrived here Monday night were: Miss Metcalf, Miss Morgan, Dr. A. E. Stone, Dr. W. C. Adams, R. W. Montague and John R. Montague.

"The outing was a success from start to finish," said R. W. Montague last night. "The management of the camp was admirable and not one bit of complaint was made. Cook Knapton was one of the most accommodating persons I ever saw. During the entire stay I never heard him make the least complaint. The fact that members of the party had the habit of straggling in to meals and delaying things generally did not seem to disturb him in the least. The meals were excellent.

"The climb on Wednesday was made without difficulty. It was nothing in comparison with our climb up the north side of St. Helens last year. The slope is not steep and on account of the warm weather the snow, was soft and insured a secure footing at all times. The labor of climbing due to the high altitude was the only disadvantage we experienced. We began the ascent at 6 o'clock and reached the summit at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The view toward the Sound was obscured by heavy clouds, but that toward the East was a splendid and awe-inspiring sight. As a matter of fact, there were days when the view from the camp was finer than any we had from the summit. The route down the mountain was plainly marked with red flags so that members of the party suited themselves as to the length of their stay on the summit.

"The country in the vicinity of Mount Baker is a most interesting region. Every day during our stay there we made trips to the glaciers and peaks in the vicinity. The fishing was so good that our friends will have a hard time believing our stories. The streams had probably never been visited before which accounts for the phenomenal luck of our fishermen."

CAPTAIN J. SORENSON DIES

Pioneer Steamboat Man Succumbs to Paralysis.

Captain Julius Sorensen, aged 74 years and 3 months, died yesterday afternoon at the family residence, 435 Glisan street, as a result of paralysis of long standing. The death of Captain Sorensen marks the passing of one of the pioneers of Oregon and Washington, prominent in the making of early history. His close friend and early-day associate, Captain Seth L. Pope, of 153 Seventeenth street, says Captain Sorensen was one of three or four of the pioneers who steamboated on the upper rivers in the early '50s.

Captain Sorensen was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, May 16, 1835. He took to the sea early in life, coming to the Pacific Coast when 15 years old. At 20 he was master of the pioneer steamer Senorita, which was built over from the old steamer Gazelle. The Gazelle was wrecked on the upper Columbia in the latter '40s, and several lives were lost. As master of the Gazelle Captain Sorensen took the first companies of volunteers to the Cascades during the Indian War in 1856 after the massacre. Later he and Captain Pope steamboated together on the Pen d'Oreille Lake and River.

"I was the agent of the company operating the boats, and employed Captain Sorensen because of his faithfulness to duty and his integrity," said Captain Pope last night. "I never knew a man who had a higher regard for his own word than he."

Captain Sorensen came to Portland to live in 1870. He was married prior to that time at Walla Walla, where he conducted a packtrain between that city and Helena, Mont. He engaged in the wholesale wood business here, which he continued until 10 years ago, when he was stricken by paralysis. His wife died several years ago, and no children survive. The funeral will be conducted under the auspices of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. Definite funeral arrangements, however, have not been made.

BIG AUTOMOBILE ROLLS OVER

Fatal Accident Mars Races at Cheyenne, Wyo.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 17.—A sensational accident, in which a 40-horsepower Colburn car ran from the track at full speed, turned over, crushed the driver so that he will probably die, marred the finish of the 200-mile free-for-all auto race that was being held here today in connection with the celebration of Frontier day.

The accident occurred in the last lap of the big race, in which several cars were spinning around the roadway course, and Ernest Griffith, the driver, seemed to have a good chance at winning when the tragedy came. Something evidently gave way about the steering-gear, for the car suddenly lurched to one side, plunged over the embankment, and rolled along by the side of the course like a giant tumbling ball.

The race was won by Martin Fletcher, of Denver, driving an Oldsmobile, who completed the 200-mile dash about the course in three hours 39 minutes and 47 seconds, making a new world's record for the distance.

Griffith, the driver of the wrecked car, was terribly crushed, and though rushed to a hospital, no chance is held out for his recovery.

YOAKUM FEARS NO WARS

Rock Island Man Tells Farmers of Values of Crops.

SHAWNEE, Okla., Aug. 17.—B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the executive committee of the Rock Island-Frisco line, in an address today before the Farmers' Union of Oklahoma, deprecated the growing expense which the United States Government is incurring in maintaining the Army and Navy.

He declared the "grain and cotton fields of the Mississippi Valley and the West are stronger military defenses than warships."

Mr. Yoakum's subject was "The Farmer and the Railroad." He strongly advocated good roads as a means of bringing the carrier and the producer closer together.

ONE COOL SPOT IS REPORTED

Six Inches of Snow in Johannesburg by Noontime.

JOHANNESBURG, Aug. 17.—The heaviest snowfall in many years occurred here today. Six inches had fallen at noon, and the storm was still in progress.

The telegraph and telephone services are badly disorganized, and business has been almost suspended. The members of the Stock Exchange ceased business long enough to engage in a snowball battle.

PROBE OF BOOKS COMPLETED

Officers Find Colonel M'Donell's Accounts O. K.

After working for three days in checking the accounts and auditing the books of Colonel McDonell, of the Third Regiment, the auditing committee announced last night that the books of Colonel McDonell balance. The two funds in question, the regimental fund and the band fund, were both checked; the cash on hand from the regimental fund, $365.16, as shown by the books, and that of the band fund, $71.47, tallied with the money turned over by Colonel McDonell.

The investigation was carried on in the Colonel's office by H. U. Welch, Captain of Field Artillery, and Captains C. T. Smith, R. M. Dobie, L. A. Bowman, Walter W. Wilson and L. E. Crouch, of the Third Infantry.

"I cannot conceive where the shortage report started," stated Captain Smith of the auditing committee. "To me the only way in which it could have started is that there are several small outstanding bills which Colonel McDonell contracted and which he cannot pay as yet. These were bills drawn on the next quarterly allowance."

The totals resulting from the checking of the investigating committee were larger by $8 than the table of receipts and expenditures published by The Oregonian yesterday showing Colonel McDonell turned over $336.62 and not $328.65 as intimated by the unofficial figures.

In a statement made yesterday, Colonel McDonell announced he had changed his mind about resigning and because of inferences surrounding his verbal resignation, he would remain at the head of the Third Regiment until his business in civilian life demanded all his time.

Inspector-General Jackson will not begin his investigation of the state account kept by Colonel McDonell until next Monday. Next Thursday is the date set by General Finzer for Colonel McDonell to turn over the balance of the fund, said to be nominal, to Inspector-General Jackson at the Armory.

ILLEGAL KNOT IS ALLEGED

Husband Declares He Was Forced to Marry.

J. T. Rainsberry has brought suit for divorce in the Circuit Court against Christene Rainsberry, alleging that his marriage was illegal. J. "Hat" Hitchings, Rainsberry's attorney, appeared at the Sheriff's office yesterday morning with a copy of the complaint, and asked that it be served on Mrs. Rainsberry. Service was made, but no record appeared with the clerk of the Circuit Court that the original complaint had been filed. Hitchings later in the day was asked if he had filed the complaint, and answered in the negative. This blunder could have nullified the divorce complaint. Hitchings objected to paying the fee for the second service required.

Rainsberry, the plaintiff, alleges that he went through the form of a marriage ceremony with Christene Gustafson on June 14. He was in the Justice Court at the time, he says, and was forced to submit to the tying of the knot.

William N. Striplin, a printer, is being sued in the Circuit Court by his wife, Ida Striplin, who wants a divorce. She has patiently endured his frequent blows and chokings for the last four years, she says, but has at last decided to seek relief. They have been living at the Ohio Hotel. She says he threatened last Saturday to kill her. As his wages amount to about $30 a week, she considers herself entitled to $50 suit money and $30 permanent alimony. They were married at Butte, Mont., December 27, 1904, and have two children.

The divorce suit of Anna B. Maurer against C. C. Maurer has been dismissed in the Circuit Court because the plaintiff had not been a resident of Oregon for a year before it was filed. Circuit Judge Gatens made the order yesterday afternoon dismissing the case.

BOYS ARE SAVED BY PASTOR

Testimony of Good Character Is Cheered in Court.

Witnesses testified before Circuit Judge Gatens yesterday afternoon as to the good reputation of Leo Le Tissier, Anthony Conrad and William Parker, the young men recently indicted by the grand jury for assaulting a 16-year-old girl of Arleta. Judge Gatens continued the case until Friday morning, when it is probable that indictments charging a lesser crime will be filed, and that the lads will plead guilty and be paroled.

Rev. E. A. Smith, pastor of the Arleta Baptist Church, said the boys were church members, and that he had never before known anything out of the way in their conduct. H. A. Chambers, for five years Postmaster at Arleta; Peter Strahan, in the real estate business at Arleta, and William Woodham, proprietor of a hardware store at Arleta, also testified in behalf of the boys.

It was reported yesterday that Mrs. Kate Collins, charged with the murder of Dr. A. Ray Collins, was not in condition to be brought into court; so her arraignment did not take place as expected.

Simon Cohen, C. A. Langston and W. A. Schooling were arraigned. Cohen is accused of larceny in a dwelling, Langston of assault on H. W. McNab, and Schooling of selling liquor to W. L. Stinson without a license. Langston pleaded not guilty, and the others will plead Friday morning. The case of Harry Mitchell, 16 years old, who is accused of participating in a hold-up, was transferred to the Juvenile Court.

THIEF POLITELY DOFFS HAT

Remembers Manners When Woman Catches Him at Work.

Returning to her room at the Palmer House at the corner of Park and Alder streets, after a short absence yesterday morning, Mrs. R. E. Worrell, wife of the proprietor of Worrell's cloak house, found herself face to face with a daylight burglar. The man had packed a suitcase full of clothing and articles of jewelry, and apparently was just preparing to leave with his loot. Startled at the man's presence in her apartment, Mrs. Worrell at first did not realize she was in the presence of a thief, and she did not notice the suitcase filled with plunder until later.

"Who are you and what are you doing in our rooms?" asked Mrs. Worrell. "I believe you must have made a mistake."

"Well, if these are your rooms I must have made a mistake," politely rejoined the daylight Raffles, lifting his hat, "for I thought they were my cousin's rooms. I therefore apologize." With that he coolly walked out.

Two minutes later Mrs. Worrell saw the suitcase all packed, and realized the man must have picked the lock to her door. She rushed to the hall to give the alarm, but the thief had disappeared. Searching further, Mrs. Worrell found that a diamond scarfpin was missing. She reported the case to the police with a description of the polite burglar. Detectives are in quest of the latest Raffles.

Murder Theory Scouted.

MARSHFIELD, Or., Aug. 17.—(Special.)—Assistant District Attorney Lilljquist has been investigating the death of R. A. Johnson, who was found dead on the street with a bullet in his heart. On account of the talk of foul play, the investigation was made, but it is understood that the lawyer has found no evidence to substantiate the murder theory.