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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1909.

GERMAN DAY.

It is 226 years since the first German immigrants landed on American soil and settled in Pennsylvania. They arrived more than sixty years after the Pilgrims set foot on New England's stern and rockbound coast and chose their homes in a much more delectable part of the country. The wisdom which marked the conduct of these first immigrants has distinguished their successors in many ways. In the Middle West, where they have largely settled, they have been a liberalizing factor in religion, a powerful support to education and a bulwark of honest politics. Theological bigotry leads a wan and feeble life in Wisconsin and Illinois, where the German element is almost predominant. By the same token education in those states sets an example for the rest of the country to follow.

We have no better citizens than the Germans. They supply an element of idealism, which the American of Yankee stock often lacks, while their genial and healthy good-fellowship lighten the gloom of our Puritanism. If it were not for our German fellow-citizens we might possibly fall under the dire dictation of the Sabbatarians and other fanatics. Though they are loyal to the memory of the Fatherland and commemorate German day with joyous festivity, still they are as devoted as the best of us to American ideals. In the Civil War there were no better Union soldiers than the German regiments from the West. Since the war there have been no better fighters for commercial integrity and honest government than the German citizens, wherever they happen to dwell. In the spirit of German day all good Americans can heartily participate. Perhaps some of us can learn from its wholesome and sensible merrymaking how to spend a holiday without being Puritans, hoodlums or sots.

HARVARD'S NEW HEAD.

The accession of Abbott Lawrence Lowell to the presidency of Harvard may possibly mark the beginning of the ebb of German influence in our colleges. In seeking examples of places where "students learn some one thing well," President Lowell thought only of Oxford and Cambridge, it seems. "That a student of ability can learn one subject well is shown by the experience of the honor schools of Oxford and Cambridge," he said. Perhaps Harvard, after its forty years of vigorous progress under Dr. Eliot, is now to relapse for a time into a barren classicism of the British type. Such things happen. Indeed, they seem to be the rule of university life. First a few steps forward and then a period of marking time or even slipping backward.

As a rule nothing is learned half so well at Oxford and Cambridge as in the German universities. Their mathematics, of which they make such a parade, is singularly arid. Nothing has ever come of it that begins to compare with what the French and Germans have done. The British universities are sometimes called the chosen houses of classic learning, but when an Englishman wishes really to master Latin or Greek he goes to Germany. The only scholarly English grammars we possess were written by the Germans. The most valuable English scholarship has usually flourished outside of Oxford and Cambridge. The work of Newton, Huxley, Spencer and Darwin illustrates what we mean. The one really great achievement of English mathematics since Newton, the invention of quaternions by Sir William Rowan Hamilton, happened in Ireland. The mention by President Lowell of Oxford and Cambridge as the places above all others in the world where a student "can learn one thing well" seems to presage a limited outlook. One may hope it is not embittered by classical partisanship as well.

HEARST AGAIN A CANDIDATE.

William Randolph Hearst has descended from the pedestal, upon which he erstwhile posed for presidential honors and again seeks the next best thing in point of political power—the mayoralty of New York City. Defeated in his aspirations for the presidency, once defeated for the governorship of New York and once again, defeated in the race against the present incumbent, for the mayoralty of New York City, he again enters the race for the latter position, though as he declares, the nomination was unsought and undeserved.

The platform upon which he will be asked to stand embodies declarations in favor of municipal ownership of subways, economic administration and adequate school facilities. All of these things sound easy to the impractical followers of a man noted for his ability to make a noise in the political world. They do not stop to consider that with all of his protestations of ability and promises of fulfillment, William Randolph Hearst has never been able to write his name above those of his competitors in the great race for official honor, and power. A man of large inherited wealth; promoter and financial supporter of sensational journalism; wordy to a degree, without being eloquent or convincing; full of promises but short on performance, he has made an effort to secure political leadership in which he has only been outdone by William Jennings Bryan. The public can almost believe his assertion that he does not wish to enter the race for Mayor of New York, since he must be tired of defeat at the hustings and naturally approaches this point again with some reluctance. Still, no one can tell what will happen when the rabble of New York City goes to the polls. While the probabilities at present do not point that way, William Randolph Hearst may yet find himself Mayor of New York City. Who, at this juncture can tell?

MOVE TO ADVANCE FREIGHT RATES.

From Seattle comes the discouraging news that the Government, which in its coal-carrying contracts has been displaying cold, hard business sense, is about to depart from its new methods and return to its old system, by which ship-subsidy seekers are supplied with "horrible examples" for preaching ship subsidy. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Winthrop was in Seattle a few days ago, and, according to a dispatch sent out from that city, he has promised some of the Seattle shipping men that in the future all contracts made with foreign vessels for carrying coal to Pacific Coast ports will contain the provision that the ship must return to the Atlantic seaboard in ballast. The means by which this will be accomplished will be time charters which call for delivery and redelivery of the vessel at Atlantic ports. As a result, the vessels which come out with coal and are available for wheat and lumber loading on the Pacific Coast must return in ballast for the reason that the Government has no return cargo for the Atlantic ports, and private citizens are not permitted to ship coastwise in foreign vessels.

This, of course, can have but one effect. The supply of cheap tonnage to which the Pacific Coast producers are legitimately entitled will be curtailed, with a corresponding advance in rates. Naturally, the cost of carrying cargo only one way on a vessel chartered for a round-trip voyage will be double that which would be shown with cargo both ways. On this end of the transaction the Government is mulcted. On the return voyage the Pacific Coast producer, deprived of this competitive tonnage, is the sufferer. In most cases where natural economic laws are thus set aside some powerful reason is given for the change. In this case the only reason that can be ascribed is that a few Pacific Coast shipowners expect to have their profits increased by the elimination of this healthy competition.

Most of the steamers which have been carrying coal to the Pacific Coast have a carrying capacity of more than 225,000 bushels of grain. It would thus require about 100 farms to produce sufficient cargo for one of these steamers. Any advance in freight which follows from natural or artificial conditions thus affects at least 100 producers where only one shipowner is affected.

As an example of taxing the many for the benefit of the few, nothing could be clearer. The plan proposed by Assistant Secretary Winthrop is new and startling in its boldness, and in view of the political strength of the ship-subsidy grafters, may be carried out. In the end, however, the people will certainly discover the true reason for the bunco game, and the most plaintive appeal "for the old flag and an appropriation" will not serve to stay their indignation.

What the entire Pacific Coast needs is not a restricted supply of tonnage, but free and unlimited competition from the ships of all nations. This continued effort of a few millionaire shipowners to "jimmy" out of the Treasury funds for their private gain not only disgusts American citizens who are really desirous of a real merchant marine, but it prevents repeal of our ancient navigation laws and denies American citizens the right to buy ships at as low a cost as the people of other nations buy them.

RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

Commissioner-General Keefe is preparing, for submission to the next Congress, the draft of a law that will restrict immigration to aliens intending to become naturalized citizens. So many varying conditions surround the immigration problem that it is hardly probable that the plan of the Commissioner will meet with unqualified approval. It was prompted, no doubt, by a desire to improve the standard of the foreign immigration that now seeks refuge on our shores, and perhaps to stop the back-flow of money which is created by the foreigners who remain in this country just long enough to secure a "stake" that will carry them back to their old homes, where living is much cheaper than it is here. Opportunities for making money are so much better in this country than in Europe that a certain element has always been drawn to the United States with no intention of remaining here any longer than is necessary to accumulate what in its own countries is regarded as a fortune.

The money thus taken out of the country each year runs into millions, and, naturally, has a certain effect on the general prosperity of the country. This, however, can hardly be urged as a valid reason for restricting immigration to those who intend to become American citizens, for it is doubtful if the drain from this source is as great as that which follows in the wake of the thousands of Americans who annually rush to Europe and spend their money with a prodigal hand. The American citizen has exploited his own country so successfully that he feels he has the right to spend it where he pleases. The foreigner, as a rule, does not receive anything that he does not earn, and, having rendered value for the money that is paid him, he is also entitled to a choice as to where he shall spend it.

A first and seemingly an insurmountable difficulty that will be encountered by Mr. Keefe in his new plan for restricting immigration will be the impossibility of accurately determining whether or not the immigrant intends to become a citizen. To the class of foreigners who are coming here with no real intention of becoming anything more than transients, and to that other undesirable class who come here to escape the Old World police, the matter of making oath that they intend to become citizens would not be regarded as a serious obstacle, even though they had no intentions of abiding by the declaration. It is even probable that some of our best foreign-born citizens may have entered the country without any intention of remaining here, but, finding it advantageous to do so, have taken out citizenship papers long after their arrival.

A law as rigid as that proposed by Commissioner Keefe might have the effect of barring out some very desirable foreigners who, after a short residence here, might be very glad to become citizens, even though they were not ready when they first entered the country. So long as the great and growing West is as short on labor as it is at the present time, it is not clear that any very rigid restriction should be placed on clean, healthy immigrants who come to this country to better their condition. There would be a distinct advantage in shutting out some of the foreign jawsmiths and anarchists who devote the time they spend out of jail in this country to stirring up strife among those who really work for a living. The greatest avenue open for reform in the immigration problem is that which will provide for a more equitable distribution of newcomers throughout the country. Too many are located in the congested labor centers of the East, and an insufficient number in the West.

THE TALE OF CHARITY.

The tale of charity as worked out by various charitable organizations of this city, has its basis for the most part in a single cause. This is found in irresponsible parentage, especially irresponsible fatherhood and incompetent, subjugated motherhood. Almost three times out of four the tale that charity boards hear from the life of the destitute mothers of destitute children is that of the desertion of his family by the husband and father. Sometimes, by way of dreary variation, the tale runs in this wise: "We found upon investigating the case that the mother (of from five to ten, perhaps) was feeble minded; that the father was a man of brutal instincts and, withal, lazy, and that the children were pitifully neglected." Or again: "The mother was sickly, the father addicted to drink and their home unfit for a human habitation." Generally, however, the story is of the father's desertion, the mother's struggles over the washtub to secure bare subsistence for her brood and the final appeal to public charity. Occasionally a woman disregards the natural instincts of motherhood and deserts her children, but this is of relatively seldom occurrence.

There is no remedy for this condition of unfit paternity that the public, or the average legislator is as yet inclined to indorse. There will be in time, a demand for this subject that will be heard. Until this time comes, thrift will be taxed to support the spawn of unthrift; responsible persons will be called upon to make up the deficiencies of the irresponsible, and withal the multiplication of the unfit will continue and increase. The story told by the records of charitable institutions is one of pity, with an element of righteous indignation running through every detail. Thrift, in conjunction with, and governed by humanity, bears the burden and must continue to bear it, until the only logical remedy is duly declared by law and rigorously applied. This, it is needless to say, is the sterilization of the unfit.

HONEST PREACHERS.

Whether the Rev. D. H. Carrick can earn a more honest living as a streetcar conductor than he did while pastor of his little church in Lawrence, Kan., is a subject for curious speculation. He says in effect that he "did not dare to preach the truth" from the pulpit he has abandoned, since if he did he would have to condemn the conduct of most of his church members and thus make enemies of them. "No, sir," exclaims Mr. Carrick, in explaining his lapse from the pulpit to the streetcar, "I don't believe a preacher can live an honest life. He lives a lie every day in order not to offend the influential members of his congregation. Thank God, I am earning an honest living now and nobody can criticise me." Thus blithely doth Mr. Carrick put off the uniform of salvation to put on the cap and coat of a predatory corporation. Gaily as the bridegroom goeth to his bride he renounces allegiance to the bloodstained banner of the cross and enrolls himself under the black flag of commercial piracy. At least that is one way of putting the matter.

Doubtless he is perfectly sincere in believing that his present occupation is more honest than his preaching was, and why should we take the trouble to dispute it? He ought to know better than anybody else, whether he was a hypocrite or not, when he was supposed to be proclaiming the joyful tidings of salvation to a dying race and was in reality worrying over his patent leather shoes. He tells us his patent leather shoes were one burden upon his soul, while stylish dinners were another. As a preacher he could not enjoy either of these indispensable luxuries without evoking criticism. The heart knoweth its own bitterness and Mr. Carrick is the best witness to his woes, but he goes rather too far when he maintains that all preachers are as silly and pusillanimous as himself.

There are plenty of ministers who would go through life singing like larks from morn till dewy eve every day of their lives and praising the Lord with loud thanksgivings, if they never saw a patent leather shoe or dined in the shadow of a finger bowl. The feeling that they are rescuing souls from perdition is sufficient to make their lives a perpetual hallelujah. One fears that Mr. Carrick's thoughts were too intently fixed on his shoes to leave much room for lost sinners in his mind. If he had prayed more and worried less about such things as elegant clothes his fall from grace would not have been so abysmal. He may not know it, but the world is full of preachers who tell their rich church members the truth straight from the shoulder. When a minister cares more for the coming of the kingdom than he does for luxurious living, he is not afraid to slash down sinners with his tongue.

Evidently poor Mr. Carrick is a weakling as well as a simpleton. He never ought to have entered the pulpit, which is a place for the sons of thunder. In the streetcar he will be vastly more at home, but we doubt if he will be more honest. With his sensitive conscience, how can he bring himself to wring a nickel from a poor widow for whom he provides no seat? This is what he will do dozens of times a day if he holds his job. Is that performance any more honorable than it is to butter over the sins of a rich pew-owner?

The truth is that there is a chance for a coward to be base in every calling on earth. It takes more courage to be strictly upright in some very humble careers than it does in the pulpit. All of us can be slavishly compliant if we are so inclined. Few of us have the adamantine courage to face the devil down always. There are days when he gets the better of the stanchest and bravest. The trouble with Mr. Carrick is that he has given up the struggle and fled from his post. When a man does that his case is beyond salvation. He has committed the unpardonable sin. He has not become more honest; he has only proved that he was an unfaithful steward.

A drunken bridge-tender for the second time within six weeks neglected to close the gate on the Burnside bridge Wednesday night and an automobile party narrowly escaped plunging into the river. It may excite some curiosity as to why a drunken bridge-tender, whose carelessness had imperiled the lives of one party six weeks ago was retained in a position where he could repeat the serious offense. It should be remembered, however, that bridge-tenders are under control of the County Court, and that the work of computing the cost of prisoners' meals occupies so much of the time of the court that the matter of efficiency or sobriety cannot well be considered. So much statistical work has been compiled by experts hired by the County Court to show how cheaply meals could be served, if certain conditions were different and other conditions were the same, that for diversion the expert might be turned loose to figure out the amount of damage the county will be obliged to pay when some drunken bridge-tender leaves the gate open once too often.

The Italian residents of New York have just unveiled a statue erected in honor of Giovanni de Verrazano, who is said to have beaten Henry Hudson and the Half Moon into New York harbor by eighty-five years. This seems like a considerable margin in Giovanni's favor, when we consider that the world utters violent exclamations whenever a twentieth-century explorer gets in a few days late with his announcement of discovery of the "big nail." Nearly 400 years have elapsed since the distinguished Italian anchored off the future hunting grounds of the Tammany braves, and Perhaps 400 years hence some one will be unveiling monuments to both Cook and Peary, without any danger of harsh language on either side. Time is a great leveler of discoverers of New York, as well as of North Pole hunters.

Michael Conboy, Captain of Police in San Francisco, with a good record extending over more than twenty-five years of service, is in custody with a charge of murder against him. He celebrated the birth of a grandchild by getting drunk, and while in that condition shot a young man who was endeavoring to help him from the gutter into which he had fallen. The victim lingered four months, but died Wednesday. There is a strong temperance lesson in the tragedy, but, unfortunately for the peace and happiness of mankind, not enough attention is paid these lessons until it is too late.

Judge Ben Lindsley's story, of the way "the interests" dominate the courts and legislature of Colorado and rule the politics of Denver, as told in "Everybody's Magazine," is interesting chiefly because it is true. It deals directly with men, giving their names and events, giving particulars and dates in a plain, straightforward way, that can hardly fail to make the people of the Centennial State sit up and take notice.

A London cable announces that King Edward is openly intervening in government affairs in an effort to prevent the crisis threatened by the Ministry's financial plans. It is not stated how far the royal intervention extends, but if the King will hand over the million pounds he is reported to have won on Morgan's tip to buy steel, it will help the Ministry's financial plans a little.

One distinguished German-American will not be forgotten by Oregon in the present generation. We should have waited long after 1883 for our first transcontinental railroad except for the enterprise of Henry Villard.

Portland detectives seem to be doing nothing to solve the mystery of the poisoned tea sent from Seattle. Judging from their masterly inactivity in the Real case, the Portland detectives may be wiser than they seem.

J. M. Barrie, the talented Scotch author and playwright, is the latest to apply for a divorce. From his grasp of the problem, as shown in his works, he should be the last to appear in this role.

A man is caught occasionally in San Francisco. A bookkeeper who altered city records was awarded a five-year sentence Wednesday. Minnows get caught before the statute of limitations runs out.

Whatever views any one may hold as to the merits of the North Pole controversy, it must be admitted that Cook has told the most fascinating story of the year.

When an auto stops on the brink of death—which is the classic name for the open draw—it may mean that the chauffeur was a little less vigilant than the bridge-tender.

Barrie's first success in the world of letters was "When a Man's Single." He may now write a sequel, changing the last word in the title to "married."

What are things coming to, anyhow? Here is a San Fransisco policeman held for murder, and a local officer pays a fine for assault on a citizen.

Hearst can't prevent a lot of citizens from voting for him, but his enforced candidacy puts his newspapers into an embarrassing situation.

If Porter Bros. do their work promptly, Portland may be depended on to send a big delegation to the next county fair at Prineville.

Speaking of fairs, one can now see more for the money in the little town of Gresham next week than in all the expositions in the land.

Beauties of creation would be incomplete unless supplemented once a year with fine horses, handsome women and stylish garb.

You'll have to hurry if you have not yet seen the Seattle Fair, for it closes next week.

Lost, strayed or stolen: A bunch of "charges" by R. E. Peary against F. A. Cook.

Novelist Barrie's friends may take the liberty of calling him Sentimental Jimmie.

For today, at least, Pittsburg will be the news center of the United States.

POLE FINDERS SHOULD BE MANLY

Jealousy and Spite Will Spoil Even Brave Men's Triumphs.

New York Independent.

It is of no great importance to the world which of two men was the first to reach the Pole, nor is it of vital importance to either of the claimants that his claim be accepted. But it is of vital importance that they should show themselves generous and manly. We have been reticent on the subject of the charges of falsehood and impostire made by Commander Peary against Dr. Cook, but we do not feel inclined to be longer silent. The last word from Mr. Whitney confirms the impression received from Commander Peary's utterances, that he is consumed by an unworthy jealousy which warps his judgment of what is either true or right. We learn from Mr. Whitney's telegram to Dr. Cook, and from the correspondent of the Herald with Mr. Whitney, that when Peary allowed Mr. Whitney to sail with him on the Roosevelt he refused to permit him to take with him the instruments and any other things committed to his care by Dr. Cook, and he was obliged to leave them cached in Etah. He was not allowed even to take the sled Dr. Cook had given him. This is nothing other than petty spite against the man who claims to have anticipated him, and must have been meant to do an injury. This is a matter of morals, and morals is more than discovery. Mr. Whitney has no doubt that Dr. Cook reached the Pole. We feel compelled to say that throughout this unfortunate business Dr. Cook, assuming, as we do, his claim to be true, has spoken and acted like a gentleman, while Commander Peary has acted quite otherwise. An old rhyme tells us:

> Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
> Or grasp the ocean by my span,
> I must be measured by my soul;
> The mind's the standard of the man.

MAKE A SHRINE OF MEMALOOSE.

A Historical Society Asked to Care for Indian Burying Ground.

THE DALLES, Or., Oct. 6.—(To the Editor.)—Memaloose Island, situated in the Columbia River a few miles below The Dalles, was once a burying ground of the Indians. Weapons deposited with some of the badies and trinkets of various kinds, including often small coins, were to be seen there prior to the high water of 1894. Relic hunters and thoughtless persons carried away most of these trinkets, and the great flood of '94 almost swept the island clear of everything.

People used to visit there in canoes, and scores of people were discharged from steamers. I understand that steamers are now forbidden to land there, but not canoes. I do not believe that people should be prevented from landing on Memaloose Island at any time, after proper steps have been taken for the safety of what remains there.

One plan of which I think well of is, that some authority, state or National, or some society of a historical nature, should take this matter in hand, gather up all Indian remains on the island, place them on the highest suitable spot, enclose the burying-ground with an iron paling, fence high and strong enough to resist any ordinary attempt to enter. The cost would be practically small. I believe it to be the duty of some historical society to press this matter to the front and proceed to the work at once before another flood has swept away the last vestige of evidence. O. B. CONNELLY.

Lesson in Tolerance.

New York Medical Journal.

We know gentlemen who for 70 years and more have partaken of meat three times a day and of fried potatoes, hot bread, strong coffee, sausage, scrapple, hash, pate de foies gras, tea, highballs, claret, champagne and all kinds of abominations unto the dietitian without apparent impairment of their health. One conspicuous sign of their sanity is their non-insistence upon this diet as suited to everybody, babies, for instance, and convalescents. They watch unperturbed neighbors who think a steak and "French fried" the acme of an evening meal, or who devour poached eggs at that sacred function, who cut lettuce and put sugar on it, who take cold meats and marmalade for breakfast, who love pie so that they would take it hypodermically if they could. Unmoved they regard their bitter enemies, armed some of them with scales, attacking their Salisbury steaks or their wheat hurled from a torpedo tube. Why will not the shadow of a shade feeder be equally tolerant? This particular form of interference with personal liberty is contagious and demands prompt stamping out. At luncheon recently an old friend attacked the writer violently for mingling a second cup of coffee with cream, emphasizing warmly the action of caffeine on the heart. He paused only to gulp his fourth litre of German beer.

Rather Rude Questions.

New York Sun.

Many invitations have been received by New York Democrats to attend the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan, and upon the cards are engraved the words, "No presents." Not so fond of silver as he was. Might almost lead one to think that years had brought him wisdom. By the way, how many anniversaries can he count of Presidential candidacies?

Talking Postal-Card to Greet Us.

Washington, D. C., dispatch.

"The talking postal-card is the invention of a French engineer," said George S. Williams, patent attorney, of Chicago, at the Riggs, "and has become so popular in that country that the American rights have been secured, and the device will be placed in the cities of this country.

"The person wishing to send a talking postal-card to a friend," continued Mr. Williams, "enters the booth and talks into a machine that records the words on a specially prepared postal-card. When the recipient receives the card 100 or 1000 miles away, he, or perhaps she, takes the card to the nearest booth and inserts it in a machine which talks the message it contains. The record on the postal-card is indestructible, and the exact voice of the sender is heard."

No Need of Direct Primaries.

Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.

What is needed is not so much a radically different method of nominating candidates as the more general participation of the people in the present method. Our nominating machinery is pretty good as it is, but the people do not make sufficient use of it.

Warning.

New York Herald.

Man milliners are said to be secretly backing the suffragette movement on the supposition that when woman can vote she will control the purse strings and spend more money for hats.

The Taxeaters.

J. W. Foley in Philadelphia Ledger.

"Village taxes is too high,"
Hi Griggs says, an' sets up nigh
Ezry's cider on a bench,
An' he takes a glass t' squench
Of his thirst, an' never says
Pap er by-yer-leave to Ez,
An' then Ezry tells us dry,
"Tax on cider's special high,"
Jist when Hi Griggs sets up nigh.

Hi Griggs says that one tax leads
To another, an' says greed's
Gittin' holt of th' trustees,
An' he hunts around and sees
Where th' split salt herrin' is,
Jist as of th' store was his.
An' then Ezry speaks up dry:
"Tax on herrin' follers nigh
Onto cider—don't it, Hi?"

Hi Griggs says ther's no excuse
For them folks as don't perduce,
But thet jist consumes, an' he's
Lookin' all th' time fer cheese,
An' he's dry enough by then
Ez's to take a drink again.
Ezry says it beats th' deuce
How much them consumers use
An' how seldom they perduce.

FALLACY OF BANK GUARANTEE.

Opens Way to Fraud and Wild Finance Without Protecting Depositors.

New York Times.

When the sundry proposals to guarantee bank deposits were pending, those preferring other methods of attaining the same results agreed that the existence of such a law would produce conditions which it was the object of sound banking to avert. The prophecy seems to have come true, for an Oklahoma bank, organized within a year, has failed, and the guarantee fund is being drawn upon to pay off the depositors. They are receiving their money on demand, and it might seem that the law is vindicated. But this is the beginning of the incident, not the end. The guarantee fund is not like the widow's cruse. It requires to be filled, and the banks which have to fill it are already objecting to making good the deficiencies produced by the bad banking of others. It seems, therefore, that depositors must depend, not upon something permanent, like honesty and efficiency of administration, and possession of assets, but upon a fund liable to be exhausted, and not certain of replenishment. While this feeling would be natural among depositors, a similar feeling would be natural for managers of banks like that one now in difficulties. Those banks which failed first would secure the largest portion of other people's money for remedying their errors of judgment. In these aspects the guarantee of deposits appears in its true light as a premium upon bad banking.

This bank may not have been organized precisely to avail itself of the assistance now extended, but it shows the way for others so to organize. And the evil is not limited to this bank. It was a reserve agent, and the reserves deposited with it are either lost or dependent upon the guarantee fund for replacement. Instead of the flurry being limited to Oklahoma City, assistance is needed from banks in several neighboring cities, and in other states, where there is no guarantee law. Help would be forthcoming as promptly without a guarantee fund as with it. Just north of Oklahoma lies Kansas, where there are $9,000,000 of deposits under a guarantee at a recent date of cash $4500, and a "good faith" fund of $50,000. How long would this last under a test like that in Oklahoma? The friends of the guarantee idea ought to be the first to rejoice at the incident. If there is any way of getting other people to make good your losses without cost to you, knowledge of it and action accordingly should be prompt and general. There are many who have no objection to insuring anything upon proper principles, applicable to bank deposits as well as to other property, but who do object to obligatory insurance, imposed by law because depositors have more votes than bank managers. Being near to the scene, The Kansas City Journal recently expressed in a breezy Western way views worth reproducing upon the occurrence of events then merely expected:

"The Kansas bank guarantee law is not only a scheme to get deposits on false pretenses—it is a lottery pure and simple; the first bank that breaks takes the pot. The scheme would be bad even if it were generally understood by depositors. Being generally misunderstood it is a crime."

Mr. Taft's Subsidy Frankness.

New York Post.

There was little new in what the President had to say in Seattle about ship subsidies, and he took merely a position which he has held before. All recent Republican Presidents have argued as he did yesterday, and the party platforms have vaguely promised legislation to "restore the merchant marine"; yet the long story has been of subsidies deferred and the hearts of those who would personally profit by them made sick. Mr. Taft, indeed, went one step further in honesty than any of his Republican predecessors. Referring to the charge that to grant ship subsidies would be to take money out of the treasury and put it in private pockets, he said that this was only what we were already doing, since we were similarly "contributing to private companies in effect, by our protective tariff law." Protectionists will not thank him for this appalling frankness, whatever the subsidy-hunters may do.

Danger of Too Many Courts.

Chicago Journal.

The legal machinery of the United States and its various states is already overburdened with complications. Eminent lawyers regard the customs court as unnecessary. Any railroad dispute that cannot in some form be brought within the scope of existing courts is difficult to conceive.

New special courts simply add possibilities for prolonging lawsuits. There is grave danger to the average citizen in the multiplication of costly legal machinery. Better simplify existing court systems and bring court of final resort within reach of the poor man than add to the rich corporation's opportunities of cheating the poor man of justice by recourse to new courts and greater expenses.

High Cost of Living.

New York Sun.

A young lady who teaches school near Pittsburg has brought suit for breach of promise against the principal of the town schools, asking $25,000 damages. In court her attorney stated that his client had lost 25 pounds in weight as a result of her disappointment, and urged that $1000 per pound was not an excessive claim, under the circumstances. High prices rule, nowadays. The cost of living is going up very fast indeed. The dealers in food products cannot be called extortionate at this rate.

Why the President Sped On.

Eugene Register.

Nearly 2000 people gathered at the depot Sunday night to see President Taft's special train go sailing by—and it did. The President was so impressed with his stay in Oregon that one more stop—especially in Eugene—would doubtless have put him in a mood to remain a permanent resident of the state with headquarters in the educational center.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

"Why do you call him effeminate?" "He never knows when he's said enough."—Detroit Free Press.

"Pa, what's an affinity?" "A woman with whom a man would have been miserable if he had happened to get her for his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You speak of Grindleigh as a man of 'much literary finish.' What do you mean by that?" "Well, he once wrote a book of more than 700 pages. It fell dead, and he quit writing."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did the Presidential train stop at Plunkville?" "It did not," admitted the Mayor of that thriving village. "But one of the party threw out a burnt match as they passed through."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

American Tourist—Say, Mr. Constable. I'm a stranger in these parts. Maybe you kin tell me where I be? Bobby—You are in London, sir. American Tourist—I know that; but what part of London? Bobby—'Bout the very worst part, sir.—Judge.

The teacher (reading)—Then the girl warrior faced the mocking foe and unsheathed her deadly weapon. What does that mean, children? Well, Elvira? Elvira—Please, ma'am, I think it means she stuck out her tongue.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. X (away from home)—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started?

Mr. X (who dislikes the beast)—Yes; I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can-opener beside it.—Human Life.

Little Clarence—Pa, I honestly don't believe it does me a bit of good when you thrash me.

Mr. Callipers—I begin to suspect as much, my son, but you have no idea how much good it sometimes does me to thrash you.—Exchange.

TORTURE HELL FOR DRUNKARDS.

Mrs. Besant Unfolds Scheme of Reform and Reincarnation.

New York Times.

The more or less orthodox hell, as pictured in the pulpits of the more rural pastors of Christendom, is declared to be utterly without rhyme or reason by Mrs. Annie Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society, in her lecture on "Life Here and After Death." But the theosophical hell which she pictured left the small audience without effervescent enthusiasm.

The drunkard would not cease to know the terrible craving for liquor, Mrs. Besant said. He would experience it intensified a hundredfold, she declared, because his substance would be more subtle and more subject to vibrations of pleasure and pain. And he would be compelled to drift in and around the places he had drunk in while on earth. He would know that the barkeeper sat a foaming schooner on the walnut board before him. He would know that a glass filled with ice and seltzer and Scotch whisky sat on the bar. Nay, he would be conscious even if a highball sat untasted, for some reason, on the bar, but he could not connect with it.

And thus he would go on for years and years, suffering untold and untellable agonies, until finally the coarseness of his fiber would be refined to that point where he would receive another chance on earth, whereupon he would be reincarnated into another physical body, and begin gathering experiences again.

So, too, the criminal who had known remorse for his deeds when on this plane, would in the next plane after death go over his evil actions and thoughts again and again, suffering over and over the same intensified pangs of earth.

GRANT URGES CANTEEN FOR ARMY.

Does This Bar Him From Prohibition Nomination for President?

(New York Sun.)

It seems that the parade in Chicago was as much a good government and law and order parade as a temperance affair, although, as is usually the case on such occasions, the temperance people claimed the lion's share of the glory. They regard General Grant as one of them, and since the parade he has been "mentioned" exuberantly as a desirable Prohibition candidate for the Presidency. But he will hardly be nominated, although a total abstainer, for he is an outspoken advocate of the restoration of the Army canteen, the very mention of which gives a Prohibitionist a conniption fit. In a report made by General Grant when he commanded the Department of Texas in 1903 he said:

Aside from other recreation features of garrison life, the canteen, which is the enlisted man's clubroom, is a protected circle into which no vice or degradation can enter.

This is true, because the Army canteen as conducted under the direction of regimental officers was a place of refreshment and harmless recreation and not of indulgence and license. But of course the temperance societies will never admit it, and they have had influence enough with Congress to interdict the canteen. We think that when a total abstainer like General Grant urges its restoration he deserves much more credit than an Army officer who takes the same view of the question but consumes such alcoholic beverages as he fancies. Nevertheless, General Grant would be just as much anathema to the temperance societies seeking a candidate for the Presidency, since his advocacy of the canteen would put them on the defensive during the campaign.

Bank Guarantee in Oklahoma.

Chicago Tribune.

There is a wide gap between the deposit guaranty fund which Oklahoma has accumulated and the amount due the depositors of the state bank whose doors have just been closed. One is $300,000 and the other is $3,000,000. If the depositors were to demand their money immediately the banks which are working under the guaranty law would have to stand a special assessment of $1,000,000. That would bear hard upon many of them. So there is already a protest against the levying of the assessment.

The bank failed because it had loaned far too great a proportion of its funds and some of its loans were on insufficient security. The Oklahoma guaranty deposit scheme has encouraged reckless banking and the organization of an unnecessary number of banks, bidding against each other for business. Now one reckless bank has gone to the wall. The advocates of the deposit guaranty plan should hope that more may not follow. If they were to do so the state would be hard put to it to redeem its pledge to depositors.

Bosses Like Direct Primaries.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In Cook County the direct primary has visibly strengthened the boss and made it harder to break down an odious machine. And so all over Illinois sober-minded men are reaching the conclusion that the direct primary is not worth its price. Why experiment with this failure any more?

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE

SUNDAY OREGONIAN

JOHN BROWN'S FAMOUS RAID, 1859-1909

Great Abolitionist's mad act at Harper's Ferry recalled; glimpses into his character; part played by a Portland man in suppressing the riot.

HOMESEEKING IN CENTRAL OREGON

Taking up 320-acre dry farms which Uncle Sam is now giving away to actual settlers.

UP ROGUE RIVER TO CRATER LAKE

Real Oregon fishing story by a real fisherman, who angled not for trout, but for glory alone.

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