The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(BY MAIL)

Daily, Sunday included, one year..... $8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months..... 4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months..... 2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month..... .75
Daily, without Sunday, one year..... 6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months..... 3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months..... 1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month..... .60
Weekly, one year..... 1.50
Sunday, one year..... 2.50
Sunday and weekly, one year..... 3.50

(BY CARRIER)

Daily, Sunday included, one year..... 9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month..... .75

How to Remit—Send Postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; 30 to 40 pages, 3 cents; 42 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage double rate.

Eastern Business Offices—Verree & Conklin—New York, Brunswick building. Chicago, Stager building.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1911.

LA FOLLETTE AND WILSON.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean quotes a "leading organ of the insurgents" as suggesting that, since the progressives have gone to pieces on the reciprocity campaign, the best way out is for them to support a "progressive Democrat" for President. The intimation is given that the name of a "nationally known insurgent Republican"—presumably La Follette—ought to be nominated for Vice-President with Woodrow Wilson, though it is admitted that it is "utterly improbable that the Democratic convention would make such a nomination."

The apprehension of the insurgent paper is well founded. The Democrats have an eye out for the main chance, and they know that too much insurgency on the Democratic ticket is quite as bad as too little. They will follow the usual practice, if Wilson shall be nominated, of selecting a candidate with a large and accessible bar'l, as they did in 1896, when they nominated the shipbuilder Sewell, who had no other qualification but money, Davis in 1904, and Kern in 1908.

La Follette is, besides, a candidate for the Republican nomination for President; or there are several lonesome gentlemen in the progressive camp who think he is, or will be. Mr. Bourne has taken personal charge of the La Follette campaign and our own Lafferty (Walter) contemplates throwing the weight of his powerful influence in the La Follette scales. There will be something doing in Oregon next year, when Senator Bourne grandly neglects his own campaign for re-election and nobly dedicates himself and his mightly talents to the cause of La Follette, the only honest man anywhere.

But suppose La Follette shall be nominated by the Republicans—what then?

EFFECT OF THE BRISTOW AMENDMENT.

The constitutional amendment for the direct election of Senators is not yet out of danger. It has several squares to move over before it reaches the safe harbor of the king row, and in the meantime it may be captured by the enemy and put out of the game. As it left the House the amendment was so framed that it deprived Congress of all control over the election of Senators, leaving the entire subject to the State Legislatures. In the Senate Mr. Bristow, of Kansas, offered an amendment to the resolution which restored the authority of Congress. In fact the Bristow amendment, so much talked of just now, simply imposed the original language of the Constitution upon the resolution as it came from the House. This says that Congress may at any time by law make or alter existing regulations concerning the choice of Senators. The Bristow amendment passed the Senate by the aid of Vice-President Sherman's casting vote. The entire resolution must now go to a conference committee, which will take up the difference between the House and Senate and try to settle it by a compromise in case neither body will recede from its ground. It is said by some that no compromise can be reached and that the amendment is likely to fail once more on that account.

It has even been suggested that Mr. Bristow in offering his amendment to the House resolution was moved by secret hostility to the plan of direct election. He knew, it is said, that he would thus excite an irreconcilable opposition between the two houses of Congress and thus stave off the issue for a few years more. Of course it can only be postponed. Sooner or later direct elections are as certain to come as leaves in June. But it is absurd to whisper any such suspicion of Mr. Bristow's motives. He is a sincere man according to his lights, and believes as cordially as any member of the Senate in the rule of the people. Indeed he owes all his political fortunes to the direct action of the Kansas voters at the primaries. He is not likely to want to break down the bridge which has carried him safely to a seat in the Senate. No doubt Mr. Bristow honestly thinks that it is best for Congress to retain explicit power to oversee Senatorial elections. It would seldom be used, perhaps never, but one can imagine contingencies where it would be invaluable. For example, were a number of the State Legislatures to omit making provision for choosing Senators, they might seriously embarrass the Federal Government or suspend the operation of its machinery. This fancy seems to us rather chimerical, but it has been set out as a weighty objection to the House resolution, and probably it appears important to some minds. We dare say Senator Bristow sees something in it.

The South objects to Federal control of Senatorial elections, and since the voice of that section is predominant in the House by reason of the Democratic majority, we need not expect that its point will be yielded to the Senate in conference. On the other hand, since the Senate adopted the Bristow amendment by one vote only, we might reasonably think that it would give way without much urging. The truth is, however, that many Senators who voted for direct election are not really in favor of it, and will be glad of a decent pretext for defeating it without going on record. So it is not likely that they will be eager for compromise if they see a way to gain their indirect purpose by standing out for Mr. Bristow's amendment. With this state of things in prospect, we must not be too confident that direct election will be embodied in the Federal Constitution immediately. The whole subject may have to pass over until the next Congress, and perhaps suffer the same fate there. The South is determined to win every point it can for local control of all its elections. Were Congress intrusted with explicit authority in the matter, it might possibly pluck up courage some time or other to protect the constitutional rights of the negroes who are now disfranchised in so many states. This would be extremely distasteful to the politicians of that region, who thrive on race hatred in numerous instances.

BROWNELL'S ABSURD NOTION.

Mr. Brownell, formerly a state senator, once president of the Senate, erstwhile a land fraud defendant, and always a tribune of the people—or some of them—now appears before the public in a new role. He is mayor of Oregon City. But it is of no use for a man like Brownell to be mayor, if people do not know it; so he set about the other day to do a little advertising for his own benefit. He made an address at the unveiling of a fountain erected at Oregon City in memory of Dr. John McLoughlin, wherein he wandered far afield from any pertinent discussion of the great services to Oregon of the revered McLoughlin with a defense of the late John H. Mitchell.

Senator Mitchell was prosecuted at the instance of President Roosevelt, said Brownell, because the Senator was chairman of the inter-oceanic canal committee and the President sought to destroy him in order to steal for himself the great glory of building the canal between the Atlantic and Pacific.

This is all most absurd. There is nothing to sustain it. There is everything to refute it. The land-fraud investigations in Oregon were begun without the slightest expectation or purpose of involving Senator Mitchell. The particular occasion for them was the difficulty between Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock and Commissioner of the Land Office Hermann; and their inspiration was Hitchcock. The Secretary of the Interior was not pursuing Senator Mitchell, and there was no idea that he was involved; he was after Mr. Hermann. He did not get Hermann, but, largely through accident, evidence was procured for a proceeding against Senator Mitchell in a charge only indirectly related to the land frauds.

President Roosevelt did not need to destroy any one to get credit for the Panama Canal, or to remove a partisan of the Nicaragua route, which Senator Mitchell favored. He did not destroy Senator Morgan, a more conspicuous and famous advocate of Nicaragua than any other.

He went ahead on his own account as President to close up the negotiation for Panama, without reference to the attitude of any Senator; and he carried it through.

Mr. Brownell, now that he has been somewhat chastened by his own experiences with the Government, ought to get things straight. Or is this remarkable story of his a mere preliminary to a revelation that President Roosevelt sought to destroy him (Brownell) by prosecuting him for land frauds because he wanted to be Governor, or Congressman, or District Attorney, or any thing he could get?

AN UNWISE PROSECUTION.

The New York County Medical Society is not acting wisely in prosecuting Wentworth Byron Winslow. As a Christian Science healer he has cured patients of various maladies by unorthodox methods and possibly he has technically violated the state law, but if the regular doctors were better advised they would overlook these matters. They should not take offense because other men cure diseases by methods which are out of their line of practice, nor is it judicious for them to use the power of the law to suppress medical progress in directions which they themselves do not wish to follow.

Orthodox medicine has its uses and they are very extended, but other systems of healing are also beneficial. People of mature years ought to be free to choose any method they like of curing their ailments. If they happen to select the wrong one in any given instance, the law of nature will inflict a sufficient penalty without calling in the Sheriff. The authorities ought to see to it that communicable diseases are properly looked after and children protected from the ignorant fanaticism of their misguided friends, but beyond this the law cannot justly go.

A prosecution like that of the Christian Scientist Winslow gives countenance to the accusation that regular physicians are intolerant, that they wish to found a medical trust, and so on. It militates seriously against National legislation for the protection of the public health, since it fortifies prejudice against scientific medicine. Genuine medical science has no more need of legal protection than any other true science. By invoking the law it harks back to the ways of the inquisition, when it was supposed that orthodoxy could not survive without the help of the rack and stake. It is perfectly proper for the law to compel every healer or medicine vender or what not to tell the public exactly what he is giving them, but if, being forewarned, they accept it, they ought to bear the consequences.

A GRAY PHALANX.

For several days past an unusual number of men with the frost rime of time upon beard and chin, and gentle-faced women with heads thatched with snow have been going in and out about the city, their presence bringing the dreamy, misty, heroic past in close touch with the active, glowing present. It is necessary to introduce these visitors to the great body of citizens who throng our streets today, but to all whose residence in Portland dates back to the city's earlier years the gray-haired phalanx that presses our streets with the halting steps is instantly recognized as the remnant of a once numerous but yearly dwindling host that is fondly hailed as "Pioneers."

Some of the members of this phalanx crowned in gray are Indian War Veterans, veritable soldiers who fought in the forefront of civilization in the Pacific Northwest. All are pioneers. And to each and every one—battle-scarred men, women upon whose faces and forms the battle of civilization has left an enduring impress and their descendants who were born in early cabin homes—cordial welcome and good cheer are extended by the citizens of a proud and prosperous city which was known to these old-newcomers in its wild environment and rude beginnings.

These people make no plaint of the early conditions into which they voluntarily came or were arbitrarily brought. The dangers of the pioneer life were in a degree offset by the peace of many quiet years; the isolation in which the pioneers dwelt was cheered and brightened by the spirit of true neighborliness that extended far and wide. The dangers that lurked at times were common dangers, the pleasures were common pleasures and there was a riotous abundance on every hand which scouted all thought of destitution. Such clothing as was needed was readily procurable and in addition to this the simple, well-kept Sunday suit hung in a corner under the rafters of thrift, giving assurance of respectable appearance and the self-respect that follows it, when camp meeting time came round, or the preacher, riding his long circuit, halted at the hospitable farm house on stated Sundays and preached a satisfying gospel in the log schoolhouse hardby.

Distance from market rendered extra labor in producing any surplus of agriculture, except wheat, futile, and this standard product of pioneer fields went to far markets in bottoms that were hastened on their way by favoring breezes or delayed by adverse gales. Though the conditions of a far and restricted market not infrequently sent the price of the pioneers' wheat down to 50 cents a bushel and held it there for several successive harvests, the income was generally more than sufficient to meet the outgo and contentment went hand in hand with plenty.

These things are dear to the memory of the pioneer. They belong to a storied past and are tenderly recorded in the books of memory. Incidents by which the story is embellished will be recited tonight by the annual campfire of the Pioneer Association. The greatest good fellowship, reflecting from far-away years when people were accounted neighbors, even though they dwelt ten or twenty miles apart, will characterize the closing scene of the yearly reunion; good-byes will be said with bearded lips that mock the tremor of faint hearts. "Auld Lang Syne" will be sung, trembling voices rising in faint, sweet treble or quavering bass in the chorus, and with the invocation "God be with you till we meet again" rising from full hearts to smiling lips, the gray phalanx will disband, and the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association will be ended.

Honor to the pioneers, and may the thinning of their ranks by Nature be ordered along lines of a kindness that gives sleep when sleep is due and to tired hands whose work is done the benison of rest. And may each member of the gray phalanx live as long as life holds enjoyment and be able to return to us year after year in the bloom and beauty of June, as long as he or she lives!

PROSECUTION OF TRUST OFFICIALS.

Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, wishes Congress to bring criminal prosecutions against the officials of the trusts which have been held guilty of violating the Sherman law. Both ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft have stated the reason why such prosecutions have not been begun—that juries refuse to convict. They refuse to convict because there is no universal, urgent public opinion in favor of the imprisonment of trust officials. The general public does not regard it as a crime to organize a trust, but rather as a smart trick if one can "get away with it." If the average jury were confronted with the saintly face of John D. Rockefeller, accused of the crime of organizing a trust, for which the penalty was a term in prison, it would regard him as the impersonation of so many hundred millions and as a very smart man to have acquired all that money. In its heart it would fall down and worship him and would promptly acquit him and send him away with a halo on his brow.

Enforcement of law cannot go far if at all, in advance of public opinion, for juries, after all, represent public opinion as well as judgment on the facts in any particular case. The failure of prohibition laws in states where the people persist in drinking proves this. Although a jury may be impartial as to the particulars of the case in court, it takes with it into the jury-box the general sentiment of the community on the subject involved and decides in accordance therewith, in spite of the judge's instructions as to the law. The many acquittals, on such specious pleas as insanity, of men who have applied the unwritten law by killing others is another example.

If Mr. Pomerene really wishes to have trust officers imprisoned it will be necessary for him to convince the great mass of the people that trust officers ought to be in jail and create a general desire to put them in jail. Then juries may convict and judges sentence, but not before. Until then such resolutions as Mr. Pomerene has introduced are mere buncombe.

TRICKS IN TARIFF-MAKING.

Once more the Government is learning that ad valorem duties are a premium on customs frauds, but the Democrats ignore the lesson and in the new wool tariff bill propose to substitute ad valorem for specific duties. Frauds amounting to millions of dollars are said to have been discovered in importations of cutlery, opportunity for which has been given by the peculiar construction of the tariff schedule.

An ad valorem duty has the merit of showing on its face what ratio the duty bears to the value of the commodity, for which reason it is preferred by the tariff reformer. But it offers temptation to the importer to evade duty by undervaluation, in which he is aided by the foreign merchant from whom he buys. The Government's only defense is a corps of skilled appraisers, of wide knowledge and unshakable integrity. A specific duty, being levied on the quantity and quality of the goods, involves so many technical descriptions of which the average citizen is ignorant that it may be unconscionably high without appearing so. By its many diversities in classification it also opens the way to fraud and dispute. Senator Aldrich worked so many "snakes" into the wool and cotton schedules of the Payne-Aldrich law that the late Senator Dolliver literally worked himself into his grave ferreting them out.

In tariffs, as in other things, the simplest way is the best and the most honest. A complex tariff made up of a number of different rates of duty, some specific, some ad valorem, with a maze of technical descriptions of the commodities taxed, with provisos and exceptions without limit, gives an opening for the tricky legislator to slip in a few words which entirely change the effect of a schedule and a rate of duty for the benefit of some pet industry.

Two notable cases in comparatively recent history illustrate this fact. When the great anthracite coal strike caused a fuel famine in the East and a demand for free importation of coal, close examination of the tariff revealed that, though it was generally believed that anthracite coal was admitted duty free, it was in reality subject to the same duty as bituminous coal. A trick had been played in defining anthracite coal. The law provided that all anthracite coal containing more than a certain percentage of fixed carbon should come in free; all containing less than that percentage should pay duty at the same rate as bituminous. That definition classified as bituminous coal, or with it, all the anthracite coal that came in, or was likely to come in, from abroad. It pretended to give a boon to the Eastern coal consumer, but really taxed him and gave the boon to the coal trust.

A similar trick was played with the petroleum duty. The Dingley tariff pretended to admit petroleum and its products free, but contained a proviso that all such imports coming from a country which imposed a duty on petroleum from the United States should pay 99 per cent duty. If the men who drew that bill did not know, they should have been informed, that every other petroleum-producing country in the world imposed a tariff on that commodity. Hence, the Standard Oil Company and its few competitors enjoyed 99 per cent protection until the trick was discovered and the proviso repealed by the Payne-Aldrich law.

With tariffs as with other things, it is a good rule to see that the goods are as represented before accepting them.

Some bureaucratic devotee of red-tape conservation and strangulation has written an article for publication in a local paper complaining of a recent discussion by The Oregonian of the Olympic peninsula and Government methods there. The Aberdeen World, printed at one gateway of the peninsula, reprints in full The Oregonian's article—"A Blight on Development"—and says that "every resident of Grays Harbor will recognize it as faithful to the minutest detail." We have a real preference for the testimony of people who know. The Government bureaucrats, or some of them, have not.

Score again for the parrot! A few days ago a circumstance was noted wherein one of these gorgeously vested brawlers of bird land proved her usefulness by putting a burglar to flight with her vociferous shout "Get out, get out." And now comes a story from Oregon City in which "Polly" brought assistance to her paralyzed owner who, but for the bird, lived alone, by her loud cries for help. If this record is kept up we shall have to forgive "Pretty Polly" for the raucous tones in which she voices her vanity and hunger, in season and out of season.

Horace Havemeyer's filial loyalty to his father is praiseworthy, but one scarcely expects that he can do much to retrieve a reputation so hopelessly bad. The evil the old trust founder did lives after him in glaring shamelessness. If he ever did any good it lies interred with his bones. So it will be with all our financial Caesars. They will be remembered to point morals and adorn tales and everybody will forget all about the colleges they endowed.

Versatility is required in Portland policemen. They must not only be able to walk, ride, shoot, know a little law, time a speeding automobile, recognize a face they have not seen for years, escort a lady across a street with the gallantry of a Beau Brummel, recognize a fantan or fare layout, but they must know how to catch a snake and cage it. Patrolman Wilson was equal to the occasion.

The three Northwestern States are taking turns at experience with outlaws. First came Washington with Bill Byrd, then Oregon with the train-robbers, and now comes Idaho with Hugh Whitney, the multiple murderer. The law-dodger watches the brief career of the outlaw with the reflection that his own game is safer, more profitable and lasts longer.

If the Senate passes the Underwood bill reducing the wool tariff the President will find himself between the horns of a dilemma. He must make his choice between an "indefensible schedule" and an indefensible revision of it, and whichever way he turns he will make some votes and lose some.

If the soda water which inspired Adam Wurm, of Salem, to telegraph news of his own death to his wife could have been analyzed, perhaps a strong stick would have been found in it. A druggist sometimes puts strange things in soda water when given the right wink.

A strike of rich silver ore in Baker County calls attention to a mining region within easy reach and of better promise than the alluring fields of Alaska.

Vacation time is here, and the boy with the blood lust and a .22 will soon be abroad. It is in the blood and bound to work out.

Dr. Osler may have been ripe for his own chloroform treatment. He no doubt thinks his title has prolonged his usefulness.

There are many happy tuft-hunters in England and many sorrowfully feel the place where they think the tuft ought to be but is not.

"Absolute Life" See's defense is that his cult is pure. All of them talk that way until the shotgun puts them where they cannot talk.

The news is out of place anywhere but in the funny column that frost nipped vegetation at Lake Labish Sunday night.

Apostle See was able to hornswoggle the women with his cult, and they appear to have liked it.

Twenty-five cents appears to be the established price of Oregon hops, but the season is young.

The regulation requiring lights on rowboats will save a few foolish lives.

Hello, pioneers, and hello again. What's the best word?

For ten long weeks the schoolmarm need not set the alarm.

Give the ambitious boy a job during vacation.

FORMER TEXAN BOOSTS TEXAS

More Discussion on Water, Whiskey, Mosquitoes, Climate, Etc.

PORTLAND, Or., June 20.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial on "A Bilious Voice From Texas," in The Oregonian of a recent issue, a great injustice is done to the Lone Star State. If a pessimistic Texan writes bad things in the Houston Post about Oregon, because he could not find watermelons in the Springtime there, there is no good reason why The Oregonian, in an editorial, should defame the great State of Texas by quoting the "bilious views" of an Oregon resident who spent two months in Southeastern Texas.

That a healthy person can become an invalid by living for two months in Southeastern Texas, as it happened to the Oregon resident, is something new to me, a resident of Southeastern Texas for 19 years, as well as to any other Texan. I never was shaking with fever, as the "Oregon Resident" expresses it; never took a single dose of quinine or calomel; neither have I heard that the drugs are used in that region any more than elsewhere. During the 19 years of my residence in Texas I have seen only one patient of malarial fever, and heard of few. While there may be some marshy spots that are subject to malaria, I am sure that it can be found in Oregon, or in nearly any of the other states; so that the "Oregon Resident" could have selected a place to have pitched his tent from over 200,000 square miles of land not subject to malaria or any other malady, and saved himself from becoming an invalid.

"Oregon Resident" also says that there is more meat and fewer good steaks in Texas. The fact is, one can obtain at normal price as delicious steaks there as anywhere in the United States. He says more horses and fewer good roads. To this I will say that I have seen worse roads in Oregon than I did in Texas. The more settled part of Texas is surely not behind in good roads, notwithstanding that it has much more railroad to the square mile than Oregon.

As to religion, I think that Texas is as religious, if not more, than Oregon, or any other state. As to "more doctors and less health," I do not know the ratio of physicians to the population, as it would require statistical data to answer it, but I do know that there is as much health there as anywhere. My constitution is not stronger than the average man's, and I can say that I am by no means an invalid after living there 19 years, and I am a good specimen of a Texan.

There is plenty of good water in Texas, as artesian wells can be bored almost anywhere there; and if it is not as cool as the mountain water in Oregon, it can be cooled with ice, which is manufactured everywhere. As to bad whisky, of which the "Oregon Resident" complains, I will say that I have not sampled enough to become authority on that stuff, but will, however, venture my opinion on it. It mostly depends on the locality in Texas, as well as in Oregon. In a "blind pig" locality it is very bad, but I can assure every one contemplating a visit to Texas that the licensed localities carry a variety of the best brands, from "Old Crow" to "That's All."

Regarding the hot climate, Texas is repaid with a very mild and pleasant Winter climate, resembling mostly the Spring in Oregon, with only occasional rains. True, there are sections infested with mosquitoes and other insects typical to semi-tropical regions, but that is easily overcome by the help of wire and cloth screens, which are extensively in use, and if the "Oregon Resident" did not see a window screen, as he says, he has not visited any decent dwelling houses in Texas.

"Oregon Resident" complains of Texas having more cattle and fewer dairies. To that I will say that I have lived for nearly a year in a town in Oregon that has 1000 milch cows within a radius of five miles, and actually did not taste nor see butter that was not shipped from a distance of less than 75 miles.

In conclusion, I own no real estate or other interests in Texas, and intend to make Oregon my home; so there cannot be any selfish motive of my defending my former home state.

DANIEL ROBINSON,
Formerly of Galveston, Texas.

Why should not The Oregonian quote the views of a resident of Oregon on Texas or any other state or any subject? The Oregonian did not defame Texas. It did not even quote the famous remark of General Sherman—or was it General Sheridan?—that if he owned hell and Texas, he would sell Texas and live in the other place. The Oregonian referred to an Oregon resident's view of Texas merely to say that the unhappy experiences and choleric opinions of one individual should hardly be permitted to influence a fair and correct judgment of a state and its people. Why did not this Texan read the article in The Oregonian about which he essays to write?

Run of 181 Miles to Play Golf.

Chicago Dispatch.

Five officials of the Rock Island railway system ran a special train from Moline, Ill., to Chicago, a distance of 181 miles, in order to play a game of golf at the links of the Rock Island arsenal golf club. The five were President Mudge, Vice-President Crosley, Second Vice-President Melcher, General Manager Tinsman and General Passenger Agent Allen.

New Leader at Princeton University

Newark, N. J., Despatch.

Dr. John Grier Hibben, profesor of philosophy in the Princeton faculty, mentioned as a possible successor to Woodrow Wilson in the presidency of the university, was born at Peoria, Ill., in 1861, and has been at Princeton since 1891. He was graduated from Princeton in 1882, took his A. M. three years later, and his Ph. D. in 1893.

Two Silver Wedding Anniversaries.

Camden, N. J., Despatch.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Hendrickson, of Atlantic City, N. J., have just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. It was Mr. Hendrickson's second silver wedding anniversary. He was married to his first wife 31 years and two years after her death he was wedded to his present wife.

Financier of the Household.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"So he married a manicurist?"

"Yes."

"Is he happy?"

"I'm afraid not. He complains that she has quit holding his hand and wants to confine herself exclusively to holding the pocketbook."

$5000 Prize for Efficient Lamp.

London Telegraph.

An anonymous colliery owner, through Winston Churchill, the home secretary of England, has offered a prize of $5000 for an efficient electric safety lamp. The competition is open to the world.

One Potatoe in the World.

London Tit-Bits.

If there were but one potato in the world a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years, and thus supply the world with seed again.

Private Industrial Railroads.

Baltimore American.

There are 2208 industrial railroads in this country, most of which are operated in connection with industrial plants and do not accept outside business.

BOOKS

AMONG current novels that suggest Summer and the idle but restful ease that comes with vacation days, William Romaine Peterson's new novel "The Old Dance Master" is notable for its quaint, refreshing humor. If another name had to be evolved for this story, this one might do: "Herr Habenichts' Philosophy." Here are several samples of that philosophy:

"I haf dined with cabmen and vith kings, and haf been happy vith both. I haf worn de goloshes of Fortune and de goloshes of Misfortune, and dey both fit. You say vat is happiness? How could I haf been happy vith all de money and de land gone? Ach ja, read Epictetus. You mention Heine? Heine said he was not large enough to bear humilitation. But I say, Duchess, dat I am too big for de little mousetraps of misfortune. Dey don't admit me!"

"Cynicism," said Herr Habenichts, in idiomatic French, "is frozen truth. But Duchesse, the great books have the temperature of this wine, I mean its inner, latent temperature. Ha, ha, on dit, good wine has a body, but it has also, like a good book, a soul."

"Are you married, Herr Habenichts?" asked Swelling.

"No," said Herr Habenichts, gravely; "but I haf written a book about love."

"It is with men as with asparagus. The most important thing is the head," remarked the Baron.

"You are one of those rare men," said Mr. Botolph, "who remain unpoisoned by the poisons of this world."

"I haf had a happy life, Mr. Botolph," replied the Baron. "I haf seen de fun everywhere, in Mrs. Vix's as well as with de Duchesse. Ve must take risks. Ven de potter makes a vase he knows it is a risk becose a vase is easily broken. Ach ja, and ven Gott makes a heart, He knows it is a risk becose a heart is easily broken. I like de hearts dat break as de day breaks into sunshine! I like de varm flesh and blood, not de vrozen meat of humanity! I repeat to myself de lines of de Orphic formula—

"'To hold a hand uplifted over Hate,
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever!'"

* * *

William Dean Howells, after a long interval, has written another of his farces, "Parting Friends," published this week. The scene is a trans-Atlantic liner in all the hubbub of departure. A young couple, secretly engaged, endeavor to find a quiet corner and a spare moment for a farewell kiss, but are thwarted by a succession of other leave-taking friends laden with the usual gifts. After numerous disappointments, the lover has to hurry ashore, and to cap the climax, see the kiss his sweetheart wafts to him from the deck appropriated by another man, "Parting Friends" now takes its place with its older brothers, "The Mouse Trap" and "The Sleeping-Car," which have withstood two generations of amateur actors.

* * *

Frederick W. Taylor's new book, "Shop Management," is a practical exposition of the theories given to the world in "The Principles of Scientific Management." Here Mr. Taylor shows how they have actually accomplished the seemingly impossible — higher wages and increased dividends with the same products at the same prices —in the shops, yards and factories of different industries. This is intended as a practical book and is somewhat more technical in character than its predecessor. Some of the subjects are: The Evils of Soldiering; Accurate Scientific Time Study; Functional Foremanship; The Task Idea in Management; Systems of Paying Wages; Standards; Planning Department.

* * *

Post—The verses which you are perusing are the precious children of my brain.

Editor (feelingly)—Poor little orphans.—Exchange.

* * *

Books Most in Demand.

Returns from various cities:

CHICAGO.	Hoy to Know the Wild Flowers.
Wind and Weather.	BOSTON.
Lady of the Lake.	Marcus Aurelius.
Open Country.	Epictetus.
Molly's Fourth Husband.	Browning's Poems.
Songs of the Open.	Kant on Pure Reason.
NEW YORK.	Emerson's Essays.
Telephone Directory.	Ibsen's Dramas.
Who's Who.	PITTSBURG.
The World Almanac.	The City of Dreadful Night.
Bradstreet's.	The Smoke Eaters.
Almanach de Gotha.	The Grafters.
Dun's Commercial Reports.	An Affair of Dishonor.
PHILADELPHIA.	The Spoilers.
East Lynne.	The Great Divide.
Children of the Abbey.	The Scotable Child.
Thaddeus of Warsaw.	INDIANAPOLIS.
Scottish Chiefs.	Who's Hoosier.
St. Elmo.	Alice of old Ten Cents.
Edna Browning.	Beverly of Graustark.
KANSAS CITY.	Graustark of Beverly.
Pigs Is Pigs.	Poems Here to Hum.
The Call of the Wild.	The Cow, of a Thousand Handles.
The Prairie.	

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Book Agent—Could I sell you a copy of this book, "One Hundred Ways of Winning a Woman?"

Mose Jackson—Ah knows 200 ways mahself. Wot troubles me is getting rid ob 'em!—Puck.

* * *

In "Jungle Trails and Jungle People," published this week, Caspar Whitney gives an account of his experiences among the Sakais, an almost unknown people. They are a half-wild aboriginal folk living in Perak, the most northerly part of the Malay Peninsula. They live in trees, and unlike most savages, have neither idols nor a priesthood—and of course, no written language. Their country is little traveled and they disappear at the intrusion of outsiders.

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A movement has been started to purchase and maintain as a permanent memorial to Louisa M. Alcott the "Orchard House" in Concord, Mass., where Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women," and many of her other stories. The house and sufficient land about it can be bought and put in order for $8000. If this sum can be raised the house will be repaired and placed in the charge of a permanent organization which will maintain it as an Alcott Memorial. The Concord Woman's Club appeals to all lovers of Miss Alcott to help by contributions, large or small. Contributions may be sent to Henry F. Smith, Jr., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Mass.

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The third paper of Guglielmo Ferrero's notable historical series in The Century on "The Women of the Caesars" will tell in the July issue the dramatic story of the daughters of Agrippa and the part they played in the making of Rome's history.

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Cardinal Gibbons, who is a member of the Dickens centenary testimonial committee, has written to the honorary secretary, Francis Arthur Jones, a letter in which he expresses sincere approval of the movement and best wishes for its success in this country. "I feel," he writes, "that it is only fitting for the English-speaking people of our land to return honor to whom it is due. Personally, I hold Mr. Dickens very high as a portrayer of character and writer of honor and moral truth. I often refer with pleasure to passages in his popular novels."

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June 24 has been set for the date of issue of "Thorpe's Way," a novel much in the style of George Bernard Shaw, by Morley Roberts, a novelist better known in England, perhaps, than in this country. "Thorpe's Way" is described as a blend of medieval romance and modern socialism.

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A tenth printing of Jeffery Farnol's romance, "The Broad Highway," is announced.

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Annie Payson Call, whose latest book is "Brain Power for Business Men," is one of the latest New England authors to go abroad for the coronation festivities.

Advertising Talks

By William C. Freeman.

The great hold that advertising has on the public is illustrated by the preparations that are being made for the great **National convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs** of America, which is to be held **in Boston** the first four days of **August** next.

These advertising clubs are composed of men who are **intensely interested** in their profession—who realize what a **great force advertising is** in the business world—who **are willing to give up vacations and to spend their own money** to meet and seriously discuss every phase of the advertising business, **in order that all may learn something more** about the business **than they now know.**

It is **not** a pleasure jaunt by any means—**it is a very serious business** that the advertising men have in hand. Of course, there will be some pleasure thrown in, because it is impossible for a gathering of men not to wish to have some recreation mixed in with an educational conference, so the programme includes a lot of special pleasure features that have been planned by the hospitable New Englanders for the entertainment of the visitors.

It is expected that there will be from 3000 to 2500 men from all parts of the country present, and that means **that there will be at least from 2000 to 2500 new suggestions** made as to how the advertising profession, as a whole, may be improved and how the work of the members of the profession may be made more efficient.

Now, 2000 to 2500 new ideas about how to improve the business of manufacturers and merchants **are a great many.** It is one idea to **a man.**

If those who attend the convention will take their note books and jot down the things that they will hear that will be of advantage to them, every man will go back to his work **better equipped, mentally and morally,** for the great work that lies before him.

I mention **particularly** that he will be better equipped morally **because** it takes men of **strong convictions**—with a keen sense of **right doing**—to understand today **successful work** in the advertising business. The modern advertising man must be the strong force to compel the merchant or manufacturer to state only facts in advertisements—he must be the strong force to insist that publications shall not print fake or unreliable advertisements of any kind.

The men of the Associated Advertising Clubs will **make it clear** at the forthcoming convention that **they stand for the good only** in the advertising business, and they will discuss plans to improve advertising generally—to make readers of advertisements appreciate their real value to them.

It will be a notable convention.

(To be continued.)

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian June 21, 1861.

The river at this point is now within two feet of high water mark of '59 and still rising.

Stephen A. Douglas is dead. We do not know the day of his death. He was to be buried near Chicago, at the Cottage Grove, on the 7th of June. It will be told of Senator Douglas that he gave the last efforts of his life to the Union and the Government he loved above all things of earth.

Workmen, under the superintendence of the Street Commissioners, are now engaged in grading and graveling the street in front of the Courthouse.

There was a gathering of the people at Farmington, Washington County, on the 19th inst. A flag pole of 112 feet was raised, and a flag 15 feet long and 7½ feet wide and "no star erased," was hoisted by the ladies.

Arrangements are being made for a Union celebration by the people of Polk and Marion counties on the anniversary of our National independence.

The old emigrant road across the Cascades is in order for traveling.

Court Etiquette and Garters.

"King Edward VII as a Sportsman."

The late Duke of Dovenshire, who was very careful in every thing, once entertained King Edward VII at a ball at Devonshire House, which was the talk of London. As his majesty went away, he complimented the duke on the magnificent manner in which everything had been done and the way in which the evening had passed off. He said he could not suggest any change for the better, save in one little thing, which he hoped his grace would not mind his mentioning. "What is it, sir," inquired the duke with much anxiety, "Pray tell me."

"You have got your garter on upside down," replied the king.

More Waist, the Less Speed.

Detroit Free Press.

"Mr. Taft," said a Republican statesman, "is, for his weight, exceedingly nimble. I remember once, in Cincinnati, running for his train with him. He ran well, but, of course, I, with my slender and athletic build, beat him easily. I had to wait on every corner, and in consequence we missed the train.

"Mr Taft said, with an apologetic laugh, as we turned away from the closed train gate:

"'It was my fault we missed her. More waist, you know, less speed.'"

Thackery's Exhibit In Legs.

London Chronicle.

Thackery's lectures started well in America. Of the first lecture he delivered in the country his friend Field records: "I remember Thackery's uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of lectures were all sold. When we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket holders."

Good or Bad English?

PRESCOTT, Or., June 18.—(To the Editor.)—Which of the following sentences is incorrect, or are both correct: The man looks as if he were sick. The man looks like he was sick. Which of the following is incorrect, or are both correct: I made me a pair of shoes. I made myself a pair of snoes.

A SUBSCRIBER.

The sentence "The man looks like he was sick" is incorrect. The other three are correct. It is perhaps better English, however, to say "The man looks sick."

Guadeloupe's Deal in Firecrackers.

Indianapolis News.

Fireworks are used in Guadeloupe only on July 14, the French national holiday. For that occasion small quantities are purchased by the various communes or occasionally by the colonial government; an order rarely amounts to more than $100.