



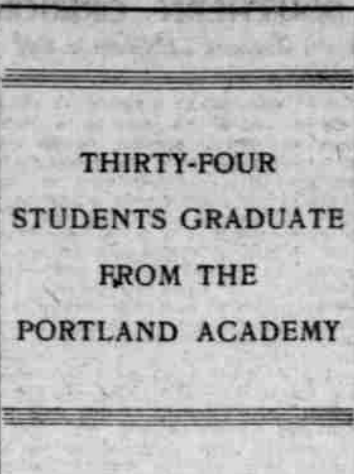
Florence Josephine Wolfe



Frank Foster



Ruth Gray



I. D. Hunt, of Indianapolis, Ind.



Martha Elizabeth Poltva



George Clifford Coe



Barbara Mary Crocker



Mildred Gertrude Doty



R. DeV. Johnson, of Oregon City



Harold Baldwin, of Prineville



Ruth Church



Stuart Robinson Strong



Margaret Wilson



Frederick A. Adams, of Spokane



Claud Vernon Charleson



Carleton B. Harding, of Oregon City



Waldemar Krumbeln



L. C. Hopkins, of Chinook, Mont.



Henry Robertson Felling



Clara Barbara Thompson



William Maxwell Wood



Frances Agnes Honeyman



Ambrose Scott



Hannah Jane Connell



A. J. Chalmers, of Centerville, Or.



Josephine Marie Schell



Leland Lealie Smith



Hazel Fullerton McKenzie



Luther Todd Hazen



Sadie Mildred Noyes



Lucy Christina McLean



Irene Mary Higgins



David Morgan, Jr., of Astoria



Bagmar Georgeson, of Sitka, Alaska

The Portland Academy class of 1903, which was graduated at the First Baptist Church on Friday evening, is the largest class that has ever been graduated from the institution since its establishment. The members, 24 in number, have taken active parts in the student affairs of the academy, and will leave behind them a creditable record in scholarship and in athletics. Unless otherwise noted, students are from Portland.

—Photos by McAlpin, 129 Seventh.

SOCIALISM A DREAM AND ONLY A DREAM

BY THE RIGHT REV. M. C. MATZ, CATHOLIC BISHOP OF DENVER.

THE dreary condition of our age is due to a measure to a new power, which is forging ahead at a tremendous rate, and demanding recognition at the hands of modern society. This new power is organized labor, which is composed of the bones and sinews of the laboring class.

Young, full of vigor, conscious of its strength, and buoyant with hope, it storms our capitals, fills our legislatures with representatives, formulates laws and carries them into execution. Willing or not, our age shall have to reckon with this power, and the sooner it prepares to do so the better it will be for all concerned. Youth and vigor are by their nature prone to rashness and fond of experimenting, with no thought of what might be the cost and consequences of the experiment.

The Catholic Church has ever been labor's staunchest friend, and has never failed to strain every nerve in bettering the condition of the laboring classes. When she had freed them from the bondage of slavery she devoted herself heart and soul to educate them. She it was who created the ancient guilds to protect labor from the ruthless power of competition and the oppression of the usurer. Under the mantle of the church's protection these guilds grew into power and their members became wealthy. Their destruction by the revolution has been deplored by the reigning pontiff, Leo XIII. These are facts which cannot be contested. And yet where can you find at this day one of those labor advocates or labor leaders willing to admit these undeniable claims? The truth is, these men are openly committed to socialism, the

enemy of the church. They have made a public confession of this in their convention in Denver, and they are pledged to hand over the labor organizations which they control, bound hand and foot, to socialism.

Socialism, in a nutshell, is the destruction of private property, which would be transferred to the keeping of the socialist state, wherein universal suffrage should govern. Socialism, therefore, is a dream, and will never be but a dream as long as man is what we know him to be, an imperfect being, full of passions and prejudices. For this reason Christ, who understood human nature perfectly, did not reconstitute the human family in the new law under the pattern of a religious community.

It now becomes my duty as bishop to warn all our Catholics against any and all unions, whatever may be their name, that would commit them to socialism. We have always stood forth as the staunch friend of the laborer; we have at all times advocated his right of association for mutual protection, better wages where labor is hard and surrounded with dangers, shortening of the hours of labor under similar conditions.

These are legitimate aims, and association for the securing of these aims is equally legitimate, just as much as associations of capital for the maintenance of fair prices. But when capital combines for the purpose of advancing prices or depressing labor beyond the limits of justice it commits a crime against society just as great as labor when it attempts to raise wages beyond the limits of equity. If the fear of God possessed our hearts and Christian charity formed our rule of life there would be no need of any such trusts or associations. Their existence points to an evil which Christianity would

banish from the face of the earth with that simplest of all commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Sympathetic strikes are unjust, because they imply the breaking of a just contract freely entered upon between contracting parties. They are unjust because they are the ruin of industry and commerce, bring hardships on the people and create disorders endangering the welfare of the commonwealth.

In the erection of one large building in Chicago there is a record of 27 strikes, and our own St. Vincent's orphanage in Denver has been delayed fully four months because of strikes. In the meanwhile the Sisters and children were crowded together all through the winter in a condition of sanitation that could never have stood the test of an investigation by the board of health. And this abnormal state of affairs is owing to the normal condition of the country, with the daily occurrence of strikes throughout the land. That this is an outrageous situation which must eventually exasperate the people to such an extent as to bring about a revolution must be evident to any thinking mind.

The reasons advanced to justify the situation—namely, the betterment of the laboring classes—may be ever so plausible, but if this betterment must be brought about by unjust, iniquitous means, it will never stand. We want to see the condition of the laborer improved, the church wants it; she is pre-eminently the church of the laboring man, but that improvement must be wrought along the lines of justice and equity, otherwise she could never countenance it. Now, if this betterment be attempted in the way contemplated by socialism and communism, then the church must say to the labor party: "You cannot do this, for this

would imply an enormous iniquity—namely, the expropriation of landed proprietors and the confiscation of wealth."

Let no man be deceived on that score. The church is God's representative on earth, and with God she will say with her last breath, "Thou shalt not steal." When Mazzini, the most celebrated Italian revolutionist and the most gifted and ardent plotter in the cause of Italy's unification under the form of an Italian republic, offered to Pius IX the presidency of said contemplated republic, Pius answered: "Non possumus," we cannot; it is an injustice, because it involves the extinction and destruction by violent, unlawful means of all the principalities, dukedoms, and little kingdoms of the realm which have existed for centuries in Italy.

Now the salvation of the labor union lies, not in the embrace of socialism, but in the holy father clearly states, in a return to Christianity. The church has saved labor twice: First, by the abolition of slavery, to which it had been content, and secondly, by the establishment of the guilds and the fostering care she bestowed upon them in the educating and training of the laborer in the industrial schools, the ancient monasteries. She can and she will save labor a third time, but on the one absolutely necessary condition—namely, a return to Christianity, without which she cannot exert her saving and elevating influence upon the laborer. She alone holds the key to the solution of the labor problem, which rests with Christian charity.

O give me the joy of living,
And some glorious work to do!
A spirit of thanksgiving,
With joyful heart and true;
Some pathway to make brighter,
Where tired feet now stray;
Some burden to make lighter,
While 'tis day.

—Selected.

The natives of India never allow a fakir—of whom there are 2,000,000 who live by begging—to starve.

SOME OF THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO WERE LOST

A LITTLE GIRL, FORMERLY OF HEPNER, PENS HER THOUGHTS OF THE CALAMITY.

MABEL C. Redington, a little girl who formerly lived at Heppner, sends The Oregonian the following thoughts on the great calamity:

"One of the most pathetic pictures of destruction in stricken Heppner must be the site of the late home of Mrs. Keithley, who was drowned and washed nine miles down the creek. She was always an industrious woman, and kept her family cow and her fine chickens. For 13 years she had devoted much time to work among those flower-beds and rose bushes and shrubbery. Her plants were the first to be had, and her garden was famous throughout the Heppner hills, and one of her greatest pleasures was giving her bouquets to others. Her grandchildren caught trout and minnows in Willow Creek, which ran through her orchard only 20 feet back of her house.

"I shall never forget the time when myself and little sisters visited Mrs. Keithley, and accepted her motherly invitation to remain over night. What soft, restful feather-beds she had, made from the down she had been accumulating for years from the ducks and chickens she had herself raised. What sweet, well-ventilated bedrooms she had, with the honeysuckle fragrance floating in at the open windows on that early summer night, and how quickly the daylight came in the cool of the morning. What a kindly old soul Mrs. Keithley was, and how completely at home she made us children feel. We all hope that her home in heaven will be as bright.

"But it is terrible to think that of that beautiful Heppner home not a vestige now

remains, and that its site is scooped out and torn up and piled high with mud and debris. And how sad to think that her husband, Uncle Julius, who was so kind to us children and gave us our pet rabbits and showed us how to take care of them, should be enabled to rescue other people, while it was not within the power of any arm to stretch itself forth and rescue his wife. How fatefully wrong many things often go. How I would wish to once more kiss the kindly old face.

"And our little girl friends that we played with when we lived in Heppner. It is awful to read so many of their names in the list of the lost. There were the Howard children—all such nice, beautiful girls full of life and joy when we knew them, only two short years ago. There never was in the world a sweeter little girl than Mabel Howard, 9 years old. As she and our little sister Bernice were the same age and inseparable companions, we saw much of Mabel, and we all loved her very dearly.

"And Blanche Redfield was another loved companion who was brimming over with mirth and joy, like her dear, beautiful mother, whose sweet life also went out in the awful flood. Our hearts ache for poor Mr. Redfield in his great loss. And Ella Ayers, and Stella Hockett, and Leah Minor, and Lela Campbell—oh, how their loving personalities as we know them rise up before us now. And how hard it is to realize that their sweet lives were thus snuffed off in that terrible moment of anguish. And the dear little Stalter children, six of them, whose father was always so cheerful. And to think of the cruel fate that caused him to be away at his mountain mines, 150 miles distant, when his loved ones were hurried to death. I shall never forget what appreciative children they were,

and what joyous pleasure it was to present them with our doll buggies and sand wagons and other playthings when we were packing up to leave Heppner.

"And Mr. C. A. Rhea—untold sympathy he deserves. He was one of the most gentlemanly of men, and how kind he was to rent us his beautiful home, where the crystal waters of Willow Creek made music over the boulders and sang us to sleep through our open windows, and we had our rabbit-hutch under the tall trees, and played by the hour, and had the childish experiences that we will never forget. And now, to think that beautiful home is completely destroyed, and Mr. Rhea's family all dead. Oh, how hard to realize it, and the sorrow of it all.

"Never will we forget our dear playmates at Heppner, and when time may dim memory the kodak pictures that mamma took of them may again bring the tears. May the lupines bloom a more beautiful blue over their little graves on that Heppner hillside, and the meadow-larks sing sweeter songs where together we wandered among the wild-flowers in the early spring-time."

In Happy Land,
Atlanta Constitution.
Left: "pleasanthness"
Swingin' us de gate,
Daddy wid de dakin' pole—
Gallon jug er bail.
River des a-whirlin'
De water lilies round'
Nigger wid a nathan
Weighin' twenty pound!
Ain't de country boomin'
Talk er happy lan'
Lindy, light de fire,
En fetch de tryin' pan!