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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70 deg.; minimum, 56. Precipitation, none.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; northwest winds.

PORTLAND SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1904.

THE READING MANIA.

Mrs. Thomas Wallin, of Elkhardt, Ind., a cousin of the late Walter Q. Gresham has been reading practically in the habit of reading one book a day. As a result of this dissipation—since excessive reading is one of the most pernicious forms of what may be called the milder dissipations—this woman is now insane.

The reading mania, as every school child knows, is a middle class, upon whose forehead and personal endeavor in household duties the comfort of the family necessarily depends, a thoughtlessness that ignores the domestic duties, causes children to suffer from neglect and results in personal untidiness, the effect of which is to render the victim unlovely as a woman.

Examples of this form of mania are, unfortunately, not uncommon. The writer recalls one of these—a well-known and in other respects a most estimable woman, whom the reading habit reduced to a nervous slattern while yet in the prime of her years.

When the victim of the reading habit is a man with a family, the domestic economies suffer quite as severely as this, though in a different way. We recall an example in the case of a young man who possessed a bright mind, of the voracious stamp.

The wife wanted things about the house made comfortable and attractive, but cared nothing for books. The combination, at the young man's, was a distressing one. The reading habit grew and grew upon the husband until he became practically oblivious to the wants of his family.

What Mr. Root says about the benign and creditable auspices of Mr. Fairbanks' nomination is true; and yet, as he must know perfectly well, the influence that wanted Fairbanks and got him were precisely not the influences that wanted Roosevelt. They are trusting today in Fairbanks to achieve in the Administration a conservative and

kindly attitude toward the great financial interests which have despaired of obtaining from Roosevelt; and they hope in similar frame of mind to see him succeed to the Presidency. It is possible that Mr. Root is unconsciously pleading for those interests in his advocacy of a larger function for the Vice-President.

And yet there can be no doubt that the trend of our National theory and practice is in the direction of the homogeneous Administration which Mr. Root has in mind. Our statecraft is less and less concerned with the rights of man and the inculcation of ideal principles and more and more concerned with the economic development of the Nation and the employment of its productive agencies to the highest possible power of efficiency—in a word, with business.

So far as is known, there is no cure for the reading mania. What we can do is to prevent it. One developed until it renders its victim oblivious to the common duties of life, it is absolutely incurable. If free libraries are likely to develop this mania, as seems probable from the number of young people who are seen on the street—carrying upon their backs the multiplication of these institutions is clearly not an unmitigated blessing.

HOPE FOR THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

No fact is better attested in our political history than the fact that the Vice-Presidency has fallen grievously away from its ideal state as fixed in the minds of the Founders. That office was grouped with the Presidency as of almost equal dignity and honor, and its qualifications were identical. The original idea is also revealed in the early days of the Republic, when such names as Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, James Madison, James Monroe and even in a later time Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. The place to which these men gladly aspired is curiously declined by second-class statesmen of today.

Ex-Secretary Root's address to Mr. Fairbanks at the nomination ceremony is a thoughtful and suggestive presentation of what must have occurred to many minds. His hope that the Vice-Presidency might be restored to its old station is one that every patriot must echo, and the arguments he brings to its support are strikingly similar to those advanced last year by J. C. Shaffer, a prominent publisher of Chicago, in an article which commanded universal attention. At that time Mr. Shaffer's proposals seemed chimerical, but the nomination of Senator Fairbanks, who is well equipped for the Presidency itself, lends practicability to the idea, as Mr. Root's admirable address shows.

There is another aspect of the Vice-Presidency which is usually lost sight of, but which is of perpetual moment, in view of the occasional vacancies through death in the Presidential chair, and also in view of the growing power of the Senate to make the President. It was inconceivable in the view of the Founders that the Vice-President should be independent of the President. The original manner of his selection shows this plainly. They had in mind that the second office should not be a mere instrument and tool of the first. Mr. Root, it seems to us, contemplates an approximate merging of the Vice-Presidency into the ranking of the Administration in all things and prepared to preserve its policy unbroken in the event of his succession to power.

That Mr. Root thoroughly understands this is shown by his reference to the frequent occasions when the Vice-Presidential nomination has been utilized for a mere cover of political expedient. The practice is not so senseless or mischievous as Mr. Root seems to think, for there is real merit in its operations. The Cabinet is chosen by the President himself, with a view to its perfect support of his policies. The Vice-President is not, but is usually put upon the ticket with a view of insuring the success of the President's policy. The practice is not so senseless or mischievous as Mr. Root seems to think, for there is real merit in its operations.

The office as now bestowed affords us, in fact, some such repository of independent power as modern municipal methods secure in the election of Controllers, Treasurers, Auditors or Recorders by separate popular vote. The accepted theory is that it is safest to introduce a certain balance or restraint in the Federal organism, rather than to gather every element of power in the hands of the Chief Executive. Such an independent repository in the Senate, such another in the House, such another in the Vice-Presidency. Originally, indeed, the Constitution distinctly contemplated a Vice-President of different ideas from the President, inasmuch as the man receiving the second highest number of votes for President in the electoral college became Vice-President. This Jefferson became Vice-President to Adams, his opponent for the Presidency. This method was abandoned, yet the Vice-President was still vouchsafed a separate election. The President has no power over him, and the Senate has no choice, as the House has, to select its presiding officer. It must take the Vice-President.

What Mr. Root says about the benign and creditable auspices of Mr. Fairbanks' nomination is true; and yet, as he must know perfectly well, the influence that wanted Fairbanks and got him were precisely not the influences that wanted Roosevelt. They are trusting today in Fairbanks to achieve in the Administration a conservative and

most successful short meeting last year, is now preparing for its opening day tomorrow, and there will then be over 600 of the best thoroughbred horses on the Pacific Coast stabled on Irvington Park track, ready to compete for the purses given by the association. The same manager, who has successfully managed the 1903 racing meetings, should give better sport in 1904, for the reason that there is a largely increased number of horses to draw upon, and the same promptness and businesslike management which made last season's meetings successful should produce the same result again in even greater degree.

THAT ARMIES SHOULD HAVE STAGE MANAGERS.

In the old days, before statesmen had discovered the value of international law, two nations that felt like fighting proceeded to do one another up without a thought for the feelings of "eminent jurists," college professors or advocates of universal disarmament. In their struggles they did not mind in the least if they stepped upon a bystander's corn, or if they brought down a child in the course of their march. "You cannot do that, you know," they did not argue, but went ahead and did it. The rights of neutrals were unheard of in those days; the neutral was jumped on or left alone as the belligerent was strong or weak, or if he happened to get in the way.

War is a different matter today. Neutral commerce must not be interrupted. Indeed it might appear to the unsophisticated newspaper reporter that neutrals pay a most important part in the present war than do the belligerents. "Don't hit Japan so that he'll stogger against me," says one neutral to Russia, and another says to Japan, "Don't knock Russia up against my fence." It is as if a squad of policemen were sent to keep order at a prizefight and each member of the squad constituted a judge. It was a judge of a few blows, Japan and Russia may fight, some of the other nations are even glad to see them go at it; but they must never forget that neutrals have rights, and that the war must be carried on without inconvenience to the peaceful trader, who not infrequently seizes the golden opportunity to ship a few cargoes of contraband.

It is thus generally accepted that war must be conducted with every deference to the feelings of those not engaged in it, and that neutrals have certain and unalienable rights. This being the case, something should be done to protect the rights of the great newspaper-reading public. Our country is a democracy, and the machinery of the Government in motion, but no protest has been filed on behalf of the vast body mentioned above. The war is being shamefully mismanaged. The American citizen picks up his paper in the morning in the reasonable expectation of finding some news of interest. He is disappointed. He is bored. He is disgusted. He is disgusted. He is disgusted.

When we leave a play, what do we remember? Not the brilliant dialogue, or the powerful plot, but one dramatic scene. The greatest plays would be so much jumbled dialogue without the guiding hand of the stage manager, and it is the same with the drama of the business of the Three Hundred at Thermopylae. "The Spartans on the sea-wet rock set down and combed their hair"—something like Mrs. Carter's powder-puff in the prison scene of Du Barry. The man at the breakfast table in the same drama, who gives a lecture that cannot be forgotten; but she has unfortunately too many cares to devote her time to the work. What does the man at the breakfast table remember, for instance, of Peter, urging brotherly love and charity, and in the self-sacrificing counsel of James. How far the nominal Christians among employers and employed have departed in these days of bitter and violent strife in the industrial world from the Master's gentle commands, is not an indictment of the religion they pretend to follow, but only indicates how severely men will hold their peace in diametric opposition to their practices.

INCREASING VOICE OF THE THROUGHBREED.

During the past twenty years public interest in the breeding and racing of thoroughbred horses has increased enormously and this is largely due to the efforts of such breeders and sportsmen as Pierre Lorillard, J. B. Hoggan, James R. and Foxhall Keene, John A. and Alfred H. Morris, E. R. Thomas, the late Marcus Daly, William C. Whitely and a host of other wealthy men. Through their untiring efforts the sport has been purified and regulated, and millions of dollars each year have been paid to breeders for yearlings and two-year-olds that were bred in the purple but had never faced a starter.

MR. HAMMOND'S DEVELOPER.

There is a revival of the old rumor that the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad will extend its line down the coast to the Nehalem or Tillamook. The principal reason given for this extension is the tapping of a fine bed of timber along the Upper Nehalem, as well as other timbered districts lying farther south. It was in this respect that the country which it traversed that made the Astoria road a profitable enterprise, but incidentally its construction brought into existence a passenger traffic of large and steadily increasing dimensions. It made accessible to thousands of Portlanders the beautiful scenery of the coast. Its extension down the coast would open up more of these resorts, at the same time that it was developing the timber resources and opening up agricultural districts along the line.

The building of this road was one of the few industrial enterprises which were undertaken in this state—not to take care of a business that was already built up, but for the purpose of developing something new. Evidence of the wisdom and the enterprise of its promoters is now shown in the numerous prosperous little towns which have sprung up along the coast. They are not to take care of a business that was already built up, but for the purpose of developing something new. Evidence of the wisdom and the enterprise of its promoters is now shown in the numerous prosperous little towns which have sprung up along the coast. They are not to take care of a business that was already built up, but for the purpose of developing something new.

sympathy. And this is not all. The flesh of the fevered, exhausted brutes when they are finally slaughtered is unfit for human food. These are phases of the great strike which are not taken into consideration by the warring factions of the packing-house business, but they appeal to humanity as worthy of first consideration. Men accustomed to slaughter are perhaps callous to the suffering of animals in the shambles; perhaps also men who regard the business entirely from the standpoint of profit and loss do not take into account the unnecessary suffering that the strike entails upon animals awaiting slaughter in the yards or clumsily dispatched by unskilled men. But this is a point upon which the sportsmen of the strike should be urged by the humane and the merciful.

Certain forms of swindling, like fashions for women, have their cycles. Here is an old one revived, as reported by the Topeka Capital. The confidence game was recently worked to the limit near Wathena. A preacher was approached by a couple who signified their intention of getting married. The reverend gentleman performed the ceremony and his wife and himself affixed their signatures to a certificate as witnesses. A few days ago the preacher was informed that the confidence game was being worked to the limit near Wathena. A preacher was approached by a couple who signified their intention of getting married.

The condition of the Black Mesa forest reserve, in Arizona, consequent upon eight years of drought, is the subject of a paper recently issued by the United States Geological Survey. This reserve comprises an area of 2758 square miles, and lies principally on the north slope of the Colorado Plateau. Richly endowed by Nature in everything but moisture, the reserve is likely to become barren of even the yellow pine, alligator juniper and Arizona cypress, which as a rule stand dry weather very well. Nothing can be more desolate than a region drained of moisture, and nothing more picturesque than the long-deferred hope of the ranchman for rain. A region in which people cannot live, but from which the hapless settler, when once established, can hardly escape, these dry lands of Arizona, though magnificent in their scenic beauty, should be shunned as the domain of desolation and disaster. The judgment of even the optimistic men of the Geological Survey, this forest reserve in Arizona must be deserted by cattlemen and sheepmen, who a few years ago found rich pasturage there for their flocks and herds, unless the long drought is speedily broken.

The fate of the heroic swimmer who attempts to save the lives of helpless and frantic persons who find themselves in deep water overlook Michael Riley at Alton, Ill., Friday. With seven little girls who had, with him, inadvertently stepped from a sandbar on the Mississippi beach at that place into deep water clinging desperately to him, Riley went down and all were drowned. This is the largest number of Summer bathers yet reported to have been drowned at one time and place during this season of many accidents of this class. The story is a sad one, but it conveys no note of warning that had not already been sounded many times. At a time when so many thousands of people are taking chances in the water the loss of many lives is inevitable.

Experience seems to have taught the ranchman, the camper and the hunter nothing in the matter of forest fires. The north and southeast winds, as fires are raging, threatening homes, destroying thousands of feet of valuable timber and loading the air with smoke. The fire does not in such cases take the form of lurid flames, but of careless settlers applying the torch to slashings of inconsiderate campers who leave smoldering embers of campfires to be fanned into a blaze by evening winds. For this type of fire there is neither prevention nor punishment.

If the City Council listens to the advice of substantial property-owners who are interested in the matter, there may yet be two good wooden bridges built across Sullivan's Gulch by the end of the present year. The situation of this bridgeless portion of the city is exasperating in the extreme to business men—or men who are trying to do business in that section. The dilatory tactics that have prevailed in the past are indefensible on any ground of public policy, and they should be terminated and suitable bridges built as soon as possible.

Emergency telephones for use at residences where persons are critically ill and have no regular telephone service is a new feature of the telephone business in some of the Eastern States. Companies are prepared to install such service whenever requested to do so by the attending physician, at a special rate. This phase of the business will be duly appreciated by physicians and nurses, in whose hands, literally speaking, are not infrequently the issues of life and death.

Wholesale cremation is practiced in order to clear the battlefields of the Far East of their dead in the shortest and most sanitary way. This is wise. Sentiment cannot stand long before conditions that menace human life in the most revolting manner. The funeral pyre cannot be lighted too quickly when from 200 to 1000 bodies of men killed in battle are exposed to the burning sun.

Judge Parker has relinquished a comfortable certainty for a harassing uncertainty. He is no longer Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals for the State of New York, and he is a long way off from the Presidency of the United States.

NOTE AND COMMENT. Hold-ups make the Loop resemble a noose. Judge Parker may have some reason of his own for exchanging the bench for a back seat. Old General Ma is creating as much trouble for Russia as if he were a mother-in-law instead. A big bait company is up against it. If that isn't heart-rending luck, just as the campaign is to begin.

"Sure," says America to Russia, "everything you say is contraband of war is contraband, except what we say isn't." In Tagma a performer was badly injured in looping the loop. In Portland you're only liable to lose your money. The street-car robbers, it is said, are thought to be ex-convicts. Men taking such chances are insulted by the "ex." As military critics the Germans are universally acknowledged to excel. In South Africa they are hiring Boers to whip the Herreros.

Considering the number of times we've had to scare the Sultan, wouldn't it be cheaper just to send him a photograph of our battalions? Five French girls wearing corsets entered a walking race against five German girls wearing no corsets. Of course, the belle Francaise gave out when the pinch came. Another news item from Russia—The battleship Slava was accidentally torpedoed. If the Russians want to make their navy last they should put all their ships in rubber ducky and all their officers in padded cells. It will be hot for the Races tomorrow, but don't forget this little bit from the Seattle Argus: Another "old adage" proven untrue. Money does not always make the mare go. The thousand dollars that the Meadows didn't make them go worth a cent.

For some time the Chicago Journal has been running a "daily goss" as a take-off upon the "editorial page" of the Chicago American. Lately the Journal has been veering round to the same kind of mental food for its readers, and if it becomes more Americanized, it may easily get its own "editorial" in the comic column and run the "daily goss" as its own emission of thought.

Man is accustomed to have woman stand in the spot-light. He never becomes a sweet boy graduate or a June bridegroom, but hitherto he thought he had some show in the gloaming, when the lights are dim and low, and there is a chance to get out of the public gaze. But lo! even this is to be taken away from him. If he is caught in the south flank Block it will be a case of "off to camp" for him. Poor man! he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and he may thank his stars that he's not made to keep within the Arctic Circle, so that woman may have an undisturbed promenade in the temperate and tropic zones.

When the motorman and the conductor and most of the passengers are armed with "six guns," who will be daring enough to halt a Portland street-car en route? The possession of a gun impels the inexperienced to shoot, and shooting on impulse is likely to result in damage to the innocent bystander. It is not hard to imagine the motorman taking a pot-shot at some would-be passenger. And then the conductor will rush to his comrades' assistance. And if the case will have to join in, or what use would their guns be? People near Portland Heights may be expected to report heavy firing in the distance any evening now.

If the cable companies had any regard for the suffering American public they would refuse any dispatch mentioning a refugee from Port Arthur. Every person, from a European official to a Chinese huckster that is disgorged upon the wharves of Chefoo by a junk is interviewed and his opinion on the strength of the fortress cabled all the way to America. A Chinaman running about the streets of Port Arthur knows as much about the Russians' chances of holding out than a newspaper editor in Alhina. The business of the cable companies should be stopped, especially as today's "refugees" report Port Arthur's garrison to be starving, and tomorrow's will say that the place is entirely unaffected by the siege.

W. Maw, Printer, of Snohomish, Wash., publishes a book entitled "Conquest," containing a poem written by James Lemuel Yager. "Conquest" is dedicated to Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mary Baker Eddy, who are, in the author's opinion, "the two greatest religious writers and teachers of this continent." "The point of view of these verses," says the author, "is 'sterility,' and on a printed slip he adds, "No other lyric production of the kind excels this, either in beauty or force." And he asks for the right to publish the verses as a "reasonable royalty." And yet the author saw wood, for a frontispiece shows him, in company with another sturdy logger, about to tackle a Snohomish tree. "Conquest" concludes with these lines, which show that the author hears more than the rustle of leaves in the woods: Above the power of all events Thee move with me, O Divine, Let Blows leave and tempests sweep, The pestilence or dead cities creep, For them who faithful vigil keep A friendly light forever shine.

A recent paragraph in this column referred to a Delaware decision that led pipe, being an integral part of a house, was not subject to larceny. The decision was based upon the Delaware common law, which applies, it now develops, to fruit and vegetables in the State of Delaware. An attorney explains the situation to a Philadelphia paper in this way: Suppose you were to go into a watermelon patch and cut a melon from a growing vine and carry the melon away. You would not be subject to larceny under the common law. But if you should become frightened after severing the melon from the vine and should lay it on the ground and keep rolling out of the patch, you would be arrested for larceny. The fact that you do not remove the property from reality, not subject to larceny, to personal property, which can be stolen. This recalls an English decision. A thief swiped a parcel from a counter and rolled down the street. The string around the parcel was uncut and kept rolling out of the box as the thief ran. When the man was brought up for trial he was acquitted on the ground that he had not severed the connection of the owner and his property, an essential feature of larceny. Now and then the law, as Mr. Bumble observed, "is a ham."

WEXFORD JONES.