

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1905. DIRECT PRIMARY UPHELD. By unanimous decision, the four Multnomah Judges have upheld the validity of the direct primary law in its application to the coming city election. The court took the broad view that the purpose of the act ought not to be defeated by minor technicalities, and as to registration, the County Clerk is authorized, under this decision, to put in motion the machinery of his office for registration of all qualified electors who desire to have voice in the municipal nominations of their respective parties.

Now we shall know what the direct primary does for the candidate, the party, the public, and the "machine." We may be uncertain about its workings in several of these respects, but in the present state of the public mind we have little doubt that direct nominations will be this time an unqualified success. Why? Because old methods must be entirely abandoned, new conditions met, and the individual voter reached and influenced by some scheme not now obvious. How to beat the "organization" machine is a problem for the boss. A condition—very substantial and dismaying condition, indeed—and not a theory, confronts him. What is he going to do?

He doesn't know. He frankly says so. It had long been contemplated that a law could be circumvented with more or less ease by holding a convention before the primary, nominating a full ticket, and submitting it to the primary in the expectation that it would there be endorsed. Why could not an organization influence the rank and file of the party to nominate as "regular" a primary candidate who were known to be stamped with its favor?

Concerted effort and party regularity, with a "pull" exerted in every precinct in city or county, ought to count heavily against the mere individual enterprise of the single candidate who would have to depend upon his own personal standing and popularity. A hundred painful events seem to have made this convention project impracticable. The leaders will not lead, the followers appear to be cheerfully, not to say enthusiastically, deserting the sinking ship.

Of course we shall have a regular Republican ticket at the coming primary; but unless the "organization" machine finds its mind, or finds its mind, it will be made up of many men of many purposes who will proclaim their own merits and submit their names to the Republican primary for place on the "regular" ticket.

Perhaps it is as well that we are to have a regular ticket formed in this quite irregular manner; but regret may nevertheless be expressed that the "organization" does not offer a ticket of its own to the primary, so that all may see, first, what it would look like, and second, what would happen to it.

OREGON HELPS ITSELF. For a railroad into Tillamook, citizens of the county have all but subscribed a \$35,000 subsidy and a promised and much-desired project seems in fair way of achievement. If the Killingsworth car-exchange bill has helped the project along, well and good. Harriman interests profess desire to build the Tillamook road as soon as convinced it will pay.

But very few roads have been built that way in Oregon—indeed, not more than one or two. If the promoters of the O. R. & N. and the Oregon & California had waited until those enterprises should pay, most of Oregon would yet be wilderness.

Perhaps after the Tillamook road shall have been built, the absorption by the Southern Pacific will be deemed advisable by Mr. Harriman. If so, Oregon will be a gainer from independent enterprise and Mr. Harriman's interests will profit also. Independent railroad projects have accomplished much for Oregon—in fact, they have been Oregon's chief means of railroad progress from early days until the present hour, and owing to the policy of Harriman interests in this state may be the chief means in future.

The Kluckhans road, built by Portland capital as an independent project, has

opened a district in Washington and connected it commercially with Portland. It has been absorbed by one of the great railroad interests. If Portland capitalists had waited for the Northern Pacific or the O. R. & N. to build the road, would the whistles of locomotives not be heard in Goldendale? Perhaps not; probably not.

WHO CAN PROTECT THE BORROWER? Mr. John Proudfit no doubt accurately describes, in a communication made public yesterday, the pestiferous individual whom he designates as the "loan shark." Without doubt also he presents a true picture of the effects of the shark's methods of doing business as applied to young men "about the docks" and elsewhere in this city who are working for wages. These he induces to hypothecate their wages before they are earned, paying for the privilege various rates of interest and bonuses that make the wage-earner a slave to debt without hope of deliverance.

There is no reason whatever to doubt the statements thus made. What then? A city ordinance to protect these weaklings from the salary-engulfing sharks, suggests Mr. Proudfit. The solution seems at first glance no doubt the Common Council could be wrought upon by facts and figures to enact an ordinance that would heavily increase the expense attendant upon carrying on this nefarious business. Unfortunately, however, no legislation, city, state or national, interest and bonus that can be depended upon to protect a man against himself. Detest as we may and do the "loan shark" for his peculiar business methods, his victim all of our pity, all of our care, all of our anxiety, cannot protect.

The situation as described by Mr. Proudfit is the worst conceivable of that in which thousands of illiterate negroes in the South find themselves in relation to their employers. Men who have studied the negro question at close range tell us that debt keeps the colored people in a bondage to their employers as hopeless as that which we have known in the case of the child in finance, coveting gewgaws that attract his eye and amusements that cater to his rude pleasures, sells his labor in advance to procure these things. He finds himself by this means speedily involved in debt which he cannot hope to liquidate, with his earnings going to the employer to meet his daily necessities. He cannot, for obvious reasons, quit one employer and go to another and begin over again, nor can he by any means within the compass of his handicapped endeavor get out of debt. Thus his bondage becomes perpetual and his condition that of a veritable slave who works for necessity and hopelessly for a hand-to-mouth living.

If there is any difference between the claims that ignorance and childish pandering to present desires have forged upon multitudes of so-called "free negroes" of the South, and that bind the intelligent and really free wage-earners among us, it is difficult to discern it. Something may be done, perhaps, to abate this evil that is absorbing the substance of many young men who are wage-earners, but it may be submitted that no law has yet been framed, and no scheme devised, whereby men, young or old, white or black, can be protected from the desire to spend their earnings in foolish ways when this spending brings them what they are convinced they want in the way of so-called pleasure—whether of dress, of the automobile, of gross appetites, or any form of amusement.

Early training in ways of economy and thrift can alone insure this protection. The temptation may come in the form of a "loan shark," bland, smiling, plausible, who offers to advance money to the yet unformed salary; or it may come in the form of a doctored wage, or one thing is sure. It will come, and unless the tempted wage-earner has good common sense joined to self-restraint, and is thus able to overcome temptation, he will continue with the tempter to evade any law that may be passed, and his pocket will be empty as he may establish his "right" so dearly prized—to spend his own money as he pleases.

The writer remembers a careful mother in the long ago, who, to prevent her girl and boy, of three and five years, from going outside the doorway to play, shut the gate and tied it securely with a stout rope. This device succeeded (unless she forgot to adjust the rope every time the gate was used) until the children thus forcibly restrained from wandering in forbidden ways became large enough to climb the fence, and fleet enough of foot to outrun the pursuing mother. A barbed wire strung along the top of the fence met for a time this new difficulty, though not infrequently shreds of clothing attested to its futility. Years passed and the protected children went to school, but much of the time they had to be sought far and wide throughout the village, the nightfall having failed to come home in obedience to the mother's command. Still later—but why pursue the subject to its inevitable conclusion? Suffice it to say, temptation came, and not having been taught to resist it, they went down before its allurements. The story is simple; its moral is plain. He who runs may read, and it would seem that the intelligent in the great army of the tempted might apply it.

THE MAN BEHIND THE RATE. Except in the Senate of the United States, there is an overwhelming sentiment all over the country in favor of enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission so as to include the regulation of railroad rates. With reference to this big question an Eastern expert furnishes an article published in another part of this issue, well worth reading. He asks: "What is an equitable rate?" and then points out that the traffic manager, familiar with every consideration that enters into transporting a commodity is and must be the man to fix the rate.

Without taking up the broad principle of governmental regulation and confining himself strictly to the technique of railroad rates, this writer defines the duties of the man behind the rate, shows clearly that a fixed rate is incompatible with equity, that the rate system must be a harmonized system exactly the commercial conditions of a railroad's territory, and that it must be elastic in order to meet changing conditions. He inquires pertinently whether a paid Federal employee, even of high honesty and efficiency, would have the patience and care for detail as he would if his livelihood and standing depended on his success in individual cases acquired by special qualifications and experience.

Demands for regulation of rates by the

Interstate Commerce Commission cannot be long ignored. The Senate sooner or later will yield to public clamor; still it is worth while to learn from the experienced man what a delicate and intricate problem will present itself when the Commission undertakes to determine upon equitable freight rates.

ROMANCE OF TRADE. Few persons would think of turning to the daily reports of the Department of Commerce and Labor for articles of varied interest and flashes of romance, yet with the spread of American commerce no corner of the earth is too obscure to be mentioned in the Government's daily paper. The great empires near the Gulf of the Chaldees and the Euxine, frankincense and myrrh crops are described in the same number with the plans for a new electric road in London or the damming of an ancient river for irrigation.

American invention and industry now affects the oldest and the most advanced nations as well as the naked peoples of Africa and the Pacific Islands, and the reports of the consular sentinels who are stationed on the outposts make interesting reading for every one. In the last four issues are to be found reports dealing with the matters in Arabia, Mecca, Abyssinia, Persia, Syria, Formosa, and several other out-of-the-way countries. From three ports in Arabia the United States bought last year skins, coffee, ivory and dates, valued at a little less than \$3,000,000.

American trade has gradually been taking the sacred and mysterious City of Mecca, whither hundreds of thousands of pilgrims annually journey. Last year one-fifth of these thousands suffered death or wounds at the hands of the Bedouins, whose lands the route of travel crosses, and this despite the fact that the Blackmail paid by the Turkish and Egyptian governments. Soon the railroad will displace the great caravans, of which some contain 5000 camels, and the faithful sons of Islam will reach the sacred city on American rails. Another consular report which offers a market for such diverse articles as umbrellas, candles, writing paper and automobiles. From a Consul in Syria comes the story of the first railroad bridge to be completed across the River Jordan, and another official tells of an electric plant which the Japanese in Formosa are completing with American machinery.

Of better-known countries there is much to be learned from these same four issues of "Uncle Sam's" daily paper. It is noted, for instance, that Japanese trade has been unusually flourishing during the war. Another report tells how the German army gradually being consolidated into a few powerful groups, while statistics dealing with the economical administration of Berlin's municipal affairs is of interest to students of city affairs. Other articles deal with such subjects as the beautiful American which have been found in the manufacture of marionettes in this country, the test for foreign farms in Belgium, American apples in England—but enough has been said to show the varied interests of American producers and merchants in all parts of the world. The romance of today centers in trade.

Romance is dead—-and all usurers. Romance brought up the idea—-fifteen. All over the world romance is bringing up freight and passenger "nineteens," and usually on American rails.

PORTLAND IS NEAR TO TRADE. A few days of warm sunshine last week brought on the first flush of Springtime and sent thousands of people scurrying to the City Park, the heights and hundreds of other naturally beautiful spots which have been provided for Portland with lavishness extraordinary. To the traveled Portlander who has experienced weeks and months in the frozen whiteness of a Winter in the Middle West or East, or in the awful heat of the Summer time, Winter always looks good. Summer or Winter, but the Springtime is the best. It is a little early yet for the drone of bees and the scent of apple blossoms, but the grand old mountains and the miles and leagues of beautiful country which lie between us and their snow-capped summits loom up more beautiful than ever, now that twilight lingers longer and the sun beams forth more kindly warmth.

Nature has been so prodigal in her gifts to Portland that we are somewhat inclined to underestimate their value, until Springtime awakens within us the "call of the wild," that indefinable instinct which carries of life among men and the birds of the air. We have succeeded in eradicating, and which still bids us wander to the woods. It is only in the surroundings of the new cities of the Far West that it is still possible for the eye and the mind to feast on Nature's pictures unmarred by the artificialities of man. Looking out the country through which the Jewgart car of modern civilization and development has rolled for generations will view no more the wild beauties of Nature as they are still in evidence in the Far West. It is undoubtedly the character of the Western man, Portland and her wonderful works that has broadened the mind and strengthened the character of the Western man.

Portland is an especially favored city in the matter of surroundings, for Nature in all her greatness is ever before us. A few minutes' ride from the heart of the city in any direction will lead one amid scenes of natural beauty such as no language can properly describe and no brush of the artist transfer to canvas. From a hundred viewpoints on the hills surrounding the city the world-weary man can rest his eyes on the marvelous works of Nature which neither the ravages of time, nor the vandal hands of man can ever undo above and beyond the bustling noisy city which he has just left, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens and other snow-capped peaks, with their beautiful setting of forest beneath and fleecy clouds above, appeal to him as no work of art ever could. Looking out from these masterpieces of Nature, which were looking down on the silvery streams and green forests unnumbered thousands of years ago, and still will be standing guard thousands of years hence, the beholder cannot be other than impressed with the evanescent nature of that strange mystery which we call life.

A few minutes by trolley-car will bring the worshiper at this shrine of Nature back to the city with all its wealth and woe, poverty and crime, back into the mad race for fame and fortune, back to where the gods are shattered every hour in the dots and where the pursuit of Mammon draws hard lines in the faces and over the hearts of men. There can be no true happiness in the contemplation of

the misery that is ever before us in a city, but there is happiness in communion with Nature, and it is while the earth is flooded with Spring sunshine that life seems brighter for all and we return from these brief pilgrimages to the Nature's shrine with a kindlier feeling for our fellow-man and a thankfulness in our hearts that our lines have been "cast in pleasant places." Nature has been kind to place other than Portland, but for no other city has she provided such a grand panorama of mountain, river and forest canopy as is ever before the Portlander.

INSIDE OF THE BEEF TRUST. Less than two weeks since the relations between the great packers and buyers before the courts and were being held up in full light of public opinion. Their methods of forcing down the price of cattle and of holding up the price of beef were exposed. The alliance of the six great companies for these purposes was denounced as constituting the greatest conspiracy in the history of the United States. It is a matter of public interest to know the net results of these transactions. Now comes Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations, and supplies facts and figures gathered by his investigations. Some of his conclusions are so startling that they are worth repeating. There are no exchanges or communities of stockholding, and the great majority of the stocks is held by the packers and their families.

The six companies slaughter about 45 per cent of the cattle killed in the United States. They control 80 per cent of the beef consumption of eight great cities of the East, and send a small proportion to the cities of the South and West. But the net profits to Swift & Co. for 1902-03-04 in no case exceeded 2 per cent of the total sales. For the Canadian Beef Company for 1902 the profits were 2.3 per cent on the total sales; for 1904, 1.8 per cent. The number of cattle handled is enormous, 2,017,864 July 1, 1902, to July 1, 1903, and 2,015,658 July 1, 1903, to June 30, 1904. Yet the net profit was but 80 cents per head, and 82 cents in 1904.

To Oregon cattle men it is of interest to note that for the year July, 1902, to July, 1903, the average weight of the cattle was 1292 pounds, and the dressed weight of beef 609 pounds. For the year July, 1903, to July, 1904, average weight of cattle was 1115 pounds, and dressed weight of beef 523 pounds. The effect of a better corn crop are thus shown. For the year 1902 the cattle cost the packer \$48.58 per head, while the cost of operating the plants was \$1.90 per head. So the total cost was \$50.48. The beef brought them \$33.32, and all the by-products \$11.36, so the net profit on each animal was \$1.90. For the year 1903 the net profit of \$1.61, \$1.51 shows no extraordinary percentage on the capital invested in the companies, which approach \$100,000,000. And yet? In the first place, no mention is made of sheep and hogs. The Chicago and Kansas cattle yards, the largest in the country, in business. In the next place, it was stated two weeks back that the net earnings of Swift & Co. on a capital of \$35,000,000 stock exceeded \$3,000,000. So there must be some gold mine somewhere, probably in the refrigerator cars, which by the way, the net profits ranging from 14 to 17 per cent on the capital invested in them. But even then there seems a vast blank to be filled up before the total reported profits on the capital stock of the companies is accounted for. An uneasy feeling accounts for the hurriedness of this report that the half is not told.

THE POWER OF THE CARTOON. The French poet said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and I care not for the sword." The death blow to the Tweed ring in New York was given by the bitter cartoons of Nast in Harper's Weekly.

To be made the target for the pencil of the satirist and the rough scuffs of all classes reduces the man or institution named to the plight in which it is held by the cartoonist. But such ridicule must be completely effective, stand on a basis of fact, be kept within the wide margin of taste, and, if the pencil be the means used, must pass muster as a work of artistic skill. Nast's cartoons met all these points, and they were deadly.

When the Standard Oil group openly entered the railroad world and threatened the life of trade and business, in addition to controlling the oil products of all the states, a thrill of anger and revolt shook the whole people. Through this serious emotion runs also a sense of the ridiculous, taking root in the obvious disproportion of the man and his means in action as compared with the enormity of the ends they were in a fair way to gain. Are these the men of importance and strength enough to wage a war against the American people?

The cartoonist takes his pencil in Collier's Weekly one sees the essence of this state of things as E. W. Kemble draws it. On the topmost ledge of the temple of the American Senate, clear against the sky, squat a whole row of unclean vultures, full from their foul feeding. The center bird, high on the wall, "seats for sale." The likeness to J. D. Rockefeller, as absurd as his bald head, an air of satisfied contentment shown by one or two strokes and dots of the pen. He bears the legend of the Standard Oil Trust, and stretches his lazy wing over his next neighbor, the Railroad Trust, which bird, from under that offensive shelter, looks trustingly and affectionately up into his bald brother's face. Next him comes the Steel Trust, with J. P. Morgan's likeness apparent in the vulture's visage. Then the Beef Trust, with bound-up head, bearing the marks of sore cold, and three or four more birds, fading into distance, sitting, but not important enough to be named.

On the other side of the overpowering vulture in the center sit the birds labeled Coal Trust, Ice Trust, Sugar Trust. While they crowd as close as may be to their champion, he is not in actual touch, and there is a look of fear in the wall, "seats for sale." The vultures are bound with red tape. Through the murk and darkness of the overhanging cloud are seen, though indistinctly, the shapes of numberless more birds, hur-

rying on ragged wings, to find place and home beside their comrades who have taken time by the forelock, fed to the full, and are now trying to digest.

He who runs may read, is this not the most bitter jest? Yet, who shall deny its application? If it help to stir the people at large to the sense that the unholy powers imagined in this guise are essentially powerless as they are exposed, it will have effected more than a dozen articles on "Frenzied Finance" could do. The Beef Trust, and even the calmest of these brief pilgrimages to the mountain, river and forest canopy as is ever before the Portlander.

THE ATROPHY OF CONSCIENCE. Just as one, by disuse, neglect or violence of some powers of muscle or brain, loses gradually the powers themselves, so it is in the spiritual life. A process of this nature, more or less complete, is the only explanation possible of the anomalies which disgrace so many lives admirable on various sides.

A man is held up to odium, even to execration, for his public acts of robbery, fraud, deceit, oppression, even murder and violence may be charged against him. Yet his relatives and friends bear willing witness that the private side of his life is simply admirable. He is accused of these things, he admits their force, his conscience tells him that they are his, and he answers to it. It is necessary to class such an one among the hypocrites? Not unless he be a conscious deceiver. The atrophy may have gone so far that in relation to the public side of the man he may have lost all feeling, and stand for themselves. It is true, and yet the door of them may be recommended to mercy. In our private judgment, Custom, law, society, necessity, ambition, have all contributed to the partial blindness of the culprit. On the one side, then, pleads mercy for the man.

But for the public side danger lies in the setting up of this separate and diverse standard of right and wrong? The effects are every day and hour apparent. It is utterly wrong to steal from the individual—to organize and assist in corporate robbery and oppression within the limits. To defraud one's neighbor, to make a dishonest gain, to apply false balances in dealing with the Nation or the state can be done, and yet the doer expects to hold his self-respect. To multiply instances is needless. The public is no wiser or better than the individuals who compose it. For public scandals and disgrace, which today disgrace the community, are day's dispatches, depend on it that there is no remedy except in the awakening and recovery to sensitiveness of the public conscience. Fortunately, the process of atrophy is both very slow and is arrestable in early stages. And the best medicine for the community is in the influence of the awakened individual upon his fellows.

DISEASE IN PAPER MONEY. Congress has recently considered a bill to remove from circulation all counterfeit and dirty paper money. The bill no doubt will be revived at the next session. The bill is based on sanitary considerations that an intelligent legislative body can hardly ignore.

Dr. Thomas Darlington, Health Commissioner of the State of New York, has secured from an expert bacteriologist a statement concisely covering experiments in germ culture, with metal and paper money. The experiments showed that while disease-breeding possibilities of coins were small, a dirty bill was a prolific source of bacteria, and that this growth could be maintained for periods ranging from a few days to one month. As the Brooklyn Eagle says, there is "a well-defined increase of risk" when we come to handle material that has passed through the hands of a number of other New York citizens, and that the risk is increased enough to be able to spend \$50,000,000 in betterments for its Long Island service. This sum does not include \$16,000,000 which will be spent for a road to connect it with the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Unsuccessful applications to the Legislature for public money aggregated \$420,000. So it appears the taxpayers were not held up for all that they might have been. This is offered in the face of a \$2,625,000 appropriation bill, for what it is worth in the way of consolation to charity citizens throughout the state who are remitting diligently to raise their taxes against March 15, and thus save 3 per cent. It is evident that there has got to be saving somewhere, though the discouragement that attends the process of saving at the spot will waste goes on at the bung-hole long ago passed into a proverb.

Japan has no steel trust with arbitrary power permitting it to hold up the government for armor-plate or, anything else used in the construction of a warship. A dispatch from Tokyo denies the report that contracts would be let in Europe for four more battleships, and adds that Japan will in future construct all her vessels at home. The newest world power is well equipped with yards, shops, gun and armor foundries, and the people are strongly in favor of government construction.

General Oyama has proved himself a good fighter, but thus far he has failed to follow up his victories after the manner of the world's great military commanders. For this reason his victory over the Chinese, though a practical result, it may perhaps be expected, will be pushed the victory now gained or promised at Mukden until he forces his adversary to unconditional surrender.

Hops are wakening and sending forth shoots to peep at a 35-cent market. They have started to grow for with prices at that mark. The crop is six months distant, so that speculators with stocks under the roof can still view complacently the effort of the growing shoots to bring down the price.

Oregon statesmen are hurried when they burn their fetters; when they don't. Has it come to pass that they near availed not? Whence inherited the sphynx its wisdom? Could it be elected to office?

NOTE AND COMMENT. Now that the physicians have had a discussion on professional advertisements, how about the preachers, who do more advertising in a week than the doctors can hope to do in a year.

So the Beef Trust is one of the "good trusts." It is to be hoped that Commissioner Garfield's report will not be taken as an excuse to run up the price of beef another notch or two.

A visiting W. C. T. U. worker tells us there are only two home cities, Brussels and Portland. Come to Portland and make yourselves at home.

We warn the women's clubs that there will be an immediate reaction from the civic improvement movement if their members persist in speaking of the "City Beautiful."

Uster's "bloody hand" is being shaken in Premier Balfour's face.

What is a Fair without a strike.

"To Encourage Others." The editor of the Kurjer Codsmyy has been placed in jail for the sake of the moral effect of his arrest upon others—Warsaw dispatch.

Oh, why am I arrested? The editor, he cries. And his shears were rudely taken. And his paste-pot thrown aside. "In all my life there's not a deed I think to recollect," said the Cascah, "because you've done anything wrong—We pull you for effect."

"Oh, why am I arrested?" The beef trust magnate said, "I fell from mere to madrigal. To chopen beef and bread. In helping my competitors Fortune I have 'reeked.' "I quite agree with your opinion of your own disinterested motives," replied Commissioner Garfield, "but it's up to me. To pull you for effect."

"Arrest me!" cried a senator, "An outrage that, indeed, I serve my country solely. And conducted as my need. You'd smother a reputation. With virtue's laurel decked." "We'll have to go for to do it," said the grand juror, "but a weary smile, but we must. Do something for effect."

The Chair's "script" used up quite a lot of nice words, and may mean something good for the people. The explanatory diagram hasn't yet reached this country, so comment upon this typical paper must be deferred.

A Polish editor has been arrested for "moral effect." Arrest wouldn't have a very good effect upon an American's morals.

Next the Government will try to get the right dose on the drug trust.

Maybe Kuropatkin hopes to score a draw at the Tea Pass.

In a Chicago court a witness testified that his brother was crazy and had tried to kill himself by swallowing coal buttons. That was a hard thing to say about a brother. How did the witness know that the crazy man hadn't merely mistaken his mouth for a buttonhole?

Here is a poem that appears in the current number of the Century: MARCH THE EIGHTIETH. (To G. C.) The silent figure in Time's wide sea, The troubles of his people pondering; Heeding not scorn, nor hate, nor calumny, If he might—only do the best thing.

Now, as he journeys home his slow-trotting way. They speak his worth who once spoke naught but blame; His people praise the "magnifying" of his day, And cry the morrow to reverse his name. The key to the puzzle is found in the "G. C." As Grover Cleveland was born on March 18, the experienced solver of riddles at once knows that "G. C." means Grover Cleveland, especially when he sees something about a Fisher in the first line. Just who "his people" are is not clear, nor why they should "cry the morrow to reverse his name." Instead of revering it for themselves. But the verses are no doubt very fine.

"Clear Fears the Worst," says an exchange. From which it appears that familiarity doesn't breed contempt.

All the teachers who "got a raise" will now join with Superintendent Higler in signing "I Got Mine."

On the other hand, there's nothing instructive about roses or Mount Hood, while a billboard tells one something.

Burglars stole some smallpox blankets from the Butte pesthouse. Here's hoping they catch it from the police.

Kuropatkin's left wing is broken, but his legs appear to be working as well as ever.

Colonel Youngblood reports that he discovered in Tibet a breed of fowl called 2000 years old. Look out for Tibetans on your restaurant bill of fare.

In the Bloomington (Ill.) Panopticon the following letter appears: ELKHART, Ill.—(To the Editor.)—Your issue of Thursday contains in Elkhart correspondence the statement that Mrs. Trinkhaus and I are the parents of tripletts. Such is not the case; our family has not suffered as increase. DR. J. T. TRINKHAUS. Doctrine of Roosevelt! "Suffered" an increase!

A St. Patrick's day sham was recently taken in an Irish steam, according to a British paper. Spots on the fish were all in the shape of shamrocks, and the curious specimen attracted so much attention that it has been placed on exhibition in Manchester.

During a police raid, a New York gambler nearly choked to death as the result of trying to swallow incriminating racing sheets. The gambler wasn't wise; he should have given the sheets to one of his players; they must be able to swallow most anything.

The tax exemption law should be operated on for appendicitis.

It should not be forgotten that visitors to the Fair will remember the whiff of one garbage heap long after they have forgotten the fragrance of ten thousand roses.

Washington had the inaugural parade yesterday, to be sure, but then we had a parade of Uncle Tommies.

Benjamin Wise Wheeler joins the Oiler class by remarking that bachelors are bandits. Supposing they were, a bachelor has to sequester enough from the public for his own uses, whereas a married man must steal for a whole family.

An anti-corset bill is before the Wisconsin Legislature. If it should pass, there will be a rush for the office of inspector.

Green carnations are being grown in California. Is it another name for shamrocks?

WEXFORD JONES.