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HOW TO READ.
 The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays, and carries on its pages news, editorials and news columns of interest to the public.

For the full text of the Oregonian, please refer to the inside cover page.

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1905.

GUIDANCE IN READING.

The injunction, "Read Good Books," cannot be too often or too strongly impressed upon the minds of our youth, by those who have charge of their education. Parents can see to it and impress it, even better than the school-teacher; for the opportunity is better and the authority more sympathetic.

Among the first duties of parents is direction of the reading to be pursued by their children. The home is the place where books and reading can best be talked about. But the parents must take interest in it; and to this end it is necessary that they should know much of good books. For every member of the family, for every reader, there is some well-written book which one can enjoy if he will, and which may serve as an antidote to the noxious effects of the bad novels and trashy publications of the time. One of the great duties of the young is to direct their way to a literature that will be both entertaining at the moment and permanently useful throughout their lives.

It is a fact, however, that all-even many of good minds—cannot read Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon. Easy then may be made with Cowper, Longfellow, and Whittier. There are those who cannot read George Eliot, they may be encouraged to try Thackeray, Hawthorne or Charles Reade. It is assumed that if one can read Scott's novels, or the greater number of them; some half dozen at least of Cooper's novels, and the essays of Macaulay. For easy historical reading Prescott has no superior. The style is simple and lucid, and the narrative is excellently managed. By far the best of all sketches of English history for the English people—the longer work in four volumes, if possible—for the abridgment in one small volume is too short. It would not be possible to say too much in praise of the usefulness of this work to the young reader. The style is a model of simplicity and the narrative is so managed as to bring into view the leading epochs of a history out of which so much of our own life has sprung. An admirable little book, to read which is almost an education in English literature and history, is Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"—less than 300 pages, and yet a comprehensive and most entertaining survey.

These books and authors are mentioned but as samples or examples. The object is to point out the fact that there are excellent books in abundance that the young will read with relish and profit, if only guided to them.

"We have the authority of Emerson that the best rule of reading will be a method of Nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages." For this method, he continues, "holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany." Partly true, but not wholly so. It may serve for exceptional minds, but not for those which must be guided and assisted; and these are the vast majority. Emerson proceeds to say, further, that "perhaps the human mind would be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost—say in England all except Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon, through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds." This seems to us a most mistaken judgment. For there is a vast body of mind that could not be forced upon appreciative study of these great authors—do what we might to force it—yet can well appreciate and profit by other "secondary" writers, indeed, and even lower, yet very good, very entertaining and very valuable.

Emerson then offers three practical rules, to-wit: (1) Never read any book that is not a year old. (2) Never read any but a famed book. (3) Never read any but what you like. The first two of these rules may be passed without much dissent. The last one holds much error; for there are books—best books—just one must read, though he may not like them, at the beginning. In history, literature and science there are

many things that must be "rubbed out," under taskmasters. Part of the effect is stimulation of the indolent mind to activity; part of it the acquisition of necessary knowledge. Undoubtedly much time is wasted in dawdling and dropping over books that one and another never can understand; but the possible gain is worth the effort.

As to light and ephemeral publications, one thing we may be sure of, namely, that enough of them always will be read. Such publications seem destined to appear indeed in constantly increasing numbers, and to be read more and more; for as time goes on people take more and more interest in the world they live in. They will read today's newspaper, however poor may be its matter, because it has the breath of today's life in it. They will give their attention more readily to a clever story in the latest magazine than to Jane Austen's "Emma" or "Persuasion," because the atmosphere of those tales is not, and that of the new story is, their own atmosphere. In spite of all denunciation of the ephemeral stuff which comes from the press today, in greater quantities than ever before, it is better, we firmly believe, to read this matter—if it be decent—than not to read at all. But what is wanted is increasing effort to direct the young mind into channels of more profitable reading. Such effort in the household, where it should mainly be employed, is too generally neglected.

MISUSE OF INSURANCE FUNDS.

To an onlooker there is something grotesque in the condition of affairs in the insurance world, now filling every newspaper in the United States. As a hobby of the field, toiling not for spinning, Mr. James H. Hyde, son of the founder of one of the great life insurance corporations, could have basked in the sunshine of the living day. Probably neither policy-holders nor agents would have raised any question as to his right to enjoy unlimited dividends on his limit, or to draw at will to the end of his life. Unfettered as to his means, it seems to have occurred to him that he had talents as a president, as a speculator, as an "underwriter," which it would be sinful to keep buried. Considering the atmosphere in which he was born and raised, he may be partly excused for the theory on which he has lived and operated for a few short years, and in the meantime to have "our," and then "my," estate, his sense of proprietorship in it all, office, agents, funds, speculations, investments, betrays itself in every manifesto, or receipt he has been ill-adviced enough to publish. The worst of it is that even now, when the policy-holders are in arms to protect themselves against him and his following, they should be so much fighting ground, he should be called an intruder through the wiles of the shrewdest lawyers in the land.

Does the Equitable believe in the policy-holders, whose hard-earned premiums have created the mighty volume of its assets, or to Mr. Hyde, and the rest of the stock-holders, who represent, by inheritance or by purchase, the trivial sum invested in the original capital on the part of the founders? The answer is clear. If it be given by the policy-holders that the structure as it stands today is theirs to direct and control, may not a question be raised as to how far rights of present policy-holders may date back to a time before the entrance of each or any one of them into contact relations with the corporation? Was it not by the surplus store of money brought to this hive by generations of workers now dead and gone, each carrying home more than he could individually claim or use, that this vast reserve of sweetness has been accumulated? May it not be that the stock-holders will present evidence that all dead policy-holders' claims have been met, that all present policy-holders' claims in prospect are more than amply provided for, and that therefore the question of their rights is settled, and we hear of his the legitimate property of these present representatives of the founders of the last generation? Were it possible to go back in the records of the office to past years, and by labor unbounded and account-keeping skill unparalleled, determine how and when the surplus over each year's due demands grew, to whose credit should such prospective pickings for the Deeps and Chutes and who are gathered for the fray? It is to be regretted that it is not possible for some arbitration to be vested with unlimited confidence and unlimited power to cut through this tangle and lay down the principles of what should be a final decree. Some things he would surely do. Every dollar proved to have been made by present holders, directly or indirectly, by use of the society's funds, as either buyer or seller of securities or property, would be ordered repaid with interest. Trustees have no business to profit by secret and illegitimate use of trust funds. Publicity and prompt repatriation would be the lightest punishments. Next the statutes of a broken law would be entered against every one of these offenders would be evicted from the office he had disgraced and disqualified from future opportunities of wrongdoing. Were it urged in their defense that in spite of the sums they had gained by their unlawful trading with trust money, the corpus of their trust was intact and the obligations to the assured provided for, would it not be answered that such replies showed that they either evaded or were blind to the real gravamen of the charge? Were it said in their behalf that they bore unassisted names, that they were capable and experienced managers, that the essential interests of the corporation they served were always deemed safe in their hands, and that public confidence had followed and remarked their management, what then? The crushing answer would be: The worst for you. Such conditions resulted in opportunities for secret and unlimited self-enrichment. In using your trusteeship and the facilities it gave you to fill your own pockets—there is both the essential and the statutory wrong.

It is a big storm. Electricity is vibrating and sparkling in the air. If it yet blows over, so much the worse for the Nation. In these affairs the readjustment of the entire atmosphere is of the first necessity. The laws governing these institutions are not at fault. In the State of New York in particular investments of insurance funds are prescribed and carefully guarded. That the directors should interpose a personal profit between the accumulation and use seems not to have been foreseen. If this pernicious practice be now ended for good and all in cases of the Equitable and its rivals, the good example

of the utility of much of what passes for remedial measures. The surprise of this criticism of "much that passes for treatment" is in the publicity given it by a medical journal of accredited authority.

A PARTY'S FUTURE.

It is a curious manifestation of the workings of the Democratic mind that Thomas Jefferson is the popular fountain-head of all varieties of true Democratic doctrine. Jefferson has been dead nearly eighty years. He never heard or dreamed of many things now embodied in the incongruous Bryan and Parker philosophies. He was an individualist, an expansionist, a protectionist, an anti-Federalist, a radical and a conservative, a decentralizationist and a sound-money advocate. Bryan is a "radical," but nothing else that Jeffersonians provoked a very spirited show of resentment from Professor Edmond S. Meany, of the State University, who is remarkably well versed in Washington history. Yet Meany's attempted elimination of Lesch from the ranks of martyrs will prove distasteful to many who are unfamiliar with either side of the controversy. In literary circles of the East, where the book trade finds its markets, much liberty with facts can be excused if a halo of romance can be suspended over the head of some made-to-order hero.

And perhaps, after all, this "poet's license" is permissible to a degree, if administered in medium-sized doses, for it has added much to the interest in fact to the value of history of the Pacific Northwest. Errors of judgment or plain, ordinary "guesswork" might excuse some of our earlier historical romances. For example: Apollonios Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, sailed into the straits which bear his name de plume in 1592, and wandered back to Venice four years later with a wonderful story that he had discovered the mythical "Straits of Anian," the fabled Northwest passage, supposed to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. Had the Great Navigator, as he is called, reported that he sailed north to about latitude 48, and then entered a broad inlet in which he beat around for many days, he would have made a fairly accurate report of what actually happened.

But Juan de Fuca gilded his gold by stating that this inlet in which he beat about for twenty days was the Pacific Ocean, and that he had seen the far-off shores of the continent of America. It made a pleasing story, but it cost Spain blood and treasure whenever in after years she attempted to verify it. Coming down to more recent chronicles, we find the late Washington Irving drawing the long bow in his delightful story of the early settlement of the Lower Columbia. There was nothing prosaic about the ill-fated Astor enterprise, and the history of the Northwest has introduced any number of fancy and romance. Another case of romantic garbling of history was that in which the Eastern whippers of heroes and martyrs assert "Whitman saved Oregon." Whitman was a good man, and his work with the pioneers of the Oregon territory won him a lasting place in history. But his great ride across the continent, which formed the groundwork for Mr. Meany's romance that he saved Oregon, was a feat in which nothing of importance was accomplished for Oregon, and no real history was made. "How Whitman Saved Oregon" has supplied the theme for many a thrilling song and story, but there really is but little more truth in the story than in that of "How Juan de Fuca Discovered the Northwest Passage."

Of course, the attempt of Mr. Meany to place Lesch in the ranks of the martyrs is not in the same class as some of these earlier historical romances, for there are still living witnesses who can testify on both sides of the present controversy. For the student who will read history only if it is sufficiently colorful to make it interesting, preference will be given Mr. Meany's romance that he saved Oregon, and an unwilling patriot whose place in history is secure, but he was not a martyr, and to a certain class of readers an Indian martyr is a more interesting character than a white patriot.

Civilization has moved up west past the era where tradition and "hearsay" jangled and tangled our early history, and has eliminated much of the fiction, romance and poetry which cast a glamor over many of the happenings of the old days, and, if restrictions were placed on the operations of historical romancers, literature might suffer; but from now on history and romance must travel separate paths. With the modern newspaper battling the people minute details of a battle that is being fought ten thousand miles away, and getting on before them while the conflict is still raging, the facilities for recording history are certainly perfected to a stage where our descendants will not be bothered by any questionable points produced by mixing historical history with romantic romance.

THE BABY HOME AND ITS WORK.

Dedication of the new Baby Home building, in the Waverly tract, yesterday, was the culmination of years of heroic and unselfish work. A group of a few faithful workers, the generous benefactions of a number of friends of humanity who have gone hence, and the timely gifts of many citizens to this most tender charity.

The purpose of this organization is briefly and simply expressed in its name. There is no ambiguity of meaning in the two words "Baby Home." It does not require the play of the imagination to interpret the purpose of an organization thus named. Through the Baby Home, in the decade and a half of its existence, several hundred infants have passed from the early weeks or months of human helplessness on through sheltered babyhood and happy early childhood into homes secured for them by officers of the institution, through the public schools, and as now on the verge of useful manhood and womanhood.

The work is a beneficent one. Orphaned, or worse than orphaned, babies represent human life in its most helpless and pitiful aspect. There have been, since it was first opened in narrow, unsuitable, inconvenient quarters, infants whose mothers died at their birth and whose fathers, with the helplessness of poor men thus situated, turned to that institution as a veritable home of refuge for their motherless babes; infants whose mothers had been cruelly deserted by the fathers of their babes, and who welcomed the Baby Home as a place in which they could leave their helpless ones while they went out to work or on some legal errand, and in the world was not questioned, but both of whose parents had

passed from earth; infants worse than orphaned, whose parents had "jagged apart" and left them without their birthright of home and love; and, now and then, an infant has been left upon the doorstep of the Baby Home, its abandonment thus suggesting the shadow of shame that darkened its entrance into life. Of these classes of homeless infants, those of cruelly deserted mothers have been perhaps the most frequent inmates of the Baby Home; next in number come those, one or both of whose parents have died. The last class above enumerated has been the smallest one passed through the institution to the care of foster parents.

This briefly outlines the work of the Baby Home through many strenuous years. For obvious reasons the real work of the institution, its manifold details, its far-reaching influence upon the lives of its wards, its usefulness to the community and the state, must forever remain unwritten. All thoughtful, observant people must acknowledge its value in these ways that cannot be recorded or enumerated. To such of these whose attention has been called to the matter, the long-needed equipment for the work in hand, as presented in the new Baby Home building, will be gratifying.

May wheat continued in its downward course yesterday, making the most sensational drop of the season, the close being an even 10 cents per bushel lower than the close on the previous day. There is still an opportunity for some "drawworks" in the July option, but the time is short for pulling the wreck of the May deal together, and there is strong probability that the cereal will be permitted to stand on its merits, which are based on the law of supply and demand, until some other manipulator takes hold of the market. The work of the bullish operators in Chicago was highly beneficial to the farmers of Oregon and Washington, for this season at least. Had the big crop harvest been forced to seek the usual channels to market in Europe, the price received would have been from 10 cents to 20 cents per bushel less than was realized on the stock that was shipped East by rail. Taking one year with another, however, nothing is gained by the unnatural forcing of the market up or down, and a return to legitimate conditions will not be unwelcome.

The late Democratic victory in Chicago acted as a tonic to the drooping spirits of William J. Bryan. The effect was to loosen the long-bounded tongue of the quadrennial Presidential candidate and make it give forth gleeful sounds. Its effects were so exhilarating that the Democratic statesman even went beyond himself and declared President Roosevelt entitled to the moral and substantial support of the people. He, however, sagely remarked that it is far ahead to tell anything about the men or issues of 1908. He is wise at least in keeping his hopes in abeyance and his thoughts to himself in regard to the next Presidential campaign. The present is not a good time to air them.

Joseph Jefferson, beloved of thousands, is on the farther verge of life. Family and friends hope that the shadow of death now hovering over the aged actor may pass for a time, but nothing farther than this is in the line of human expectation. The world outside the home where he lies, feverishly waiting for a brief tenure of life, or quietly awaiting the approach of kind Nature's messenger of release, can only wait reverently the announcement that sooner or later must tell of his passing.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company has christened its new liner "America." If there's anything in a name, she ought to make the marvelous Deutschland look like a canal-boat when the speed contest is considered. The dimensions of the America indicate that "big" steamers are still popular in the Atlantic trade. The vessel is of 22,500 tons register, with a cargo capacity of 16,000 tons and accommodations for 4000 passengers and crew.

Nearly 10,000 foreigners came into New York on four steamers Friday, and the record for the month to that date was well in excess of 60,000. If this business is maintained at its present proportions, the increasing demand for labor will be insufficient to take care of the supply. History repeats, and some of the men who are now striking for higher wages may be striking for work in the not far distant future.

"Where has the money gone?" asks an investor who is suing Thomas W. Lawson. The question is as old as horserading, but it has echoed down the ages without eliciting a satisfactory answer. As well ask where Spring goes, or youth, or the old moons, or pins, or much-needed collar buttons. They all go, just go, no man knows where.

They say at Chicago that the politicians are forcing "municipal ownership" are of the same gang that gave away, corruptly "granted," all the franchises. Now they are engineering the scheme to buy everything back, at enormous cost to the city—proffing themselves by the transactions both ways.

Let not the brother who got pinched on the great wheat deal at Chicago "squel." Nobody will sympathize with him. "Ay, 'tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look upon the poor and broken bankrupt there?"

So many liquor saloons ought not to have been licensed near the entrance of the Exposition. Indeed, none at all. It is no pleasant impression that visitors will have from running the gauntlet of the liquor shops.

Roosevelt has been already suggested as a candidate for the Mayorship of New York in 1910, so that it looks as if he will soon have few dates vacant between this and the end of the century.

It is obviously one thing for France to issue orders for the Russian fleet to leave French territorial waters, and another for the Russians to leave.

Public opinion is a failure as umpire in the Rostevsky-Togo game.

The Igorrotes wear the original peek-a-boo costumes.

The wheat gatas to have cornered Mr. John W. Gates.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Young Mr. Hyde, of the Equitable, can write letters about as well as Thomas W. Lawson.

Neutrality is something that a big nation may, and a small nation must keep.

Colonel Bill Greene is going hunting in Old Mexico. His quarry will not be Lawson this time.

She was a fat little girl, and she went into a local store to get a pair of shoes. "You're a fat girl, aren't you?" said the salesman. "You shouldn't eat so much." "What difference does that make?" replied the little girl. "The food doesn't go into my legs."

In Their Easter Eggs.

Rostevsky; Togo.
 Roosevelt; Grazilles, coyotes, rabbits, bobcats, etc.
 Taft; Anti-fat.
 The Caar; A bomb.
 The moujik; A yolk.
 James H. Hyde; Alabander.
 McCredie; Angelle scalps.

Inside of an egg is the yolk.
 And in this is a bit of a joke.
 "For if yolk were applied you." Some would laugh till they'd choke. And their pals the poor punster would soak.

Some women are so distinguished that they needn't wear a new hat today; others are so broke they can't.

The grand jury in Chicago is investigating the manufacture of sausages. Here, Fibs!

Dear old Tommy Lawson, of Boston, is not dead yet. On the contrary, he is very much alive, and waits anxiously for Panicle that will smash up most everything organic and Morganic.

It is strange that some enterprising correspondent does not hove over President Roosevelt's hunting grounds in a balloon.

Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, was 96 last Wednesday, but he refuses to die, although the New York Aldermen have voted him a public funeral which he will accept. With such an inducement one would expect a rash for the tomb.

A Chicago girl, who worked in a drugstore, has sued her employer for \$1000 damages, because he hugged her. It seems grasping to ask money from a man who merely took an obvious way of expressing appreciation of his clerk's attention to duty.

The Garden of Eden from the top of the apple tree wasn't a marker to the garden of millinery as seen from the pulpit.

Lawson has bottled over again.

Now that there is a fashion of painting telegraph poles, and so forth, some one might put a coat of paint on the two Igorrote chiefs who are in Portland.

Almost time for the "Is-it-hot-enough-for-you" man.

Probably the artful plan of having the heavy character see the hero's little collection of books and thereby judge his character will be abandoned. The two or three recent magazine stories the good old scheme is freely used. Up in the mountain cabin one finds a tattered dog, a mount-thumbed Shelley and a dog-eared Milton, mixed up with a Complete Tandyerist, a Manual of Poker and Lumbago on Depraved Noses.

The President is even stopping to say "bully."

What is wanted at Kamranh Bay is a cop to sing out "Step lively" to Rostevsky.

Perhaps if the lilies telled and span they might hope to compete with the hair.

The Igorrotes were having their suits pressed when they were photographed.

France is being as neutral as she can be without being neutral.

Philadelphia wants to be the resting-place of John Paul Jones. Very proper.

Rider Haggard discovered that this is a big country, and that's something.

WEX. J.

Municipal Ownership.

Astoria Daily News.

By electing Justice Dunne Mayor of Chicago that city does not seem to be making the biggest experiment as yet made in the United States of municipal ownership of "public utilities," by purchasing and operating the street railways. Should the experiment be a success there will be a tremendous increase in the demand for Government ownership of railroads. Should it fail Socialism will receive a deathblow in this country.

Because municipal ownership of railroads works well in Glasgow and Manchester, England, is not a sufficient reason for predicting it will work well in Chicago or other American cities. A gentleman who has great reputation as a careful investigator of things he writes about, recently wrote:

"Glasgow is said to be the best governed city in the world. The game is played for Manchester, England. They are well governed, these cities of the old world, because there is no 'graft' in their municipal government. The town of Glasgow is run on the same basis or principle that the Bank of Glasgow is run. Over there a hobo has no more voice in the city government than he has in the deliberations of the board of directors of the Glasgow savings bank on the Clyde. Here the vote of the most miserable wharf rat of the East Side weighs as much as the vote of Astor, who pays taxes on 10,000 or more houses. As long as the franchise is chosen by universal suffrage, municipal ownership will be worse than lunacy; it will be idiotic. Municipal ownership will succeed when our affairs are run exactly like a bank—by the men who own the city. Municipal ownership will be a failure as long as there is politics in a city election, no matter how radically you circumscribe the restrictions. There is no more legitimate place for politics in a city election than there is in a church government."

Seattle Daily Times.

A few weekly publications in the Pacific Northwest, and a very few daily publications without news services, are quite disgusted because the publishers of the Seattle Daily and Sunday Times do not furnish them with copies of the paper and do not pay them for the same. The publishers of the Seattle Daily and Sunday Times gratuitously send out the paper to the subscribers of the Times, but as it is an insignificant publication up at Blaine being the last. If these fellows can give a logical reason for a contribution of \$7.50 per annum respectively by the publishers of the Times, then such publishers will consider with care and fairness whether these small publishers shall be put upon the Times' charity list. But until some reason is shown why such contribution should be made—and for the simple reason that these publications depend upon the gate duties for nine-tenths of their circulation—information for which said dailies pay very heavy toll.

THE TROUBLES OF A TRUST.

"I'll have the law on ye," shouts the outraged yeoman at the retreating form of the trespassing hunter who has torn down the pasture fence or left the gate open.

"I'll have the law on ye," is the final threat of the small operator when he has been fenced in, locked in or frozen out by his stronger neighbors. Since memory runs there have been laws made and provided for redress of the former, and just now there is a more or less concerted effort to back up the latter in his violent threat. No less puissant authority than the United States Supreme Court once upon a time, some years since, placed a ban upon what it was pleased to term "unlawful combinations in restraint of trade." Since then the wisdom of many magistrates has been invoked to the end that the meaning of this sounding phrase might be made clear and such "combinations in restraint of trade" be brought to book. It has been a Herculean task and only recently has the effort begun to touch upon the edge of success.

An intangible something, conveniently known as a trust, variously in oil or beef or railroads, has met the unhappy fortune of microscopic scrutiny by courts and Legislatures. Bacon and kerosene and freight rates (touch most of us intimately, and it was but natural that they should come first to the attention of the legislature) attracted the large majority of the public interest, as a commodity which has an important market interest to the majority of Americans is theoretical entertainment; and the large majority of the public interest in the law on the subject, theatrical trust. In view of the disclosures brought about by the suit of Mr. Belasco against the firm of Klaw & Erlanger it seems pertinent to say more in this connection.

There was a period in the history of the modern drama when theatrical entertainments were given in the public highway, the thoroughfares, or the large streets. Gradually established playhouses developed, crude enough in the beginning, but making possible our present theaters and an organized business of theatrical entertainment. The story of the trend toward the present theatrical trust reads very much as the romance which begins with the smith's little shop under the spreading tree, and ends with the steel trust and its mighty mills. The giving of plays and the welding of steel and the selling of oil became profitable. Those men who engaged themselves in the employment of workers and the employment of workers in the employment of workers. They sought to restrict its profit-sharing to a few of the best of them and they were not over particular as to the methods of such restriction. They succeeded in their aim, and so the Standard Oil, United States Steel and Klaw & Erlanger.

Individual effort was discouraged and those who had the temerity to attempt the production of steel, the refining of oil or the production of plays independently of these trusts were marked for destruction. Little more than a decade ago, Klaw and Erlanger were as helpless and unknown. They raked together a few hundreds of dollars and started an obscure theatrical booking agency. Their business was to supply "prominent" managers with attractions for their "certain commission to themselves. They proved tricky, for it was in the golden days of theatrical profits in America. Gradually the limits of their activity were extended. They bought and built theaters, a few. They made playwrites and actors in considerable numbers, but mostly they relied on their "five per cent" to fill their coffers.

They incorporated in syndicate and took such representative managers and producers as Hayman and the Frohman into their circle of associates. They needed friendly offices and assets. There were, notably David Belasco and Harrison Grey Fiske, who did not become a part of the system, other than a choice or lack of opportunity, and these outlanders proceeded to transact their business in their own way and without the aid or consent of the trust. Foreign to the trust, a constant effort on the Klaw-Erlanger part was commenced to punish the "Independents." The trust magnates publicly announced on one occasion that they would "crush" these "Independents" in 90 days. They came near doing it. Other Independent managers were starved out or forced to enter the service of the trust in the capacities of One by one they failed or fell inside the trust breast-works, until David Belasco and Fiske stood practically alone. They were center of criticism in the theatrical world, and he has been holding his own against terrific odds. It is more than two years since the doom of Belasco was pronounced, and he is still in the line. In fact, it is said to be enjoying the greatest degree of prosperity in the history of his career. After being driven almost to the wall, he is now upon the verge of making life something of a burden for the smug gentlemen who have fattened for many full years on the "five per cent."

The past season has been a profitable one for Belasco and Fiske and a disastrous one for Klaw & Erlanger. To crown the sorrows of the latter, they have been forced into court by the Independent managers and are daily being asked unpleasant questions about their methods. They have even been subjected to the humiliation of showing their books to the court, and, as the present matters seem growing worse. The present cause of action against them is some \$5000 alleged to have been wrongfully taken by them out of the profits of one of Mr. Belasco's productions, the \$50,000 having been their "per cent" for permitting Mr. Belasco to present his play to the American public.

To make matters worse for Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger they are threatened with dissentors within the syndicate. Charles Fernald, who among was wont to figure in large type on the "three sheets" as "presenting" most of the lucrative New York successes, does not relish being overshadowed, and he has shown a disposition to show his teeth. The weather forecast for the Rialto is for squalls and thunder storms. Belasco may not be able to bust the trust, but all signs indicate that he will shortly bring down the curtain of the trust, and the matter will be settled through the mutiny of its crew.

Bitoo, Ditto, Ditto.

Seattle Daily Times.

A few weekly publications in the Pacific Northwest, and a very few daily publications without news services, are quite disgusted because the publishers of the Seattle Daily and Sunday Times do not furnish them with copies of the paper and do not pay them for the same. The publishers of the Seattle Daily and Sunday Times gratuitously send out the paper to the subscribers of the Times, but as it is an insignificant publication up at Blaine being the last. If these fellows can give a logical reason for a contribution of \$7.50 per annum respectively by the publishers of the Times, then such publishers will consider with care and fairness whether these small publishers shall be put upon the Times' charity list. But until some reason is shown why such contribution should be made—and for the simple reason that these publications depend upon the gate duties for nine-tenths of their circulation—information for which said dailies pay very heavy toll.

Roosevelt has been already suggested as a candidate for the Mayorship of New York in 1910, so that it looks as if he will soon have few dates vacant between this and the end of the century.

It is obviously one thing for France to issue orders for the Russian fleet to leave French territorial waters, and another for the Russians to leave.

Public opinion is a failure as umpire in the Rostevsky-Togo game.

The Igorrotes wear the original peek-a-boo costumes.

The wheat gatas to have cornered Mr. John W. Gates.

Municipal Ownership.

Astoria Daily News.

By electing Justice Dunne Mayor of Chicago that city does not seem to be making the biggest experiment as yet made in the United States of municipal ownership of "public utilities," by purchasing and operating the street railways. Should the experiment be a success there will be a tremendous increase in the demand for Government ownership of railroads. Should it fail Socialism will receive a deathblow in this country.

Because municipal ownership of railroads works well in Glasgow and Manchester, England, is not a sufficient reason for predicting it will work well in Chicago or other American cities. A gentleman who has great reputation as a careful investigator of things he writes about, recently wrote:

"Glasgow is said to be the best governed city in the world. The game is played for Manchester, England. They are well governed, these cities of the old world, because there is no 'graft' in their municipal government. The town of Glasgow is run on the same basis or principle that the Bank of Glasgow is run. Over there a hobo has no more voice in the city government than he has in the deliberations of the board of directors of the Glasgow savings bank on the Clyde. Here the vote of the most miserable wharf rat of the East Side weighs as much as the vote of Astor, who pays taxes on 10,000 or more houses. As long as the franchise is chosen by universal suffrage, municipal ownership will be worse than lunacy; it will be idiotic. Municipal ownership will succeed when our affairs are run exactly like a bank—by the men who own the city. Municipal ownership will be a failure as long as there is politics in a city election, no matter how radically you circumscribe the restrictions. There is no more legitimate place for politics in a city election than there is in a church government."

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"Where has the money gone?" asks an investor who is suing Thomas W. Lawson. The question is as old as horserading, but it has echoed down the ages without eliciting a satisfactory answer. As well ask where Spring goes, or youth, or the old moons, or pins, or much-needed collar buttons. They all go, just go, no man knows where.

They say at Chicago that the politicians are forcing "municipal ownership" are of the same gang that gave away, corruptly "granted," all the franchises. Now they are engineering the scheme to buy everything back, at enormous cost to the city—proffing themselves by the transactions both ways.

Let not the brother who got pinched on the great wheat deal at Chicago "squel." Nobody will sympathize with him. "Ay, 'tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look upon the poor and broken bankrupt there?"

So many liquor saloons ought not to have been licensed near the entrance of the Exposition. Indeed, none at all. It is no pleasant impression that visitors will have from running the gauntlet of the liquor shops.

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