The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Poytland, Or., as Second-Class Matter. SUBSCRIPTION BATES. EF INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. TI

(By Mail or Express.) DAILY, SUNDAY INCLUDED. hree months ... me month
belivered by carrier, per year.

belivered by carrier, per month
see time, per week
unday, one year
Veekly, one year (Issued Thursday). Eunday and Weekly one Year. 3.50

HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffies money crided, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency ate at the sender's risk.

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Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House, Pennsylvania avenue. PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1906

INDIVIDUAL AND AGGREGATE.

Among several other persons of emi-nent renown, Dr. David Starr Jordan was requested by The Independent to tell what seemed to him the best way to spend the Sage millions in charity He replied in a letter whose magis terial pomp and assured dogmatism were characteristic of the pedagogue He begins with a curious distinction between what contributes to the "happiness or force of individuals" and what contributes toward the "aggregate wellbeing of society.

Philanthropy, he says, is the love of men; and this love shows itself in practice by doing something either for the happiness of individuals or for the wellbeing of society. Now the point we wish to make is that there is no difference, and there can be no difference, between the happiness of indi-viduals and the wellbeing of society. The basic distinction which Dr. Jordan starts out with, like so much of the reasoning of men trained in the pseudologic of Herbert Spencer, is purely il-One may admit, of course, that the wellbeing of an individual may e a detriment to his fellow-men Every grant of special privilege, whether of a franchise in the streets of tariff bounty, is in essence a theft from the community; and, while it makes a few individuals flourish, it impoverishes the mass. This is evident enough; but how shall we have wellbeing in society as a whole without happiness in the individuals which ompose it? How can we speak of a flourishing society the mass of whose units are miserable?

Toward the close of his letter Dr. Jordan contradicts his own distinction and admits that the good of the whole ultimately resolves itself into the good of individuals; though in the middle paragraph he says that the efforts spent on individuals are "of the lowest What he really wishes importance." to say is that the best use to make of the Sage millions is to found a univer sity with them; but your true Spencerite can never express a simple thought in plain words. A certain pomp of language is essential to his repose of A university, he thinks, would husband the principal and spend only the income, thus making the gift perpetual; while, if spent on individual cases of need, it would soon be gone. This is true enough, of course. But whom does a university benefit if not social aggregate by influencing stu-

dents one by one. The fallacy that we can have a flourishing aggregate with miserable

individuals composing it is not peculiar to Dr. Jordan. It is one of the most common in the world, and most pernicious. Thus, some Oregon poli-tician, whom not one in a thousand if the inhabitants of the state ever heard of, gets an appointment in Alaska or the Philippines, and we hear the Jubilant cry that "Oregon has the What man, woman or child is the better for it? The only genuine way to give Oregon a plum is to do something for the individual inhabitants. To select a certain person and heap favors upon him wrongs the masses more often than it benefits them. The petty politicians of all sorts use the fallacy for their own benefit. When some locality revolts against boss rule, the astute master of statecraft chooses a man from the rebelliou quarter and puts him in office. This instantly calms the unrest, for the penple have received a favor. What favor? What does any one of them get out of it?

France under Louis XIV contained some millions of starving cerfs and perhaps two hundred thousand rich and happy priests and nobles. The world spoke then of the glory and happiness of France. Of course, if we ignove the great majority of its inhabitants, France was happy. In the same way the prohibitive tariff makes America prosperous. It makes certain specially privileged individuals prosperous at the expense of the rest. In state, if he was happy the state was happy, though at the same time half the population might have been starying, and all of them besotted in ignorance. When the state came to mean the aggregate of its noble and wealthy owners, then their happiness was the only thing worth considering Under the plutocracy which hopes to control this country, the sole object of solicitude will be the profits that can extorted from the people. these profits are large the Nation will be happy; when they run short it will miserable. What may happen to the populace will be of no more consequence than the fortunes of the wheels in the machinery. The plutocracy cares not so much for the welfare of the people as the Greeks did for their slaves; not half so much as a miller

does for his milistone. There is no such thing as National wellbeing without wellbeing among the units of the Nation. The prosperity of lother, her unpaid service heing taken forming for us a service which, by Mr. I ure in this city for some weeks. They morning. While the Vice-President is It's the same old Russia.

selected individuals is no criterion to judge by. The only squestion worth asking is, "What is the condition of the lowest stratum?" For the lowest stratum comprises invariably the enormous majority of the human beings in the commonwealth. This is sound American doctrine. The founders of the Republic admitted no National prosperity apart from the equal prosperity of the inhabitants. They templated no class which should fatten on privilege while the common herd devoured the wind and adored the glorious state of their superiors. The keynote of Americanism is individuality, and individuality implies equality of opportunity and the equal enjoyment of public betterments. The true American talks not of the "social aggregate," but of the independent, live What is happening to John Smith? is the question which lies at the root of American institutions. We have learned to delude ourselves with pretentious talk of what America is doing and what show America is makthe world, forgetting that America is no more than the mass of rejoicing or sorrowing Americans, The tendency of modern politics and philanthropy is to reach the individual, ignoring that valu myth which Spencerians call "the aggregate," and the tendency is thoroughly democratic and

PORTLAND AND A 40-FOOT CHANNEL. Is Portland honestly in favor of a 40-foot hannel from the sea to the riverside of the umbia bar? That is the question we wan We want an answer that will stand in the record of her future dealings with this vital issue, minus all sophistry and double-dealing and narrow prejudices. That's what we want.-Morning Astorian.

It is not important that the question should be answered, but The Oregonian will answer, for the thousandth time, without equivocation or frills of any sort, that Portland is in favor of a 40-foot channel, or a deeper channel at the entrance of the Columbia. Portland always has been for an unob structed channel at the mouth of the river. It is vital to the city's commerce. It is not easy to understand why the Astoria papers persist, and have persisted through the years, in printing the dishonest nonsense about Portland's hostility to bar improvement, except on the theory that the silly season lasts the year round for Astoria journalism, and Astoria papers count that day lost on which they cannot invent and publish some new falsehood to the detriment of Portland. It does no particular harm, perhaps, except to the newspapers themselves, for everybody in Astoria knows better, and looks for the truth, not in the Asteria papers, but in The Oregonian.

The labor of opening up the Columbia River, and keeping it open, has been done chiefly by Portland, through work in Congress by members of the delegation from this city, by the expenditure of large sums of its own money, and by constant vigilance and ceaseless effort, of every kind. This is not to deny to Senator Fulton credit for all the excellent work he has done. is doing, and will do; but it is to say the thing that ought to be said for Portland. Portland has done much from its own means for the Columbia, What has Astoria done?

THE OLD MAID. "The Single Woman's Problem" has lately been discussed in the American Magazine with the zest and energy that is characteristic of any condition of modern life that reaches the status of a "problem." In officiousness and gratuitous advice, this discussion rivals that which has been frequently raised by the similarly officious but restricted question, shall we do with our ex-Presidente?" Up one side and down another, the question has been discussed, now with scintillations of wit, as when Charlotte Perkins Gilman enters the lists; again with old-fashioned prosing. as when Mrs. L. H. Harris that "It is better to be a good mother than to be a great artist, or a great musician, or a great anything else"; and yet again when, with plain, comsense Dorothy Canfield declares that "the only thing to do is to accept things as they are, recognize the fact that, rightly or wrongly, society has in which both fishermen and canners directed its course toward some unknown new phase of woman's life, and to strive mightily and intelligently as we may to make the movement pro ductive of as much good and as little suffering as may be during the very trying period of transition from one set of standards to another."

It is in vain, however, that Mrs. Harris-a protected, sheltered woman, who sees no reason why every woman is not sheltered and protected-recalls the old days wherein there was no "woman problem" outside of marrying early and accepting submissively what followed; that Dorothy Canfield asserts that civilization is but a steady struggle against human nature: that Mrs. Gilman declares that it is high time that parents learned to estimate rightly their duty to their daughters by helping them establish themselves strongly in life while yet the parents are there to help and direct, to the end that they may not come to the estate of "elderly orphanage," a position at once pathetic and ridiculous. "problem" remains unsolved except as strong, earnest women inject into it their own individuality, their own definiteness of purpose, and reach conclusions satisfactory at least to them-

selves. The "old maid" of other days was not, as has been intimated, without a problem to soive. Many a one of her class, like the malden aunt in Whittier's "Winter Tale,"

Found peace in love's unseifishne and took meekly her lot of shifted about from place to place, wherever the spirit of selfishness called her to service. Her problem existed, though no statement of its equations appeared, and its solution was simply proclaimed over a closed cofthe days when the monarch was the fin in the words, "She hath done what state, if he was happy the state was she could." Day after day, year after year, the "old maid" worked sliently, patiently, upon the problem of life as it came to her, eating perhaps of the grudged bounty of relatives, and faithful and loyal to the end.

There are no "old malds" todayblessed bo enlightenment-and, single woman, unless she is a luckless "left over" from a long-past generation of which she is the sole survivor. is able to solve the problem of home and maintenance without accepting assistance, grudgingly offered. She does not scurry about in scrimped, rusty to the band of patriots who need the raiment, responding now to a call in the family of a sister too poor to hire help, whose nine children are down with the measles, with the threatened ed to Griscom, Morgan, Rockefeller complication of whooping cough; or et al.; but that is the natural inferagain making the rounds of the neigh-borhood in which typhold fever has as correct, which, in view of his other become epidemic, "sitting up" now statements, may be an unwarranted with one patient and now with an- assumption, the foreigners are per-

as quite a matter of course, "because

she has no family of her own." Not in such cringing servitude does the single woman of today work upon the problem of her existence. It never curs to her that she has no place in the world, or that she has missed her vocation in life because she did not see fit to accept an offer of marriage that did not appeal to her as desirable. She goes upon the principle stated by Mrs. Gilman that "the first duty of the individual is to serve humanity by doing his or her work." thus eliminating outside interference or philanthropic officiousness from the problem of her life and prov ing to this world that a woman may be happy and useful and fill a cheerful niche in life, though unmarried.

HE HAS NO CANDIDATE. Theodore Roosevelt has no candidate for President of the United States, not even himself. It is unfair and contemptible to doubt that be meant what he said, and all he said, when he tinetly declared that he would not be a candidate nor accept a renomination; and it is scarcely less unfair to assume that he is lending the influence and prestige of the Administration to name his successor. It may readity be imagined that Mr. Roosevelt "jollied" Speaker Cannon on being the next President of the United States on the occasion of their late col loguy, but the Cannon boomers will be able to make very little capital out of a jocular and trivial remark, if it was made at all. Besides, the President's opinion on the subject as to the probable identity of the next President is not official nor authoritative It is no better than anybody else's, and it might be worse. It certainly is worse, if he thinks there is a strong likelihood of Mr. Cannon's Few others do, not even Mr. Cannon himself, who refuses to take his can-

didacy seriously.

President Roosevelt is undoubtedly very friendly to Secretary Taft, and would doubtless be pleased to see him nominated for President. But we expect to see him pleased if Root, another member of his official family and his intimate personal friend, or Shaw, still another Cabinet officer, Fairbanks, the Vice-President, or Cannon, the Speaker, or any other, shall be nominated by the Republicans. It s his business to be pleased, and he will not interfere between them, because he should not and cannot without greatly jeopardizing the important measures in which his Administration is deeply and vitally concerned. President Roosevelt is no kindergartener in politics or statesmanship.

GOLDEN EGG GOOSE IN PERIL.

In an interesting communication on the ealmon fishery question Mr. Rosen berg labors under a misapprehension regarding the attitude of The Oregonian. In the paragraph to which he takes exception there was no intention o sanction in the slightest degree any unlawful or objectionable methods of taking the fish; and it will not bear that construction. The Oregonian has for years made common cause with those who were seeking to perpetuate the great industry, and, so far as lay within its power, has ever endeavored to secure legislation calculated to pre-There has never serve the industry. been a question but that traps and tries that he didn't know before. wheels were more destructive than gillnets, and, if the taking of fish could be restricted to the gillnet method, a much larger number would reach head waters to spawn. But there are certain property rights vested in the owners of trap locations and wheel locations, of which it is impossible legally to deprive them without compensation. It is not, however, impossible to keep these traps and wheels within certain bounds, and to regulate the size of the meshes which they can use. If the obstruction of the Columbia River by traps and wheels is confined to the waters lying adjacent to the sheres and the obstructions are kept out of the principal channels where the gillnetters make their drift, there will be plenty of room for a large number of salmon to get around and under the nets. With the traps escape is practically impossi-ble. Protective legislation is something interest is taken in the matter, we shall soon have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

SUMMER SHIP SUBSIDY SOPHISTRY. When a considerate and well-mean ing Congress tenderly placed the shipsubsidy bill in cold storage a few weeks ago, it was hoped that its milonaire sponsors would favor a long suffering public by permitting it to rest in peace until the dog days were over. But, while the Griecoms, Morgans, Rockefellers and the rest of the select band of millionaire brigands who are so deeply interested in American shipping are lolling in coel luxury in their Summer retreats, the ship-subsidy promotion machine is still working. product of the machine shows but little difference from that turned out years ago, when a bunch of millionaires first made the discovery that American shipping might be used as a vehicle with which to drag forth some of the remaining millions that other trusts had overlooked in their raids on the United States Treasury. Leslie's Weekly is the latest addition to the ranks of the subsidy-hunters. In the current issue of that paper appears a hysterical collection of paragraphs grouped under the heading, Shameful Neglect of American Shipping." The article is fathered by Andrew V. Henry, who seems shocked and grieved at the manner in which American shipping has been neglected, and he emphasizes his dismay by the use of italice wherever he uses the word "shame" at the end of each of his column of grotesque paragraphs. As a sample of the Summer styles in ship-subsidy literature, the following

are quoted: Every day more than \$500,000 is withdraws

Every day more than \$300,000 is withdrawn from the treasury and paid to foreigners for carrying American trade. Ninety per cent of this vast sum is expended in wages to foreign labor. Shame!

It costs from 40 to 100 per cent more to build an American than a foreign ship, and from 20 per cent to 40 per cent more to operate it. All other countries pay subsidies. We do not. Shame!

These two paragraphs are fair samples' of the rest of the "Shames! which Mr. Henry feels over the failure of Congress to make the graft pos sible. Of course, this latest addition money does not openly state that the vast sum mentioned should be withdrawn from the Treasury and present-

Henry's own figures, would cost us 20 to 40 per cent more if we took it away from them. In other words, the subsidy-hunters demand that the millions of American farmers and manufacturers who produce the cargo for the ships should pay over to the little band of millionaire shipowners \$600,000 to \$700,00 per day for exactly the same service as is now, by Mr. Henry's own admission, costing \$100,000 to \$200,000 per day less. Is it any cause for won der that even the millions at the command of the subsidy-hunters have failed to work their infamous bill through Congress?

"Our markets would be widened, our exports increased, freights reduced, export prices increased and import prices decreased," continues this oracle of which is, of course, the sheerest rot. There is a surplus of tonnage in the world today, and, owing to resultant cheap freights-the lowest ever known on most routes-we can reach any market in the known world, and our foreign trade is increasing nore rapidly than ever before. why continue? So long as the subsidy-hunters proceed on the theory that a lie well told is as good as the truth, just so long will they continue in their endeavors to mislead the publle and secure legislative authority for a raid on the Treasury.

THIS IS SALEM'S YEAR. A year ago there was no State Fair. The fair management thought it would be both unwise and discourteous to run its show in opposition to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and it left the field open. It did more. It employed whatever resources were at its command to direct the general public attention to the great fair at Portland, and altogether manifested a most admirable and helpful spirit of co-operation. True, a State Fair in the Lewis and Clark year 1965 might not have done a great deal to detract from the large nterprise; but nevertheless the '05 Exposition would not and could not have been a success if the people of Oregon had not joined hands in its behalf. The promoters of the Salem Fair were chief among the outside friends and coworkers with Portland, and they deserve to be remembered for their genis and patriotic

But it is not a Salem Fair. It is a fair in which the whole state and every county and town in the state ought to be interested. It is largely an agricultural fair whose leading pur-pose is to exploit the resources and exhibit the products of Oregon; and, masmuch as every person in Oregon has an interest, direct or indirect, in agriculture, he ought not to be indifferent to the event at Salem for the week September 10-15. Once there was othing in the state to be compared to the fair, and everybody went for fun, recreation and instruction and found all three. Now there are other things, but the fair is in all respects bigger, finer, better, more varied, more at tractive and more worth seeing. They are going to hold a great Oregon Development League meeting at Salem September 11-13, and that will be worth attending, for it means much for Oregon. But the fair's the big thing, just the same. Every one from Portland and the state who can should attend. The Oregonian will guarantee that he will find out a few things about Oregon, Oregon people and Oregon indus-

One of the marvels of a busy sea-son, with its demand for labor in every line, is the number of men who stretch their listless length day after day on the grass of the park blocks in this city, or doze on the park benches over the sporting columns of the daily papers. True, the grass is cool and the shade inviting at present; but it does not require a very lively imagination to picture these e grounds in the Winter, when Nature is taking her annual rest and does not invite the Summer lounger share it with her. The call to labor is resounding

throughout the land, No-able-bodied man is now idle except from choice the wages offered everywhere and is very vocation are living wages, with something to spare for the rainy day that two months hence will repeat itself more or less continuously through out the Pacific Northwest until Spring. It is not work, however, that the park idler wants. He would even corn "employment" unless it came to him with the "soft-snap" guarantee. And it may be as well to say, though guarantee does not accompany the de-

the statement may shatter the languid hopes of the soft-snap man, that this mand for labor that is heard on every hand. Employers were never more willing than now to concede the truth of the assertion, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," nor were they ever less ready than now to palter with men who work under compulsion and per form as little actual service for the stipulated wage as is possible. There is work in the harvest fields,

but the soft-snap man does not and need not turn his steps that way; soon hands in the hopyards, but if the softsnap man wends his way thither looking for a job that will be simply an 'outing," with wages as an attraction he will soon discover that hoppicking does not fill the measure of his desire. Later there will be potatoes to dig and prunes to pick, in either of which occupations a willing, industrious man can make wages; but the softsnap man will not bend his back to such lowly tasks. Dalrymen need help, but their need is not met by the soft-snap man. The sawmills were never so driven with orders as now, and never before was belp that deserves the name more sure than now of a place in the lumber industry, at good wages. But the soft snap does not lurk in and about millyards.

Even in the so-called lighter vocations the demand for labor has no soft-snap guarantee. Clerks are wanted in department stores for use, not for ornament; shipping člerka find no soft enap behind the enormous piles of goods waiting to be shipped, and even the office boy has need of ready legs upon which to bear him about on pressing errands, and of a cheerful voice in which to respond to the in sistent business call of the telephone In brief, there is work to do in every department of labor, business and trade. But there are no soft snaps waiting the listless approach of the park idler, the street-corner lounger the bummer at the Men's Resort or the lodger in the Salvation Army barrack And if ever there was a time for the edict, "Those who will not work must not eat," which was the basis of in dustrial discipline in the large fami-

lies of a past generation, that time is The park concerts have been a lead ing feature of amusement and pleas-

at hand.

might well conclude with a grand roundelay of sturdy voices rendering the "Song of the Old Brown Grasscopper," the plaintive refrain of which

WHE! Oh, in the long bright Summer time I treasured up no store. Now the last full sheaf, is garnered And the harvest days are o'er

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

Everybody could read with pleasure and almost everybody with profit, Dr. Parkhurst's article on "Christian Soclaffsm" in the September Munsey's. The doctor, like all ministers, is wise; but, unlike some, he is also witty. He not only tells about socialism, but he tells it with quips and cranks and wanton wiles which make the reader wish he would go on when he concludes to stop. And what a stop he makes! It is almost tragic, for his last words are that socialism is to be the paramount issue in the Presidential campaign of 1912, perhaps even in that of 1908. Suppose he were right. It would be something of a surprise not to say a painful surprise, to the politicians who are "standing pat." wrangling over the credit of the rate bill and doing other foolish things. For pure folly, commend us to the dyed-in-the-wool politician when the people are getting ready to make an lesue that means something.

Dr. Parkhurst's Christian Socialism is not much different from any other brand of socialism, so far as we can discern, but there is a good deal in a well-chosen name. The doctor selected this one, doubtless, for advertising purposes, and in that field few would venture to dispute his pre-eminent skill. The name is therefore highly appropriate; it must be. Property, he says, begins in grab. Sometimes the grab is a long way back in the past. and then we glorify it and back in its beams as in the sun of righteousness Sometimes it is not very remote, and then we apologize for it. Sometimes it is right with us, and then we call it theft. Since property begins in grab, its ethical foundations, the doctor thinks, are a trifile insecure. What we own is ours, under limitations. It is ours until the county sells it for taxes, or the railroad takes it for a right of way, or some trust forces us to sell it at half its value. Certainly it is not ours to do as we like with in any case whatever. Property, he thinks, is in the nature of a trust committed to the owner for the benefit of his brethren, and those brethren are all mankind.

The principle of brotherhood is to replace that of plracy, he believes, as the rule of society. Under piracy we hold our property until someone is strong enough to take it away from us. Under the rule of brotherhood we shall hold it until someone is weak enough to establish a claim to it. That brotherhood is gaining upon piracy he seems to believe, and certainly there are facts abroad which look like it. Chrisfinnity, by the way, is founded upon the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, which Jesus was always preaching. He had very little to say about the virgin birth, very little about the apostolic succession, nothing at all about predestination, election or original sin, but page after page about the brother hood of man. Christ, Dr. Parkhurst says, was the

original socialist. He seems unable to give that good and great man his right name, Jesus, and always calls him 'Christ," which he never called himself. The early Christians in Jerusa em were communists, mistaking their Master's teachings in this as m most every other particular. The doctor does not believe in community of goods. In this he agrees with every ther socialist in the world. cialists are after is their rightful share of the products of their labor. It is wrong, therefore, to speak of them as "the lazy socialists." It is not a symptom of lazlness to want what rightfully belongs to a man. They are uly the lazy members of society who live, as the Astor family does, upon the earnings of others. The principle of brotherhood, the doctor thinks, will presently dominate human relations and will lead every man who employs labor to make it an equal partner in his enterprise. If capital does onehalf in the work of production, labor does the other half, and should share alike with the employer. In this particular Dr. Parkhurst is a little hetero Your genuine socialist will not dox. concede any share at all to the capi

talist. He retrieves himself, however, on the tariff. No Bryanite of them all could exceed his wrath against robber Dingleyism. He denies that a manufac turer has a right to starve American labor to produce cheap goods for the Hindoos and Hottentote. He denies that the tariff benefits the laborer one lota. He says in plain words that it steals his substance and confers it upon the paunchy plutocrat. When brotherhood prevails we shall have no protective tariff; some people hope that we shall have none tong before that happy time. We Americans are a family, he says, where in prosperous seasons the children are starved to send presents to the neighbors. times-that is, in seasons of overproduction and panic-the closets stuffed with coats and the hallways

with shoes, while the children shiver coatless in their hare feet. The simple fact of the case is that, of all the old problems which have worried the human race since time began, not one has yet been solved, with all our science and all our religion and all our philosophy. The prostitute still plies her trade as she did in Sodom. The poor go hungry while the rich man stuffs his belly with fat things and washes his feet in butter like poor old plutocratic Job. Christlanity claims to hold the key to all these problems. Why not produce it Perhaps it has been lying in a dark closet for a thousand years or so, and Parkhurst is the lucky man who has at last found where it was hidden.

It would be a wholesome thing and take something from "the shame of the colleges" if a few bumptious, pugnacious sophomores were permanent? disabled at a "college rush" like that recorded at Berkeley Friday evening. A general melec, in which shirts are orn from the backs of the participants, eyes are blackened and bodies brulsed, is considered cause for interference on the part of the police when thugs engage in it. By what stroke of reasoning it becomes the pastime of gentlemen and gentlemen's sone in the pursuit of higher education it is difficult to conceive.

Vice-President Fairbanks will be onspicuous figure in Boise during the early sessions of the National Irrigation Congress. He will reach Boise September 3, and will be made the chief attraction of the Labor day celebration in the afternoon, after having opened the Irrigation Congress in the

generally regarded as a figurehead, whose possibilities of advancement ar of accident rather than of merit, the dignity of his office is everywhere recognized, and honors paid to him are honors due the Administration in which he is in close touch. Mr. Fairbanks is an interesting speaker and will say something to which it will be worth while to listen, whether speaking in the interests of irrigation or labor

In a communication published on page 15 of this issue, P. J. Mann focalizes about all there is to say relative to Portland's duty with regard to the Southern Pacific Company's occupancy of Fourth street. It has no vested rights. Threatened with denial of the temporary privilege to operate steam cars, it promises to create a new connection between the West Side lines and the terminal grounds by bridging the Willamette at Elk Rock, at the same time asking the right to run electric cars on Fourth street. this arrangement small objection will be offered, provided just compensation for the use of the highway be paid, but in justice to all parties let a written record be made of the trans action. Repeal the old ordinance. Then let the Council pass a new one carrying the right for the trolley. The corporation appears willing to enter into such a contract; so let it be signed, sealed and delivered.

At the international automobile races in Belgium a few days since, an average speed of seventy miles was maintained by the winner over a run of 371 miles. To make up for slowing down at curves, one hundred miles an hour the gait on straight, stretches. Extraordinary endurance the atmospheric impact. The race makes pat a story told by the Springfield Republican. A Boston millionaire recently visited one of the young Vanderbilts at Newport. He was taken for a run in a big racing machine, and stood the experience until the speed cose to upward of eighty miles an hour, when, in terror, he tried to call to the driver beside him to slow up. But instead of being able to call, he found, so runs the story, that once he had opened his mouth he could not shut it so violent was the blast Wortunately, the stretch permitting such speed was short

The Bryan ovation scheduled to be held in New York next Friday will, it is predicted, rival in numbers and enthusiasm the home-coming reception given to Admiral Dewey after his schlevement at Manila Bay. If the enthuslasm that prompts it wanes as quickly and as permanently as did that represented by the Dewey reception, the voluble Nebraskan's star will in eclipse long before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention. An ovation in New York is not Blaine flasco and the Dewey slump are conspicuous evidences of this fact,

Again the story is going the rounds hat King Edward, due late this month at Marienbad for his annual cure, is n a bad way. Americans who have had audience with him any time the past year make similar reports. These are not new. They were circulated and had credence long before his mother died. Five years ago immediately preceding the coronation ceremonies, the world was alarmed over an attack that the surgeon's knife relieved. dently Edward inherited a good constitution, but there is no probability that he will reach his mother's years, though he may reign for another decade. He is now 65.

Statistics of the insane for 1904 have ust been completed by the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Washington. They how that both the hospitals and the doubled in thirteen years. This does not necessarily prove that the ratio of insanity has increased to the extent noted. It may mean, and doubtless does mean, that more insane peo-ple are cared for in asylums than formerly. Thus interpreted, it is a tribute to our humanity and to the practical view that medical and sanitary scientists take of the unfortunate mental attitude known as Insanity.

During August a very large number immigrants suffering from trachoma, a disease which usually ende in blindness, landed in New York from European ports. They now crowd the contagious hospital at Ellis Island, and many patients have been sent to other hospitals. Sooner or later, most of them will be deported under the Government regulations The present influx of cases shows that the steamship companies have relaxed vigilance in inspection at foreign ports

A farmer who would insist upon re taining and using the machinery that was in common use two or three decades ago, resenting all suggestions that the machinery needs revieton would be a good stand-patter, but his eighbors would predict perience for him in the farming business. The man who can adjust himis a candidate for the retired list.

George Hazzard bobs up in Indiana with a long string of victims to his pe-cullar financial operations. Nearly everybody in this country thought Hazzard was dead, a belief that he would doubtless have encouraged for his own benefit if he had known of it; but evidently he is not. It is apparently ordained that the grafter of the Hazzard type shall never die.

The Southern Pacific will probably be willing to agree that Fourth street shall be electrified and the steam cars taken over to the East Side, when ever they can be brought back through Thos. McCusker's tunnel.

If it be true that Sheep King Cunningham dropped \$40,000 In a Scattle bunco game, it may be surmised that he learned his methods of finance from

There will be a general welcome for enator Gearin. The Senator has Senator Gearin. probably observed that the people of Oregon prefer to have him at home. President Palma figures that it will

ake about eight rapid-fire American guns to put down the revolution. Evidently it isn't a popgun revolution. The Seattle prizefight bunco artists

The Scattle spirit is a marvelous

were careful to steal no Seattle money.

The bomb-throwers have reached the Premier, and the Czar may be next. THE PESSIMIST.

There was a detective named Day, But you see it wasn't his way To tell to Pat Bruin The things he was doin' So now he's a sleuth without pay,

It is only during times of great prosperity and real estate values that we colorate the seedy individual with the look of sad retrospection in his eyes who says: "Why, four years ago I could have bought a half-block on steenth street between Washington and Alder for \$11. 000!" Four years ago he couldn't buy a five-cent bag of peanuts without berrowing a nickel from a friend.

In a paped read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor J. Pease Morton, of Yale said that there are four great wasten, "the more lamentable because they are "They are," he said, unnecessary." 'preventable death, preventable sickness, preventable conditions of low physical and mental efficiency and preventable ignorance. On account of these wastes, the professor says, "one million five hundred thousand persons must die in the United States in the next six months. If he had included among his four wastes the peek-a-boo waist, he would probably have made it two million.

Answers to Correspondents.

JIMMY - '- - - My Ma she's funny, The other day we had a chicken and some folks in for dinner and Ma she says: 'Mr. Jones, will you have some of the white meat, or perhaps you would prefer a fim.' Jones he-I mean Mr. Jones -Mr. Jones, he said he wasn't particumust have been required to withstand lar, and I thought she was goin' to give him all there was, because it wasn't a very big chicken, and I was afraid I would get the neck. Pa says the neck's the best part of the chicken. I don't believe he knows because he never cats one himself. But she didn't. She give Jones-I mean Mr Jones-the wishbone. asked everydody else if they would have a lim, but they wouldn't have one. guess they didn't know what a lim was I didn't either, 'Before dinner, Ma, she said that if there was one left and if I was a good boy and didnt' may nothing, she would give me a log. I like a leg best. When she got around to me she says: 'Jimmy (you'd like my ma if you heard her say Jimmy like she does when we have company) what would you like to have? There was a leg and some other things, but I hadn't found out what a fim was, so I said I would take a lim. She give me a leg. What is a lim, anyway?"

My Dear James: Your willingness to sacrifoce your personal comfort and desire in the pursuit of knowledge does you great credit. You have improved considerably in your spelling since you wrote last; I am glad to see that you a forerunner of continued political or love your mother. The word you refer to even of personal popularity. The is "limb," It is also spelled "limme," "lym" and "lim," although these forms ere obsolete. Limb has been defined as the upper expanded portion of a gamophyllous perianth," also, "the lateral area on either side of the glabellum in trilobites." According to the same authority a limb is also one of the articulated appendages of the body of an animal, used for locomotion or prehengion as a leg, arm, wing, or paired fina. Besides being all these things, a limb is a roguish young person, and the edge of the moon. Knowing this, your mother's guests were doubtless afraid to take chances. She probably meant "leg. However, I am glad for your sake that your charming mother was not more explicit; had she been so, you would probably have got the neck.

> ACCURATE .- "Which is proper to say: 'I am going in,' or 'I am going out?' The statement of intended action refers to leaving the surf when one is bathing. used." You will find this matter dis cussed in a recent issue of the Ladies' Lone Journal, in an article: "Can a Chipmunk Climb a Tree, or Where Does an Alarm Clock Go When It Goes Off?" I am inclined to think that the latter expression, "I am going out," more nearly expresses one's intention, under the froumstances, than the other. When one is in the water, to say, "I am going in" Is somewhat ambiguous, to say the east of it. If, however, the persons who habitually use the expression objected to, namely, "I am going in," are plutocrats, or members of our first families the expression is justified on the ground that they are in the swim, and their natural abhorrence to going out, when once they are in on a good thing. Please out this out, as we cannot refer to the matter again.

GERTRUDE.-"Is 'pants' singular or plural?" Panta is not singular; it is rulgar. If you should be absolutely obliged to refer to that particular part of gentlemen's apparel, you should say

TRAVELER .- "Will you kindly tell me which is the best way to get to North Beach?" The ways of getting to North Beach provided by our transportation companies are both expeditious and comfortable, and you should have no difficuity in making a happy choice. However, when you wish to leave the beach, you will require great judgment and agility. To fully acquaint you with the unusual difficulties connected with the return voyage, it may perhaps be well to touch lightly upon a particular extreme case, namely, that of a prominent politician of a neighboring state.

This gentleman had with him a dog and a repertoire of forcible expressions of unusual length and brilliancy. At a onveniently appointed hour he boarded the train that connects with the swift little steamer that plies between Ilwaco and Astoria. Three hours later he was seen at Sea View, accompanied still by his dog, muttering feebly to himself, walking north. Behind him, in the direction of and hanging over liwaco was a large cloud of bluish, sulphurous tinge, Following him was a straggling crowd of happy individuals, carrying gripsacks and other impedimenta, laughing with joy to think that their vacation was prolonged. How it happened was this Besides the gentleman and his dog there were 500 other passengers on the train. all of whom wished to ride across the beautiful Columbia on the dear little boat that connects with the train. Owing to a foolish Government regulation only a few could get on. The sulphurous cloud was caused by the remarks of the gentleman with the dog. Next morning the gentleman and his dog inaugurated the healthful custom of walking to the steamer two hours ahead of the train. M. B. WELLS.

Bests Being Poor. Denver Republican. "Does It Pay to Be Very Rich?" is the title of a magazine article,