

The Oregonian

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where prohibition is voted the United States shall refuse to license to sell, and shall moreover forbid transportation into these districts of liquors from other states.

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has the right to carry on commercial apple-growing in the Willamette Valley. The proper state of things, so far as fruit-growing is concerned, he thinks is for each farmer to have a few bushes...

Fulton. At Corvallis last August Mr. Fulton publicly declared that in case he should be nominated at the Republican primaries for Senator, and should be beaten in June, he would not permit his name to be presented to the Legislature for any office.

The increase is merely in the usual ratio per capita of the population. As any state grows, its responsibilities and duties toward the helpless and defective classes multiply, and the commonwealth that does not recognize its obligation in these lines is remiss in the fundamental principles of good citizenship.

VERSE

BY HARRY MURPHY. SAILOR'S SONG. Away! and away! Where the dolphins play. Over the bounding bursting wave...

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1908.

THE LIQUOR TRADE.

The general movement against the liquor trade, in our own country, and largely throughout the civilized world, should not be misunderstood. It is restrictive, not prohibitive. It is not a demand for the manifest abuses of the liquor traffic on the one hand, and its effects on the efficiency of a people on the other. Industrial forces are the greatest of all temperance workers.

What is the reason why those persons who are engaged in the liquor business—in the manufacture and sale—cannot see that their efforts to push the traffic, to cater to the appetite for liquor, and to increase it, and at the same time to increase the tax on it, to the appetite thus created, is a business which is sure to be condemned alike by the moral, social, religious, industrial and economic forces of a growing industrial and moral civilization? The prohibitionists—who demand absolute prohibition of manufacture and sale—are not many. But they who object to the means and methods employed to push the sale and consumption of liquor, and to the abuses arising therefrom, are a multitude, and an increasing multitude. The business, moreover, must dissociate itself from the corruption of our youth, from debauchery of our boys and girls, from gambling in its various forms, and from the prostitution, looseness and lewdness generally; and must content itself with the quiet trade that society and government may be willing to tolerate when the vices it promotes lose the greater part of their evil by loss of all their grossness.

It is a peculiarity of alcoholic drink that it benumbs and obfuscates the intellectual and moral faculties, especially of youth; that it turns liquorics become, under unrestricted sale, a chief instrument of the mental and moral degradation that gives so much trouble to human society. Closer regulations and restrictions of the sale must, therefore, be made and enforced in all communities—not prohibition, for that is an extreme remedy, not enforceable, and therefore no remedy at all. Besides, of everything in the world there is a legitimate use; and so of spirits, wines and beer. But the conditions under which they are sold and pushed for consumption are to be restricted among us, more and more, till all the gross abuses are cut out. "Drinking parlors" are to have no further promotion in these United States. Drinking places will be diminished, and that they will be reduced to the grade of those in the old countries, and every offense against decency and morality connected with them or promoted through them will be placed to their account. It will follow, of course, that the number and attractiveness of the drinking places will diminish, and that places that sell liquors will not be allowed to furnish "apartments" or "clubrooms."

Since all things in the line of a great people are bound to be seen that a subject like this, which deals with so many important interests, moral, social, fiscal, political, cannot be settled at once, or theoretically, or made to yield to any inflexible opinion. Yet one thing is sure, namely: The liquor trade in all countries, and especially in the United States, is to be placed under closer regulations and restrictions than heretofore; and it will surely be the part of wisdom in all who are concerned directly or indirectly in the trade, to see to it that its excesses shall be avoided and its abuses minimized. Liquor dealers must stop their efforts and methods to force the trade, and set their faces resolutely against the cultivation and encouragement of the immoralities and vices that so commonly attend it. If they do not, the liquor trade in this country within a few years will be virtually an outlaw.

FOOLING THE FARMERS. No doubt Mr. P. S. Guilford, like most of the single-taxers, is a sincere man. His letter, which is printed today, reads as if he thought what he says were true and his reasoning sound. Some of it is true and sound, but upon the whole he is in error concerning the beneficial effects which might flow from placing the entire burden of taxation upon land values. There are other values, many of them, which ought to share the burden. The main argument in support of the pending amendment is that it will relieve the farmers, who now, as they believe, pay more than their just share of the taxes. No one who would believe them, nor do we believe that the amendment is devised for that purpose. In our opinion it is only another of the many attempts which have been made to fool the farmers by a promise of imaginary benefits into voting to confer real benefits upon other classes.

All the relief which the farmers can possibly derive from this amendment, under the most favorable construction, could be obtained by an exceedingly simple law of two clauses and no more. The first clause would enact that no improved land outside the limits of municipal corporations should be assessed at a higher rate for taxes than adjoining unimproved land. The second clause would enact that all movable property actually employed in the processes of agriculture, and dwellings also, should be exempt from taxation.

An amendment like this would not be of doubtful meaning. It would go directly to the point. But the proposed amendment is beset with words; the benefits it purports to confer on the farmer would certainly turn out to be additional burdens, and its real purpose seems to be the exemption of the property of trust-building manufacturers and money sharks. Of this sort of thing let the farmer beware. If he wishes his improvement to be exempt and his land to be assessed at the same rate as neighboring unimproved land, let him devise an amendment which shall explicitly say that, and nothing more or less. Many would favor such an amendment and vote for it, since all are agreed that the farmer needs relief. But what relief from taxation do the plutocratic manufacturers and corporations need?

NEW HIGHWAY OF COMMERCE. It was a peculiar coincidence that the driving of the last spike in the development of the inland Empire had taken place within a few hours after the death of R. R. Thompson, the pioneer in steam transportation in the territory traversed by the new road. To the present generation it seems a far cry back to the days when the diminutive steamer Colonel Wright, as the only means of transportation between the Cascade and the rich territory lying inland, enjoyed a monopoly more complete and in degree more profitable than any the West has ever experienced. But so rapid has been the transformation and development of the country that Mr. Thompson, who, as the pioneer in steam navigation on the Columbia River above the Cascades, led a life of nearly forty years of age, lived to see two of the greatest railroad systems on earth following both banks of the stream, with high-grade roads hewn out of the solid rocks which in the past had frowned down on the Colonel Wright and the batteau that preceded her.

The story of the transportation development of the inland Empire reads like a romance. In that golden age of river transportation was laid the foundation for many of the largest fortunes ever accumulated on the Pacific Coast. The Colonel Wright was succeeded by a large fleet of the finest steamers that ever floated on inland waters. Out of the enormous profits earned by these steamers came the money which enabled the Oregon Steam Navigation Company to build the first railroad track east of the Cas-

cade Mountains. All of the old steamers have passed out of existence, and but few of the men who operated them remain; but from the small beginning made by R. R. Thompson, J. C. Alms, Jacob Kamm, Lawrence Cole and a few other pioneer steamboatmen there has developed the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, with nearly 2600 miles of fine track, thousands of cars and hundreds of locomotives. Through that narrow gap in the Cascade Mountains pour a stream of traffic that is alike the wonder and the envy of other railroads less favorably situated.

All that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company and its successors have accomplished on the south bank of the Columbia River can be repeated on an even greater scale by the new line on the north bank. There will be no new road, but there will be such enormous profits as were reaped by the pioneers in the transportation business along the wonderful river, but the rapid development of that inland empire and the growth of our over-sea commerce, which for the land haul will from this time forward seek the course of least resistance, will insure for the new road a traffic of steadily increasing volume. R. R. Thompson and his associates of little more than a generation ago never dreamed of the striking change which most of them were destined to witness in a short half-century. Equally impossible would it be for the men of the present day, successfully to prophesy the remarkable changes that in the immediate future will bring with it.

In the Pacific Northwest, commercial history has been making rapidly in the past five years, and the expansion of the striking change which most of them were destined to witness in a short half-century. Equally impossible would it be for the men of the present day, successfully to prophesy the remarkable changes that in the immediate future will bring with it.

MOSSBACK HORTICULTURE. Some singular opinions on horticulture which Mr. J. C. Davis expressed in The Oregonian Saturday ought not to pass without comment. Mr. Davis is an old citizen of the state, who has lived in the Willamette Valley for fifty years, and he has near Newberg one of those ancient collections of apple trees, moss, bugs, worms, anthracose and other pests which exist in the Willamette Valley. The expert fruitgrowers, working in harmony with the State Board of horticulture, are trying to get rid of pestiferous orchards like the one Mr. Davis owns, and owners like Mr. Davis feel themselves wronged and outraged that the law should interfere with their private property rights. In their opinion, if they wish to raise bugs instead of apples, and scatter them broadcast over the country, that is their natural and inherent privilege. The horticultural progressives, whom Mr. Davis blasts with the fatal epithet of "agitators," desire to cut down the old orchards, or at least cut them back to the trunk and graft the trees with new stocks.

In our opinion the best way to deal with them is to grub out the trees and burn them up, root and branch. The effort to make anything worth while out of these antique failures is not likely to come to much. But Mr. Davis is opposed to this. He holds the theory of treating old orchards is to let them alone. His orchard near Newberg bore last year, he says, "as fine apples as could be found," notwithstanding the fact that the trees are "so large that it would be impossible to spray them," and "they are infested with pests like others in the Valley." Fine as Mr. Davis' apples were, however, he sold them for 10 cents a bushel, while Mr. Lowndale, who lives not so very far from Newberg, received some \$2 or \$3 a box for his. Was not Mr. Davis generous? The poor came from miles around to avail themselves of his beneficence, carried these fine apples home, stewed them up into nutritious puddings, made worms, scale and rust, and, we fear, devoured it.

Now we have some excellent advice to give our contributor if he is really eager to do good to his neighbors. Let him begin by cutting back his orchard and spraying it thoroughly. He is mistaken in thinking that the trees that should not be sprayed. If he will buy a power pump he will be amazed at the results, and since he says his trees are grafted Northern Spies, the fruit will be marketable at good prices. Let him employ his poor neighbors to gather and pack this fruit at living wages, and at the end of the season they will have money to buy a Winter supply of good apples instead of the "apple" with enough left over to clothe their families respectably. Mr. Davis shows no true kindness to his poor neighbors by cultivating their habits of shiftless dependence and setting them an example of conduct still more shiftless than their own. If these fruit-loving neighbors of his would set out half a dozen apple trees in the orchard, and the fruit of them they would soon have abundant fruit of their own and would not need to go "from miles around" to secure their portion of Mr. Davis' bugs and worms at 10 cents a bushel. Indeed, after finding out by experience what a good apple is, they would deem his price a great deal too high.

Our venerable contributor remarks that he has "read a family in the Willamette Valley and taught them to be law-abiding and respect other people's rights." One cannot escape the wish that somebody had taught Mr. Davis himself to "respect other people's rights." Suppose he has a neighbor who is trying to produce as good apples as Mr. Lowndale and the other River men. Has not that neighbor the right to do it? Well, Mr. Davis sends over into his neighbor's orchard every Spring a devouring swarm of tent caterpillars, codlin moths, aphid, bark grubs and bud moths, and every Fall he dispatches across the boundary a pestiferous host of anthracose germs. These invaders from Mr. Davis' orchard do just as much and just as serious harm as if he should take an ax and chop down his neighbor's trees. By breeding pests and scattering them broadcast over the country Mr. Davis puts it out of the question for his neighbors to carry on their lawful business without going to ruinous expense. Mr. Davis' orchard is a "respect for other people's rights" does that show?

But he replies, in effect, that nobody has the right to carry on commercial apple-growing in the Willamette Valley. The proper state of things, so far as fruit-growing is concerned, he thinks is for each farmer to have a few bushes of rancid butter, and a few tomatos and cucumbers for the canneries. Doctrines of this sort have been the curse of the Willamette Valley ever since it was settled. The farmer who tries to do a little of everything does nothing well or profitably. His time will be frittered away in a multitude of ineffectual tasks, all of which will be performed without skill. The Hood River farmers have made themselves rich by specializing. If the Valley farmers ever become rich it will be in the same way again, and they will have to produce some one thing and do it admirably, that product will enable them to buy everything else they need; and they can supply all their wants with less labor than they now expend to get Mr. Davis' wormy apples at 10 cents a bushel. It is high time for the Willamette Valley to repudiate forever the new road a traffic of steadily increasing volume. R. R. Thompson and his associates of little more than a generation ago never dreamed of the striking change which most of them were destined to witness in a short half-century. Equally impossible would it be for the men of the present day, successfully to prophesy the remarkable changes that in the immediate future will bring with it.

OUR LAWLESS PRESIDENT. "You oppose intelligently and ably many of the iniquities and errors of the Czar and at the same time maintain that he can do no wrong." This extract is from a letter by Mr. J. A. Morrill which appears today in another column. By "our" our contributor means to designate Mr. Roosevelt, whom he speaks of elsewhere in his letter as "the Emperor." Evidently Mr. Morrill is not to be numbered among the adoring worshippers of the President. So far as The Oregonian is concerned, still stronger without violating the truth. Not only do we oppose "many of the iniquities and errors" of Mr. Roosevelt, but we oppose them all so far as our dim and feeble vision can discern them. Nor does The Oregonian maintain that Mr. Roosevelt can do no wrong; on the contrary, it thinks he is capable of doing wrong and has lamented his shortcomings more than once with sighs and tears.

But The Oregonian hastens thankfully to aver that it has also been preserved from the error which is the direct opposite of indiscriminate praise, namely, indiscriminate blame. This is the error, if Mr. Morrill will pardon our apparent impoliteness, into which he has himself fallen. Which is the sillier, to condemn a man totally because he has some faults, or cover him with blind laudation because he has some merits? The Oregonian thinks both habits are silly and does its best to shun them both. We are able, thank heaven, to admire temperately and to criticize in moderation. We do not deem it necessary to call a man an unmitigated scoundrel because he exhibits human weaknesses, nor to call him an angel because there is a trace of good in him. Mr. Roosevelt has good traits and bad ones, but the good enormously outweigh the bad.

The Oregonian has fought the scandalous ship subsidy although it knew quite as well as Mr. Morrill that the President favored it and worked for it. But we do not feel obliged to fight the principle of rate regulation, which is unquestionably right, because we are opposed to the ship subsidy, which is unquestionably wrong. We insist upon consistency requires us to oppose the National control of trusts and corporations, in which we thoroughly believe, simply because Mr. Roosevelt twists around like a limp pumpkin vine on the tariff, in whose exorbitant schedules we do not believe. If consistency will not permit us to stand with man in the right and oppose him in the wrong, then good-by consistency. We prefer common sense.

Wholesale praise and wholesale blame have been the twin curses of politics from the foundation of our Government to the present time. In the very beginning of our history the American people were unable to differ with Washington on the French alliance without cursing him as the incarnation of all that was evil. They formed a bad habit then which they have never been able to break, and Mr. Morrill exemplifies its power by virtually confessing that he cannot condemn anything in Mr. Roosevelt without condemning everything, nor can he even understand how The Oregonian may have more sense and judgment upon such matters than he has himself. Why did the good Lord send in our paths so many opportunities to make fools of ourselves and give us so few brains to shun them with?

Mr. Roosevelt possesses more of the qualities which attract the admiration and confidence of many American citizens than any President we have had since Lincoln. This is said not in disparagement of the others, but in sincere praise of him. Our contributor's statement that "he is by nature and inclination a lawless man" is false, to put it mildly. Roosevelt is so good a man being a lawless man has done more during the last dozen years than any ten men or any ten million men in this country to make the law active and vital and to bring us all, big and little, under their sway. Mr. Morrill's statement that he "acts on impulses and without due consideration" is the imitative chatter of a parrot from the plutocratic Eastern papers, which hate Mr. Roosevelt because he is not impulsive but pursues the powers of evil with relentless persistence and because he acts not without consideration, but with a consideration of facts and conditions which makes his action far-reaching and irresistible in its consequences. The hostile critics of the President have committed to memory a set of phrases which they babble on all occasions without a thought of their impudent falsity where they mean anything and their prenatal vacuity where they mean nothing. Mr. Roosevelt has made mistakes and probably committed willful errors. But being an angel, he has acted much as other men do under provocation and the pressure of circumstances. But in the main he has been brave in his conduct and loyal to his cause, and that cause is one which the American people have so dearly at heart that they will stand behind any man who champions it fully, no matter what his faults or failings may be. Say what you will about Mr. Roosevelt and admit as much to his discredit as you like, nevertheless he represents today the highest aspirations of a great Nation and those who oppose him in spirit are opposed to all that humanity has fought for in its greatest battles since time began.

There are now fifteen hundred patients in the hospital for the insane at Salem. This is the largest number of insane in the history of the state.

Argentine shipments for the week ending Thursday reached the enormous total of 3,375,000 bushels, this being the sixth consecutive week in which the shipments from that country have exceeded 6,000,000 bushels. In the face of such enormous exports from a country which has only within the past few years cut much of a figure in the world's wheat supply, it is somewhat surprising that foreign markets exhibited weakness. Despite this avalanche of wheat that has been sweeping down on the foreign markets, the inherent strength of the American situation is so great that weakness is seldom very pronounced and never of very long duration. The high prices that have prevailed throughout the season have proved fully as attractive to the growers of the Argentine as they have to those of the United States and account in a large measure for the rush displayed in marketing the record-breaking crop.

It is impossible, of course, for the vagabonds of journalism and politics to quote The Oregonian correctly—because they don't want to. Here is one of them, pretending to quote from The Oregonian, but stating that Senators and Representatives "will represent their party, not the people as a whole." What The Oregonian did say was that Senators and Representatives are not elected by the people, but by party, and "after they are elected they will represent their party, in all political matters, not the people as a whole." Which is the absurd error of every-day life? It is not The Oregonian's fault that Senators and Representatives "will represent their party, not the people as a whole." What The Oregonian did say was that Senators and Representatives are not elected by the people, but by party, and "after they are elected they will represent their party, in all political matters, not the people as a whole." Which is the absurd error of every-day life?

WIND AT NIGHT. The mid-night winds! what rage and woe They sound along the sky! Now loud they howl—now moaning low They tremulously die. How dwells the soul in sleep! On that dread melody, That wakens force that mocks at law In front of liberty! The quokered family seen agast A scene of damned frolic, Upon the milk and yelling blast By demons diabolic. Hark! how the casement how they beat— Uppings the cat in fear. 'Tis as an entrance they'd entreat From gloom to chambers cheer. Rave on, ye winds; these walls will ward Us safely from your ire; Your fiercest charge we'll disregard Before our glowing fire.

MORNING. Hail! hail! to the morning; With spangles and gold Its beams are adorning The floor and the wall. All around are unfolding The night-shaded charms; Bright beauty is holding The world in its arms. From the flowers' fair tresses With fingers of light The fond sun caresses The moisture of night. As the breeze freshly dances Along the green lawns, Each trembling blade glances Dewy-gemmed in the dawn. The last mist belated Flees away to the West. Silken-throated, elated, On the far peak reposes The magical glow Of heaven-reared roses Reflected on the snow. The growing things tender Their petals spread wide To bathe in the splendor Rolling on as a tide. Hail! morning victor! The night's in far flight The broad earth is glorious In laughter and light.

EDGAR ALLEN POE. Poe! mighty master of romantic awe— Imperial man of melody and woe! He trod a hated world with soul enwrap In madness and in dreams. His trance eye Beheld a realm of mystic glow beyond The curtain of mortality where dwelt, Forever, beauty and unclouded sorrow. As in a spell he heard strains sadly-sweet And murmurs lowly filtering upward from The sod-encumbered dead. Grief-crazed his day And brief, Companionless and lone he fought The league of little minds—in sordid quest Of immortality. He died. And calm, at length, the aching brow And anguished breast. No more with ashen cheek And tear-dimmed eye, through midnight dolorous, He pondered, or, ill dawn with naked head, Unquiet lies and heaving arms confronts The frenzied storm. Skilled now the viper-kiss. Of envy and detraction. Haply he Has joined in distant Alden lost Lenora.

CROWDED. "Content, dwell in the breast! He cried. Said she, 'I must Decline to be a guest With greed, ambition, lust.'"

May Sell Historic McKinley Home. Cleveland Dispatch in New York Times. Because the heirs of the estate of William and Abner McKinley are unable to agree, it is likely the homestead of the late President will be sold at public auction. "I see no other outcome of the present difficulty," said Administrator R. F. Shields when Judge Halter ordered him to partition the estates of the McKinleys, which are entangled.

Imports 5000 German Fish. Baltimore News. Five thousand live fish are on their way from Hamburg, Germany, to Philadelphia. The first live fish in this country have been imported. One-fourth of a cent a pound is the customs duty.

Spokane now employs a uniformed policeman to regulate the conduct of the City Council. When Mayor Lane found the approaching majority look unsafe, as is promised at the next meeting, one blue coat will not be adequate.

However, it will be just as well to wait for the next National Republican Convention to tender the Republican nomination to Mr. Taft—which it will do, to him, or to some other.