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ATHENA, ORE., JULY 26,.....1912

The Press is in receipt of the fourth annual report of the State Insurance Commissioner for the year, ending December 13, 1911. The report is voluminous, contains many tables of statistics and shows the enormous profits accrued, especially by the life insurance companies. An item of interest is the amount of premiums collected for the year in comparison with losses and claims paid by the life insurance companies doing business in the state. The total for losses and claims paid by the companies amount to $1,390,962, while the premiums collected totaled $3,137,079. The sum of $1,746,117 —the difference between losses and claims paid and premiums collected —went into the treasuries of the companies. This is a fair indication of the tremendous business transacted by life insurance companies in this state and the vast amount of money tied up in insurance policies. If the state were to take over the life insurance business transacted within its borders, and conduct it on the basis which the companies pursue, the interest derived from the reserve fund could be made to go a long way toward solving the question of taxation. In other words, the profits of the life insurance companies turned into the state treasury to be applied on the expense of running the state government would undoubtedly fill up a portion of the hole in which taxes are poured.

Every voter in Oregon is a legislator and citizens of the state must resolve themselves into a committee of the whole for discussion and consideration of vital measures that are to be passed upon at the election this fall. If all of the measures that are proposed were adopted it would make a legal volume. The list of bills, opines an exchange, can be materially reduced by eliminating all the proposed laws that are purely local. They have no place on the general ballot as they are matters that should be settled by the communities in which they arise. Such measures as the division of counties, building of court houses and kindred subjects that only affect a small portion of the state should receive no consideration from the people at large. Possibly the tax measures are among the most important and voters should be advised on these before they hazard a guess as to the efficiency and necessity of these bills. A little later in the season and in ample time before the election citizens in the different precincts would do well to assemble for the discussion of the proposed new laws. This is the manner in which they may become advised so that they may pass intelligently on the measures.

The state board of Fish and Game commissioners have undertaken a thorough revision of the present system of the game laws. The idea is to present a code for adoption at the next legislature which will give more complete protection to fish and game, and correct numerous errors in the present system of laws. There is no disputing the fact that the Oregon game laws need fixing. Thousands of dollars are being paid annually into the fund derived from hunters and fishermen's licenses and yet the streams and forests are being depleted more and more of fish and game. The irrigation ditch is still without its screen and there is no effort made to restock the forest. Where is the thousands of license money going? Umatilla county has yet to see any benefits from the new over the old regime, when you could kill and take all you could and keep all you got.

The evidence given before the Congressional committee, investgating the conduct of Judge Hanford at Seattle became so infernally hot that the Judge fired in his resignation to President Taft Monday and the committee wasn't through investigating him, either. There is no doubt there are judges sitting on benches throughout the land today, who are as rotten as Hanford and who should be "investigated" and fired. It is possible that when a few more like the Seattle judge and Archibald are down and out through investigations, the recall will come into its own and be espoused by progressive government.

Umatilla county has had her cloud burst this week, but in extent it is not to be compared with those of the east or middle west.

Colonel T. R. says that his party's slogan and his party's platform will be "Thou shall not steal." This is nice but we would like to amend this literary theft from the decalogue by substituting the first person for the second and have it read, "I shall not steal." Then we would know where Teddy stand on the great question of graft.

The success of home industries makes home prosperity. We ship in too much stuff that can be grown or manufactured at home. The industries that are here at present must be encouraged with patronage before others can be induced to go into business.

Senator Works his quit the Taft camp and says he may consistently vote for Wilson. Works is a progressive republican and like other California leaders intimates that it depends on how Roosevelt is nominated whether he will cast his ballot for him.

All Shad Are the Same.

Fishes are proverbial aids in magnifying facts. None of the finny tribe tends more to that end than the plain, ordinary, "house broken" shad. Floridians will testify that the St. Johns river shad is without equal; North Carolinians stoutly maintain that the Cape Fear river variety is the only kind worth eating; Washingtonians vow that the Potomac shad is perfection; Philadelphians swear by the Delaware product, and "li'l' old" New York simply thinks that any other shad than the Hudson river brand is unfit to eat. And thus they go—the farther north the greater seems to be the prevarication daring. The fact is, however, that they are all talking about the same old bony shad. In migrating north it goes up each of the rivers in turn. It is a salt water fish, in fact, which swims into fresh water to spawn and is captured when perpetuating the species. It is true that the residue from oil works, gashouses, etc., in the several large cities enumerated may give Mr. or Mrs. Shad a slightly local flavor, but none to be proud of or to provoke the unstinted partisan praise that is showered upon this much overrated fish.—New York Tribune.

The Judgment of Years.

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison when she was over eighty years old and near her death. Her life had been fortunate and beautiful not only because circumstances had proved kind to her, but from the brightness and buoyancy of her temperament. She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching. Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "I who have lived so long repeat to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for!"

Not Soon Enough.

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked as clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

"Send $50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when an hour later he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

Had 'Em Again.

A company of motion picture actors and actresses gave a performance of "Chantecler" on the grounds adjoining the suburban studio of a film manufacturing company. A little later one of the actors, out for a walk, came upon a man seated by the roadside and weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the sympathetic player.

"I'm one of the patients at the sanitarium for bugs over yonder," explained the despairing one. "Yesterday the doc said I was well—boo-hoo—and that I could leave in a day or two. And what do you suppose I saw this morning? Roosters and hens six feet high and talkin' just like humans! If I get away from that sanitarium in ten years I'll be doing mighty well."—Lippincott's.

When Wild Winds Blow.

Most of us are apt to look on a storm as simply a strong wind blowing straight from one place to another. It is not so at all, for a storm wind always blows in a curve ,and a storm is not really a wind, but a whole wheel of winds with curving spokes. These curving spokes represent the various winds all blowing toward the hub. This hub is called the "eye" of the storm. It is the spot at which the barometer is lowest. On the rim of the wheel the barometer is high, and the nearer the hub the lower is the barometer. This wheel of winds is usually several hundred miles across.

Hard Luck Stories.

"I don't like to listen to hard luck stories, do you?"

"That depends on whether they are reminiscences or the preliminaries to a touch."—Washington Herald.

Hope is a dafterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's flat as well as the palace of his superior.

DECLARES WOODROW WILSON.

Business, Politics and Wealth of the Country Come Up, Not Down, He Says—All the People Do Not Believe In Democratic Government.

By WOODROW WILSON.

What fills me with confidence in the future is that the world is not waiting upon the stupidity of politics. The world has an awkward way of taking things into its own hands. The life of the people must in the long run express itself in its politics, and it does not now express itself in this country in the politics we have been accustomed to in the last decade.

There are two or three theories of government in this country. Don't deceive yourself by supposing all the people believe in democratic government, because they do not. You have only to listen to the utterances of very distinguished Republican speakers to see that they do not believe and do not pretend to believe in representative government. They will tell you they do not believe the judgment of the people can be trusted. And are you going to take counsel from these gentlemen as to the preservation of our representative institutions when they don't want them to represent the great body of the people?

Prefers Judgment of Rank and File

I don't know whether I was born so or learned so or what happened to me, but I know this, that the deepest conviction I have, arising out of observation and experience is this, that I would rather take the judgment of the rank and file than the judgment of the men who have become absorbed and successful leaders in great undertakings.

And I want to ask these gentlemen this query: What sustains business in the United States? What is it that makes the United States prosperous? Is it that we have great captains of industry? What would they do without the cunning and skill, the muscle and the indomitable aspiring hope of the American people? If these people were to find hope dying out of their hearts they would become dumb driven beasts, and your enterprises would fall for lack of the very breath that sustains them.

If you want to find whether a nation is prosperous ask the men who are on the make what they hope and what they fear. Go to the country districts and ask anxious fathers who are looking for openings for their sons, where they expect to get them in, where they find doors open and where they find doors shut. Go through the places where men are making earnings and see whether they dread or confidently look forward to the future, and then you will find whether America is waxing or waning, for if these men are confident, full of hope; if they know they are going to get fair treatment wherever they go, then America can conquer the world of enterprise in their hope.

But if you find what you do find—men everywhere asking themselves whether the doors of opportunity have not been locked in their faces—then you will have to take a new reckoning as to the future of America.

If only those who are chosen at the top have the right of way in, what is going to happen to America? Did you ever hear of a nation that was renewed from the top? Did you ever hear of a nation that was not made virile that did not account for its youth by renewal from the bottom? Did you ever hear of a tree that drew its sap from its flowers? Does it not draw it from the dark and silent places of the soil? Does not a nation draw its power of renewal and enterprise and all its future from the ranks of the great body of unnamed men?

Friend of American Business.

If you are going to discourage these men, if you are going to put the chill of fear in their hearts, then American captains of industry can whistle for their future, and they will whistle in a wilderness.

I am the friend of American business because I know where its foundations are laid and where they are weak. These foundations are solid only when laid in the confidence of the common people.

A Democrat? Why, a man does not understand history who isn't a Democrat. A man doesn't understand enterprise who isn't a Democrat. And let me say this, Democracy is not merely a matter of programs; it is a matter of sympathy and insight. It depends upon whether your heart is in connection with the great heart of the people. It does not depend upon whether you can cunningly devise a platform that looks just and good. You can build a flimsy platform and stand on it successfully, provided its basis is in the right kind of spirit.

It is a matter of seeing, not from your eyes out, but from the eyes of other men in. Getting the vision that is in the back of the other man's head is the thing; getting the hope that is the universal hope; getting that impulse that is the common human impulse, forward. This world has been swept by wave after wave of Democratic impulse.