

THE OBSERVER

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IS BOURNE THE SYSTEM?

From the way state senators are talking it would seem that there is but one thing to the "Oregon system" and that is Jonathan Bourne, Jr. If this is the case where is Chamberlain coming in for a share of the distinction and the present governor, too, who undoubtedly is a product of the system—where is he going to get off? The hatred among many for Bourne causes them to lose sight of every other living thing whenever a question of government is mentioned and yet whose fault is it that Bourne holds a seat in the United States senate? Whose fault is it that Chamberlain is also a senator? There is but one answer—jealous Republicans who were not good losers. Men who were not big enough to admit they had fought a losing fight, turned in their wrath and voted for these

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two senators and now they lay all of the blame on what some one has been pleased to term "the system."

If friends of Charles Fulton had admitted their defeat and stuck to their party ticket there would have been no Senator Chamberlain, but they did not do it. They whined and sulked, showed a yellow streak and voted for a Democrat. And the Democrat was elected, so there you are. There is quite an element in Oregon who smile at the punishment the politicians have brought upon themselves. This same element is not caring a rap if Oregon is represented by a Comanche Indian in the senate, so long as the bunch continue to be poor losers.

Probably there will come a time when red blood counts for something in Oregon politics, and then there will be more attention paid to offices like United States senator, but until that time comes, anybody can hold the office regardless of color or previous condition of servitude.

THE CORRUPT EAST.

Added to the fearful mess at West Adams, Ohio, where prominent men sold their votes and admitted the fact, comes a story from Joe Cannon's home in Illinois stating that conditions there have been just as bad or even worse. The grand jury is now grinding out a cess pool of filth that promises to shock every person who has read the preamble to the constitution.

And all of this leads one to think that the east is fearfully corrupt and dangerous. We remember when packing a convention in the west caused newspaper dispatches to go round the world, yet that same thing has been in the east for years and years and little has been said about it.

In this material age it appears that the stars and stripes fail to appeal to the gold-mad throng—patriotism has been discarded and in its place the dollar has been installed for it will buy joy rides, wine and temporary pleasure. The constitution is a back number with these degenerates and no longer have we the young man from the farm who, like Patrick Henry, delivers his orations with all that fervor and honesty capable of the human heart.

Without being pessimistic, we must admit that the old things are passing and giving place to the fickle whims and fancy born under electric lights and at tables of stylish cafes.

The bone and sinew and honest brain of the country pushes its way into the towns and cities where it becomes mushy, fickle and unproductive. But what's the use croaking, for a change will come one of these days and there will be a great awakening before this condition has gone too far.

DO LET THE COLONEL ALONE

(Minneapolis Tribune.)  
Why can't they let the colonel alone, after stinging him to the apparent digging of his own political grave in the late lamented campaign? First they know, they will resurrect him. The thing was done before too daintily to appear like the persecution it really was, but his tormentors cannot keep it up indefinitely without showing their hand.  
If the colonel should expatriate,

like Mr. Astor and Mr. Croker, he probably would have more troubles than either of them has had in getting into the house of commons, because he cannot stand heckling. Mr. Hill's penetrating remark about him told only half the truth. If he loses all his self-control when he hears people cheering, he loses all his self-restraint when he hears people jeering. Then he becomes the sport of his foes and the despair of his friends.

He was hunted through that den of thieves who knew just how to stung his rash temper into acts that would make his praise a moral infection and his condemnation a sort of political mascot. The success of the conspiracy left nothing to be desired. The election struck down everybody he upheld and uplifted everybody he tried to pull down.

Not content with this performance the alliance which the colonel characterized with perhaps too much heat in his New York speeches desires to repeat it two years from now. Having helped them mightily to get the house of representatives, they want the colonel to help them to get the presidency.

They and their publicity agents, which pretend independence, but are really Democratic, want to set Taft and Roosevelt by the ears, increase the division between sane and visionary progressives, sow mutual distrust among Republican leaders everywhere, weaken the party organization, depress its spirit and put a so-called safe and sane president in power who will set back for a generation the progress Roosevelt started and Taft is carrying on.

This is the whole meaning of the ingenious Washington fictions that stung the colonel to his latest indiscretion of speech.

It is of the utmost importance that every taxpayer take an interest in this proposed good roads legislation which is before the legislature. Unfair as the bill apparently is on the face of it, there is reason to believe its passage will be forced by Portland and the lower thickly populated country. This would mean that such counties as Union, Wallowa and Baker would almost bankrupt themselves paying assessments to build an automobile road from Portland to the California line.

The Oregon legislature had better not pass that proposed bill doing away with holidays for school children, for if the urchins see fit to make a fight on any one legislator he had as well pack his grip and hike for Idaho.

The Pendleton Live Wire is throwing a fit because the Evening Observer printed a story telling of the probable cause of rabies among the Wallowa county coyotes. Perhaps the Live Wire, like the coyotes, has been eating the infected ground squirrels.

Look out, Senator Borah, your theories are very good, but there are a lot of complex kinks in putting that popular election of senators into practice.

AVIATION, PLAIN AND FANCY.

(Manitoba Free Press.)  
The deaths of Hoxsey and Molssant have evidently caused a strong wave of opinion against sensational performances in aviation. It remains to be seen whether there will be a reaction in favor of developing the art of flying not showily but safely. The fact is claiming attention that Hoxsey, Johnson and Chavez, the daring aviator who flew over the Alps, all three holders of records for altitude, should have perished so soon after dazzling the world with their achievements in high flying. It may be that such feats beget a spirit of recklessness, a feeling on the part of their achievers that they bear charmed lives, with the result that sooner or later comes the fatal instant of carelessness, if not of mishap.  
Exhibition flying has served its purpose in advertising the new sport and undoubtedly has given the aeroplane many necessary and valuable testings. But what is needed now is not the ability to soar higher, or to fly faster, or to dive from dizzy heights of air more daringly, but simply the ability to fly with reasonable safety. Surely the sooner inventors and aviators realize this, the better. That exhibitions will be continued, we may take for granted, but the work of real importance for development of aviation is the patient experimenting necessary to secure a model that will not capsize, a

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framework that will not snap, a motor that will not break down.

The steady growth of the long-distance aeroplane record is less sensational than flights more than two miles high, but it is far more important to the art. The French aviator, Tabuteau has recently covered 362 miles at the rate of 46.2 miles per hour. He was in the air seven hours and three-quarters. The best long distance record previous to that was 150 miles. When a machine is produced which can carry two men and gasoline enough, some remarkable records for distance may be expected. Meanwhile there will, no doubt, continue to be sensational high diving and flying performances by daring aviators who will take the view that such aviation has by no means had the monopoly of fatalities, and that a fall from no higher than an ordinary house may be fatal no less than a fall from thousands of feet up in the air.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Something untoward is always happening in this old vale of tears. On days when we don't have boiled cabbage for dinner, a suspender button usually comes off.—Ohio State Journal.

This kind of weather is splendid for a smiling countenance. If the face should happen to freeze the smile would stay there.—St. Paul Dispatch.

One New Year report says that "Money is easy." Don't tell that to father while he is in the bill-paying agony.—Atlanta Constitution.

With the esteemed cucumber retailing at 15 cents each, we are not in quite so much danger of stomach ache as we might be.—Ohio State Journal.

Boston elevated railway supplies voice culture to conductors so that they can say "Step lively," in kindly accents. We have known railroads to do worse things.—Yakima Herald.

Time is at hand when the weary aviators will learn the art of landing lightly on tall buildings as half-way stations.—Atlanta Constitution.

A sporting writer says that a certain baseball player's one weakness is a low ball, but he can manage as long as it isn't a high ball.—Atlanta Journal.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

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