

When congress established a rate of one cent per pound for second class postage, the law rather loosely defined the class of publications entitled to that privilege as those issued at regular intervals, from a regular office and numbered consecutively. Publishers of cheap "libraries" have taken advantage of this, and by issuing one each week and numbering them consecutively have succeeded in getting them through the mails at one cent per pound. In this way the country has been flooded with a mass of the worst trash in the literary—so called—market, and the public taste has been most woefully demoralized. A book worth reading at all is worth being published in at least a substantial paper binding, and the difference of four or five cents in postage on it will not place it beyond the reach of anyone. Congress is now considering a bill excluding this class of publications from the second class and putting them specifically in the third class, where the rate is eight cents per pound. This is proper legislation; the extremely low rate of one cent per pound was given to the newspapers for obvious reasons, and should not be extended to books in cheap form any more than to books in a dearer form. An equally important amendment should be made to this law, one enabling newsdealers to return unsold copies to publishers at the same rate as to other dealers. As the law now stands, the great American News Company—as great a monopoly in its line as the Standard Oil Company—can supply dealers and receive back unsold copies at one cent, while the publisher himself can not receive them back at the same rate. The opportunity this gives the company to coerce publishers is improved to its fullest, and those who do not comply with the company's exorbitant terms are seriously handicapped in their efforts to supply dealers from the publication office

direct. Congress should either take this privilege away from the news company or extend it to the publishers themselves, for whose benefit the law was originally made.

In its eagerness to be known as the great organ of the sporting world, the *Chronicle* is guilty of publishing a species of local news that would speedily bring that paper into disrepute in any community not saturated with the poison of the prize fighting mania that now permeates San Francisco. In a recent issue it gave all the disgusting details, by rounds, of a bloody fight between two boys, aged sixteen and seventeen years, who fought with bare knuckles in a basement. Here is an example of the legitimate result of this prize fighting craze. Not only do the boys form "athletic clubs" and have "sparring contests," just like the men, but a leading paper dignifies them by giving a half column description of their brutal and illegal conduct. Do the people of Portland want to see such things in their midst? Do the papers of Portland want to be brought to such a low moral plane of journalism as to chronicle such things as news of public importance? This whole prize fighting business is a rot that goes from surface to core, and ought to be cut out before it has corrupted both people and press, as it has done in the Bay City.

The Ballot Reform League of Oregon has prepared the draft of a bill to be presented to the next legislature, and it has been printed in the daily press, and will be issued in circular form so that it may reach every voter in the state. It is the duty of every man to read it, consider its provisions and the effect of them, and then, if he approve it, urge it upon the attention of the legislative candidates of both parties.

#### PERPETUATION OF LOVE.

When I am dead, my love shall be a flower  
 That blossoms in thy pathway, pure and white;  
 A gush of bird-song, or a ray of light  
 That sifts across thy darkest, saddest hour;  
 A violet pummed by some sweet summer shower;  
 A dream that steals across thy longest night,  
 And thrills thee with the old-time, pure delight—  
 That only wakened at my tender power—  
 A silver wave laughing along the sand,  
 Stirring sweet memories of my vanished voice;  
 A gold mist trembling from the sea to land;  
 A tone or glance, recalling thy heart's choice;  
 The grieving night-call of a lonely dove—  
 These things shall all be rife with my lost love.

ELLA HERRICK.