

A contemporary editorially opposes the bill to grant \$2.00 pension to all survivors of confederate prisons for every day of their incarceration in those death pens, on the ground that it offers a premium on surrender. Let us see. It would be something like this: Johnny Reb would put his handkerchief on the tip of his sword and wave it aloft, and when the firing ceased he would come out and address the trembling federals as follows: "Here, you fellers, we can lick you out of your boots, but we don't want to hurt you. Just surrender and we will board you for a year or so in Andersonville, where you can lie out on the sand in the cold rain or scorching sun; you will need no clothes but a shirt and a pair of drawers—your coat, pants and boots we will take ourselves—and then you can feast every day on five ounces of corn-cob meal and six square inches of black bread. If you do not die—and nearly half of you probably will not—when your bones protrude through your skin and you are too feeble to walk, we will cart you through the lines and exchange you for a good, healthy rebel. Then, if you still succeed in living, a quarter of a century later you may be able to get \$2.00 a day pension from the government for the time you were enjoying yourself in our hotel doing nothing but hunt for bones and trying not to get too near the dead line." The invitation completed, what a rush there would be to secure this "premium" the government is accused of offering. It is all bosh to say that it is only stragglers and cowards who are captured, and the man who says so never saw enough of war to entitle him to talk on the subject. How about Prentiss's division at Shiloh, who surrendered after a stubborn resistance that so delayed the confederate advance that night came and saved Grant's army from destruction? Let us hear no more slurs upon the greatest martyrs of the war—the men who endured the sum of mortal agony in those hell-holes of the south.

If, as is reported, the railroads of the northwest have woman spotters at work along their lines, whose object it is to entrap conductors into some violation of the company's rules, they are engaged in a small piece of business. Spotters are about as contemptible specimens of humanity as wander at large, and the company that puts its faith in them will probably find that it has lost some good and faithful men while it has retained some rascals. A spotter must do business, must show results, or his occupation is gone. He lays careful traps to catch the unwary, and when he succeeds he gains for himself another lease of life, like the man who sold himself to the devil and purchased his ransom yearly by ensnaring a human soul. By trumping up charges against the incorruptibles ones and going into partnership with the corruptible, he

manages to make a good thing of it while it lasts, and the company not only does not save a cent, but probably loses the services of some of its best men. Let railroad companies pay their conductors a salary corresponding to their work and great responsibility, and the spotter will be as unnecessary as he is useless and contemptible.

At last an agreement has been reached by which Portland will be given mammoth union passenger and freight depots for the use of the three great transcontinental lines terminating in the city—the Southern, Union and Northern Pacific. A large and ornamental brick and stone structure will be erected on the grounds of the Portland Terminal Company, which will possess all the accessories and conveniences of the best depots in the country. The Southern Pacific will cross the steel bridge of the Union Pacific. The narrow gauge line on the east side of the Willamette will be widened, and trains from that road will enter the city by way of the present line through Oregon City and cross the bridge and enter the union depot. In making this move the companies have recognized the great importance of Portland as a terminal point, an importance which these new facilities will materially increase. To-day Portland is the most important railroad center west of the Rocky mountains, and the new lines projected by genuine and sound companies will give it a still greater preponderance over all other cities of the Pacific coast.

WEST SHORE is in receipt of a poem entitled "The Life Divine," written by Hugh Farrar Macdermott. The poem is accompanied by a number of press criticisms which pretty generally agree that "The Life Divine" places its author along side of Milton, Dante, and others. Such criticism is foolishness. The poem lacks every element, except words and a good intention, that gives to the poetry of Milton and Dante its perennial charm.

Roseburg has given an indisputable proof of its right to be considered a progressive town by subscribing the bonus necessary to insure the construction of the Roseburg & Coos Bay railroad, work upon which will commence as soon as practicable. This is an enterprise Roseburg has long been working for, and its completion will stimulate the growth of that city and develop the region between it and the coast.

Execution by electricity is not proving very instantaneous in New York.

Cleveland found there was something new under the Sun.