

The most absurd portion of English criticism of our new tariff is that it will affect the receipts of our railroads. They predict a great falling off in values and a decline in receipts. This is the height of folly. Our railroads have been built by home traffic and have grown with the development of our home market. When we import goods the railroads secure but the transportation of them to the consumer, but when we manufacture them from our own or imported raw materials, they secure the transportation of the raw materials, the machinery for making them, and the supplies for the operatives in addition to the goods themselves. In view of this the railroads may well look forward to increased business and prosperity. In a few years these self-blinded Britons will see their error and be more eager than ever to invest in American railroads.

The position of the press of Oregon—with the exception of a few disgruntled editors who are deeply sunk in the mire of muckrakerism or have some fancied personal grievance to nurse—on the question of a proper representation of the state at Chicago is one most creditable to its intelligence and enterprise. It strongly endorses the two positions assumed by WEST SPOON, first, that the legislature should make a large appropriation, and second, that some form of organization must be had at once, for the purpose of outlining a plan for the information and guidance of the legislature in making its appropriation. This latter movement is vitally necessary to the success of the former.

It is utter folly to expect a large appropriation from the legislature unless a comprehensible plan of an exhibit calling for the expenditure of the sum asked be presented for the consideration of the legislators. That body will not vote a large sum of money without knowing just what is to be done with it. There can be no "blind pool" scheme worked at Salem. Plans, sufficiently arranged in their details to show what will be the general nature of the exhibit, the method of its management, the approximate cost and the probable results, must be laid before the house, the senate and the governor, if anything satisfactory is to be accomplished. It is well enough for organized bodies to pass resolutions, for they show the drift of public sentiment on the subject and show the representatives of the people that there is a general call for action, but nothing practical can be accomplished without organized effort and intelligent and diligent labor. The time is short, and none can be wasted. The legislature will assemble in ten weeks.

Not only is it of vital importance that the legislature shall know just what disposition is to be made of the \$250,000 to be asked for, but it must also know, and decide, who shall disburse the money. An organization of representative citizens will command more respect and confidence from the legislature and the public than any possible executive or legislative appointees. Public confidence is an essential element of success, since both financial and personal aid will be required from the people of every section of the state. Let the people feel that they are doing this thing themselves, through the medium of agents selected by them, and enthusiasm will prevail; otherwise the usual public apathy will militate against the complete success of the movement. This is exemplified by the absolute lack of appreciation of the importance of this subject existing a few weeks ago, which, happily, is now changed to a widespread interest in the success of the endeavor.

A plan of organization somewhat similar to that adopted in California would meet the requirements of the case. On the eleventh of September a convention of delegates from all the counties in the state assembled and organized a California World's Fair Association. A board of directors, consisting of one from each county was selected, whose duty it was to choose an executive committee of twenty-one, in whose hands the entire management was to be placed. The board of directors has elected the executive committee, consisting of eight of the most enterprising of the business men of San Francisco and thirteen representative men of prominence from other sections of the state, whose names carry weight and confidence wherever they are known. J. D. Phelan is the president, and W. H. Mills the vice president. When such men actively identify themselves with a public movement something great is certain to be accomplished. Here, then, is a summary of the practical steps taken in California. Let us be equally sensible and alert. Let us have a convention of delegates from every county, which convention shall decide what is the most equitable plan by which every section of the state shall be represented in the management of the state's interests. When this has been done, and the managers selected, there will be but a few weeks for them to work in before the legislature meets. Valuable time is being wasted. The Oregon Board of Commerce should take action immediately.

One of the most rural of the scenes in Portland is the huge piles of cord wood and slab wood that obstruct the streets or line the curbstones. It is too bad, of course, that the founders of the city made the blocks but 200 feet square and without an alley running through them. With an alley in the

rear of the business houses the streets could be cleared of much needless blockade and the sidewalks could be used for people to walk upon. As it is now, a pedestrian must take a few lessons from a jack rabbit to successfully navigate the business streets. In the residence portion the alley would remove the unsightly piles of wood and the odorous and never pleasant barn from the street. But we have no alleys, and for this reason it becomes necessary for us to forego the village custom of piling wood in the street. Cord wood in the summer time is dry enough to be cut at once and put away out of sight, and because slab wood is a trifle cheaper and requires a long exposure in the open air to render it fit for use is no reason why the authorities should permit it to line the sidewalks. There are many things the individual may do in a village that he ought not to be permitted to do in a city. One of these is the grazing of a cow in the public streets, and another is the village woodpile, looking about as attractive as a red patch on a suit of broadcloth.

Speaking of cows brings up the subject of dogs that are used in villages to chase them with. Portland has no cows in her streets and needs no dogs for the pleasures of the chase, nor for anything else. If we must have either, give us the cows. They give milk and are good to eat. Dogs give nothing and are good for nothing. Cows do not howl and bark during the midnight hours when dogless people expect to sleep. Slumber visits the eyes of the dog owner. Undisturbed by the barks and yelps of his useless cur, he snores placidly, while his distressed neighbor indulges in expletives, in which the dog and the name of its owner are inextricably mixed. Many of our citizens have beautiful lawns and beds of flowers, unprotected by fence or gate—and would that more of them would remove the unsightly fence from around their otherwise attractive grounds—and great, hulking, utterly useless dogs, coming from nobody knows where and owned by nobody knows who, prowl about them, destroying choice flowers, frightening the women and children, and making themselves a general nuisance. The law permits any person who may choose to pay a dog tax to keep as many utterly worthless brutes as he may be foolish enough to pay for. This part of it may be all right. Good hunting dogs are of some value, and no one objects to them if they are properly kept in hand. Of course, the city can not maintain a dog commission to decide upon the merits of an animal for which a tax tag is desired. No standard of quality can be set up for a dog, any more than a standard of common sense for the person who owns it. But the city can require that it be kept confined, and it can require the owner either to make it hold its peace at night or else hold it forever—the latter preferred.

AN AIR CASTLE.

I built a castle in the air
When first the mountain violets
Wove azure webs amid the grass,
That time of year when earth forgets
Her feet rest on undying snows,
And wreaths her brow with blossoming,
Such time of year I reared its walls—
When all my heart was full of spring.

I said, and should my castle fall,
The sun will never shine again
And nevermore the lark will sing;
Above the hills will drift the rain,
With not a blossom following.
And, raven-like, a dark regret
Will haunt the spot, and sadness build
Her nest where dry leaves linger yet.

The grasses grow within the moat,
The ivy crowns the crumbling walls,
But still across the sunlit hills,
The swallow flits, the curlew calls.
No shadow falls along the sky
Because a ruin lies below,
And in and out and round about,
Forget-me-nots atangle grow.

A vision wrapt in tender thoughts,
Whose sweetness will forever last,
As faintly clings a rare perfume
When rose and thorns alike are past,
Above its dust will lilies bloom,
And larks trill forth their melody,
And all the landscape of my heart
Be fairer for its memory.

MAUDE SUTTON.