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with the assistance given bad legislation. It can also be used as a club with which to kill off measures of real merit.

ALL HAIL TO CLACKAMAS! Many a futile rainbow has faded unseen in the spray of Willamette Falls and many a noble chinook has wasted in the swirl below, but no longer is it vanity.

How will the Clackamas Nonpareil use his prerogatives and immunities? What occasion could be more "extraordinary" than this for convoking the Legislature?

SMART STRATEGY OF FROTHS. Smart are froths. Why? For letting local optimists bear the heat and burden of last election while they themselves dozed in the shade and laid plans to get busy.

Did a man dare call the local option bill its name last June, a frantic anti-saloon leaguer or reformer was a-straddle of his neck. Amid it all he moved cat-footed and with bated breath.

And now, behold the voter, who was beggared with the promise of precinct option, unable to accomplish his desire, unable to shut out liquor from the whole county.

INDEPENDENCE THAT IS REAL. Ethan Allen, of Tacoma, Democratic candidate for the Legislature, unlike some of his colleagues higher up on the ticket, seems to be a man possessing firm convictions as to right and wrong.

When the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' association elected Mr. Allen to sign a pledge to support "any and all measures" that may secure for the state the 40-cent lumber tax demanded.

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THE BETTING AS A SIGN. What it is That Makes the Election of Parker Impossible. New York Sun, October 27. The bets on the election of which there is a daily record represent an utterly insignificant part of the money which has been risked throughout the Union on the election of President Roosevelt.

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THE PARKER PRIMER. Today's lesson from the Parker Political Primer: Who is the great foe of corporate greed? Who are his friends? How do we know this? His friends tell us so.

HONORS AN OPEN ENEMY. Therefore, I say, I am against Mr. Roosevelt. But his letter rings with many frank and resolute words. He does not dodge; he does not straddle; he is not playing with loaded dice.

THE SAME DIVINE. Chehalis Bee-Bugget. Rev. D. L. Rader, editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate, of Portland, installed Portland womanhood at the state convention of the Oregon W. C. T. U.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE. Oshkosh Northwestern. The luxuries of one generation are the necessities for the next. It is not impossible that in a few years more the poor man of this country will ride in a motor car in a neat \$600 automobile and look enviously at his rich neighbor who is able to sell around in a \$2500 airplane.

STANDARD OIL AND PARKER. Chicago Tribune. Standard Oil says that it didn't help to nominate Parker. But in the same solemn, public statement Standard Oil says that it is not interested in copper, steel, banks, railroads or gas.

ALL WANT PIE. Cincinnati Inquirer. Bourke Cochrane says Democracy is a faith and Republicanism an appetite. Bill, Democrat, cannot be blamed for getting a little hungry occasionally. It is not simply demonstrated that even angels do not eat.

ALWAYS THUS. An Atollman man who has nothing whatever to do, is busy all the time.

THE SOUTHERN VOTERS' POWER. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Some of the political arithmetic men are showing that in 11 Southern States, which constitute the nucleus of the solid South, 1,500,000 voters in 1900, elected 112 members of the electoral college, while New York's 1,540,000 voters chose only 23 members of that body.

NOTE AND COMMENT. Road to success—a subway. Every pricefight has a silver lining. Gans is not so black as his prospects were painted.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY'S DEATH WARRANT HAS NOW BEEN OFFICIALLY READ AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF AN APPEAL. London denies the report that the sailing of the Channel squadron has any connection with the Gans-Britt decision.

REAR-ADMIRAL JEWELL, of the European squadron, judging from the reports of his speeches, must be a jewel of a talker. The Japanese and Russian armies are watching each other, say the dispatches. Good; that relieves the public of the duty.

CANADIAN RAILROADS, says a Pittsburg paper, are offering as high as \$1.50 and \$1.75 a day for laborers for construction work, but are unable to procure sufficient men. The Russian fleet has left Vigo undamaged. Admiral Rojostevsky will probably be called upon to explain why he didn't mistake the town for something else.

FRAME IS DECEITFUL. Here is the Brooklyn Eagle saying that "the Dodwell line, plying between Tacoma and the East, refuses to carry the United States mails." What do Tacoma and the Dodwells think of this? Michael Davitt, says the New York Evening Sun, in reply to an invitation by a branch of the United Irish League to contest West Clare, wrote: "I have no intention of asking submission to the penal servitude of Parliamentary life."

ACCORDING TO THE PITTSBURGH DISPATCH a woman who has ideas on the issue of race suicide has written to Treasurer Peabody, of the Democratic National Committee, saying: "I am the mother of 11 children. My husband thinks Roosevelt is fine. I think, as I look at my brood, his views are away off, so I enclose a small check."

WHEN WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE gets started, there's nothing he'll stop at. Speaking of the Democrats, who have slipped, he says, into the laison with Wall street, which Roosevelt had spurned, Bill remarks: "No wonder, then, that the incense burning at the altar of their glided Jose smells like embalming fluid doused on punk!" What's the matter with Roosevelt?

IT HAS OFTEN HAPPENED that two young men have fought over a girl, and the winner has copped out the prize. The Kansas City Journal tells of a case in which two girls fought over a young man, who watched the contest. The end was truly in accordance with feminine logic. One girl was licked, and, struggling to her feet, she took the young man by the arm and walked off with him.

NOW AND THEN an item from some country paper is detached from its environment of home news and neighborhood fellowship and serves to make some city reader smile a smile of half-amused, half-regretful recollection of another country town and another country paper. Here are a few metropolitan items from the Chicago Post's correspondents:

A. F. Shaw, 944 Winthrop Ave., on a making trip. Ledy and Dorothea Johnson expect to spend the Winter here instead of going South. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler played at the musical cycle given at the Burs residence. The Lotus Club will give a concert soon. The entertainment will consist of songs, duets, single and double quartets.

YOUR true motorist is not puffed up, although his tires may be; he is meek and long-suffering toward the foolish few that would stand in the way of progress in speed along the highway. New York police are notorious in their persecution of the driver who runs his auto at a higher speed than eight or ten miles an hour. They follow the cars on bicycles and arrest the chauffeur, who is making a speed test solely in the interests of science. Would it be a matter of surprise, then, if the motorists of New York were to resist arrest and to do all in their power to escape from the tyranny of the police, the "insolence of office"? It is but natural that every possible means should be employed to foil the police, and one might reasonably expect the owners of automobiles to equip their cars with quick-draw guns and grenades for the destruction of the minions of the unjust law. But what do we find? Late telegrams from New York show that the automobilists have adopted a humane gun, which discharges a pint or so of ammonia into the eyes of the pursuing policeman. Thus blinded, the blue-coated tyrant falls into the gutter and there is no arrest for exceeding the speed limit. Instead of being killed, the too officious policeman is temporarily disabled, or at most, blinded for life, and yet motorists are execrated as a law-breaking class. WEX J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR. "Pa, what is a reporter?" "Oh, he's an insult with its dress suit on, my son." "Fudge, Manager—What do you mean by that?" "Well, he's failed at everything else—Brooklyn life."

"Honest—He-it's hard to keep a secret sometimes, isn't it?" "Sbe—don't know; I've never tried it." "The football season like a wash day?" "Give it up." "Because that's the time to see the line-up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PAULINE (sarcastically)—Jack struts along as if he owned the office. "Elvira, sweetie—do you wonder, I just evening I promised to let him become my husband."—Chicago News.

BUTLER—I need a boy about your size, and will pay you \$3 a week. "Boy—Will I be here at 4 o'clock every morning—Judge."

"Of course, Charles," said the wife, "I thank you for this money, but it isn't enough to buy a real fur coat." "Well," replied the great brute, "you'll have to make it so for you can."—Philadelphia Ledger.

KWATER—He laughs best who laughs last. There's a great deal of truth in that old saw. "Wim—Yes, but there's more truth in the new one that laughs best who laughs first. And whose laugh lasts."—Philadelphia Press.

GRUDGE—Do you think a woman is justified in using deception in order to secure a husband? "Yes, if the man's wife, how do you expect a woman is ever going to get married. I should like to know."—Boston Transcript.

"Oh," asserted the self-important lawyer who was cross-examined, "you think you know it all, don't you?" "No, quite," replied the witness. "For instance, I don't know how you manage to secure an occasional client."—Chicago News.

"How old are you?" "I'm nearly 70." "I'm nearly 70," replied the witness. "For instance, I don't know how you manage to secure an occasional client."—Chicago News.

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