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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

MRS. EDDY AGAIN.

To an unprejudiced observer who could study all religions with an impartial vision, the good and reprobation for the bad elements which they contain, it might appear that there is one, and only one, fundamental difference between the "Scientists" and other Christian sects. This difference is easier to perceive than to state, but one may suggest it by saying that Mrs. Eddy has reduced to practice a number of beliefs which other sects have in pure theory. What these beliefs are we shall set in a moment; but first let us reiterate that Mrs. Eddy's personal character has absolutely nothing to do with the value of her teachings. These must be judged by their own merits or demerits. Still, since Dr. Morrison insists that Mrs. Eddy's character, especially her veracity, is a matter of moment in this discussion, one must remark that, admitting all her alleged faults, it compares not unfavorably with those of the Christian heroes, founders and martyrs. It would be hard for anybody to surpass St. Cyril of Alexandria or St. Theresa in lies, while we have heard nothing of Mrs. Eddy which could rank her with the former in treachery and cruelty or with St. George in licentiousness.

CANADA'S ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES.

A large number of emigrants from Oregon and Washington have passed through Portland in the past thirty days en route for the newly opened agricultural districts in Canada. Cheap land, exempt from taxes, and the government or sold on easy terms by the railroad companies, has been the principal attraction for these settlers, who are leaving one of the best agricultural countries on earth; but it is possible that Canada has other attractions which make it more desirable as a place of residence. Canada has no Carnegie or Rockefeller, grown enormous and meted out to the masses, which robs millions to enrich a few; but it is quite clear by the official figures that her people are enjoying a greater degree of prosperity than are our own people, who, it is needless to state, are, in spite of the wholesale thievery of the trusts, now experiencing the most prosperous era they have ever known.

These figures show a per capita average of more than \$51, compared with the \$22 per capita average in the United States. In other words, Canada is richer in business, with a scanty population and transportation facilities still crude in most of the territory—has in proportion to her population a foreign trade nearly two and one-half times as great as our own. One of the principal arguments used by the high-trust devotees in this country is that it is responsible for the "balance of trade" in our favor. As the foregoing figures will show, there is a tremendous "balance" of exports over imports, but it is open to question whether this can truthfully be termed a balance in "our favor." It will be noted that this "balance of trade," by applying the high-trust interpretation, is unfavorable to Canada, and yet her foreign trade in either imports or exports, as previously stated, is, in proportion to the population, more than double that of our own country. This is due to the fact that Canada does everything that can possibly be done to encourage trade, and nothing to obstruct it.

while the other churches hold them as theories only? The first person who prays for the sick, people pray; but the followers of Mrs. Eddy expect their prayers to be answered, while other sects do not. Doubtless Dr. Morrison has often prayed for rain. Had he ever the remotest expectation that his petition would change the weather? Ministers all pray for the President; they pray for the sick; and with a shadow of hope for results. The "Scientists" expect results when they pray, and in many cases they get results, just as the early Christians did. The second of these beliefs is that the power of the all-pervading deity is available for protecting and healing human beings, for aiding them in righteous aspiration and sustaining them in distress. The "Scientists" work this belief into the daily routine of their vocations; other sects hold it as an abstract proposition without practical effect. It is differences like these which seem to the outsider to mark the real distinction between Christian Scientists and other Christians. Perhaps they fall somewhat "in practicing what they pretend to believe"; but it is entirely safe for the other sects to cast stones at them on this account?

WOULD YOU BE ROCKEFELLER?

After all, the Nation is greater than any individual, no matter how much wealth he has, and Nemesis is the dog that runs overtake every criminal. Whether there is a place of future punishment or not is of little moment now to John D. Rockefeller. Whatever retribution may await the unblest in another world, it can hardly exceed that which he suffers here. Covered before the law which he so long defied, haunted by the specters of his inexplicable crimes, exposed under the just hatred of a whole Nation, he hides himself in the gloom of his lonesome palace and vainly seeks defense from inexorable remorse in the weapons of his guards. In the watches of the night, as the solitary fugitive reviews the tale of lives ruined to satiate his lust for gold, he hears the steps of the imaginary assassin creeping softly to his revenge. The train of his thoughts is a deathly march of women pleading in vain for mercy. The ticks of the pendulum number the curses of his victims. Why does he not call his friends to his side as the darkness of impending doom settles upon his soul? He has no friends. He has parasites and sycophants, but in all the world there is not a poor slave of toll so friendless as Rockefeller, who has sold his soul to the devil for the sake of a few dollars. He has sold his soul to the devil for the sake of a few dollars. He has sold his soul to the devil for the sake of a few dollars.

THE PROMISE OF GOOD ROADS.

The most gratifying "good roads movement" of which this public has lately heard is that which, with a recently acquired rock quarry as its basis, proposes to make the roads of Multnomah County fit for travel and traffic the year round. This county has learned how to build good roads. It has long outlived, on its main thoroughfares, the old earthen roads, composed of mud and corduroy in Winter and dust and broken boughs in Summer, each a greater impediment to travel than the other. For some years it has had a road building system properly constructed and kept in reasonably good repair. The mountain road north of the Sandy and the Base Line road east to Fairview are samples of road construction, and there are other stretches of public highway that are equally well built. It is gratifying to learn that good roads are now, or will be within the next five years, to be everywhere throughout the county, answering fully the needs of its growing traffic.

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPRE STATE.

The trained nurses of the Empire State are up in arms. And well they may be. There is a bill before the Legislature at Albany which provides for a state commission of nursing, carrying an appropriation of \$15,000 a year for the salary of a commissioner and an office in Albany, with "such clerical force as may be necessary." There is already a law regulating the registration of nurses and the standards of training schools that has been in operation three years and is fully satisfactory both for the protection of the nurses and their patients. Why, ask the nurses, should another system be substituted for it? Miss Annie De Mar, president of the State Nurses' Association, thinks she knows. She says: "The proposed bill is simply a scheme to create positions for a few men." She is probably right. Most bills of like character, from railway commission bills down through the long list to this nurses' supervision bill, are framed, pushed and passed for this specific purpose.

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these commodities she buys heavily from the foreign countries with which she is doing business. There is at the present time great expansion in her agricultural industries, and she is importing large quantities of farm machinery. In the absence of tariff-protected trusts, the Canadian is permitted to buy this machinery at much lower prices than are exacted from the American farmer for the same goods, although the American must sell his grain in the same markets and at the same prices as are secured by the Canadian. Down the long list of tariff-protected, trust-produced commodities, the Canadian buys at reduced prices and saves the exorbitant profit which in this country is withheld from the consumer and given to the trust. This is one of the economic advantages which Canada has over the United States, and it is a powerful aid to cheap land in attracting immigration. So long as this advantage exists, the foreign trade of Canada will continue to increase more rapidly in proportion to the population than will that of the United States.

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The purpose of students of Pacific University to raise a fund of \$10,000 toward rebuilding Herrick Hall, the young women's dormitory of that institution, indicates a devotion to the university and an interest in its work, as well as a degree of courage and self-confidence among the students that is praiseworthy. The next three months will be no play month to these volunteer workers. It is evident, however, that they are not afraid of work, otherwise they would not have set themselves to the task.

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It is quite evident that the universal regret at the absence of Mr. Andrew Hamilton from the official insurance investigation was well founded. Still, Mr. Hamilton has done a great deal to make things interesting since his return. Henry E. Dixey has gone to the trouble to compile statistics to show that there are more clergymen in prison than actors. This ought to be mighty interesting reading for "Scotty."

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The Pacific Coast's latest aspirant for historic honors—and dollars—can have no complaint to make over lack of publicity. Few novices have played in such good luck as "Scotty."

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Columbia River salmon men have formed an organization to "protect the industry." While doing this admirable duty they will not forget this year's profits.

commodating extra contains a number of other grotesque statements which are fully as misleading and erroneous as the one quoted. It would seem that, with all of the money which is in control of the shipping trust behind the subsidy bill, a more consistent press agent could be secured. Even A. Smith, who uses to do the press-noticing for former ship-subsidy bills, and who appears on the letterhead of the Cleveland organization as "commissioner," always credited his readers with more intelligence than the Cleveland league seems to think its readers possess.

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Mr. John F. Wallace made a miserable failure of the part assigned him in the construction of the Panama Canal, but this does not detract from the truth of the statement he has just made regarding the Tehuantepec route. British capital at the Tehuantepec is opening up a short commercial route to the Far East that will prove a most formidable competitor of the Panama Canal, even after the latter is completed. Pending completion of the canal, there are possibilities of enormous traffic over the Tehuantepec route at rates lower than any that have yet been made to the Far East. In recommending immediate improvement in facilities and equipment on the Panama Railroad, Mr. Wallace offers what seems to be the only remedy that can be applied in time to head off competition of a most strenuous nature. In view of the experience of the Government in managing commercial enterprises, it is not clear that even increased equipment on the railroad will retain the business unless there is a decrease in the use of red tape.

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THE SILVER LINING.

By A. H. Ballard.

When the Day is Done.

You may not be the only light, You can see but one; My bitter pain comes back at night, When the day is done.

Oh, I would sing the old, old song, The song forever new, The song that's sweet our whole life long, Sweet and sad and true.

The world is, oh, so wide, wide, wide; Life is a hurried din; To me it's nothing else beside, A place to love you in.

Oh, I believe if you but knew How much I love you, dear, You'd hesitate before you threw Away such treasure here.

As sunshine warms a blooming rose, Its petals spring apart, So would my love your soul uncloze, My love warm you, sweetheart.

Still must I sing the old, old song, The song that's sweet our whole life long, Sweet and sad and true, The wrongs that women do.

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HOW REAL HUMOR PAYS.

Detroit Free Press.

George Ade's income from his plays and books is now \$150,000 a year. This is the annual interest at 6 per cent on \$2,500,000. George Ade, in all probability, will be the first literary man in the history of the world to earn \$1,000,000 from his writings—that is, the first man to receive this amount during his lifetime.

The royalties of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, have amounted to vast fortunes, but their earning capacity greatly outlasted their terms of life. When Kipling's income, in the height of his popularity, reached the sum of \$50,000 a year the world was astounded. He was the first of the prodigious literary earners, and he made a dent on the pages of books that will last as long as the English language. It is not one-fourth that Kipling's income is now one-fourth that of Ade's today. Kipling's fourth novel, the greatest novel of the nineteenth century, "The Light That Failed," was practically a failure as a play, though it was shabbily dramatized. It is doubtful if, altogether, the earnings of this book will amount to that of "The College Widow" when the latter's career as a play alone is done.

Roughly speaking, 15 years ago, Ade was working for \$5 a week. Today he is earning over \$400 a day. There is only one other man in this country who could rival Ade's literary financial success. This man refuses to compete. He is Finley Peter Dunne, who created Dooley, and, although his copy is worth a dollar a line, he has never attempted to produce it. Humor pays. Both of these men evolved in Chicago newspaper offices.

Mrs. Wharton, whose human insight and literary workmanship is incomparable with William Dean Howells, who discovered the shape of the earth and the movements of the stars; Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and Darwin, one of the pioneers of evolution, did not amount to Ade's annual income.

The humorist is a sincere worker. Ade does not write for money, in the sense of taking any liberties with his market. He will go to any lengths to better his work. He has the infinite capacity of taking pains. He is far too wise to flood the market with his own goods and suffer the contempt which comes of familiarity. Still, he has large commercial acumen and canny provision for the future. The Indiana farm which will provide a home for him in his old age should provide adequate income.

At the Chicago Press Club certain of his friends were worth because Ade gave up his fables for plays. The humorist said he knew best. Later, when his fabulous income was assured from the stage, his friends asked him if he did not regret sometimes that he had turned so completely to the playwright end of literature.

"No," said he, "I would do it over again." That was two years ago. He has since changed his mind to a degree, for his favors are once more falling to the press.

Saved From Snakes, Anyhow.

Harper's. A New York man was stopping for a month at an inland town in Florida. This man is exceedingly fond of swimming, but has a horror of snakes, and this fear kept him from indulging in his favorite sport in the nearby river. He was falling one day, and mentioned his desire and the barrier to its enjoyment to his guide, a lanky and sorrowful "cracker."

"Oh, I kin fix yo' up all right," the guide drawled, and led the way to a beautiful little lake some distance back from the river. "Ain't nary snake in hyah," he said.

"Northerner enjoyed a half-hour's sport in the clear water, and then coming back to the white sand beach began to dress. He then observed that what he had taken to be several logs floating upon the water were in motion.

"Wonder what causes those logs to move?" he said. "Them ain't logs," his guide calmly replied, "they're a straw 'them' gators. That's howcome there ain't no snakes hyah—gators keeps 'em up."

Folk Sized Them Up.

Harper's. Not long ago Governor Folk, of Missouri, upon reaching his office at the State capitol, found a number of men waiting in the ante-room. He paused as he passed through, and made a joke that was a success. The men were in the private office, the friend remarked.

"Say, that was a fearful old one you got off just now." "I know it," was the complacent reply. "Then, why did you do it?" the puzzled friend asked.

"Did you notice which of those fellows looked the most alarmed?" "Yes, the one who has favors to ask," was the explanation.

Identifying Them.

Harper's. Several women visitors going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent came to the room where they saw three other women sewing.

"Dear me," whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they doing setting up?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly replied the superintendent.

Delicate Insinuations.

London Chronicle. No M. P. is permitted to say bluntly and directly that another is drunk, but he may hint at the fact in periphrasis, as when Mr. Gladstone, replying to an unbecomingly complimentary speech of Disraeli, remarked: "The right honorable gentleman has evidently had access to sources of inspiration that are not open to me. A violent storm has been caused in the Parliament of Victoria by a Labor member saying of a legal colleague: 'The honorable and learned gentleman was once called to the bar, and he has since gone frequently without being called.'"

Ballade of Modern Ways.

Kate Masterman in New York Sun. Young lamb and peas are on the stalls, Apples and bread are high, While over our strawberries falls Of rice strawberries may be. If we have dollars, you and I, We may feast in Springtime's gladden; O'ld Wain, what a languorous eye, "Gone are the snows of yesterday!"

Daffodils bloom "neath Barista's" walls And blushing roses clamor high; A laxy purple orchid sprawls With daisies sweet and violets shy. To you get meadows let us be, Gather our cut flowers while we may; Youth fades—love goes and rows die—Gone are the snows of yesterday!

There is the shop a hat enthralls.

Wreathed with a summer sky, Hark how that little blidlet calls, And none so poor to say we lie, Or hem or haw or wonder why, Or hint that we are getting dry, When for the ice cream found we cry—Gone are the snows of yesterday!

THE WORLD'S NEXT GREAT FAIR.

Jamestown Press Bulletin.

Since the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, the world has seen many exhibitions, great and small. All have been inland and all of an industrial character. On Hampton Roads in 1907, it is proposed to give the world something entirely new. The great celebration will be held at a point almost equidistant from Cape Henry, where the English first landed their ships in the Spring of 1607, and Jamestown, where they