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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1906.

A LETTER FROM MR. JONES.

A letter by John Aubrey Jones, printed today in another column, is one of those productions which exasperate the mind by their impudent violation of every principle of logic, fairness and truth. There are men with whom it is impossible to reason because they cannot perceive the connection between premise and conclusion. From interest, prejudice or conceit they first adopt some opinion, and thenceforward until the day of their death everything they learn or imagine is tortured to confirm it. If a fact agrees with their preconceived notions, very well; if it does not agree, if it flatly contradicts, it is all the same. A man like Mr. Jones is capable of twisting and contorting any fact you please until it seems to his own mind to prove any proposition whatever. If he should by some chance discover that water runs down hill, he would at once conclude from it that the moon is made of green cheese. Such men cannot tell the truth, because truthfulness involves a certain just appreciation of human motives, of cause and effect, of the relations among facts and things. They prevaricate, not from any particular love of falsehood, but because they cannot discern the difference between fact and fiction. They are sometimes harshly, but correctly, described as moral idiots.

One might as well expect a monkey to understand the binomial theorem as that such a man will be fair either to his neighbors or to characters in public life. He cannot be fair. His own mind being a chaotic jumble of disconnected notions where truth and logic have no place or part, he inevitably imagines that all other minds are similar. It is impossible for him to conceive of any man acting from reasoned principle, for he has no more idea of principle than he has of the fourth dimension of space. His own sole motive for action being low and selfish cunning, he ascribes the same to all other men and can apprehend nothing different or higher. It is only upon the supposition that Mr. Jones is a person of this type that his extraordinary opinions of the President become intelligible. That a sane, normally constituted brain could cherish them is out of the question.

He asks The Oregonian to state specifically who the plutocratic enemies of the President are that have waged a campaign to discredit him. We do so, not with any hope of enlightening Mr. Jones, but for the sake of other readers whom his delirious fancies might perhaps bewilder. Recall the outcry raised by Tillman and others in the Senate over the Mrs. Morris episode at about the time when the rate bill became a live issue; the farcical "investigation" by a Senate committee of the Panama Canal and the scandalous report of Poultney Bigelow, aimed directly at the President; the insulting way in which the management of the rate bill was entrusted by the railroad ring to a notorious personal enemy of Mr. Roosevelt; the persistent assaults upon his integrity and judgment by certain plutocratic Eastern newspapers; the outrageous attack which Standard Oil made upon him when Mr. Garfield's recent report appeared; the infamous harangue of Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, who is known to be a servile puppet of the plutocratic "system." We might recall other facts, but these are sufficient. The corporation magnates and their organs and parasites have asserted with wearisome persistency that the country has lost confidence in the President; that he is a man of promise, but not of fulfillment; that he attempts but never executes; that he is an impulsive, headstrong, babbling imbecile. If this is not an attempt to discredit Mr. Roosevelt, what is it? We have not the least doubt that in Mr. Jones' case the campaign of slander has been successful and that his misconceptions of Mr. Roosevelt are exactly what the plutocrats have desired to implant in the mind of every citizen of the country. That they have failed in most instances only proves that the great majority of Americans are more intelligent and fairminded than Mr. Jones. It certainly does not prove that the attempt to mislead them has not been made.

"Has not the President vehemently defended Aldrich, Standard Oil, and so forth, in his muckrake speech?" Mr. Jones asks. No, he has not; and if our correspondent were a person of ordinary fairness and intelligence he would not ask such a question. In that speech Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the wrongfulness of slandering public men. He defended nobody from just and truthful censure. Within a few days after the speech was made he transmitted to the Senate Mr. Garfield's damning report upon the outrageous misdeeds of Standard Oil with caustic comment, and the Department of Justice began action against the monopoly in the courts. Does this look like defense? Was it because the President had defended Standard Oil that Chancellor Day raved like a maniac against him and shrieked that he ought to be impeached? Is it the custom of Rockefeller's monopoly to deride and revile its friends?

Our correspondent thinks the President has capitulated to Aldrich by accepting the Allison amendment to the rate bill. In reply we need only say that the Allison amendment leaves the purport of the rate bill exactly as it was when it came from the House of Representatives. It makes no change whatever in the meaning and intent of the bill, but simply puts into plain language what was before left to necessary implication. The purpose of the amendment is to remove doubt and avert controversy. It is in no sense a capitulation.

We confess that if we believerd Mr. Jones to be morally responsible, the latter part of his letter would astound us by its depravity. What must be the moral state of a man who accounts for every action of others upon the worst conceivable hypothesis? To him nothing is good, nothing is noble. He is like a swine nosing in the muck which denies that there are stars in heaven. He first imagines, absolutely without authority, that Mr. Roosevelt desires a third term, and then interprets all that the President does in the black fog of that falsehood. Mr. Roosevelt has said in the most decided language that he does not desire and will not accept another nomination for the Presidency. Who knows more about it, he himself or Mr. Jones? And yet, with no evidence but his own disordered fancy, Mr. Jones rushes blithely forward and convicts the President of an infamous conspiracy against the people who love and trust him to obtain an honor which he has declared he would not accept. Would Mr. Roosevelt, unless he were as insane as our correspondent, exchange the enduring love of the Nation and the prospect of a great name in history for the transient and perfidious favor of a plutocratic ring with the inevitable infamy which it would entail? We think not. Though Mr. Jones may not believe it, there are such things as honor and decency in the world, and Mr. Roosevelt was not forgotten when the Almighty distributed those qualities among men.

WHAT PORTLAND CAN DO.

For long time Portland was regarded everywhere as safe, solid, sane, stable—and slow. Everybody said Portland was all right, for it had more money than it needed, more business than it could well care for, and more mossbacks to the square foot than any other city on the Pacific Coast. Being rich, dignified, contented and a trifle exclusive, Portland was thought by many uninformed persons who had chanced to cast their lot with its somewhat envious neighbors to be indifferent to modern methods of promoting the common interests of a community, and to be satisfied to plod along in an easy, untroubled and unprogressive way. But it was all a mistake. Portland was always more enterprising and public-spirited than others thought it, and nearly as public-spirited and enterprising as it thought itself. Within a very few years it has shown that no city in the West can do things in a large way more quickly, more intelligently or more generously than Portland. For example, Portland raised in a few days nearly $400,000 for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and carried the great project to a proud and successful consummation. Portland has just raised $250,000—more than any other Coast city—for the suffering and destitute of San Francisco; and there were no strings to this magnificent donation. And now the Commercial Club of Portland has just raised $250,000—or raised it so nearly as to insure the small balance—for the erection of a beautiful new club building.

The Commercial Club recently suffered the complete destruction of its commodious quarters from fire. New quarters were immediately found, and the members set about the task of carrying on the work of the organization with remarkable zeal and enthusiasm. The misfortune of loss of the old place was turned to splendid account in a plan for a building and site that should be entirely the club's own. After the preliminaries were arranged and volunteer subscriptions had been made, committees were appointed and the active canvass began. This was only two days since. Last night it was announced that the $250,000 bonds had been subscribed, nearly to the full amount. The small balance is being reserved for club members who have not yet put down their names, to take in small amounts, so that the bonds may be held by everybody, large and small, who belongs to the Commercial Club.

It is good work—great work—the kind of work that shows the world that we have a fine and active and progressive citizenship that is now running things in Portland.

APPLE TREE PLANTING.

Missouri has the proud distinction of having more apple trees than any other state in the Union. A rage, one might almost say, for planting apple trees took possession of the farmers of that state some years ago. Apple trees do not come into bearing as early in the Middle West as they do on the Pacific Coast, but the tree planters were not discouraged by the matter of a few years' waiting. They cultivated and pruned and sprayed, and as a result of their efforts the whole state, according to the Kansas City Post, was one vast field of apple blossoms on the first of May, presaging an apple crop the greatest ever known in any area of its size in the world.

This is, of course, the estimate of a loyal Missourian, but it is big with the promise of fulfillment. And it is as true in Missouri as elsewhere that it pays to raise apples, when intelligence combines with labor and climatic conditions to produce a crop. The orchardists of Hood River, of Rogue River Valley, and in many sections of the Willamette Valley, have demonstrated this fact to their profit. Yet we have here now, and have had for several months, a market practically bare of apples.

We cannot claim for Oregon, as the journal above quoted claims for Missouri, that the apple will grow and thrive and yield a good crop on any soil and in any section of the state, but we do know that no crop will pay or has paid better in Oregon for the area engaged and the labor employed, than has the apple crop of what is known as the commercial orchard—i. e., the orchard planted in a suitable location with the view to shipping the product by the carload. And it may be added that no other portion of the farm of equal area contributes as much to the pleasure, nourishment and health of the farmer's family as does the apple orchard, the trees of which are selected so that there will be prime apples for home consumption for at least nine months in the year.

"What plant we in the apple tree?" asked William Cullen Bryant in one of his beautiful nature poems. Answering in poetic strain, he said:

Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
And redden in the August noon.
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple tree.

This is the result of apple-tree planting which imagination delights to paint and which reflects the pleasures of childhood upon after years. But the practical side of it is scarcely less attractive though stated in prosaic words. In these farmers are urged to plant a few acres in well-selected apple-tree stock, take care of the trees at proper seasons, and in intelligent ways, and be assured of an investment that, like a mortgage, will grow while they sleep and in the end make for material prosperity. The one is the poet's estimate on the investment comprehended in apple-tree planting; the other is the estimate of the man who is looking, as is seemly, for material returns for his outlay in time, labor and care. And he who plants apple trees will find in the result of his work a realization of both the poet's dream and the practical man's bold assurance of profit on the investment.

TILLMAN AND THE DISPENSARY.

Mr. Tillman's term in the United States Senate expires next March. He is, of course, a candidate for re-election, and his success depends somewhat, though not entirely, upon the sentiment of the people of South Carolina toward the state dispensary system. This system makes the state the sole dealer in intoxicating drinks. It was adopted in South Carolina in Mr. Tillman's second term as Governor, some thirteen years ago, and has been a fruitful cause of controversy ever since. He has always been its stanch defender, and says he will make it the leading issue in his campaign for the Senatorship.

The state liquor dispensary in South Carolina does a business of three or four million dollars annually. It is conducted through a central establishment at the capital and has saloons distributed throughout the state, with distilleries here and there as they seem to be needed. The employes are necessarily numerous. It will therefore be easily understood that the dispensary is a powerful political factor in the state, perhaps more important than any other, and with a man of Mr. Tillman's ability and ardor to lead in its defense it is not likely to be easily overthrown. Nevertheless the forces against it are not to be despised.

It is attacked by the prohibitionists on moral grounds. Liquor selling in their eyes is quite as bad when the state carries it on as when it exists for individual profit. Other citizens agree with the prohibitionists in opposing the dispensary, though for different reasons. The Charleston News and Courier declares that it is a shame to the state and that honesty, virtuous citizenship and common decency are all arrayed against it. A number of leading citizens have united in a call to organize the opposition to the dispensary, which they describe as "pernicious." It is a festering sore, they assert, and they believe that it will remain a paramount issue in the politics of the state until it is finally abolished.

From present appearances this will not happen immediately. With a strong political machine to fight its battles and Senator Tillman for a leader the dispensary will not die easily. The people of South Carolina, so far as can be discerned, are not particularly excited over the issue. Most of the county conventions have had nothing to say about it, but as a good many of them have adopted resolutions indorsing Mr. Tillman's course in the Senate, one may infer a general friendliness to his policies in state affairs. Perhaps the farmers and others of the ordinary sort do not care much where their liquor comes from, provided they "git it stiddy and stout." Since South Carolina will have a Democratic Senator in any case, and without reference to his views on the liquor business, one may wish Mr. Tillman success. He is a lively and picturesque figure whose absence would decidedly diminish the gayety of the Nation and possibly impoverish the upper house as a source of edification.

THE SEA-LEVEL CANAL.

The Senate committee having charge of Panama Canal legislation yesterday voted in favor of constructing a sea-level canal. As there was but one dissenting vote, and the failure to reach an earlier agreement has been a serious and expensive drawback to the work, it is hardly probable that the friends of the lock system will make any serious interference with the sea-level plan. There has never been any question about the advantages of the sea-level canal after it was built, and all the opposition that has developed regarding it has been based on the greater length of time and increased cost necessary in construction. The lock canal, where there is such a mighty traffic to be handled as will flow through this gateway between the world's two greatest oceans, is in a degree not dissimilar to that railroad makeshift, the switchback over which trains are operated pending completion of a tunnel through the mountain. It would serve well its purpose, but would never be regarded as permanent and complete. Estimates have varied regarding the difference in time and cost between the two types of canal, but five years is generally regarded as the maximum additional length of time necessary to complete the type adopted, as compared with the time required for completing the lock type of canal.

There has been considerable comment over the loss of prestige which the Panama route will suffer by reason of the early operation of the Tehuantepec route, but as this road will be open and doing business years before any type of canal will be in operation at Panama, the additional time necessary to complete the sea-level canal will have but little bearing on this feature of the matter. The adoption of the sea-level type will, however, demand that the Panama Railroad be operated to the highest degree of efficiency during the construction period, in order that as much traffic as possible can be retained by that route. It is not alone necessary that the road be operated so that the immense business attendant on the construction of the canal can be handled, but there should also be facilities and equipment for the rapid handling of all commercial business that is offering.

The cost of either type of canal will be enormous—so great, in fact, that it must be handed on to posterity for settlement, and as posterity is to foot the bills, or at least a portion of them, it is perhaps best that we construct a canal that will last for all time, and will not require the expensive changes which would be necessary to transform a lock canal into one of the sea-level type. By reaching a definite decision as to the type of canal to be constructed, much of the uncertainty and delay which has hampered the work in the past will be brushed aside, and public interest, which has been permitted to lapse, will be restored. For many months the entire canal problem has been in an exceedingly complex stage, but practically all of the various features of delay and uncertainty hinged on the one great question as to the type of canal to be constructed. The enemies of the canal were quite naturally willing to have the matter drift along in a befuddled state, as the indecision which has characterized previous Senatorial action, has been both expensive and demoralizing.

The greatest question to be considered in connection with the canal having been settled, there should now be some speedy action on the method of construction. Nothing in the news reports that have come out of the canal zone warrants the belief that the best results are being secured by having the work done under the direct superintendence of the Government. Based on these reports, as well as on the experience of the Government with the canal and locks at the Cascades of the Columbia, it seems certain that the work will be greatly facilitated and more economically handled by private contract. Having disposed of the greatest question at issue in connection with the canal, Congress can now take up the manner in which the work is to be conducted and the mode of government to be adopted in the canal zone. The necessity for the canal is as great as it ever was, and the awakening of the Senate committee may also awaken that public sentiment which has been lying dormant, in keeping with the inactivity at Washington.

The Chicago wheat market took another turn upward yesterday, but the strength on this side of the water finds no reflection in Europe. This is due to the plentiful supplies which Europe is receiving from Russia and the Argentine, the former country being an especially dangerous factor against high prices. Russian exports have more than doubled in five years, and the crop continues to increase at a rate that causes wonderment in the trade as to when the limit will be reached. The wheat harvest in Russia occurs at practically the same time of year as that of the United States, and now, at the tail end of the season, Russia is still shipping about 3,000,000 bushels per week, which, with a like amount from the Argentine, now nearing the height of its shipping strength, goes a long ways toward meeting the immediate requirements of the European bread-eaters. If the Russian crop, which begins coming on the market within the next sixty days, maintains its present good condition, it will be a matter of indifference to the Europeans what prices may prevail in the United States.

One George Seabury is reported to have been "vigorously applauded" by the National Association of Manufacturers when he made the assertion that, after a thorough study of the situation, he was satisfied that exports from the United States would be more than doubled when this country "has an adequate merchant marine, like that of Great Britain and Germany." American exporters already enjoy the advantage of cheap freights to all parts of the world, and to some ports—notably South America—we have lower rates than are granted British manufacturers, a condition which has been the subject of more than one Parliamentary investigation and protest. Even admitting that such was not the case, Mr. Seabury has not improved his argument for a subsidy bill, for Great Britain and Germany pay no subsidies to the vessels which carry their exports to the world's markets, and to be on even terms with these countries we must first be given permission to buy our ships as cheaply as our competitors secure them.

The Washington Railroad Commission has just returned from a junket to Cuba. Railroad Commissioners from thirty-three states met in Washington, D. C., in April, and after a four days' session made a trip to the Florida seaside resorts and to Havana. The secretary of the commission has written a very interesting account of the trip, in which he tells of visiting the spot where Columbus said mass, where De Soto's wife awaited the return of her husband, and where Lopez and other patriots were shot. If any of the horny-handed sons of toil who foisted the Railroad Commission on the State of Washington has ever entertained any doubt as to getting the worth of his money out of that $75,000 appropriation for the commission, it will surely be dissipated on reading the report of the secretary on the first grand junket of the commission. If the secretary's story gets into general circulation in Oregon, there will be renewed pressure for a Railroad Commission in this state.

Manager Will J. Davis, of the ill-fated Iroquois Theater, Chicago, was indicted for manslaughter last Tuesday, and Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, of San Francisco, who poisoned Mrs. Dunning with candy about eight years ago, began to serve a life sentence at San Quentin. What the bard said about the law's delays applies as well to the twentieth century as to the sixteenth.

Studying Vesuvius with a view ultimately of being able to forecast earthquakes is an interesting phase of scientific inquiry. Fifty years ago the civilized world would have said such investigation was the pursuit of an iridescent dream, but today we await results without scoffing.

In undertaking to build and operate a $1,500,000 tourist hotel at Tokio, Japan, is one step in advance of its sister nations. Whether the enterprise will succeed is doubtful; a good soldier does not necessarily make a good landlord. The inkeeper is born, not made.

If the Panama Canal Commission shall succeed in establishing the tentative policy of buying stuff in the cheapest markets, perhaps a precedent will be established for National reform in the sacred tariff.

Portland seems to have rescued the Pacific Coast League from disintegration. Let the Beavers play the game from this time on, and no fear need be felt of lack of public support.

The church authorities beg to assure Dr. Crapsey that it will be all right if he will recant and teach that the spiritual world is flat.

The Spring rise in our mountain streams, though rapid as usual, scarcely keeps pace with the price of logs which they float.

Sugar has declined three-quarters of a cent. Good. That leaves so much more to spend for strawberries.

A MOUSE HIS ONLY GAME.

Burroughs Denies President Shot Lions in Yellowstone.

New York Sun.

For three years John Burroughs has postponed the performance of a duty he owed to history—the chronicling of his excursion into the Yellowstone Park with President Roosevelt in the Spring of 1903. In the Atlantic Monthly for May Mr. Burroughs now tells the story of his camp life with Mr. Roosevelt. It is worth reading.

We note, in the first place, with considerable satisfaction, that Mr. Roosevelt was scrupulous in his observance of the law against the destruction of bird and animal life in the Yellowstone Park. Whatever were his impulses and temptations in the presence of big game, he obeyed the law of the land as faithfully as if he had not been protected from detection in wrong-doing by the exclusion of the reporters, the surveillance of none but a few carefully selected companions, including Mr. Burroughs, and miles of remoteness and hundreds of pickets covering every possible route of approach. Mr. Burroughs' testimony concerning this is positive:

As we were riding along in our big sleigh toward the Fountain Hotel, the President suddenly jumped out and, with his soft hat as a shield to his hand, captured a mouse that was running along over the ground near us. He wanted it for Dr. Merriam, on the chance that it might be a new species. While we all went fishing in the afternoon, the President skinned his mouse and prepared the pelt to be sent to Washington. It was done as neatly as a professed taxidermist would have done it. This was the only game the President killed in the Park.

Not a single mountain lion; only one inconsiderable mouse, and that for strictly scientific purposes! While it is possible that a great constitutional lawyer like Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, might persuade himself that this mouse came constructively under the prohibition of section 4 of the act of 1894, inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt could not have supposed that it was a dangerous animal, about to destroy human life, or to inflict physical injury on any of the party, we do not imagine that the President is in jeopardy of impeachment for the killing and skinning of the Government's protected little beast.

* * *

Much more interesting than this story of the mouse is the North River naturalist's record of his observations of the President's demeanor when emancipated from the restraints of conventional life.

The train would start and the President would espy a little brown schoolhouse near the track, with the schoolma'am and her flock drawn up in line:

We were at luncheon, but the President caught a glimpse ahead through the window and took in the situation. With napkin in hand, he rushed out on the platform and waved to them. "Those children," he said, as he came back, "wanted to see the President of the United States, and I could not disappoint them. They may never have another chance."

Next, he would be entertaining his old cowboy friends, "as happy with them as a schoolboy ever was in meeting old chums." He "beamed with delight all over," all along the line. He "bubbled with laughter continually." In the park he gleefully chased little birds as they flew from tree to tree. When he and Mr. Burroughs ran down a band of elk, near Power Falls, "the President laughed like a boy." One day he was shaving, when a band of mountain sheep was reported in front of the camp:

One side of his face was half shaved and the other lathered. Hofer and I started for a point on the brink of the canon, where we could have a better view.

"By Jove!" said the President, "I must see that. The shaving can wait, and the sheep won't."

So on he came, accoutred as he was—coatless, hatless, but not latherless nor towelless. . . . He laughed with delight of it and quite forgot his need of a hat and coat till I sent for them.

* * *

Mr. Burroughs' veracious pen is the first to record, we believe, from the President's own lips, the story of his encounter years ago with a "bad man" in the barroom of a little frontier hotel. As he entered the room he saw that every man there had been terrorized by a half-drunken ruffian, who stood in the middle of the floor, revolver in hand, compelling all comers to treat:

"I went and sat down behind the stove," said the President, "as far from him as I could get, and hoped to escape his notice. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression that I could impose upon with impunity. He very soon approached me, flourishing his two guns, and ordered me to treat. I made no reply for some moments, when the fellow became so threatening that I saw something had to be done. The crowd, mostly sheepherders and small grangers, sat or stood back against the wall, afraid to move. I was unarmed, and thought rapidly, saying: 'Well, if I must, I must.' I got up as if to walk around him to the bar; then, as I got opposite him I wheeled and fetched him as heavy a blow on the chin point as I could strike. He went down like a steer before the axe, firing both guns into the ceiling as he went. I jumped on him, and, with my knees on his chest, disarmed him in a hurry. The crowd was then ready enough to help me, and we hog-tied him and put him in an outhouse." The President alludes to this incident in his "Ranch Life," but does not give the details. It brings out his mettle very distinctly.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt once told Mr. Burroughs that "all he cared about being President was just 'the big work.'" He raced Burroughs on skis over the deep snow banks:

As we were going swiftly down the side of one of the hills, I saw out of the corner of my eye the President taking a header into the snow. The snow had given away beneath him, and nothing could save him from taking the plunge. I don't know whether I called out, or only thought, something about the downfall of the administration. At any rate, the administration was down and pretty well buried, but it was quickly on its feet again, shaking off the snow with a boy's laughter. I kept straight on, and very soon the laugh was on me, for the treacherous snow sank beneath me, and I took a header, too.

"Who is laughing now, Oom John?" called out the President.

The spirit of the boy was in the air that day about the canyon of the Yellowstone, and the biggest boy of us all was President Roosevelt.

When Mother Strikes.

Chicago Tribune.

All is in a flutter:
Parlor isn't swept;
Live on bread and butter—
How the house is kept!
Breakfast: One stale waffle
That no one can like—
This is simply awful;
Mother's on a strike!

Baby's in the cradle
Yelling like a fiend;
Pot and pan and ladle
All wait to be cleaned;
Milk is in the bottle
Waiting till it sours—
Mother's quit the throttle,
Struck for shorter hours.

Everything is dusty;
All the fires are out;
Knives and forks are rusty;
Trash is all about;
Children all need dressing—
Where's the brush and comb?
Isn't this distressing?
No one runs the home.

Father's argumentative:
Mother won't reply—
Says there's no incentive;
She won't sweep and fry;
Wash and dress and hustle—
This was her remark—
Sacrificing muscle
From the dawn till dark.

Frowns on arbitration;
What are we to eat?
See our consternation!
Mother's smile is sweet;
She is bland and pleasant;
She is full of pluck.
Home is fierce at present—
Mother's gone and struck!

YOUNGEST MAN AT CAPITAL.

"Uncle Joe" Can Play the Game for Some Time to Come.

New York Evening Sun.

Speak to "Joe" Cannon about Cannon for President in 1908 and he pooh-poohs the notion; talks about his antiquity, and modestly avers that, whatever else he may be, he is no fool. Or words to that effect. Such a Methuselah as he think of having a boom? Preposterous, my boy, preposterous. Meanwhile the inward eye of this Danville younker must wink rapidly and happily.

The exuberant and almost excessive vitality of "Uncle Joe" is clear to everybody. He has no more nerves than a Chinaman. The banging of the gavel is low music to him, and a "field day" and half riot in the House are as gentle massage. There is no heartier eater, laugher and story-teller in the world; and as he showed at his birthday party, he is a competent handshaker.

In view of this notorious juvenility and all-around soundness, Uncle Joe's inclination to dwell upon his age is only more evidence of his serpentlike wisdom. A candidate mustn't be too forward, and above all mustn't be premature. "Uncle Joe" marks himself hors de concours, out of the running. If the delegates to the next Republican National convention are divided among a number of favorite sons, what is more natural than that they should unite upon a general favorite—except, perhaps, in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Indian Territory—and lo! "Joe" Cannon's name leads all the rest?

The congratulatory dispatch of the Hon. Clark E. Carr, an Illinoisan who will come to 79 years on May 20, is notice to "Uncle Joe" that he is subject to the right of eminent domain; that he is not beyond the age of conscription:

"No patriotic American can become so old or so exalted as to disregard the mandate of the people when they call us."

"Uncle Joe" must be frightened by some of the precedents. Thiers was elected President of the French Republic at 74. Bismarck's resignation at 75 was not for old age. Grevy was re-elected President of the French Republic at 78. Gladstone was Premier for the third time at 77. "Uncle Joe" is but a child as yet.

With the Rum in and Wit Out.

Philadelphia Press.

Secretary Shaw tells this one: "During the last National campaign an eloquent orator was urging the people in one of the Southern cities to support the Democratic ticket. 'Harry' Gassaway Davis, who was over 80 years old, was considered a poor candidate, and many of the spellbinders believed that the presence of Davis, who, although an octogenarian, was still a man of ability and would live out his term with good luck, would have a salutary influence on the voters. One of the auditors, who had drunk more than his allowance of red eye, almost broke up the meeting by exclaiming: 'I am a pretty good Democrat, but I can't vote for an octogenarian, as no member of my family has yet voted for a man with negro blood in his veins, and I'm not going to do it now.'"

Wives Who Make Americans Great.

Philadelphia Dispatch.

Mary Mortimer Maxwell, the English authoress, has just completed a clever series of stories entitled "An Englishwoman in New York." A recent number was devoted to the comparison between the American man of business and the English man of business. Miss Maxwell's conclusion was: In England it is the man who keeps abreast of the times and "who does things that are really worth while," but in America the average man leaves the things which are outside of his business to his wife.

"If he has a wife or a fiancee he expects her to do the reading for him. The other day I asked a man if he had read any history of the world.

"'No,' he answered, 'but my wife is reading it.'"

Love Flies Where Gold Is Not.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

Because his "mansion," as described in a matrimonial paper, turned out to be a cabin, Miss McElheney, aged 18, of Bryant, Ind., is said to have deserted Corbley Iams, a 60-year-old bachelor of Billings, Mont., within 30 hours after their marriage. The courtship preceding had been conducted through a matrimonial exchange. The young woman is said to have returned to Indiana. Iams is very indignant. He says he sent the young woman money with which to come to Montana. Miss McElheney declared begore leaving that she had been deceived as to Iams' worldly prospects.

Relic of the Aristocratic Past.

Baltimore News.

The original commission of Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, who owned Greenway Court, in Clarke County, and all the Northern Neck of Virginia many years ago, has been found among some relics and old documents bought by Dr. Charles von Witt, a Winchester, Va., optician. It is elaborately engraved on parchment, dated in England, April, 1738, and is in a fair state of preservation. Lord Fairfax's body lies under the altar in Christ Protestant Episcopal Church in Winchester.

State of Ohio Owns a Dog.

Exchange.

The State of Ohio is the owner of a dog in New Bremen, Anglaize County. The dog's name is Curly, and is supposed to be the property of Jim Doyle, whose place of abode is on a canal boat. The Assessors were instructed by the County Auditor to charge all canines to the property in which they are found. Since the Doyle homestead is on state property, the local Assessor saw no other way out and listed the dog as the property of the Buckeye State.

LIFE IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

Wild Pigeons in Linn.

Brownsville Times.

A good many wild pigeons are being killed in the wheat fields around town. They are more plentiful than for a number of years.

Happy in Its Payroll.

The bustling town of Ontario, on the far side of the state, is rejoicing over a brick factory that will add $700 a month to the payroll. It is the payrolls that count.

Alas, Poor Maggie

Joseph Herald.

Maud Dale, while on her way to Chico Friday, had the misfortune to be thrown from her horse. She broke seven bones and half killed Maggie Jones in the shade of the stately pine tree.

Oregon Country Newspapers.

C. D. Ball has suspended the Mount Tacoma Pennant and established the South Tacoma Press.

Starvation is no longer staring ye editor in the face—we have fresh vegetables and weeds in our own garden.—Kelso Journal.

Jackson County has a new paper—the Central Point Herald, by Lancaster & Pattison, Mr. Pattison being editor. It looks good and sounds good.

"Drammer" in Jackson County.

Medford Tribune.

Beeson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe appeared before a small audience at Davis' Opera-House Saturday night, and if the people had known what was in store for them the number would have been less. It certainly was fierce, and the only ones that got any enjoyment out of it were some girls in the gallery who cried when Little Eva went to heaven. The scenic representation of the celestial regions, with the red fire effects, looked more like hell than heaven.

Not the Horse for Him.

Astoria Herald.

Hans came in from his ranch two miles this side of Olney this week to buy a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said Ike Bergman, "it's a fine road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, $175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't gif you 5 cents for him. I live eight miles from Astoria und I'd haf to walk back two miles."

Equine Loggevity.

Dr. Young in Salem Statesman.

There is a mare at Perrydale that was 31 last Spring. Mr. Falkner, of Sheridan, had her in his livery stable for a number of years, afterward traded to a blacksmith at Perrydale who bred her to a thoroughbred and she now has a fine filly at her side.

One mare I know of in The Dalles is 37. She is owned by French & Co., bankers, and last March when I saw her she made Mr. French a good driving horse, and was without a blemish. I dressed her mouth and found as good a pair of molars as I ever saw in a mare 8 years old.

Lane County Wolf Story.

Cottage Grove, Western Oregon.

The Doak boys, T. M. and J. W., found a wolf den at Stony Point on the Dave Coleman place, three miles north of Lorane postoffice on Siuslaw. The young men needed help for the capture and got Scott Jackson. The hunters opened the entrance to the cave with a blast of powder sufficiently large to allow the entrance of a man. Scott crawled into the cave and soon saw two shining eyes. He called for his gun and fired. The wolf was wounded but not so badly but that she made a rush for Jackson. He beat her off and got another shot. That laid her low with the two whelps that had been killed by the first shot. He captured the remaining whelps, three in number. These are snapping things and will probably have to die before they get large enough to eat poultry and mutton.

Know Better Next Time.

Baker Democrat.

Yesterday afternoon George W. Ashby secured a license at the Courthouse to wed Mrs. Ida Reed. A little later they appeared before Judge Currey and the legal knot was tied. The bridegroom was about the limit as to bashfulness and was taking his departure without having so much as said "Thank you," to the Judge. His Honor went down into his stomach for a remark to the effect that something had been forgotten. The groom looked up, stuttered a few words and then remarked: "Oh, yes, the treats!" And then he reached in his pocket for a lone cigar which finds favor out in Pine Valley. Tom Gorman, who officiated as best man, smiled, used a few adjectives and told the groom to pay the man. Quickly was Mr. Ashby's purse out and as he fumbled with its contents, took the pains to remark he was not nervous. He proved to be quite the contrary, however, as in extracting a $5 bill he tore it completely in two.

Who Wants to Be a King?

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A millionaire who has an ambition to be a monarch would do well to bid in Lundy Island, at the entrance of Bristol Channel, which is to be sold toward the end of the year. It is three miles long and one mile wide, and has been overlooked by the insatiable British empire. It is no county, it pays no taxes, its owner is a monarch in his little realm. And all this splendid isolation within sight of the shores of England!

ON THE ANXIOUS BENCH

—From the Philadelphia Record.