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Entered at Portland, Oregon Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

10 to 14 pages	1 cent
16 to 28 pages	2 cents
30 to 44 pages	3 cents
46 to 60 pages	4 cents

Foreign Postage, double rates.
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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1906.

A CASE OF BACKSLIDING.

The ancient experiment of washing the sow has been tried in New Jersey with the ancient consequences. She has returned straightway to her wallow and lies there grunting in sumptuous repose. When Everett Colby carried the New Jersey primaries last Fall a shout of triumph arose all over the country from rejoicing but overhasty reformers. New Jersey, they cried, was redeemed from her sins of servitude and corruption; thenceforth nothing but purity should be seen within her borders. They rejoiced too soon. The escape from tophet is not so easy. The road down is facile enough, but when it comes to climbing upward it is another story altogether. At the primaries this Fall the reformers have been utterly routed. Everett Colby dwindles from a figure of national magnitude to a petty local politician shorn of his beams, and George L. Record, the Colby candidate for United States Senator, hides his diminished head before the towering eminence of Mr. Dryden.

Some observers say that politics is above all law as it certainly is below all gospel; but they are wrong. The general laws of the universe apply to this strange game which the American people so love to see played and in which they so enjoy enacting the part of pawns or croquet balls. The remark is therefore appropriate that steady progress in reform is not to be expected. All human movements are rhythmic. At least Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher of plutocracy, so declares. We advance a little way with painful effort and then, with an effort far less painful, back we slide. And if we do not slide quite to our original seat in the mire, or even deeper still, we have cause for abundant thankfulness.

The New Jersey papers explain Mr. Colby's defeat and Mr. Dryden's victory according to their proclivities. The friends of popular government declare that he was defeated by the lavish wealth of the corporations which seems to have been distributed among the masses like the gentle rain from heaven, producing votes as the showers of April do flowers. When a trust Senator, like Mr. Dryden, buys up the electorate of a state the plutocratic papers of the East take it as a matter of course. It is in accordance with heaven's eternal law. It is part if the regular routine of decent government. But when a demagogue, like Mr. Hearst, steps in and plays the same trick, then they wave their hands wildly, tear their hair in a frenzy of horror and assault the skies with their shrieks of righteous wrath. This is a very peculiar and very interesting point of ethics and deserves careful memorizing. For the plutocratic system to buy votes is highly moral and promotive of good, or at least decent, government; for Mr. Hearst to do the same thing is the depth of depravity. The privilege of buying votes, in fact, seems to belong strictly to the system.

The enemies of Mr. Colby ascribe his defeat to many different causes. One of them is the grand personality of Mr. Dryden. There can be no doubt that Mr. Dryden's face, at least, is extremely imposing. It has even imposed upon its owner, who is not deficient in shrewdness. He thinks his countenance is one of the natural wonders of the universe and displays it beside the Rock of Gibraltar without the least suspicion that one is less important than the other. His face is one of the assets of the Prudential Insurance Company. It is a winning countenance. It wins dollars by the millions from workmen who pay for their industrial insurance five times what it is worth; and there can be no doubt that it wins votes also. Mr. Record may count it among his misfortunes that he has not a face of that serene, composed and compelling beauty which Mr. Dryden possesses. The defect certainly contributed to his defeat in the Senatorial contest. Such a face as Mr. Dryden has, and such a conscience, taken together, make up a personality which it is hard to beat in politics or business. Like Mr. Bailey, whatever he does he does with a good conscience. You never hear of Mr. Dryden, any more than Mr. Platt, doing anything that is against his conscience. All his acts in the Senate and all his crooked politics at home are done conscientiously. The advantage of having such a conscience is only less than that of having Mr. Dryden's face. The two naturally go together and supplement one another. They are like two pals, one of whom picks pockets in a crowd while the other stows away the swag.

Besides the exalted personality of Mr. Dryden it is said that Mr. La Follette's speeches also contributed to the defeat of the Colby ticket. The reason assigned is that his rude and boisterous assaults upon the record of the Republican party in New Jersey shocked the pride of the voters and determined them to rise in their might and vindicate it. This may be so. The New Jersey voter is known to be a very proud individual, and if ever a record needed vindication that of the New Jersey Republicans does. Still, it is difficult to vindicate a record by continuing in office the men who have smirched it. A more effectual way is to put them in jail and try a new deal. Conditions differ, however, and a method which has made matters worse everywhere else may make them better in New Jersey. We can only wait and hope.

GRAB ON THE WATERFRONT.

Portland has too little harbor room—not enough for growth of its commerce. Yet Mr. L. A. Lewis, Mr. C. F. Adams, Mr. J. C. Flanders and others would narrow the harbor between Burnside and Steel bridges, on the west side of the river, by extending the harbor line out into the stream, so that they may increase their wharfage and warehouse area.

This is another bold scheme to gain, for private use, property belonging to the public, without giving compensation therefor—a scheme of a series which have netted to private individuals highly profitable privileges and franchises in this city. In common terms, it is an exhibition of brazen-faced gall.

Major Langfitt, when in charge of this engineering district, defeated an attempt of these frontage owners to gain possession of a strip beyond the existing harbor line, some 1500 feet long and ranging up to ninety feet wide. Somewhat tamed, they now ask for about half that much. But Lieutenant-Colonel Roessler, successor to Major Langfitt, stands in their way. However, the Port of Portland Commission, of which Mr. Adams is a member, also Captain Pease, who is in the service of the O. R. & N., another beneficiary of the scheme, has recommended in their favor. As an exhibition of nerve, this is even more brazen-faced than the other. It is not easy to see how Mr. Adams can consistently serve his gas company and the Port at the same time under such circumstances; yet he has the effrontery to do it.

If the wharf-owners wish deep water they can dredge for it, without building their wharves out to the present channel. This was the advice of Major Langfitt, and it was wholesome.

Again, further obstruction of flood currents at that point of the river cannot fail to be disastrous. A river torrent would sweep over the west bank at that point, and the narrowing of the stream would make the currents still more destructive, spreading them over the lower part of the city with highly dangerous results.

The city needs larger harbor area, and should resent any attempt of self-seeking frontage owners to reduce it. Shipping interests have felt themselves cramped for room above Steel bridge for a long time, and even below that bridge they have not enough. So pressing is the need for larger facilities that proposals have been made for increasing them.

Portland has given away too valuable privileges already. It has given away the use of its streets to be capitalized by public service corporations. It lost its public levee at the foot of Jefferson street through a political job. It should not permit itself to be "done" out of wharfage by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Adams, Mr. Flanders et al.

SALMON FRY PROTECTION.

"Golden years have been wasted," writes "Salmon King" R. D. Hume, of Rogue River, discussing the inefficacy of present salmon hatchery methods, "for want of the exercise of a little common sense." Those methods, he says, have been 'eminently successful in hatching the fry,' but millions of the fry have been lost every year to devouring enemies, because released before large enough to protect themselves.

So much money has been expended from state funds and license fees, on hatcheries, and the results have been so unsatisfactory, that, as Mr. Hume suggests, it is time for "an inquiry as to the benefits derived." Says he:

My answer to such inquiry would be that no perceptible good has been derived by the state from the operations of its salmon hatcheries since their creation, and the only evidence of the benefit of such institutions on the Pacific Coast has been demonstrated on Rogue River, where an advanced method has been pursued—the feeding of the fry until able to eat, instead of being eaten. From the beginning of salmon culture on this coast I have maintained that feeding was the only method by which success could be obtained and had prepared an object lesson by which "he who runs might read" when my efforts were paralyzed by the neglect of H. G. Van Dusen to perform his duties in the section where runs the Rogue.

Many millions of fry have been released from Columbia River hatcheries every year for more than a decade, and but a very small percentage comes back in adult fish. This fact indicates a big waste somewhere, after the hatcheries have done their work. The hatcheries have turned out enough young salmon to keep the river well supplied, did they but mature into adult fish. The theory has been that were the output of hatcheries made sufficiently large, a sufficient number of salmon would survive to keep the Columbia River stocked from year to year, and could that end be attained, artificial propagation could afford to lose a great part of its hatchery product. Therefore, numerous hatcheries have been established and others are contemplated.

But this theory has not seemed to work out well. With increase of hatchery output has come increase of destructive forces. It is held by knowing observers that larger fish of other species, especially trout and black bass, prey upon the young salmon.

When released from the hatcheries, the fry have been a little more than an inch long. Mr. Hume's hatcheries on Rogue River have retained them until much larger, or, as he says, "until able to eat instead of being eaten." Unquestionably there is good reason here. Not more nor larger hatcheries would seem to be the immediate need of the industry, but feeding stations. It ought to be cheaper to save millions of fry, by protecting them until five or six inches long, than to hatch millions more, in the hope that from a greater hatch the needed number will escape and grow into adult fish.

Mr. Hume has nullified the cannery license law in the court and will pay no more license, because of Fish Warden Van Dusen's failure to enforce the fishway law on Rogue River against two power dams that stopped hatchery work there last year. This matter is separate from the feeding station question. Mr. Hume's long experience with Rogue River hatchery work gives weight to his opinion about protecting the fry. But, aside from that, his suggestion is plausible and reasonable. The fishing interests should be able to agree on it, even if quarreling over open season or regulation of gear.

A MENACE TO THE HOME.

Why is it so difficult for the mistress of the ordinary home to obtain domestic servants? One reason is the very fact that she persists in calling them "servants." If the mistress of the house would adopt some title for her help less suggestive of an inferior social position she would have less trouble in keeping them in that position. Many girls object to being called servants who have no insuperable objection to servants' work.

Still, the word servant is comparatively unimportant. The essential point is that women have by dint of long efforts relegated housework, not to an inferior, but to a degraded position in the social scale. It carries a stigma. Speaking generally, the girl who does housework accepts rank in a servile class. She separates herself definitely from the saleswoman, the amanuensis, the help in the restaurants; in short, her employment is the very lowest which falls to the lot of women. Her employers have made it so and the world has accepted their classification.

Consider the title "kitchen maid." Think what it implies in the way of social degradation. The girl who accepts it has no lover; she has only a "follower." She has no parlor but the kitchen, and there her visitors are frequently spied upon inquisitorially lest their presence corrupt the air of the house or lest the maid plunder the pantry to feed them. Often the mistress forbids all "followers." Then the maid must receive her company in the street.

Her hours of work are indefinite. She has no time which she can absolutely call her own. Her "afternoon out" is hers only in case the mistress does not infringe upon it. She must begin her task early in the morning, and it ends only when there is nothing more to be done at night. The wonder is, not that good help for the house is scarce, but that any at all can be found. As girls learn more of their opportunities in other fields, household help must become still scarcer and less reliable. Only the dregs of womankind will submit to its hardships. What then will become of the home?

HOW TO PRESERVE A WATER RIGHT.

The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, at Boise, holding that the measure of a water appropriator's right is the extent of his beneficial use, is in accordance with the prevailing opinion of the time. In every line of public enterprise the dog-in-the-manger policy is receiving little of encouragement. This is particularly true of railroads and similar corporations which serve the public and which frequently seek to keep others from enjoying opportunities of which they themselves make no use. It may very fittingly be true in the case of water users who appropriate that which they do not own and of which they have only the right of use. The water of our streams comes from the clouds and falls upon all the land. From a thousand hills it is gathered into brooks or it bursts forth from innumerable springs. It is gathered from no one man's land, but flows over the lands of many. Every man who can put it to beneficial use should have the opportunity; no man should be allowed to hold it in idleness or insist upon its running to waste.

In the case mentioned a power company had constructed a dam to hold 10,000 second-feet of water, but had utilized only 2100 feet. When an irrigation enterprise sought to use part of the remainder the company sought an injunction. Very properly the court held that the power company has title to the use of only so much water as it has put to beneficial use, and if it desires to acquire title to the remainder of the 10,000 feet it must put that quantity to use within a reasonable time. The injunction was refused and the power company was told to acquire a right by due diligence before it sought to enforce one. The court would not be a party to an effort to stifle enterprise. The dog must eat hay or get out of the manger.

The doctrine upheld by the court at Boise is not new, but it is strengthened by every such decision. The time has passed when a court can acquire or retain a reputation for wisdom and hold that one man enjoying a public privilege can retain his right to the exclusion of others without making use of his right.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT.

The Cuban patriot has often posed for his picture before the American newspaper correspondent. It is no snap-shot that has thus been given to the world through the press, but a picture the details of which are carefully brought out and elaborated by a word sketch, the interpretation of which cannot be mistaken.

Thus we are told that the Cuban patriot is very fond of wearing a gorgeous uniform; that he likes the clatter of the big machete hanging from his belt, and loves to bestride a gaily caparisoned, prancing horse. Fighting is a side issue which he shuns—a part of the patriot-soldier's life that has too much of hazard to be courted.

Cuba, says a correspondent of Ridgway's Magazine, is full of this type of soldiers, both federals and revolutionists, "most of whom are generals." Occasionally, it is admitted, one is found who shows signs of having been in a fight; but, for the most part, this bloody phase of war is avoided by the true Cuban patriot. One of these is thus described by Ridgway's correspondent:

He was a tall, good-looking man, dressed in a blue coat, spangled with gold. He wore a brilliant red sash about his waist. He stood in the hotel lobby. His hat was off. Frequent fingering called attention to his head, where the hair had been cut away to disclose plainly a healed-up wound. Inquiry elicited the information that he was no less considerable a personage than General Castillo, one of the most prominent of the revolutionists, and that the scar he was displaying so proudly was inflicted by a machete in the hands of a drunken soldier of his own command.

This is, perhaps, the type of soldier and patriot with whom General Funston is not popular. His following comprises the entire Cuban army, rank and file. They have no use for a bluff soldier with fight in his eye—a soldier who means business and who is on the ground to transact it after the plan approved by experience with revolutionists in the Philippines. What, indeed, is the use of a real fighter in the field, when both factions in this latest mimicry of war in Cuba are perfectly willing to go home until they feel the need of a little more military excitement?

Several Oregon cities have adopted the policy of not charging tuition for pupils who enter the schools from other districts. The law permits such charges to be made, and in strict justice no complaint can be made if the tuition fees are exacted. For many years it was the custom in many cities to charge outsiders for the privilege of attending city schools during the Winter. The business men of the city districts have learned, however, that it pays to encourage people to make the city their Winter home. Families have lived for years on the farms until the children have grown old enough to need instruction in a city school, and they seek a location. All other conditions being equal, they will go where no tuition fees are charged. They have some money saved from their annual harvests, and this they spend in buying or renting and furnishing a city home. They add to the population and business of the community. To have the reputation of maintaining good schools and throwing the doors open to allcomers is one of the best and most attractive advertisements a city could wish in its effort to increase the number of its desirable people. Families that go to a community because of the educational facilities afforded are among the best citizens from whatever standpoint they be judged. They are enterprising, law-abiding and permanent. They pay their debts, acquire property and in every way become useful members of the social organization.

Vice-President Fairbanks' son has made a sensational elopement and married. The dignity that belongs to true marriage is ruthlessly and foolishly sacrificed by the elopement of a couple, both of whom are old enough to marry quietly at the home parsonage in the event of irreconcilable parental objection. Fred Fairbanks is a young man of 23 years; Nellie Scott was 20. Why, except to create a sensation, should they have sneaked away to be married? We hear a great deal in these days about what parents owe to their children. That the debt is a heavy one all responsible parents acknowledge and strive earnestly from day to day to discharge. But children also owe something to their parents, and one of the first of these obligations is not to humiliate them by public defiance of their wishes in a matter of lifelong importance. The more prominent the family name, the greater the offense. While, therefore, it was a proper thing for young Fairbanks to marry the girl he loved, he should, out of respect for his father's position before the world, have averted a sensational marriage.

Over at Walla Walla the state officials have discovered that grain bags manufactured at the state prison have not been going into the hands of farmers exclusively, but that large numbers have been acquired by speculators who take advantage of the scarcity and make a profit on handling them. The law is defective if it fails to provide a means by which such speculators can be sent to prison and employed a few years in the manufacture of bags for the use of the farmers they have robbed. There could be no more appropriate punishment.

Whose "purity" did the delegates to the National Purity Federation improve by their tour of the red-light quarter of Chicago? Certainly not their own and probably nobody's else. There is a well-grounded belief held by many that extreme attention to this sort of purity develops pruriency. Vice is a monster of so hideous mien as to be hated needs but to be seen. But seen too oft—dreadful consequences may ensue.

Suppose Mr. Carnegie should offer $50,000 to every college whose president would promise to accept the simplified spelling. The result of his preliminary experiment upon the principal of St. Andrew's seems to show that spelling reform would rapidly become popular in the learned world under those conditions.

Mrs. Snyder is a woman of strong nerves and invincible will. The physical and mental strain to which she has been subjected since the finding of her husband's body has been great, and the fortitude she has shown is wonderful, whether it is the result of conscious rectitude or guilty knowledge.

Mr. Douglas doesn't know anything about Massachusetts politics, but he is inclined to run again for Governor. He won once overwhelmingly. The shoemaker who doesn't stick to his last usually has poorer luck than Douglas; but then all shoemakers are not named Douglas.

It is sufficient to say that of the Hood River fruit fair that it made the finest display of apples ever shown in that apple-famed region. Visitors from far and near attested by their surprise and appreciation to the beauty, variety and toothsomeness of Hood River apples.

Mr. Cleveland has got to the point where he regards Mr. Hearst's nomination as an "afflictive situation." This is the New Jersey way of saying what Mr. Watterson out in Kentucky described in one short word beginning with "H."

Mike Fisher now comes forward with an offer of $25,000 and plenty of sunshine for the final game of the Chicago series. Everybody knows that Mr. Fisher is long on sunshine, but—.

It's a hard-luck story all round—for fuel dealers, teamsters, laborers and wood-cutters. No one of them is getting enough, they say. It bodes a hard winter for consumers, sure enough.

A son of Brigham Young has taken up his residence at Walla Walla. The charms of that city are such that he will find it hard to get away. He's in the penitentiary for forgery.

There is some difference between a class "rush" and a riot, but the distinction is so slight that space will not permit an effort to define the line of demarkation.

Now, if that Hearst Independence League would sign, seal and deliver a declaration of independence from Mr. Hearst, wouldn't it jar you?

The grievous part of it all, from the Chicago standpoint, is that a Chicago team must lose the baseball championship of the world.

JOHN WESLEY'S POWER.

Thousands Were Changed by His Intensity and Sincerity of Preaching.

London Spectator.

Wesley never changed his creed. The first thing which opened his eyes to the fact of his own unconverted state was not intellectual difficulty, but physical danger. During a storm at sea, though he seems to have behaved with the utmost composure, he was "very uneasy." Death, comments Dr. Fitchett (his latest biographer), is the acid by which a genuine religion can be tested, and Wesley's religion, so he thinks, failed at the test. There are passages in the gospels relating to the garden of Gethsemane and to the Cross, which, when Dr. Fitchett writes of death and its "triumph," we think that he must have forgotten. On May 24, 1738, at a quarter past 9 in the morning, through the instrumentality of one Peter Bohler, Wesley gained "assurance," and with it, as Dr. Fitchett truly says, "power." To the end of his life he kept and he imparted this assurance. Riding about the length and breadth of the country, he preached the gospel—as he interpreted it—to vast crowds of working people. Thousands and tens of thousands professed to have gained from his words a sudden sense of reconciliation to God through Christ, a sudden and complete realization of the doctrine of the atonement following upon an overwhelming sense of sin. If the faith of a few brought forth no fruit, it remains an historical certainty, attested by men of all opinions, that Wesley worked in the many a vast moral improvement, and did, whatever meaning we put upon the word "salvation," set forward the salvation of all men.

Of course, he was a man of supreme organizing capacity, but had he had no religious effect upon the multitude he would have been working in a vacuum. His success did not rest upon organization, neither did it rest upon fear. The machinery of hell, to which his hold upon the crowd has been by some superficially attributed, he made little use of. He was not an original theologian, and he did not deny, so far as doctrine went, what he had been taught. But there is no evidence that before his own conversion he feared hell. He dwelt little in his sermons upon retribution; he indignantly disclaims the doctrine of reprobation; he defines damnation as a "state wherein if a man dies he perisheth forever," leaving the question of eternal torture untouched; and according to his Methodist biographer, he did not wholly repudiate the hope of the Universalist. "The belief that God's mercy was co-extensive with his universe; that sound faith might be hidden beneath the appearance of heresy, and that many will be saved by Christ who never heard the name of Christ, was held by Wesley strongly." His object was not to terrorize, but to convince.

He did convince. The greatness of his work no man can deny. The efficacy of his method is proved beyond doubt. It is too late in the day to contradict the reality of the phenomena of conversion. It is an experience calculated to transform the life of the individual to whom it is given; but what surprises us is to find a sober-minded man of today regarding it as an essential, indeed as the essential, feature of the Christian life. Christ, it is true, said "Ye must be born again," but he expressed surprise that a master in Israel did not know that already, and it is therefore plain that when he spoke he was not alluding to any absolute conviction as to his own work of redemption—to regeneration, that is, in Dr. Fitchett's sense of the word. The "assurance" of which our author speaks is a great gift, a spiritual joy, which history shows to be epidemic in the world, and which is confined to no form of Christianity, nor, for that matter, to Christianity at all. It flies like panic from one to another. When it comes it brings the things of the spirit near to individuals and to aggregates of individuals, and when the sense of the supernatural is strong upon the world the words of inspiration go home. Religious exaltation is a medium in which Christianity spreads easily; but it is not an inherent part of the religion which Christ taught. To insist that it is, is, as we believe, a harmful doctrine in the present day, when the assurance which comes of enthusiasm is rare, and the faithful have need of all possible encouragement. Christianity prescribes a life, not a sensation, and knows more of aspiration than attainment.

Dr. Fitchett's exclusive creed might be thus summed up: We walk by sight, not by faith. Such, he fails to convince us, is a fair description of Wesleyan Christianity. Wesley was less consistent than his biographer. "If I die, I will die at thy door. If I sink, I will sink in thy ship." These words—Dr. Fitchett quotes them—form part of "the covenant service read every year in all the churches he founded." They imply a consciously imperfect knowledge and describe, standing alone, the state of mind of the majority of thinking Christians in all the churches today. To deny that such men and women are Christians is to "fence the tables" with a fatal rigor. It is indeed a virtual declaration that Christianity as a great world-force has ceased to exist, and has become the sole property of an illuminated few.

In the Furniture Line.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A folding table, bed and chair,
A folding kitchen charms,
And last, not least, just add to that
A pair of folding arms.

VAST STORE OF WEALTH.

Mother Earth Has Supplied the World's Greatest Fortunes.

New York Sun.

Belt's vast wealth came from mines—diamonds, gold and copper—like the immense fortune of Senator William A. Clark, of Montana; like the $25,000,000 or more accumulated by Cecil Rhodes.

The earth was also the source of the wealth of both John D. Rockefeller and his brother William. The same thing is true of Carnegie's great store of wealth. It was really dug from iron mines—iron and coal.

Krupp piled up the largest estate in Germany in like manner. He made his money by manufacturing the product of iron mines.

The earth is a magnificent storehouse of wealth. It has proved more fruitful of immense fortunes than the vast transportation business which made the fortunes of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds, Hill, Harriman and the rest of the railroad kings. It has beaten the mere ownership and use of the surface of the ground, Astor fashion, says the Cleveland Leader. Whereupon the Manufacturers' Record adds:

"Yes, and the great center of the earth's storehouse is the South. Think of its coal area, nearly three times as great as the combined coal fields of Great Britain, Germany and Pennsylvania; of its iron ore, far surpassing in quantity that which made the fortunes of Carnegie and Krupp; of its oil, promising to exceed in yield all that went to make the Rockefeller fortunes; of its sulphur, which dominates the world's sulphur trade; of its phosphate, which holds the same unique position in the world's fertilizer industry; of its vast stores of cement-making materials, the industry which promises to rival iron and steel; of its copper and other higher forms of minerals—and then let your imagination attempt to forecast the vastness of the wealth which this material storehouse of the world is to turn loose in the South."

Condensation: "Hearst Mixed Pickles."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is here where the shoe pinches; because it seems impossible, under existing conditions, to unite them. The opposition is broken into groups. The first fatal split came 10 years ago. The split of 1896 was widened by the episode of 1904. As a consequence, the return of Mr. Bryan's factionism's first victim, was welcomed by all the groups except the Hearst group. There was a hope that Bryan might achieve the required union. That hope is not yet extinct. But, the Bryan uprising is met by the Hearst demonstration; and Hearstism is Democracy crossed on Socialism, with strong paternal leanings. Thus, in New York the campaign becomes an affair of mixed pickles, the label on neither jar disclosing the contents, and, in case the Hearst label wins, the trade in mixed pickles will extend itself all over the Union.

Moral: Skin your eyes, boys, and keep your powder dry!

Panama May See Mrs. Roosevelt.

Washington Dispatch in Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Roosevelt contemplates accompanying the President on his proposed trip to Panama, if his original plans hold good and the trip is undertaken next month. The trip will probably last a month. Mrs. Roosevelt has not been out since she returned from Oyster Bay. She was somewhat fatigued from the journey, and has been resting. Archibald started to the Friends' School and Quentin is again in his class in the Force public school.

Roosevelt Refuses a Life Mask.

Chicago Chronicle.

President Roosevelt is emphatic in his refusal to have a life mask made. The President has no especial objection to being preserved otherwise; he sits for his photo at reasonably short intervals, and has given sittings for the preservation of his likeness in oil. But he has a horror of being spattered over with clay and breathing through quills.

Ethel Roosevelt Will "Come Out" at 20

Washington (D. C.) Star.

Mrs. Roosevelt announces that her daughter Ethel will not make her debut until she is 20, while Mrs. George J. Gould says that her daughter Marjorie, now 18, must wait a year, and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Miss Dorothy Whitney, both carefully brought up heiresses, waited until their 19th year before they entered society.

Taft, Limelight and Jealousy.

Washington (D. C.) Star.

Secretary Taft is placed in the limelight so often that some of the other officials who regard themselves as having Presidential chances may become jealous.

A Rose Song.

Frank Dempster Sherman in New York Sun.

A little bud was I
Upon the vine, alone;
I felt the breeze go by,
Across the garden blown;
And once as morning came
A poet called my name—
A scrap of winged sky
Sang Rose, be thou mine own!

This merry heart of mine
With sudden rapture stirred;
I danced upon the vine
Until the sun was blurred;
And dancing in the dew
A crimson rose I grew,
O take me, love, for thine!
I told my poet bird.

Dear lady, on whose breast
It is my bliss to be
Another Rose's guest,
Love's lesson learn of me.
Unto your happy heart
My red lips can impart
The tender truth he pressed—
One kiss will set it free.

WHEN CUBA GETS THE BILL

—From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE WAGES OF REVOLUTION IS TAXES.

SOME FEATURES OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

First and foremost, all the world's news by Associated Press, special correspondents and members of The Oregonian staff, making the fullest and most complete record of any Pacific Coast newspaper.

"JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB"
First installment of a new story by L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," illustrated by John R. Neill, who made the pictures for Mr. Baum's former successes.

Frank Baum is easily first in the hearts of American children. His "Wizard of Oz" and its sequel, "The Land of Oz," have become classics, the "Wizard" now being published in five different languages. He promises that the new story shall eclipse his former productions. It has the additional charm of mystery, for the reader is in doubt as to whether "the Cherub" is a boy or a girl.

"John Dough and the Cherub" abounds in unique Baum characters. The author has the happy knack of writing stories which parents delight to read to children. Therefore the new offering is certain to entertain every one in the family.

It will be published in twelve weekly installments.

FACTS ABOUT THE Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A.
Mrs. Walter J. Honeyman, in view of the present widespread movement for an adequate building, writes a clear article in sympathetic vein on the purposes of these organizations. Their spirit is to return "value received" for every dollar paid to them.

ROSES FOR FALL BLOOMING
A timely contribution by William S. Sibson, who declares that with proper culture finer roses can be produced late in the Autumn than bloom in June. He then gives a list of the varieties best adapted for Fall blooming in our climate. Incidentally it may be mentioned that any time the next four weeks is a good season to plant roses—both for June and Fall blooming.

PENNSYLVANIA'S BRILLIANT SENATOR
Philander C. Knox, formerly Cabinet Minister, is more than a local or state figure in politics. He gave up a fortune to enter public life. The other day he consented to talk about himself to William B. Morrow, a well-known newspaper man. This talk ought to serve as an inspiration to every young American of brains and ambition.

PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE PLAY-HOUSE
A. H. Ballard has been touching elbows with the New York oligarchy who govern the American drama, and writes an unconventional letter giving the managerial inside of things theatrical. He also tells how John Cort of Seattle, a "rank outsider," jumped the fence, broke into the rich pasture and is now waxing fat.

MRS. ASTOR LAYING DOWN THE SOCIAL SCEPTER
Beyond three score and ten, and out of health, Mrs. William Astor is about to retire as the ruler of New York society. A correspondent tells about the probability of her successor, mentioning several candidates who have the proper qualifications.

HOUSE OF LORDS TO FIGHT FOR ITS LIFE
W. B. Northrop writes from London that the next Parliament promises to furnish the political battle of the century. Growing sentiment against law-making by right of birth may bring about a crisis. The article is beautifully illustrated.

GERMANY LETTING UP ON BEER DRINKING
Not because national thirst is less, but because it is an economic necessity if the empire is to continue to prosper. Dexter Marshall writes from Berlin that the Government is behind a strong movement for moderation in the use of beverages.

MR. DEVERY HAS THE TOOTHACHE
It was in England and he went to a country dentist. No one who ever suffered from a jumping nerve—who hasn't?—will accuse Mr. Devery's editor of exaggerating the facts in the case.

SOCIETY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA
Many pages are devoted each week in The Sunday Oregonian to musical, theatrical and social reviews. The field is thoroughly covered by capable writers, and everything of interest is given, from announcements of engagements and descriptions of the weddings of the week to reviews of the attractions in the local playhouses and stories of the stage. The pages are well illustrated by reproductions of photographs and sketches by staff artists.

GOSSIP AND NEWS OF THE WORLD OF SPORTS
The best review of sports printed in the Northwest is to be found in The Sunday Oregonian. No other paper in this territory compares with The Oregonian in the thoroughness of its sporting department. Associated Press news and special dispatches are supplemented by local articles, and every sport of the season receives its share of attention. It is just the eve of the football season, and the game, as played under the new rules, is discussed. The regular San Francisco letter from Harry B. Smith.

PROPERTY SALES AND BUILDING NOTES
Transactions in the local realty market are constantly growing in importance, and no Portlander can afford to keep out of touch with this activity. Big sales are chronicled, the trend of the market noted, and new building projects discussed in the weekly review. There are accompanying illustrations of new dwellings and business blocks.

FESTIVAL WHICH IS ATTRACTING EASTERN MUSIC-LOVERS
Emile Frances Bauer, in her usual New York letter, talks of the musical festival at Worcester, Mass. This is the 49th annual occurrence of the event, and is the absorbing topic at present in Eastern music circles.

Ten Thousand Dollars For One Book.

London Dispatch in New York Times.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge recently sold by private treaty to an American collector a copy of the 1612 edition of Shakespeare's "The Passionate Pilgrime," for £2000. The only other example known was at one time in the collection of Edmond Malone, and is now in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. The copy which has gone to America was the property of John E. T. Loveday, who inherited it, and described in Notes and Queries of August 12, 1882, how he discovered it in a dark corner behind two rows of books. The volume consists of 62 leaves, and for its size is probably the most costly book ever sold.