The Oregonian

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Philadelphia, Pa.—Ryan's Theater Ticket Office.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1906.

COST OF LIVING.

There is much complaint among the wageworkers of the country about the increased cost of living. Much of the increase is in food and rents; little, perhaps, in clothing for ordinary wear. It is noticeable, however, that producers of the staples of food receive prices little or no higher than formerly. But the cost to the consumer is undoubtedly much heavier. Rents advance with higher valuations of property, greater public expenses, and more taxes to pay.

Then there is the higher grade of living. People want better things than formerly, and will have them—if they can get them; which, of course, is very proper. Better houses or rooms, better furniture, more variety of food on the table, higher grades of clothing and larger social expenses, make inroads on common incomes. Labor is in demand, with consequence of higher wages. But it is complained that wages have not kept up with the general advance; which in many cases doubtless is true.

On the Pacific Coast building materials are abnormally high. The effect appears in rents. Again, in all our cities property is taxed for modern streets, plumbing, sewers and other necessary improvements, to an extent hitherto unknown. Likewise for schools, police and fire service. Owners and tenants want the best, and rents go up. Standards of living, generally, are higher. Here are the sources of the greater part of the increased cost of living.

Nobody is censurable for such a state of things. People have a right to live as well as they can. But it is matter of curiosity to note how dealers in each or every line of goods say they have to get higher prices in their own line, because goods in every other line have gone up in price, and labor and materials and rents and taxes also.

High prices are inseparable from periods of industrial growth and business prosperity;—are both a cause and an effect of them. High as the standards of living have been in the United States, heretofore, as compared with standards in other countries, there is no part of the world where they have risen further, so rapidly, during very recent times, as in the United States. This makes it increasingly difficult to keep up the standard of living, on former incomes—incomes that sufficed for conditions when many of the present necessaries of life were regarded almost as luxuries, for occasional indulgence only, or objects perhaps merely of hopeful or forbidden desire.

A PLEA FOR OUR WATERWAYS.

The utter inability of the railroads to keep pace with the demands upon them, as shown in the car shortage that prevails on every line, must, in the view of many observers, give impetus to the agitation for utilization of the natural highways offered by navigable rivers. Chicago is pressing for the construction of a waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf; the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Valleys are preparing for a vigorous campaign in Congress for the improvement of those rivers; the people of our own Willamette Valley are clamorous for measures that will restore traffic on their river, and the entire state looks to a continuation of the work at the mouth of the Columbia and to increased activities of the Port of Portland Commission for relief from a congested traffic that only the utilization of our waterways can furnish.

Pittsburg, suffering severely from the annual car shortage, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, looks for relief for the section of which that city is the commercial center from the construction of the Erie Canal, believing that this and the improvement of the above-named rivers will do more to relieve freight congestion than the railroads, by their utmost efforts, seem to be able to accomplish. Channels will thus be afforded for the transportation of the bulk freight that now blockades the railroads, leaving to them the better-paying freight that is now held up at every important station by inability to clear the lines of heavy traffic.

The crippled, inadequate service that the Southern Pacific is giving between this city and San Francisco and along the entire line is manifest to every one who passes over the road. The only permanent relief for the traffic interests of the Willamette Valley lies in an improvement of its waterway that will bring it up at least to the efficiency, from a shipping standpoint, of forty years ago. The present congestion of freight, the inadequacy of passenger accommodations and the vexatious delays on the Southern Pacific Railroad are object-lessons, daily renewed, of the necessity of making use of the river to relieve the conditions portrayed. Let us hope for the passage of a river and harbor bill that will take full cognizance of the importance of our waterways to our commerce, carrying an appropriation that will give substantial promise of relief.

THE OBSTACLES AT PANAMA.

From digging the canal through the Isthmus of Darien, or Panama, we are hindered by various obstacles. Anti-imperialists say that we find a proper check to our aggressiveness upon a young state striving for liberty. We have throttled an aspiring republic. No good can come of it. We have gone back on a high and holy principle, of which the Isthmian natives were the custodians. We never can construct the canal. The genius and the mortal instruments of human liberty are against us.

And this isn't all. From other sources we learn that in the attempt to construct the canal we are flying in the face of Divine Providence, which has set up barriers at the Isthmus of America which it is mere presumption and impiety to try to overcome.

Here, history repeats itself. Herodotus tells us, in his Clio, that while Harpagus was engaged in the conquest of Ionia, the Cnidians, wishing to make their country an island, attempted to cut through the narrow neck of land, which was no more than five furlongs across, from sea to sea. The work had been commenced and many hands were employed upon it, when it was observed that there was something unusual and unnatural in the injuries that the workmen received, and the diseases that attacked them. So they sent to Delphi, to inquire what it was that hindered their efforts, and received the following answer from the oracle, viz:

Fence not the isthmus off, nor dig it through,
Jove would have made an island, had he wished.

So they quit, and the canal never has been dug through, to this day. You may account for the obstacles at Panama either upon the anti-imperial or theological reasons, here supplied.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA?

William Allen White's articles in Collier's on "What's the Matter With America?" promise to be as interesting as his famous one on Kansas with a similar heading. The first treats of the country, which, according to Mr. White, gives the keynote to American political life. He does not seem to agree with those who think that the city is the hope of democracy or that city problems are the all-important ones of our time. He believes that our civic difficulties begin in the country and that in the elevation of rural thought and morals they will find their solution.

In all this Mr. White is right. The importance of municipal politics has been greatly exaggerated. The real dangers and the genuine hope of America are both to be found in the fields and rural villages. Mr. White acutely and truly remarks that the vices of our predatory and conscienceless rich are but magnified reproductions of the petty evasions and immoralities of the bucolic sinner. The farmer who gives a false return to the Assessor sets the fashion which the city millionaire merely follows.

When the countryman puts in half a day working on the road and gives it in as a full day, he is just as indifferent to his public duty and just as contemptuous of the rights of others as is Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Rockefeller in a large way. Mr. White's point is that our great National vices have their origin in the petty vices of rural life, and that they naturally expand as we ascend from one class to another. His theory is justified by the fact that many of the members of our so-called higher classes begin life on the farm and take with them to their loftier station the principles which they have learned in boyhood.

In his reference to a county convention Mr. White tells truths which, bitter as they are, no one who has ever attended one of those fearsome functions can think of questioning. All the meanest vices of the boss-ridden city caucus are here duplicated and intensified. The cowardly delegate, the mad enthusiasm of men for a vile cause, stupidity, cunning, low intrigue—they are all there. Were one called upon to point out the place where American life can be studied in its most offensive types, undoubtedly he would be forced to name the average county convention.

Nevertheless, Mr. White justly observes that the official product of all this corruption is not so bad as one would expect. The average county officer, though as much of a grafter in a small way as he dares to be, is not a thief. Genuine stealing is rare in any office in this country. The reason for its rarity, says Mr. White, is not lack of disposition on the part of county officers, but rather lack of opportunity. They are too closely watched. They can nibble and pick, but they cannot safely make a comfortable grab. Mr. White's probe is relentless, but it goes to the root of the matter and it is tempered with a humor which somewhat relieves the sting. His series promises to be the very best kind of reading for American citizens, a sort of tonic and cathartic combined.

FRUIT AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

There is no reason why one section of the state should have a better reputation for its apples than another. Willamette Valley and Rogue River Valley can and do produce just as good apples as Hood River. The difference is that Hood River has taken care to put only first-class apples on the market and has widely advertised their merits. If Willamette Valley growers and shippers will pursue the same methods they will gain as enviable a reputation. The Oregonian has no special interest in any particular locality more than in another, and has no desire to see one section of the state fall behind another in the success of its industrial enterprises. It would like to see every section contribute in the largest possible degree to the good name which Oregon as a whole can win and is winning in the markets of the world. There is no product that promises to do more to make this state favorably known the world over than the apple. Our lumber and grain shipments may excel the apples in commercial value, but they cannot equal the apple in advertising value. Every box of apples goes into the home of a consumer and can be made a means of extending the reputation of this state. Every box of apples should have emblazoned on its side "Oregon Apples," followed by "Grown in Hood River Valley," or "Grown in Willamette Valley," as the case may be. The box should also bear the name and address of the packer. No man should ship a box of apples of which he would not be proud.

Every car of apples shipped out of this state should have tacked upon it a banner bearing similar information in letters large enough to be read two or three blocks away. Every car of Oregon hops or prunes or other products should in the same way be made to advertise this state in every city, village and hamlet through which it passes. Even the Kansas, Nebraska or Dakota farmer who watches a passing freight train while he holds his team in a nearby field should be informed that the train has in it a number of cars of Oregon apples, Oregon hops or something else that grew in Oregon and could be sold on the Atlantic Coast or in London. Wouldn't it make the farmer on the bleak prairies of the Middle West think more favorably of this state if he read on a boxcar: "Oregon Apples, Going to London"?

This method of advertising is already in use to some extent, but has not been taken advantage of as it could be. The name "Oregon" should be put on everything that finds a market outside this state. Each locality should add its own advertisement, but should give prominence to the name of the state. Over a thousand carloads of hops, practically all grown in the Willamette Valley, are shipped out of Oregon every year. What an opportunity for the Willamette Valley to make itself known throughout the East! Several hundred cars of prunes, apples, pears and canned fruits afford the same chance for publicity. Let us at least show the rest of the country that we appreciate the value of advertising.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Though not quite so frequent as the healing of the sick and some other miracles, the Gift of Tongues, which has been vouchsafed to the faithful in Los Angeles, is not a rare phenomenon. Since the day of Pentecost, when it was first bestowed upon the apostles, many others have been blessed with the power to speak languages without first going to the pains of learning them. Without referring to the case of John Frederic Denison Maurice and his London congregation, one may recall that the soldiers who convicted Captain Delgrado of theft and lying were singularly favored with a miraculous power to converse in an unknown tongue. The same providential grace came to the timely aid of those who made a Mamamouchi of Monsieur Jourdain.

The miracle as it is exhibited at Los Angeles, though undoubtedly genuine, differs in some particulars from other recorded instances of the Gift of Tongues. For example, the Turks who operated on Monsieur Jourdain understood what they were saying though they were unintelligible to him. Whether the apostles understood their own remarks or not the record does not state, but it is made very plain that they were clear to strangers. "Every man," we are told, "heard in his own language." In fact, the gist of the miracle on the day of Pentecost seems to have been that what the apostles said was Greek to the Greeks, Latin to the Romans, Chaldaic to the Mesopotamians, and so on. It really demands no great inspiration to speak gibberish, but to make that gibberish sound like his own language to every one who hears it is a different affair.

The Los Angeles miracle is unique, as we have said, in that neither those who partake of the celestial power nor those who listen to their inspired utterances have the slightest inkling of their meaning. In these circumstances the utility of the Gift is open to serious question. What good does it do to talk, however divinely, if nobody can understand you? The case of the inspired Los Angelanians is somewhat worse even than that of the philosopher Flugel. He was intelligible to two persons at least—himself and the Almighty. The holy confessors at Los Angeles may be intelligible to the Almighty; let us hope they are; but they declare that to themselves their words are meaningless.

So long as these inspired persons speak languages wholly unknown they invite profane quibbles from infidels and skeptics. "Where is your miracle?" the ribald atheist will shriek. "Anybody can chatter gibberish." And, while we disclaim all sympathy with his lack of faith, still candor compels us to admit that his objection has a semblance of force. To confound the unbeliever, why not now and then utter golden truths in French or German? Let some negro woman suddenly burst forth in the language of Cervantes or Alfieri. Then the unseemly scoffer will not have a leg left to stand on.

To make an ignorant colored cook speak French would, of course, be vastly less difficult for the Higher Power than to inspire her with some remote Himalayan dialect which nobody ever heard of and which probably does not exist, but think how quickly it would knock the unbeliever silly. Better yet, and still simpler, suppose some of the zealous converts should be inspired to speak English—sensibly, we mean, and correctly. That were a miracle indeed. Having seen and heard it, the most stiffnecked infidel could no longer doubt.

An idle community of wealthy valetudinarians such as has collected at Los Angeles must suffer terribly from ennui. The uniform brilliancy of their cloudless heavens probably adds to the tedium of their aimless lives. It is no wonder that they should seek relief in fads and in the timeworn vagaries of morbid theology. But it excites one's pity to learn that they can find nothing more amusing in this diversified field than that childish piece of mingled hysteria and humbug, the Gift of Tongues.

But for the calm, dispassionate records of the Weather Bureau in this city, we should have people, even old Oregonians, saying, "What unusual weather for October in Oregon!" The fact is that the story that is now being told by days of sunshine and nights of calm has been told again and again in the Octobers of former years in Oregon. Let Oregonians at least be just to their incomparable climate, and, if they must revel in tales of climatic woe, let them move to Colorado, where the snow now lies inches deep, or to Minnesota, where ice froze half an inch thick the first week in October, or to Southern California, where the heats of Summer still prevail and the dust is stifling, with no immediate prospect of rain.

The work of utilizing petroleum for fuel as a generator of steam advances and again recedes without making material progress. For some years it has been used on certain steamships, it is said, with satisfactory results, but it is noted that the practice does not substantially increase. The naval authorities have conducted a series of elaborate and careful experiments with a view of ascertaining the availability or desirability of this form of fuel, but thus far it has not generally been adopted for our warships—possibly because the change from coal to oil furnaces is a vast and costly undertaking. The conceded fact seems to be, however, that within certain limits oil fuel is acceptable and economical, but for a steady and reliable means of generating steam, coal retains superiority. Hence the uncovering of new coal fields and the development of new coal mines is a matter of congratulation to any state. It is about time that something was done in Oregon looking to this end. Fuel of all kinds at fuel famine prices in this city should bestir local energy in this direction.

Unable to blow his own horn longer at Portland, Edgar P. Hill, quack doctor of divinity, is now blowing it at Chicago. He tells the Interior, an ecclesiastical organ of that city, that he had a controversy here with The Oregonian, which had the temerity to tell him he was out of place in an intelligent community like Portland; that he "must go," and it was only a question of time; but he "answered defiance with defiance," and "in the end tamed the rampant editor," etc., etc. A report quite like such a mountebank as "Dr." Hill. The Oregonian did tell him he "must go." Well, he has gone; and here is The Oregonian, still proclaiming sound morals and sound sense, eschewing theological rubbish and setting forth, on occasion, the principles and doctrines of rational religion. Hill now is well installed as a dry nurse of the old bones of a seminary of antiquated theology at Chicago. "A pagan suckled in a creed outworn" is no greater anachronism.

With eulogies befitting his upright life and honors befitting his manly endeavor in his chosen work, Reno Hutchinson's body was carried to the grave. The world can ill afford to lose a young man well equipped for any honorable line of work and energetic in its pursuit. The work in which he was engaged has stood the test of usefulness for a generation, and his loss will be distinctly felt in its local ranks. The question now is not whether he might or might not have given more to the world through a longer lease of life in some other vocation. He did what he elected to do, did it well for a brief period, and passed untimely to the shades, leaving a record of manly, conscientious endeavor.

Experts in governmental finance predict that by the end of the present fiscal year the Treasury of the United States will show for the twelve months a surplus of between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000. It is about time for Coin Harvey to get busy with his blackboard exercises. There is the usual large class awaiting a demonstration that will show the exact sum to which each one is entitled on an equal division of this surplus. Whether five dollars or five cents, or any other sum, great or small, every man in the class "wants what is coming to him" from the unused increment of the Treasury.

About the fiercest thing in politics this Fall is the county-seat contest on the other side of the Columbia, in which Kelso and Castle Rock would take the county's capital from Kalama. Kelso seems to Kelso to be in the lead; yet Castle Rock, which is the home of Editor McClane on the one hand and Editor Mrs. Fletcher on the other, significantly suggests to wait till the votes are counted; while Kalama grins and holds possession. The fight is approaching the libel-suit stage.

Mr. Sam Wolfe, local Democratic warhorse of renown, has gone to New York for political "pointers." If the politicians know their business as it has been learned in Portland, they will make peace with him, so as to get across his bridge, as Chamberlain did, instead of reaching the bridge too late, as Word did.

It is said that Vice-President Fairbanks is "not much of a matchmaker." Proof of this estimate is, however, lacking, since, so far as a well-informed public is concerned, he was eminently successful in the only match he ever made—that with his wife. His children appear to have made their own matches, utterly repudiating his advice.

The bleachers at Stanford are said to scorn Rugby football, because it is "tame" after the American college football. So is the American game tame after a Spanish bullfight. And there are some who consider a prizefight tame after American football.

If we have in this city a self-styled "healer" the effect of whose teachings is to disseminate the germs of religious mania among sick and weak women, it would be well to seek him out and induce him to move on before further mischief befalls.

If the state would maintain normal schools for education of lawyers as well as teachers, some kind of regulation and order and system in practice of the law and administration of it might be obtained.

Two weeks from today there will be general elections in most of the states of the Union, and the political character of the House of Representatives will depend on the result.

New York claims more than double the population of Chicago; but Chicago presents much more than one-half New York's registration for the election next month.

When criminals openly and notoriously congregate in a city it is a safe proposition that the police department is either incompetent or has its hand out for graft.

We all desire to return good for evil. Therefore, let us pray that in the great hereafter these oppressive wood and coal dealers will not have any need of fuel.

Governor Vardaman having given his opinion of the "nigger," the colored man's estimate of the Governor, no doubt, would be readable.

Grover Cleveland says the political situation in New York is "afflictive." It is, to newspapers that must carry all news of it.

All the newspapers of New York, save Hearst's own newspapers, are against him; but that may not signify.

Now is the time to plant your walnuts. The ground squirrels need them for filling Winter storehouses.

THE PUZZLE OF NEW YORK STATE

Republican Managers Do Not Know How to Figure on Hearst.

From New York dispatch of Indianapolis News Staff Correspondent.

In the face of what Mr. Hearst is doing, the local Republican managers up state, the county chairman and other committee officers, are coming down here to Republican state headquarters with distressing tales of the inroads Hearst is making. They have been here by the score the last two or three days, with their scare stories. Committee headquarters are wondering whether the callers are playing for money, or whether the outlook is really as bad as pictured. These emissaries from up state make it plain that they are not greatly impressed with the "new leaf" the Republican organization has turned over. They have been accustomed to handling large sums of money in campaigns, and when they are told there isn't any for them this year they look glum and shake their heads.

The remarkable things Hearst and his Independence League are doing—their flying in the faces of the local bosses here in Greater New York, their treatment of Chairman Conners of the Democratic committee, and their breaking away from all political precedents—naturally give the candidate an immense amount of advertising. Perhaps that is what it is all done for. At any rate, Hearst is getting himself talked about in every nook and corner in the state, and that "helps some."

For once the election mathematicians have taken to the woods. Even the venerable forecaster on the Brooklyn Eagle, who has a remarkable record for accurate estimates, is bewildered. He said to the News correspondent that he would not go further now than to say that if the Democrats who abandon Hearst outnumber the Republicans who change to Hearst, Hughes will be elected. If one movement simply offsets the other, Hughes will win. But he points out that no one can tell the number of these respective discontents. The guessing takes a wide range—and it all takes into account the practical disappearance of party lines. Among Hughes' supporters are men who are inclined to believe that the Democratic movement to him will amount to 30 per cent of the Democratic vote, and that the Republican movement to Hearst will amount to 20 per cent of the party's total strength. On the other hand, supporters of Hearst are confident that their candidate will not lose more than 10 per cent of the Democratic vote and will receive from 20 to 30 per cent of the vote that has in the past been Republican. So there you are again; and it all comes back to the fact that no one has more than a guess coming on what the result will be.

EX-PRESIDENTS IN THE SENATE.

Comment on Roosevelt's Candidacy for Upper Branch of Congress.

Should Mr. Roosevelt be chosen to the Senate he would enter that body the best equipped in political experience and in intimate knowledge of domestic and foreign affairs of any man who has entered that body in many years. His ability as a debater is yet to be shown. Up to this time he has done nearly all his speaking when there was nobody to "talk back." How he would fare in an argument with some of the able lawyers in the Senate, or in a verbal "set-to" with Tillman, Morgan, Bailey, La Follette and other men of sharp tongue and ready speech can only be imagined.—Boston Herald.

How would it sound to hear, "The Junior Senator from New York is paired with the Senior Senator from South Carolina," uttered in dreary monotone by the clerk of the Senate, and have it refer to none other than Theodore Roosevelt and Benjamin R. Tillman? How queer it would seem to the constantly changing throng of spectators in the Senate galleries to see Theodore Roosevelt, once President of the United States, sitting on the floor of that august council chamber and participating in the rough and tumble of its debates!—Boston Transcript.

It would be well if Roosevelt, by going into the Senate, should set a precedent that would retain for the Nation the services of men with the training and experience which come from holding the Presidential office. John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson became Senators after they ceased to be Presidents. The public assuredly would rejoice to see Mr. Roosevelt in the Senate at the close of his service in the White House. One of his fellow-Senators ought to be Grover Cleveland, of New Jersey.—Chicago News.

As Senator from New York, Mr. Roosevelt would be entirely independent of all Administration restraint; he would be in the best sense the leader of his party, state and National, and his position would be secure. There is not a single decisive reason why President Roosevelt might not succeed Senator Platt unless—and Mr. Roosevelt has denied this most emphatically—unless he should consent to be a candidate at the next election.—Kansas City Journal.

And is it not about time that the country had a conspicuous example of the fact that no man is too good for a United States Senatorship, with its great possibilities for good, its great responsibilities to the people? And especially, would it not be a fine thing for the State of New York, the foremost commonwealth in the Union, to make amends to the Nation for its present representation in the Senate by naming Theodore Roosevelt as the successor of Senator Platt?—Kansas City Times.

Real Nugget of Pulpit Wisdom.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The pastor of a Brooklyn, N. Y., church has set an example to his ministerial brethren which is hereby respectfully commended to them for imitation. At a song service in his church at which a part of Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," was rendered, the pastor, who was on the program for a sermon on the creation, arose and remarked: "I do not know very much about creation. All that any one knows about it is what is contained in the Bible and what scientists have been telling us. I am satisfied that there was a creation, and that it has been satisfactory."

The Revolver Habit.

Dallas Itemizer.

In Dayton Friday we met a man who had just gone through Sheriff Grant's experience of a year or so ago. In pulling a revolver from his pocket, he dropped it, and was shot through both legs. If it had not entered him it would probably have killed his wife or child, who were close by him.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Jones—Old Griggsby looks worried. I wonder what the trouble is? Smith—His only son thinks he can play the races and his only daughter thinks she can play the piano.—Chicago Daily News.

"Nature designed me as a poet," remarked the visitor, handing over a manuscript. "Ah! May I ask what seemed to interfere with nature's plan?" replied the editor, returning the paper.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Your one idea seems to be money," said the critical friend. "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "that condition has one advantage. You don't have the usual difficulty in getting people to accept your ideas."—Washington Star.

Kloseman—It's an awful thing to discover just as the collection plate comes around in church that you are absolutely without a penny, Newitt.—Yes, because then you have to drop in a nickel or a dime, don't you?—Philadelphia Press.

Visitor—My man, had you no occupation that you took to a criminal life? Convict—Sure, sir. I wor makin' money hand over fist when der police hounded me out o' business. Visitor—What were you doing? Convict — I wor porch-climbing.—Baltimore American.

RACE SUICIDE IN BRITAIN.

"Due to Some Cause Not Appreciably Operative 50 Years Ago."

Springfield Republican.

The question of the decline of the birth rate, whether due to physical degeneracy or deliberate "race suicide," has been under investigation by a committee of the Fabian Society of England. Its formal report has not yet been published, but Sydney Webb, of the society, supplies to the London Times the following partial summary of the committee's findings:

1. The decline in the birth rate is not merely the result of the alteration in the age of the marrying population or in the proportion of married women. 2. It is not confined to the towns. 3. It is exceptionally marked where the inconvenience of children is specially felt. 4. It is most noticeable in places inhabited by the servant-keeping class. 5. It is much greater in that section of the population which gives proof of thrift. 6. It is due evidently to some cause which was not appreciably operative 50 years ago. 7. It is principally, if not entirely, the result of the deliberate action of married people.

It is further observable that in Ireland and in English cities where the Roman Catholic population is large the birth rate has not declined materially—and the reason for that is obviously to be found in the attitude of the church and the devotion of its communicants to its authority.

The most important of the committee's findings is that the falling birth rate is due to causes not appreciably operative 50 years ago. This and the other assembled facts compel the conclusion that "race suicide" is a product of changing economic and political conditions under which the protection of the privileged classes is becoming less and less secure, while opportunity among the masses to acquire an independent competence has been broadening. The ease and comfort and power and social consideration which wealth brings are probably no more earnestly desired by the average man today than 50 years ago, but the struggle for wealth has been vastly broadened and intensified, and security in its possession is left less assured. And withal has gone a weakening of the injunctions of religion.

Human society will not permit the deliberate extinction of the race. When the danger becomes imminent the means of correction will be found and applied. But it is doubtful if adequate measures will be discovered this side of industrial reforms which will somehow relieve the average family from the dread of poverty after it has once got away from poverty.

Mrs. "Nick" Longworth, Vote Getter.

Findlay (Ohio) Despatch.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth's presence made Congressman Ralph Cole's campaign opening here the most tremendous demonstration Hancock County has ever known. She is easily the best campaigner in Ohio. Following the arrival of the party which contained Congressman and Mrs. Longworth, Governor Harris and S. J. Flickenger, the Governor's secretary, a public reception was held in the parlors of the Phoenix Inn. Findlay boasts a population of 1900; some few of these failed to attend the reception.

After a hurried dinner Mrs. Longworth accompanied the speakers and the entertainment committee to the opera house, where the meeting was to be held. Hundreds failed to gain admittance. The box in which she sat was covered with flowers and she outshone all else. When the speaking commenced there were insistent calls for "Alice" from all parts of the house. These continued when she left the box to join her husband on the stage. She bowed to the audience, but made no remarks. Congressman Longworth made a short address.

Clockwork In Lighting Street Lamps.

Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

Lighting the street lamps by clockwork is the latest English notion. The thing is done in Bath, England, and Birmingham is becoming interested. A patented automatic gas-controller switches the lights on and off. The mechanism consists of a clock which can be so set as to light the gas each night and extinguish it each morning, so as to make an automatic variation of the time of lighting and extinguishing according to the calendar. In short, by means of a chart, the street lights are turned on and off, lighted and extinguished, at a different moment each day throughout the year, according to the season.

Yamhill Apple, of Course.

Sheridan New Sun.

Raymond Helder presented us with a King apple that is a "whopper." It measures 14 inches around and 4½ inches in diameter from stem to bloom.

A Bachelor's Complaint.

W. D. Cowley.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody.

Who gets for me my easy chair,
Spreads out my paper with such care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody.

When plunged in deep and dire distress,
When anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hope of happiness?
Nobody.

When sickness comes and sorrow twain,
And grief distracts my fevered brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody.

But I'm resolved to help my fate,
To change at once my single state,
At Hymen's altar I will mate
Somebody.

When coming home at break of morn,
Who says that I am full of corn,
And makes me rue I e'er were born?
Nobody.

Who helps to climb the long, long stair
And scowls when I upset the chairs,
And picks from off my coat strange hairs?
Nobody.

If luck has flown and debts oppress,
And all goes wrong in business,
Who needs a sixty-dollar dress?
Nobody.

Is she about when I'm in pain?
I think you'd better guess again.
The ice man cools my fevered brain.
You bet.

So I've resolved to meet my fate,
To never change my single state—
Another may appreciate
Somebody.

COLONEL BAKER'S EARLIER DAYS

His Famous Debate at New Boston, Ill., Recalled by An Admirer.

PORTLAND, Oct. 22.—(To the Editor.)—I write this for personal relief and not necessarily for publication. I admired Colonel Baker as much as any public man I ever knew anything about, and it was my great good fortune to hear and know him in his earlier career. He ran for Congress in Illinois when, as I remember, there were but two districts in the state—the bisecting line running east and west about the middle. He ran in the Northern District against a Democrat who was then Lieutenant-Governor.

During the canvass both opponents met at New Boston for a joint discussion of public questions. The contrast between the men was most striking. The Governor was a conservative old woodenhead—a sort of nanniikin—while Baker bubbled over with earnest enthusiasm over the great questions submitted for consideration. The meeting was held in the Methodist Church, and it was agreed that the Governor should open with a half-hour speech, to be followed by Baker in an hour and a half, and then the Governor was to close in an hour. The Governor meandered through his half hour in a mechanical sort of way, and said but little that hit the mark. The Democrats were in power in that state and had been for so long that they felt as though public affairs were in their hands by divine right, as it were, and that they did not need to exert themselves very much, or make concessions to the growing restlessness of the people on issues that were so rapidly coming to the front. No doubt the Governor thought he was making a fairly average effort, but during the speech Baker chafed like a lion in his cage. With an unlighted cigar in his mouth, Baker occasionally strode up and down the aisle of the church or walked around in the vicinity of the pulpit, his face and manner showing his intense eagerness to enter the fray.

When the Governor closed, Baker took up the discussion in a way that carried his audience before him as the wind carries the dried leaves of Autumn. He raked the decks of the Governor from stem to stern. He ridiculed the Democratic party for its subserviency and held aloft in glowing colors the brighter and better political thought of the day, and the necessity for a new deal all around in the affairs of state. He proclaimed freedom for all and free discussion of all public questions, and completely carried his audience with him. I have never heard a more eloquent address (and I have heard nearly all the great orators of the last sixty years), and as a young man it thrilled me through and through. The Governor talked ten minutes in apology, and the meeting came to an end. It was one of the many splendid platform battles that preceded the battles of armed forces of the Civil War. Baker showed as much courage and zeal here as he did at Ball's Bluff, where he laid down his precious life. It took all the heroism and patriotism he possessed to meet the issues of those times.

Speaking of him as a lawyer, I heard him in a five days' trial at Keithsburg, Ill., his opponent being Joe Knox of Rock Island. Knox was a great lawyer and dominated the bar of the state at that time. He afterwards led the bar in Chicago for many years. The two men were very much alike in temperament and appearance. They might have passed for twin brothers. Both were highly ambitious and brilliant. It was a battle royal between them, but Baker won the case. It was about some $20,000 worth of corn in warehouse that had been damaged by a sudden rise in the Mississippi River. The suit was not important, but the men were.

Ten years ago, during a month's stay at Washington, D. C., I saw a statuette of Baker that gave me more pleasure than anything else I saw in the city. It was a perfect likeness of him, and a reproduction of it ought to grace many Oregon homes. LEVI W. MYERS.

Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt and Her Hat.

New York Despatch.

For refusal to remove her hat, Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt created quite a commotion and no end of amusement in a leading theater. She and Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell were in the latter's box in the lower tier. The manager of the theater requested her to take off her hat. Still she refused. Then the manager kept a file of four ushers parading to and from the box with the request. Finally, when Mrs. Vanderbilt found herself the cause of laughter in the orchestra circle, the hat came off.

Proper Place to Live In.

Umpqua Valley News.

That Easterner who arrived in Roseburg the other day and then, before he had secured living accommodations for his family, "struck a job," is of the opinion that Oregon is the proper place to come to if one wants to make a living and at the same time escape from the heat and cold of that region.

Royal Salmon.

Tillamook Herald.

The largest Royal Chinook salmon ever caught in the bay was seen by the editor on Sunday. It was caught by John Williams and Dan Nickolas, and weighed nearly 75 pounds, and was over four feet and a half long, and they had several that would weigh over 50 pounds.

"Roosevelt" Apartment House Name.

Chicago Record-Herald.

New York now has an apartment-houses for the exclusive use of families in which there are many children. It ought in all fairness to be called the Roosevelt.

Lines to a Collar Button.

Birmingham Age-Herald.

Out upon you! Curse of evil,
Smooth invention of the devil,
Sent on earth to make a man
Swear profusely when he can
Find you nowhere on the floor,
Tho' he looks the whole room o'er!
Time is coming, some sweet day,
When your rule will pass away.
Then it won't be hard to dress—
Then you'll never more, I guess
Lose yourself as sure as fate
Just because a chap is late.
Having twenty minutes grace
Ere he's due to reach some place
Where an heiress whom he'd wed
Faints to see the minutes sped
Past the hour strictly set,
Leaving him unmarried yet.

IS HE COMING OUT?

—From the Pittsburg Dispatch.